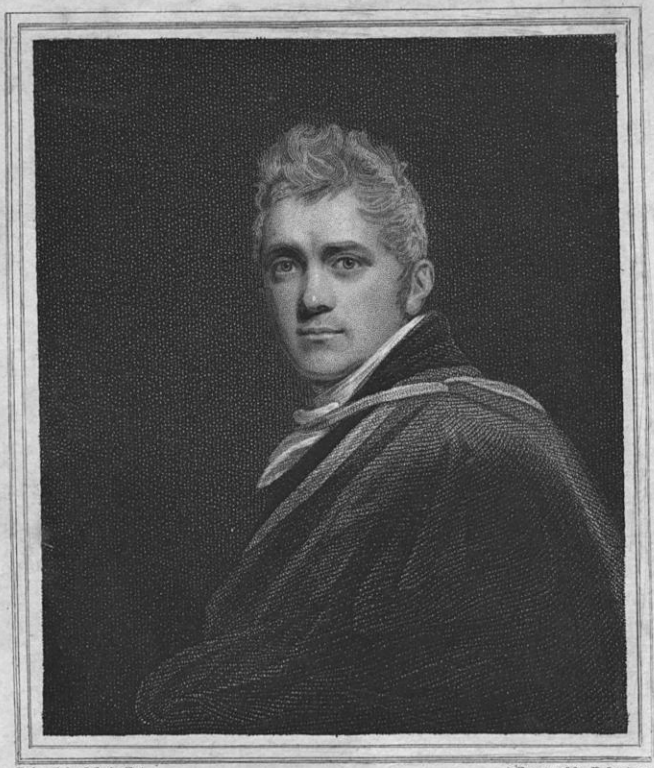

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Engraver to His Majesty.

E. D. Clarke.

London, Nov.r 16.1824. Published by Geo. Cowie & Co.
in the Poultry.

THE

Life and Remains

OF

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE

PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM OTTER, A.M. F.L.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GEORGE COWIE AND CO.
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1825.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In submitting these Memoirs of Dr. Clarke to the Subscribers and to the Public, the Individual who has undertaken to compile them, fears that he must bespeak their indulgence for the very imperfect manner in which the task, interrupted by various causes, and resumed under many disadvantages, has been performed.

It has been his main object to bring forward most prominently into the Work so much of the Remains of Dr. Clarke as seemed likely to gratify his friends. At the same time he has made it his endeavour to select from the large mass of materials before him, those portions, which appeared best calculated to illustrate his life and character, or by their intrinsic merit to support his established reputation with the public. In what manner the Editor has executed this task of selection, rendered more difficult by the irregular manner in which the materials have been supplied, must be left to the judgment of others. He hopes he will be thought to have done no injustice to the memory of his friend, whom he has endeavoured to exhibit as he was, fully, candidly, and fairly; and if it shall be judged in any quarter, that he has indulged too much in the language of panegyric, he is persuaded that those who were best acquainted with Dr. Clarke will be most ready to make every allowance for the error. It is difficult for any one whom he regarded to speak of him with moderation, and the Author of this Memoir shared too long and too largely in his friendship, to be exempt from the partiality it inspired.

He has to acknowledge much kindness in the prosecution of his task. To one friend, in particular, his thanks are justly due for more assistance than he can well express; suffice it to say, without involving him in the imperfections or even in the opinions of the narrative, that his aiding or correcting hand may be traced in every portion of the work, and that in some of them the pains he has bestowed have been not less than those of the Author himself. To many other persons the work is indebted for the ready supply of letters, and of such other information as they happened to possess; and to the kindness of a lady it owes an engraving of Dr. Clarke, which has been thought by many to exhibit a stronger likeness of him than any other portrait has presented before.

WILLIAM OTTER.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE second Edition of the Life and Remains of Dr. Clarke, is now offered to the public with little alteration, and therefore requires but little comment from the Author. He cannot, however, suffer this occasion to pass by without expressing to the Subscribers, the strong sense he entertains of the kindness with which the work has been received by them,—a kindness the more valuable, as it conveys to him the welcome assurance that the memory of his Friend has not suffered in his hands.

It remains only to take a short notice of the present Edition.—A few verbal errors have been corrected; some letters which had been mislaid while the first Edition was printing, and have been since found, are now inserted; and at the suggestion of several Friends of Dr. Clarke, his Tract upon the Blow-pipe and his Letter to Archdeacon Wrangham upon the character of Wheler have been reprinted for the Appendix. A new Portrait from a different Painting, engraved in Octavo, expressly for this Work, has also been prefixed.

WILLIAM OTTER.

Stockwell, December 31th, 1824.

N. B. A new and more correct List of Subscribers is now printing in Quarto, and will be delivered gratis to the Subscribers, to bind up with the Quarto Edition, upon application to Messrs. Cowie and Co. 31, Poultry.

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Edward Daniel Clarke, the subject of these Memoirs, was born June 5, 1769, at Willingdon, in the county of Sussex, and was descended from a line of ancestors, whose learning and abilities reflected, for a long series of years, the highest credit upon the literature of their country. The celebrated Dr. William Wotton, justly considered in his time as a prodigy of early knowledge, was his great-grandfather. His grandfather, known to his friends by the appellation of *mild* William Clarke, was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age; and his father, Mr. Edward Clarke, although labouring for the best part of his life under the disadvantages of an infirm constitution,

was distinguished in the same honourable career. Nor were these instances solitary, occurring one only in each descent: for so widely diffused has been the love of literature throughout the different members of this family, that, of four entire generations, beginning with Dr. Wotton and his wife Anne Hammond, of St. Alban's, in Kent, and ending with Dr. Clarke, his brothers and his sister, there is scarcely a single individual, whether male or female, who, at one period or other, and in proportion to the opportunities offered, has not been remarkable for literary genius or taste; while many of them, by their learning and their works, have arrived at high degrees of eminence and reputation.

The character and writings of Dr. Wotton are so well known to the literary world, that a short notice of them here will be thought sufficient. Besides several larger works, he was the author of many tracts and dissertations, involving much classical and antiquarian research. One of the earliest of these was entitled, "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning;" which, being afterward published in a second edition, in 1697, with a dissertation of Dr. Bentley's annexed, was the means of involving him incidentally in the celebrated controversy betwixt that great scholar and Mr. Boyle. From a dispute like this, in which abuse was lavished on every side with an unsparing hand, it

was little to be expected, that Dr. Wotton would escape without some unpleasant marks of his having been connected with it; still less when it is considered, that his immediate adversary was the caustic dean of St. Patrick's: but it is honourable to him to record the testimony of Mr. Boyle himself, to a species of merit displayed by him, which must have been somewhat rare in that controversy, that his remarks were urged with decency and modesty, and that there was a vein of learning running through his work without any ostentation of it. In the latter part of his life, having retired into Wales, in consequence of some pecuniary embarrassment, he determined to profit by the occasion to make himself master of the Welsh language; and among the fruits of this industry, are a Welsh sermon, which he preached and printed, being, as it is said, the first that was ever composed and delivered by an Englishman; two Histories of Cathedrals; and, finally, a digest of the laws of Hoel Dha, which he did not live to finish. He died at Buxted, in Sussex, in 1726, at the age of Sixty-one, and was buried there by the side of his wife, who had departed a few years before him. His profound and extensive knowledge, which is allowed by all, was the natural consequence of studious habits, combined with a wonderful memory, which is said to have retained correctly every thing that he had ever read. To the latter faculty may be chiefly

attributed the singular facility he possessed of acquiring languages; and so extraordinary are the testimonies which have been handed down to us of the precocity of his intellect in this respect,*

* The following among many other testimonies, of the early proficiency of William Wotton, are taken from a MS. of his father's and are inserted in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the eighteenth century, vol. iv. p. 253-5.

"Mr. Ombler, a fellow of Corpus Christi college, coming occasionally near my house, and hearing of my child, was pleased, to satisfy himself, to do me the honour to make an experiment of the truth of what he had heard; and, as a testimony of his satisfaction, after he had examined my son, he gave this account of him:

"'*Prima juventutis indoles futurum virtutis fructum indicat.*

"'Hanc sententiam posuit JOHANNES OMBLER, Coll. Corporis Christi Cantab. socius, Gulielmi Wottoni gratiâ, qui quinque plus minus natus annos, linguam Latinam, Græcam, et Hebraicam, mirum in modum callet.

"'*Maii* 24, 1672.'

"Sir Thomas Brown, Doctor of Physic, a gentleman not only famous for his practice, but illustrious as well in Philology, as Philosophy, upon the observation he had of my son, left this testimony of him with me:

"'I do hereby declare and certify, that I heard William Wotton, son to Mr. Henry Wotton of Wrentham, of the age of six years, read a stanza in Spenser very distinctly and pronounce it properly: as also some verses in the first Eclogue of Virgil, which I purposely chose out; and also construed the same truly. Also some verses in Homer, and the *Carmina Aurea* of Pythagoras, which he read well and construed; as he did also the first verse

when a child, that if they did not rest upon the most unquestionable authorities, or if they had been recorded in a manner less specific and minute, they would scarcely have found credit with posterity.

Of mild William Clarke, whose name and relationship seem to connect him more closely with these Memoirs, it will be permitted to speak more fully; especially since his eminence as a scholar, which his singular modesty contributed in some respect to veil, and the many interesting and excellent qualities of his heart, present him to our notice in an attractive point of view. He was born at Haghmon Abbey, in Shropshire, in 1696, being the son of a substantial and respectable yeoman, who occupied a considerable tract of land under the Kynastons of Hardwick in that county, and acted also as a confidential agent to the family. The Abbey, with its dependances, has since passed by marriage to the Corbets of Sundorne; and they now form together an interesting and remarkable

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of the 4th chapter of Genesis, in Hebrew, which I purposely chose out.

"'*July* 20, 1672. THOMAS BROWN.'

"'Gulielmo Wotton puerulo septenni, Latinè, Græcè, et Hebraicè, valdè supra ætatem erudito, similem, id est, fœlicissimum in timore Dei, in gratiâ cœlesti, et in severoribus studiis profectum, summis votis, et certissimâ spe exoptat,

"'*Jun.* 12, 1673. ED. NORVIC.'" [Bp. REYNOLDS.]

ruin, within the bounderies of Sundorne Park. He received his early education where many other distinguished scholars have laid the foundation of theirs, at Shrewsbury School, under Mr. Lloyd, and in 1713 was removed from thence to St. John's College, Cambridge. Of this society he was at the early age of twenty years elected fellow, Jan. 22, 1716-17, together with nine others in consequence of the ejection* of several of the seniors, for

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* At this time ten fellows were thus displaced, and the true account of their ejection is this:—The statutes of St. John's College require the fellows, as soon as they are of a sufficient standing, to take the degree of B.D. But the oath of allegiance is required to be taken with every degree: so that at the Revolution, twenty-four of the fellows not coming into the oath of allegiance, and the statutes requiring them to commence B.D., they were constrained to part with their fellowships. As to those who had taken their degrees before the Revolution, there was nothing to cause their ejection, till their refusal of the abjuration oath, enacted on the accession of George I.—See Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 247.

Mr. Baker, who died in 1740, was probably the survivor of all these. These principles of the members of this society made it little agreeable at court; however, they had always one good friend (though he by no means agreed with them in their sentiments), Commissary Dr. Rowland Hill, paymaster to the army in Flanders under King William. See Wotton's Baronetage, vol. 5, p. 215. One day, upon some bad reports from Cambridge, the then Lord Carteret said, "Well, Mr. Commissary, what have you to say for your college now?"—"Why, to be sure, I must own that circumstances are against us; but though I hardly

refusing the abjuration oath, on the accession of George I. His character and learning recommended him, at an early period, to the notice of many distinguished men. He was successively domestic chaplain to Dr. Adam Ottley, bishop of St. David's, and to Thomas Holles, duke of Newcastle; and, in 1724, he was presented by Archbishop Wake to the valuable rectory of Buxted, in the county of Sussex; this preferment he seems to have owed partly to his own merit, and partly to the recommendation of his father-in-law, Dr. Wotton, whose only daughter Anne he had recently married.

In 1738, he was made prebendary of the prebend of Hova Villa,* in the church of Chichester; and

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shall, who am an old man, yet I dare say your Lordship will live to see that College as obsequious as any other." This prediction was completely fulfilled; when his Lordship nobly promoted Dr. Taylor, who was the last that retained in secret the principles of this party.—Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 249. It is probable, that Dr. Taylor's jacobitism was never very fierce or unaccommodating, as it is related in his Life, that he quarrelled with his patron and friend, Mr. Owen, of Condover, because he pressed him to drink the Pretender's health upon his knees, a practice common enough at that time in Shropshire.

* To this preferment Dr. Taylor alludes, in the following friendly letter, prefixed to his "Lectiones Lysiacæ."—See Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 365.

"Viro amicissimo Gulielmo Clarke, Canonico Cicestrensi.

"Grave nomen amicitiæ semper fuisse duxi, gravissimum hodie

finally, in 1770, he was installed chancellor of the same cathedral. This was the highest dignity he attained; and, if we may judge from the modesty and simplicity of his mind, as well as from the whole tenor of his own declarations upon the subject, it was the highest to which he aspired.

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sensi: cum aut modestiam Tuam læsura esset publica hæc gratulatio, aut levitatem meam proditura beneficiorum reticentia. In quâ tamen solicitudine plus amicitiæ nostræ quam pudori Tuo tribui; maluique ab omnibus meam desiderari prudentiam, quam à Te officii rationem. Nam præter illum fructum jucundissimæ Tuæ consuetudinis quem cum ceteris percepi, ut à Te semper et ingenio emendatior et moribus elegantior discederem, singulari porro studiorum nostrorum rationem et adjuvisti consilio, et excepisti benevolentiâ. Unde parum mihi verendum fuisse arbitrabar, ne fortunam Tuam sequi videretur obsequii nostri significatio, aut minus id spectare quod debeo, quam dignitatem quam nuper consecutus es. Verum sit sanè, quanquam non ita est tamen. Tanti profecto pene habeo ut Te colerem, amoremque meum testatum facerem etiam periculo suspicionis. Ego interea neque adulari possum, neque Te diligere non possum; neque ulla erit tanta fortuna Tua, (sit licet aut Tuis virtutibus digna, aut expectationi nostræ æqualis) ut ego eam lubentius prædicem quam ingenii Tui et humanitatis laudes. Quæso igitur, ut Lysias, suavissimus Orator, et, quod meam diligentiam et excitâsse et commendare possit maximè, ex eo genere scriptorum quorum ad disciplinas recolendas Tu mihi semper auctor exstitisti, obsequii mei supersit monumentum, eamque amicitiæ nostræ memoriæ perennitatem conciliet, quam velit ille qui Te ex animo, ut debet, colit observatque.

Scripsi Idibus Octobris M.DCC.XXXVIII. ex. ædibus tuis Joannensibus."

To his early friend, the Duke of Newcastle, who had so much preferment at his disposal, and who seems never to have lost sight of him in life, he appears to have owed little beyond the credit which such a connexion might be expected to bestow; and the reason assigned for this neglect is so very natural, and throws so much light upon the character of both the parties, that we are tempted to insert it. When the duke was asked, after his retirement from office, in familiar conversation with an old friend, how it came to pass, that, amidst the many divines he had raised to the bench, he never thought of Mr. William Clarke,—"Thought of him," replied the Duke, "why my dear sir, he was seldom out of my mind; but Mr. Clarke never asked me." To Mr. Clarke himself, he excuses his neglect by a profession much more courtly indeed, but, in any other than a courtly sense, much less likely to be true. "It has been my misfortune," he says, "not to have had it in my power, for my own sake as well as for that of the public, to bring you into a more exalted station in your profession." This passage, with others of a still more flattering nature, is found, in a letter written to him by the Duke, in acknowledgment of his high sense of the honour which had been conferred upon him, by the dedication* of Mr.

* It is due to the memory of the Duke of Newcastle to state, that this dedication contains an express acknowledgment of

Clarke's work on Saxon Coins; and contains, at least, a confession, that whatever might have been the real obstacle, it was neither want of merit on the part of Mr. Clarke, nor want of knowledge of it on that of the Duke, which prevented his farther promotion.

Mr. Clarke was intimately acquainted with most of the eminent scholars of his day. Jeremiah Markland lived in the same village with him, and undertook for some time the care of his son. With the learned printer Bowyer he was associated in several useful works. Dr. Taylor (the editor of Demosthenes), Mr. Boyle, Archbishop Secker, and Bishop Sherlock, were amongst his correspondents; and his Letters,* which have been published in

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obligations received by Mr. Clarke from the Duke, and of the benevolent principle upon which they were conferred. But whatever these obligations may have been, they do not appear to have been connected with Mr. Clarke's profession, unless, indeed, the appointment of his Son to be one of his Grace's domestic chaplains may be so deemed.

* It has been thought right to present here to the reader two or three specimens of Mr. Clarke's correspondence from Mr. Nichols's Anecdotes.

To those who are acquainted with the present state of Brighton, it will be interesting to contrast it with what it was in 1736.

" July 22, 1736.

" We are now sunning ourselves upon the beach at Brighthelmstone, and observing what a tempting figure this Island must have made formerly in the eyes of those gentlemen who were

Mr. Nichols's Anecdotes, as well as others which are in private hands, bear the most ample testi-

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pleased to civilize and subdue us. The place is really pleasant; I have seen nothing in its way that outdoes it: such a tract of sea, such regions of corn, and such an extent of fine carpet, that gives your eye the command of it all. But then the mischief is, that we have little conversation besides the *clamor nauticus*, which is here a sort of treble to the plashing of the waves against the cliffs. My morning business is, bathing in the sea, and then buying fish; the evening is, riding out for air, viewing the remains of old Saxon camps, and counting the ships in the road—and the boats that are trawling. Sometimes we give the imagination leave to expatiate a little—fancy that you are coming down, and that we intend next week to dine one day at Dieppe in Normandy; the price is already fixed, and the wine and lodging there tolerably good. But, though we build these castles in the air, I assure you we live here almost under ground. I fancy the architects here usually take the altitude of the inhabitants, and lose not an inch between the head and the cieling, and then dropping a step or two below the surface, the second story is finished—something under 12 feet. I suppose this was a necessary precaution against storms, that a man should not be blown out of his bed into New England, Barbary, or God knows where. But, as the lodgings are low, they are cheap: we have two parlours, two bed-chambers, pantry, &c. for *5s. per* week; and if you really will come down, you need not fear a bed of proper dimensions. And then the coast is safe, the cannons all covered with rust and grass, the ships moored—no enemy apprehended. Come and see,

'——— Nec tela timeres
Gallica, nec Pictum tremeres, nec littore toto
Prospiceres dubiis venturum Saxona ventis.'

My wife does not forget her good wishes and compliments upon

mony, not only to his erudition and good taste, but also to the high estimation in which he was held

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this occasion. How would you surprize all your friends in Fleet-street, to tell them that you were just come from France, with a vivacity that every body would believe to be just imported from thence!"

"Brighthelmstone, August . . 1736.

"We are now about taking our leave of that very variable element the sea. After it had smiled upon us for a month, it is at present so black and angry, that there is no seeing or approaching it. It is all either fog or foam; and I truly pity every body who cannot fly from it. We had this morning some hopes of entertaining your Society with our discoveries upon the beach. The sea had thrown up a piece of an old coin, grown green with salt water: but, instead of an Otho's head, it proved only a fragment of Charles I.; and I humbly nodded over it, as one of the friends of *The Mitre*.* Pray let me know which way your researches run at present in that Society. We have here a very curious old font,† covered over with hieroglyphicks, representing the two Sacraments, which rise in very bold but bad relievos on each side of it."

His cursory observations upon Warburton's Divine Legation, on its first appearance, will by many be thought interesting:—

"Mr. Warburton's book‡ is but just arrived in this country; and, I believe, had scarce found its way so soon, if it had not been for the uncommon zeal of a young Preacher at our Visitation: he took it into his head to censure the performance, and was much too angry—placing him with Sextus Empiricus and

* The Tavern, where the Society of Antiquaries then held their regular meetings.

† Engraved in "The Antiquarian Repertory," vol. III. pp. 56. and 255, old edition.

‡ "The Divine Legation."—Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. I. p. 120.

by the best and most learned of his contemporaries. The first publication in which he was engaged seems

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Spinoza among the Antients. Who would have thought of such gentlemen meeting together, unless it was in the Mysteries?—We suffer equally by the extremes of too much or too little zeal; having so many nice criticks to observe the conduct of Clergy Writers, that are equally offended with a Dutch phlegm or a Spanish fire. For my part, I wonder what has given so much offence in this book; or why it is they are so angry with a Writer who, in all appearance, means no harm. It is true he is fond of new tracts, and, like a brisk adventurer, strikes out for fresh discoveries. Where is the hurt of this? Some things may succeed well; and if he fails, the loss is his own venture. Though I do not approve of many passages, as to his arguments, conclusions, critique, expression, references, &c. yet I see nothing worth being angry or alarmed at, and am often pleased with things new to me, and arguments well managed. I do not understand what they mean by a moral sense; but, as others do, it may be of use. And, surely, the First Book may pass without censure; and I agree with you, that there are many things well done in it. The next Book is a little more enterprising, which I have not yet gone through.—But here I find myself often obliged to him. Why we had that long story of the Mysteries I know not; but the puppet-show in Virgil is very pretty, and he has made the whole allusion very consistent: though, by the same rule that Virgil's sixth book is a representation of the Mysteries, Homer's eleventh Odyssey should be so likewise; and then you would have antient and modern Mysteries, and between both might discover many great improvements in antient Legislation. He is, indeed, too much inclined to favour the wisdom of the antient Legislators: with him the magistrates were all sages, and the people dupes.

"As to critique, it generally gives way to hypothesis: his

to have been recommended to him rather by a sense of filial piety, than by his own opinion of his

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scheme is the point in view, not the correctness of his authorities; otherwise his Princeps, his Hierophanta, &c. the Preface to Zeleucus' Laws, the ἐγκράτεια in his Sermon, had never passed off so readily. Whoever can suppose that preface Zeleucus's, may suppose Mr. Pope's preface to Homer Caxton's. And his quoting Jerom for a she-mystagogue, when the passage says *æternâ debilitate castus*, is as surprising, p. 193, *k*. This was well corrected in the Grub-street. And where does ἐγκράτεια signify keeping a due temper in disputes, or searches after knowledge?

"The little prejudice of raising the Egyptian Antiquities above the Jewish has been the foible of several great men; nor is that any excuse for idle prepossession; Moses stands upon a level, at least, with any antient writer; is as good an authority for antient customs; and may justly claim a precedence, when the dispute lies between him and authors many centuries after him; which makes it something mysterious why the writing upon two tables of stones might not pass for an original, without supposing it an Egyptian custom, as he does, p. 196. And, to make his mysteries agree with the order observed by Virgil, he is a little inclined to new model his morality; making suicides, and those who give a loose to exorbitant passions, rather miserable than wicked, p. 205: and yet making the Fathers guilty of depraving and vitiating the Christian Religion, for adopting the terms and phrases (for I think he has carried his proofs no farther) of the mysteries. These terms, when in use, were in themselves innocent, and would perhaps more naturally affect the superstitious Heathens. But is there any great hurt in this? Might he not as well charge our Liturgy, as borrowing from Baal, "O Baal, hear us," *mutatis mutandis?* I will allow that there was too much indulgence among the antient Christians in

fitness for the task, or by the desire of literary fame. It was the learned work of his father-in-law, Dr. Wotton, upon the laws of Hoel Dha, and was printed in 1730. To this he wrote the Latin Preface, and otherwise prepared it for the press: but so lightly did he esteem his own labour upon this book, that in allusion to some favourable public notice which Mr. Bowyer had taken of the Preface, he says, "The less you say of it the better, for I have no ambition to be, or to be thought, an author." In the spirit of this declaration, he seems to have generally acted in the course of

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this particular; but, as many of the Fathers had been formerly friends to the Mysteries, I cannot wonder at some indulgence, much less think it so extremely criminal. But, after all, I have as much inclination to indulge Mr. Warburton as they had the old phraseology, and can imagine the design of both to be very excusable. It is plain Mr. Warburton is no enemy to paradoxes: his very scheme is a proof of it; a medium to prove the Divine Legation of Moses never thought of before. I take the plain case to be this:—The legislation of Moses all along supposes a future state; it is taken for granted. There was, perhaps, in his opinion, no occasion to insist on it particularly. The very burying of Joseph would, among Heathens, have been thought proof enough of it; but our Saviour's answer to the Sadducees puts it past doubt. Upon this supposition, therefore, the proof of a Divine Legation is brought to a nearer issue, by his miracles, by his promises of temporal rewards and punishments; which no Legislator but a person sent by divine authority would have ventured to have promised in the manner he has done."—Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 450—3.

his subsequent life; for, although he was the author of several learned Tracts upon various subjects, which excited considerable attention at the time, yet some of them were published without any name annexed, and others were incorporated with the works of his friends. He took a copy of the famous Chichester Inscription, which is now in the Duke of Richmond's garden, and caused it to be engraved for the collection of Welsh Laws. He was also the author of several of the Notes to the English Version of Bleterie's Life of the Emperor Julian; and was associated with Mr. Bowyer in the translation of Trapp's Lectures on Poetry, and in many learned Annotations on the Greek Testament. His *opus magnum*, however, was "the Connexion of the Roman, Saxon, and English Coins," deduced from "Observations on the Saxon Weights and Money." This learned and ingenious work is said to have made its appearance from the press in consequence of a discovery made by Martin Folkes, Esq. of the old Saxon pound; and it now forms the chief foundation of Mr. Clarke's literary character. It was extolled by the scholars of his day as replete with curious and profound learning, and not less remarkable for the clearness and sagacity of its reasoning, than for the taste and discernment displayed in its specimens and illustrations. The publication was followed by letters of congratulation from some of the most distinguished persons in the kingdom; and notwithstand-

ing the progress of antiquarian knowledge since his time, it still continues to be a standard work upon the subject, and is consulted by all who are desirous of cultivating this recondite department of ancient literature. The work appeared in one volume, 4to. in 1767.

Of the pious and exemplary manner in which he performed all the duties of the several offices committed to him, whether parochial or diocesan; of his many amiable qualities in domestic life; and, more particularly, of that union of contentment, patience, and benevolence, which procured for him the name of mild William Clarke, many proofs might be adduced, as well from his extensive correspondence, as from a variety of circumstances in his conduct, which have been preserved in the recollection of his descendants; but it would be wholly superfluous to collect these scattered notices for the purpose of exhibiting, what would, after all, be an imperfect representation of his character; when we have it in our power to present to our readers portraits of himself and his wife, drawn from the life, by one who was intimately acquainted with their persons and manners, and perfectly competent not only to appreciate the virtues which he undertook to describe, but to represent them in their just relations and harmony with each other —we mean Mr. Hayley.

"Mr. Clarke was not only a man of extensive eru-

dition, but he had the pleasing talent of communicating his various knowledge in familiar conversation, without any appearance of pedantry or presumption. There was an engaging mildness in his his countenance and manner, which brought to the remembrance of those who conversed with him, the portrait of Erasmus. Indeed he bore a great resemblance to that celebrated personage in many particulars: in the delicacy of his constitution, in the temperance of his life, in his passion for letters, in the modest pleasantry of his spirit, and in the warm and active benevolence of his heart. As men, they had both their foibles; but foibles of so trivial a nature, that they are lost in the radiance of their beneficent virtues.

" Antiquities were the favourite study of Mr. Clarke, as his publications sufficiently shew: but he was a secret, and by no means an unsuccessful, votary of the Muses. He wrote English verse with ease, elegance, and spirit. Perhaps there are few better epigrams in our language than the following, which he composed on seeing the words *Domus ultima* inscribed on the vault belonging to to the Dukes of Richmond, in the cathedral of Chichester:

> ' Did he, who thus inscrib'd the wall,
> Not read, or not believe, St. Paul,
> Who says there is, where'er it stands,
> Another house not made with hands,

Or may we gather from these words,
That house is not a house of Lords?'*

"Among the unstudied pieces of his classic poetry, there were some animated stanzas, describing the character of the Twelve English Poets, whose portraits, engraved by Vertue, were the favourite ornaments of his parlour: but he set so modest and humble a value on his poetical compositions, that I believe they were seldom committed to paper, and are therefore very imperfectly preserved in the memory of those to whom he sometimes recited them. His taste and judgment in poetry appear, indeed, very striking in many parts of his learned and elaborate Connexion of Coins. His illustration of Nestor's cup, in particular, may be esteemed as one of the happiest examples of that light and beauty, which the learning and spirit of an elegant antiquary may throw on a cloudy and mistaken passage of an ancient poet.

"He gave a very beneficial proof of his zeal for literature, by the trouble he took in regulating the

* The inscription, which is on a mural tablet at the East end of the Duke's vault, near St. Mary's Chapel, is in these words:

"Sibi et suis, posterisque eorum,
Hoc Hypogæum vivus F. C.
Carolus Richmondiæ, Liviniæ,
et Albiniaci dux,
anno æræ Christianæ, 1750.
Hæc est Domus ultima."

library of the Cathedral to which he belonged. He persuaded Bishop Mawson to bestow a considerable sum towards repairing the room appropriated to this purpose. He obtained the donation of many valuable volumes from different persons; and, by his constant and liberal attention to this favourite object, raised an inconsiderable and neglected collection of books, into a very useful and respectable public library.

"As to his talents as a divine, he might, I think, be rather esteemed as an impressive and doctrinal, than as a highly eloquent preacher. In the more important points of his professional character, he was entitled to much higher praise. In strict attention to all the duties of a Christian pastor, in the most active and unwearied charity, he might be regarded as a model to the ministers of our church. Though his income was never large, it was his custom to devote a shilling in every guinea that he received, to the service of the poor. As a master, as a husband, and as a father, his conduct was amiable and endearing; and, to close this imperfect sketch of him, with his most striking feature, he was a man of unaffected piety, and evangelical singleness of heart.

"Having thus given a slight yet a faithful account of Mr. Clarke, let me now speak of the admirable woman who was the dear companion of his life, and the affectionate rival of his virtues.

Mrs. Clarke inherited, from her father Wotton, the retentive memory by which she was distinguished; and she possessed the qualities in which Swift considered him as remarkably deficient, penetration and wit. She seemed, indeed, in these points, rather related to the laughter-loving Dean of St. Patrick's, than to his solemn antagonist. The moral excellence of her character was by no means inferior to the sprightly activity of her mind. Nature and education never formed, I believe, a more singular and engaging compound of good-humoured vivacity and rational devotion. Her whole life seemed to be directed by the maxim, which one of our English bishops adopted for his motto, 'Serve God, and be cheerful.' There was a degree of irascible quickness in her temper, but it was such as gave rather an agreeable than a dangerous spirit to her general manners. Her anger was never of long continuance, and usually evaporated in a comic *bon-mot*, or in a pious reflection. She was perfectly acquainted with the works of our most celebrated divines, and so familiar with the English muses, that, even in the decline of her life, when her recollection was impaired by age and infirmities, she would frequently quote, and with great happiness of application, all our eminent poets. She particularly delighted in the wit of Butler; and wrote herself a short poem, which I am unable to recover, in the manner of Hudibras.

" Her sufferings on the death of her excellent husband were extreme; and though she survived him several years, it was in a broken and painful state of health. Through the course of a long life, and in the severe maladies that preceded her dissolution, she displayed all the virtues of a Christian with uniform perseverance, but without ostentation.

" Such were these amiable persons. I have endeavoured to give a very simple description of two characters, who being themselves most steadily attached to simplicity and truth, would have been wounded by the varnish of less faithful and more elaborate praise: yet, as they were both fond of verse, I am tempted to add a little tribute of affectionate respect to their memory, in the following epitaph:

" Mild William Clarke, and Anne his wife,
Whom happy love had join'd in life,
United in an humble tomb,
Await the everlasting doom.
And blest the dead! prepar'd as these,
To meet their Saviour's just decrees!

On earth their hearts were known to feel
Such charity, and Christian zeal,
That should the world for ages last,
In adverse fortune's bitter blast,
Few friends so warm will man find here,
And God no servants more sincere."

Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 372.

It can be scarcely necessary to apologize to the reader for thus introducing to his notice the characters of two persons, who, besides their near connexion with Dr. Clarke, and the reverence and affection with which he always spoke of them, were so truly excellent and amiable in themselves, and have been so happily described by the author whom we have quoted. But we acknowledge a farther object in thus dwelling upon the qualities of this gifted pair. To those who were well acquainted with the subject of the present memoirs, and who still bear his image impressed in lively colours upon their remembrance, the picture will be productive of additional interest from the resemblance they cannot fail to trace between some of the most pleasing parts of these portraits, and several of the features which were most prominent in the mind of Dr. Clarke; and if they, who knew him not, would fancy to themselves, the learning, the benevolence, and the communicativeness of mild William Clarke, happily blended with the memory, the vivacity, and the quickness of Anne Wotton, and the whole brightened with a glowing enthusiasm which was peculiarly his own, they might then form to themselves some notion of that singular assemblage of qualities which gave the charm to the conversation of Dr. Clarke; a charm which we may venture to affirm, those who knew him well will never forget, and the like of which

they can scarcely hope ever to meet again. Mr. Clarke retired to Chichester in 1768, after having resigned the living of Buxted, which he had held for forty-four years, to his son. He died in 1771.

