AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

JOHN HOME, Esq.

BY

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&c. &c. &c.

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TO

THE READER.

THE reader of this Biographical Account may perhaps be surprised to find it now given to the public in the same form as it was originally read to the *Royal Society of Edinburgh*. In truth, there was at that time no intention of publishing it, as I conceived the life of Mr Home, the situation of the friends with whom he was connected, and the circumstances of the time in which he lived, to be so locally peculiar to *Scotland*, that they would not interest readers of the sister kingdom. It was afterwards,

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however, strongly urged by some friends, for whose opinion I have great respect, that the literature of this country had now become so much an object of attention to our southern neighbours, that any details relating to it, given by one who had known it almost from its first dawning to the present time, would interest the English nearly, if not quite, as much as the Scots reader. Still, however, diffident of its value in the more formal shape of a book, I chose to give it to the world, under the protection, as it were, of the Society to which it had been read, in the less assuming form in which it was presented to that learned body. I have now another motive for this, which is still more egotistical, and for which, therefore, I am not sure if I can claim the sympathy of the reader. In reviewing these sheets, as they were read to the Royal Society, I feel the melancholy indulgence (natural to my period of life,) of recalling the times and occasions when they were originally produced;—times

and occasions which live in my recollection, associated with the tender remembrance of those literary friends whom I have, alas! survived, but who remain, and, while I live, will remain, hallowed in my sense of their talents and their worth.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE OF MR JOHN HOME.*

THE biography of literary men is generally little more than a chronological account of their works, with a few private anecdotes, which, except being connected with, and, as it were, ennobled by their works, it could not be an object to record. But with that connection in their favour, the else unvalued circumstances of their lives acquire an interest with the reader proportionate to that which the writings of the author have excited; and we are anxious to know every little occurrence which befel him who was giving, at the period when these occurrences took place, the product of his mind to the public. We are anxious to know how the world treated the man who was labouring for its instruction or amusement, as well as the effect

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* Read at the Royal Society, on Monday, 22d June 1812.

which his private circumstances had on his literary productions, or the complexion, as one may term it, which those productions borrowed from the incidents of his life.

The above considerations afford an apology for the narratives of the comparatively unimportant occupations which the world peruses with so much attention and interest; they help that personification of an author which the reader of his work so naturally indulges; and if they sometimes put that reader right in his estimate of the influence of genius or feeling upon conduct, they serve at the same time as a moral lesson on the subject, and mark, as it were, one of the unexpected shores or islands, sometimes it may be rocks or quicksands, on the chart of life.

The subject of the Memoir which I now take the liberty of laying before the Society, is somewhat more entitled to notice than the common biography of mere literary men, from the peculiar circumstances in which the person of whom it treats was placed; and more particularly as he began to write in the dawn of that period of literary eminence which our countrymen have so much illustrated, and was extremely intimate with most of those men to whom Scotland owes so much of its reputation in the world of letters.

It is on this ground chiefly that I venture to submit it to the Society, not as a thing of any va-

lue in itself, but as borrowing some estimation from the era of which it speaks, and the names which that era introduces to their notice. It is only with reference to this sort of chronicle that it pretends to claim your attention, and that he who reads it could now pretend to make it worthy of your hearing. That waning age, and often interrupted health, which have so long delayed its production, even in a very imperfect state, have blunted, he is well aware, those powers which the world were kindly disposed to estimate, more from their application and tendency than from their intrinsic worth.

The first favoured lot of age is to retain its powers undecayed; the next is his who is sensible of their decay, and diffident of their exertions. The Society will pardon this little digression of egotism in one who will never probably be heard by it again in the first person, and who scarce presumes to expect that any partial friends will deem him of importance enough to recal him to its remembrance in the third.

JOHN HOME, of whose life I am to read the following sketch, was born at Leith, on the 22d day of September, 1722, O. S. He was the son of Mr Alexander Home, town-clerk of Leith, and Mrs Christian Hay, daughter of Mr John Hay, writer in Edinburgh, of a respectable family in the north

of Scotland. His father was a son of Mr Home of Flass, in the county of Berwick, a lineal descendant of Sir James Home of Cowdenknows, ancestor of the present Earl of Home.

Mr Home (according to the narrative, for which I am indebted to an intimate friend and relation of his) was educated at the Grammar School of Leith, and the University of Edinburgh. In both these seminaries he prosecuted his studies with remarkable diligence and success. While he attended the University, his talents, his progress in literature, and his peculiarly agreeable manners, soon excited the attention, and procured him in no small degree the favour, both of the professors and of his fellow students. At this early period of life he entered into strict bonds of friendship with the late Drs Robertson, Blair, Drysdale, and several others, of whom I shall, in a subsequent part of this Memoir, give a more particular account.

As he was educated with a view to obtain a situation as a minister of the Church of Scotland, his studies were, of course, for some time principally calculated to qualify him for the performance of the several duties incumbent on a clergyman. His character as a zealous and accomplished student, became in a few years very conspicuous. After passing, with much approbation, through the various trials, which candidates for acquiring the station of *probationers* for the ministry are required

to undergo, he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Edinburgh on the 4th day of April 1745, O. S.

His sincere attachment to the ecclesiastical and civil constitution of his country was, with his usual warmth and openness of mind, displayed in some of his early appearances in the pulpit.

The progress of his professional studies and occupations was interrupted by the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1745. This furnished an occasion for that military ardour, that chivalrous spirit, which his natural temperament and favourite course of reading had produced and fostered. He took the side of whiggism, as whiggism was then understood, and freedom, as British freedom was then conceived, and became a volunteer in a loyal corps, which was formed in Edinburgh with the original purpose of defending that city from the attack of the rebels, of which he has given a full account in his History of that Rebellion. In this corps he served at the unfortunate battle of *Falkirk*, and, after the defeat, was taken prisoner along with some others of his fellow volunteers, and committed to the Castle of *Doune* in Perthshire, from which the party contrived to escape by cutting their bed-clothes into ropes, and letting themselves down from the window of the room in which they were confined. One of their number (Mr Bar-

row,* a young English student, then in Edinburgh, an early and intimate acquaintance of Mr Home's) broke his leg in the descent; but Mr Home escaped unhurt, and, eluding the vigilance of the Jacobite party, who, in truth, were neither very active nor rigid in their measures of precaution or of resentment, took up his residence for some time with his relations at Leith, and applied himself to that sort of study which his intended clerical profession required, but always mixed, if not interrupted, by the kind of reading to which his inclination led, that of the historians and classics of Greece and Rome.

His temper was of that warm susceptible kind which is caught with the heroic and the tender, and which is more fitted to delight in the world of sentiment than to succeed in the bustle of ordinary life. This is a disposition of mind well suited to the poetical character, and, accordingly, all his earliest companions agree that Mr Home was from his childhood delighted with the lofty and heroic ideas which embody themselves in the description or narrative of poetry. One of them, nearly a coëval of Mr Home's, our respected and venerable colleague Dr A. Ferguson, says, in a letter to me, that Mr Home's

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* Mr Barrow was the "*Genial Youth*" mentioned in Collins's Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands.

favourite model of a character, on which, indeed, his own was formed, was that of Young *Norval*, in his tragedy of *Douglas*, one endowed with chivalrous valour and romantic generosity, eager for glory beyond every other object, and, in the contemplation of future fame, entirely regardless of the present objects of interest or ambition. It was upon this ideal model of excellence that Mr Home's own character was formed, and the same glowing complexion of mind which gave it birth, coloured the sentiments and descriptions of his ordinary discourse; he had a very retentive memory, and was fond of recalling the incidents of past times, and of dramatizing his stories by introducing the names and characters of the persons concerned in them. The same turn of mind threw a certain degree of elevation into his language, and heightened the narrative in which that language was employed; he spoke of himself with a frankness which a man of that disposition is apt to indulge, but with which he sometimes forgot that his audience was not always inclined to sympathize, and thence he was accused of more vanity than in truth belonged to his character. The same warm colouring was employed in the delineation of his friends, to whom, in his estimation, he assigned a rank which others did not always allow. So far did he carry this propensity, that, as Dr Robertson used jokingly to say, he invested them with a sort of supernatural

privilege above the ordinary humiliating circumstances of mortality. "He never (said the Doctor) would allow that a friend was sick till he heard of his death." To the same source might be traced the warm eulogium which he was accustomed to bestow on them. "He delighted in bestowing as well as in receiving what is generally termed flattery, (says another of his intimates,) but with him it had all the openness and warmth of truth. He flattered all of us from whom his flattery could gain no favour, fully as much, or, indeed, more willingly, than he did those men of the first consequence and rank with whom the circumstances of his future life associated him, and he received any praise from us with the same genuine feelings of friendship and attachment." There was no false coinage in this currency which he used in his friendly intercourse; whether given or received, it had with him the stamp of perfect candour and sincerity.

Those companions at this early period of his youth were chiefly found among young men employed in the same studies, and destined for the same profession with himself, that of the Church of Scotland.

The clergy of Scotland were at that time one of the most respectable as well as happy orders of the people. With the advantages always of a classical, and sometimes of a polite education, their knowledge was equal or superior to that of any man in their parish. Their influence in those times, be-

fore a number of different sectaries had withdrawn themselves from the established church, was great and universal, and their incomes, taken with reference to the value of money, the state of manners, and style of living at that period, were much more adequate to all the purposes of comfort and decent appearance than their stipends of the present day, after all the augmentations which have been granted them. At that period, when the value of land was low, when the proprietors of a parish lived more at home, when there were fewer outlets for their younger sons, and when those younger sons did not so often as they now do bring back great wealth, its attendant pretensions and its attendant luxuries, to their native districts, the clergyman of the parish stood high in the scale of rank among his parishioners, and, as I well remember, was able to maintain a certain style of plain and cordial hospitality, which gave him all the advantages of rational gentleman-like society. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland gave its clergy an opportunity of occasional visits to the metropolis, and of a situation in that truly popular assembly which brought them to a level, and mixed them for a time, with gentlemen of the first rank and respectability in the country. In point of weight and consideration, and, indeed, in the exertion of talent, particularly in that of oratory, they had this obvious advantage over the lay members of that

assembly, that the subjects were chiefly clerical, lying more within the range of their accustomed studies, as well as more within the reach of their particular information, than could be the case with the laymen who sat there along with them. The clergy of Edinburgh, coming thither thus prepared by education and habit, for filling a respectable place in society, found in that city a circle well adapted to perfect their knowledge, to enlarge their minds, and to foster their genius. They mixed more than, I think, they have done at any subsequent period, with the first and most distinguished persons of the place, distinguished, whether for science, literature, or polite manners, and even, as far as the clerical character might innocently allow, with the men of fashion conspicuous for wit and gaiety. In the inexpensive style of the Edinburgh society, at the period to which I allude, when *tea* was the meal of ceremony for general acquaintance, and a supper of a very moderate number that of more intimate society, there was much more intercourse of mind than in the large parties of modern times, which form, in truth, a sort of public place in a private house. In such places of numerous resort, even if other circumstances allowed, the clergy cannot so easily mix with those who are styled people of fashion. I regret the want of mixture of clerical and lay society for the sake of both parties. To the one it tended to add the

graces of manner to the solid talents which at all times so many of them possess. To the other it tended to give that very solidity, soberness, and modesty of demeanour, so useful and so amiable in the young of either sex. It tended to give to wealth and rank, instead of the insolence and frivolity which often accompany them, the urbanity, the condescension, the chastened wit, the decent deportment, which are the great sweeteners, as well as ennoblers, of social life. It added respect and dignity to both parties, and mixed into a closer and more advantageous union, the different classes of men. It checked the petulance of the young, and smoothed the severity of the old; it added sentiment to the gaieties, and gave more winning features to the serious duties, of life.

There was, indeed, a high Calvinistic party in the church, whose rigid ideas of the clerical function were somewhat unfriendly to social intercourse, or the ease of social enjoyment. But they were often men of great learning and talents, and they had their reward in the authority and popular weight which they obtained among the bulk of their parishioners. The party opposite to them, who were less rigid and severe in their ideas of clerical manners and character, owed, perhaps, to that very distinction a politeness and suavity of deportment, and an attention to accomplishment and elegance in their studies, to which otherwise their si-

tuation might not have led. They cultivated classical literature, and began that study of refined composition which some of them afterwards carried to such a degree of excellence in this country.

Of this party was Mr John Home, who was early associated with his coëvals destined for the church, of similar inclinations and dispositions. Besides the eminent persons above-mentioned, Robertson, Hugh Blair, and Drysdale, he became intimately associated with others of his fellow-churchmen, whose disposition, as well as talents, were calculated to combine with and to foster his own. Among these were Drs Cleghorn, Carlyle, Adam Ferguson, Ballantyne, and Logan.* The last of these was peculiarly distinguished for learning and acuteness, and was generally allowed to be the first metaphysician of his time. This quality tended to draw upon him a certain suspicion of heterodoxy; and Dr Carlyle used to mention, that once having lent Dr Logan a sermon, when he was unexpectedly called to preach before the Presbytery of Dalkeith, that reverend body believing it to be Logan's own, found, or conceived themselves to find, so much sceptical metaphysics in it, as to be

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* Not the clergyman of that name, the poet of a later time, but another clergyman, coeval with Mr Home, who died before the younger Logan was known as an author.

with difficulty prevented from instituting a prosecution against the preacher.

I have prepared the Society for this paper being a paper of parentheses—a sort of *literary gossip's story*. Will they indulge me in a somewhat *long*, and, perhaps, it may be thought still more *tedious* than long, parenthesis on the situation and character of some of Mr Home's early companions, whose names and memories they may not be unwilling, however, to recal, as the fathers and fosterers of that literary and philosophical spirit to which this Society owes its origin and station?