The tribute to his memory which is subjoined*

* "Memoriæ Sacrum
Wilhelmi Clarke, A. M.
Cancellarii et Canonici Ecclesiæ Cicestrensis:
Quem pietate, literis, moribus urbanis,
humanitate et modestiâ ornatum
concives et familiares sui
uno ore ubique confessi sunt;
et si ipsi siluissent,
testarentur ipsius scripta:
In communi vitâ comis, lætus, utilis,
facilè omnes perferre ac pati promptus,
ingenui pudoris, magni et liberalis animi:
In ecclesiâ suadens, facundus concionator,
ut non solùm in aures fidelium,
sed etiam in animos
veridica stillaret oratio,
precibus offerendis fervidus et profluens,
ut, tanquam sanctior flamma,
in cœlos ascendere viderentur:
In parochiâ pastor vigil, laborum plenus,
indoctis magister, ægris solamen,
abjectis spes, pauperibus crumena:
tamen eleemosynas suas adeo occultè,
adeo latè disseminavit,
ut illas non nisi dies ultima judicii ultimi
revelare potuerit.
Natus est anno 1696 in comitatu Salopiensi
et cœnobio de Haghmon:

was composed by his son, and placed in Buxted church; but the inscription on his tomb which is in the cathedral of Chichester behind the choir, was written by himself.

He left a large collection of manuscript sermons, which were submitted at his death to the perusal

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Primis literis imbutus in Salopiæ scholâ;
collegii S'ti Johannis, Cantabrigiæ, socius:
Primo Adamo Ottley, Menevensi Episcopo,
postea Duci Novo-Castrensi, Thomæ Holles,
â sacris domesticis:
Tandem ad rectoriam de Buxted inter Regnos
à Wilhelmo Wake, Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi,
propter sua et egregia soceri sui
Wilhelmi Wottoni merita,
sine ambitu collatus.
Obiit Cicestriæ, Oct. 21, A.D. 1771."
"*Sepulchrale marmor, quo subjacet Cicestriæ,*
virente adhuc viridi senectâ,
mente solidâ et serenâ, sic inscripsit:"

The *sic inscripsit* refers to the following short inscription:

"Depositum Gulielmi Clarke, A.M.
Canonici et Cancellarii hujus Ecclesiæ:
qui obiit [Octobris 21°]
A.D. [1771] ætatis [75.]
Uxorem Annam,
Gulielmi Wottoni, S.T.P.
et Annæ Hammondi filiam;
et Liberos duos
superstites, reliquit."

of Dr. Bagot, bishop of St. Asaph; and so favourable was the opinion which this accomplished prelate formed of their merit and usefulness, that he was induced to express an earnest wish for their publication: for some reason however this wish was never fulfilled; they seem indeed to have been dispersed at an early period after his death. Some of them were given, at his Lordship's request, to the late bishop of Chichester, Sir William Ashburnham; and were inadvertently burnt at his death with his other papers. Some of them are still left amongst the manuscripts of the late Dr. Clarke, and others, it is believed, are in the hands of Dr. Stanier Clarke.

The fruit of his happy union with Anne Wotton was three children, two of whom only survived him; namely, Edward, the father of the subject of this memoir; and a daughter Anne, who died unmarried at an advanced age at Chichester, and was buried in a cemetery adjoining the cathedral. To this lady, who seems to have been every way worthy of the stock from which she sprang, Mr. Hayley, who was long her intimate friend and correspondent, addressed some verses upon the fear of death. They have never before been printed; and they are now presented to the reader chiefly with a view of illustrating the character of the lady, and of adding another testimony to the many we

shall have occasion to exhibit of the wide diffusion of native talent amongst the different members of this family.*

* On the Fear of Death;—an Epistle, to Mrs. Anne Clarke, by William Hayley, Esq.

Thou! whose superior and aspiring mind,
Can leave the weakness of thy sex behind;
Above its follies and its fears can rise,
Quit this low earth, and gain the distant skies;
Whom strength of soul, and innocence have taught,
To think of Death, nor shudder at the thought:
Say, whence the dread that can alike engage
Vain, thoughtless youth, and deep-reflecting age;
Can shake the feeble, and appal the strong;
Say, whence the terrors that to Death belong?

Guilt must be fearful; but the guiltless too
Start from the grave, and tremble at the view.
The blood-stain'd pirate, who in neighbouring climes,
Might fear, lest Justice should o'ertake his crimes,
Wisely may bear the sea's tumultuous roar,
And rather wait the storm, than make the shore.
But can the mariner, who sail'd in vain,
In search of fancied treasure on the main;
By hope deceiv'd, thro' various perils tost,
His strength exhausted, and his viands lost;
When land invites him, to receive at last,
A full reward, for every danger past;
Can he then wish his labours to renew,
And fly the port, just opening to his view?

Not less the folly of the tim'rous mind,
Which dreads that peace it ever longs to find;

Mr. Edward Clarke was born at Buxted in 1730. At an early age he was placed under the care of

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Which worn with age, and toss'd in endless strife,
On this rough ocean, this tempestuous life;
Still shuns relief, and shakes with abject fear,
When sickness shews Death's friendly haven near.

The love of life, it yet must be confess'd,
Was fix'd by Nature in the human breast;
And Heaven thought fit, that fondness to employ,
To teach us to preserve the brittle toy.

But why, when knowledge has inform'd our thought,
Years undeceiv'd us, and affliction taught,
Why do we strive to grasp with eager hand,
And stop the course of life's quick-ebbing sand?
Why weakly covet what we can't sustain,
Why dead to pleasure, would we live to pain?
What is this sentence from which all must fly,
Oh! what this horrible decree to die?—
'Tis but to quit, what hourly we despise,
A fretful dream, that tortures as it flies:—
But hold, my pen, nor let a picture stand,
Thus darkly colour'd, by this gloomy hand!
Minds deeply wounded, and by spleen oppress'd,
Grow sick of life, and sullen sink to rest;
But when the soul, possess'd of its desires,
Glows with more warmth, and burns with brighter fires;
When Friendship soothes each care, and Love imparts
Its mutual raptures to congenial hearts;
When joyful life thus strikes the ravished eye,
'Tis then a task,—a painful task,—to die.

See! where Philario, poor Philario lies!
Philario,—late the happy as the wise;

Mr. Gerison, his father's curate, and afterward became the pupil of Mr. Markland, who was then

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Connubial Love, and Friendship's pleasing power,
Fill'd his good heart, and crown'd his every hour:
But sickness bids him those lost joys deplore,
And Death now tells him, they are his no more:
Bless'd in each name of Husband, Father, Friend,
Must those strong ties, those dear connexions, end?—
Must he thus leave to all the woes of life,
His helpless child, his unprotected wife?
In vain would Faith before his eyes display,
The promised realms of never-ending day;
While thus to Earth those lov'd ideas bind,
And tear his lab'ring, his distracted mind.

But lo! the gates of pitying Heaven unfold:
A form divine descends, on clouds of gold;
Peace in her eye, and strength with sweetness join'd,
Speak the bright mission for relief design'd.
See! to Philario moves the flood of light,
And Resignation bursts upon his sight.
See! to the cross which in her hand she bore,
Humbly she points, and bids the world adore;
Then sweetly breathing, in his soul inspires.
A Christian spirit, and devout desires:
Hark! his last words!—his dying pray'r's begun;
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Calm in his soul, his painful struggles cease;
He bows adoring, and expires in peace.

Oh Resignation! thou unerring guide
To human weakness, and to earthly pride!
Friend to distress! who can'st alone control,
Each rising tumult in the madd'ning soul;

resident at Uckfield, a small town within the parish of Buxted. He inherited his father's passion for literature, and seems to have trod in many of his

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'Tis thine alone from deepest ills to save,
To soothe the woes of life, and terrors of the grave.
Spirit divine!—support me with thy power!
Shed thy mild lustre o'er each passing hour!
Calm ev'ry trouble, and confirm my mind,
Serene, tho' feeling; cheerful, tho' resign'd!

And thou, my friend! while thus in artless verse,
Thy mind I copy, and thy thoughts rehearse;
Let one memorial, tho' unpolish'd, stand,
Rais'd to thy friendship, by this grateful hand!
By partial favour, let my verse be tried,
And 'gainst thy judgment, let thy love decide!
Tho' I no longer must thy converse share,
Hear thy kind counsels, see thy pleasing care;
Yet memory still upon the past shall dwell,
And still the wishes of my heart shall tell;
O be the cup of joy to thee consigned,
Of joy unmix'd without a dreg behind!
For no rough monitor thy soul requires,
To check the frenzy of its vain desires;
No poignant grief, to prove its latent worth,
No pain to wean it from the toys of earth;
But calm and peaceful can alike survey,
This gloomy world, and Heaven's eternal day.

Then while the current of thy life shall flow,
While Heaven yet lends thee to thy friends below;
Round thee may pleasure spread a cheerful scene,
Mild as thy heart,—and as thy soul serene!

footsteps through life. Like him, he was elected fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and he also succeeded him, in consequence of the resignation of which we have spoken, in the living of Buxted. But before this event took place, which led to his final settlement in life, he had mingled largely in the active business of the world, and had passed several years abroad in situations from which a man less gifted than himself could not fail to derive many advantages. His first preferment was the rectory of Pepper-Harrow, in Surrey, to which he was presented in 1736, by Viscount Middleton. It is probable, however, that he never resided upon this living; for, in 1760, he went abroad as chaplain to Lord Bristol, who was appointed ambassador extraordinary to Madrid.

It was during his residence in this capital, that he collected the materials which he afterward communicated to the world, under the title of Letters concerning the Spanish Nation, written at Madrid during the years 1760 and 1761.

On his return to England in 1763, he married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Grenfield, Esq., of Guildford, in the county of Surrey, of whom we shall have frequently occasion to speak hereafter;

And oh! when time shall bid thee yield thy breath,
And take thy passage thro' the gates of Death;
May that last path without a pang be trod,
And one short sigh conduct thee to thy God!

and in the course of the same year, he accompanied Governor Johnstone to Minorca, in the quality of chaplain and secretary. 1767 he thought himself called upon, in the exercise of his official duties, to publish a pamphlet, entitled, "A Defence of the Lieutenant-Governor, in reply to a printed Libel." This work which was dedicated to Lord Northington, at that time president of the council, was written with great ability and spirit; but it seems to have excited some alarm in the mind of his father, who with his characteristic mildness and good sense thus expresses himself to Mr. Bowyer upon the subject of it: "These warm contests about the government of Minorca have affected us: my son, as secretary to the governor, could not avoid having some concern in them, and may perhaps lose his post; but it is a little hard to make persons suffer for what they do by the directions of their superior in office." It is clear, indeed, that such a controversy, however naturally arising from one part of his duty, was not very congenial with the spirit of the other; and although his father's fears do not appear to have been realized, they add force to a lesson which the whole proceeding obviously inculcates, that two such offices ought rarely, if ever, to be united in the same person. Having returned from Minorca in 1768, he was soon afterward inducted to the vicarages of Willingdon and Arlington, in Sussex, through the in-

terest of his father: and towards the end of the same year, he succeeded to the rectory of Buxted; the permission for his father's resignation having been obtained from Archbishop Cornwallis, through the means of the late Marquis, with whom Mr. Clarke had happily formed a connexion during his residence at Minorca. From this period to his death, which happened in 1786, Mr. Clarke resided constantly upon his living, devoting himself chiefly to the cultivation of letters, and to the care of his parish and family; and occasionally mingling in the peaceful society of the families around, to which his amusing and instructive conversation always rendered him peculiarly acceptable. At the request of his friend Thomas Steele, Esq., recorder of Chichester, he undertook to finish the education of his two sons: the eldest of whom, the Right Honourable Thomas Steele, was afterward well known in Mr. Pitt's administration; and as long as his health permitted, he was occasionally occupied in engagements of a similar nature. Besides the publications already mentioned, he had a copy of Greek Hexameters, in the Luctus Academiæ Cantabrigiensis, in 1751, on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales; and, in 1755, he published a letter to a Friend in Italy, and Verses on reading Montfaucon. About this time, also, he had a project, in concert with Mr. Bowyer, of editing an improved Latin Dictionary, by reducing

that of Faber from a radical to a regular form; of which, for want of encouragement, only a single sheet was completed: and in 1759, he published a Sermon, preached at the Roll's Chapel, December 9, being the day appointed to return thanks to Almighty God for a victory over the French fleet, the 20th of November. Besides the tribute to his father's memory already mentioned, he drew up several Latin epitaphs, one of which, in honour of his friend and instructor, Mr. Markland, we shall subjoin*.

* This inscription was written soon after Mr. Markland's death:

" Memoriæ Sacrum
JEREMIÆ MARKLANDI:
Qui, quanquam splendidiores eum
et literæ et virtutes ornaverant,
semper modestissimè se gessit:
omnes benignè, doctos urbanè
et, quod mirere magis,
etiam indoctos sine supercilio excep
In restituendis et explicandis
Græcis et Latinis Poetis,
Statio, Euripide, Horatio, Juvenale,
et præcipuè Novi Fœderis libris,
cautus, acutus, felix,
et, si quando audacior,
tamen non inconsultus:
In edendis Maximo Tyrio et Demosthene
cum Davisio et Tayloro conjunctus
utrisque et auxilio et ornamento fuit.

Nor should we omit to mention, that towards the latter part of his life, he contemplated a folio edition of the New Testament in Greek. His intention was to have printed the text after the impression of Dr. Mill, with select notes from the most celebrated critics and commentators—specifying either in the prolegomena, or the notes, the alterations which Mill had proposed. His own copy prepared for this purpose, and another interleaved and filled with notes by his father, are still in the possession of Dr. Stanier Clarke.

It is much to be regretted, that this project, which was altogether worthy of his learning and

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Sequantur alii Famam,
aucupentur Divitias,
Hic illa oculis irretortis contemplatus,
post terga constanter rejecit.
A cœtu tandem et communione omnium
per hos triginta annos proximè elapsos
in solitudinem se recepit,
studiis excolendis et pauperibus sublevandis
unicè intentus.
Memoriæ viri sibi amicissimi,
et præceptoris et parentis loco,
viri candore, humanitate, modestiâ, doctrinâ,
religione demum ornatissimi,
dat, dicat, dedicat,
olim Discipulus.
Obiit prope Dorking, in comitatu Surriæ,
Julii 7°, 1776,
annum agens octogesimum tertium."

office, and for which he had such ample stores provided, both of his own and his father's, never proceeded farther than the printing of the proposals; nor is any reason assigned, in Mr. Nichols's Anecdotes, for its being abandoned; but, as his health seems to have declined several years before his death, it is not improbable that the indolence and want of exertion, which indisposition is too apt to produce, might have been the cause, that neither this, nor any other of his literary labours, ever afterward appeared before the public. He died at Buxted, in 1786, and was buried in the chancel of his own church.

Mr. Clarke left three sons and one daughter, the youngest of the family. Of these, Edward Daniel, the subject of these memoirs, was the second. He was born, as we before stated, at the vicarage-house of Willingdon, in Sussex, in the short interval which elapsed between his father's return from Minorca, and the removal of his family to the rectory at Buxted. His elder brother, Dr. James Stanier, who is well known to the literary world by his various publications, was born at Minorca: he has had the honour to be domestic chaplain to his present Majesty, both before and since his accession to the throne, and is now a canon of Windsor, and rector of Tillington in Sussex. The younger, George, was born at Willingdon: he was a captain in the navy, and after many years of distinguished service,

was unhappily drowned in the Thames, on a party of pleasure, in 1805. His sister Anne, married to Captain Parkinson of the Navy, and now living at Ramsgate, was born after the settlement of the family at Buxted.

Edward Daniel Clarke is represented to have been from his infancy a most amusing and attractive child; and particularly to have exhibited in the narrow sphere of his father's parish, the same talent for playful conversation and narrative, which ever afterward distinguished him in the various and extensive circles, through which he moved. He was the special favourite of the poorer neighbours and of the servants in his father's family; and his sister well remembers the delight which sat upon the countenance of every domestic, when master Ned could be enticed from the parlour to recount his childish stories in the kitchen. Indeed, it should be remarked, that to the last moment of his life, his manner to servants and inferiors was unusually kind and considerate; at the same time, it was such as savoured more of benevolence than of familiarity, and, though it invariably created attachment, it never diminished the respect due to himself. On the pursuits which occupied his childish years, it would be idle to dwell at any length; but, from circumstances which have been communicated to us, it may be worth while to state, that he shewed when very young a decided inclination to those ob-

jects of science, which were the favourite studies of his later years: nor were there wanting at this early period many striking indications of that ardent and enterprising spirit, which, whether it led him to distant regions in pursuit of knowledge, or prompted him to labours and experiments at home, was ever afterward incessantly at work within him; rising, indeed, in its aims and objects as he advanced in years, and appearing to burn with a brighter and a purer flame, in proportion as the frail tenement in which it dwelt was hastening to decay. But as little traits of conduct, and even occasional observations, under particular circumstances, serve more effectually to give an insight into character, than the most laboured attempts at description, we have thought it right to insert the following stories communicated by his sister, as being better calculated to shew what sort of a boy he was than any thing we can say.

Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contrived before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones, weeds, and other natural productions of that country, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move; and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one

from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in retaining it; and when she opened it at night after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens, in Surrey, instead of candles; which he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention that could not fail of being of service to some poor old women of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared.

Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital, not only because it indicates strongly the early prevalence of the spirit to which we have alluded, but because it accounts in some measure for the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies. At this period, his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester; and, as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favourite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing: search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last, his old nurse,

who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in a remote and rocky valley above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him. The boy, it seems, had taken care to secure their good will with some victuals which he had brought from his mother's pantry; and they, in return, had been exerting their talents for his amusement. Many of the stories which he thus obtained were treasured with great delight in his memory, and often brought out, as occasion served, for the amusement of his rustic audience.

He received the rudiments of his education at Uckfield, under the same Mr. Gerison whom we have already noticed: a clergyman, whose singular habits and scraps of learning are still remembered and talked of in that village and its neighbourhood. He had been long ago the curate of the grandfather; and, having had the care of the son, was now intrusted with the education of the grandson. What progress Edward Clarke made in grammar under this veteran schoolmaster does not appear; but it is evident from the following story, that, whether from his master or his schoolfellows, or both, he had imbibed a very barbarous pronunciation of his mother tongue.

In the later years of his life, Mr. Clarke's health so far declined, as to render the duty of the church,

particularly in Lent, extremely fatiguing to him; and not thinking himself justified, under the circumstances of his family, in incurring the expense of a curate, he had been persuaded by his friends to allow his son Edward to relieve him, by reading one of the lessons. Accordingly, upon a day appointed, Edward took his station in the desk beside his father; and when the time for his part arrived, began, with a voice which was always strong and sonorous, to read aloud the chapter allotted to him. It happened to be the 10th of St. Luke, which contains the story of the good Samaritan. The affair went on tolerably well for some time; but when he arrived at the 35th verse, and had uttered with a genuine Sussex twang; "And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out *tuppence*, and gave them to the host," his father, unable any longer to tolerate the sound, and dreading something more of the same character, gave him secretly a sharp twitch on the foot, and pushing him impatiently away, finished the lesson himself. Nor could he ever afterward be prevailed upon to renew the experiment. Under such unlucky auspices did the subject of this memoir commence the practice of an accomplishment, which, in after life, he carried to so great a degree of perfection, that no one ever heard him in private reading or recitation, or in the exercise of his public duties as a lecturer or a preacher, without being

struck with the correctness of his pronunciation, and delighted with the sweetness of his voice, and the skill and good taste with which he managed it.

In 1779, being somewhat more than ten years old, he was removed from his village preceptor, and sent with his two brothers to the grammar-school of Tunbridge, at that time conducted by Dr. Vicesimus Knox. But here his progress did not seem to be very satisfactory. Dr. Knox acknowledged his abilities: nor was it probable, indeed, that an intelligent mind like his could be insensible to the existence of talents which were obvious to every ordinary observer; but he was soon compelled to complain that his pupil was deficient in application. To many, who have witnessed the laborious habits of his later days, this report will probably appear extraordinary; and to others, who were acquainted with many traits of patient industry exhibited by him even at the time we speak of, we know that it has appeared erroneous. But, notwithstanding this persuasion, there cannot be the slightest doubt of the justice of the complaint, so far as the usual objects of boyish education were concerned; for, besides the unquestionable authority upon which it rests, the fact was well known to his schoolfellows at the time, many of whom are now living; and was decisively confirmed by the state of his classical acquirements when he came to college.

In truth, his case, though rare, is by no means singular: nor are such instances confined to great schools, although they are certainly much more likely to occur where the superintendance of the principal is extremely subdivided, than where the smallness of the number will admit of more individual attention and more discriminating care. It happens unavoidably in seminaries, where many boys are classed and taught together, that only one plan of instruction and one class of stimulants can be employed. Now admitting, what many would be disposed to question, that for every practical purpose the same mode of instruction may be equally applicable to all, it is obvious that the effects of the same stimulants must be as various as the dispositions which are submitted to them; and since the different progress of boys will depend not only upon the measure in which the powers of memory, perception, and attention, are severally possessed by them, but also upon the degree in which they are excited and developed by the means employed, it may and does frequently happen, that a boy of good natural parts will fail of making an adequate advancement amongst his schoolfellows, merely from the circumstance of these stimulants not being such as would be the most effectual with him.

But if, in addition to this want of sensibility to the ordinary excitements, he should have im-

bibed an early taste for some particular pursuit, foreign to the immediate business of the school, and should possess withal the means of indulging it, the evil is then greatly aggravated. The powers of his mind become diverted from their appropriate labours to others which are less suited to his age, and of course less profitable to him: and his improvement in the school is impeded not only by the time occupied in his favourite pursuits at the expense of his allotted task, but also in proportion as the pleasure he derives from the studies of his own choice indisposes him for those which, besides their having no apparent object, are only associated in his mind with ideas of punishment and privation. For this evil, which, when it has once begun, every succeeding day renders more inveterate, a large school affords no prospect of relief; for however accessible a boy's mind may be to some of his schoolfellows, it is generally closed to the master, who, having no clue to the cause of his failure, would be at a loss to administer the proper remedy, even if the choice were ready to his hand.

Such, we apprehend, was the case with Edward Clarke; for, while he had justly enough the character with his master of being an idle boy, while he was notorious with his schoolfellows not only for the neglect of his own exercises, but also for the ingenious and good-natured tricks which he

played to interrupt the labour of others, he had his own studies, which he was delighted to cultivate, and his own quiet hours which he contrived to set aside for them. It is communicated to us, upon the best authority, that he was in the habit of saving his pocket-money to buy candles, and that, after his schoolfellows were asleep, and all the house at rest, he would settle himself in bed comfortably for reading, and occupy his mind with some favourite book; and that, one night in particular, having pursued his studies longer than usual, and sleep having crept upon him unawares, he was only prevented from being burnt in bed by the seasonable arrival of the usher, who happily came in at the very moment when the bed-clothes had taken fire.

It cannot be questioned that these eccentric habits have their enjoyments; it may also be true, that in particular cases they lay the seeds of future compensation in the independent character which they give to a man's exertions in his future life, and in the habit which they nourish and support of seeking pleasure from study, distinct altogether from a sense of the advantages to which it leads; a pleasure which no one possessed more amply, or relished more keenly, than he of whom we speak. But, lest any one, who may chance to read these pages, should be disposed to imitate his example, or to look upon it with complacency in

thers, it cannot be too strongly urged, that the experiment is exceedingly perilous, and would rarely be successful, even in the partial view we have mentioned; that the loss arising from it is immediate, decisive, often irremediable, and sometimes nothing less than utter ruin to the boy; while the advantage is distant, obscure, and to the last degree uncertain; capable of being reaped only by a few, and, even with these, dependant upon a fortunate concurrence of circumstances which can rarely be supposed: and, lastly, that Dr. Clarke himself always felt very sensibly, and regretted most forcibly, the disadvantages under which he laboured from his neglect, in his earlier years, of the ordinary school studies.

What those attractive subjects were which thus engrossed the attention of Edward Clarke, to the manifest injury of his classical progress, it is difficult for us to know; but that some of them at least referred to popular experiments in chemistry and electricity, may be clearly inferred from several humourous exhibitions which he used to make in his father's house during the holidays, to the entertainment, and sometimes to the dismay, of the neighbours and servants, who were always called in upon these occasions to witness the wonders of his art. In the pursuit of these experiments, it is remembered that he used, in spite of the remonstrances of the cook, to seize upon tubs, pots,

and other utensils from his father's kitchen, which were often seriously damaged in his hands; and that on one occasion he surprised his audience with a thick and nauseous cloud of fuming sulphureous acid, insomuch that, alarmed and half suffocated, they were glad to make their escape in a body as fast as they could. It does not appear, however, that his attachment to these sedentary pursuits prevented him from partaking in the active pleasures and amusements which were suited to his age, and in which his light and compact figure, uniting great agility with considerable strength, was calculated to make him excel. Every sort of game or sport which required manliness of spirit and exertion, he was ever foremost to set on foot, and ever ready to join; but in running, jumping, and swimming, he was particularly expert.

By these exercises he was unconsciously preparing himself for those difficulties and hardships which he had afterward to encounter in his travels; and to his skill in swimming, in particular, he owed very early in life the delight, which no one could feel more strongly than himself, of saving his younger brother, George, from that death which seemed by a fatality to await him. He was one day seized with the cramp while bathing in the moat which surrounded his father's house, and having already sunk under the surface in the sight of the servant who had charge of him, he would

inevitably have been drowned, if Edward, who had been alarmed by the man's cries had not plunged immediately to his relief, and dragged him by his hair to shore.

But this boyish portion of his life was destined to be short: for, in the spring of 1786, when his father's illness had taken a more decided turn, and serious apprehensions were entertained of a fatal termination of it, it was thought adviseable to hasten his departure for the University. He was only sixteen years of age, and there was clearly no reason arising from his proficiency, which called for this early admission to an academic life. But an opportunity had offered, through the kindness of Dr. Beadon, one of his father's friends, then master of Jesus College, at Cambridge, and now the venerable Bishop of Bath and Wells, of obtaining for for him the chapel clerk's place in that society; and the advantage was thought too important, in the critical circumstances of the family, to be neglected. Accordingly, about Easter of that year, he was removed from Tunbridge school, and sent to take possession of his office in Jesus College, to which several active duties were attached. But before we lose sight of Tunbridge school, in which he seems to have passed his time with some profit and much happiness, it is due both to the master and to the scholar, more especially after what has been already said, to state, that the first recorded

effort of his muse is a sort of thanksgiving ode upon the recovery of Dr. Knox, from a dangerous illness in 1785. It was not a task imposed upon him, but the spontaneous effusion of his own grateful heart, under a strong sense of the care and kindness he had experienced from his master. The composition, although respectable as coming from a schoolboy, is not of sufficient merit to entitle it to insertion.

Having remained at College, in the exercise of his office, till the period of the Commencement in that year, he returned to spend his summer vacation under his father's roof: and, at the close of it, he once more took leave of his parents, to fix himself permanently in College. The parting upon this occasion, between himself and his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, is described as having been particularly painful. The moment, indeed, was critical for both. The rapid decline of his father's health could no longer be concealed from the son; and, under the melancholy forebodings of a calamity, so fatal to her own happiness, and so threatening to the prospects of her children, it was no wonder that "all a mother's fondness should be in her eyes, and all her tender passions in her heart." But the prudence of the friend was not lost in the affection of the parent; and while the feelings of her son, naturally warm and passionate, were unusually excited, she took advantage of the occasion to prepare him for the

sad but instructive lesson that he would soon be called upon to practise. She imparted to him the actual circumstances of the family, and their future prospects; she did not conceal from him that their main support depended upon the precarious tenure of his father's life; that his immediate allowance from them could be but small; and that, in the event which they had so much reason to dread, he would have to depend altogether upon his own exertions for his future advancement in life. The effect of this confidence was such as might naturally be expected upon a generous and affectionate mind. He quitted her under the strongest emotions of grief, but with the most solemn pledge—a pledge which, to his honour be it spoken, he did more than keep—that, from that time, whatever difficulties he might have to encounter (and many and trying to our knowledge have they been), he would contend with them alone; that his own exertions should be indeed his sole dependance; and that no emergency whatever should induce him to apply to his parents for further pecuniary aid. From that hour he saw his father no more; but a strong impression was left upon his mind by this affecting scene; and the event which quickly followed, only served to fix it there more deeply. His father's disorder terminated sooner than was expected. Within a few weeks after his departure, his brother James (who had been for some time at St. John's

College) and himself received a summons to attend his death-bed. But they arrived too late. Of all his children, his daughter only was present at his last moments; and the circumstances which preceded and accompanied his death have been communicated by herself, with so much truth and feeling, that it has been thought proper to give them in her own words. "A flattering change had taken place in my father's health; his hearing, which had been much impaired, was almost entirely restored. He was able to return to his books, and to read to his family aloud in the evening; and had begun to revise his History of Spain, probably with a view to another edition. These deceitful prognostics had raised the liveliest hopes in the minds of his family and friends. His neighbours again resorted to his house, to enjoy his delightful and improving society; and it was while he was surrounded by these, in the full flow of conversation, even while the unfinished sentence lingered on his lips, that his tongue faltered,—his hand sunk,—a painful struggle was visible, and the voice, beloved and revered, had ceased for ever. During two days he lingered speechless; and, before his two eldest sons could arrive from College, or the youngest from school, his sufferings were over, and his wife and children were doomed to experience that severe reverse of fortune, so frequent in the clerical profession. A short time after, at midnight,

the post-chaise, which contained James and Edward, drove up to the door. Their mother was in bed: they flew with filial affection to her chamber, and, kneeling down beside her in speechless grief, mingled their tears with hers. Young and fatherless—just entering into life, and thus rudely checked on the very threshold of it—their lot seemed to me lamentable indeed. Years have since passed away, and other griefs have been allotted to me; but the recollection of that night of sorrow can never be effaced from my mind."

There is certainly no calamity in life more trying to a young family, than the loss of an intelligent and affectionate father. But, perhaps, there is an acuteness of feeling in the preceding description, surpassing the sorrow which such a loss, however grievous, would commonly inspire. Mr. Clarke, it should be observed, had enjoyed a considerable income from his preferment for many years; but he had always lived hospitably and liberally, and had spared no expense in the education of his children. Thus, a severe alteration in the circumstances of the family ensued at his death; and, as his daughter was at that time old enough fully to comprehend the different bearings, and the full extent, of their calamity, we cannot wonder at any strength of expression, which even the remembrance of such a scene may have suggested to her.

CHAP. II.

His education at Cambridge—Studies and occupations there—Bachelor's degree—First engagement as private tutor—Tour through England—Publication of his first work.

It is pleasing to record, that, by the blessing of that Providence, to whom the widow and the fatherless are said to be a peculiar care, the evils which the family of the deceased Mr. Clarke had to encounter, were much less serious than they had reason to fear. Comfort sprang up for them on every side, and from quarters where they had little reason to expect it; and that too of a nature calculated not only to soften their actual distress, but to disperse the gloom which hung over their future path. Amidst all their privations there was one species of property which they possessed in ample portion; viz. the good name of those who had preceded them. And who shall pretend to calculate the value of this inheritance? Its benefit is often great when dependant upon no stronger ties than those which accident or relationship have created; but, when it flows from friendships, which have been consecrated by piety and learning; when it is the willing offering of kindred minds to

departed worth or genius, it takes a higher character, and is not less honourable to those who receive than to those who confer it. It comes generally from the best sources, and is directed to the best ends; and it carries with it an influence which powerfully disposes all worthy persons to co-operate in its views. Nor is this all. The consciousness of the source from which it springs, is wont to stimulate the exertions, and to elevate the views, of those who are the objects of it: and many instances will occur to our readers, of persons who have laid the foundation of the very highest fortunes both in church and state, upon no other ground than that which this goodly inheritance has supplied.

Of such a nature was the kindness, which this family now experienced. Their father himself had, in the course of his academic life, formed many valuable connexions;—and the virtues of mild William Clarke were still fresh and honoured in the recollection of his surviving friends. Most of these came readily forward upon this distressing occasion, and with equal delicacy and kindness, offered their assistance and advice. Amongst them may be mentioned with honour, Dr. Bagot, Bishop of St. Asaph; Sir William Ashburnham, Bishop of Chichester; and Dr. Beadon, Master of Jesus College; who, not content with interposing that seasonable and friendly aid which the exigencies

of the moment required, continued afterward their valuable assistance to the children, upon many important occasions of their lives. Nor were the immediate neighbours and friends of Mr. Clarke less desirous of contributing their portion of comfort. George Medley, Esq. the possessor of Buxted Place, was particularly distinguished by his kindness to Mrs. Clarke, and her family. In addition to other substantial proofs of it, he obtained for her youngest son, George, by the benevolent exertion of his interest, an appointment in the Navy; and it is understood that the same interest was afterward very instrumental in procuring his advancement in that profession.

In Mr. D'Oyly, who was shortly after appointed to succeed Mr. Clarke in the rectory of Buxted, they found a person ever disposed to treat them with the liberality of a gentleman, and the kindness of a Christian. All claims to dilapidations was waved, and Mrs. Clarke was invited to remain in the rectory-house as long as her convenience or comfort might require; a permission of which she took advantage till the ensuing April, when she retired to a small house in the neighbouring town of Uckfield.