It were impertinent in me to do any more than merely to name those illustrious men whose biography has been already in much abler hands, Drs Robertson and Blair, and David Hume, nor need I speak of our venerable colleague, Dr A. Ferguson, whose life, as well as his works, are so well known to the world. Others there were of less note, who have not been handed down by their literary labours to posterity, but who were, perhaps, little inferior either in genius or learning to their more celebrated companions, and to whom those companions were indebted, not only for a great part of the happiness of their lives, but more, perhaps, than can ever be known, for many suggestions, for the original germ of many ideas, which they afterwards expanded or adorned in the volumes which they gave to the world. At that

time the press was a vehicle not so immediately resorted to for the communication of opinion or of theory as it now is. Men were then shyer of coming forth to public notice as authors, and were apt to content themselves with the conscious possession of talents or of learning, or the participation of those endowments with the circle of such of their friends as were qualified to appreciate them.

Among these were the clergymen Ballantyne, Logan, Carlyle, and Drysdale, whom I have mentioned above; and, at a later period, General Fletcher, who was one of Mr Home's most intimate and constant companions, a man of a very elegant appearance, and a scholar more deeply read than men in his situation commonly are. Mr John Jardine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, was another of that circle, the coëval and intimate companion of Mr Home, a man of infinite pleasantry as well as great talents, whose conversation, perhaps, beyond that of any other of the set, possessed the charm of easy natural attractive humour. His playful vivacity often amused itself in a sort of mock contest with the infantile (if I may use such a phrase when speaking of such a man) simplicity of David Hume, who himself enjoyed the discovery of the joke which had before excited the laugh of his companions around him. Another member of that society, while he lived in

the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was Wilkie, author of the Epigoniad, a poem now but little read or known, yet certainly of great merit, not only as possessing much of the spirit and manner of Homer, of whom its author was an enthusiastic admirer, but also a manly and vigorous style of poetry, rarely found in modern compositions of the kind. Of Wilkie all the party spoke as superior in original genius to any man of his time, but rough and unpolished in his manners, and still less accommodating to the decorum of society in the ordinary habits of his life. Charles Townsend, a very competent judge of men, and who, both as a politician and a man of the world, was fond of judging them, said, after being introduced to Wilkie, and spending a day with him at Dr Carlyle's, that he had never met with a man who approached so near to the two extremes of a god and a brute as Dr Wilkie.

It might surprise us to find how much Wilkie, with all his vigour of mind, his powers of expression, and shrewdness of observation, has failed in the Moral Fables which he published some time after his Epigoniad, did we not know how much poetry requires feeling, as well as knowledge and fancy, a quality which Wilkie did not much possess. To poetical excellence, perhaps, even a degree of nervous sensibility, bordering on weakness, is often favourable; the poetical talent is favoured, at

least, by that pliability of imagination which identifies itself with the character, with the passion, with the scene, which it delineates; it goes out of the man's self, as it were, to assume such character and passion, to lose its own actual situation in such a scene. Hence, too, one can easily account for what has appeared strange to some, (and the wonder is, perhaps, a compliment to those who think it strange,) namely, the highly virtuous poetry, or works of imagination akin to poetry, of men whose conduct was so little actuated by virtue.

It is, perhaps, to a want of this poetical sensibility that we may chiefly impute the inferior degree of interest excited by Wilkie's Epigoniad, to that which its merits in other respects might excite. Perhaps it suffers also from its author having the Homeric imitation constantly in view, in which, however, he must be allowed, I think, to have been very successful,—so successful that a person, ignorant of Greek, will, I believe, better conceive what Homer is in the original by perusing the Epigoniad, than by reading even the excellent translation of Pope.

Of this groupe of men, with whom, as I have said, Mr John Home was associated, was Dr Wallace, another minister of Edinburgh, known as an author by his Treatise on the Numbers of Mankind, who cultivated the science of political economy before it had begun to be studied here under those great

masters, David Hume, and his friend, Adam Smith. Dr Wallace, with the most perfect correctness of clerical character, was a man of the world in that better sense of the term, which implies a knowledge of whatever human science or learning has done to enlighten mankind; and he even extended his reading to its innocent though lighter accomplishments. He wrote Notes, as his son informs us, on "Gallini's Treatise on Dancing." I sat with my father's family in the Little Church, (called Haddo's Hold, from its having been once used as a prison for Lord Haddo, in the days of civil contention in Scotland,) where Dr Wallace was minister; and I perfectly remember his introducing in a sermon, comparing modern morals, manners, and attainments, with those of the ancients, a high encomium on "Gray's Elegy on a Country Church Yard," which had been published a short while before, which he said he would venture to compare with the most celebrated specimens of ancient classic poetry. *

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* "An anecdote, told by the late Professor Robison, (as mentioned in his Life, read by the late Professor Playfair to this Society,) deserves well to be remembered. Professor Robison, then employed as an engineer in the army commanded by General Wolfe, happened to be on duty in the boat in which the General went to visit some of his posts, the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in, and the

The opposite party in church politics had also their economist and arithmetician, Dr Alexander Webster, who, from his talents in those departments, arranged, if not originated, the Corporation of the *Widows' Fund*, destined to support the widows and orphans of the Scots clergy, an institution the most useful as well as prosperous of any of the kind in Europe. Drs Dick and Peter Cumming were likewise very eminent among that party for talents and learning. Dick was of that high unbending mind, which was better fitted for public exhibitions of eloquence than for the level of ordinary conversation; but Dr Webster and P. Cumming possessed a degree of natural humour and pleasantry equal to those of any men with whom my youthful days had the pleasure of being associated.

Of George Wishart, minister of Edinburgh, and another of what was termed the moderate party, the figure is before me at this moment. It is possible some of the Society who hear me may remember him. Without the advantage of that circum-

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morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that 'he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.'" —*Playfair's Works, Life of Robison*, vol. IV. p. 126-7.

stance, I can faintly describe his sainted countenance—that physiognomy so truly expressive of Christian meekness, yet, in the pulpit, often lighted up with the warmest devotional feeling. In the midst of his family society—a numerous and amiable one—it beamed with so much patriarchal affection and benignity, so much of native politeness, graced with those manners which improve its form, without weakening its substance, that I think a painter of the *Apostolic School could have no where found a more perfect model.

The lay members of this circle, with whom Mr Home spent much of his time, were not less eminent for talents than amiable in manners; Lord Elibank, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Mr Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, Mr Baron Mure, and Mr Johnston, afterwards Sir William Pulteney. Lord Elibank was, in conversation, much beyond any of those his companions. His wit was of the most brilliant, yet, at the same time, of the most natural kind. His knowledge of books was various and extensive, and his memory of what he read surprisingly accurate as well as retentive. His remarks both on books and men were not less conspicuous for originality than discernment.

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* I am aware that there is no such school technically so called; but I shall be easily understood to mean that class of painters whose subjects led them so often to exhibit the sainted countenances of our Saviour and his disciples.

But the most illustrious of that circle was David Hume, who had a sincere affection for his poetical namesake,—an affection which was never abated during the life of that celebrated man. The unfortunate nature of his opinions with regard to the theoretical principles of moral and religious truth, never influenced his regard for men who held very opposite sentiments on those subjects—subjects which he never, like some vain and shallow sceptics, introduced into social discourse; on the contrary, when at any time the conversation tended that way, he was desirous rather of avoiding any serious discussion on matters which he wished to confine to the graver and less dangerous consideration of cool philosophy. He had, it might be said, in the language which the Grecian historian applies to an illustrious Roman, two minds; one which indulged in the metaphysical scepticism which his genius could invent, but which it could not always disentangle; another, simple, natural, and playful, which made his conversation delightful to his friends, and even frequently conciliated men whose principles of belief his philosophical doubts, if they had not power to shake, had grieved and offended. During the latter period of his life I was frequently in his company amidst persons of genuine piety, and I never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies—still more susceptible than men—could take offence.

His good nature and benevolence prevented such an injury to his hearers; it was unfortunate that he often forgot what injury some of his writings might do to his readers. The sentiments which such good nature and benevolence might suggest, I ventured to embody, in a sort of dramatic form, in the story of La Roche in the Mirror, in which Mr Hume is made to say, "That there were times when, recollecting that venerable pastor and his lovely daughter, he forgot the pride of literary fame, and wished that he had never doubted." It will not, I hope, be an offensive egotism, if I inform the Society, that, when I wrote that story, being anxious there should not be a single expression in it that could give offence or uneasiness to any friend of Mr Hume's, I read it to Dr Adam Smith, and begged that he would tell me if any thing should be left out or altered. He heard it attentively, and declared he did not find a syllable to object to; but added, with his characteristic absence of mind, that he was surprised he had never heard of the anecdote before.

In the same *bonhommie*, Mr Hume bore with perfect good nature the pleasantries which humorous deductions from his theoretical scepticism sometimes produced. Once, I have been told, he was in a small degree ruffled by a witticism of Mr John Home's, who, though always pleasant, and often lively, seldom produced what might be term-

ed or repeated as wit. The clerk of an eminent banker in Edinburgh, a young man of irreproachable conduct, and much in the confidence of his master, eloped with a considerable sum with which he had been entrusted. The circumstance was mentioned at a dinner where the two Humes, the historian and the poet, and several of their usual friendly circle, were present. David Hume spoke of it as a kind of moral problem, and wondered what could induce a man of such character and habits as this clerk was said to possess, thus to incur, for an inconsiderable sum, the guilt and the infamy of such a transaction. "I can easily account for it," said his friend John Home, "from the nature of his studies, and the kind of books which he was in the habit of reading." "What were they?" said the philosopher. "Boston's Fourfold State," rejoined the poet, "and Hume's Essays." David was more hurt by the joke than was usual with him, probably from the singular conjunction of the two works, which formed, according to his friend's account, the library of the unfortunate young man.

Such was the free and cordial communication of sentiments, the natural play of fancy and good humour, which prevailed among the circle of men whom I have described. It was very different from that display of learning—that prize-fighting of wit, which distinguished a literary circle of our

sister country, of which we have some authentic and curious records. There all ease of intercourse was changed for the pride of victory; and the victors, like some savage combatants, gave no quarter to the vanquished. This may, perhaps, be accounted for more from the situation than the dispositions of the principal members of that society. The literary circle of London was a sort of sect, a *caste* separate from the ordinary professions and habits of common life. They were traders in talent and learning, and brought, like other traders, samples of their goods into company, with a jealousy of competition which prevented their enjoying, as much as otherwise they might, any excellence in their competitors.

The learned and ingenious men whom I have just mentioned, were the principal founders of the society established in Edinburgh under the denomination of the *Select Society*, of which Mr Stewart has given a list in his Life of Dr Robertson. That list, according to the information of a member, is not quite complete. Among other names omitted, may be mentioned those of the Duke of Hamilton, a man, not only of elegant manners, but of classical acquirements; but careless and dissipated in the highest degree; Lord Dalmeny, cut off, like the duke, in the prime of life, though very different in the temperance of its habits. Mr Robert Alexander was also a zealous member of that so-

ciety; a very worthy, intelligent, and accomplished man, but plain and awkward in his person, and devoid of that readiness of thought and command of expression which might qualify him for a speaker. "But his suppers," says my authority, "were delightful, formed on the model of Paris, where Mr A. had occasion frequently to be; they were elegant and enjoués, frequented by all the literary, and most of the fashionable, persons of the time. By those meetings (continued he) some of the most distinguished members of the Select Society were more improved than by the debates at its sittings. Those meetings of easy but improving sociality rubbed off the corners of mere learning and science, and thus made the literati of Edinburgh less capticious and less pedantic than those of any other place."

About this time (1755) was produced a periodical publication, which attracted less notice at the time than it has since excited, when its principal authors had attained such celebrity as to make the world anxious to know the smallest of their productions,—I mean the Original *Edinburgh Review*, of which only two numbers were published; the article by Adam Smith, a Criticism on Johnson's Dictionary, was very conspicuous.

David Hume was not among the number of the writers of the Review, though we should have thought he would have been the first person whose

co-operation they would have sought. But I think I have heard that they were afraid both of his extreme good nature, and his extreme artlessness; that, from the one, their criticisms would have been weakened, or suppressed, and, from the other, their secret discovered. The merits of the work strongly attracted his attention, and he expressed his surprise, to some of the gentlemen concerned in it, with whom he was daily in the habit of meeting, at the excellence of a performance written, as he presumed, from his ignorance on the subject, by some persons out of their own literary circle. It was agreed to communicate the secret to him at a dinner, which was shortly after given by one of their number. At that dinner he repeated his wonder on the subject of the Edinburgh Review. One of the company said he knew the authors, and would tell them to Mr Hume upon his giving an oath of secrecy. "How is the oath to be taken," said David, with his usual pleasantry, "of a man accused of so much scepticism as I am? You would not trust my Bible Oath; but I will swear by the το καλον and the το πρεπον never to reveal your secret." He was then told the names of the authors and the plan of the work, but it was not continued long enough to allow of his contributing any articles. Of another work, and one of much humour, written by Adam Ferguson, in ridicule of the opposers of a Scots militia, "The History of Sister Peg," Da-

vid Hume was also kept in ignorance, from similar motives, by his literary friends. By way of a pleasant revenge for their want of confidence, David Hume wrote a letter to the publisher, assuming the work to himself, and accounting for his having till that time declined avowing it. I have seen this letter, and it is written in such a style, as, to a man not informed of the real circumstances of the case, would leave no doubt of Mr Hume's being the author of the book. I could not read this letter without being confirmed in an observation which I have often ventured to make, on the uncertainty of the evidence arising from *letters*, when the writers are dead, and the motives of their correspondence cannot be known.