In this situation she was enabled for many years to continue her intercourse with many excellent and sincere friends, by whom she was esteemed and beloved; and it is honourable both to her and

to them to state, that in her reduced and humble circumstances, she was treated with as much respect, and with more kindness, than in the days of her prosperity. But it was in the bosom of her own family, in the kindness and affection of her children, that she found her best consolation. In this labour of love, Edward was neither the least forward nor the least successful. The buoyancy of his spirits, joined to the delicacy and tenderness of his mind, made him at all times an excellent comforter; and often, both at that season and afterward, when he saw his mother's countenance dejected, and her spirits drooping, he would ever suggest some cheerful thought, or practise some playful endearment, to draw her, as it were, away from her sorrows, and to restore her to her former cheerfulness. And seldom were these endeavours vain; "the few," says his sister, "who yet live to recollect him in his maternal dwelling will bear testimony to the charm of his filial affection; they will remember how often the midnight hour passed unheeded, while all were delighted with the witchery of his conversation, and his mother's countenance was lighted up with smiles." Soon after the death of their father, the two elder sons returned to College; and Edward, having now acquired a melancholy title to one of the scholarships of the society of Jesus College, founded by Sir Tobias Rustat, for the benefit of clergyman's

orphans, was elected a scholar on this foundation immediately upon his return. The emoluments of his scholarship, joined to those of an exhibition from Tunbridge school, and the profits of his chapel clerk's place, amounting in the whole to less than 90*l.* a year, were his principal, indeed it is believed his only, resources during his residence in College: and, however well they may have been husbanded, it must be evident, that even in those times of comparative moderation in expense, they could not have been sufficient for his support, especially when it is understood, that he was naturally liberal to a fault. It does not appear, however, that he derived during this time any pecuniary assistance from his father's friends; and as there is the strongest reason to believe that he faithfully adhered to the promise he had made to his mother, that he would never draw upon her slender resources for his support; it may excite some curiosity to know by what means the deficiency was supplied. The fact is, that he was materially assisted in providing for his College expenses, by the liberality of his tutor (Mr. Plampin), who, being acquainted with his circumstances, suffered his bills to remain in arrear; and they were afterward discharged from the first profits he derived from his private pupils.

It was upon his return to College, after his father's death, that the author of this memoir first

became acquainted with him. He had just come into residence himself, and there were many coincidences in their College life, which naturally threw them much together. They were of the same age, and the same year; of course occupied in the same public studies, and the same lectures; both orphans of clergymen, and both Rustat scholars; and with this perhaps fortunate distinction only, that being born on different sides of the Trent, they were originally precluded by statute from being competitors for the same college preferments. The acquaintance, begun under this happy concurrence of circumstances, was quickly ripened by youthful confidence into a sincere and ardent friendship; a friendship heightened, not more by pleasures, which a similarity of taste enabled them to enjoy in common, than by a sense of mutual kindness, which the difference of their characters and acquirements furnished perhaps more frequent occasions of indulging: a friendship, in short, which was afterward carried with them, unimpaired, into the business of the world, confirmed by habit, as well as taste, under all the occurrences of their lives, and prolonged by the most unreserved intercourse, whether they were together or separate, until terminated by death.

The three years which Edward Clarke spent in College, before he took his Bachelor's Degree, present few incidents of life, and few points of

character, proper to be intruded upon the attention of the reader; nor has there been found a single academical composition written by him at this time, in any department of learning, either in prose or verse, which would be considered worthy of his subsequent fame. Indeed, it is not the least extraordinary circumstance in his history, that this critical period, which generally lays the foundation of other men's fortunes, and exercises the greatest influence upon the conduct of their future lives, was suffered to pass by him, not only without academical honours or distinctions of any kind, but apparently without fixing any character whatever upon his literary views; and evidently without even those moderate advantages which a common mind might have derived from it. The loss itself, however, is much more easy to account for, than the singular vigour of mind, with which he afterward redeemed it. In Jesus College, as well as in many others, mathematical studies formed then, as they do now, the principal path to College honours and emoluments. To these, of course, the chief attention of the youth, and the principal encouragement of the tutors, would be directed. But Edward Clarke had unhappily no taste for this branch of learning, and therefore made little progress in it; and as for classics, in which, as has been before observed, he came up with a moderate knowledge, there was nothing at that time, either

in the constitution or the practice of the College, calculated to encourage a taste already formed for them, much less to create one where nothing of the kind was felt before. All the classical lectures, which it is remembered, were given during the three years of his residence, were confined to the two little tracts of Tacitus, De Moribus Germanorum, and De Vita Agricolæ; and the only other occasions upon which he was called upon to revive his classical knowledge, were the delivery of a Latin declamation in the chapel once a year, and the usual examinations of the Rustat scholars at Easter, for which latter no great preparation was required. Under these circumstances, with a strong literary passion, and at sea, as it were, without a pilot upon the great waters of mental speculation, it was natural for him to form his own plans, and to steer his own course; and, accordingly, his College life may be said, with a few slight deviations, to exhibit an obvious continuation of the track which he had adopted at school; the same languid and capricious efforts in the regular studies of the place; the same eagerness in the excursive pursuits of his own choice; and the same playful, and welcome interruption of the more measured and regular labours of others. Hence it happened, that, though he was considered, by all who knew him, to be a very delightful fellow, his real character was understood by none: and as the higher

powers of his mind were not yet sufficiently developed, and scarcely known even to himself, his literary pretensions were ranked by his contemporaries at a low rate, and the promise of his future life regarded by those who loved him with considerable alarm. To one, however, looking back upon those years which now seem very short, and which, owing to his friendship, have been always numbered amongst the most agreeable of his life, it sometimes appears that in this estimate there was a want of discernment amongst his contemporaries themselves. Even in that season of apparent indolence and real trifling, there was much in the character and furniture of his understanding that was instructive, as well as all that was delightful. It was impossible to mingle intimately with a mind of so much ardour, fancy, and benevolence, and, it may be added, purity, without reaping from it many great advantages: and, when the author of this memoir is disposed to trace to their source, as men are sometimes wont to do, the advantages as well as the defects of his own education, he is led to conclude, that much of the intellectual pleasure he has since derived from certain valuable sources, may be imputed to the cultivation of a taste, which was at first nurtured, if not imbibed, in his society. Indeed, there is reason to believe, that with more actual knowledge, Edward Clarke possessed a consciousness of greater

capabilities, than his friends then gave him credit for; and, certain it is, that there frequently came across his mind, visions of brighter scenes, and aspirations after higher destinies, than seemed at that time ever likely to attach to him. There remains amongst his papers, at this moment, a manuscript dissertation of his own, upon the comparative antiquity of the Jews and Egyptians, written, as he himself records in the margin, at seventeen years of age, in consequence of a dispute with his brother upon this subject, and exhibiting great spirit and considerable research. But the most curious and interesting proof that his imagination was sometimes haunted by ideas of future distinction, is communicated by his sister, on whose affectionate heart every circumstance relating to her brother seems to have been indelibly impressed. "In one corner of our abode," she says, "was a small apartment occasionally used for books, and papers of every kind, which now bore the dignified title of a study: here my brother had placed two black backed easy chairs, where he would sit with his sister for hours and hours building airy plans of future actions. Look! he would exclaim, look upon that shelf where appear three generations of my ancestors: Wotton's Welsh Laws, Clarke's Connexion of Coins, and our father's Travels in Spain. And shall my works ever stand beside them? Never will I cease, never will

I say enough, until my own books shall appear with them in that shelf beneath my mother's roof." His wish was partially fulfilled; two volumes of his youthful works did find a place on that very shelf to his mother's admiration and delight; but, long before the full completion of the prophecy, before the elaborate productions of his maturer years could claim under his mother's roof a divided honour with those of his ancestors, the kind parent who inhabited it was no more, and one earthly object of his literary labours was never obtained.

Notwithstanding the eccentric habits, which have been imputed to him, it is remarkable that, in every thing which related to the regulations and discipline of the College, his conduct was most exemplary. At chapel and lectures he was always present and always attentive; and, though in the latter the advances of his own mind by no means kept pace with the progress of the tutors, he had always something pleasant to say or do, connected with the subject, which was sure of disarming reproof, and suggested the appearance, or at least the hope, of improvement. In the exercise of his office, more particularly, of chapel clerk, he was scrupulously and conscientiously correct; and it ought not to be omitted, that in his English declamations, the only species of College exercise in which the state of his acquirements offered him a prospect of success, he bestowed great labour, and

both merited and obtained considerable credit. The style and the manner of his compositions were always much admired, particularly by his contemporaries; and so much pains did he take with the delivery, that he used to bring his declamation rolled and sealed up into the chapel, and retain it in that shape during the whole of his repetition. On those accounts, as well as from his attentive and attractive manners, he was justly in great favour both with the master and the tutors. Every advantage, which might be considered as the fair reward of regularity and attention, was bestowed upon him; and not a single instance is remembered, in which he received a College punishment or an admonition of any kind. Nor was his academical regularity more remarkable than the sobriety and correctness of his whole demeanour at this period. From excess of drinking, which was the prevailing vice of the place and of the day, he was particularly averse; and though fond of society, and always acceptable in it (the natural state of his spirits being, at least upon a level with the half-intoxication of his friends), he was ever upon his guard, ever watchful of the moment when the gaiety of the party was likely to degenerate into excess, and certain of finding some plausible pretext, or inventing some ingenious scheme for making his escape.

These happy exemptions from the popular fail-

ings of his age, to which men of more regular minds sometimes fell a sacrifice, and in which others unhappily made their boast, must be attributed to his early moral habits, and to the excellent religious principles he had imbibed at home. But there was another motive at work within him, forcibly operative in these, but much more obvious in other, restraints which he imposed on himself; and that was the peculiar duty, which the pledge he had given to his mother demanded from him, of avoiding every wanton and unnecessary expense, and of recommending himself by all honourable means to the College authorities.

That the recollections of his biographer, which have been always vivid in every thing relating to him, have not failed in these particulars, may be inferred from a poem written by him at this period, the character and sentiments of which, not only accord with the course of conduct imputed to him, but must be thought highly honourable to the feelings and state of mind of a youth not eighteen years of age, naturally gay and festive in his temperament, of strong passions, and placed in a situation where so many circumstances tempted him to excess. The occasion on which they were written, was some severe family misfortune; the time, night; the scene, the grove of Jesus College; a quiet and secluded spot, sufficiently distant from the body of the building to prevent the sounds of

revelry from being heard, but near enough to allow the lights from the windows of a large wing of it to gleam from different quarters upon his eyes, as he turned occasionally in his walk.

Enwrapt in meditation's pleasing dreams,
Musing and melancholy here I stray;—
Where often at this solemn, silent, hour,
To ease a mind, oppress'd with heavy woe,
Secluded from the noisy crowd I rove,
And tell my sorrows to the silent moon.
A night like this suits well a heart like mine,
Congenial to the tenor of my soul!
How awful, and how silent is the scene!
No sound existing, 'tis as nature slept,
And, sinking from the busy hum of day,
Enjoy'd the sweet repose herself had made;
Save where yon bird of night with omens dire,
Portentous to the superstitious mind,
Perch'd in a nook, with stiff imperial nod,
Blinks consequential, flaps its wings, and screams;
Save where the wind deep murmuring through the gloom,
And my own footsteps, strike the attentive ear.
Now o'er the world sleep spreads her soft domain,
And night in darkness veils her sable head.
To some her shades terrific horror bring,
To me thrice welcome, clad in darkest hue.
The copious bowl, the Bacchanalian song,
The loud full chorus, and the bumper'd glass,
The choice amusements of the clam'rous crew,
In all their mirth, afford no joy to me.
For what avails a momentary glee,
When grief and care sit heavy at the heart?

Can aught derived from drunkenness and noise,
Dull wit, and blasphemy, and jest obscene,
With all the boastings of the vicious mind,
Allay the sufferings of a sorrowing heart,
Or ease the bosom of its load of woe?
In the cold cloister at the midnight hour,
When lamps dim glimmering cast a misty light,
When students close their philosophic lore,
And dream of definitions dullness gave,
To darken science, and obscure her laws,
To check imagination's glowing fire,
And curb the genuine ardour of the soul;
To lead the mind in intricate amaze,
From unaffected purity of thought,
To doze o'er *Vince's* soporific draughts,
To wander wild in scientific terms,
Through inconceivable infinity:
When Bacchus sends his reeling vot'ries home,
To snore* in sleep the potent fumes away,
My evening task begins. Silent and sad,
I close the page where truth and wisdom shine,
Such truth as Newton brought from God to man;
Such wisdom as the son of science gave,
To cheer and light the darkness of mankind.
Immortal sage! illumined nature hails
Thy heaven-taught soul, that made creation glow,
And sol's meridian glory beam anew.
But here, O Pope, I drop my humbler pen,
Unfit for themes immortal as thy song.
This praise, mellifluous muse, is justly thine;
Whilst I the meaner bard, must seize thy lyre,
Catch thy own words, and give my song thy fire.

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* Steep—or drown.

'Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night,
'God said—let Newton be! and all was light!'
The paths of science ere that light appear'd,
Were wilder'd in a chaos, dark and drear;
Wisdom in dim obscurity was veil'd,
Till Newton's genius soar'd in flight sublime,
And bade the clouds of error glide away.
Here oft enraptured I delight to walk,
To raise my mind from ev'ry thought below,
And view the spangled firmament above.
Approach, thou atheist! cast thine eyes from earth,
Nor vainly dare to doubt on things below.
Rebellious mortal! here's a sight for thee;
In the vast regions of ethereal space
Behold the wonders of the King of kings—
Millions of flaming orbs, suns, systems roll,
Harmoniously confused.

Thus far Dr. Clarke composed the poem at this time. He concluded it as follows in some subsequent period of his life.

Dost thou still doubt
The first great cause, the will of the supreme?
Does not yon orb with its resplendent light
Dazzle the darkness of thy impious mind?
Or canst thou scrutinize the works of God;
Observe the planets in their orbits move,
And say they strike not light upon thy soul?
The light of truth, whose radiant piercing beams,
Shall still o'er pride and prejudice prevail.
Vain impious man! expand thy narrow soul,
And check that vice which gave thy madness birth;
Let reason's dictates still exalt thy mind,

Above those joys that glitter to betray,
The love of novelty and love of fame.
Oft when oppressed, dejected, and forlorn,
With heart brimful of sorrow and of care,
Impiety has tempted me aside,
To doubt the goodness of my Maker's works,
Arraigning proud the equity of God.
'Twas thus in youth, when ev'ry trifling woe,
When every little cloud that cross'd my breast
Expired in folly, doubt, and discontent.
But when by riper years to manhood brought,
How oft astonished have I gazed around,
And view'd in ev'ry object that appear'd,
The Deity display'd, and all his power;
Beheld in every herb, in every plant,
In every living thing of air and earth,
A dread omnipotent eternal king,
All wise—all merciful—supremely just;
Who from the heav'n of heav'ns, ere time began,
Cast his broad eye upon a chaos vast;
And when all nature in confusion join'd,
Dispelled the darkness, bade the light appear,
Whose heav'nly Spirit on the waters mov'd,
And with a voice that made creation shake,
Bade anarchy and chaos rule no more.
In silent admiration oft I've stood,
Till every sentiment his works inspired,
Till every grateful thought his mercy raised,
Has burst in eager transports from my lips,
And kneeling to the throne of grace exclaimed,
Lord what is man! a creature but of dust!
Impious and proud, and arrogant and vain;
'Tis thou hast made him great, O pow'r supreme!
To thee he owes his being, life, and light,

With every blessing hast thou placed him here;
And yet, he dares dispute thy dread decrees,
And doubt the justice of thy blessed will!
Teach me, O Lord! to know myself and thee,
To use with prudence all thy bounteous gifts,
And justify thy mighty works to man!

The reader, it is hoped, will bear in mind, that neither this nor any other of his metrical compositions are introduced in proof of poetic genius, which was always a secondary quality in him—but as pictures rather of the thoughts and feelings which occupied his mind at the time; and for the indulgence of which they were principally, if not solely, written. The preceding lines, however, are worthy of attention in other respects; as shewing that the same propensity to solitary and midnight lucubrations, which characterised him at school, attended him still in College; and, what is more curious, as exhibiting in a striking light the precise defect of reasoning which the turn his education had so early taken, was likely to produce in him: for while he dwells with fervour upon the popular results of the Newtonian philosophy, which a single view of his understanding enabled him to comprehend, with a strange inconsistency he turns his back upon the principles from which they flowed, and speaks with all placid contempt of those dry but necessary definitions, over which every one must make his way who would hope to

comprehend either the difficulty or the importance of the discovery.

It must not, however, be imagined, that, because he made little progress in the appropriate studies of the place, his literary ardour was directed to unworthy objects, or conducted upon a narrow scale. This was not the case. His active mind ranged lightly over a wide and interesting field of literature; resting here and there as his genius or inclination prompted, and always exercising, though rarely exerting, its powers: and, if the fruits he gathered seemed little likely to be productive of any solid advantage to his future prospects, they were, at least, delightful to him for the present, and rendered his society exceedingly acceptable to many distinguished members of the College, who were glad to relax from their severer labours in those light but tasteful discussions, to which he always contributed an ample share. Nor is there any difficulty here in stating what these subjects were: History, ancient and modern, Medals, Antiquities, with all that variety of polite learning which is comprehended under the name of the Belles Lettres, shared by turns his attention and his time. But English Poetry was the natural element in which his youthful and ardent imagination delighted to expatiate. Other subjects he might be said at that time only to have touched;

but in this his progress was more decided, and his knowledge more extensive and advanced. Without having, what may be properly termed an ear for music, he was remarkably alive to all the charms of rhythm, to which his voice and animation gave a particular effect; and as he had a strong memory, and was moreover thoroughly capable of conceiving and enjoying the higher excellences of the art, there was no one who could produce with more readiness and grace the finest passages of our best poets, with all of which he was very conversant. Of these it is no impeachment of his taste to say, that Gray was his particular favourite, every ode and every line of whose writings were familiar to him; and so strong at one time was his passion for this bard, that it extended itself to all the circumstances of his life and character. Not a town, not a spot that he had visited on the Continent; not a footstep that he had traced upon the mountains of his own country, but was known to his admirer: and, though nothing could be more opposite than the characters of the two men, Mr. Clarke was, in conversation, the constant champion of his pre-eminence, both moral and poetical, and the advocate even of his eccentricities.

To these pursuits may be added Natural History in some of its branches, particularly Mine-

ralogy; but, as he had few books, and no assistance in these subjects, it was not probable that he could make much progress in them.

Such were the objects which occupied his attention, and excited his interest at this time: and it requires but a cursory view of them to perceive that, when thus cultivated, they were much better calculated to keep alive his enthusiasm, which was already excessive, than to supply what was most defective, strength to his reasoning and stability to his knowledge. It must be confessed, however, that they were not entirely barren speculations: they threw a sort of éclat over his pretensions at his first entrance into life; and were of real advantage to him at the commencement of his subsequent career, as a private tutor.

To illustrate the desultory nature of his occupations at this time, and to give an early specimen of the talent which he always possessed in a very high degree, of exciting an interest in the minds of others towards the objects which occupied his own, it may be worth while here to give some account of a balloon, with which he amused the university in the third year of his residence. This balloon, which was magnificent in its size, and splendid in its decorations, was constructed and manœuvred, from first to last, entirely by himself. It was the contrivance of many anxious thoughts, and the labour of many weeks, to bring it to what

he wished; and when, at last, it was completed to his satisfaction, and had been suspended for some days in the College Hall, of which it occupied the whole height, he anounced a time for its ascension. There was nothing at that period very new in balloons, or very curious in the species which he had adopted; but by some means he had contrived to disseminate not only within the walls of his own College, but throughout the whole University, a prodigious curiosity respecting the fate of his experiment. On the day appointed, a vast concourse of people was assembled, both within and around the College; and the balloon having been brought to its station, the grass-plat within the cloisters, was happily launched by himself, amidst the applause of all ranks and degrees of gownsmen, who had crowded the roof, as well as the area of the cloisters, and filled the contiguous apartments of the master's lodge. The whole scene, in short, succeeded to his utmost wish; nor is it easy to forget the delight which flashed from his eye, and the triumphant wave of his cap, when the machine with its little freight, (a kitten) having cleared the College battlements, was seen soaring in full security over the towers of the great gate. Its course was followed on horseback by several persons, who had voluntarily undertaken to recover it; and all went home delighted with an exhibition, upon which nobody

would have ventured, in such a place, but himself; while none were found to lament the unseasonable waste of so much ingenuity and industry, or to express their surprise that to the pleasure of this passing triumph he should have sacrificed the whole of an important term, in which most of his contemporaries were employed in assiduous preparations for their approaching disputations in the schools.

But to gratify and amuse others was ever a source of the greatest satisfaction to himself. In the pursuit of this object, he thought little of any sacrifice he was to make, and still less of any ulterior advantage he might gain; and though it was important to his enjoyment, that the means employed should be, more or less, of a literary or scientific kind, it was by no means essential that they should gratify his own vanity, or reflect any credit upon himself. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned, that only a few months before this exhibition of the balloon in the University, which seemed calculated to excite an interest amongst thousands, he bestowed quite as much time and labour in the construction of an orrery, for the sole purpose of delivering a course of lectures on astronomy in his mother's house, to a single auditor; and that one, his sister.

This state of things continued till he arrived at the end of the third year of his residence in Col-

lege, when an event occurred which left a strong impression upon the whole society, and produced for a time a sensible alteration in his habits. It was usual at that period for those who were candidates for honours, instead of forming parties with private tutors, in the retired parts of the island, as at present, to spend their last summer in College, with the hope of giving a closer and more undivided attention to their studies than could be expected in the midst of their families at home. For this purpose Edward Clarke, with several others, one of whom, a youth of eighteen, a nephew of the master, was reading for a scholarship, remained in College after the Commencement in 1789, when the rest of the society were dismissed. The summer was singularly beautiful; their little party gay and united; and, all superintendance being removed, they were left to pursue their own devices; and these often led them to excursions upon the water, which sometimes extended even as far as Lynn. The last of these, in which two of the junior fellows had joined, proved fatal to the youth already mentioned. He fell overboard at midnight, in passing through Downham bridge, in some manner which no one witnessed or could account for; and, notwithstanding the efforts of one of the party,* who nearly shared

* The Rev. Edward Otter, Rector of Botthall, Northumberland.

his fate in attempting to save him, he was unfortunately drowned. Edward Clarke was spared the pain of witnessing this distressing scene: he had left the party in the morning with another friend to return to College; but, before they had well reached home, news of the disaster overtook them, and filled them with consternation. The body having been found that night, was brought to Jesus College, and interred in the ante-chapel, close to the spot which lately received the remains of Dr. Clarke.

It was at the close of the latter mournful ceremony, when chance had placed the author of this Memoir on the very stone which covered the remains of their common friend, that the grief they had shared together over his untimely fate frequently occurred to his recollection; and it was difficult not to remark how strongly the ready flow of youthful sorrow remembered upon that occasion, contrasted with the manly tears which were wrung from so many time-worn faces then around the grave of Dr. Clarke, when all that remained on earth of so much genius and benevolence, was about to be committed to the dust.

Thus the summer, which had opened upon the party with so much gaiety, closed in thoughtfulness and gloom. There was not a single member of the College, from the master to the servants, who did not feel and lament the loss; for besides

the suddenness of the calamity, which had thus hurried into eternity a youth just now moving before their sight in the very bloom of youth and health, there was something particularly amiable and attractive in his character, which had rendered him the idol of his companions, and an object of affection to all with whom he conversed. But no one grieved for him more sincerely than Edward Clarke, for there was no one to whom he was more attached; the effect, however, of this sorrow upon his mind was altogether salutary. Books were an obvious refuge, and to them he had recourse; it was the first occasion on which his friends had witnessed in him any thing like a continued and persevering attention to any regular object of pursuit. It seemed as if the saddened tone of his spirits had reconciled him at once to those severer studies, which he had before neglected or disliked, but which the approaching examination must have contributed to force upon his attention; and the consequence was, that with the increased energies arising from these stimulants, aided by the seasonable assistance of the same fellow of the College, to whom allusion has already been made, he was placed at the examination for Degrees as the third Junior Optime; an honour of no distinction, and rarely leading to any academical advantage, but, in his case, of considerable importance; because, to those of his

friends among the fellows, who from kindness and regard were disposed to favour his pretensions to a fellowship, it afforded afterward an ostensible reason for supporting his election. In this respect, therefore, the assistance, which has been alluded to, may be thought valuable; but it is only mentioned here for the purpose of bringing into notice a little monument of that extraordinary sensibility to kindness, for which Mr. Clarke was ever so remarkable, viz. a manuscript of mechanics, found among his papers at his death, written by himself in his fairest character, and dedicated to the person who had assisted him, as a token of gratitude for the important service rendered him upon that occasion.

In this irregular and careless manner, undistinguished as an academic in his own College, and altogether unknown as such to the University at large, was formed and educated almost to the age of twenty-one, a man, who in his maturer years was numbered both at home and abroad amongst the most celebrated of its members; who in various ways contributed not less to its embellishment, than to its reputation; who was honoured and distinguished by it while living, and followed by its regrets when dead. It is an opinion stated in the posthumous work of one, whose own training was not very regular (Mr. Gibbon), that every man receives two educations; the first from others,

the second from himself, and that the last is by far the most important of the two. In these sentiments most persons will be disposed readily to acquiesce, and, farther, to be of opinion, that men are wont to be much more defective in the latter than in the former; in that which they owe to themselves, than in that which is due to them from others. But as the harmony and solidity of a building can only be secured by a strict attention to every part of the structure, which can then and then only be considered as complete, when nothing can be withdrawn or altered without a striking injury to the whole; so also in education, if any part whatever be either omitted or misplaced, there will always be some defect or obliquity remaining, which injures the whole effect. Such was the case with Dr. Clarke. It was his misfortune that his education was almost entirely his own, the result of accident rather than of system, and only begun in earnest at that period of life when most others with equal inconsistency conceive that they have finished theirs. The precious years of boyhood and of youth, which are usually dedicated to the acquisition of fundamental truths, and to the establishment of order and method in the mind, were by him wasted in unseasonable pursuits; and though it may be difficult to conjecture what might have been the effect of a different training upon such a mind, yet certain it

is, that the defects most remarkable in his character were precisely those which might be computed from such a cause, viz. a want of due balance and proportion amongst the different faculties of his mind, some having been cultivated at the expense of others, and, by a strange but natural perversity, those having received the most encouragement, which required the least; and a defective knowledge of principles—an error afterward singularly aggravated by the analytical process he usually adopted in all his acquisitions both in language and science, joined to the circumstance of his being thrown into the world, and constituted a guide to others, at too early a period.

From these defects arose most of the disadvantages which affected the success and happiness of his life. For many years they threw an air of unsteadiness over the whole circle of his pursuits; and, what is worse, they were the cause, that the very finest of his qualities, his imagination and feeling, which were always on the side of genius and humanity, sometimes served to no other purpose than to lead him astray; inducing strong, but rapid and partial, views of things, and occasionally rash and erroneous conclusions. To these, it may be attributed, that he had many a weary footpath in science to retrace, and many an irremediable error in life to regret; for, although the most candid man alive, he was also amongst the

most hasty; and had often advanced too far in the false, but alluring light of his own eyes, before the beams of truth broke in upon him from another quarter. Nor was it till the latter end of his life, when incessant labour had enabled him to go more nearly to the bottom of things, and the duties of his station had induced a greater steadiness in his pursuits, that these original errors of his education had any prospect of a remedy. But had this been otherwise,—had the distinguished qualifications which he afterward displayed, his fine genius and imagination, his extraordinary memory, his singular power of patient labour and attention, his ardent love of knowledge, and, above all, his lofty spirit and enthusiasm, in which he was surpassed by none,—had these been employed upon a better foundation, and directed by a better judgment; and had the strength of his constitution supported to a more advanced period the exertions of his mind; it may be presumed that they would have borne him, not only to a much greater height of eminence, than he actually attained; but, unless the partiality of a friend deceive him, would have given him a name and a place in the estimation of posterity, inferior to few of whom the present age can boast.

He had now taken his Degree, and it was necessary for him to choose a profession; or, at least, to consider seriously about the means of his

advancement and support. And certainly, at this moment, to any common observer, and particularly to one, who, like his historian, had been accustomed to measure every man's expectations in life by that standard upon which academical honours and rewards had stamped their approbation, his case appeared very difficult, if not almost hopeless. For the church, which seemed to be his obvious and hereditary profession, he had, at that time, a strong distate; and, although the qualifications expected for holy orders were by no means so comprehensive as those so properly required by the bishops of the present day; yet, for the little which was required, he had made no preparation. Nor was his age sufficient, had he been ever so well prepared. On the other hand, even if a different profession had occurred to him as more agreeable to his taste, or more suitable to his talents, he was entirely without the means of pursuing it, being already embarrassed with debts, necessarily incurred in his previous education, and with fewer actual resources, than those with which he set out in College. But, whatever might have been the apprehensions of others, the buoyancy of youth and his own spirit never failed him; and it fortunately happened, that the only path in life which seemed open to his pretensions, and capable of affording him support, was precisely that which was the most likely to be productive of improvement

and excitement to himself. Nor was it long before an opportunity offered of engaging in it. Dr. Beadon, who had been lately promoted to the Bishopric of Gloucester, had in consequence vacated the Mastership of Jesus College, and removed from Cambridge; but he still kept a watchful eye on the family of his friend, and, more particularly, over the young Edward, who had been brought up under his care, and in various ways had recommended himself to his regard: and within a few months after Mr. Clarke had taken his degree, he mentioned him to the Duke of Dorset, as a proper person to superintend the education of his nephew, the Honourable Henry Tufton, who had been just taken from Westminster School, and was eventually destined for the army. The situation proposed to him was neither flattering to his talents, nor very promising in point of comfort or emolument; but it was such as, under his circumstances, he could not refuse; and, indeed, there is reason to believe that it was a subject of congratulation both to his family and himself.

In consequence of this engagement he went, before he was of age, to join his pupil at Hothfield, in the month of April, 1790, and entered cheerfully and earnestly upon a task, which, to most men, would have been very difficult, and to many altogether impracticable. Mr. Tufton was at that time a youth about sixteen years of age, of a hardy

and manly spirit, and of an athletic form, naturally somewhat reserved, and in consequence of a strong distaste conceived at school, averse at that time from tutors of every kind. The place intended for his residence with his pupil was a large house belonging to Lord Thanet, inhabited at that time only by one or two servants, situated in a wild and secluded part of the county of Kent, and cut off as well by distance as bad roads from all cheerful and improving society; a residence suitable enough to a nobleman with a large establishment, and a wide circle of friends: but the last place one would have thought to improve and polish a young man of family just entering into active life. In speaking of this situation afterward to his mother, Mr. Clarke himself designates it, as "one of the most dreary and most complete solitudes any wilderness or desert in Europe can boast of." Notwithstanding these disadvantages the work went on with great spirit and success, and there were several circumstances which rendered the connexion infinitely more pleasing to both the parties, than a first sight would have given reason to expect. In the character of the pupil, there was a manliness and honesty, which were particularly agreeable to the taste of his instructor; and his real warmth of heart, which was not evident on a first acquaintance, appeared more agreeable perhaps to Mr. Clarke, because it came upon him by

surprise. On the other hand, it was morally impossible for any reserve, however strong by nature or confirmed by habit, to stand long against the vivacity and good nature of the tutor when exerted to overcome it. Their first interview seems to have made a strong impression in his favour; and, before he had been a month at Hothfield, he had gained the confidence and secured the attention of his pupil. To the friend who visited them soon after this period, it was matter of interest and curiosity to observe the influence he had acquired over a mind so differently constituted from his own; nor was it less curious to remark the ingenuity with which he had contrived to relieve the solitude of the place, and to people it with a thousand little agreeable resources, which would have occurred to no one but himself. In the course of this engagement, which seems at first only to have been intended for nine months, Mr. Clarke was constantly in correspondence with the Duke of Dorset, respecting the character and progress of his nephew; and sometimes they were both invited to spend a few days at Knowle, that the duke might be a better judge of the improvement which had been made in his charge, and of the course which it might be proper to pursue with him in future. These occasions, which were now and then prolonged beyond the term appointed, could not possibly pass away without great ad-

vantage to Mr. Clarke; they were the means of introducing him to a polished and lettered society, at that time, frequently assembled at Knowle, from which no one knew better how to profit than himself; and, what was perhaps of more importance, they gave him access to an admirable collection of books connected with those favourite studies, which he had before been compelled to cultivate under great disadvantages. On the other hand, his own talent and vivacity, joined to his extreme readiness and good nature, could not fail of raising his character in the opinion of the duke himself, who has always been described as an accomplished man; and the result of all this was such as might have been expected, that at the duke's particular request, the connexion with his nephew was prolonged another year. Accordingly, they took up their residence together at Hothfield for the winter; and in the spring of 1791, as some compensation for the long and dreary season spent in that solitude, and with a view to the farther improvement and information of Mr. Tufton, they were permitted to make the tour of Great Britain together.

This was undoubtedly a most important epoch in Mr. Clarke's life; it was the first opportunity he had had of gratifying a passion which was always uppermost in his mind, but which he had hitherto been unable to indulge; and it necessarily

threw in his way many opportunities of acquiring information in those branches of natural history, for which he had early shewn a decided taste, and to which he afterward owed so much of his celebrity. It gave him also such a portion of knowledge and experience in the details of travelling, as seemed to qualify him for the commencement of greater undertakings hereafter. But it was still more important in another point of view; it was the cause of his first appearance before the public in the character of an author; he kept a journal of his tour, and at the request of some of his young friends, upon his return, was induced to publish it. The work is now exceedingly scarce, the greater part of the copies having been destroyed or lost within a short period after its publication. Indeed, Mr. Clarke himself soon learnt to have a lower opinion of its merits than others perhaps, more considerate, would be disposed to entertain, when the age and circumstances of the author are taken into the account. Within a year after its appearance, he expressed his regret that he had been led to publish it so hastily; and to such a length was this feeling carried in the latter part of his life, that the book was studiously kept from the sight, and as much as possible from the knowledge, of his friends; nor did he ever speak of it to any one, although, to the last, allusions to certain ridiculous parts of it were frequently conveyed in

broken hints to a particular friend, which nobody but themselves understood. Considered as a whole, the work must be judged unworthy of the high reputation he afterward attained. It was got up in a great hurry, without even the advantage of having the sheets corrected by himself, and bears about it strong internal evidence both of youth and haste; it abounds with trifling incidents of life, and florid descriptions of scenery, as coming from one to whom the varieties of human character, and the majesty of nature, were alike fresh and new; it betrays occasionally considerable credulity, some proofs of a crude and unformed taste, and of a rash judgment: but, notwithstanding these defects, it has merit enough, and of a kind, to shew that it is the production of no common mind. It is throughout natural, eloquent, characteristic, full of youthful ardour and spirit, and strongly indicative of feelings, which do honour to the goodness and humanity of his heart. It contains, too, some happy as well as faithful descriptions, and is not entirely without humour.