The mention of *Sister Peg* leads me to take notice of another literary association, considerably later than the *Select Society*, established under the auspices of some of Mr Home's above-mentioned companions, and in conformity to his own sanguine ideas of national pride and heroism ; this was the *Poker Club*, instituted in 1762, at a time when Scotland was refused a militia, and thought herself affronted by the refusal ; a refusal which many sensible and moderate men thought for her advantage, as she was just then beginning that course of improvement in industry, and particularly in agriculture, which she has since so successfully prosecuted ; but, perhaps, chiefly caused by that jealousy, which

fifteen years had not yet extinguished, of a disaffected spirit of Jacobitism, which made it unsafe to trust the people of Scotland, or at least a great part of them, with arms. The name of this club, the *Poker*, was chosen from a quaint sort of allusion to the principles it was originally meant to excite, as a club to stir up the fire and spirit of the country. It was afterwards extended as to members, though less definite in its objects, by the admission of a number of gentlemen of this country, and chiefly resident in Edinburgh, considerable either in rank and station, or eminent for talents. At its first institution, Mr Johnston, afterwards Sir William Pulteney, was chosen Secretary, with two assistants, for the revisal of any publications that might be thought necessary; and, in a playful moment, Mr Andrew Crosbie, the celebrated barrister, (one of the most zealous advocates for the people, and one of the warmest asserters of their freedom, but the best-natured and gentlest man possible in private life,) was chosen *Assassin*, in case that office should be found necessary, with another more celebrated man, equally remarkable for the mildness of his disposition, Mr David Hume, for his assistant. I see among these careless scraps of his earlier writings, which Mr Hume had preserved, the beginning of a warm paper addressed to the landed gentlemen of Scotland, on the subject of the militia, ascribing to the want of it

the early misfortunes of the Seven Years' War, to which the subsequent successes, unparalleled in British history, afforded a sufficient answer. The club flourished till 1784, when its members, according to a list I have seen, were in number sixty-six, consisting, among other literary men, of several whom I have mentioned above, of Patrick Lord Elibank, Sir John Dalrymple, Sir James Stewart, Dr Adam Smith, Drs Cullen, Black, and Gregory, and Professor James Russel. Of men that were afterwards eminent in public life, were Lord Melville, Sir Gilbert Elliot, his brother Admiral Elliot, and Sir Robert Murray Keith. Of men of fashion, who, in those days, were proud of connection and acquaintance with men of letters, were the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Grahame, afterwards Duke of Montrose, Lord Mountstewart, afterwards Earl of Bute, the Earls of Haddington, Glencairn, and Glasgow, Lord Binning, Sir Adam Ferguson, and Sir John Halkett.

Excellent as, from the above enumeration, the Society of Edinburgh will be allowed, at that period, to have been, yet old Ambassador Keith, who returned to his native city after an absence of twenty-two years, complained (perhaps with an old man's partiality) that it had lost some of that high polish and general information of which he remembered it possessed. In his younger days, he said,

every Scots gentleman, of L.300 a-year, made it a necessary part of education to travel for two or three years abroad, when, having previously acquired sufficient learning and information to point out their objects of inquiry, and to lay the foundation for future acquirements, and not being rich enough for the indulgence of the idleness, the follies, or the profligacy which are often produced or fostered by wealth, the gentlemen of Scotland improved in manners and in fashion, and gained that knowledge of the world and enlargement of mind, which made their society afterwards so delightful at home. "They were qualified," says my authority, "for conversation and study, while they cultivated their paternal fields. Sportsmen and farmers, without being able to talk of nothing else than the pedigree of horses, the breed of bullocks, or the qualities of manure." The elder Keith, whose opinion I have just quoted, became, at that advanced age, a member of the Poker Club, with which he frequently associated. Lord Elliock was a constant attendant; an excellent scholar, of the most singularly retentive memory, particularly for anecdotes, with a great store of which his long residence abroad had furnished him. When in Holland, he had the good fortune to be intimately known, and often in the society of Frederick the Great, whom the jealousy of his father, then King of Prussia, had banished at that time from his native country.

I hope I have not trespassed too far on the patience of the Society, in this account of Mr Home's companions and associates. Young men speak from feeling, old men from memory. I am aware that the memory of old men is apt to be tiresome, from the length and minuteness of its details; it is only interesting to others, in proportion as it travels over important events, or among eminent men. I know also, that the narrator is often deceived as to the interest of his narrative. The sun-set of life, like that of the natural day, throws a golden gleam on the objects of our recollection, which brightens them to our view much beyond the appearance which they wear when clothed in soberer colours; but the narrative, like the landscape, draws some advantage, with susceptible minds, from the tint which is thus thrown upon it, though they may be aware that it is illumined somewhat beyond the colouring of truth.

Such companions and associates as I have mentioned naturally encouraged Mr Home's love of letters, and his ardour for poetry. But, besides this excitement, he had from nature, or a very early education, received a turn of mind, or imbibed sentiments and habits, very favourable to the poetical spirit. Notice has been already taken of that admiration of the chivalrous character, of ardent valour, and of military fame, which Mr Ferguson states as one of his marked early propensities, per-

sonified in his character of Young Douglas. His favourite reading was of a kind to inflame the imagination, and to dramatize, as it were, the passions. Plutarch was the author constantly in his hands. The spirit with which he read this historian may be judged by the opening of an Essay he had begun to write on the character of the Gracchi. "I hope," says he, in detailing his motives for writing it, "that the freemen of Great Britain will read Plutarch, and my reflections upon his narrative, with the same passion and pleasure that I think and write; and while they contemplate and admire the actions of those great men, be inspired with that spirit of liberty which was so strong in them."

Mr Home's favourite amusement was angling—one that seems to me peculiarly adapted to nourish poetical feeling, and to inspire poetical enthusiasm. The romantic scenery which surrounds the angler—the quiet and solitude to which his art necessarily leads—the pauses which the *contemplative angler* (as Walton calls him) frequently indulges—that repose of the soul which Rousseau has so enchantingly described, which lets sleep the severer faculties and powers, but wakes the fancy and the heart;—all these concomitants of this amusement are the natural food of poetry. From the usual scenes of this diversion Mr Home has borrowed an expression, which, though somewhat bold, and therefore made a subject of ridicule to the soberer

critic, any man who has listened to the rippling of a brook, in the stillness of noon, or in the silence of a summer evening, will immediately acknowledge to be just:

> "The river, coursing o'er its pebbly bed,
> Imposes silence with a stilly sound."

Mr Home's classical reading was such as to bend his mind to that heroic sentiment of which I have taken notice above, the swell of which is one of the nurses of poetry. He had written an Essay, of which I have seen considerable detached pieces, on the Character of Cornelius and Sempronius Gracchus, of Cleomenes and Agis, and the Republican Form of Government, of which, like most young men of ardent minds, he was at that time a great admirer. From the perusal of Plutarch, he had early conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of the death of Agis, as related by that biographer, and had completed the first copy of it soon after he was settled as minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, which was in the year 1746. To that church he was presented by the patron, Mr Kinloch, afterwards Sir David Kinloch of Gilmerton, and was the immediate successor of another poetical incumbent, author of a very popular poem,* The Grave. Mr Kinloch did him

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* This gentleman may be mentioned with another dis-

another favour, which had a material influence on his future life; he introduced him to his relation, Lord Milton, then *Sous-Ministre* for Scotland, under Archibald Duke of Argyle, who conceived a very great kindness for him. In a conversation soon after this introduction, the Duke said, "Mr Home, I am now too old to hope for an opportunity of doing you any material service myself; but I will do you the greatest favour in my power, by presenting you to my nephew, the Earl of Bute." Amidst his classical and poetical reading, however, Mr Home occupied himself not only in the studies of Ethics and Divinity, but also in the composition of Sermons. But even at these moments, it would seem as if his mind was constrained, not changed, from its favourite bent; for, on the backs, or blank interstices of the papers containing some of his earliest composed sermons, there are passages of poetry, written in a more or less perfect state, as the inspiration or leisure of the moment prompted or allowed. But his clerical duties, of every kind, were always attended to, and so great a favourite was he with the parishioners of Athelstaneford,

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tinction, though he did not live to reap the pleasure it must have conferred; he was the father of the late Robert Blair, President of the Court of Session, a name which will be long remembered with reverence and admiration by the Bar of Scotland.

that, as Dr Carlyle was informed by a gentleman who heard him preach his farewell sermon at that church, there was not a dry eye among his audience; and, at a subsequent period, when he retired from active life, and built a house in East-Lothian, near the parish where he had once been minister, his former parishioners, as Lord Haddington informed me, insisted on leading the stones for the building, and would not yield to his earnest importunity to pay them any compensation for their labour.

I have in my possession part of a scroll of answers to the observations of some friendly critic, on the play of *Agis*, the first production of Mr Home's tragic muse, but it is so mutilated, that it is impossible to trace its date, or the person to whom it is addressed; but, from the fragment which remains, Mr Home seems to have availed himself of the remarks of his friend, in several particulars. The original plan of the tragedy, I have understood, was to have constructed the fable solely on the distresses and death of Agis, as a patriot king; but fearing that this subject was too barren of incident and passion, to suit the prevailing dramatic taste, he afterwards added the love part of the plot, by the introduction of the Athenian maid *Euanthe*, betrothed to the hero of the piece, *Lysander*, the friend and avenger of Agis.

Conceiving that, thus improved in its interest, the play was now fit for the stage, he went to Lon-

don about the end of the year 1749, and offered it to Mr Garrick, for representation at Drury-Lane, of which that great actor had recently become manager. But that gentleman did not think it well adapted to the stage, and declined bringing it on, much to the mortification of its author, who, with the feeling natural to such a situation, wrote the following verses on the tomb of Shakespeare, in Westminster-Abbey:

Verses written by Mr Home, with a Pencil, on Shakespeare's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

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

After this unsuccessful expedition to London, he turned his mind to the composition of the tragedy of Douglas, of which he had, as his friends believed, sketched the plan some time before.

From certain notes and hints, relating to this tragedy, in my possession, it appears to have un-

dergone material alteration from the original design, or rather, indeed, composition; for the plot, which was suggested to the author by the old popular ballad of Gil Morice, seems not to have been materially altered. The names of the persons of the drama appear to have been changed during the time in which the author perfected his piece. That of Norval in those fragments is Norman. Even after the first representations, the name Randolph was substituted for Barnet, the name in the old ballad, which had struck some of the English part of the audience as producing a bad effect, from its being the same with that of the village near London.

With the tragedy of Douglas in his pocket, Mr Home set off on horseback for London, from his house in East-Lothian, in February 1755. The ideas of his friends as to its excellence and success were very sanguine indeed, as appears from the warm expressions used by Dr Carlyle in describing some incidents at the beginning of the author's journey, who was accompanied, to a certain distance on his way, by some of his most intimate friends, of whom Dr Carlyle was one. The habitual carelessness of Mr Home (another quality, I am afraid I must say failing, which I might, perhaps, have enumerated among those allied to the poetical character,) was strongly shewn by his having thought of no better conveyance for this MS., by which he

was to acquire all that fame and future success of which his friends were so confident, than the pocket of the great-coat in which he rode. Dr Carlyle and his other friends trembled for the safety of this drama, their admiration of which he describes as approaching to idolatry, and turned a little out of their road to procure from a clergyman of their acquaintance the loan of a pair of saddle-bags, in which to deposit the MS. Having thus, by the provident care of his friends, secured it from the accidents of the weather, he rode on to London, full of those sanguine hopes which every man in his situation indulges, and presented his play to Garrick, to whom he had procured an introduction; but Garrick did not see those merits which have since rendered Douglas so popular, and returned it to the author, with the mortifying declaration, that it was totally unfit for the stage. Neither Mr Home nor his friends were at all satisfied with this decision, and immediately conceived the plan of bringing it out at the Edinburgh Theatre, then under the management of Digges, an actor of very great powers, (though with many defects,) and of great popularity in Scotland. Its rehearsals were attended by that literary party who were the constant companions of the author, and then the chief arbiters of taste and literature in Edinburgh—Lord Elibank, David Hume, Mr Wedderburn,

Dr Adam Ferguson, and others. Dr Carlyle, who sometimes witnessed those rehearsals, expresses, in his Memoirs, his surprise and admiration at the acting of Mrs Ward, who performed Lady Randolph. Digges was the Douglas of the piece, his supposed father was played by Hayman, and Glenalvon, by Love; actors of very considerable merit, and afterwards of established reputation on the London stage. But Mrs Ward's beauty (for she was very beautiful,) and feeling, tutored with the most zealous anxiety by the author and his friends, charmed and affected the audience as much, perhaps, as has ever been accomplished by the very superior actresses of after times. I was then a boy, but of an age to be sometimes admitted as a sort of page to the tea-drinking parties of Edinburgh. I have a perfect recollection of the strong sensation which Douglas excited among its inhabitants. The men talked of the rehearsals; the ladies repeated what they had heard of the story; some had procured, as a great favour, copies of the most striking passages, which they recited at the earnest request of the company. I was present at the representation; the applause was enthusiastic; but a better criterion of its merits was the tears of the audience, which the tender part of the drama drew forth unsparingly. "The town," says Dr Carlyle, (and I can vouch how truly,) "was in an uproar of exulta-

tion, that a Scotsman should write a tragedy of the first rate, and that its merits were first submitted to them."

But the most remarkable circumstance attending its representation, was the clerical contest which it excited, and the proceedings of the Church of Scotland with regard to it. Religious zeal, and a jealousy of any infringement on the established doctrines of the Presbyterian Kirk, seem to have been more than usually predominant at the time of the appearance of Douglas. About this time was published, "England's Alarm," a complaint of the gross impiety and atheism of the times, applicable to Great Britain in general, but particularly referring to the corruptions of religion in Scotland; among which were specified the breach of the National Covenant, the subsistence of Episcopacy, and the adoption of Episcopal forms of worship, which the author severely condemns, such as kneeling at receiving the sacrament, ecclesiastical habits, (not moral habits, but the dress and costume of the church,) the Liturgy, &c. On the other hand, Lord Kames had just published a small metaphysical treatise, entitled, "Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion." This was supposed by some of the clergy to contain principles and positions derogatory to the Christain faith, and the rules of morality contained in the Gospel. A zealous clergyman, Mr George Anderson, minister

of Chirnside, gave in a complaint against the book, (its author was then unknown,) and the bookseller by whom it was published, to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, praying that reverend judicature to call before them the bookseller, in order to his giving up the author, that the Presbytery might pronounce against him such censure as the writing and publishing so wicked a book might seem to deserve. Very able legal answers were given in to this complaint by the counsel for the bookseller, Mr, afterwards Sir John, Dalrymple, and Mr Ferguson of Pitfour; and a pamphlet was written in the author's defence, and in his name, but generally supposed to be the production of Dr Hugh Blair. In both, the natural tendency of Lord Kames's work was contended to be altogether the reverse of what the complaint supposed; and for the particular doctrines laid down in the tract, the counsel for the bookseller, and the writer of the pamphlet in behalf of the author, produced very high authority, in numberless quotations from the fathers of the church, and the most eminent as well as orthodox divines. To these defences, Mr Anderson gave in a reply, under the title of "The Complaint Verified." On the 28th January, 1757, the Presbytery pronounced its sentence in the following terms: "The Presbytery, having resumed the consideration of Mr Anderson's complaint, the majority came to the resolution of dismissing it, on the

ground of the author's having, in his explanatory pamphlet, explained and accounted for the unguarded expressions in his Essays, and expressed his regard for religion ; and to prevent the Presbytery's entering into so abstruse and metaphysical a question."

It is a singular enough coincidence with some church proceedings, about fifty years after, that Dr Blair, in defence of his friend's Essays, expressly states, that one purpose of those Essays was to controvert what appeared to him to be a very dangerous doctrine, held by the author of certain other *Essays*, then recently published, (Mr David Hume,) that, by no principle in human nature, can we discover any real connexion between *cause* and *effect*. According to Dr Blair, the object of one of Lord Kames's Essays is to shew, that though such connexion is not discoverable by *reason*, and by a process of argumentative induction, there is, nevertheless, a real and obvious connexion which every one intuitively perceives between an *effect* and its *cause*. We feel and acknowledge, that every effect implies a cause ; that nothing can begin to exist without a cause of its existence. " We are not left," says the author of the Vindication, " to gather our belief of a *Deity*, from inferences and conclusions deduced through intermediate steps, many or few. How unhappy would it be, for the great bulk of mankind, if this were necessary ! The Deity has dis-

played himself to all men by an *internal sense* common to all, the ignorant as well as the learned; we have the same intuitive perception of Him that we have of our own existence."

In such a temper of the public mind, it was not wonderful if the appearance of a tragedy, written by a Presbyterian clergyman, should scandalize and provoke the Church of Scotland. That party, opposed to Mr Home and his friends, were excited to the severity of their proceedings on this occasion, not only by the conscientious objections which they entertained to such compositions, but perhaps a little by the opposition which then prevailed so keenly between the different parties in the church, and in the supreme judicature of the church, the *General Assembly.*

The Presbytery of Edinburgh published a solemn admonition on the subject, beginning with expressions of deep regret at the growing irreligion of the times, particularly the neglect of the *Sabbath*;* but calculated chiefly to warn all persons

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* Yet at that time in Edinburgh there was much more regard to the sacredness of Sunday than now. I was then a boy, and I well remember the reverential silence of the streets, and the tip-toe kind of fear with which, when any accident prevented my attendance on church, I used to pass through them. What would the Presbytery have said now, when, in the time of public worship on a Sunday, not only are the public walks crowded, but idle and blackguard boys

within their bounds, especially the young, and those who had the charge of youth, against the danger of frequenting stage-plays and theatrical entertainments, of which the Presbytery set forth the immoral and pernicious tendency, at considerable length.

This step of the Presbytery, like all other overstrained proceedings of that nature, provoked resistance and ridicule on the part of the public. The wags poured forth parodies, epigrams, and songs. These were, in general, not remarkable for their wit or pleasantry, though some of them were the productions of young men, afterwards eminent in letters or in station.

While the Church was taking public *general* measures on this occasion, it did not neglect to notice what it conceived to be an outrage against its purity and dignity, by instituting proceedings against the individuals of its own body, who had witnessed or countenanced the representation of *Douglas*. Mr Home himself escaped the censure and punishment, which would certainly have reached him, by an abdication of the ministerial function, having resigned his living at Athelstaneford,

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bawl through the streets, and splash us with their games there?—an indecency of which, though no friend to puritanical preciseness, and still less to religious persecution, I rather think the police ought to take cognizance.

in June, 1757. Mr Home's intimate friends and acquaintance, who had been present at the representation of his tragedy, were censured or punished, according to the degree of their supposed misconduct. Mr White, the minister of Libberton, was suspended for a month, a mitigated sentence, in consideration of his apology for a conduct into which he had been unwarily led; "that he attended the representation only *once*, and endeavoured to conceal himself in a corner, to avoid giving offence." Messrs Carlyle, Home of Polwarth, Scott at Westruther, Cupples at Swinton, and Steel at Stairs, underwent different degrees of censure; and several other Presbyteries adopted and enforced the language of that of Edinburgh, with regard to the baneful and immoral effects of stage-plays, pernicious at all times, but doubly improper and sinful at a period of great dearth and distress among the poor, and of national degradation and calamity. This was at the commencement of the Seven Years' War, when Byng had failed of relieving Minorca, and Braddock had been defeated in America.

Such was then the prevailing opinion of the Church of Scotland, with regard to the impropriety and immorality of attending theatrical representations, especially by clergymen, though, indeed, the overture of one Synod, and the language of most of them, expressed that opinion with regard to all persons whatsoever. The difference betwecn

the opinions of the two Churches of England and Scotland, in this matter, was strongly set forth in some of the writings on the subject; and the Presbytery of Dunse, in answer to a representation made to them by that of Edinburgh, used the following expression: "We cannot allow ourselves to think that a thing, really criminal in itself, can be innocent or indifferent on the other side of the Tweed." Something, however, must be allowed to custom, in considering the lesser moralities of manners and deportment. The nakedness of an American, or a Hindoo, is no breach of modesty or decorum; but that of an inhabitant of London or Edinburgh, would be a flagrant offence against both. In the question about theatrical exhibitions, as far as concerned the tragedy of Douglas, and the propriety or impropriety of the ecclesiastical opinions and proceedings to which it gave rise, it can only be fairly said, even by the advocates for the moral or innocent effects of dramatic entertainments, that Scotland, at the period of these proceedings, had not attained the refinement or liberality of the church of her sister kingdom. To the many excellent persons, of different ranks and persuasions, who have held, or still hold, dramatic entertainments to be of such baneful effect on the moral and religious principles of a people, I can only reply, that viewing their scruples with that indulgence and respect to which the purity of their

intentions, and the respectability of their characters are entitled, I should, were I to allow the justice of their fears, be obliged to regret that a department of literary composition, which affords the amplest field to the talents of the writer, and the feelings of the reader of poetry, should be liable to the imputation of such hurtful consequences; I should remind them how much of life is spent, and must be spent, in amusements; and that, to draw the young and the gay into innocent fields of amusement, is to gain or to save a great deal of their time from hurtful dissipation. But, in truth, the plea on behalf of theatrical exhibitions rests on higher and more certain grounds; for it is proved by repeated experience, marked in the accurate and impartial registers of officers of police, that in several great cities, when, from any accident, such exhibitions are suspended, every kind of wickedness and crime, even those which trench on the public safety, (without taking into account any advantage of improvement in manners,) has always increased in a very great degree. "The truth seems to be," as our venerable colleague Dr Adam Ferguson expresses it, in a letter to me on the subject of Mr Home's dramatic writings, "that theatrical compositions, like every other human production, are, in the abstract, not more laudable or censurable than any other species of composition, but are either good or bad, moral or immoral, according to the

management or the effect of the individual tragedy or comedy we are to see represented, or to peruse." On this ground, certainly the tragedy of Douglas may confidently put itself on its trial; both the sentiments and the feelings expressed in it being of the most laudable and virtuous kind,—parental tenderness, and aspiring virtue.

The elder Sheridan, then manager of the Theatre at Dublin, sent Mr Home a gold medal, in testimony of his admiration of Douglas; and his wife, a woman not less respectable for her virtues than for genius and accomplishments, drew the idea of her admired novel of *Sydney Biddulph*, (as her introduction bears,) from the genuine moral effect of that excellent tragedy.

Amidst the censures of the Church, the public suffrage was strong in its favour, and the houses were crowded every night of its representation. Perhaps the success of the play excited the envy of some as much as the nature and species of its composition, and the situation of its author, produced the censure of others; for, among the *jeux d'esprit* produced on the occasion, were some written by men themselves poets, and not at all remarkable for religious strictness or severe morality. Its defenders were found among all ranks and professions. Mr Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, wrote some of its lighter defences. Mr Adam Ferguson published a serious pamphlet, in defence of

the morality of dramatic composition, deduced from Scripture, particularly exemplified in the story of Joseph and his Brethren; Dr Carlyle, an ironical pamphlet, under the title of, "Reasons why the Tragedy of Douglas should be Burnt by the hands of the Common Hangman;" and afterwards he wrote a paper, calculated for the lower ranks, which was hawked about the streets, "History of the Bloody Tragedy of Douglas, as it is now performing at the Theatre in the Canongate." This paper had such an effect as to add two more nights to the already unprecedented run of the play.

Against Dr Carlyle, the prosecution of the Presbytery was carried on for a considerable time, till at last it terminated in the *brutum fulmen* of a censure and admonition. The learned Dr Wallace, of whom I have made mention in a former part of this Memoir, wrote an anonymous letter to Dr Carlyle, full of the soundest advice, and assuring him of his support in the proceedings before the Presbytery.

The Synod of Mid-Lothian and Tweeddale, a body free from the partialities and prejudices of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, pronounced a much more moderate sentence than this last-mentioned judicature had done on the matter of Douglas, and of Mr Home's conduct as a dramatic author; and the sentence of the Synod was affirmed in the General Assembly, by 117 votes to 34. Yet next day, on

the motion of a gentleman, whom one would not have supposed likely to be the advocate of severe or illiberal proceedings, Mr George Dempster, the Assembly passed a declaratory act, prohibiting the clergy from being concerned in, or countenancing, theatrical representations. But the manners overcame the law of the Church; and country clergymen, when in Edinburgh, frequented the theatre when any eminent actor or actress performed there. During the first visit of Mrs Siddons to this city, in 1784, while the General Assembly was sitting, there was, I have been told, great difficulty in procuring a full attendance of its members, on those evenings when she was to perform. A distinction was justly allowed between exhibitions, in which that great actress gave new force and impression to the noblest tragic sentiments, and those more exceptionable representations, which our comic stage, even in its present reformed state, sometimes exhibits. The persecution, however, which Mr Home and his tragedy endured, was of use to both. Lord Bute, to whom I have mentioned his introduction by the Duke of Argyle, now warmly patronized an author, whose sufferings, as well as genius, recommended him to his benevolence and favour. Mr Home went to London, soon after the publication of his tragedy, in March 1757, when it was brought out at Covent-Garden, with much success. Garrick at that time maintained his resolution of not

bringing it out at Drury-Lane, but afterwards made up for his former neglect, by the warmest patronage of Mr Home's subsequent tragedies; which I am sorry to be obliged to impute to that respect for great men for which that celebrated actor was remarkable, Lord Bute's favour being a surer passport to his theatre than the merit even of Douglas.

Mr Home now lived very much with that nobleman, and was in such habits of intimacy with his young pupil, the Prince of Wales, as seldom falls to the share of any individual of his rank and situation in life. Lord Bute was a man of some learning, and considerable science, and of not less virtue than either; but his virtue was of an austere unbending sort, and his natural shyness and reserve did not, any more than his better qualities, accommodate themselves to the circle around him, which a minister of England must necessarily cultivate, if he does not happen to possess those splendid and commanding talents which make some men, but those very rare, independent of any other support.

From this disposition, which his original station of preceptor to the Prince did not tend to overcome, Lord Bute was, more than any other minister, inclined to relax from the constraints of form, and the severity of business, in the society of a few familiar friends, with whom he found himself at perfect ease. This is natural to the situation, because the mind, like the body, feels a relief in the

change of posture; to Lord Bute it was more than usually grateful, both from that monkish sort of austerity and reserve of which I have just taken notice, and from a tincture of family pride, which inclines a man to lean upon inferiors, rather than to hold himself in the attitude of equality. His original patronage of Mr Home was meritorious, from its benevolence and attention to the encouragement of letters. He was then the patron of the poet; it was afterwards somewhat of a more selfish cast, from the indulgence which he found in the society of the man—an indulgence which he sometimes gratified at the expence of persons of high rank, and great political influence, who saw, with indignation, those private interviews which were refused to them, granted to this obscure man of letters.

There was, I have been informed, the same sort of imprudence in the private life of the great Earl of Chatham, who, in the intervals of those paroxysms of the gout to which he was subject, was frequently peevish and inaccessible to men of high rank and high office, but indulged himself in the familiar society of very inferior dependents, much less recommended by talent or agreeable conversation than Mr Home; but, in Lord Chatham, these little infringements of politeness or etiquette were not felt nor resented. Amidst the splendour of his tri-

umphant administration, those specks of a private kind were unnoticed or forgotten.

Mr Home has sometimes been accused of allowing his vanity of Lord Bute's friendship and familiarity to get the better of his prudence, or of the reserve which he ought to have maintained on account of his patron; and that he increased the unpopularity of the minister by displaying his disproportionate favour and familiarity to himself. If he shewed a certain degree of weakness and want of discretion in the vanity which he indulged from the favour and intimacy of the first Lord of the Treasury, he exhibited a degree of purity of mind and disinterestedness, much less common, in never turning this favour and intimacy to his own private advantage. He never asked, (and I cannot mention it without feeling equal surprise and displeasure,) he was never offered, any office or appointment, so many of which Lord Bute had in his power to bestow. It was solely at the suggestion of some of his friends, without the most distant hint from himself, that Lord Bute at last bestowed on him the office of *Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere*, which Mr Home enjoyed for several years, till he resigned it in 1770, (retaining, I believe, the salary,) to Mr Crawford, of Rotterdam; to whom, as a merchant in Holland, it was important, from that sort of rank and station which in that country it conferred.