To gratify the curiosity of the reader, and to shew, what is always interesting, the first impressions of fine scenery, and the first effects of new habits and manners upon an observing and enthusiastic mind, a few passages will be extracted from this work.

It should be premised that the travellers left

London on the 4th of June, and proceeding first to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, traversed the whole of the south of England to the Land's End. Returning thence, by the north of Devon, they visited Bath and Bristol, and crossing the Severn at the New Ferry, made the usual tour of South and North Wales. They then crossed the channel to Dublin. From Dublin they returned to Holyhead after a few days' stay, and then passing by Conway to Chester, entered the midland counties of England; and having visited Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Lichfield, and Oxford, arrived in London in the latter end of August.

The first extract submitted to the reader, is an account of Keeve's Hole, in the Isle of Portland: a very interesting natural cavern, difficult of access, and rarely visited by travellers.

"By stepping from one fragment to the other, I contrived to descend below the roof of the cavern. Here, seated upon one of the most prominent points of the rock, I had an opportunity of contemplating a spectacle so truly awful and sublime, as to beggar every power of description. Impelled by the same motives of curiosity, many may have ventured to explore it, as I did; but I am confident the same reflection arose from the view of it, that it is one among the stupendous features of nature, which can only be conceived by those who contemplate its beauties on the spot:

and in all attempts to depicture it, whether by the pencil, or the pen, however lively the delineation, it must fall short of the original. And this is one of the first emotions which a traveller feels, in beholding the magnificence of nature—a consciousness of the impossibility of retaining, or relating, the impressions it affords; inasmuch as it is beyond the power of mechanism, to give to inanimate matter the glow and energy of life. I found it to be indeed a cavern, not as our guide had described it, proceeding through the whole island, but such as amply repaid me for my trouble. Winding from its entrance into the heart of the solid stone, it forms so large a cavity, that ships, in stress of weather, have put into it for shelter. From the peculiar advantage of my situation, I beheld at the same time the whole of this wonderful place, from the prodigious arches which form its mouth, unto its utmost extent behind. The sea gushed in with a force that threatened to overwhelm me in its foam, and subsiding among the rocks, roared in rough surges below. Vast masses of stone had, from time to time, fallen among the huge pillars that supported the roof, and by the ponderous chasms which every where appeared, many more seemed to tremble, and menace a terrible fall. I looked around me with astonishment, and felt what an insignificant little mite I was, creeping about among the fearful and

wonderful works of God. I could have remained for hours in my subterranean abode. A reverie, which would have continued unbroken until put to flight by the shades of the evening, succeeded to the astonishment I was at first thrown into. But in the world above I had companions of a more restless nature, who soon roused me with their bawling, and by a shout of impatience snapped the thread of my meditations."

The following is his description of the Mount, in Mount's Bay, in Cornwall, belonging to Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart.

"We beheld a mountain in the middle of a beautiful bay, spreading its broad base upon the glassy waves, and extending its proud summit high above the waters, with an air of uncommon dignity. It shoots up abruptly from the sea, and terminating in a point, presents an object of uncommon grandeur. Its rugged sides are broken with rocks and precipices, displaying a most beautiful contrast to that pleasant prospect of fields and villages which surround and enclose the bay. As the sea ebbs and flows it is alternately either an island or a peninsula. It is called St. Michael's Mount. At the top of it is a building resembling a church, the seat of Sir John St. Aubyn. The most skilful architect could scarcely plan a structure which would better adorn the mountain, or be more adapted to the shape of the hill on which

it stands. The tower of the church is almost in the middle of the whole building, and rises from the centre of the mountain's base, terminating the whole. The church bells, and parapet walls, spread themselves round the tower, so as to cover the area or summit of the hill. Enlarging itself gradually from the building downwards, the hill swells into a base of a mile in circumference. It stands near the centre of a delightful piece of water, and making the most remarkable figure in any part of its circuit, gives it the name of Mount's Bay. We visited the exalted residence of the Baronet before-mentioned, who may truly be said to dwell—'in the moon's neighbourhood.'—It is remarkable on no other account but its stupendous situation, which is so very high, that from the tower we could see across the channel. Formerly it was used as a garrison, and fortified accordingly. Charles the First confined the Duke of Hamilton in this very place, who was afterward released by the parliament forces. In earlier periods a priory of Benedictine monks stood here, founded by Edward the Confessor, and until the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion it served for the purposes of religion only."

On arriving at the Land's End, he thus expresses himself.

"From Penzance we went to the Land's End, and stood upon the extreme point of that part of

this island, which, at the distance of three hundred miles from the metropolis, extends south-west into the sea. From this spot you command at once the entrance of the great channel. It is an astonishing sight. Immense rocks lie scattered up and down, piled upon each other, as if the fables of old had been realized, and the giants of Etna had burst from their sepulchres to heap these ponderous masses, in horrible confusion, against the pillars of heaven.—The sea, in vehement fury, dashes its rough surges against their craggy sides, and disclosing the black visages of a thousand breakers, that frowned half-concealed among the waves, betrayed the terrors of a place which had proved so often fatal to the shipwrecked mariner. The Islands of Scilly appeared at a distance through the thick gloom that enveloped them. The sea fowl screamed among the cliffs. The clouds were gathering up apace, and the wind, as it broke through the chasms of the rocks, in short convulsive blasts, predicted a terrible storm. It began already to howl, and the vast surface of the ocean swelled into a foam. I know not a spectacle more awful than a storm at sea: but if I wished to place a spectator in a spot, from which such a scene would appear more terribly sublime than usual, it should be upon a stupendous promontory which presents itself in this remote corner of our island."

The narrative which follows is strictly characteristic of him at this period of his life, exhibiting his vehement and rapid flow of diction—his peculiar benevolence of heart—his ready confidence and strong sympathy in stories of distress—and the warmth and quickness of his feelings.

"We had proceeded but a few paces from the door (of an inn at Haverford West), when I discerned on the opposite side of the way something like a place of confinement; but so barricaded, and so miserable in its aspect, that I conceived it to be a receptacle for wild beasts. Upon farther inspection, I discovered through a small window, double grated, a man in a melancholy attitude, with a book in his hand. He was clothed in the tattered remnants of a naval uniform, and as we obstructed the light which glimmered through the grate upon the pages of his book, he started, and saw us. We were going to withdraw, when finding how much we were struck with his appearance, he addressed us. 'Gentlemen (said he), you see here an unfortunate officer of the navy, who, for a trifling debt, has suffered five months' imprisonment in this abominable dungeon; without any support but from the benevolence of strangers and the uncertain charity of a few among the inhabitants, denied even water to gratify his thirst, unless he can raise a halfpenny to pay for

it, and condemned to linger here without a prospect of release.'

"We asked him by what means he had incurred the debt, and how he became unable to discharge it.

"He said he was a Lieutenant in the navy, and formerly belonged to a King's ship, called the Trimmer. That he had been stationed with the rest of his crew at Haverford. It happened one day that he was out on a visit, when his comrades hearing of some smugglers went in pursuit of them, and left him on shore. During their absence, he had lived, he said, as other gentlemen do in the neighbourhood. He had visited them, hunted with them, and partook of the amusements of the place. When he wished to leave Haverford, he had written to his agent at Liverpool for cash. The people of the house where he lodged knew this, and when the answer returned, with a spirit of parsimony hardly to be conceived, and in violation of every honest and honourable principle, intercepted and broke it open. It was then discovered that his agent had failed, and could remit him only five guineas, which were enclosed in the letter. This sum the harpies instantly siezed, and threw their unfortunate victim into the dungeon where we found him, and where he had languished ever since.

"I felt my blood chill with horror at his narrative, and interrupting him, 'In God's name, Sir,' said I, 'have you no friends, is there not one to whom I can write in your behalf?'

"'My name,' said he, 'is G—th. I was one of those who accompanied Captain Cook in his circumnavigations. I lived but by my profession, and have done so from my infancy; I have no relations, and hardly a single friend. There may be those who would hasten to extricate me, if they knew my situation, but I wish to keep them ignorant of it, nor can I bear to apply to them.'

"Finding all our entreaties ineffectual, in endeavouring to serve him by writing to those who knew him, we begged he would accept of our assistance in a different way, and leaving a small donation with him, we went to make other inquiries among the inhabitants. They all knew him to be a gentleman of good character, and great ability in his profession; every information we received tended to confirm his own assertions; but this only increased our astonishment, to find that in so large a town as Haverford West, there could not be found liberality enough among the people, to save a gentleman from prison for a paltry tavern-bill.

"Once we heard he had made his escape. A deserter was thrown into the same dungeon with him, and this fellow effected the means of his deli-

verance. They had not quitted their prison above a quarter of an hour, before their flight was discovered, and the gaoler rang the fire-bell to alarm the town. Mr. G—th and the deserter were then in one of the fields near the town. As soon as they heard the fire-bell Mr. G—th fainted. Overcome with weakness, from confinement, and the apprehension of being retaken, he fell at the feet of his companion. Upon this, the deserter dragged him into a ditch, and covering themselves with some new hay that was in the field, they remained concealed until the morning, when they both endeavoured to escape. The deserter being the strongest, soon got out of the reach of his pursuers; but Mr. G—th, unacquainted with the country, and unable, from excessive weakness, to proceed, was retaken by the sheriff's officers about twenty miles from the town. As soon as he perceived them, he made a desperate attempt upon his own life, and before they could seize him, stabbed himself in the side. The wound proved not mortal, and he recovered to undergo, what he dreaded much more, the horrors of his prison.

"We returned to him again, and apologizing for the meanness of our former offer, begged we might improve it. He seemed overcome with the thoughts of having found a human being who could feel for his situation. Upon farther conversation, I found he was well acquainted with a fellow col-

legian of mine, and with his whole family. He said he was certain of having the command of a vessel if he could be released; that he had frequently offered to compromise with the woman who imprisoned him, and would give her cent. per cent. for her money until it was paid, if she would enable him to return to his profession. The inexorable d—l, for I cannot now think of a worse name for her, had refused all his requests, and would not pay the least attention to any application that was made for his release. The original debt did not exceed twenty pounds, but his prosecutrix, by her villanous machinations, by rascally attorneys, and the expenses of his imprisonment, had really doubled it. It was not until eleven at night that I gave over my enquiries with respect to Mr. G—th; and among the variety of questions we put to different people, no one gave him an ill word, but all were unanimous in encomiums upon him. Thus, in a hostile country, surrounded with persecutors, imprisoned, and in debt, he seemed without an enemy. Some despaired of his release, others were in hopes he would receive his liberty at the assizes, as a society of gentlemen had promised to subscribe for that purpose.

"Ye GENTLEMEN OF HAVEREORD! could ye not find one spark of pity or generosity resident among ye? A stranger came and fell into misfor-

tunes, and was there not one Samaritan, who would visit the prison of the wretched, and soften the iron fetters of his bondage? Yes, one there was, and more than one, and happy must they feel who have hitherto supported him in his captivity. But Ye Aldermen of Haverford! for it is to you I dedicate these effusions of my soul—and if ever your eyes glance upon these pages of my work, may the traces of my pen sink deep into your hearts, and penetrating the iron folds around them, force out a sentiment of contrition and remorse. What! could ye not spare the exuberance of one feast from your gorgeous appetites, to succour a bulwark of your country—a son of Neptune? Could you not spare the price of one dinner, to relieve a fellow-creature in distress? Oh shame! shame! shame upon you, Ye Aldermen of Haverford!!!

"Peace to the ashes of the benevolent Howard! what a scope for his philanthropy would have been offered, had he visited the dungeon at Haverford. He is gone to receive the reward of his virtues, but his name shall be immortal.

The spirits of the good, who bend from high,
Wide o'er these earthly scenes, their partial eye;
When first array'd in virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe;
Saw round his brows her sun like glory blaze
In arrowing circles of unwearied rays;

Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And ask'd what seraph foot the earth imprest.
Loves of the Plants. Canto II. p. 86.

"I never felt more disposed to quit any place than Haverford. The thoughts of Mr. G—th's sufferings, added to the filthiness of our inn, and the unwelcome deportment of every yawning countenance we met upon our return to it, so prejudiced us against the whole town that we ordered horses to be in readiness before sun-rise the next morning.

"Creeping into my miserable stye, for I could not be guilty of so gross a compliment as to call it a bed-room, I endeavoured to compose myself to sleep. The sheets stuck to my back with dampness, and not having been changed since the last assizes, contained such a quantity of sand, which the feet of my predecessors had imported from the floor, that I was determined to sit up the whole night. The thoughts of Mr. G—th in his horrid dungeon, but a few yards from me, seemed to reproach me for my discontent, and feeling thankful that I was out of their clutches, I fell asleep.

"When we came to our chaise in the morning, we found four horses affixed to it, whereas we had ordered but two, and an impudent scoundrel at the door insisting upon our using them. We had no alternative, we must either obey his orders, or remain at Haverford, and God knows with what

alacrity I chose the lesser evil, to avoid the greater. Any inconvenience was better than staying *with Pharaoh and all his host*, so away we drove, execrating the whole tribe, and fearful lest the well-known words, with which Dr. Johnson addressed a crow in the Highlands, should be made applicable to us—*What, have wings, and stay here?*"

The following is his description of a blind female Harper at Aberystwyth, and of the first effect of the native music of the country upon his feelings.

"Here we had, for the first time since we entered Wales, the pleasure of hearing the music of the country, in its pure state, from a poor blind female harper. She could speak no English, nor play any English tunes, except *Captain Mackintosh* and the *White Cockade*. There was so much native simplicity in her appearance, and the features of sorrow were so visible in her countenance, that no one could behold her unmoved. She was led in by the waiter, dressed after the style of her countrywomen, in a course woollen gown, and a hat of black beaver. She had seated herself in a corner of the room, and by an involuntary motion, I drew my chair close to hers. A predilection for Welsh music would alone have disposed me to listen to the harp; but our blind minstrel, with her untaught harmony, called forth all our admiration, and attention became the tribute of pity. When she touched the strings, she displayed all

the execution and taste of the most refined master. Her mode of fingering was graceful, light, and elegant; her cadences inexpressibly sweet. We had never before heard such tones from the harp; she ran through all the mazes of Welsh harmony, and delighted us with the songs of the bards of old. She seemed to celebrate the days of her forefathers, and fancy led me to interpret the tenor of her melody. It sang the fall of Llewellyn, and broke forth in a rapid tumultuous movement, expressive of the battles he had fought, and the laurels he had won.

"All at once she changed the strain; the movement became slow, soft, and melancholy—it was a dirge for the memory of the slaughtered bards, the departed poets of other times. An air was introduced after a momentary pause, which vibrated upon our very heartstrings. With trembling hands, and in a tone of peculiar melody, she told us the sad tale of her own distress. She sang the blessings of light, and portrayed in cadences the sorrows of the blind.

"Without any support but her harp, deprived of her sight, friendless, and poor, she had wandered from place to place, depending entirely upon the charity of strangers. We were told that she contrived to obtain a decent livelihood by her talents for music; nor did we wonder at it, for who can

refuse pity to the sufferings of humanity, when the voice of melody breaks forth in its behalf?"

He thus expresses himself on the fall of the Monach:

"We beheld the river Monach in a bold convulsive cataract between the mountains, foaming with clamorous fury through a chasm of the solid rock, and rushing down the steep abrupt of a prodigious precipice, roar in a white surf at our feet, and lose itself in a vast bason below. Enveloped by an awful display of every thing that can add majesty and grandeur to the features of nature, the spectator is lost in the contemplation of this wild assemblage of mountains, valleys, hills, rocks, woods, and water.

Præsentiorem & conspicimus deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.

GRAY.

"After having feasted our eyes with the view of this headlong torrent, we ascended by our guide's direction, and were introduced to a similar scene above it. From this second part we ascended to a third, and so on to a fourth and a fifth: for this fall of the Monach is so much interrupted and broken, that by a near inspection, as you ascend from the bottom, you are shewn five separate cas-

cades; which, when you retire to a proper distance, at a particular point of view, appear all united into one stupendous cataract. We were conducted to this spot, which is on an eminence opposite the fall, and from whence the effect of this cascade is superb. The bare mention of a river, precipitated from a height of four hundred feet, conveys an idea of something great, of something unusually magnificent. But when to this is added the peculiar wildness and gigantic features of the scenery which surrounds the fall of the Monach, no description whatever can do it justice. Soon after its descent, it runs into the Rhyddol, which river also displays a beautiful cascade, before its union with the Monach. Several brooks and smaller streams are seen falling from the tops of the high mountains on all sides, and losing themselves in the valley below. Thus we seemed surrounded by waterfalls, many of which deserved our notice, had it not been for the fall of the Monach, which engrossed our whole attention."

The last extract from this work shall be his farewell address to the reader. It is interesting for the view which he takes of his own production, as well as for the prophetic hope it holds out of better efforts in the same career, when the inexperience and the prejudices of youth should be

removed. It was written when he was setting off on his tour to Italy.

"To him, therefore, who had been induced from motives of candour or curiosity to mark the progress and termination of my rambles, I make my grateful acknowledgments. Courteous or inquisitive reader! if, in the perusal of these pages, thy brow has been sullied with anger or contracted by contempt, let me entreat thee to obliterate the remembrance of it! I have endeavoured to portray with accuracy a variety of scenes in no small extent of territory; I have pointed out every object which I deemed worthy of thy notice; I have considered thee as the companion of my travels, and have given thee the fruits of my labours without the fatigue or expense of acquiring them.

"It would be impertinent to apologize for present deficiency by a promise of future improvement—else, haply, when the hand of time shall remove the curtain of prejudice, and check the sallies of inexperience, I may hope to throw aside my anonymous pen and assume a more respectable appearance. It is with this view I leave my present work to its fate, and go in search of materials for a more important superstructure. I hasten among the wider regions of continental domain; to see peace expel discord, and to witness the downfall of anarchy: to behold the armies of nations combined in restoring serenity to a dis-

tracted people: to behold the melancholy condition of a country, where faction, drunk with the blood of multitudes, has fantastically arrayed herself in the garb of liberty, and like the arrogant bird, who envied the meekness and beauty of the dove, vainly endeavours by assuming a borrowed plumage to hide her native deformity."

In a letter to a friend, written while this work was in the press, Mr. Clarke thus expresses himself, with all the ardour of a youthful author:—

"I have a work in the press. It is the tour we made. My friends encourage me to hope for success. Two booksellers have it between them. It will make two volumes octavo, with plates, in aquatinta. A few impressions will be struck off in quarto. The first edition consists of 1000 copies only: if these are sold off, the disposal of the second edition remains with me. It will cost them 140*l.*: so, I gave them the first edition, and they pay all expenses."

CHAP. III.

His engagement to travel with Lord Berwick—Tour to Italy—His employments and acquirements there—Residence at Naples—Projected excursion to Egypt and Greece—Hasty journey to England and back—Departure from Naples—Return to England—Conclusion of the tour—Letters on foreign travel.

In the autumn of this year, 1791, and shortly after the close of his journey, we find him balancing between the prospect of another winter at Hothfield with his pupil, and the alternative of entering into holy orders with an immediate prospect of the curacy of Uckfield, which had been served by his elder brother, but was at this time offered to him; and, certainly, if any proposal of the kind could have tempted him, it would have been the curacy of Uckfield, where all that was most dear to him in life was assembled, and where he was always anxious to take up his abode. But, as he was not at this time disposed to embrace the profession of the church, he did not hesitate long; and the result of his deliberation, with the reasons upon which it was founded, will be best learned from one of his letters to his friend and biographer, dated October, 1791.

"——Your letter came most welcome to me; I had just been framing a remonstrance against your long silence. It was not my wish to leave Mr. Tufton, but all my friends cried out against me, and said it would be madness to resign a certain emolument, for the precarious consequences of another six months' interment at Hothfield. I wrote to the bishop of Gloucester, and asked his advice; he begged to stand neuter, and give no opinion upon such a nice point. I then sent off my letters to the Duke of Dorset; I represented the whole case, offered to take Mr. Tufton into our family, which must be better for him than being at Hothfield, and ended with saying, if he did not approve of my proposal, my services, such as they were, were entirely at his disposal. I was, I said, bound to him in gratitude for repeated acts of kindness, and was willing if he desired it, to disengage myself from every other occupation; and dedicating myself solely to Mr. Tufton's welfare, would go with him to any part of the world, and stay with him for any length of time whatever. You have no idea how much the duke was pleased with my offers. He wrote immediately, requesting of me to continue with his nephew, and said that he was fully sensible of my attention to him, and that my conduct upon all occasions demanded his warmest acknowledgments. I did not hesitate a moment, but swallowing this fine pill, jumped

into the mail coach, and reached Uckfield by four o'clock in the morning. There I knocked them all up, adjusted every thing, bade my mother good-bye, travelled all night again to Lord Thanet's, sent the duke my final determination, persuaded Mr. Charles Tufton to accompany us, and here we are again.

"E. D. C."

But before this resolution was taken, he had paid a visit to his mother at Uckfield, and there, with his usual overflow of filial kindness, had recounted to her the whole story of his adventures, and spread before her admiring eyes the wonders of art and nature which had been the produce of his tour; for, it may be observed here, that the specimens of mineralogy which he gathered in this journey, formed the nucleus of that extensive collection, which long afterward furnished the subjects of his academical lectures at Cambridge. A scene from this visit shall be described in his sister's words. "The animated gaze," she says, "with which he regarded his treasures from the mines of Cornwall, his specimens of copper ore, mundic, &c. &c. &c., covering a whole long dining-table, at the top of which he had placed his delighted mother, and his beloved and invaluable friend and counsellor Mrs. Catherine Courthope, together with every friend and acquaintance that

could be met with, in the surrounding precincts; the long and original droll detail, which he delivered to them, of all his adventures, particularly of his obtaining one worm-eaten leg, from the many that had been sold of Shakspeare's chair; the woman's loud scream, when he wrenched it from the seat, though unable to refuse the liberal offer; the kick of the husband, as he sent her head-over-heels, down the cellar stairs, for being such a fool as to part with so large a relic; the anan!! anan!! of the neighbours, may well be remembered, but can never be described."

It will be seen from the extracts of a former letter, that Mr. Tufton's brother accompanied them on their return to Hothfield, after it had been decided that the connexion should be continued through the winter, and this gentleman being about to join Lord Thanet in Paris, had taken Hothfield in his way; and when he left the place in the latter end of October, the two friends eagerly seized the opportunity of passing over with him to Calais. It was the first time Mr. Clarke had set his foot on foreign ground, and how delightful were the sensations he experienced, will appear from the following extract from an amusing letter to his mother:

"Calais, October 18, 1791.

"Here we are! Even I in France. Would you believe it? I have found my father's name written

with a pen upon the frame of an old looking-glass. The date is almost worn out, but a rude guess makes it to be, December, 1772. I am half dead with sea sickness—twenty-four hours passage from Dover. Just now I sent for Monsieur Dessein, and asked him if he remembered Sterne. He speaks broken English, and I worse French, so you may suppose what an edifying tête-à-tête I have had with him. When I arrived I was half-starved, and seeing a number of waiters crowding round me with '*Que voulez vous, Monsieur?*' I dispatched them all for something to eat. They all came back again, 'Et pardonnez moi, Monsieur, que voulez vous?' Beef! and be hanged to you! said I, out of all patience, and away they flew, saying, '*Mon-Dieu! en verité, mi lor Anglois!*' Presently in comes a troop of 'em with Dessein at their head, bringing in tea, but no beef, and an old overgrown hen, by way of cold chicken. Allons! said I, portez le beff! Monsieur Dessein made a low bow, '*Non pas beef, Monsieur! la voila, un petit pullet!*' Un petit Turkey cock! said I; Monsieur Dessein bowed again, I laughed, and got over the style. You will think me mad or drunk, so I'll wind to a close. I am in such spirits, I cannot write sense."

After a few days spent at Calais, they returned to Hothfield, where they spent the winter. In

the spring of the ensuing year, 1792, when Mr. Clarke's protracted engagement with Mr. Tufton was drawing to a close, he began to turn his thoughts seriously towards that home, which had ever been his pride and delight, and which he now considered as likely to furnish under the repose of its peaceful roof, the best means to gratify that literary passion, which began more and more to occupy and interest his mind. Under this impression he wrote to his mother, requesting that the little study might be prepared for him, and that his father's table and high backed chair, objects always dear to his recollection, might be placed in it for his use. Joyfully were these directions received, and promptly and accurately were they executed; nor could any thing exceed the delight of the mother and daughter, at the prospect of receiving permanently for their inmate a son and brother whom they so fondly loved, and in whose conversation and pursuits they took so deep an interest: but for this time they were destined to be disappointed. Having come to London in the spring of 1792, with his pupil, of whom he was about to take his leave, in consequence of the appointment of the latter to a regiment, he renewed his acquaintance with Lord Berwick, who had been of the same year with him in College, and who being now of age, pro-

posed that Mr. Clarke should accompany him in the capacity of a friend to Italy. The offer was too valuable in all respects to be refused; for, however pleasing at first view to all the parties concerned, might have been the thought of his sitting down at Uckfield with his mother and sister, the project was much more calculated to gratify their present feelings than to promote his future advantage. His habits were not duly settled, nor his mind sufficiently stored for the repose he sought (which was in truth only a temporary want), nor would his circumstances or prospects have admitted of it. But, if all this had been otherwise, the place itself was in no respects calculated for such a scheme. It had neither books nor learned society, nor, in truth, any materials for the furtherance of those pursuits to which his inclinations would have led him. The author of this memoir has visited him several times in this beloved home; and once or twice has seen him apparently fixed there for an indefinite period. On these occasions it has been always observed, that he was delightful to others, and contented and happy within himself, and ever with some object of pursuit, but never studious. A letter to his friend will explain the nature of Lord Berwick's offer, and the reasons assigned for his closing with it.

"London,—1792.

"——Doomed to be a wanderer, I still flutter about, uncertain whether, or not, I shall ever sit down in peace. Every thing is changed—I am *not* going into orders—I am *not* going to be Curate of Uckfield—but I *am* going to be exiled from my country, and wander I know not where. It is now about a fortnight, since Lord Berwick sent to beg I would let him have an hour's conversation with me. The purport of this was, that I would, when I left Tufton, give up all my present prospects, and accompany him in a tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, &c. and be with him about two years. He will pay all my expenses. I laid it before the Bishop of Gloucester: he told me to seize the offer, without hesitation. To tell you all the trouble I have had, all the pain it has cost my mother, to be separated from all her children, and a long *et cetera*, would take me several hours. I have consented. You can't wonder at it—you know how I longed all my life to see *furren Partes*, setting aside the advantage of the connexion. I have toiled and fretted, entreated and manœuvred, till it is now nearly settled that Mr. Tufton goes with us."

Having entered upon his engagement, Mr. Clarke immediately set about preparations for the journey. But as Lord Berwick had business of importance to transact in Shropshire before he could

leave England, Mr. Clarke joined him at Attingham in the early part of June, and remained with him for nearly a month. His letters at that time, speak in the highest terms of the magnificence of Lord Berwick's seat, and of the beauty of the country. He visited all that was remarkable in the neighbourhood, accompanied his friend in his excursions to Shrewsbury and other places, in which he was interested; and lived near a fortnight with the mess of the Shropshire militia, in which Lord Berwick had then a company. These were all new scenes to him, and seem to have afforded him considerable pleasure. About the middle of July, 1792, their preparations being all completed, and the correction of his work, now in the press, being entrusted to the kindness of a friend (Mr. now Archdeacon Wrangham), they set out upon their intended tour. They made Uckfield in their way, for the purpose of indulging Mr. Clarke with an opportunity of taking leave of his family; and after spending two days at that place they proceeded to Dover, and embarked there for Ostend. It is certainly much to be regretted that, of this tour, to which Mr. Clarke is indebted for so many valuable acquisitions to his knowledge, and so essential an improvement of his taste, the accounts which remain to us, are in some respects less satisfactory than could be wished. They consist of a journal and a few

letters. The journal, which begins at Turin, is not continued regularly till after his arrival at Naples; from that time, however, it is sufficiently particular, and has no important breaks or interruptions: and, had the substance of it been prepared and published by himself, soon after his return, as was once intended, before the ground had been occupied by others, and while the incidents and objects he describes were fresh in the recollection of that extensive circle of his countrymen whom his talents and kindness had attached to him in Italy, there could have been no doubt whatever of its favourable reception. But now, when a lapse of thirty years has borne away with them the great majority of the persons connected with these travels, and even to the survivors must have diminished the interest which they would have once inspired; when almost every object he notices has been accurately examined and described by many accomplished travellers since; it would require nothing less than the happiest touches of his own pen to make such a journal attractive throughout to the public of the present day; more especially when it is remembered, that during this period, the process of his improvement was only going on, and that the observations recorded by him must of course be of very different degrees of merit. Under these circumstances it has been thought advisable to make such extracts only from the journal as

may appear to possess in themselves any superior interest, or to throw light upon his character or pursuits. With his letters a similar course will be pursued; they are indeed loosely and hastily written, and in no respect to be compared with his later productions of the same kind; but they contain some fair specimens of his talent for description and some nice touches of character; and, at all events, when connected with the journal, they will tell the story of his life much more agreeably than any narrative which could have been framed from them. His best letters of this period, which were written to the Duke of Dorset and the Bishop of Gloucester, are probably no longer in existence.

Italy was the principal object of the travellers; and their plan was to pass into that country by Mount Cenis and Turin. But as it was necessary to avoid the French territory, which was then agitated throughout by the paroxysm of its ferocious revolution, they determined to take the route of the Low Countries to Cologne, and then ascending the Rhine to Schaffhausen, to pass from thence through Switzerland and Geneva, into Piedmont. It will be seen afterward, that they were driven from the latter part of this design. Mr. Clarke's first letter to his mother is dated, Sept. 9, 1792, from Spa; it developes the plan of their journey, and affords an amusing specimen of his inexperience as a continental traveller.

"Spa, Sept. 9, 1792.

"—— We stay here a day or two, and then proceed to Aix la Chapelle, Dusseldorf, and up the banks of the Rhine, through Cologne, Bonn, Coblentz, Mayence, Francfort, &c. &c. to the great fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen; we then enter Switzerland, and proceed through Berne and Lausanne to Geneva—from Geneva we go to Turin, where we shall remain till we are perfect in the French language, and if possible in the Italian. After we have acquired these, and a few little improvements in fencing, dancing, &c. we set out upon our tour. Lord B. says, he shall not consider himself as travelling in earnest until he leaves Turin, when, if possible, we shall make a complete tour of Europe. He has sent for a phaeton from London, and is going to purchase four black horses to run in it, which I am to drive. I should now be as happy as any man can be, if I could but diffuse a little joy among the dear friends I left behind. The thoughts of what they may want, and they may feel, throws a cold damp over every comfort I have. Perhaps I may be now laying a foundation for their future welfare; God grant that it may be so, and that no intervening mischief may interrupt the rising prospect before me, and embitter the time to come. Let me know the success of my little work, and what the reviewers say of it, whether good or bad, word for word."

The next letter is dated, Turin, Oct. 15th, 1792.

" —— It is not easy to express the satisfaction we feel in being safely lodged within the walls of this city, after all the dangers and difficulties we have passed. Every species of obstacle intervened to prevent our progress—armies met before us—rivers and lakes swelled to overwhelm us—mountains rose before us—deserts bewildered us—nay, even our own servants, from motives as yet unknown, formed projects to retard us—yet here we at last safely moored in the capital of the dominions of his majesty the King of Sardinia.

" I think my last letter to you was from Spa; since that time we have seen much and done more. We proceeded up the banks of the Rhine through Cologne, Coblentz, and Francfort, peaceably to Heidelburg. At Francfort we were present at the largest fair in all Europe, but it is not so much worth seeing as the annual fairs at Cambridge. At Heidelburg we had the old story of the great tun and Charlemagne, and were highly delighted with the old lacquey Antoine, who prevailed on me to scrawl some nonsense in his album. As we approached the confines of France, the road all the way was crowded with soldiers; from Friburg to Basle, the Prince de Condé's armies filled every village and every town. It was then expected that they would cross the Rhine in three days; baggage waggons and flat-bottomed boats filled all

the avenues of the turnpike roads; and horses became so scarce, that the poor farmer's oxen were pressed to serve the carriages that came post. When we were at Basle the inhabitants were hourly in expectation of being besieged; all the women left the town, the French emigrants lay within three miles on one side, the patriot camp within two miles on the other; I went to see both, and very near got killed in a scuffle among the democrats—but this is too long to tell now. When we entered Switzerland, all the country was rising under arms and flocking to defend Basle; before we got to Bonn, we heard that the French had taken Chamberry, that the passage over Mount Cenis was shut, and that the patriots were at the gates of Geneva: what to do we did not know: but resolved to go to Lucerne, cross the lake there, and afterward make an attempt to cross that tremendous ridge of mountains which divide Italy from Switzerland. A volume would not tell you our adventures and hair-breadth scapes in performing this exploit. Our carriages were drawn by oxen and peasants over high mountains of snow, where no European had ever dreamed of meeting a carriage before, among precipices, rocks, torrents, and cataracts.* The mountaineers beheld us with

* The passage here described is that of the St. Gothard, which at this time was much more difficult than it is at present.

astonishment, the children ran away from us, and the men could not be kept from the wheels, insomuch that they broke the blinds of Mr. Tufton's carriage in their eagerness to see the inside. At one place where we stopped, the village assembled to salute '*the Prince of Wales*,' because they happened to see on the inside of one of our trunks—'*H. Mortimer, trunk maker to his Majesty and the Prince of Wales.*' At another place, they said we were the noblemen who had killed the king of Sweden, and were escaping into Italy. At last half dead, and quite satisfied with Quixotism, we reached Bellinzona, on the other side the mountains; and here we are, in Turin, alive and like to live.

"The whole continent at present seems a scene of universal hostility, and even Italy, which promised to be the last country which would suffer from French anarchy, is in a fair way to follow the example there offered. The poor King of Sardinia, old and worn out with care, sees his country rise in confusion all around him. We were presented to him yesterday."

Having now brought the subject of this memoir to Turin, where his own journal commences, it may be proper to state shortly, for the information of the reader, the general course of his employments, and the nature of his acquirements, during

the period of his residence in Italy. It has already been stated, that a passion for travelling had early taken possession of his mind, but it would be difficult to convey an adequate notion of the strength and influence of this passion, in any other words than his own; and, fortunately, such present themselves to our notice in a little work which will be spoken of hereafter, written by him only a few months after his return from Italy. "An unbounded love of travel influenced me at a very early period of my life. It was conceived in infancy, and I shall carry it with me to the grave. When I reflect upon the speculations of my youth, I am at a loss to account for a passion, which, predominating over every motive of interest and every tie of affection, urges me to press forward and to pursue inquiry, even in the bosoms of the ocean and the desert. Sometimes, in the dreams of fancy, I am weak enough to imagine, that the map of the world was painted in the awning of my cradle, and that my nurse chaunted the wanderings of pilgrims in her legendary lullabies." To a mind thus panting for foreign climes, and glowing with all the warmth of poetic imagery, it was no small subject of triumph to have passed the barrier of the Alps, and to tread in the paths which had been hallowed in his eyes by the footsteps of Addison and Gray. But this was only a part of his enjoyment. The country which he had entered, abounded in scenes

and objects calculated, above all others, to awaken every pleasing association connected with his early studies, and to gratify his prevailing taste. The precious remains of antiquity dispersed throughout Italy, the fine specimens of modern art, the living wonders of nature, of which even the descriptions he had read, or the faint resemblances he had seen, had been sufficient to kindle his enthusiasm, were now placed before his eyes, and submitted to his contemplation and inquiry; nor were the springs and resources of his own mind unequal to the excitement which was thus powerfully acting upon them. All those higher qualities which had hitherto been only partially exerted, or held as it were in abeyance, were now completely developed and brought into constant and vigorous action. At no period, even of his subsequent life, does he seem to have exerted himself with more spirit, or with better effect. He made large and valuable additions to his stock of historical knowledge, both ancient and modern. He applied himself so effectually to the French and Italian languages, as to be able in a short time to converse fluently, and to obtain all the advantages of acquirement and information in both; and, what was less to be expected, by dint of constant and persevering references to those classical authors, whose writings have contributed either directly or indirectly to illustrate the scenery or the antiqui-

ties of Italy, he made greater advances in Greek and Latin than he had done before, during the whole period of his education. He studied with great attention the history and progress of the arts, and, more particularly, of the different schools of painting in Italy; reading carefully the best authors, conversing frequently with the most intelligent natives, and then with all the advantage of his own good taste and discernment, comparing the results of his inquiries with those of his own actual observation. By these means he laid in a stock of materials for conversation and reflection, which, treasured in his retentive memory, never wasted during the whole course of his life; and it is curious to observe how extensive, and at the same time how particular, this knowledge was; there was scarcely a picture of any eminence in Italy, or a statue either ancient or modern, with the merits and history of which he was not acquainted; and though he never visited a second time that country, the impressions made upon his mind seemed to be as fresh and lively to the very last, as if they had been of yesterday. Nor was his attention less powerfully attracted towards those rich treasures of natural history, which the peculiar resources of the country, or the industry of collectors daily presented to him. Vesuvius, with all its various phenomena and productions, was his particular study and delight. He was the

historian and the guide of the mountain, to every intelligent and distinguished Englishman, who came to Naples during his stay; and connecting, as he did, a considerable degree of science and philosophy, with all the accurate local knowledge, and more than the spirit and adroitness of the most experienced of the native guides, his assistance was as eagerly sought after as it was highly appreciated by his countrymen. He made a large collection of vases and medals, many of which have since found their way into different cabinets of Europe; and besides numerous valuable additions which he made to his own specimens of minerals, he formed several complete collections of Italian marbles and volcanic products for his friends. With his own hands he constructed models of the most remarkable temples and other interesting objects of art or nature in Italy; and one particularly of Vesuvius,* upon a great scale, of the materials of the mountain, with such accuracy of outline and justness of proportion, that Sir William Hamilton pronounced it to be the best ever produced of the kind, either by foreigner or native. These things he did and much more, within an interrupted space of two years, during which, as it appears from his journal, so many of his hours were placed by his own good nature at the disposal of his

* This model is now at Lord Berwick's seat at Attingham.

countrymen in their literary or philosophical inquiries; so many others were dedicated as a matter of duty to Lord Berwick and his concerns, and so many more were devoted to the pleasures of society, and to those active amusements which our countrymen usually assemble around them whenever they take up their abode together, and for which the fine climate of Italy is so well adapted, that it must be a matter of surprise to learn, that he was able to do so much for himself. Nor will this surprise be lessened, when it is known that besides his journal, he left behind him a great number of manuscripts connected with this tour; amongst which may be mentioned some maps of his own construction, catalogues of several collections of books and natural history, and a long memorial, in the form of letters, addressed to young English noblemen and gentlemen upon the proper objects of study in travels. If it should be inquired, by what peculiar advantages he was able to affect all this, it may be said; first, by an excellent constitution, which he never spared or managed, pursuing his objects unremittingly, by night as well as by day, and at times appearing to be indifferent to the common wants of nature, particularly of rest and sleep; secondly, by the faculty which he possessed in an eminent degree of concentrating all the force of his mind upon the subjects which occupied it, and thereby rendering

the impressions almost indelible: thirdly, by the admirable tact he at all times shewed in discovering at once whatever savoured of genius or talent in the minds of others, coupled with the ready access which his own candour and ingenuity always gave him to mutual information and confidence; and, lastly, by the extreme quickness with which he appropriated (but always in the fairest manner and with the most ample acknowledgments) whatever, either in books or conversation, had the slightest tendency to throw light upon the objects of his pursuits. To this may be added the power he possessed in a most remarkable degree of exciting the faculties of others. Within the sphere of his society and influence, there could be no such thing as what Mr. Burke calls, the worst corrupter of science, stagnation. Wherever he was, the waters were sure to be troubled; and whether the virtues derived from them were seized by himself or others, it mattered little to him, provided the process of information were going on. This will account in some measure for the fact, that with him much society was compatible with much improvement; and that travelling, which is generally an interruption to the studies of other men, was in truth the great excitement, the support, and the instrument of his.

But to proceed with the narrative. Their in-

tended stay at Turin was considerably shortened by the state of disquiet which actually reigned there, and the expectation of still greater disturbances which appeared to be impending over the city, from the influence of the French revolution, the march of whose principles in the crowded cities of Italy, seemed to be more alarming, than that of its armies on the frontiers. The good old king, then sixty-five years of age, to whom they were presented immediately after their arrival, lamented to them in the most ingenuous and pathetic terms, the ruin which threatened to overwhelm both the morals and the institutions of the people, and his own inability to resist it. For himself, he said, bowed down, as he was, with the weight of years, he had no anxiety; but the fate of his country, which he loved, was a subject of the deepest interest to him; and were it possible for any sacrifices of his to restore peace and serenity to the state, he would gladly die a thousand deaths to effect it. Some blood had already been shed in the city in consequence of a popular insurrection; and the rumours from the country, where the kindly influence of the monarch was less felt, became every day more and more alarming. Under these circumstances, and with the advice of the English minister, Mr. Trevor, they determined to take up their winter quarters in

some southern city of Italy, more remote from the focus of these troubles, where they might hope to find equal, if not greater, facility for their improvement in the language, with a prospect of more repose to profit by it. Accordingly, they left Turin about the middle of the month; and, pursuing the same route which had been taken by Mr. Walpole and Mr. Gray, they passed through Novi to Genoa; there they were tempted to remain about a fortnight, delighted with the beauty and grandeur of its situation upon the Mediterranean, and struck with the magnificence of its palaces, and the profusion of its marble statues and ornaments. From Genoa they returned to Novi, and then crossing part of the spacious plain of Lombardy to Piacenza, they passed through Parma to Bologna, where they remained a week, occupied with the paintings and churches which usually attract the attention of travellers in that place. From Bologna they proceeded to the Apennines, which they were fortunate enough to pass in fine weather; and, descending into the territories of the Grand Duke, they proceeded immediately to Florence. This city notwithstanding its numerous attractions, of which Mr. Clarke speaks with great rapture, did not upon this occasion detain them long: for it appears from his journal that very early in November they arrived at Rome, having

passed through Siénna and Viterbo without stopping. From Rome, Mr. Clarke wrote a letter to his mother, of which the following is an extract

"ROME, Dec. 5th, 1792.

"—— What a tract of country intervenes to divide us! and yet it is not the distance which makes me feel so far removed from you, it is the state of suspense which I am kept in with regard to your welfare. I can get no letters from England; I have written many to you and to my friends, but I receive no answer to any of them. When I was at Turin, I received those letters you sent to Bruxelles; since that time, I am as ignorant of English affairs as if I had been with Bruce to discover the source of the Nile. Some, I fear, have been idle, but I am sure *you* would not forget me, and therefore I fear those dæmons the democrats have intercepted your letters, and made use of them to set fire to the German villages. Lord Berwick is employing Angelica Kauffman in painting, and I am now selecting passages from the poets for her to paint for his house at Attingham. He has left me to follow my own taste in painting and sculpture. I have ordered for him two superb copies of the Venus de Medicis and the Belvedere Apollo, as large as the originals; they will cost near 1000*l.* In painting, I have selected two passages from Euripides, to be executed by Gri-

gnon; Freedom, from Chatterton's Ode, by Angelica Kauffman; his portrait, and another allegorical painting, by the same artist. The sculpture will be executed by an English artist, in marble brought from Carrara. My time has been taken up in visiting all the artists, for we have been here three weeks comparing their works, and in taking the opinions of the oldest and best judges—except where it was mere party matter, and then I ventured to act from my own opinion. One thing I pride myself upon, and that is, that I have hitherto kept him from meddling with antiquities, and that I have almost cured myself of all my own folly in that way, by observing the wonderful system of imposition and villany that is practised here upon poor John Bull every hour in the day. The greatest of these Romans carry cheating to such a degree of ingenuity that it becomes a science; but in baking legs, arms, and noses, they really surpass belief. The shop of an antiquarian here reminds me of an almanack I have seen in England—where one finds a list of *hips*, *thighs*, *toes*, *fingers*, &c. adapted for every day in the week. Indeed Rome has been so long exhausted of every valuable relic, that it is become necessary to institute a manufactory for the fabrication of such rubbish as half the English nation come in search of every year. Our banker here is an Englishman—he represents our ambassador, for there is none at

Rome; he has long been celebrated for giving his countrymen good advice, at the rate of 3000*l.* per cent. The other day he took me into his museum and begged I would purchase the nine muses and Apollo for Lord Berwick; cheap as dirt! says he, they are going at 300*l.* and the empress of Russia once offered me 1000*l.* I turned the joke sadly against him the next evening at Mrs. H.'s, by proposing a subscription to be set on foot for his *brown bob-wig to succeed Lord Balmerino's head upon Temple-bar.* He has not forgiven this, for this morning he gave a grand breakfast to the prince, and we were excluded from the general invitation."

The time they remained at Rome, not more than four weeks, although diligently and actively employed, was scarcely sufficient to furnish Mr. Clarke with the means of giving even a rapid sketch of a city which has been justly described as comprising within its circuit, amusement and interest enough for years. But he was too wise to attempt it; he was more anxious at that period to see, and to learn from others, than to record his own observations and opinions: and he frankly declared that such was the variety of objects and circumstances which crowded upon his mind during this month, that he had not time even to note them in his journal; they were not lost,

however, either to himself or his friends, for many interesting notices of this city are found dispersed throughout his works; and still more frequent allusions to them were brought forward in his conversation.

Our travellers left Rome about the first of December, and after a safe and agreeable journey of two days, arrived at Naples; in which delightful city, or in its still more delightful environs, they remained for nearly two years, occasionally visiting other parts of Italy, as the season invited, or agreeable opportunities occurred. For the first six months of his residence at this place, viz. from the early part of Dec. 1792, the date of his arrival, till the middle of June, 1794, Mr. Clarke seems to have kept no journal of his proceedings; nor does there appear among his papers even so much as a memorandum for his own use; but, judging from his subsequent statements, he seems to have been occupied properly enough, partly in studying the language, and partly in making himself acquainted with all the remarkable places and objects in the neighbourhood, and with the characters and acquirements of the persons with whom he was to live. From the middle of June, however, his time is regularly accounted for; and to his journal of this period, in conjunction with the letters, the reader will be referred for the principal circumstances of his life, till his return to

England: with this caution only, which is applicable to the whole, that whatever statements or conjectures connected with philosophical or scientific subjects may appear in them, must be considered only as exhibiting the state of his knowledge, or the inclination of his judgment at the time, and not as pledging him permanently to opinions, some of which were in fact superseded, and others modified by the results of his maturer inquiries in his later life.

"June 12, 1793.—I made my twelfth expedition to Vesuvius, and my third to the source of the lava, in company with Sir John and Lady L. and a large party. The day was excessively hot, the thermometer, which all the month of March and April had vibrated from 50 to 60, now stood at 78. A Sirocco wind added to the closeness of the air, and rendered our excursion tedious and difficult. We dined at the Hermitage, and then proceeded up the mountain. Mrs. H—— had hysteric fits at the second crater, owing to the great power of the sun and over-fatigue; nevertheless, she reached the source of the lava, and was very near killed by a large stone from the crater that flew by her like a wheel. The guides were with reason astonished at our females, since, excepting a few Englishmen who had accompanied me this year, no person, either male or female,

had been known to visit the source of a stream of lava while in an active state.

"It was in the month of February that I went with a party to the source of the lava for the first time, to ascertain the real state in which the lava proceeded from the volcano that created it. I conducted Lady P. to the second crater, and then we proceeded by ourselves. I found the crater in a very active state, throwing out vollies of immense stones transparent with vitrification, and such showers of ashes involved in thick sulphurous clouds, as rendered any approach to it extremely dangerous. We ascended as near as possible, and then crossing over to the lava attempted to coast it up to its source. This we soon found was impossible, for an unfortunate wind blew all the smoke of the lava hot upon us, attended at the same time with such a thick mist of minute ashes from the crater, and such fumes of sulphur, that we were in danger of being suffocated. In this perplexity, I had recourse to an expedient recommended by Sir W. Hamilton, and proposed immediately crossing the current of liquid lava to gain the windward side of it, but felt some fears owing to the very liquid appearance the lava there had so near its source. All my companions were against the scheme, and while we stood deliberating, immense fragments of stone and huge volcanic bombs, that had been cast out by the

crater, but which the smoke had prevented us from observing, fell thick about us, and rolled by us with a velocity that would have crushed any of us, had we been in their way. I found we must either leave our present spot or expect instant death; therefore, covering my face with my hat, I rushed upon the lava and crossed over safely to the other side, having my boots only a little burnt and my hands scorched. Not one of my companions however would stir, nor could any persuasion of mine avail in getting a single guide over to me. I then saw clearly the whole of the scene, and expected my friends would every moment be sacrificed to their own imprudence and want of courage, as the stones from the crater fell continually around them, and vast rocks of lava bounded by them with great force. At last I had the satisfaction of seeing them retire, leaving me entirely alone. I begged hard for a torch to be thrown over to me, that I might not be lost when the night should come on. It was then that André, one of the Ciceroni of Resina, after being promised a bribe, ran over to me, and brought with him a bottle of wine and a torch. We had coasted the lava ascending for some time, when looking back, I perceived my companions endeavouring to cross the lava lower down, where the stream was narrower. In doing this they found themselves insulated, as it were, and surrounded by two different

rivers of liquid fire. They immediately pressed forward, being terribly scorched by the combined heat of both the currents, and ran to the side where I was; in doing which one of the guides fell into the middle of the red hot lava, but met with no other injury than having his hands and face burnt, and losing at the same time a bottle of Vin de Grave, which was broken by the fall, and which proved a very unpleasant loss to us, being ready to faint with excessive thirst, fatigue, and heat. Having once more rallied my forces, I proceeded on, and in about half an hour I gained the chasm through which the lava had opened itself a passage out of the mountain. To describe this sight is utterly beyond all human ability. My companions, who were with me then, shared in the astonishment it produced; and the sensations they felt in concert with me, were such as can be obliterated only with our lives. All I had seen of volcanic phenomena before did not lead me to expect such a spectacle as I then beheld. I had seen the vast rivers of lava that descended into the plains below, and carried ruin and devastation with them; but they resembled a vast heap of cinders on the scoriæ of an iron foundery, rolling slowly along and falling with a rattling noise over one another. Here a vast arched chasm presented itself in the side of the mountain, from which rushed with the velocity of a flood, the clear vivid

torrent of lava in perfect fusion, and totally unconnected with any other matter that was not in a state of complete solution, unattended by any scoriæ upon its surface, or gross materials of an insolvent nature, but flowing with the translucency of honey, in regular channels cut finer than art can imitate, and glowing with all the splendour of the sun.

"The eruption from the crater increased with so much violence, that we proceeded to make our experiments and observations as speedily as possible. A little above the source of the lava, I found a chimney of about four feet in height from which proceeded smoke and sometimes stones. I approached and gathered some pure sulphur, which had formed itself upon the edges of the mouth of this chimney, the smell of which was so powerful, that I was forced to hold my breath all the while I remained there. I seized an opportunity to gain a momentary view down this aperture, and perceived nothing but the glare of the red hot lava that passed beneath it. We then returned to examine the lava at its source. Sir W. Hamilton had conceived that no stones thrown upon a current of lava would make any impression. We were soon convinced of the contrary. Light bodies of five, ten, and fifteen pounds weight made little or no impression even at the source, but bodies of sixty, seventy, and eighty pounds,

were seen to form a kind of bed upon the surface of the lava and float away with it. A stone of three hundred weight, that had been thrown out by the crater, and lay near the source of the current of lava, I raised upon one end and then let it fall in upon the liquid lava, when it gradually sunk beneath the surface, and disappeared. If I wished to describe the manner in which it acted upon the lava, it was like a loaf of bread thrown into a bowl of very thick honey, which gradually involves itself in the heavy liquid that surrounds it, and then slowly sinks to the bottom. The lava itself had a glutinous appearance, and although it resisted the most violent impression, seemed as if it might easily be stirred with a common walking stick. A small distance from its source, as it flows on, it acquires a darker tint upon its surface, is less easily acted upon, and, as the stream gets wider, the surface having lost its state of perfect solution grows harder and harder, and cracks into innumerable fragments of very porous matter, to which they give the name of scoriæ, and the appearance of which has led many to suppose, that it proceeded thus from the mountain itself, being composed of materials less soluble than the rest of the lava, lighter, and of course liable to float continually on the surface. There is, however, no truth in this. All lava has its first exit from its native volcano, flows out in a liquid state, and all

equally in fusion. The appearance of the scoriæ is to be attributed only to the action of the external air, and not to any difference in the materials that compose it, since any lava whatever, separated from its channel, at its very source, and exposed to the action of the external air, immediately cracks, becomes porous, and alters its form. As we proceeded downward, this became more and more evident, and the same lava which at its original source flowed in perfect solution, undivided, and free from loose encumbrances of any kind, a little farther down, had its surface loaded with scoriæ in such a manner, that upon its arrival at the bottom of the mountain, the whole current resembled nothing so much as a rolling heap of unconnected cinders from an iron foundry.

"The fury of the crater, continuing to increase, menaced us with destruction if we continued any longer in its neighbourhood. A large stone thrown out to a prodigious height, hung for some time over our heads in the air. Every one gave himself up for lost until it fell harmless beyond us, shattering itself into a thousand fragments which rolled into the valley below. We had not left this spot above five minutes before a shower of stones, issuing from the crater, fell thick upon it, covering the source of the lava, and all the parts about it; so that, had we waited, as I begged to do a little longer, every one of us would have been crushed to atoms.

"During my second visit, the appearances were pretty much the same. I thought the lava flowed slower, and was less in fusion than before, the surface appearing tougher and being sooner converted into scoriæ. We dressed our beef steak upon the lava, as we had done before, no fire being better calculated for that purpose, owing to the excessive heat it gives.

"Upon my third visit of this day, I found the lava had taken a different course, and flowed towards the Torre del Annonciato, whereas it had before proceeded in a channel exactly opposite the cross. The source itself had undergone great alterations, and bore strongly the marks of an earthquake."

"June 19, 1793.—Went to hear the avocats plead in the courts of justice. These people are remarkable for the fluency and passion with which they speak, far outvying our most boasted orators, in gesture, voice, and energy. But it is all to no purpose, since justice is a virtue unknown to the Neapolitans. From the judge to the sbirri, every one is actuated according to the nature of the bribe he receives, and if a criminal can raise money sufficient to feed the avarice of these harpies, he may prevent his trial from ever taking place. There are 40,000 lawyers in Naples, great part of which being half-starved, and out of employment, are ripe for any mischief proposed to them. There never was a government in which

the police of the law could be worse administered than at Naples. If a wretch is apprehended for any crime, he has nothing to do, but bribe as long as he can; when after a certain period the whole affair becomes obsolete, and he is suffered to rot in his gaol. Lord G——— told me of a circumstance he had been witness to in coming from Pæstum. Some sbirri had apprehended a poor boy, and were endeavouring to make him swear against his mother whom they suspected of coining. They first made him drunk, and then prefaced their questions by promising, that if he proved her guilty, he should ride home with them in a calash, and have macaroni for his supper. Thus tempted and bewildered, the poor child said just as they pleased, and the innocent mother was hurried to prison, where, having no money to prove her innocence or buy her food, she will probably starve. Sir William Hamilton relates a curious fact, also, of Neapolitan justice. Some Englishmen, at Vietri, had been compelled to pay an enormous bill by a rascal who presented his stiletto to their breasts, threatening to stab them if they refused. Sir W. seldom does much for his countrymen, but this being so flagrant an instance of violence, he exerted himself to bring the offender to punishment. He complained to the king. Mandate after mandate was issued to no purpose for a long time, till the villain having no longer

wherewithal to pay for his liberty, was apprehended and tried. The judge asked Sir W. what they should do with him. *Nothing!* said he, *let him go about his business!* The king hearing this was astonished, and asked Sir W. why he made so much fuss for nothing. If, said Sir W., he had been taken earlier, according to your promise that he should, I would have had him punished. At present he has been punished sufficiently, having bribed your lawyers, till he is ruined. *Why*, said the king, *how much do you think he has paid?—As much as he was worth*, replied Sir W. *Ay*, said his majesty, *and a great deal more!!!*"

"June 26, 1793.—In the evening we took our boat for Amalfi to see, not only what is supposed to be the finest coast in Europe, but also a very fine fête at that town in honour of their patron St. Andrew, with music, fire-works, pageantry, &c. The view of this coast is sublime to a degree; the lofty mountains, rising out of the bosom of a vast expanse of waters, now covered with verdure, now breaking in enormous columns of the boldest perpendicular rock, whose tints are of a thousand varieties. Half way down the sides of this romantic coast, I discerned villages scattered thicker and thicker as the eye descended, till near the bottom the surface is covered with white houses and orange groves. On the boldest and most towering points, convents, monasteries, and churches

are placed, and in the deep dales that split the mountainous ridges, are jammed the four principal towns of the coast. The shore is craggy and bold, turned into many grotesque forms, with dark caverns, paths, and buildings, hanging in a tremendous manner over the brow, while beneath lies the wide surface of the sea, enlivened by crowds of light skiffs that scud across its surface. Near Majuri is a large cavern full of stalactites, which, being broken from the roof, are tossed about by the waves till they are smoothed and rounded. They are of a milky whiteness and well polished, and resemble the concretions called *Confetti di Tivoli*. We passed before Cittori, Majuri, and Minuri, a smaller town dealing also in macaroni, formerly the dock yard of Amalfi; then doubling a promontory we lay on our oars to contemplate the town of Atrani, which is squeezed between two cliffs, joined together by buildings. A road winds up this valley to Ravello and Scala, two episcopal cities that hang in a straggling manner, high over the town of Atrani on the mountain tops. Turning round another rock or promontory, the beautiful town of Amalfi opened upon us, in a situation similar to that of Vietri, but upon a larger scale.

"Amalfi is but a shadow of what it once was, when it extended over the stupendous rocks that hang on each side still crowned with battlemented walls

and ruined towers. The cathedral is in the least agreeable of those styles of architecture that were invented or adopted, when Grecian rules and proportions were forgotten. There is a great mixture of ancient pillars and columns of red Egyptian granite, with a tawdry ugly olio of Gothic and Saracenic arches, which have not even the lightness usually peculiar to that style of building. Among some rocks at a part of the coast called Capo d'Ureà, between Atrani and Cittori, is a cavern where the sea rushes in with a noise like the roaring of fifty distant cannons; no mortal dares approach its yawning mouth; a boat would be sucked in and instantly dashed to pieces. Cittori looks extremely beautiful. It has been three times washed into the sea by the torrents of melted snow and rain water from the mountains above. The terrific grandeur of these cliffs perhaps surpasses the scenery at Lucerne. The variety of colours, purple, red, blue, and yellow, form so remarkable a spectacle, that were it represented in a picture, no one would believe it to be correct. On a spot, where one supposes no living being could approach but the falcons of the air, is stuck a convent, which formerly contained thirty nuns."

"July 1, 1793.—In passing Vesuvius I plainly saw the whole outline of Somma as it must have remained when first the old cone fell in. This accounts for an observation of the younger Pliny,

who was at Misenum when the great eruption of 79 began. He says, at first they were at a loss to know which mountain the smoke proceeded from. I consider this as a very curious fact, and a very singular proof of the non-existence of the present cone of Vesuvius at that period; because whoever looks at the amazing size of the mountain in its present state, and the conspicuous object it forms from Misenum, will be convinced of the folly of such an observation, supposing the smoke to have proceeded from its present crater, which is visible in a very great degree to all that part of the country in which Pliny at that time was. I am of opinion, that the eruption began in the centre of the present circle of Somma, as it stood when the old cone had fallen in, and the mountain had been dormant for ages, as all writers describe it to have been so before the great eruption. Whoever has witnessed the astonishing increase of the cone of Vesuvius since the year 1784, when it was as much below Mount Somma as it is now above it, will not wonder at being told the whole of the present cone has been formed since that period. Indeed, it appears to increase in a proportion so inadequate to the circumference of its base, that I think it highly probable it will fall in a second time in the course of three or four years, supposing the volcano to continue upon an average as active as it has been for the last two years. I

think Sir W. Hamilton mistakes very much when he calls Astruri, the lake d'Agrano, la Solfaterra, &c. &c. the craters of extinct volcanos; they are rather the shells or bases of the cones of volcanos whose craters have fallen in, like the situation of Vesuvius before the birth of the present cone, which situation they exactly resemble. I should think the falling in of a cone, generally, is effectual in causing a temporary extinction of its volcano, and the subterranean fire being partially smothered, is apparently dormant for a length of time, and then breaks out again with redoubled violence: as was the case of Monte Nuovo, thrown up in twenty-four hours, some ages after the extinction of the Solfaterra; and of Vesuvius, in the great eruption of 79, which broke forth after having been inactive for a period almost beyond record, and in one half hour buried whole cities with their inhabitants, besides the town of Stabia, and innumerable villages, driving back the sea, drying up rivers, and changing the whole face of the country."

"July 17, 1793.—I am much refreshed by sitting in the cool air of the balcony to my breakfast room; and amused with the enchanting prospect I have now before my eyes. All the bay of Naples, covered with light skiffs and pleasure boats; Vesuvius and Somma receiving the gilded rays of the setting sun, which tinges all the

coast of Sorrento and the island of Caprea, with a pale violet, inexpressibly soft and beautiful; Portici glittering in white splendour over the fatal lavas that buried Herculaneum seven times beneath their destructive floods; St Jorio hanging on the venerable sides of the fertile Somma, amid vineyards and groves of citron; the throng of shipping in the mole, whose masts rise like a forest; the crowded Chiaia, the parade of carriages, like one vast procession; the busy Lazzaroni of St. Lucia, and the idle herd of soldiers in the opposite barracks; the rich melody of the evening band, whose deep swelling notes seem wafted with the cool breezes from the sea; the currents of liquid lava that course each other down the shaggy cheeks of Vesuvius, and, as the sun sinks lower, assume a brighter hue which, while I write, increases to vivid fire: all these form such a spectacle—so interesting a prospect, and so enlivening a scene, that it baffles all description, unless one's pen possessed the power of pouring forth 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.'"

"July 24, 1793.—While we were at tea in the Albergo Reale, such a scene presented itself as every one agreed was beyond any thing of that kind they had ever seen before. It was caused by the moon, which suddenly rose behind the convent upon Vesuvius; at first a small bright line, silvering all the clouds, and then a full orb

that threw a blaze of light across the sea, through which the vessels passed and repassed in a most beautiful manner. At the same time, the lava, of a different hue, spread its warm tint upon all the objects near it, and threw a red line across the bay, directly parallel to the reflection of the moon's rays. It was one of those scenes which one dwells upon with regret, because one feels the impossibility of retaining the impression it affords. It remains in the memory, but then all its outlines and its colours are so faintly touched, that the beauty of the spectacle fades away with the landscape; which when covered by the clouds of the night and veiled in darkness, can never be revived by the pencil, or the pen, or by any recourse to the traces it has left upon the mind."

"July 25, 1793.—My spirits very low all this day; a species of malady I have not felt a long while. In the evening Lord Berwick went to Naples. I chose to remain at home, and enjoy the solitude and serenity of the place. I had the ass saddled, and rode through beautiful vineyards, and groves of figs, towards the fosse grande upon the mountain. At my return I drew some sketches of the pomegranate. The view from my window by moonlight is beautiful beyond description. Not a cloud, but what proceeded from the smoke of Vesuvius, which threw a line across the mountain, as far as the eye could reach, forming a grand

arch over the moon, while the lava heightened the scene by its fiery lustre. Certainly there never was an object which added so much to the beauty of a landscape as Vesuvius. The infinite variety in its tints—the different forms it assumes in different points of view—the endless changes that take place from the crater, all help to make one of the grandest spectacles in the world, still more interesting. As I rode up it this evening, the whole cone of Vesuvius was tinged with the most lively purple, while Somma presented the brightest green, intermingled here and there with shades of a darker hue. Such a Tyrian splendour covered the cone, that I am sure no person would believe it to be natural, could it be faithfully represented upon canvas."

Dr. Clarke wrote as follows to his mother and sister, from St. Jorio, near Naples, his letter bearing date July 25.

"My dear mother and sister,—Your letter to Lord Berwick has put us both into a sad consternation for either all our letters to England for some time have been intercepted here, or lost in their passage. I have written letter after letter to you, and could get no answer. The same has been the case with Mr. Tufton; and also I enclosed to Mr. D. all my Latin letters to the fellows of Jesus

College, the fate of which I have never been able to learn. The last I sent to you was written upon my birth-day, June 5, I think it was a very long one, upon a folio sheet. Not having heard from you so long I began to be seriously alarmed. At last your letter arrived to Lord B., with a black seal; I knew the seal, and snatched it out of his hand in an agony; for what could I suppose, but that my sister was dead, and that he was to break it to me? Let me beg of you never to serve me so again. You have no idea how it frightened him as well as me. As for my letters, if you have not now received them, the court here has destroyed them, for we well know that all letters are opened before they leave the kingdom; and if, by chance, I hit upon any political subject, I suppose they made it a pretext for suppressing my letters. I shall venture this once more, and if I have not an answer in six weeks, which is the regular time, if you write by return of post, I will get Sir W. Hamilton to state the whole affair to the king, who is very good to the English, and I know will pay attention to it. I wrote to you from Rome during the holy week, but I have never received any answer. We have now taken a villa in the country, among the vineyards and the orange groves at the foot of Vesuvius. This is a great pleasure to me. As I lie in my bed I hear the mountain groan and belch; and last Wednesday morning we had an

earthquake which lasted five minutes, but I was so fast asleep I never perceived it. They told us so much of the great heats we should endure, that I expected to be melted. 'Tis all a farce! thin clothing and sea bathing keep me cool; and as yet I have never known the thermometer higher than 86, and on that very day I danced the fandango with Lady P——. I have hardly strength to tell you of it. We are in daily expectation of the French fleet."

Although the account of the miracle of St. Januarius has been given by every traveller in Italy, yet the following description by Dr. Clarke in his journal, of the scene witnessed by himself, will not be deemed uninteresting.