But though his self-love never took advantage of this intimacy to benefit himself, the warmth of his friendship sometimes exerted itself in recommending others to favourable situations, which, however, I believe were what their merits might have fairly claimed, though such, as without his commendation, they might have failed to obtain.

Had he been selfishly disposed, he had a golden opportunity of enriching himself. At the peace of Paris, in 1763, Mr Home was then living with Lord Bute in London, and in the intimate knowledge of the diplomatic proceedings which were carried on by our Ambassador in France. I believe there were not wanting men who were willing to suggest to him, as well as to share, the obvious advantage which such opportunities of intelligence, or even conjecture, might afford in the then fluctuating state of public expectation, and the consequent variations in the state of the funds. But Mr Home had a sense of honour and delicacy much above even the harbouring of any such thoughts of private emolument. His mind, indeed, had that heroic cast which I have formerly mentioned, as far removed as possible from avarice, or the love of gain. His inattention to money-matters went perhaps a blameable length, or at least was carried to a degree which his friends allowed to be imprudent. I well remember a saying of the witty Lord Elibank, when he was told that Dr Adam Ferguson had got

a pension. "It is a very laudable grant," said he, "and I rejoice at it; but it is no more in the power of the King to make Adam Ferguson, or John Home rich, than to make me poor,"—alluding to the well-known economy, or parsimony, as it might fairly be termed, of his own disposition.

I am aware that I have trespassed both in point of diffuseness, and somewhat also against chronological arrangement, in thus giving all the particulars of Mr Home's life which stand in connexion with Lord Bute, instead of exactly following the order of events. But I was induced to give the above sketch of Mr Home's connexion with Lord Bute, and its results, as it marked the leading features of both their minds, and was much more honourable to Mr Home, than those who sometimes heard him talk of their familiarity were led to suppose. Among his weaknesses, (and it is one of that unpopular sort which men are apt to remark and to remember,) was a desire of egotism, which he was apt to indulge in recounting anecdotes of past times, and of eminent men. He had lived in a society of an excellence, and also of a rank, with which, from peculiar circumstances, he had been associated beyond what men in his situation of life commonly are. This (as is altogether in nature,) made that society a more leading object in his mind and his discourse, than in that of men whose original rank or situation entitles them to

enjoy it. I have mentioned above, his remarkable memory for anecdotes, and his happy manner of relating them; those little narratives became naturally the chief materials of his conversation, and the openness and warmth of his temper never kept back his own share in the occurrences he was relating. In truth, a man never actually forgets himself in recounting such anecdotes; it is the reserve of politeness only that makes him forbear talking in the first person; and reserve was a quality which, of all men, Mr Home possessed the least. This style of conversation is, however, very unpopular, except when sparingly introduced: Its hearers, who have not participated in such scenes or adventures, feel the details of them a sort of foreign language, by which they are cut off from a share in the conversation. Proud men feel resentment, humble ones an awkwardness, in being mere auditors on such occasions, and are apt to impute altogether to vanity or conceit, what the speaker is often in truth telling for their entertainment.

On this ground, there was a most intimate friend of our author's, who might have been a pattern for his imitation. I never knew a man of such pleasing talents for conversation as Dr Robertson: He spoke, as became him, a good deal; but there was nothing assuming or authoritative either in the manner or the matter of his discourse. He took

every opportunity of calling on his hearers for their share of the dialogue,—of asking their opinion or information on the subject of it, and introduced such topics as gave opportunities for his asking such information or opinions. I had often occasion to be with him along with strangers at their first introduction, not unfrequently to introduce them myself. When we left his house, they always expressed their admiration of his general knowledge, as well as of his politeness. The Doctor's general knowledge enabled him to transport himself, as it were, into the country of the stranger; and to speak of that country with the deference of an inquirer—a manner which is always flattering to the person we address, because it seems to call for the favour of his information.

The agreeableness of Mr Home's manners and conversation, as much as the notice of Lord Bute, introduced him into a society in London of the most respectable and pleasing kind. Lord Loughborough, (then Mr Wedderburn,) his brother-in-law, Sir Harry Erskine, Mr Robert Adams, Mr Garrick, Mr Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Mr Ross Mackie, Drs Armstrong, Smollett, Pitcairn, and William Hunter, were his daily companions. They formed a club at the British Coffee-house, of which the then mistress was a woman of uncommon talents, and the

most agreeable conversation, Mrs Anderson, sister of Dr Douglas.

Garrick, at whose theatre Douglas was now occasionally performed, and always with the greatest applause, brought out Mr Home's tragedy of Agis, (the second in order of representation, though the first in order of composition,) in 1758, and played himself *Lysander* to Mrs Cibber's *Euanthe*. I have in my possession an original note of Garrick's, written on the morning after the first representation, which is conceived in the following terms:—

"My dear Friend,

"Joy, joy, joy to you!

"My anxiety yesterday gave me a small touch of the gravel,* which, with a purging, weakened me prodigiously; but our success has stopped the one and cured the other. I am very happy, because I think you are so. The Ode, as I foretold, is certainly too long. There were other little mistakes, but all shall be set right to-morrow. Ever most affectionately,

"My Genius,

"D. Garrick.

"Pray, let me see you at twelve to-morrow."

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* A complaint which he laboured under all his life, which was often occasioned by the violent exertions of his acting, and of which he died at last.

In London, or at Lord Bute's house, at Luton, in Bedfordshire, Mr Home passed much of his time from this period, for several years. He was in Scotland, however, when his Siege of Aquileia was brought out at Drury-Lane, in 1760, Garrick playing, as usual, the principal part, *Emilius*, to Mrs Cibber's *Cornelia*. I remember to have heard from Dr Robertson, that in a letter written by Garrick to Mr Home, after reading this tragedy to Mrs Garrick, and a young lady then living with them, of whose taste he had a high opinion, he expressed the greatest admiration of the play, and predicted the most brilliant success in its representation. But his prediction was not fulfilled; notwithstanding all his skill in scenic effect, he had not been aware of one objection to the conduct of this drama, namely, that most, or indeed almost all the incidents, are told to, not witnessed by, the spectators, who in England, beyond any other country, are swayed by the Horatian maxim, and feel very imperfectly those incidents which are not "*oculis subjecta fidelibus*." It rather languished, therefore, in the representation, though supported by such admirable acting, and did not run so many nights as the manager confidently expected.

In this year, 1760, he published those three tragedies of Douglas, Agis, and the Siege of Aquileia, in one volume, dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who in that very year having succeeded to

the crown, showed an immediate additional mark of favour to Mr Home, by settling on him a pension of L.300 per annum, from his privy purse.

In 1763, he had obtained, as I have mentioned above, the office of Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere. The salary of this office was L.300 per annum, which, with his former pension from the crown, gave him independence, to him it might be called wealth. This wealth he used as he did every thing else; he made it an offering to friendship. "His house," said Dr Adam Ferguson, "was always as full of his friends as it could hold, fuller than, in modern manners, it could be made to hold." David Hume told Mr Ferguson he should lecture his friend on his want of attention to money-matters. "I am afraid I should do so with little effect," answered Dr Ferguson; "and, to tell you the truth, I am not sure if I don't like him the better for this foible."

One instance of such inattention Mr Ferguson relates in a letter to me, received but a few days ago. "I happened once to have occasion for L.200. John Home told me he had L.200 more than he had immediate use for, and he lent it me upon my note of hand. Soon after, having received some money, I remitted to my agent at London this L.200, with the interest due upon it, with directions to pay it to Mr Home, in discharge of my debt. My agent paid him the money, and begged

to have up my note. He said he could not recollect any thing of a note, but he would look for it when he went to Scotland. The circumstance was forgotten by us both for several years, when at last, having married and got a family, I began to think that it was possible the note might appear against my children after both our deaths; and I wrote to Mr Home, requesting, that if he had not found the note, he would write a letter to me, acknowledging that the debt had been paid, and that the note, if it appeared, should be of no avail against me or my heirs. I had a letter from my friend in reply, saying, that to talk of finding any such note among his papers, was like talking of finding the lost Books of Livy; but he gave the acknowledgment in the letter, in what he conceived the most proper terms, though, perhaps," said Mr Ferguson, "in terms too poetical to be good in law. 'If ever the note appears,' said his letter, 'it will be of no use, except to shew what a foolish, thoughtless, inattentive fellow I am.'"

He represented the Dutch ecclesiastical establishment at Campvere, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to which that establishment had long had the privilege of sending a member. He was in use to come from London to attend in his place in the Assembly, and took a share occasionally in the debates in support of his friend Dr Robertson, and his party. His speeches were

not remarkable either for force of argument or display of eloquence, but were delivered in an easy and gentlemanlike style and manner; though, from his particular situation, an ex-churchman of the Presbyterian establishment, they were not popular with one side of the house, and sometimes called forth severe and sarcastic replies from some of the leading members sitting there.

The General Assembly had then to boast of some of the best public speaking that was to be heard in Britain, the House of Commons scarcely excepted. The great question which divided the speakers was that of *patronage*, (the right of nominating the minister by the proprietor of that right,) the exercise of which had separated a considerable number of the people from the Established Church, under the denomination of *Seceders*, and was not less productive of warm debates in this kind of ecclesiastical parliament. On one side were ranged Dr Robertson and his associates. Dr Robertson had a power of speaking in a manner admirably calculated for his situation as a leader of what was called the Moderate Party of the Church, temperate, conciliating, and candid; he generally wound up the debate with a concise and impartial view of the opposite arguments, and frequently brought the opposite parties to an amicable settlement, by proposing some resolution which allowed to both a portion of what they had contended for,

and did not trench on any of the principles which they considered as fixed, and not to be departed from. On the other side was Dr Dick, one of the most powerful speakers, in point of eloquence and impression, that had ever appeared in that, or any other popular assembly; and another man, a plain country clergyman, but of infinite native humour, —— Fairbairn, the minister of Dumbarton, whose talent for enlivening a debate by pleasantry, or turning the laugh against his adversary by sarcasm, not rude, though keen, I have seldom heard equalled by any debater whomsoever.

In 1767, Mr Home got a long lease, on very favourable terms, of the farm of Kilduff, in East-Lothian, from his former patron and friend, Sir David Kinloch. On this farm he built a house, where he lived, with only occasional interruptions, for the succeeding ten or 12 years of his life.

In 1769, his tragedy of *The Fatal Discovery* was brought out at Drury-Lane. Its original title was *Rivine*, from the name of the heroine of the story, which was taken from one of the fragments of Ossian. But Garrick, afraid of the prejudices then prevalent in London against Scotsmen, and Scots subjects, changed its name to that of The Fatal Discovery; and, in order more effectually to disguise its origin, procured a young English gentleman, a student from Oxford, to attend the rehearsals, and personate the author. But the suc-

cess of the play drew its real author from his covert; and, after some nights' representation, Mr Home declared himself the writer of the tragedy. The event verified the fears of Garrick; the succeeding representations were but indifferently attended, and the piece languished only for a few nights longer. The natural vanity of an author came in aid of this disappointment; Mr Home imputed the thinness of those houses to the circumstance of the public attention being entirely engrossed by the decision of the celebrated *Douglas* cause, which happened at that time.

In 1770, Mr Home was married to the daughter of his friend and relation, Mr Home, the minister of Foggo, formerly of Polwarth, who, notwithstanding her delicate frame, and constantly interrupted health, has outlived her husband, who watched her with a tenderness suitable to those amiable dispositions which formed so prominent a part of his character.

In the year 1773, his tragedy of Alonzo was performed at Drury-Lane, to which his friend Garrick contributed a justly celebrated epilogue, certainly one of the best which his genius, so prolific in that species of composition, ever produced. This play was the most popular of all Mr Home's tragedies, Douglas excepted, and met with great success in the representation. Mrs Barry's *Ormisinda* was one of the parts in which that celebrated

actress exerted her powers, in displaying the violence and energy of feeling, with striking effect.

In 1776, he was called suddenly from London, by accounts he received from Mr Ferguson, of the dangerous state of his celebrated friend, David Hume. He set off with all that warmth of affection which was natural to him, met his friend on the road, and accompanied him in his journey to London and Bath, which he took by medical advice, on account of his health. I am possessed of a journal of this expedition, which, as it contains some interesting particulars of the great philosopher's closing life, as well as of his confidential opinions, I may, perhaps, if the Society inclines, read, by way of appendix to this paper; meantime, I cannot resist submitting to its perusal one letter of Mr Hume's, to which, I am persuaded, it will listen with a considerable degree of interest; it is dated 6th August, 1776, not many weeks before that celebrated man's death :—

"*Edinburgh, 6th August*, 1776.

"My Dear John,

"I shall begin with telling you the only piece of good news of the family, which is, that my nephew, in no more than two days that he has staid here, has recovered so surprisingly, that he is scarcely knowable, or rather is perfectly knowable, for he was not so on his first arrival. [This relates to Mr

Hume's eldest nephew, Joseph, at that time just returned from abroad, in very bad health.] Such are the advantages of youth! His uncle declines, if not with so great rapidity, yet pretty sensibly. Sunday, ill; half of yesterday the same; easy at present; prepared to suffer a little to-morrow; perhaps less the day after. Dr Black says I shall not die of a dropsy, as I imagined, but of inanition and weakness. He cannot, however, fix, with any probability, the time, otherwise he would frankly tell me.

"Poor Edmonstone, [Col. Edmonstone of Newton] and I parted to-day, with a plentiful effusion of tears; all those *Belzebubians* * have not hearts of iron. I hope you met with every thing well at Foggo, and receive nothing but good news from Buxton. In spite of Dr Black's caution, I venture to foretel that I shall be yours cordially and sincerely till the month of October next.