"August 11th, 1793.—And now I am on the subject of processions, I shall describe the famous miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood which I was an eye-witness of, and saw to the greatest possible advantage.

"Previous to the anniversary of this celebrated miracle, I was invited by the Duke di Sangro to a ball given upon that occasion at his own house. The sedia in which the miracle was performed was exactly opposite his balconies. I arrived there about half after five. The princess of Sweden, with all her suite, the Neapolitan nobility, and all the English, were already there. I found the

streets thronged with carriages, and such an innumerable concourse of people, that I was obliged to descend from mine some time before I got to the house. The balconies were already filled, and as I had a great curiosity to be a nearer spectator I descended among the throng, meaning to enter the sedia. Several that I met assured me of the danger attending it, as they are very apt to suppose that the presence of heretics impedes the miracle, and there have been instances where strangers have been much insulted, and very roughly handled, when the miracle did not take place immediately. Curiosity, however, surmounted every consideration with me, and by dint of hard pushing, I made way to the entrance of the sedia. The centinels repelled me rather rudely, and ordered me to withdraw. I told them I was an English gentleman, a great believer in miracles, and begged for the sake of St. Januarius, they would not deprive me of the satisfaction of beholding one so remarkable. A small bribe urged more in my behalf than all my faith; and I was directed to mingle with a procession of Carthusian friars, and pass in. I did so, and succeeded, notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast that was offered by permitting an officer in the English uniform to walk in by the side of a barefooted monk with his cowl and rosary.

"The sedia was illuminated both within and without, by an abundant display of lamps and

tapers. The inside was hung with the richest tapestry, profusely ornamented with lace. The grand altar glittered with ten thousand lights, covered with imagery, and laden with riches of every denomination. Jewels, gold, and silver, were lavished, without taste, but in the greatest profusion. Under the cross, on the right hand, was placed the bronze bust which is supposed to contain the head of the Saint. Opposite to this altar were two extensive orchestras, filled with upwards of two hundred performers, both vocal and instrumental. In the space between, a file of soldiers formed a passage for the grand procession to pass through, and the rest was filled by a miscellaneous assemblage of old women, girls, priests, abbés, &c. A shout from the populace without announced the approach of the sacred phials. The music began. First came a procession from all the convents in Naples, dressed in the different habits of their order, and bearing standards before the image of their patron saint. Each of these, as they passed, rested their saint for a few seconds, before the head of St. Januarius. This continued for some time, and after these appeared the images of saints; of massive silver, richly burnished, and as large as life; each borne on the shoulders of four men, and each in its turn paying its devoirs to the head of the Saint. Last of all, with a slow and solemn pace, covered with a canopy, appeared

the phials containing his blood. These were incased in a circular hoop, with two faces of glass, which being transparent, shewed the phials to the greatest perfection. I perceived they were about half full of a dark purple liquor. A dead silence ensued as they approached the sacred head; the music ceased; the audience fell on their knees in an awful and anxious expectation. It arrived, and rested opposite the head; but remained congealed. The Bishop then took down the small case containing the phials, and turning them round several times to shew that the blood still remained in a congealed state, placed them on the altar, beneath the cross. Five minutes ensued, the people still quietly waiting for the event. The bishop then pronounced the words 'Ora pro nobis!' and all the people repeated them after him. For five minutes afterward they continued to repeat the words 'Ora pro nobis!' A quarter of an hour passed, and I observed all the musicians looked alarmed, and betook themselves to prayers. Loud murmurs began; the clamours of the old women and the populace without grew very tumultuous. They beseeched God Almighty, our Saviour, and the Virgin, to intercede with St. Januarius in their behalf. I began to feel very uneasy, and did not dare to look up, lest some fanatic, in a fit of zeal, should think proper to rid them of a heretic. An Abbé stood near me, with his watch

in his hand, interrupted every minute with my inquiries as to the time that had elapsed; twenty minutes, twenty-five minutes, thirty minutes passed, and the miracle was not made. If anxiety would have passed for a mark of faith, no bigot at that time evinced more sincerity than I did. The cries of the old women redoubled. The girls screamed. The men squalled. I trembled. 'St. Januarius make the miracle!' was heard from all quarters. At last, the consternation became general. The abuse they poured forth against their Saint was of the lowest kind. Among other things, I heard loud exclamations of—'Oh, you yellow-faced dog!—you dirty scoundrel!—you ungrateful rascal!—Is this the way you repay us for all our services? we that are your faithful votaries. Are you not ashamed of yourself, you yellow-faced hangman?' The old women screamed most bitterly, and, at last, giving a horrible shriek, they descended from some benches, and rushed through the soldiers, making their way in spite of every obstacle towards the Bishop, when to my inexpressible satisfaction, the miracle was proclaimed; the music again struck up, and all the people shouted for joy. Nothing now was heard but—*Viva! Viva! San Genarrio—live for ever blessed best of Saints, the patron and protector of us all!* The Bishop, elevated above the crowd, now held up the phials to the people, turning them round

and round, to shew the motion of the blood. I drew near, and as he held them to every body, I had a perfect view of the liquefaction. The matter within the phials, as it began to dissolve, at first appeared ropy like pitch or treacle, but soon after assumed an appearance perfectly liquid. The people were permitted to approach and kiss them; and those who were afflicted by diseases had the parts affected touched by them, which they suppose to be a certain cure. In the evening the streets were illuminated. The night past in feasting and rejoicing. I returned to the Duke di Sangro's, where every body seemed to have caught the general glee. The Princess of Sweden on that night honoured me with her hand, and we danced the whole evening.

"The superstition of the Neapolitans, with regard to St. Januarius, is astonishing in an age so enlightened as the present. They suppose that the Deity has nothing at all to do with regard to Naples; that it is the peculiar province of that Saint to patronize, superintend, and protect the Neapolitans and that God has promised not to interfere with his government. During the great eruption of 1767, the enraged populace tore down the house of the cardinal Archbishop because he refused to oppose the relics of St. Januarius to the fury of the mountain. They were afterward carried in procession towards the Ponte Maddelona,

and they tell you that at the moment they arrived there, the eruption ceased.

"In commemoration of this instance of the indulgence of St. Januarius, they erected a marble statue of him upon the bridge, in which he is represented, with one hand opposed to Vesuvius, and the other holding the phials of his blood."

"August 22, 1793.—There was to-day, a most singular appearance in the mountain: on opening the shutters to view it, I perceived the crater to be in great agitation; puff after puff, impelling each other with the greatest violence. I could perceive thousands of stones and scoriæ thrown into the air, and falling in all directions. The clouds from the crater were as white as the purest snow; on a sudden, as I was looking at these, a column of smoke rushed impetuously out of another mouth behind the crater, as black as the deepest ink, and rising in curling volumes to a vast magnitude, formed a pillar perfectly unconnected with the smoke from the crater, and presented a striking contrast by opposing its jet black to the snowy whiteness of the other. These appearances continued at intervals the whole day. It had been taken notice of at Naples, as some friends who called this evening, informed me. Sometimes the two columns of different colours rose together, as if emulating each other, and striving who should rise the highest, and display the greatest

magnitude, but never mixing or interfering with each other. The mouth of the black smoke I know very well, as I once descended into it for some sulphur and vitriolic acid during a visit to the crater. It lies behind the great crater, and a little below it. The lava during these phenomena appeared rather diminished.

"These appearances continued during the whole day, and at night such a scene presented itself as it is impossible to give the least idea of. H—— came to sit with me, and hearing him exclaim as he entered, I ran to the window, and saw the most beautiful gleam of light break over the side of Vesuvius, under the long arch of white smoke; in a few minutes rose the full moon, which contrasting its silver light with the red fire of the crater and the lava, became a spectacle which is not to be described. Some friends who had left me now returned, and we placed ourselves round the balcony to feast our eyes with a picture so singular and so beautiful. Many people thought they felt an earthquake during the whole night. I am almost sure I did about ten o'clock, which continued now and then till I fell asleep. The first symptoms of it were a shaking at my door, which deceiving me, I cried out *Come in!* as I thought somebody was there. Afterward it shook with so much violence that it seemed to affect the whole house in a slight degree. However, I should never have called

these things to my mind, if others had not said they also were disturbed by the same noises, and that they supposed it to be an earthquake. Upon questioning the two laquais de louage, they both remembered to have been awakened by a great noise at the window, in the ante-room, as they were waiting for Lord Berwick; so much that they thought a thief was breaking in; and this noise corresponded with the time of the greatest shock I heard, which was about eleven o'clock. A friend told me since, he was kept awake by these repeated noises the whole night."

"August 30th, 1793.—Returning home we had a sight that put all such nonsense out of my head. *(He had been describing some artificial fire-works which he had just seen.)* The lava which was last night so great, this evening suddenly stopped; hardly a trace of it was visible. But the crater displayed such girandoles of fire, such beautiful columns of bright flame, as I think I never saw before. Millions of red-hot stones were shot into the air, full half the height of the cone itself, and then bending, fell all round in a fine arch. As soon as I got home, I fixed the telescope. Sometimes in the middle of the clear flame, another and another still more bright and glorious displayed itself, breaking on the eye like the full sun; so that the interior was always the most luminous. It is only now that I lament being confined from pass-

ing the night on the mountain. The interior and bright attendants upon the principal column, seemed to be lava in perfect fusion, which boiled and bubbled up above the crater's edge; and, sometimes falling over it, I could perceive splash upon the cone, and take its course gently down the side of the mountain. Sometimes, and more usually, it fell again into the crater. I write this with the burning mountain now before my eyes. All the top of the cone is covered with red-hot stones and lava. The flame at the crater continues without intervals of darkness as usual. It is always in flame, or rather the clouds of smoke tinged with the reflection of the boiling matter within, are like burnished gold, and as bright as fire.

"The atmosphere being clear, and free from other clouds but those of the crater, rendered this astonishing spectacle still more sublime. Oh! that I could give to this paper the power of recalling to my recollection the vivid splendour of such a scene as I have now before my eyes. But the impression remains not. The extreme brilliancy of it operates upon one sense only. The impression is conveyed to the mind, but the effect is weakened every time it is recalled by the memory; and thus it is, that we think every succeeding eruption still more beautiful than the one which preceded it."

"Sept. 5, 1793.—Vesuvius continues to throw most superbly; the lava flows again; at sun-set he shewed that Tyrian hue, which he assumes sometimes, and which has a glow beyond description. I find I begin to speak Italian, so as to make myself easily understood, and to comprehend the bawling in the streets. I had undressed myself, and was prepared to get into bed, when a violent shock from the mountain agitated the door of my room, so as to startle me not a little. I went into my sitting-room, and upon opening the window towards the mountain, I perceived all the top of the cone covered with red-hot matter. At the same time such a roaring was heard, as made me expect something more than common. In an instant, a column of lucid fire shot up into the air, and after ascending above half the height of the cone itself, fell in a glorious parabolic girandole, and covered near half the cone with fire. This was followed, after an interval of about thirty seconds, by a shock which agitated the doors and windows, and indeed the whole house, in a most violent manner; immediately after this shock, the sound of the explosion reached us louder than the greatest cannon, or the most terrible thunder, attended with a noise like the trampling of horses' feet, which of course was nothing more than the noise occasioned by the falling of so many enormous stones among the hard lava. The shock of

this explosion was so violent, that it disturbed many things I had left on my table, such as brushes for painting, cups for mixing colours, &c. I dressed myself again, and remained in the balcony above an hour, during which time I had the pleasure of beholding Vesuvius in his terrific grandeur, and more awfully sublime than I had ever seen him before. While I was thus amused, Mr. R. passed under the window—What do you think of this scene? said I. 'Why, I think you will not go to bed to-night, if it continues.'—Have you ever seen it finer? 'I never have; and the consul, Sir James Douglas, has just been observing to me that he never saw the mountain so agitated since the great eruption of 1779.'"

"September 26th, 1793.—Went to Naples. Called on C. the antiquary; gave my black fluted vase to be restored. In washing a small glass vessel, which had been found with the vases in the neighbourhood of Taranto, as soon as the water was poured in, a strong offensive vapour exhaled, which was plainly felt by all of us. C. told me it is an odour peculiar to most of these ancient vessels. I did not get rid of the effects of it for some time.

"The manner in which the amazing force of putrefaction is exemplified upon the Greek vase is wonderful. It is found to surpass ten times the strength of the purest vitriolic acids. Aquafortis

is as water, when compared to the acid that is generated by putrefaction. For we observe those parts of the vases that have lain in contact with it, that is, that touched the bodies in the respective sepulchres, have been most amazingly corroded; whereas the other parts are entire. Now, when we know that the varnish upon these vases is found to resist every acid we can apply to them; and that, being washed with the aquafortis, they only appear more perfect and beautiful from the operation, we cannot but admire the astonishing power of that acid, which was formed by the putrefaction of the body, and which was capable of corroding the hardest varnish of the most beautiful vases, during the short time that could intervene between the interment of the body and its subsequent state of dust, in such a manner, as in some instances which I have seen, to eat through not only the exterior coating of the vase, but through the clay itself.

"The difficulty of being imposed upon in the article of vases, must necessarily occasion no small degree of satisfaction to the buyers of them. The almost impossibility of copying, with any degree of accuracy, those beautiful designs; the clumsy proportions and heavy materials of modern workmanship; the want of brilliancy in the varnish; and, above all, the certain impossibility of adding that hoary and venerable tartar, which is acquired

only in a long series of revolving ages, which no art can imitate, nor any ingenuity compose; these circumstances alone allow every facility to the amateur, in determining the validity of his purchase. But, setting all these aside, and supposing that people less skilled in discerning the real traces of time and the hand of ancient artists, wish to be possessed of these valuable relics without having a knowledge of the fine arts—without being able to discern beauty from deformity in the design—the want of proportion in the workmanship, brilliancy in the varnish, or the real nature of the tartar, which accrues to the surface; one simple inevitable test, easy in the execution and indisputable in effect, will at all times determine the truth, and distinguish the original from the imitation. Let a sponge be dipped in the vitriolic acid, and with this let the whole surface of the vase be washed. If it be really the genuine work of antiquity, it will resist the attack of the acid, and shine more brilliant and more beautiful from the operation. But if it is a modern production, not all the ingenuity of the fabricator, nor the powers of his fire, can defend it from detection. The sponge will wipe off both the design and the varnish, and, disrobing it of its borrowed plumage, betray at once the hand and the workmanship of a modern mason. So simple and so easy is the operation, that the power of detecting truth from

falsehold is, by this means, alike open to all, and with such instructions, it would appear to me a matter of surprise if the discernment of a child should fail.

"But at the same time it should be mentioned that, when a person is possessed of a vase, apparently valuable, care should be taken in the operation. The possessor should first see if any white ornaments are to be found about it, as the strength of the vitriolic acid will sometimes materially injure these. In this case he will wash those parts which are the least liable to be injured, as the trial of one portion is equally a test for the whole; supposing the vase to be sound, and to wear no mark of having been restored. Not that a vase is always to be considered as without value, or a genuine vase at all less valuable, for having been restored. Many of the finest were found broken into several pieces; perhaps by earthquakes, or perhaps originally so placed there. In the king's collection is one that has been completely restored, which was found in above one hundred pieces. And here again some caution is necessary. A skilful artist will so restore the scattered fragments of a broken vase, that they shall appear as perfect and as beautiful as if they had never been disjointed. However, this is a deception easily discovered. If the marks of restoration are not visible, by striking the vase with your finger, it

will, if it is perfect, vibrate like a bell, or a vessel of glass. If it has been restored, it will sound like a cracked vessel, and thus the cheat is discovered. But the former test is here as valid and inevitable as before. The same sponge will remove all the operation of the restorer, and expose those parts which are really the antique. As in the curious instance which occurred to Sir W. Hamilton, who, entertaining doubts with regard to the validity of certain drapery on a Silenus, which was represented in a Bacchanalian subject upon a vase he had purchased at Naples, exposed it to the test of the sponge, and the whole of the drapery disappeared. His words are these:—

"'A vase in my first collection, in the British Museum, representing a Bacchanalian subject, was published by Passeri before it came into my possession, and whilst it made a part of the celebrated Mastrillo collection at Naples; the learned antiquarian has displayed in his dissertation on that vase, much of his erudition to explain the reason why a Silenus was represented there completely clothed, and not naked as in most monuments of antiquity. When that vase came into my possession, having purchased the whole collection, I soon perceived that the drapery on the Silenus had been added with a pen and ink, as was the case with the figures of many other vases in the same collection; the late possessor being very devout, and

having caused all the nudities to be covered. However, as soon as the vase was mine, a sponge washed off at once both the modern drapery, and Passeri's learned dissertation.'*

"A circumstance that happened to me not long ago may serve to illustrate the facility of discovering the validity of vases.

"I went from Naples, with a party of English friends, to visit the antiquities of Cuma. In our way we passed through Puzzoli, and were detained there a short time to procure the noted old cicerone, Tobias. He soon made his appearance, with his red nightcap and bare feet, and brought with him a host of Lazzaroni, bearing baskets of broken lamps, bronzes, coins, and fragments of marble that had been found in the neighbourhood. Among them I discovered a fellow with a vase in his hand, of a form I had never seen before, but so covered with something they had stuck on in imitation of the ancient tartar that I could not discern the nature of the design upon it. They had also had the address to break off the handles, and stick them on again with wax, that I might suppose it had been found so dismantled, and that they had since repaired it. The vase was of such magnitude, and so light in proportion to its size, and the value they set upon it so insignificant, that I was hesitating

* Vide Sir W. Hamilton's collection of Engravings from ancient vases, &c. page 10.

whether or not it was possible for them to make such a vase at the price they asked. My reverie was, however, not of any long continuance, for it was suddenly interrupted by a person, who addressed me in English, but betrayed at the same time the accent of a nation not a little remarkable for the swarm of impostors that emigrate from it. Oh ho! said I, Paddy, what are you there? and at once saw through the whole of the imposition. He was dressed in the habit of the Lazzaroni, and as much sun-burnt as the tawniest among them. 'Yes, your honour, I be here; would your honour choose to bid for that vase? its raly antic; I saw it dug up myself near Monte Nuovo; 'twas found, your honour, full of ashes and bones; upon my shoul, your honour, there is some now in the vase.'

"I own I indulged amazingly in this scene, and could not help humouring the deceit, till Paddy thought he had convinced me, *that vases were found in a soil recently formed by volcanoes, and that they contained the ashes of the dead;* however, to his unspeakable mortification, I at length produced my sponge and my aquafortis, begging permission to wipe off a little of the external dust: when away went the tartar, and away went the figures, and away went the varnish, to the no small diversion of our party; leaving only a poor, paltry, remnant of pale clay, which I returned to Paddy, for him

to commence upon with a new display of his taste and chicanery."

On the 30th of September, Lord Berwick communicated to Mr. Clarke the plan he had formed of a voyage to Egypt and the Holy Land, and offered to submit to him, if he approved of it, all the preparations for the journey. It will easily be imagined with what delight such a proposal was received by him, and with what earnestness and anxiety he set about contriving and collecting all the means and instruments, which might contribute either to secure the accomplishment of their object, or to render it instructive and agreeable. For several weeks after the communication was made to him, his whole time and thoughts seem to have been occupied in this project, almost to the exclusion of those speculations which had engaged him so much before; and to which even Vesuvius itself scarcely formed an exception. About the middle of October, there is an interruption in his journal of sixteen days, caused, as he expressly records, by the labour and anxiety in which he was incessantly involved: and when his pen is resumed, it is chiefly occupied with the details of the steps successively adopted for the furtherance of their voyage, occasionally interspersed with expressions of prophetic fear and misgiving, lest

the representations of some of their acquaintance at Naples should effect a change in Lord Berwick's intentions, and put an end to his hopes. But at that time, whatever opposition might have been contemplated or attempted, there was no appearance of its being likely to prevail. The preparations went on uninterruptedly, and the 1st of November was fixed for the commencement of their voyage. In the mean time, short as the interval was, he had so effectually exerted himself, with the aid of the full powers conferred upon him by Lord Berwick, that before the day arrived, every thing which depended upon himself, and had been confided to his care, was complete. He had collected all the books and maps which were either necessary or important to their views; had agreed with a competent artist to accompany them; and had actually engaged a vessel called the Queen of Naples, properly provisioned and equipped to convey them to Egypt, and afterward to await their future motions by sea.

On the 25th of Oct. he writes — "every thing goes on well for the tour to Egypt;" and expresses a hope that they will be under sail in a few days.

On the 27th, Lord Berwick was presented to the king in the gardens of the Favorita, on his intended voyage; and from that day to the middle of November, there is another blank in the journal, which is thus explained in it by himself.

"November, 1793.—Here I am, in the midst of the wildest mountains of the Tirol, with snow all around me, sitting in the common room of a post-house, at midnight, waiting for my courier, who is behind with a carriage broken down. When I reflect on my wayward fate, I can but smile. This day week I left Naples for England, and have not once been in bed since two days before that time; we had every thing ready to a *pin's point* to go to Egypt; I had sent almost all my things on board, and expected to be under sail in twenty-four hours. Lord Berwick all at once recollected, that some living to which he is to present his brother, might fall vacant in his absence, and be given away from his family. He determined, therefore, to send an express to England, and when he had hired his courier, I offered to go too, that I might see no time was lost. Loaded with commissions from all the English at Naples, I set out on Sunday last. I reached Rome the next morning; parted with the cabriolet, and bought a carriage of Pio; this detained me all day; travelled all night, and in the morning of Wednesday arrived at Sienna; baited there an hour or two, and travelled all day and all night again, arriving at Florence in the evening; baited about two hours; saw Lord P. and the two H's at l'Aigle Noir, an excellent inn; arrived at Bologna about mid-day on Thursday, waited four hours to have something done to the carriage, tra-

velled all night, and arrived at Mantua on Friday morning; travelled day and night, and reached Trent by daylight on Saturday; travelled on, and in the day the spring broke, which detained us near four hours at Nieumarch; set out in the dark, wind and rain incessant—all this in an open carriage; arrived at Brixen by daybreak on Sunday; drank a little tea; off again, and just before we reached Mitterwald, the carriage broke down. I set out to lose no time, in order to get to Inspruck, and buy another by the time the broken one might be mended and brought on. My courier, Joseph, told me it was only two posts to Inspruck; I rumbled on in a German waggon, with a surly swagger to this place; when finding after two long posts that Inspruck is still four posts off, and the night has set in, I employ the time I have to wait for Joseph, by scribbling in my journal. In this wild and remote part of the Alps, in a room full of drunken noisy postillions, all bawling bad German, I feel myself just as much at home, and as comfortable, as I once used to do at the White Horse, in Fetter Lane, when I first went to College, where every thing seemed more strange to me than this droll scene does at this moment; so much does a little wandering rub off that surprise one is accustomed to feel at new sights. My companions consist of a groupe of mountaineers, more eccentric than any Flemish painter ever drew;

they have been very busy in making one of the girls of the house drunk, and are now vastly amused to see her make a fool of herself, and to hear the old woman, her mother, scold. They have all on those caps of green plush and fur, and some of the whitest cotton, which one sees every where in these parts of the Tirol.

"It may be well, in the mean time, to say how the days passed previous to my setting out on this expedition, since October 27.

"I was entirely engrossed by preparations for our eastern tour. I removed my bed to the Albergo Reale, and got every thing in readiness. The English, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, were to have breakfasted on board with me the morning on which I heard the news of this delay, and was obliged to put them off.

"On Wednesday, November 3, I went in Lady T.'s carriage to the king's chasse. We breakfasted with his majesty, who was very civil to us. The Prince of Kinski was there. Soon after ten o'clock the chasse began, and a more beastly, bloody, brutal work, I never saw. The horsemen were divided into four troops, each distinguished by a uniform of grey and gold, and the different troops by a different coloured feather in their cap, and each one bearing a lance. These, commanded by the king, took their station on the four sides of a spacious field or plain of meadow land, round which

were coppices and woods, containing wild boars, roebucks, foxes, hares, &c. The peasants, by shouting and firing guns, soon obliged a drove of these, consisting of a hog with a sow and three large pigs, to leave their shelter and enter the plain. Instantly, dogs half-famished were let loose upon them, and when the horsemen perceived the animals fastened upon some of them, they rode up and plunged a lance into their hides; twisting it round and tearing the bowels of these wretched animals. They then ordered one of their pedestrian attendants to transfix the animal to the ground with a spear, while they amused themselves by plunging stilettoes into his body, or cutting off the tail of the hog as a trophy. A more insipid or unmanly amusement I never saw. Yet the Princess of —— used to attend these elegant slaughter works, and gloried in plunging her pointed lance in the gore of a poor hog.

"There were about sixteen hogs killed in all, which was reckoned wretched sport, as the number of swine usually massacred on this occasion generally amounts to fifty or one hundred. The only amusing part arose from the pursuit of the roebucks, foxes, &c., which generally afforded something like a chace. When these appear, the dogs are let loose upon them, but nobody rides after them; they are considered as affording so much inferior sport to the glorious pursuit of a pig.

When the king was sufficiently fatigued, he rode up to us about four o'clock, and ordered us home to dinner with him and his courtiers. Lord P. joked with him a little on his favourite amusement, when the king laughingly told us: 'I know,' said he, 'you English think this a very savage kind of sport, but to tell you the truth, you must know I am naturally *poco sanguinario*, and so it suits my disposition.' We had a very magnificent dinner, and after coffee, Sir W. H. desired me to be ready below with the horse Lord B. intended to present to his majesty, and he would bring him to see it. The king came, admired the mare of all things, joked with me about my whiskers, asked me several questions about my voyage, and wondered why I should be so eager to undertake a journey to Egypt. He then desired I would mount the mare, and I rode her round the ring where the races are held annually, at Carditelli, before his majesty and his whole court. They all were delighted with this present to their king, and we parted in the highest glee.

"Sir William H. made me acquainted with a plan of his to-day, while we were looking at the hunt, which the world is not yet acquainted with. He has been for sixteen years past engaged with a poor priest who lives at Resina, in keeping a journal of the daily revolutions observable on Vesuvius. These are to be represented by a series

of drawings, which already amount to several volumes folio. He says, he intends to publish them soon, and place the originals in the Royal Academy; that if any one hereafter, more young and more persevering than he is, chooses to carry it on upon a larger scale, they always may refer to them. Thus, I see a poor priest will be the author of this great work, as Talinski was of his book on Greek vases. Sir William does nothing towards the work except publishing it, and putting his name to it when it is finished. How easy it is for a man of fortune to be numbered with the literati! However, Sir William has this merit, certainly, and it is a very great one, that although he was not the matrix, in which the egg was generated, he was at least the sun that fostered and brought the embryo to light.

"Guutsberg near Augsburg, November 20.—Our carriage, which I bought of Pio, and in which he cheated me most prodigiously, broke down for the third time, about half a post from Augsburg; we patched it up to hold to this place. What time we have lost with this cursed carriage! at least a day in all, if not eighteen hours. I should have been now at Manheim. The cold I suffer in the night is very severe, and prevents me from enjoying the little sleep I should otherwise have in the carriage. Here I am now sitting in a little stinking room of the common post-house, where the girl

of the room thought it a great theft to pilfer a sheet of letter paper out of my portfolio. I caught her in the fact; she let it fall in her fright, I picked it up, and gave her a quire with it; I believe she thinks I am mad, she stared so. A Jew teases me to give him eight ducats for a gold watch, and it looks very well; it is amazing how they could make up such things for that money. He speaks only German. There are Jews of all countries, all over the world.

"N.B. We got no farther than Brenor on Sunday night. Monday we reached Inspruck, and coming out of the town, I met Sir Gilbert Elliot, going to Toulon, stopping to change horses with his second carriage; a gentleman in it, I believe his secretary, told me he came home to England from the West Indies in the Duke. By enquiry, I find my brother George was among the number on board, and that he is now in England.

"Tuesday.—Breakfasted at Füesen, and reached Augsburg just as it grew dark; the Three Kings, quite a palace of an inn, but very dear. A Major L'Isle there attempted to get some money of me, but did not succeed; *the gudgeon would not take his bait.* His directions about my route I accepted of and thanked him, but would take none of his hints about lending him money, although he threw out some very broad ones; such as letters not being arrived—wanted just six louis d'ors, &c.

&c. All would not do; but I promised to deliver a letter from him. The Lord knows who he is; if a gentleman, I ask his pardon sincerely.

"London, Warren's Hotel, Dec. 1, 1793.—From Guutzberg, I proceeded with all possible expedition to Ulm, where I dined and bought a pair of fur boots, and saw the funeral procession of an officer, with the sword and scabbard crossed upon his coffin, and all the soldiers with their arms reversed, drums muffled, &c. The next morning, November 21, I breakfasted at Constat, having travelled all night, and went on the whole day, through Etlingen, Bruchsal, &c., to Manheim, where I arrived on the morning of the 22d, having travelled all night on the 21st. I breakfasted and bought a pipe for Lord Berwick, which I left there against my return, and proceeded to Mayence; the roads, all the way cut up by the armies, were so bad, that I did not arrive before night. I wished to go by water to Coblentz, but they will not permit boats to pass during the night-time, and the roads were so dangerous, that I stopped the whole night at the Hotel de Mayence, an inn like a palace; in the morning I walked about and saw the ruins of the houses, churches, and palaces, that had suffered during the late siege. From the Dominican convent, I brought specimens of the effect of the fire; there were the bread, nails, glass, mortar, and stone, all mixed as if they had been in fusion to-

gether. The master of the inn gave me also some of the money of the siege, which the French had struck from the bells of the convents and churches. Between Mayence and Coblentz, I was overturned in the night; Joseph was under me, but neither of us was hurt. I reached Coblentz early in the morning, and immediately hired a boat for Cologne. An emigrant offered a horse for sale, which he had rode from the Prince de Condé's camp; horses sell for mere nothing, owing to the quantity the emigrants dispose of from necessity. Passed down the Rhine to Cologne; arrived late and stayed the night, and part of the next day, for want of horses. Bought a piece of Monsieur Hardy's wax work, and some Cologne water. Overturned again between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle—fell down a bank—not hurt. At Aix the emigrants begging in the streets. Came from Aix through Juliers to Liege, and from thence to St. Tron where I slept, it rained so hard. Came on the next day to Bruxelles; saw Lord and Lady C. and Miss F. Went with them to the theatre; saw Mrs. L. and her lovely daughters: went home and drank tea with them. Left Bruxelles at midnight and came on to Ostend, through Ghent, Bruges, &c.; Ostend garrisoned by the English. Passed the night there at Morrison's hotel. Early in the morning went on board a packet for England. Left Ostend with a fair wind for England.

"We had been out of the harbour about three hours, when I perceived Captain Hammond very busy with his glass, looking out to sea, and talking to his mate with an appearance of great anxiety. I could overhear him say, '*She's a rogue, Tom, we had better sheer off!*' Presently we learned that a French privateer from Dunkirk was bearing down upon our broadside, with all the sail she could make. The captain advised to put about for Ostend, and we readily agreed; but finding that she still gained upon us in every tack, he proposed to make for the nearest port of the emperor's coast, and run the ship aground. Even this we soon found we could not attain. Our papers and dispatches were all delivered up, with those of the king's messengers who were on board; and the mail and they were fastened to four 50lb. weights, ready to be thrown overboard, in case they should come along side. Finding it impossible to escape, the captain proposed to put about, fire a lee gun, and run right at her. Every man had his musket and ammunition given him, all the guns were set, and we were quite ready for action. Some emigrants on board were terribly frightened, and Joseph, my courier, with difficulty prevented one of them from shooting himself. One of the king's messengers also took out his pistols, and declared he would die by his own hands sooner than be conducted to their dungeons a prisoner. For my

part, I continued very cool, and pulling off my cloak, placed myself upon the stern with my musket ready to do the best I could for the defence of my life and liberty. Joseph did the same, and sat by me. We fired our lee gun at her forecastle; whether it did any mischief, or whether she was without guns, or whether she mistook a packet that now appeared in our stern for a king's cutter, I don't know, but within four minutes after our fire she put about and made off, and thus ended a very unpleasant affair. I was landed at Dover, on the morning of November 30."

After spending two or three days in London, to execute the commissions with which he was intrusted, he proceeded for Shropshire, and arranged the principal business which had brought him to England. He then immediately set off on his return to London; and, travelling without rest, arrived at the hotel again, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. "As soon as I arrived," he says, "fatigued and half worn out with all the exertion and care I had used on Lord Berwick's account, having caught a cold by the night air, and wishing for one night of peaceable repose, I hurried to my rooms, and found a letter from ——."

In this place several pages of his journal are torn out; but from other documents it appears,

that the letter in question was from Lord Berwick at Naples, and that the information contained in it, was nothing less than the sudden postponement, or in other words the abandonment, of that voyage, on which he had now so long and so fondly reckoned; and for the sole purpose of facilitating which, his rapid journey to England had been made.

It would require a very intimate knowledge of the sanguine character of Mr. Clarke, and of his passionate desire for seeing Egypt and Greece, to appreciate adequately the effect of this communication on his mind; but it may suffice to say, that the disappointment was felt by him more bitterly than any which he had ever before experienced in his life; that for many years it was ever breaking out in his letters and conversation, and that it could never be said to be entirely overcome till under other auspices, and at a maturer age, he had been permitted to drink freely of that cup which was at this time unexpectedly dashed from his lips. It was not only the failure of a favourite project which he had to regret, though that was grievous enough, but there was a strong impression upon his mind, that the change had been brought about unhandsomely or maliciously, by some persons at Naples, who, from views of their own, had opposed the expedition from the beginning; and who finding other means ineffectual, had

taken advantage of his absence to poison the mind of his friend against himself. At all events, it was evident that a considerable burden of labour and anxiety had been thrown upon him, without due consideration; and, as matters turned out, without any object or advantage whatsoever. But, whatever ground there might have been either for his complaint or suspicion, it is honourable to him to state, that every allusion to the names of these persons, and indeed every strong expression of his disappointment, was afterward carefully erased from his journal with his own hand; and that the only record which now stands in its pages, relative to this part of his engagement, is a handsome acknowledgment of Lord Berwick's liberality to him when their connexion was dissolved.

For the next three weeks, Mr. Clarke remained in London, preparing leisurely for his return to Naples, and gravely engaged in an occupation, termed by himself the least enviable in the world, and it may be added, from the way in which it is often set about, the least profitable too; namely, that of dissipating his cares. He complains that his mind was uneasy, his spirits depressed, and that he was altogether unfit to do any thing as he ought to do; and having found some of his old friends in town, he endeavoured to drown the sense of his disappointment in their society.

During the latter part of this short residence in

England, and about the end of December, at the pressing instance of his old friend the Bishop of Gloucester, he paid a visit to Jesus College, Cambridge; induced chiefly by the propriety suggested to him of presenting himself to the master and fellows, and of keeping alive his interest, with a view to a future vacancy in the fellowships; but not without a hope of meeting in those well-known scenes some of the companions of his earlier years. But the visit, which seems to have been paid with some reluctance, was productive of little else but disappointment and regret: for whatever remote advantage he might hope to derive from it, with regard to his prospect of a fellowship, he was much more alive to the utter failure of his immediate expectations with respect to the society: the time which had elapsed since he had quitted Jesus College as a residence, was now about four years; a period quite sufficient to have removed all the persons about whom he was interested, but not enough to deaden the strength of his own feelings, or to lead him to calculate on such a change: and his, it will be remembered, was a character much more likely to feel keenly the disappointment, than to reason coldly upon its cause. Under these circumstances of his visit, the reader will be more amused than surprised at the following extract from a letter to a college friend; which, however highly coloured by his own enthusiastic spirit, and

distinguished by circumstances peculiar to himself, cannot fail of presenting to the mind of every one who has been placed in similar circumstances, a resemblance more or less striking of something he himself has felt.

"Hoop Inn, Cambridge, Jan. 2, 1794.

"*Brutus, thou sleep'st! awake!*—What has caused such an alteration; that I, who am running half the world over, distracted with a million of uninteresting occupations, can find time to write to an old friend, while he, dozing in retirement, neglects to kill one hour of solitude by paying me the tribute of a short reply? I have epistolized thee in half the countries of the globe—dost thou live, and shall I never hear from thee?

"You are surprised to find me here. So am I. I can't tell a rigmarole tale of my adventures. I *was* going to Egypt three weeks ago; I *am* now going to Naples, and there's the difference. Perhaps I shall be here again in the spring. Our tour to the East is postponed, and if it is quite given up I shall take my leave of his Lordship, and withdraw to my native land again. I came to England on the wings of the wind. I shall return to Italy more deliberately. My business here was to arrange matters for the better progress of our Levantine scheme. Lord Berwick has written to say he has postponed it for a time, I fear for ever;

and if so, I return to England again. But how came I at Cambridge? Why, the Bishop of Gloucester sent me here; for what purpose I can hardly say; but I believe to mortify me, by shewing me the changes that have taken place since my absence. You have been here, they say, and have beheld a divided people; a College gone to the dogs; old friends with new faces; and a host of strange quizzes all at loggerheads together. Why did I come here? Instead of meeting my old companions; instead of being welcomed by those I left behind, what is here? People I never wish to see, and who do not wish to see me. I have been here forty-eight hours, and twelve more shall find me many a mile off.

"It was near dark when I arrived. Not a light in any of the rooms. Not one cheerful sound—not one friendly welcome. Some pestilence, I thought must have destroyed them all. I walked in the cloisters—nothing to be heard but the sound of my own footsteps. I strolled into the ante-chapel—a simple monument of white marble caught my eyes, which reflected the scattered rays of the sexton's candle. It was to the memory of our poor friend William Beadon. At last the horrid clang of a dismal bell called a few straggling sinners from their cells to chapel. I addressed a yawning freshman, and enquired after a few of those I hoped might still exist among the living.

'O. jun^{r}. sir! is gone to dine with Dr. T.' 'O. jun^{r}.!!!' said I, giving a spring that alarmed him 'is it possible that he can be in the University? Who the devil is Dr. T.?' An odd place, thought I, for him to dine at; but away I ran full of the idea of seeing you; and just as I cleared the college gates, a tall figure in black came towards me. I could have sworn it was you; so, seizing the poor fellow by both his arms, I pinned him with his back against the wall, when, by the dim light of an opposite lamp, who should stare me full in the face, but that pale miscreant G. the attorney! I was ready to kick him for disappointment. At last I got to Dr. T.'s. 'Is Mr. O. jun^{r}. here?' 'Yes.' I hid behind the door—'tell him to come out.' Out he came, but not the O. jun^{r}. I expected to see, but a different person, whom I had never before seen."

Mr. Clarke returned to London on the 3d of January, 1794; and the preparations for his return being completed, he set off for the Continent on the 20th of the same month, having first paid a short visit to his mother and sister at Uckfield, and to his friends in that neighbourhood. For the account of this journey, the reader will be again referred to his journal and the letters.

"January 20th, 1794.—Left London. Arrived at Dartford at seven, the roads being very heavy.

I had in company Mr. M. a young man of nineteen, brother to the person whose carriage I am to convey to Naples. Going out of Dartford, very little before we came to the turnpike, we were stopped by five footpads, all armed. At first I attempted to fire, but finding such a number against us, I thought it prudent to desist, having only one small pocket pistol loaded, which might miss, and then I had ten or twelve horse pistols against me, every villain carrying his brace. Two of them seized our two postillions, threatening to murder them, if they looked back. The others attacked us in the carriage, and with cocked pistols to our breasts, making use of dreadful imprecations by way of bravado, demanded our money, our watches, and pocket books. From poor Sani, my courier, they took his favourite and excellent old watch; from Mr. M. his watch, pocket book, and twenty guineas in cash. I gave them only six or seven guineas, out of some money I had in my waistcoat pocket, and threw my watch, and my pocket book, in which was near 100*l.* in notes, under my feet. The villains searched and examined the bottom of the carriage; and one in particular, who had forced himself in, did, I believe, put his hand upon them, but through his agitation did not perceive them. When they had finished, they made off, and as they left us, said to somebody, '*Go on, John!*' which made me think our postil-

lions were in the secret. However, their names were Frank and Thomas, but it was as likely that they said *Tom* as *John*, the confusion preventing me from hearing distinctly. I have since wished I had fired, but what could one pistol do against so many? Sani had the other pocket pistol loaded behind him, in the holster, which he could not use, as when the door was opened, he was obliged to conceal it from the footpads with his back. When the villain got into the carriage, I could easily have dispatched him with the one I had, but it is most likely the other four would have dispatched me. We slept that night at Sittingbourne."

Extracts from two letters to his mother and sister.

"OSTEND, January 24, 1794.

"My dear mother and sister.—We arrived yesterday morning. We have now just finished our breakfast, and to give you an idea of the immediate difference between my beloved country and the Continent, I'll tell you what our conversation was over our tea—'Well, Mackinnon, good morning! thank God, I had a decent bed, and slept well.' '*Had you? by the Laird,*' replied my little Scotchman, a native of the northernmost point of the Western Hebrides, '*I wish I cud say as much, for mine ain self!*' Why, what was the matter? was the bed damp?'—'*Nay, the bid was wall enoof, for*

that matter, but I found three lairge leece upon the pellow.' 'For Heaven's sake don't tell me of it till after breakfast!' '*Oy, but 'tis true enoof, for I pecked 'em oof with my ain honds, and there they are noo in the* ——*!!!*' This was too much; I rose from the table to take a walk, having had more breakfast than I desired; and felt quite convinced, *that if such craters as leece were to be found, a Scotchman wud disarm them mooch sunner than oni other parson!*

"Our waiter is a black; one of your true Mungos, look at him!—(*Here is a sketch of the man's face.*)—a most tropical nigerity of expression! He talks to me of the wars, and at this moment if you attend to him, he is relating to me the siege of Valenciennes. He professes himself to be a friend of the Duke of York's; has, with his own hands, set fire to above five hundred villages, and so forth—*Vivent les gens de soleil.*

"To-night I shall go to sleep, for an hour, over a French opera; performed by some descendants, I believe, of the Uckfield strollers: they are much such a crew. To-morrow I go to Ghent; the day after to Brussels. Then to Liege, Tirlemont, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and so on up the Rhine."

"Cologne, February 1, 1794.

"My dear mother and sister.—Come, take a chair on each side of this little green table, and

enjoy the beautiful scenery I have now before me. 'Tis only to rouse your fancy. See what a lovely sight! Not a cloud in the sky. The Rhine full before us, rich with accumulated waters from the melting snows, rolls his vast tide along! See what innumerable vessels are floating upon his surface! Look how commerce spreads her canvass to the winds! What a throng upon the quay! How busy they look, not one idle being among a thousand! See what the ingenuity of man is capable of performing, who, finding the rapidity of the tide too great to admit a bridge of arches, has converted even its violence to utility, in forming a flying bridge of boats, which owe all their convenience to the force of the stream!

"We will shut the windows and draw round the stove; the air is keen. I have hired a large boat, and am to be carried up the river. We embark to-morrow. It is to be drawn by horses. I shall by this means avoid roads almost impassable, and perhaps another overturn. I mean to go in this manner, as far as Mayence, and if I can to Manheim; but the French are encamped so much on both sides, that I fear I must give them the slip by going to Francfort."

Extracts from his journal.

"February 2, 1794.—Having got all our baggage on board over-night, we rose at six this morning, to proceed in a covered boat up the Rhine. The weather the most delightful that can be conceived. We had a stove on board, so that we breakfasted, dined, and drank tea, in great comfort, amusing ourselves with the English papers. There is nothing worth seeing on the banks of the Rhine from Cologne, until you get to Bonn. The river itself is broad and fine, but the country is bleak and melancholy, very flat, and without any other ornament than a few stunted willows, such as you see by the side of water in all low countries. The view improves very fast as soon as you leave Bonn.

"February 3.—Rose at five o'clock; breakfasted very comfortably in our boat. The views on each side growing very fine. In particular we passed under the noble ruins of a castle they called Anvert, on the left hand. Soon after, another almost as picturesque, though not so striking and so lofty, appeared on the right. A little island soon after made its appearance, and the retrospect of these three objects combined formed the finest scene imaginable. The clear silver light of the morning, contrasted with the bold outlines of the ruins, and the indistinct masses of rocks, covered

with trees and vineyards, from the water's brink to the mountain's brow, were excessively beautiful. To these were added the smooth surface of the water below, the white cottages of the villages upon its edge, with their spires peeping one above another, and the little island spread in the front of the whole with its trees and churches. Slept at Andernach.

"February 4.—Rose at six; breakfasted in the boat. The Rhine has no particular beauties from Andernach, until you come to Coblentz. Then the castle, which has been so often compared to Gibraltar, makes its appearance, and nothing can be more grand, just at the conflux of the Rhine and the Moselle. From the top of the castle you may distinctly perceive the different colours of the two rivers, which seem as if jealous of each other and refuse to unite.

"February 5.—We continued to proceed up the Rhine, in the most delightful manner imaginable. Nothing was wanting, but more interesting society, to render it the most agreeable voyage of my life. Never was weather more favourable, or scenery more sublime. All the way from Coblentz, we had the greatest variety of objects, and these combined and thrown into such views, as made them quite enchanting. No part of the Rhine is ever equal to the views between Coblentz and Mayence. The mountain scenery continues

from Coblentz until you come to Bingen, and then the mountains gradually disappear, and present in their place, a flat open country, in which the Rhine flows broad and important enough, but never accompanied with the imposing and majestic scenery below Bingen. We had a small stove in the boat, upon which we dressed our dinners, heated our kettle, and toasted our rolls. Indeed, accustomed as one is to expect little désagrémens upon water excursions, I had never reason to be more satisfied. A warm, covered boat, with a clean room, and a good fire, hot rolls, chocolate, tea, rum, milk, and eggs, beef steaks, old hock, and the English newspapers, were a collection of luxuries, that one would hardly expect in going up the Rhine, where the magnificence of the scenery is alone a gratification sufficiently satisfactory for the little trouble the voyage requires.

"We slept the first night after leaving Coblentz at a fortified town, situated among the most romantic and striking objects of all the views upon the Rhine. An old German soldier came to take our names, country, and intentions, to the commandant; he had served in America, and gratified our patriotism, by addressing us in English.

"Feb. 6.—Continued our passage up the Rhine, winding through vineyards and among vast rocks of slate. These mountains which form the banks of the Rhine, and through which the river flows,

as if they had agreed to divide and form a bed for its waves, are cultivated in the most extraordinary manner, from their very tops to the water's edge. The whole country, bordering on the river, is covered with grapes. Wherever the rugged and fantastic form of the rocks permits the approach of a human footstep, they have planted grapes, and indeed in some places the neatest little vineyards appear where it seems impossible for any one to tread, or for any cultivation to take place.

"The changes that constantly take place in the scenery as you proceed, are like the variations in a theatre. New objects rapidly succeed each other. You scarcely lose sight of a village or a fortress, ere some old ruin, town, or castle makes its immediate appearance; and so quick is this alteration in the scenery around you, that not being able to enjoy sufficiently any one object, you pass by them all with regret. It seems as if one was passing from one lake into another, since at every turn, the water appears completely land-locked. Slept at a village beyond Bingen.

"February 7, 1794.—The approach to Mayence is very grand. That noble bridge of boats cuts a fine appearance across so broad a river. We arrived about three o'clock. Discharged our boat. The Hotel de Mayence is a very large inn, and a very good one. The accommodations are clean,

and their famous wine of Johannisburg is alone worth coming for. This is from vineyards more famous than those of Hocheim. I found it uncommonly strong, and full twice as intoxicating as Rhenish in general, which is the smallest recommendation it has.

"February 8, 1794.—I walked this morning in the square, which at present is perfectly the place d'armes—officers, soldiers, French prisoners, cannons, baggage-waggons, powder-carts,—all war. If the French should again visit Mayence, I believe they will meet with a warmer reception than they had before. One thousand men are reviewed on parade every morning at ten o'clock. The effects of the late siege are becoming every day less visible. A stranger would not discern that Mayence had ever suffered from a bombardment. Among the soldiers I observed several with gold and silver medals round their necks, the badges of honour for valour and exploits. They were chiefly of the regiment of Prince Henry of Prussia, uncle of the present king, and brother of Frederic the Great.

"It remains I should say a few words of the people *du bas Rhin*. For my own part, I like them better than any of their neighbours. They are a hardy, industrious, clean, open-hearted, rude, but honest race of men. They are neither Flemish, Dutch, nor German. If I were to give my opinion exactly, they are a compound of all three. They

have the cleanliness of the Dutch, and use as much tobacco. They have the hardy, rude outside of the Germans, with the dress, features, and manners of the Flemish. From being constantly accustomed to hard labour upon the water, they become sturdy and industrious. They unite very much in family interests, and you seldom see a party of labourers, or a set of boatmen, but two out of five will be brothers; and often one sees father, sons, and daughters, all at work at the same bench of oars, as was the case with me when I went down the Rhine in November. The women are, without exception, strong and ugly. I never saw a pretty face among them. They pay great attention to the duties enjoined by their religion. They are fond of national songs, and generally delight in hearing mendicant performers on a small harp, which they accompany with their voice. I listened with great attention to several of their songs. They were very characteristic of the people, and generally consisted of the delights of drinking good wine, in a *warm simmer*, as they call their little rooms, when heated almost to suffocation by a stove. Low ribaldry finds a large share in their songs. Indeed, when one considers the similarity of language, and of many customs still prevalent in these countries one can but be struck with the great analogy there is between the present Germans and the English in their days

of yore. The use of wooden shoes is common both to men and women.

"February 9.—We receive intelligence that a very powerful army of the French are advancing rapidly towards Manheim and Worms. This impedes my progress that way; however, as the accounts are very vague, I shall go to Francfort, and decide upon my route, after I have consulted with the bankers there.

"It is impossible to help remarking the want of eyebrows among the Germans. They have either none at all, or they are so light, that the face loses the chief feature of expression; and thence it is, that Germans have universally, or at least with few exceptions, a stupid vacant physiognomy."

Extract of a letter.

"In our Carriage, going up the Rhine,
Feb. 3, 1794.

"My dear mother and sister.—My pen runs as fast as the river, whose current we oppose. I shall tire you with my letters. We are enjoying the most delightful voyage you can conceive. Our carriage is in the boat, from its windows I see the banks of this delightful river. The morning is just dawning, and I dedicate half an hour before

breakfast to you. I shall finish this at Manheim or Francfort. By all the intelligence we can gain, the French will not interfere with us. Oh, I cannot write. Look what a scene!

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

"There Ann, is a little for your eyes, and a great deal for your imagination. The genius of poetry must help you to conceive from such a paltry outline something more adequate to the grandeur of the original. Greasy paper, bad ink, a bad pen, a rolling boat, and a bad painter, are but sorry materials to do justice to such scenery as the Rhine presents at every turn. The little island in front, is in the middle of the river. The lofty ruins on the brow of a mountain to the right, are the remains of Anvert castle. Those on the left are of more remote antiquity, and their name is forgotten. Oh, could you see how the clear silver light of the morning contrasts itself with the bold outlines of its broken walls, you would be in raptures; and, perhaps, have as good an appetite as I have; so, if you will excuse me, I will go to breakfast.

"Manheim, Feb. 12, 1794.—I have had great difficulty in penetrating to this place. The French have, for a long time, been established all along the western banks of the Rhine, between Mayence and Manheim, at Worms, Oppenheim, &c. By

keeping on the other side the river I escaped, and got within this town."

Extracts from his journal.

"February 10, 1794.—As soon as you arrive at a German inn, you are left in the middle of the yard by the postillion to find your way in as you can. The best houses have never any carpets to the floor, which is covered with sand. The furniture is old: the chairs unsteady, straight in the back, like those in England two hundred years ago: they defy all hopes of rest after fatigue. When you are shewn into your bed-room, which is the only room you have both for eating and sleeping, you must first open the window to expel the fusty smell that has been acquired from long want of fresh air. A full hour is required to heat the stove, which, if you are not used to it, will cause a violent headache. Your bed will be short and narrow, stuck against a cold white-washed wall, with the plaster falling about your eyes. The sheets never cover your feet, for if they are long enough for that purpose, the German mode is to leave the feet uncovered, and as soon as you get into bed, you will find your feet exposed to the air. In winter, a thick covering, or cushion of eider down is laid upon you. This first heats you, and then falling off in the night, makes you catch cold to a cer-

tainty. In their diet, the Germans are very fond of sour vegetables, which are very wholesome, and always pleasant to those who are accustomed to use them. They also use a great deal of sour sauce."

"Feb. 12.—Left Darmstadt. The roads worse and worse: obliged to have six horses to the last stage to Manheim. Patroles passing every where among the villages. Arrive at Manheim.

"February 13.—Went to the observatory to see if the French troops were visible in the villages; saw some cavalry, but could not possibly say if they were the French advanced guard, or the German patrole. The keeper of the observatory told me they were certainly French. Bought a pipe and some tobacco: began to smoke. Saw the parade. The Austrian hussars, and those called Seaton's hussars, Prussians, are the bravest troops in the world. Sixteen of these drove three hundred French out of Deux Ponts.

"February 14.—Alarmed by a cannonade. Looked out of the window and saw the soldiers all running to arms, and the people in confusion. The waiter came in and said, 'Gentlemen! the French are at our gates!' They said bombs had fallen upon the town in the night. Went to the observatory, the French were in the same village I saw them in before; but the weather so hazy could see nothing. The Germans made a sortie

to attack them. All the artillery was in motion. Left Manheim; came to Bruchsal; slept there."

The following passage on the diversity of national customs, &c., occurs in this part of his journal:

"That extraordinary diversity of character is not confined to states alone; among the Italians, it subsists often in the same town, where a river, or a bridge, or a difference of parish, occasions the most implacable animosity between the parties, and often a distinction in manners and dialect, as well as features. At Rome, the Transtiberini, or those who inhabit that part of the city behind St. Peter's, will not suffer their children to intermarry with the *popolani*, as they call all those in the vicinity of the Porta del Popolo. They consider themselves as of a superior race, and the only descendants of the ancient Romans. They are hardier, more industrious, and possessed of a greater degree of strength. They pretend that one of the Transtiberini is at any time able to combat with at least three of the other inhabitants of the city. Nay, to such excess do they carry their pride and animosity, that they will sometimes fight as soon as they meet, and especially when inflamed by the potent fumes of their *orvieto*. At Florence, the different parishes form distinct and separate bodies of men; that of San Lorenzo, being the largest, considers itself of the greatest

consequence, and every individual of it piques himself upon his local importance. When the Grand Duke abolished the galleys, and adopted in their stead that edifice at Pisa, called *Il Bagno*, for the reception of the slaves, the parish of San Nicolas happened to be the first that furnished a convict to inhabit it, upon which account the rest of the parishes have always considered the people of San Nicolas as the most contemptible of all the Florentines. They do not like to associate with them, nor on any account will they permit their children to form connexion among them. If such an affair should happen, the person, whoever he is, that weds a girl of San Nicolas, is upbraided with his violation of the ancient animosity, and the old story of *Il Bagno* is immediately revived.

" At Naples, these local distinctions are still more remarkable. What can be more striking than the wonderful difference between the Lazzaroni and the rest of the Neapolitans? Yet even this is not all; even these Lazzaroni are again divided, and the inhabitants of St. Lucia differ as widely from the Lazzaroni of the Mole Piccola, and il Ponte dellá Madalena, as they in their turn differ from each other. Add to all this, the extraordinary difference throughout all the districts and petty divisions of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. The inhabitants bordering on the metropolis have all their different distinctions, and are marked by

separate modes of dress. How various are these costumes. The people of the Campagna Felice have their particular habit; the people of Capri, Ischia, Procida, have theirs; the inhabitants of Pozzuoli, Sorrento, &c. have theirs. And, what is of all things the most singular, the women of Posilippo, a small part of the town of Naples, are distinguished by a head-dress, and a habit perfectly distinct from the rest of their fellow-citizens. Thus it is that the variety in the costume of these parts is so extended, that the painters of Naples sell to strangers a collection of different modes of dress, each peculiar to some particular district of the Neapolitan dominions.

"How singular is the ceremony of marriage in the province of Isernia! There, when a young man wishes to pay his addresses to the woman he loves, he must first obtain permission by the following curious mode, which is called la Cipponata. He makes up a bough with all the ornaments of flowers, ribands, &c. which they call Il Cipponi; and the larger this bough is, the stronger the proof of his attachment. In the night he places it at her father's door, and retiring to some convenient distance, with his musket in his hand, and his poniard in his bosom, watches it till the morning dawns, and woe betide the presumptuous mortal that shall dare to meddle with or remove the pledge of his affection. In the morning the Cipponi is dis-

covered. The father comes to the door, and with a loud voice demands, 'Chi ha cipponato la figlia mia?' The lover then elopes from his hiding place; declares his passion, and begs permission to pay his addresses in form; saying in answer, 'Lagio i, ciponato io!' If the parents approve of the match, he is immediately admitted; if not, the father says, 'Agi pazienza, figlio mio! O sangue mio colo tuo, non si confai!' [N. B. This is written as it is pronounced, with the Patois.] and without farther ceremony the lover retires, patiently bearing his disappointment, nor ever again exerting his influence to produce an alteration in the sentiments of the relations. Should he succeed, and be admitted to an interview, the day is soon fixed for the nuptials. On that morning the bridegroom first repairs to the church, and may be seen for some hours before his bride arrives, walking impatiently beneath the arcades, and looking every moment to see if his beloved is upon the march. At last she appears. He flies to meet her, and thus addresses her: 'Ben venuta, madama! ben torata!' She replies, 'Torata sono et torata mi poi chiamare!

"Instead of considering the people of Italy as the inhabitants of one country, all actuated by a similarity of modes and caprice, and possessing the same manners, dialect, and laws, there is no portion of territory upon the whole face of the

globe, where in an equal extent is found so great a variety of laws, government, manners, dialect, features, dress, and customs. A few miles create in Italy as great a change as one finds in Europe, upon leaving one nation for another infinitely more remote. The borders of the Rhine and the Ganges do not present a wider contrast than those of the Arno and the Tiber; so striking is the distinction between a Florentine and a Roman. The same remarkable difference is found in all the other states of Italy; Genoa, Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, have all a people peculiar to themselves, and marked with various degrees of dissimilarity. Each of these are moreover infinitely subdivided; nor does a stranger, in the towns of Italy, pass from one street into another without perceiving some alteration in the people that inhabit them."

The narrative of his journey is thus continued:

"Came from Cierla, through Inspruck to Steinach. The situation of Inspruck is the most beautiful of any in the Tirol, and it is viewed to advantage from the mountains as you descend in coming from Italy. It brings strongly to one's recollection Dr. Johnson's beautiful description of the vale of Abyssinia. High mountains rise from it on all sides perpendicular, and the wolf, as he ranges their hoary tops, looks down without dis-

may upon the crowded streets of the town. The river Inn meanders through it, and a long extent of valley makes the scene enchanting. There are good inns, and very clean, all through the Tirol.

"February 22, 1794.—Came from Steinach to Brixen, through a fine romantic country. Saw there a cabinet of natural history, extensive, and full of trash. Breakfasted at Brennor, the highest part of the Tirol; after which we continually descend towards Italy, as usual, by a river, which takes its source there. It is called the Eisac, and falls into the Adige at Bolzano.

"Feb. 23.—Came from Brixen to Branzol. The carnival every where prohibited, on account of the French troubles, and the death of the late king of France. At Colmar, we breakfasted; I believe there is hardly any where a cleaner, or a better inn. The scenery very fine; narrow valleys along the torrent; bold rocks and precipices, over whose brinks are seen convents, hermitages, and monasteries. At Bolzano, the people were amusing themselves with firing bullets at a mark. Perceived our vicinity to Italy the moment we arrived at Branzol, by the horrid stench of our room, and the miserable, tattered furniture of our beds. To complete the disgust, an Englishman had pencilled the wall with a history of the bugs he had found in the very room we were in. We left Branzol very early, came through Naimarch, Salurn, and

Lavis, to Trent. They begin to speak Italian at Branzol, and one gradually loses German modes, dress, and language, till you come to Trent. The inn at Trent is good. From Trent I proceeded into Italy, by a new route to Venice. It is much shorter than the road by Verona, more curious, and better kept. Except one stage from Premulan to Bassano, it is excellent. We came from Trent to Pengine, Borgo di Valsugaro, and to Premulan, where we slept; the accommodations execrable. Left Premulan at two o'clock the next morning; came through Bassano, Castel-Franca, and Treviso, to Mestre, where we hired a boat for Venice. The road from Premulan to Bassano contains in a high degree all those sublime objects which are ever attendant on Alpine scenery. Part of it seemed like an epitome of the passage by the St. Gothard. Just before you arrive at Bassano, you leave the Alps entirely, and looking back may see them at one view in a line, as when you enter the Tirol, at Füesen, from Suabia. The country is quite flat afterward, and as you approach nearer to Venice is highly cultivated. At Bassano, we breakfasted, a mob assembled with as much eager curiosity to see our carriage, as when I passed the St. Gothard. Castel-Franca is a small town full of poor wretches lounging in the long Italian manteau. At Treviso I saw the first appearance of the grand carnival, a number of people walking

about in masks, and some only with large noses. I should have noticed the mode in which they celebrated the approach of spring at Premulan. Some men paraded up and down the village, beating a warming-pan and the top of a porridge-pot, singing, '*that the power of winter is gone, and we may soon go about half naked, without shoes and stockings, viva! viva!*' The road from Treviso to Mestre is full as fine as the broad high turnpike leading into London. The vines on each side are cultivated in festoons, and a variety of fantastic forms. The villas of Venetian noblesse with their gardens, parterres, covered walks, statues, &c., abound all the way.

"They were so awkward, and so long in embarking our carriage that we did not reach Venice before midnight. We came to Pedrillo's, an excellent inn, on the grand canal, near the Rialto. There never was a place I have been so desirous of seeing as Venice, and I find it in every respect answer my expectations. We had the good luck to arrive during the last days of the grand carnival, which are always the most magnificent. I do not know how dull Venice might grow during a long residence, but, I am sure, to a stranger, upon his first arrival, it presents one of the most singular spectacles of any city in Europe. Canals instead of streets, gondolas instead of carriages, form scenes so new, that they must be interesting. Add to

this, the infinity of invaluable pictures, by the first masters of the Venetian school, the superb edifices of those celebrated architects, Palladio, Sansaviro, Scamozzi, &c. The public entertainments, the riches, the government, all are striking."

"February 27.—At Venice you have no occasion for a laquais de louage. The Gondoliers are accustomed to act that part, and they are well adapted for such an office. Went in our gondola to the Place di St. Marco: saw a collection of figures in wax, representing the most celebrated men of antiquity, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Scipio Africanus, &c. &c.; also the judgment of Solomon, taken from a picture of Raphael's at Rome. They were astonishingly well executed. I never saw any so good before. The King of Naples was so like the original, that it made one start. Of all other groupes, the best was the artist himself at work, with his wife, and his servant holding the candle. Saw a collection of wild beasts. We then went to the top of the tower, from whence you have a view of all this princely city, the sea, the opposite shores, &c. From the tower we went to hire a box near the Doge, to see the spectacles; they asked three sequins, I would not give it, but went to the palace, and hired one in the window of the council-chamber for one sequin. We then saw the palace, which is full of fine pictures. From the palace I went to walk in the grand place, where there

was a promenade, and all the world in masquerade. This seems very ridiculous to a stranger, as most of them take no pains to disguise themselves, except by wearing a nose; and you see them talking politics, transacting business, &c., with all the gravity in the world, considering their mask, or their paper nose, as nothing more than a fashionable appendage to their dress.

"About two o'clock, we went to take our places, and the spectacles began. The throng of people was beyond any thing I ever saw. I think it exceeding even the benediction at Rome. First of all came a procession of butchers, with oxen. These were placed opposite the Doge, and the trial was to see who could strike off the heads of these poor animals at one blow, with an enormous sabre. Some of them succeeded. The next thing was an exertion of strength, which they call 'The force of Hercules.' It consisted of a pyramid of men formed upon one another's shoulders. The base was made of sixteen, which rose diminishing to one, and on his shoulders stood a little boy, who formed the point. There were two stages of these pyramids. After this came the most astonishing feat it is possible to conceive. A man ascended by a rope from the Place di St. Marco up to the top of the tower, and from thence down on the other side, with a nosegay in his hand, which he presented to the Doge. From thence he mounted

again to the tower, and then down again with astonishing velocity to the spot from which he originally started. They say there never was but one accident remembered in Venice from this feat, and that arose from the man's attempting to play tricks, when he fell down and was dashed to atoms. Since that time it is forbidden to attempt any thing more than the common mode of going up and down. However, this made me shudder; for the man chose to amuse the populace, by twisting round and round the rope, and once he stuck so that I expected to see him come down upon the heads of the people. There was, besides this, a representation of gladiators, which was neatly done, but had little effect. The pyramids were repeated six or seven times, and at last the whole closed with a grand display of fireworks, but they chose to let them off by daylight, so that all their beauty was entirely lost. After all this, I went to see some excellent rope dancing, where there was the best clown I ever saw: there was also very good tumbling, and a pantomime well conducted. I then came home to tea, and at ten o'clock we went in our gondola to the opera, at il Teatro San Benedetto. It was *Nina;* Madame Bruni, the first singer. The ballets were not extraordinary. In the middle of the second act, a shower of sonnets, with pigeons, turkeys, and fowls, were thrown through the ventilator into the

parterre. They were intended as a compliment to Madame Bruni, and the first male singer, Signor Viganoni. The audience were chiefly masked. It did not finish before four o'clock in the morning of February 28, 1794; at which hour I came home, and am employed

> In noting, ere they fade away,
> The little lines of yesterday.

Under the name of a republic, and boasting of its liberties, there is not in Europe a more despotic government than that of Venice.

"We went all over the arsenal. They call it the finest in Europe. This is not true; once, perhaps, it was so, but those days are gone. The armoury is, I believe, longer than that in the Tower: it is in several rooms. There are arms for 80,000 men, all ready at a moment's notice. The ships are all built under cover. We saw the tawdry heavy vessels, in which the Doge goes to wed the Adriatic; all covered with gold, and as long as an eighty-gun ship. The model room was pretty enough. The whole of the arsenal is two Italian miles and a half round; two thousand five hundred men work in it daily. It seems poor and naked when compared to Portsmouth or Plymouth. From the arsenal we went to the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, and saw there some architecture

of the famous Palladio, of which Venice is full. He built the Rialto. They shewed us a noble picture by Paul Veronese; the marriage at Cana in Galilee. In it were portraits of all the most celebrated Venetian painters. Paul himself, Titian, Tintoretti, Bassano, &c. &c. Walked in the Place di St. Marco, and saw the church of that name; a Gothic edifice, of great antiquity, the inside of which is covered with Mosaic paintings. Intrigue is carried to such a pitch in Venice, that the gondolas are formed, and furnished with every convenience for that purpose. It is usual in Venice, to see a lady with her cecisbeo in one box, and in the other her husband with his mistress; and you will see the lady leaning over to compliment her husband's mistress, while he is bowing to the cecisbeo.