(Signed) "DAVID HUME."

In the beginning of the year 1778, the tragedy of Alfred was performed at Drury-Lane, but did not succeed. I do not mean in this place to enter

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* Colonel Edmonstone was a member of what was called the *Ruffian Club*; men whose hearts were milder than their manners, and their principles more correct than their habits of life.

into any critical discussion of Mr Home's works; but I may just say, that this tragedy is undoubtedly the weakest of his productions, and it was not surprising that it did not please the public. Indeed, had it possessed more merit than it did, an English audience could have hardly been pleased to see their Alfred, the pride of their country in its earliest age, the patriot and the lawgiver, melted down to the weakness of love, like the commonplace hero of an ordinary drama.

In the year 1778, he had another opportunity of indulging his passion for the military character, by accepting a commission in the newly-embodied regiment of Mid-Lothian Feucibles, of which the Duke of Buccleuch was colonel. In this appointment he possessed the advantage of having for the captain of the company of which he was lieutenant, his particular friend Lord Binning, and for his brother lieutenant, Mr W. Adam, the son of that family with whom he had been so long on terms of the strictest intimacy. Of this corps, he attended the duties with all the ardour of a young soldier, till they were interrupted by an unfortunate accident which had a material influence on his future life, a fall from his horse, by which he suffered so violent a contusion on his head, as for some days deprived him of sense, and nearly extinguished his life. Though he recovered the accident so far as his bodily health was concerned, his mind was never

restored to its former vigour, nor regained its former vivacity. It did not, however, abate his military ardour; and after being for a short while at home, he thought himself so much re-established, as to join the regiment at Aberdeen, but he found himself not strong enough to go through the duties of his station, nor even to attend the mess, which he was anxious to do. The friendship of Lord and Lady Binning, then at Aberdeen, did every thing for him that kindness or assiduous care could accomplish; but though his health seemed sufficiently restored, his head was not able for numerous society, and he was obliged, though with great reluctance, and not without the most urgent requests of his friends, to resign his commission and return to Edinburgh, whence he some time after repaired to Bath, at which place, a residence of some months, with attention to regimen and quiet, appeared perfectly to re-establish his health, but his intellectual powers were never restored to their original state.

He had very early projected a History of the Rebellion 1745. Indeed, I can perceive from some notes on his earliest papers, that he had thought of such a work immediately after the conclusion of the rebellion, in 1746, or 47. During his intervals of leisure, and more particularly after the unsuccessful performance of Alfred, when he seemed to cease writing for the stage, he resumed the plan of this history, and had been in use to collect mate-

rials for it by correspondence and communication with such persons as could afford them, and even by journies or tours to the Highlands of Scotland. In one of these journies, I happened to travel for two or three days along with him, and had occasion to hear his ideas on the subject. They were such as a man of his character and tone of mind would entertain, full of the mistaken zeal and ill-fated gallantry of the Highlanders, the self-devoted heroism of some of their chiefs, and the ill-judged severity, carried (by some subordinate officers,) the length of great inhumanity, of the conquering party. A specimen of this original style of his composition, still remains in his Account of the Gallant Lochiel. But the complexion of his history was materially changed before its publication, which, at one time, he had very frequently and positively determined should not be made till after his death, but which he was tempted, by that fondness for our literary offspring which the weakness of age produces, while it leaves less power of appreciating their merits, to hasten ; and accordingly published the work at London in 1802. It was dedicated to the King, as a mark of his gratitude for his majesty's former gracious attention to him; a circumstance which perhaps contributes to weaken and soften down the original composition, in compliment to the monarch whose uncle's memory was somewhat implicated in the impolitic, as well as unge-

nerous use which Mr Home conceived had been made of the victory of Culloden. I need not give any further account of the book, which is fresh in the recollection of the Society; but I may inform them, that it was read in its native state before it was emasculated by his later alterations, by a very competent judge, Mr Ferguson, who was interested and pleased with it. He said to me, however, with his usual frankness, in the recent communication which I have mentioned above, that he himself had contributed to spoil his friend's History of the Rebellion. "I had often laid down to him those principles of historical composition on which I afterwards wrote my Roman History; first, that the narrative should be plain and simple, without embellishment; and, secondly, that it should relate only great public events, and trace only the characters of individuals connected with them, without descending into the minuter details of biography. Now these," said Dr Ferguson, "were perfectly applicable to my subject, but not at all to that of my friend. The Rebellion 1745 was too unimportant in itself to make a history, without borrowing such ornament from style, and such interest from anecdote, as Voltaire has given to what may be called his Historical Romance of the Expedition of Charles Edward Stuart."

In the year 1779, Mr Home left Kilduff, and fixed his residence in Edinburgh, where, with the

exception of some journies to London, and particularly that made for the unfortunate purpose of publishing his History of the Rebellion, he resided till his death, which happened on the 5th September, 1808, in the 86th year of his age.

For some time before that event, he had gradually sunk into a state of bodily and mental weakness, which makes death a desirable event, both for a man's own sake and that of his friends; yet the warmth of his heart remained unextinguished amidst the feebleness of his frame. Lord Haddington, (whose kindness as Lord Binning had been so useful to him when an officer in the Lothian Fencible Regiment,) saw him among the last times any person, beyond those of his own family, were admitted to his room. He looked at his lordship for some time with an uncertainty as to his person, but shortly after, recovering the recollection of his old friend, his features assumed the smile of satisfaction, and he pressed his hand with a silent assurance of his tender remembrance. It was gratifying to his friends thus to see him pass through his last moments with a decay of body undisturbed by pain, and a serenity of mind, the effect of goodness and virtue exercised in this world, and the forerunner of their reward in a better.

The Society must have been sensible of a defect in this paper, the want of any critical account or examination of Mr Home's works; but I was aware

that I must exhaust its patience by what it was necessary for me to read of the principal events of his life, and the characters of his friends. I could not think of tiring it with listening to my remarks on his works, or with another usual accompaniment, perhaps at least as material, of such memoirs as this,—the most interesting letters of such of his friends and correspondents as were conspicuous in public or literary life. These I therefore reserve to a future meeting, if the Society shall think they are likely to deserve being read; and with regard to the letters, I shall derive great advantage from the delay, because it is only this very day that I have received from a near relation of Mr Home's, a very large collection of those which he received from Mr D. Hume, Mr Garrick, Dr Blair, Lord Elibank, and others, strongly characteristic both of the writers themselves, of the persons to whom they were addressed, and not unfrequently of the times when they were written.

SECOND PART.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS WORKS, AND THE LETTERS OF HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I HAD intended, previously to giving any account of Mr Home's Works, to have prefaced it with a short notice of the state of the literature of this part of the kingdom at the time when he began to write; but I found this statement likely to grow, under my hands, to a size rather disproportionate to what might be called the text of my biographical sketch of the poet.

I will content myself, at present, with mentioning the general state of the public taste and opinion with regard to the drama, at the period when Mr Home first began to cultivate dramatic poetry. It was not long after Mr Garrick had opened the new theatre of *Drury Lane*, with that idolatry of *Shakespeare*, which his admirable acting, in some of the principal characters of that inimitable poet, tended so strongly to confirm. The heroics of the

former age had gone into that oblivion from which fashion only had rescued them at their first production. Such was the power of that fashion, that Otway's admirable tragedies of the *Orphan*, and *Venice Preserved*, had received only a moderate degree of public approbation; while his play of *Don Carlos*, every way inferior to these, and possessing, indeed, very little merit of any kind, received the unbounded applause which the Duke of Buckingham has recorded in his satyrical poem of the *Session of the Poets*. Among the candidates for the láureateship, Otway is introduced, not as founding his claim on the excellent dramas first above mentioned, but as

> " Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
> Who swears, for heroics, he writes best of any,
> *Don Carlos* his pockets so amply had filled"——

the other line of the couplet is so gross and disgusting, that the Society will excuse my repeating it.

At the time of Mr Home's beginning to turn his thoughts to the composition of tragedy, this author, Otway, had attained that true rank in dramatic poetry to which his power over the passions, and the exquisite tenderness of his pathetic scenes, so justly entitled him. His name was always coupled with that of Shakespeare, by the friends of the drama in this country. Next in rank were

placed Rowe and Southern; the first for the richness and melody of his verse, the last for that natural pathos with which he invested dramatic distress. Congreve's single tragedy of the *Mourning Bride* had been received with great applause; certainly there was something very impressive in one of the characters, (that of *Zara*,) and the incidents, if not very probable, were striking and theatrical. Dr Young had, with a very successful boldness, produced a play on the same subject as that of *Othello*, which owed, perhaps, great part of its success to that semi-bombastic dignity with which his *Zanga* was invested, a character to which Young's florid and swelling diction was well suited, and which gave to some actors, who were celebrated for their performance of that part, (the Irish *Mossop* in particular,) an opportunity of displaying strong powers, better adapted to the savage and relentless energy of the Moor, than to the expression of more natural feelings. A few months before the first representation of *Douglas*, Moore brought out his tragedy of the *Gamester*, a dramatic story, sketched with somewhat a finer pencil than the plays of Lillo, whose family tragedies (as they may be called) had been favourably received by the public, and were on a plan that might be considered original, as they preceded, by a considerable period, the *drames* of the French stage, which, for some time, were so popular in France. The *Gamester*, how-

ever, with all its merits, rather languished on the London theatre, till the reflected reputation which it borrowed from the success of a French imitation of it, which Garrick found in high favour at Paris, brought it into equal favour on the London stage; and the Society knows the celebrity it has since acquired from the exquisite representation of its domestic distress in the acting of Mrs Siddons. I may speak of Mrs Siddons, now that she has quitted the stage, as an actress of former times; it would not, perhaps, be altogether delicate to speak of performers who continue to hold a high place there.

Mr Home does not seem to have written with any of the above-named authors in his view.—Shakespeare, of whose excellence he was an enthusiastic admirer, he did not think of imitating in manner or in style; and the later poets he does not appear, from any of his private notes or letters which I have seen, to have either studied or followed. He had, I presume, very early conceived the idea of dramatic composition, and indeed I have not been able to find traces of any poetical attempts of his early life, when he wrote poetry independently of this idea. In his admiration of ancient republicanism, which the warm and enthusiastic turn of mind which I have before mentioned, as natural to him, readily excited, he had written a prose essay of considerable length, (already noticed

in the first part of this paper,) somewhat after the manner of Plutarch, on the comparative merits of the Grecian characters of *Agis* and *Cleomenes*, and the Roman ones of the two *Gracchi*. In the course of this historical dissertation, he seems to have caught the idea of dramatizing that portion of Spartan history which it led him to study, and he produced his first tragedy of *Agis*. The plan of this tragedy, as it first rose in his mind, appears to have been conceived without the agency of any other passion than that of patriotism on the one side, and ambition on the other; but after proceeding a certain length, he was convinced, (as Addison had been in writing *Cato*,) that his play would not succeed in representation without somewhat more of interest and tenderness being woven into the story, and therefore he introduced the love of *Lysander* and *Euanthe*. This, certainly, whatever objection might be made to it with regard to unity of action, improved the theatrical effect of the plot and incidents of the piece, and gave an opportunity, in particular, for one incident in the scene where *Lysander*, disguised in the dress of a *helot*, attempts to kill *Amphares*, but is checked by the threat of the Spartan chief, to stab *Euanthe*, if her lover makes any further resistance, which the author set a particular value on, as he expressed strongly to me on a subsequent occasion, and which Garrick, whose attention to stage effect sometimes, very na-

turally, overcame his literary or critical judgment, perused, (as will appear from a letter which I shall read by and by,) with the highest approbation. The tragedy of *Agis* remained several years in its author's possession, without his being able to procure its admission to the stage. It was read by several of his literary friends, among whom was a gentleman of great ability, but whose abilities were better known as a politician than as a critic, the late Mr Oswald of Dunnikeir, from whom I beg leave, in this place, to read a letter to Mr Home on the subject. The general remarks of this letter are more distinguished by their good sense than by their novelty; and I should perhaps think it too long for the Society to hear, were it not for one interesting circumstance, namely, that it contains the opinion of the great Lord Chatham on the tragedy of Agis, Mr Oswald having left the MS. with that illustrious statesman, for the purpose of obtaining his remarks on it. It is pleasant thus to attend, into the walks of literature and private life, the great public characters who have ruled the fate of nations; to mark the current of their minds in its purer state, unsoiled and unperturbed amidst the mazes of politics, or the stormy regions of ambition. I am, however, extremely sorry to say, that Lord Chatham's (then Mr Pitt's) own letter has been lost or mislaid by Mr Home, the most careless man on earth with regard to papers, so that we

can only judge of the criticism which it contained, from the representation of Mr Oswald in the letter with which it was accompanied, and in which it was amplified and enlarged.

" DEAR SIR,

" I received last night a letter from Mr Pitt, which, as it contains a judgment on your play, I have enclosed for your consideration. Since receiving it, I have considered your piece, with a particular view to the objections contained in the letter; which, though not quite enough opened, nor sufficiently accompanied with reasons, yet, as they are said to proceed from sentiment, and come from people of taste, deserve the most serious consideration, taste and sentiment being the ultimate tests of all poetical composition; though it is possible, by reasoning, to discover the foundations on which such judgments proceed.