"In the evening we went to the noblest and the neatest theatre I ever saw. The scenery was beyond any thing excellent; by Mauri; a celebrated artist. The last ballet was very fine. The women of Venice are, generally speaking, all handsome. They dress better, the men look cleaner, and every thing seems upon a better footing than either at Rome or Naples, where the women are all ugly, vulgar, and dirty; and the noblesse look like a party of strolling players.

"The Rialto, of which so much has been said, is in my opinion very little deserving of its fame.

It was built by Palladio, is of unpolished marble, consists of one arch, and is loaded with houses, having three streets passing over it parallel to each other. The bridge of Pont y Pridd, in South Wales, is in every respect superior, which was built by a common mason of Glamorganshire.

"There were eight theatres open while we were here. They were nevertheless all full every night. The oath of the Venetians is always a bloody one: Sangue di Dio, sangue di Cristo, sangue di Madonna, are the usual expressions. The oaths of Italy vary in every state. At Rome they are the most shocking of all. There you will see a postillion, or one of the lower class, when in a passion, fall down upon his knees, and blaspheme against heaven, the angels, the saints, and the virgin. A Russian gentleman was once in a post-chaise when a Roman postillion's hat blew off and fell in the river. The fellow coolly descended from his horses, and instead of trying to get it out, fell on his knees by the side of the river, saying, 'Managio a tutti Cristo, a Virgine Maria! Oh anima mia, managio a tutti di paradiso et tre milia torno!' 'But, my friend,' said the gentleman, 'what makes you conclude your imprecation with tre milia torno?' The fellow replied, while every limb of him was convulsed with passion, 'Perche sapete, eccellenza, che ogni santo, in questo bell' giorno, e andato a camminare, voglio prendere tutti!' At

Naples, the oaths are more moderate, at least to English ears. The worst they make use of, in their own opinion, is when they blaspheme St. Januarius. It is then that a Neapolitan despairs of ever obtaining absolution, as the priests, making use of every method that may serve to support the holy fraud, endeavour to impress the minds of their votaries, with the most perfect abhorrence of any violation of the honour of their patron.

" During the carnival, it is usual for every person to enter the theatre masked. Soon after they generally take them off, and the men stick them in the corners of their hat.

" Speaking of oaths—Four Neapolitan monks once engaged with a vetturino to conduct them to Naples, but made it an article of their contract, that he should not make use of an oath the whole way. Coming into a deep sandy road, he began to flog his mules and grunt and scold, but all to no use. ' Eh vedete signor,' said he to the monks, ' vedete ! il mulo non vuo' andar. Se non volete restare cosi, lasciate mi fare una sola !' ' By no means,' said the monks, ' whip 'em !' However, at last, finding they were likely to remain there all day, and being worried with his intreaties, they limited him to a single oath. ' Grazia, padre mio ! managio il primo di Novembre !' The cunning rascal chose to damn the first of November, of all other days, because it was consecrated to all saints;

and by this means he thought in one comprehensive oath to be of as much service, as if he had been allowed to swear during the whole journey."

"March 1, 1794.—Went in our gondola to the little island of Murano, lying off Venice. Nothing could be more pleasing than the view opening to the sea, as we passed under the bridge at the end of the canal di Mendicanti, to go towards the island; the Alps rising to the right with their white tops, the sea covered with gondolas and little skiffs, while every object was softened by the silver mist peculiar to Italy. Our object was to see the glass manufactories, but, it being Saturday, very few were at work, and those who were employed were only making window glass. We then saw the three palaces of Pisani, Barbarigo, and Palazzo Farsetti. In the first was rich furniture, and a fine picture by Paul Veronese. In the second a number of Titian's works, who lived in this house four years, and died there. We saw the last picture he ever painted, which he did not live to finish, St. Sebastian; it hangs in the very room where he died. All the parlours are paved with schiola. We then saw the church of St. Giovanni e Paolo, famous for a picture of the martyrdom of St. Peter. Venice is famous for its gold workmanship, velvets, wax, glass, combs, &c.

"In the evening I went first to the theatre of St. Cassano. The ballet was fine, a Madame Bal-

lon danced with great spirit and much grace. From thence I went to St. Samueli. To describe what I saw there is impossible. The coup d'œil was beyond expression. I found a crowded audience of very genteel people, in a theatre of the most splendid description. The boxes and all the theatre were hung with light blue damask, ornamented with a rich border of silver fillagree. The fronts of the boxes were of white satin, upon which hung festoons of roses. The very curtain at the door of the parterre was of blue damask and silver. It was illuminated with tapers of Venetian wax, three feet long, in sconces of glass. All round hung chandeliers of the same. At the end of the opera the whole of the stage was discovered, ornamented similarly to the rest of the house. Over it was a painted plafond, which answered to that over the parterre; all round were columns hung with damask and silver. At the end of all were pier glasses from the top to the bottom, so that the whole theatre, with its numerous chandeliers, tapers, &c. being reflected, seemed of an infinite length. Before the pier glasses hung chandeliers, and from the columns were suspended tapers, as in the rest of the theatre. There was then a Festo di Ballo. Every dancer had a rich dress given him, and the meanest figure dancer wore satin and silver. As soon as I saw all this, I was at a loss to account for it. A

Venetian told me that it was all done at the expense of a Spanish grandee, who had a mind to surprise them, and that the whole was finished in one night. It cost him 20,000 sequins, about 10,000*l.* sterling. I believe, and every body seemed to think the same, that there never was so magnificent a theatrical spectacle ever seen in Europe. The boxes were full of characters; among others a man, as an infant, with a rattle made a great noise.

Notwithstanding the despotism of the Venetian noblesse, one perceives some traces of the beneficial effects of a free government visible among the people. They have not the liberty they boast of, because they are ruled with a rod of iron, but they are infinitely less servile, than the lower classes of the rest of Italy. Beauty is found in females of the lower order, a circumstance rarely met with in the other Italian states, where poverty seems attended with every evil, filth and ugliness being constantly at her side.

"Justice is administered in a very rigid way at Venice. They do not neglect to pursue her dictates, but then it is done in so mysterious and absolute a manner, that the injured party has seldom the satisfaction of knowing whether he is redressed or not. An English gentleman once lost a great part of his clothes and some valuable trinkets, at an inn at Venice. Every search was made after

them to no effect, and the gentleman gave them over as lost, saying aloud at the same time, 'Ay, these are the blessed effects of your Venetian laws. If I had been in a country where there was a shadow of justice, I should, at least, have been assisted in my endeavours to recover them.' In about an hour he was sent for, by the officers of the police, and carried to the tribunal. 'You are the gentleman, Sir,' said the chief magistrate, 'that has lost some clothes?' 'Yes, I am.' 'And you have not been able to recover them?' 'No.' 'Upon which you thought proper to arraign the laws of our Republic, and accuse it of injustice. Beware how you offend a second time by propagating an erroneous opinion. Behold (said he, drawing aside a curtain behind which hung the dead bodies of three men), behold these are the persons who have robbed you. They have atoned for their crimes, and offer to you a lesson of our justice and severity. Get back to your inn, the things you have lost will be there before you. Settle your affairs, and leave Venice immediately; it might be dangerous for you to remain where justice acts so quickly and with so much vigour.'

"The laws and government of Venice, the customs of the people, the peculiarity of the town itself, its form and mode of construction, all contribute in some measure to the progress of intrigues. The gondolas are made use of as the usual mode

of assignation, and the state, to equip them better for that purpose, has ordained that they should be black, ornamented in the same manner, and having no difference either of ornament or colour, that may distinguish them from each other. The gondoliers are chosen men; all skilful in their office, and possessing talents aptly fitted for the purpose of intrigue; a strict adherence to secrecy; a knowledge of the windings and intricacies of the canals; an appearance of simplicity, and inattention to what passes before them. Active and intelligent in emergencies, and faithful to the highest degree in the discharge of their duty, no one is diffident in confiding to their care the secret offices of illicit amours. A number of these fellows are under the pay of government, and act as spies to the Republic. Yet they manage in such a manner as to satisfy all parties, and if employed by twenty people at the same time, would please all without betraying to one party the secrets of the other. They have an acquaintance with all the duennas and gouvernantes; are well read in the private histories of every family; will expedite an elopement, and provide rope ladders, false keys, and scale walls, with equal punctuality and alertness.

"March 2.—We hired a boat at Venice to take us to Ancona. The weather was serene and beautiful, and as I left the town, I hesitated for a long

time in deciding which to prefer, the environs of Naples or Venice. We arrived in the evening at Chiozza, and passed the night in the most miserable hole I ever was in during all my excursions. From Chiozza, a small place, peopled only by sailors, we came the next day, after a delightful voyage.

" March 3.—To Ravenna. Much cannot be said of the accommodations at Ravenna. It communicates with the sea by canals.

" March 4.—Saw this morning the tomb of Dante. It stands in the public street, under a small rotunda, at a corner of the Franciscan convent. The tomb of Theodoric is also without the town, who once made Ravenna the seat of empire, under the Goths. Ravenna is famous for its mosaics, antique marbles, columns, and many remains of antiquity, both Greek and Roman. At present it is a poor Lazzaroni-looking place.

" From Ravenna, we embarked for Ancona, but sea sickness and want of wind made us put in at Savio, a small place kept alive by salt manufactories, from boiling sea water, and by its fisheries.

" March 5.—When we left Savio, such a crowd assembled to see us go off as was surprising. It was like what one sees in St. James's Street on a birth-day. While I was at breakfast, a tribe of monks, &c., came in; I was startled at first, and thought they came to apprehend us through some mistake or other, but was convinced of my error,

by the polite reply of their superior to my rude demand of what business they had with me: 'Niente, Signor, solamente per fare ì complimenti, bon viaggio,' &c. After all, I believe they acted as spies to discover if we were French or not. We had to send five miles for horses, from Servio, and went through Rimini to Pesaro where we slept at an excellent inn, and I bought some pictures. We entered Rimini over a bridge built entirely of blocks of white marble, in the times of Augustus and Tiberius, and left it passing under a triumphal arch erected in honour of Augustus.

"March 6.—Ill of a sore throat, caught by the sudden change in the climate. The weather sultry hot. Came from Pesaro to Ancona, all by the side of the Adriatic, through a beautiful country, the roads and the inns excellent. The Albergo Reale, at Ancona, superb and clean, two things that seldom go hand in hand in Italy or in Ireland. The view of the sea and port of Ancona from the windows is beautiful to a degree. The approach to Ancona may be ranked among the first sights; it is something like Naples. The people in this country look ruddy, strong, and wholesome. The women are pretty. The roads were full of pilgrims. One poor lame wretch, with his family, told me it was his fifth journey to the Santa Casa; he came from the Tirol, and had been three times across the Pyrenees to Saragossa and Madrid, and

twice to Rome. 'And wherefore,' said I, 'do you inflict such a severe penance on yourself?' 'Tis for my poor father, Sir,' said he, 'who is dead. He would be of the reformed church, and I hope to save his soul from being damned.' His daughter with him was barefooted and very handsome.

"March 7.—Came from Ancona to Loretto. From Camerano, the finest view I ever saw; among other objects, Loretto upon the top of a distant hill. I felt a momentary sensation of devotion. We saw Loretto all the way, during this last post—the road mountainous, you absolutely climb into Loretto. It is a poor wretched place, supported entirely by priestcraft and foreigners. The little shops full of rosaries and crucifixes. I bought some, and carried them to the Santa Casa to be blessed, where they were put into the bowl the holy family used to eat out of. I have just now been to see the glorious prospect from the tower of the cathedral with the setting sun, the mountains, the sea, &c.

"In the medicinary belonging to the friars of the Santa Casa, there are three hundred and twenty porcelain vases, given to them by the illustrious family of Urbino. Raphael made the designs for them, and it is said, Luca Giordano copied from the vases. The treasury is a blaze of jewels, gold and silver being the meanest articles in it. I saw a single diamond there, weighing

seventy-two grains, and others of various dimensions; rubies, pearls, emeralds, &c. Nothing could be more curious than a specimen of natural history preserved there. It was a lump of emeralds, in their matrixes, all in their natural state. It was as large as a man's body, stuck full of emeralds like a plum cake: some were of the size of a hen's egg. Nobody can estimate its value, as no one can say what the internal part of so large a mass may contain, which from its external appearance, is evidently full. The holy house is too well known to be described. I chipped off some small pieces from the inside, and scraped away a little of the dust. I asked the lackey to do it, but he said if the sentinels observed him, he should be condemned to the galleys for life. He said the pilgrims were so eager to procure even a particle of its dust, that if they were permitted to take any, the holy house would soon make another voyage from Loretto, and be as much dispersed as the cross of our Saviour. However, taking advantage of the general devout enthusiasm of those within, who were all gaping at the Madonna, and the nonchalance of the sentinels without, I desired my party to draw round me, and thus concealed, I bore away some of its precious walls.

"A report was circulated all over Loretto, of a wonderful Madonna that had been discovered five miles off, within these fifteen days, who was found

under ground, and worked miracles every hour, by dozens. The people of the house told me, that she got up in the night, and rang the bells of the church to call the people together, and had since given sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, made the lame walk, &c. 'Una cosa spaventosa, Signor!' said the master of the house, 'all the world is there.'—It was quite out of my way, so I did not go; besides it might be dangerous, for I am certain it would be difficult to preserve the composure of one's features at such holy impostures. The inns at Loretto bad and dear.

"March 8.—Came through the finest country in the world, with the best roads, to Tobatino, a small town; tolerable accommodations at the post."

A chasm here occurs in the journal. Mr. Clarke passed through Terni in his way to Rome; and, after a very short stay at the latter place, proceeded to Naples. There was naturally some awkwardness in his first meeting with Lord Berwick, after the change of plans and the disappointment which had taken place; and there is reason to believe that attempts had been made during his absence to supplant him in the good opinion of his friend and patron; but it is remembered to this day, by a gentleman then resident at Naples, how soon his admirable good humour,

ability, and propriety of conduct recommended him to every one, and enabled him to assume his wonted influence and distinction in the society of the place.

His residence at Naples, after his return, did not continue more than three weeks. He finally quitted that city with great regret, in company with Lord Berwick, on the 29th of March, and arrived at Rome on the 1st of April. Writing to the author of this memoir, about a week before his departure, he says:

"I have just finished a melancholy excursion to all my wonted haunts, along the delightful shores of Baia, and through the Elysian Fields, by way of bidding them farewell. We are going to leave this place for ever, and to exchange its warm sunshine for the cold palaces and marshy catacombs of Rome. In four days we go to Rome. Adieu, dear beloved Naples—queen of the Sicilian sea—beauteous bright Parthenope. To-morrow, I go up Vesuvius with a large party for the last time, and shall pillage the crater of some of its contents. I have long been a cicerone to the English, in shewing the wonders of our volcano, and to-morrow I am to conduct Lord and Lady P. &c. &c. to the mouth of the mountain. I have models of vases enough to load a ship."

The following are extracts from his journal, written during his stay at Rome:

"April 16.—Saw the remains of the temple of Hercules, the villa of Mæcenas, the villa of Adrian, &c. Nothing can be more interesting than this excursion to Tivoli, and if it is extended a few miles farther to the villa of Horace, it is enchanting. The fine ruins of the villa of Mæcenas are suffering extremely from the barbarous hands of the Pope's masons, whom we found busy in converting them to a cannon foundry, or, as they said, restoring them. By all appearance, it will soon be very difficult to trace out the original fabric, encumbered and lost as it will be, with these modern additions. There are still to be seen lofty chambers with painted stucco, and almost all the original form, the whole being situated delightfully upon an eminence commanding a view of Soracte, and all the plains as far as Rome, which was itself visible from the lofty terraces of the villa at eighteen miles' distance.

"Fortunately for us, we arrived in time to profit even by the depredations his holiness is making; for in the progress of his foundry he has had occasion to excavate a square, which has laid open a beautiful court surrounded by pillars of the Doric order, without bases, and standing simply on a double plinth. These pillars were

semi-columns, and composed of brickwork. They are not of the most ancient Doric order, nor yet of the improved: and this is singular, as it was during the age of Augustus, that the improvement in the Doric was introduced. The most ancient order of the Doric was without neck or base, as we see at Pæstum. The modern improvement of Vitruvius was exactly the contrary.

"Mæcenas's villa had directly before in the plain below, the beautiful temple of the Cough, or as it is called, Il Tempio della Tussa, the ruins of which still form one of the most picturesque objects about it. It is very like the beautiful ruins of the temple of Venus on the coast of Baia.

"The villa of Adrian is perhaps one of the most powerful proofs that we have of magnificence of the ancient Romans. It is more like the ruins of a city, or of many cities, than of a villa. It contains four or five theatres, numerous temples, baths, mosaics, every sort of grandeur. In the vaulted plafond of one of the chambers, belonging to the baths, is the most exquisite specimen of ornamented stucco in relief, that has been left us, of the finest ages of Rome. Athenian Stewart, and many others, took all their ideas of elegant borders from this room.

"In this vast enormous villa, Adrian endeavoured to comprise the riches and splendour of the whole world. He travelled over his empire,

and collected from all parts of it the magnificent things that were afterward combined in his villa. Not a country in the world but sent something to adorn it. Asia, Greece, Egypt, Macedonia, all afforded their contribution to it. There he erected temples to the deities of all nations, and celebrated the rites of all the religions of the earth. The priests of each were dressed in the habits peculiar to their country, and all the attendants wore their native costumes. Thus decorated and arranged, it represented an epitome of all his travels. At one part of it he might fancy himself in Egypt, at another in Greece, and it became the emporium of arts, displaying at one view the riches of his whole empire.

"The excavations that have been made here, have of course been more productive than any others. The artists say it seemed as if the earth would never cease to yield up riches. Almost all the finest mosaics, marbles, and statues, were found here. Among others, that beautiful Grecian pavement, described by Pliny, of the pigeons, which is now preserved in the Capitol.

"The execution of criminals in Rome is carried on with a vast deal of solemnity, and it is very rare indeed to see an instance of what is called in England, dying hard. The most hardened villain, broken by long confinement, and the natural superstition of the country, approaches death dis-

pirited and repentant. I remember, however, one instance to the contrary.

"A bricklayer was, by some means or other, cheated out of his property by a priest and a lawyer, the last of which was his relation. He made the usual application for justice, which was followed, as usual, with no redress. For some time he bore his misfortune with firmness, and without complaint; at length, however, the sense of his injuries bore so hard upon him, that he became desperate, and incensed almost to madness. In this state of mind he went one day into the church of St. Giacomo, in the Corso, when the priest was officiating, and shot him dead at the altar. He was apprehended, condemned, and led to execution; every means had been used to prevail on him to confess his fault, and receive absolution, but in vain. The fatal cord was fastened to his neck; the most celebrated friar in Rome had been selected to attend him: the last moment approached, when the friar once more begged he would make confession of his sin. 'Upon one condition I will comply with your request,' said the undaunted criminal, 'let me but have a slap at the lawyer, and then I will confess both my sins at once.' At this instant he was launched into eternity, when the friar approaching to the side of the scaffold, called out to the people, saying, '*The soul of this man is gone instantly to hell, on no account*

let Ave Marias be said for him!' The beatification of the poor bricklayer is on this account, at this hour, suspended in Rome.

"The mode of execution for parricide is excessively shocking. The criminal is seen kneeling on a scaffold, opposite his confessor, while ropes are passed over his legs and held by the sbirro beneath, who endeavours to engage his attention entirely by prayer, and watching the moment when he seems entirely occupied with devotion, and off his guard, he makes a sign to the executioner, who at one blow knocks him down; then jumping on his body, he, with a large knife, cuts off his head, his arms, and his legs, and hangs them on different parts of the scaffold."

The travellers set out from Rome on their return to England, on the 30th of April. Some extracts from the journal, referring to this part of the tour, are subjoined.

"May 1, 1794.—Came from Civita Castellana, through Narni, where we saw the fine ruins of the bridge built by Augustus. Arrived at mid-day at Terni, and saw once more the finest cascade in the world. We went first through groves of orange and myrtle, along the side of the Nera to the bottom of the fall, and stood upon a point that commands the whole. The view from the bottom is

more picturesque, but less striking. We then crossed over a rude bridge of two poles, and ascended by a wild craggy little path over the rocks, up the side of the mountain, till we came to the square building at the top. Here you command the effect of this vast torrent, the foam of which is so violent that it throws a mist up above the top of the cascade, and spreads in a beautiful manner over all the objects around. The principal *chûte* is 800 feet; but the height of the cascade from the top to the bed of the river Nera beneath is 1364 feet. That of Niagara is only 150 feet. This is formed by a *chûte* of the Velino into the Nera, by a canal cut in the rock in the year of Rome 480. The scenery all about the cascade is of the grandest style, and more wild and picturesque than any other I know of. The views are every where great, varied, and extended; and that, so much in the boldest style of Claude, which you see from the highest point of the rock as you descend from the cascade towards Terni, over the village of Papignio, is by much the most sublime of any I know; far exceeding any idea I can form of those I have *not seen*, from the paintings of the first masters. It comprehends an amazing extent of territory, and yet the objects which compose it are so grand, the masses of light and shade fall so fortunately upon the different parts of it, that it has

none of the diminished, insignificant appearance of a bird's-eye view.

"The situation of Pistoia, in a fine valley, is delightful. All this road is pleasing. The views among the Apennines, at this season of the year, when a rich verdure covers them entirely, and the evening sun throws his broad masses of light and shade upon the prospect, are really enchanting. I have heard people remark that there is always a coldness in the appearance of these mountains when compared with those of the Alps. But this depends on the time of the year at which they are seen, and I think such observations fall chiefly from Englishmen who travel through them in the winter, when nothing is to be seen but the triste foliage of the olive, and the leafless stumps of those trees, which in summer support the vines in so many rich and various festoons. A drawing master would tell you, that the Apennines are always a demi-tint darker than the sky; that the Alps are in the same proportion lighter, owing to the snow upon them.

"The Apennines recall to my mind those delightful vales in Argos, where the Grecian shepherds fed their flocks, and the heroes that afterward shone with so much lustre in the plains of Troy, bred a noble race of horses. They seem particularly calculated for peace and serenity.

"May 11.—Made a long journey from St.

Marcello to Reggio. The first two posts from St. Marcello, we ascended the whole way to Bosco-lungo, which is upon the highest part of the Apennines; the snow was still lying upon the tops. From Bosco-lungo, to which place Lord Berwick and I walked, we ran down to Pieve Pelago, and continued along the tops of the Apennines for some time overlooking them all, as upon the waves of a troubled sea. The moment we left Penna di Mazzoni, we beheld the vast extended plain of Lombardy, the finest, the most fertile, of any in the world. It appears exactly like the ocean, and seems to rise from the eye like the sea. Indistinctly, at a distance, we saw the Alps skirting the utmost limits of the plain to the north, and may conceive the rapture of Hannibal and his soldiers, in the contemplation of such an enchanting garden. It may be compared to the delightful residence of our first parents, where the whole is so like a paradise, and the Po and the Tessin emulate the mazy windings of the Tigris and the Euphrates. It is laden with the choicest fruits, abounding in corn, oil, and wine; a land flowing with milk and honey. The Campagna Felice, that delightful and fertile spot, is but insignificant in comparison with the plain of Lombardy. But after all this, how melancholy are the reflections that arise in passing over it. The poor peasant of these rich domains, whose

cottage is surrounded with all the luxuriance of abundant harvest, whose little garden overflows with the purple vintage of the grape, and who sleeps each night amid the choicest productions of the earth, has not a morsel of bread to support his children from famine, nor one drop of the wine he gathers to moisten his parched lips. See him, poor unhappy man, without one ray of joy, through all the years of his servitude, to interrupt the continued tenor of despondency. See how he toils to bring his harvest to perfection, and see him among the foremost in conveying it away to the crowded granaries of his master. See him busy in clearing away every part of the produce his hand has cherished and brought to perfection, and then see him call together his poor miserable family, and sitting on the bare ground, distribute among them a few crude olives, a hard unwholesome diet, to alleviate the bitter pangs of hunger.

"No pipe is heard there to gladden the valley, neither is the festive board once cheered by the enlivening accompaniment of the song or the dance. One severe, uninterrupted poverty continues throughout these fertile, luxuriant plains. So unerring are the shafts of despotism, so oppressive their weight, so blighting their influence. Oh, happy Britain! these are scenes that make us look to our country with delight. Throughout all Europe, in all the countries of the world, there is

not a people so protected by their laws, and so fortunate in their government as ours. They say living at home fills us with prejudice; they mistake, it is travelling makes John Bulls of us all. It is experience of the miseries abroad that makes us proud of the blessings at home.

"From Serra we ran down into the plain to St. Venanzie, and from thence, leaving Modena to the right, struck across, in a delightful evening, by the way of Sassolo, to Reggio, the dirtiest and most filthy hole I ever was in.

"May 16.—We came from Ivrea to Aousta, through a narrow pass among the mountains, the road always romantic, wild, and beautiful. On the road we met with some French prisoners, whom the Piedmontese were conducting to Turin. One of them was brother to the French general, and being on horseback, I mistook him for a Piedmontese, asked him the news, and where the French were. When I found him a Frenchman, I was not a little startled, thinking it might be the enemy's patrole. We arrived at Aosta without difficulty or interruption. Soon after, I applied to the Piedmontese general De Robilant, for permission to see the camp, which was granted with great politeness. I found him drinking coffee, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and officers, in the palace. He asked me several questions with

regard to England, and spoke highly of the 'vin de cidre,' as he called it.

"All the cabarets at Aousta were filled with soldiers. The room we slept in beggars all description. Bugs and vermin, innumerable. Besides, it was a public passage. We walked all over the camp, and were near being apprehended as spies; but producing our permission from the General, all was well. There were 10,000 men under arms. The mountains on all sides were planted thick with soldiers, at so great a height we could not discern their tents. A trumpet from the French was led to the General this evening on horseback, with his eyes covered.

"May 17.—Could not succeed at all in bargaining with the muleteers for the passage of St. Bernard. They asked fifty louis. Upon this we set off with one servant, and a portmanteau, to walk to St. Remy, ten miles higher up at the foot of St. Bernard. By the way we stopped at the cottage of a muleteer, and refreshed ourselves with his wine and bread, under the shade of a spreading vine that hung over his door. We prevailed upon him to take us to St. Remy.

"The view of the valley d'Aousta from above is very fine, and the city at the feet of these immense mountains looks highly pleasing. A narrow, craggy path, winding between the mountains, conducted

us to St. Remy. A few miles from Aousta we saw a small camp of the Piedmontese hanging upon the side of a mountain, in a little green meadow, with a frightful precipice in front, and inaccessible heights behind. It commanded entirely the little pass we were in, and seemed itself impregnable. Higher up were planted the advanced guards, and the piquet, who was just visible from the glittering of his musket in the sun."

From St. Remy Mr. Clarke wrote in the following terms to his mother and sister.

"St. Remy, May 17th, 1794.

"My dear mother and sister.—St. Remy! you will say, where is St. Remy?—I believe all the maps you can find will not tell you. It is a *petit bourg*, built entirely of deal boards, and stands by the side of a foaming torrent, formed by the river Batteglio, as it falls from the high tops of St. Bernard. We are in the wildest part of the Alps, the snow lying at our door, and enjoying ourselves by the side of a rousing fire. The climate here is perpetual winter. Nothing can be more sublime than the scenery now before my eyes. Conceive me in a little wooden house, at a little wooden table, in a little wooden chair, looking through the crevices of a little wooden window, not bigger than a pigeon-hole, by the side of a wooden fire,

jammed in, as it were, among rocks, and woods, and waters, and yet elevated in the very regions of ether, high above all the countries and kingdoms of the earth:—

> 'Where 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
> Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
> More wildly great than pencil ever drew;
> Rocks, torrents, woods, and gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
> And glittering cliffs, on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise!'

What a parcel of mites ye all are! creeping about in the world below. Ye have no idea of the severe grandeur of the Alpine mountains, whose hoary tops drink the aerial solitude of the skies, and pour forth all the rivers of Europe. Here on one side rushes forth the Rhine. There the Danube, roaring, tumbles headlong, a torrent all foam and fury. See there the Tessin, and the Reusse, at first all noise and clamour, till, as they advance into the plains, they become wedded to the Po and the Rhine, and flow peaceably into the sea.

"Yet do not suppose that all are *agrémens* among these regions. What a miserable picture of human nature in the wretched inhabitants! Ugly, deformed, famished, filthy, and ragged! Their throats laden with immense tumours, the horrid effects of drinking snow water. The French breaking in upon them from all quarters, and tear-

ing from them the little that nature has allowed them. Whole families separated, and ruined. The men all drained for the wars, the women toiling in the field, and the children alone at home, crying for their parents and for bread.

" But I must talk of other things. I hope to be in England almost as soon as this letter. We shall be in Switzerland to-morrow. Perhaps at Lausanne, perhaps not. We mean to go from here to Vevay, and from thence to Basle, and so down the Rhine. We have lost a great deal of time since we left Leghorn, which hurries us very much. I was in hopes by this time to have been in Germany. However, sooner than not be home in time, we propose to travel night and day. It is these mountain journeys that delay us more than we expected. We have met with no danger from the French, they are encamped within twenty-five miles of us at the bottom of the *petit St. Bernard:* the mountain we are to cross is called the Grand St. Bernard, and lies at some distance from the other.

" If you wish to see where I am, you must look in a large map for Milan and Turin, and then between these two, a little to the north, you will see a place called Aousta, that is at the bottom of the mountains, about fifteen miles below me, and I am at the bottom of the Grand St. Bernard, about ten miles above me; which mountain we pass

over to-morrow, and then descend into Switzerland, to Vevay and Lausanne. If I should go to Lausanne, I will endeavour to call on Severy.

"Yesterday I saw the different camps belonging to the King of Sardinia, which are stuck up and down on the mountains, in the most picturesque manner you can conceive. Instead of the shepherd's pipe, one hears nothing now among these rural scenes, but the drum and the trumpet. All is war and anarchy. I think there is little doubt but all Italy will revolt before two more years are past. The French carry every thing before them; where they cannot conquer, they bribe, and that has more effect."

At last, with some difficulty, they passed the Great St. Bernard, and descending into the valley, arrived at Geneva, on the 23d of May; thence by Lausanne and Berne, to Basle. Here they were compelled to leave the usual route on the banks of the Rhine, on account of its being commanded in many places by the French artillery, which rendered it dangerous even to travellers. They turned off therefore through Fribourg and Radstadt, which were then occupied by the troops of the Prince of Condé, to Manheim; thence, to Mayence, where they embarked upon the Rhine for Cologne. Passing through Cleves, Utrecht, and Leyden, they came to the Hague; embarked

at Hellevoetsluys, and landed at Harwich on the 8th of June, where the Journal ends.

Before this Italian journey is dismissed from the mind of the reader, the Editor is tempted to present an extract from the Letters on Travel, already alluded to, which were written by Mr. Clarke during this tour, and were manifestly begun with a view to publication, although now found in an imperfect state. They are addressed to the young Nobility of England, and are designed to excite them to a wider field of enterprise and research in their travels. It is remarkable that he should have directed their attention in such earnest terms to those very countries (Greece, Egypt, and other parts of the East), in which he himself afterward exerted, with such success, his own ardent spirit of research, and where so many others have since reaped a most abundant harvest of interesting discovery.

"— It is usual," he says, "to dedicate a certain portion of your time to foreign travel. Fortunately, the systems of English education unite in embracing so excellent a mode of acquiring extensive knowledge. But, let me ask, have your continental expeditions been attended with that advantage, which it is natural to suppose would result from the lavish contribution, both of time

and treasure, which has been exacted to complete them? A painful witness of the contrary, it is with deep concern I call to mind, the shameful manner in which they are frequently accomplished. Roaming about the Continent, in almost proverbial apathy, becomes your characteristic. For what purpose do you travel? Is it to associate promiscuously with adventurers?—to be immured in gaming-houses?—to be seen all the morning at the billiard table; and all the evening intoxicated; or at the faro bank?—to become the object of contemptuous ridicule in every country you visit? Is it for this Albion pours forth her sons upon foreign ground; in the vain hope of obtaining ornaments to her senate, honours to her state, understandings enlarged, prejudices corrected, and taste refined?

"——Italy, exhausted by a long and successful scrutiny, is unable to supply new gratification, either in art or antiquity. But in other countries, removed from common observation, new fields of enterprise open an extensive prospect of pleasing research; as the desolated shores of Greece; the peaceful islands of the Ægean; the interesting plains of Asia Minor; the lakes, the ruins, and volcanoes of Syria; and the long, hollow valley of Egypt.

"These are the countries to which I would invite your attention. Among these scenes I would lead you to rescue from indiscrimate ruin,

the marvellous profusion of antiquities which lie scattered in promiscuous devastation, and yield a daily tribute to the wants or superstition of the inhabitants. The difficulties and dangers that have long been supposed to separate us from a connexion with them, I will set aside. The loss which the fine arts have suffered from the want of such an intercourse, I will endeavour to delineate; the advantages that would result from a more intimate acquaintance with the productions of ancient genius it is needless to portray. Instead of being harassed at Rome, by a perpetual cabal of antiquarians and artists, whose intrigues and discord pervade all the avenues of inquiry, and interrupt the progress of your studies, I will strive to withdraw you to those delightful scenes, where imposition has not yet dared to intrude; where, fearless of her snares, you may investigate the ruins of empires, whose inventive genius first produced, and then carried to perfection, those arts, which Rome in the zenith of her glory could only imitate.

"I invite you to extend the sphere of your ideas, that reflection may cast off the yoke of prejudice, and break the bonds by which custom has enchained the flights of human reason; to walk among the sequestered pillars of Athens, or trace the mystic labours of Egypt upon the pyramids of Memphis; to mark the chisels of Praxiteles and