" The first objection seems directed singly against the *manner* in which the love affair betwixt *Lysander* and *Euanthe* is executed, and condemnation is past on the expression of that passion, in both these personages. This criticism is founded entirely on sentiment. But, upon the best reflection I am able to make, if it is a just one, it is more deeply founded, and lies against the love intrigue itself, which is not, perhaps from its nature cannot be, sufficiently made a part of the main action, so as to mingle

with, or be transfused into it, and contribute to the general distress or catastrophe. If that is the case, not only any imperfections in this part will be more visible, but at the same time less excusable, than if in those incidents or characters which are more peculiarly parts of the main design. The reason of this seems to be, that the attention of the mind being chiefly fixed to the main object, easily passes over whatever is immediately connected with, or contributes to it; and, consequently, easily escapes and forgives such small slips and faults as occur in the hurry which this attention creates, providing they do not intercept the view of the main object, or divert the attention any other way. Besides, while the attention remains fixed in general, such slips and faults are not so soon discovered. No questions are asked while the attention is carried on; and in the progress new lights arise, to clear up what would otherwise be obscure. The mind rests satisfied on the whole, and only critics perhaps demand greater exactness; but it is quite the reverse in episodes, or double plots; for, as these infallibly divert the attention of the mind from the main object, they as infallibly give occasion to a thousand questions; whilst unluckily the poet is not at liberty to answer or explain them, without diverting the attention and distracting the mind still farther. To do it in a full degree, the main object might be wholly eclipsed and lost. To ap-

ply this general doctrine to the present case, what I apprehend shocks in the episode of *Lysander* and *Euanthe*, is, that their situation is not sufficiently explained to justify the impatient passion of the one, and the distressful tenderness of the other; their sentiments, neither improper in themselves, nor improperly expressed, may become so from the situation not being properly explained; and, consequently, the reader or spectator left at liberty to form such ideas of that situation, as his own force of mind suggests to him, which is not always directed by good nature—the very reverse of which is always indulged in subjects where aversion is professedly expected. Another inconveniency attending episodes, is, that the distress they produce seldom coincides or mingles perfectly with the general distress or catastrophe of the piece; and if it does not, it plainly diminishes it in just the same proportion. This inconveniency is hard to be avoided in any episode, unless a very fortunate one indeed; and I am afraid takes place in this of *Lysander* and *Euanthe*, which, in some measure, gives occasion to the other objections; viz. that the catastrophe consists not of one general distress, but of various distresses, each occasioning a different sentiment from each other—for this I apprehend the objection to be. The distress of *Lysander* and *Euanthe* is a different one from that of *Agis* and *Sparta*, through the whole play; and the senti-

ment of compassion different which the mind gives to each. If this is so, they may, perhaps, instead of heightening the sum total of the catastrophe, by taking from each other, rather serve to diminish it. One other cause could possibly be assigned why the catastrophe strikes in this manner, and that is, that Agis's imprisonment, from which period the conspirators might, if they would, have put him to death, may possibly, with some minds, finish the main action in the fourth act; and if this should be so, the deaths of *Agis*, *Lysander*, and *Euanthe*, in the fifth act, may not mark the general catastrophe, or sum total of distress, but appear as so many relations of so many various events, each of which is attended with a different, and not one uniform sentiment. Thus, if the fate of *Sparta* is supposed to be determined in the fourth act, we are left in the fifth to do no more than survey the different ends of those who followed it. We may pity *Euanthe*—pity and applaud *Lysander* for his generosity—approve of *Agis* for his benevolence and stoicism, and detest the others. But the mind is not absorbed in one general passion or sentiment, of which all the particular ones are only so many parts which easily mix and blend together; and such is, and ought to be, the tragic catastrophe.—Those reflections which I have thrown loosely together since I received Mr Pitt's letter, did not, I

own, occur to me before; both as being no critic in such performances, and for being charmed, as I still am, with every detached scene of your piece, which I look upon as far the best of the kind I have read. But, on finding objections from a quarter for which I have so great deference, I was tempted to try if I could discover where the real strength of them lay; not only as success is scarce to be expected when objections from such people remain; but, as I know your genius and ability to be such as can easily free this play from them, or compose another as good, where none such shall exist. I will not pretend to answer for the pertness of any of the observations I have made, being quite a novice in those matters; But, as I write you with great freedom, I not only submit them to you, but at same time what occurs to me; if you shall be of opinion that either those objections, or what I have said on them, is material. What occurs to me then is this; that I apprehend, with your genius and facility of composition, you will find it perhaps both an easier, a more agreeable, and a more successful task, to set about composing an entire new piece, where you will be master of the whole, and thereby enabled, with ease, to avoid every objection which has been made; while at the same time you can transfuse the whole of that poetical spirit, truth of character and interest, and beauty of diction, which has been, I will take upon me to say, so justly admired in

this. Should this be your own opinion, I dare say you cannot fail of success; and may, perhaps, obtain as quick a representation for the one, as you could have had for the other; which, meantime, may be laid by to wait a more solemn decision, when critics perhaps may change their minds, as I shall always at least be willing to do mine. One thing you will certainly obtain; that is, a more favourable hearing both from critics and others. What inclines me to this opinion is, that I verily believe, to one of your genius, it is infinitely easier to compose a play, free from such faults as are objected to in *Agis*, than to amend and alter those objected to. Whatever your opinion is, I beg you will write me with freedom; and, above all, without being discouraged; for I think I can answer for your success if you are not. I have got both copies, which I shall dispose of as you direct. All this family is well, and send compliments.

"I am,

"DEAR SIR,

"Yours, with great esteem,

"JAMES OSWALD."

"*Wandsworth*, 15*th June*, 1750."

The suggestion of Mr Pitt was obeyed, and the play materially corrected; but neither the corrections of the author, nor the patronage of those friends, prevailed on Garrick to bring it on the

stage. Afterwards, when the success of *Douglas* had given Mr Home considerable reputation, and principally, I believe, when he had become a favourite and companion of Lord Bute, and through him was patronised by the Prince of Wales, Garrick made no difficulty of bringing out this tragedy, in which he played the part of *Lysander* himself; and though he criticised, in the following letter, parts of the plan of the tragedy, and some of the scenes in detail, his indulgence for the author got the better of his judgment, and he brought out the tragedy without any of the alterations which he had suggested. It is amusing, when one recollects his absolute refusal of this play at a prior period, to peruse this letter, as well as the short note which I read along with the first part of this paper, from that celebrated actor and manager, whom the muses, I am afraid, interested somewhat in proportion as they were in favour at Court.

" *Nov.* 5, 1757.

" My Dear Sir,

" I sit down to write you in the midst of drums, trumpets, and, above all, the roarings of the mighty Bajazet; we are celebrating the glorious and immortal memory as loudly as we can, but I have stole away to say a word to you upon *Agis*. I have read the three acts over and over again; the language and characters in general please me. The subject

itself is of the least dramatic kind, (viz. political and sentimental,) not but there are some affecting scenes in these three acts; and if your two last are gloriously poetical, I will insure you both fame and profit. I could wish, if you have rough-written the whole, that you would immediately repair to this place, that we might confer upon these matters, for it will be impossible to say every foolish thing I have to say to you by letter. Some of the scenes are rather heavy, particularly that between *Rhesus* and *Euanthe*, and that between *Agis* and *Lysander*, in the second act. I likewise think that *Lysander* comes too suddenly upon the stage, for *Agis* has but just quitted it; *Euanthe* speaks a soliloquy, then enters *Rhesus*, giving an account of *Lysander's* arrival and victory, and that he was with *Agis*. Now, is it possible to conceive that *Agis* could get to the Senate, meet *Lysander* there, and that the necessary matters between them could be dispatched in the time so short a scene can be performed? The first scene of the lovers is not, in my opinion, so interesting and affecting as that in the third act, and indeed you'll say that it ought not to be so; but all I mean is this, that their first scene in the first act is not in proportion so well written and magical as their last, or that in the third act. If you and your friends should think me in this a little too hypercritical, I shall very readily submit to better judgments. But now for something of

more consequence;—surely the reason that *Lysander* gives to *Euanthe*,—(*but I, Euanthe, partial to thy will*, SOUGHT THEE IN VAIN,)—for being shut up in the city, is a very weak one, and almost amounts to the ridiculous. What! not find a lady of her quality, who is under the protection of the king, and lives in the palace? This certainly must be altered.* I was thinking whether the scene between them in the third act might not pass before the gates are shut, and that upon leaving her he finds his going to the camp obstructed by the sudden order of *Amphares*, that then he may return to her in the *helot's* dress, which would very naturally and forcibly bring on the fine capital scene in the third act, between him, her, and *Amphares*. I am speaking at random, and therefore you must make what use you please of these my loose thoughts. Is not there too little matter in the second act? the whole consists of that very long scene between *Agis* and *Lysander*, the entrance of a Senator, the procession, and the soliloquy, (which is a very fine one) of *Amphares*. I cannot as yet see what use we can make of *Sandane*; she is very insignificant hitherto, and unless she has something to do in the two last acts, she will appear to have no business in the tragedy. I am called away, and can only say,

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* It was, however, not altered.

that the more I read of *Agis*, the more I like it; and if the pathos rises to a proper height in the two last acts, *l'affair est faite*. It will be a most unspeakable pleasure to me to convince you how much I regard and esteem you.

" I am, dear Sir,

" Most sincerely,

" Your friend and very humble servant,

" D. GARRICK.

" Mrs Garrick presents her best compliments to you; she has cry'd at you already. You have written some passages in these three acts, more like Shakespeare than any other author ever did."

Yet the objections of Garrick to this tragedy as a play to be acted, seem to me to be well founded. The two first acts lag so much, and have so much of mere languid declamation, that it would be hardly possible for any performer to keep up the attention of the audience during this pause of the main action, and the barrenness of incident which attends it. The poetry, however, is in general smooth and flowing, and the sentiments striking and well expressed. There is much of the favourite spirit of the author, the admirer of martial glory, in the short speech of *Rhesus*, characterising his brother, the second in command in that Thracian army,

which was to awe the Spartans, and destroy their king:

> " Next in command my brother Euxus stands,
> A youth to Mars devoted; for he loves
> Danger itself, not danger's rich reward."

And the sentiment of *Lysander*, when his prince wishes him to leave him in Sparta, and provide for their future safety by repairing to the army, is happily expressed, without being overloaded, like those of many other dramas, with unnecessary words:—

> " Things past belong to memory alone,
> Things future are the property of hope;
> The narrow line, the isthmus of these seas,
> The instant scarce divisible, is all
> That mortals have to stand on."

Nor is the reflection of the calm and philosophic *Agis* without its peculiar merit, and is sufficiently appropriate both to the character and the situation.

> " In times like these, of a declining state,
> Baseness infects the general race of man;
> But yet these trying times rear up a few
> More excellent, refined, and conscious spirits,
> More principled, and fit for all events,
> Than any in the good, but equal mass,
> Of a far better age."

The following may be thought too bold, and the

figure is somewhat open to ridicule, in respect of the picture which it presents :

——— " On the insect wing
Of a small moment, ride th' eternal fates."

Yet I have heard it admired at the time ; and even now, in that vague extravagant sort of sublimity, begotten by Genius upon Nonsense, which has distinguished some recent productions, it would, I doubt not, excite admiration and applause.

In the third act occurs the incident of which, as I have formerly mentioned, the author was so proud, and which Garrick foresaw would strike the audience so much, that in which the villain *Amphares* disarms *Lysander*, by the threat of stabbing his much-loved *Euanthe*, if he continues to resist. Mr Home has repeated it, with scarce any variation, in one of the closing scenes of his *Fatal Discovery*.

The fourth act does not ill sustain, in the importance of its events, and the spirit of its dialogue, the interest which was excited in the third. The Athenian *Lysander*, bred in the academic school, may be excused, when, amidst the perils of his situation, he utters the following philosophical, but generous exclamation :—

——— " If man is like the leaf,
Which, falling from the tree, revives no more,
I shall be shortly dust, that will not hear
Euanthe's grief, nor see the shame of Sparta !

> **Now I am a living man, my mind is free;**
> **And whilst I live and breathe, by Heaven, I'll act**
> **As if I were immortal!"**

One line, uttered by the same person in this scene, attracted the particular applause of the audience, from a circumstance in the conduct of the Seven Years' War, which had then recently happened. Our troops had been foiled in an attempt on the French coast, and the dispatch, if I recollect right, of the commander of that detachment, had mentioned the *danger* which had deterred him from landing, or longer maintaining his position on the coast. In the play, *Euxus* proposes to *Lysander* immediately to leave Sparta, and depart for the army. " Your stay," says he,

> **" Your stay is full of danger, risk it not."**

Lysander replies,

> **" All necessary dangers must be risk'd."**

Some one in the pit exclaimed, " *Bellisle*," and there was a loud and continued plaudit.

The fifth act but ill supports the spirit of the two former, though there is some interest excited by the uncertainty which hangs over the fate of *Lysander*, till the scene in which he kills *Amphares*, and rescues *Euanthe*. But the audience, when I saw this piece represented, felt the languor

of its conclusion, and went away not much affected by the death of *Agis*, and with somewhat of indifference about the future fate of the lovers, or of Sparta. To this is probably owing the neglect which it has experienced since its original representation, though certainly superior, in every kind of merit, to many tragedies that have since kept possession of the stage.

I think it probable that the suggestion contained in the criticism of Mr Oswald, which I read a little while ago, was the prompter of our author's idea in writing the tragedy of *Douglas*; for there are among his papers some hints and scraps that seem to have been germs of that tragedy, which bear the appearance of having been set down very near the time when that letter was written. In conformity, perhaps, with the criticism of that letter, he now discarded love from the plan of his drama, and founded it on maternal tenderness—a subject which had employed the ablest dramatic poets, from the earliest times, and which was naturally indeed, from the earliest times, entitled to possession of the stage. He wove it into a story, founded, I believe, on the old Scots ballad of *Gil Morrice*, which had been recited to him by a lady, and which happily suited the bent of his imagination, that loved to dwell amidst the heroic times of chivalry and romantic valour, particularly amidst those in which the great names of our ancient Scottish

Worthies were distinguished. The story, in all its circumstances, was calculated to inflame this sort of imagination, and the incidents which it presented were of an appropriate kind, familiarized to the fancy of a poet of this country, and congenial to its traditional history as well as manners. This seems to me to have been the peculiar felicity which gave Mr Home so great an advantage in the composition of *Douglas*, and raised that drama so much above all his other works. Of this piece there are extant, among those papers which Mr Home's nephew has been so obliging as to put into my hands, more fragments and original sketches, or, as a painter would call them, *studies*, than of any other of Mr Home's productions; and it is curious to observe, how much the after corrections of the poet, probably suggested by the remarks of that very able set of friends and companions to whom he early communicated his piece, have improved it.* Yet the chief scene,

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* These corrections, it is probable, occasioned the belief, which I remember very current at one time, that the superior excellence of *Douglas*, was owing to the assistance which he received in its composition, from his literary friends.—There is a disposition, (whether from envy or a love of detraction, or merely a sort of pleasure in the discovering of things not commonly known) in the public to impute works to others, instead of their real authors. The same disposition leads to the accusations of plagiarism, so often made on very slight foundations.

one, indeed, which has no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in ancient drama, that between *Lady Randolph* and *Old Norval*, I have found, on comparing the original sketch with the finished scene in the printed play, to differ scarcely in a word. Thus it is that the fervid creation of genius and fancy strikes out what is so excellent as well as vivid, as not to admit of amendment, and which, indeed, correction would spoil instead of improving. This is the true inspiration of the poet, which gives to criticism instead of borrowing from it, its model and its rule, and which it is possible, in some diffident authors, the terrors of criticism may have weakened or extinguished.

The only part of any great poetical composition, whether in the dramatic or narrative form, which no genius can produce in a hurry, is the plan and progress of the fable. On that the poet, gifted how much soever he may be, must often pause—must consider it in its general effect, as well as in its various parts in detail, in the relation which those parts bear to one another, as well as to nature and probability. He must often look back from the end to the beginning—must measure, as it were, the growth of his characters, from their earliest introduction into the piece, and trace the connexion of the incidents or scenes, from the opening of his story to its final catastrophe. It was this that made

Racine say that his piece was written when he had written out its plan; yet I am rather of the opinion which I had once occasion to hear Garrick declare, that there is a power in exquisite writing to abate the faults, and to supply the wants of a defective plan; just as an excellent colourist can soften the errors of his drawing, by the lights and shadows of his painting.

In *Douglas*, there are some defects in the plan and construction of the story; and one which is a sort of merit in the poet to have produced, is the falling off in the interest in the two last acts; for I think, on an impartial examination, it will be found, that the incidents, and more particularly the dialogue, in these last acts, go off somewhat coldly, chiefly from the high excitement of the spectator's mind in the scene of the discovery; and it is also to be attended to, that in a play so often represented, the reader always raises up, even in his study, the picture of the representation—and in the representation, the acting; especially of that admirable actress who has electrified so many audiences in *Lady Randolph;* and who, in her interview with the Old Shepherd, has so called forth and exhausted the feelings, as to leave only their languid remains to the future scenes of the play. I think that if allowance be made for those disadvantages, the reader will find, in the dialogue between the

mother and her son, in the fifth act, a degree of tenderness and nature, that in an ordinary tragedy would have been considered excellent. The diction, as well as the delineation of feeling in *Douglas*, seems to me of a very superior kind—sufficiently beautiful, without losing the proper dramatic simplicity, and in a high degree poetical, without any of that obscurity which in many, especially of modern poems, has been mistaken for poetry. Mrs Siddons told me she never found any *study* (which, in the technical language of the stage, means the getting verses by heart) so easy as that of *Douglas*, which is one of the best criterions of excellence in dramatic style. The same great actress, however, complained, that in the opening scenes, even with the retrenchments which she was obliged to make, there was a monotony which she found it extremely difficult to support in the delivery. I apprehend that this remark, which I am persuaded was well founded, was rather a compliment than an objection to the style of the piece; because that sort of level tone which is so difficult to support in scenic representations, is the very voice of nature in those situations of long-nourished settled sorrow, which had been for so many years the constant and cherished companion of *Lady Randolph*.

With such excellence as is now universally allowed to the tragedy of *Douglas*, it was not to be

wondered at that it should produce a strong sensation in Scotland; though I will allow, at the same time, that the public curiosity and expectation were considerably heightened by the peculiar situation of its author, the minister of a church, which, in those times particularly, held stage plays in reprobation. It created a sort of party, as a religious rather than a critical question, and the proceedings, as I have detailed in a former part of this paper, were carried on with a violence which perhaps may surprise us in these more moderate times. This party keenness, however, was favourable, as far as notice and interest are favourable, to the success of the play. But its success did not rest on this ground alone—its poetical merit captivated all who had the good fortune to hear any parts of it recited. I have already mentioned that some of the striking passages, among which I particularly recollect the opening soliloquy, had been got by heart, and were repeated by fair lips, for the admiration of their tea-tables. I may observe in passing, that few opening speeches are more beautiful in poetry, or more interesting in matter; though, perhaps, there is a mistake, not uncommon (observable indeed in other soliloquys of this very tragedy) in its dramatic character, that it tells a great part of *Lady Randolph's* story. Now, one never, I think, strictly speaking, tells a story to one's-self in soliloquy, though one

may reflect on its past, and anticipate its future, consequences.

No part of dramatic composition, however, has been so little regulated either by nature or probability, as that of the *Monologue*. On the French stage, till the time of Voltaire, the soliloquys were not indeed narrative; but they consisted of a string of high-flown sentiments, artificially expressed, equally unnatural and tiresome. I may be allowed to add, that no part of dramatic language is more difficult to the actor. Garrick appeared to me unrivalled in this department of acting. In speaking soliloquy, in holding those secret and searching dialogues with himself, he not only forgot the audience, but seemed to hold no communion with any thing external. He put off even the ordinary attributes of the character which he represented; he wrapt in the dark recesses of his soul, the half-conceived thought, the stifled passion, the secret vengeance, the repressed consciousness of crime. In a low and broken tone, in a language almost independent of words, he expressed the abrupt and scarcely connected movements of his mind. In some of those "horrible imaginings," as Shakespeare calls them, which are first developed in soliloquy, from his fixed eye, his contracted and furrowed brow, the silent quivering of his lips, with the low stifled tones they breathed, which, by an art almost peculiar to him-

self, he made audible to the ear, but still more audible to the mind, the impression was powerful beyond measure. 'Twas like the muttering of a volcano, before its fires are seen ; and the audience listened to it with the same deep and silent awe. The Society will scarcely make allowance for this enthusiastic eulogium ; but any of its members who have seen Garrick will understand it.

The episode of the *Hermit*, in the tragedy of *Douglas*, is extremely beautiful, and may be even considered natural in the place where it is introduced. It was one which had probably risen to the poet's mind in his solitary walks on the shores of his parish ; and of which he was so particularly fond, that he has introduced the idea in more than one of his subsequent productions, with the addition, in one of them, of a picturesque image, which would naturally occur to him amidst the scenes of those walks I have mentioned.

> " Here I sit in sorrow,
> Silent and motionless, from morn to eve,
> Till the sea-fowls that skim along the shore,
> Fearless alight, and settling at my feet,
> Scream their wild notes, as if I were a stone,
> A senseless trunk, that could not do them harm."

I have been more full in my remarks on this tragedy, because it was that which gave his celebrity to the author, and continues to be distinguished as

one of the most interesting and pathetic dramas of the modern stage. It is not easy to conceive what could have induced Garrick to reject it when offered to him for representation; nor did his confidence in his own superior judgment yield even to the experience of its effect in representation at Edinburgh; it was brought out at Covent-Garden only, the year after it had been acted in Scotland.

Mr David Hume's high opinion of this tragedy, he has told the world in the dedication of a volume of his Essays, published soon after the appearance of *Douglas*, to his friend the author. His remarks when it was first communicated to him in MS. are contained in a letter, part of which has been torn off, of which the residue is as follows:*

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* In reading this letter, it is necessary to know, that, as the tragedy was first acted, the names of several of the principal characters were different from what they were made in the later representations. *Lord Randolph* was then *Lord Barnet*, *Lady Randolph*, of course, *Lady Barnet*, and *Norval* was *Forman*. The author's friends soon discovered the want of dignity in the name *Barnet*, from its being the name of the well-known village near London; and *Forman* was a common sirname of no high rank in Berwickshire.

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Mr DAVID HUME'S *Remarks on Douglas.*

"1755, *a* 1756.

"DEAR SIR,

"WITH great pleasure I have more than once perused your tragedy. It is interesting, affecting, pathetic. The story is simple and natural; but what chiefly delights me, is to find the language so pure, correct, and moderate. For God's sake, read Shakespeare, but get Racine and Sophocles by heart. It is reserved to you, and you alone, to redeem our stage from the reproach of barbarism.

"I have not forgot your request to find fault, but as you had neither numbered the pages nor the lines in your copy, I cannot point out particular expressions. I have marked the margin, and shall tell you my opinion when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. The more considerable objections seem to be these: *Glenalvon's* character is too abandoned. Such a man is scarce in nature; at least, it is inartificial in a poet to suppose such a one, as if he could not conduct his fable by the ordinary passions, infirmities, and vices of human nature. *Lord Barnet's** character is not enough decided; he hovers betwixt vice and virtue, which,

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* This name changed to *Randolph*, after the first representation.

though it be not unnatural, is not sufficiently theatrical nor tragic. After *Anna* had lived 18 years with *Lady Barnet*, and yet had been kept out of the secret, there seems to be no sufficient reason why, at that very time, she should have been let into it. The spectator is apt to suspect that it was in order to instruct him; a very good end indeed, but which might have been attained by a careful and artificial conduct of the dialogue.

"There seem to be too many casual rencounters. *Young Forman*,* passing by chance, saves *Lord Barnet; Old Forman*, passing that way by chance, is arrested. Why might not *Young Forman* be supposed to be coming to the Castle, in order to serve under *Lord Barnet*, and *Old Forman*, having had some hint of his intention, to have followed him that way?

[Some lines torn off and lost.]

Might not *Anna* be supposed to have returned to her mistress after long absence? This might account for a greater flow of confidence."

If the Society will not think me tedious, I shall be tempted to read in this place two other letters from Mr Hume, the first of which mentions his

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* Changed to *Norval*, before the tragedy was brought on the stage.

high opinion of *Douglas*, but the second has no relation either to that or any other production of his friend. But it seems to me so delightful in itself, and is so genuine a specimen of the writer's admirable talent for epistolary composition, that I own I reckoned myself fortunate in being permitted to allow the society a perusal of it. It will not be valued the less for being altogether on a private subject, evidently written without the most distant view to publication, or even to general perusal.

To MRS DYSART, *at Eccles, (a much valued relation of* MR D. HUME,) *with a book—the first part of his History of England.*

" *9th October*, [1754.]

" DEAR MADAM,

"As I send you a long book, you will allow me to write you a short letter, with this fruit of near two years very constant application, my youngest and dearest child. You should have read it sooner, but during the fine weather, I foresaw that it would produce some inconvenience; either you would attach yourself so much to the perusal of me as to neglect walking, riding, and field diversions, which are much more beneficial than any history; or if this beautiful season tempted you, I must lie in a corner, neglected and forgotten. I assure you I would

take the pet if so treated. Now, that the weather has at last broke, and long nights are joined to wind and rain, and that a fire-side has become the most agreeable object, a new book, especially if wrote by a friend, may not be unwelcome. In expectation then, that you are to peruse me first with pleasure, then with ease, I expect to hear your remarks, and Mr Dysart's, and the Solicitor's.* Whether am I Whig or Tory? Protestant or Papist? Scotch or English? I hope you do not all agree on this head, and that there are disputes among you about my principles. We never see you in town, and I never can get to the country; but I hope I preserve a place in your memory.

"I am,

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"DAVID HUME.

"*P.S.*—I have seen John Hume's new unbaptized play,† and it is a very fine thing. He now discovers a great genius for the theatre.

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* Mr Home, a relation of the Historian, then Solicitor-General for Scotland.

† I presume this was *Douglas*; and the expression, "he now discovers a great genius for the theatre," I suppose was meant to imply Mr D. Hume's opinion of its being better fitted for the stage than *Agis*.

[*Written at the top.*]—"I must beg of you not to lend the book out of your house, on any account, till the middle of November;* any body may read it in the house."

To Mrs Dysart.

"*Ninewells, March* 19*th*, 1751.

"Dear Madam,

"Our friend at last plucked up a resolution, and has ventured on that dangerous encounter. He went off on Monday morning, and this is the first action of his life wherein he has engaged himself without being able to compute exactly the consequences. But what arithmetic will serve to fix the proportion between good and bad wives, and rate the different classes of each? Sir Isaac Newton himself, who could measure the courses of the planets, and weigh the earth as in a pair of scales, —even he had not algebra enough to reduce that amiable part of our species to a just equation; and they are the only heavenly bodies whose orbits are as yet uncertain.

"If you think yourself too grave a matron to

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* I suppose the time of its publication in London.

have this florid part of the speech addressed to you, pray lend it to the collector, and he will send it to Miss Nancy.

"Since my brother's departure, Katty and I have been computing in our turn, and the result of our deliberation is, that we are to take up house in Berwick; where, if arithmetic and frugality don't deceive us, (and they are pretty certain arts) we shall be able, after providing for hunger, warmth, and cleanliness, to keep a stock in reserve, which we may afterwards turn either to the purposes of hoarding, luxury, or charity. But I have declared beforehand against the first. I can easily guess which of the other two you and Mr Dysart will be most favourable to. But we reject your judgment; for nothing blinds one so much as inveterate habits.

"My compliments to his Solicitorship. Unfortunately I have not a horse at present to carry my fat carcase, to pay its respects to his superior obesity. But if he finds travelling requisite either for his health or the Captain's, we shall be glad to entertain him here as long as we can do it at another's expence; in hopes we shall soon be able to do it at our own.

Pray tell the Solicitor that I have been reading lately, in an old author called *Strabo*, that in some cities of ancient Gaul, there was a fixed legal standard, established for corpulency, and that the senate kept a measure, beyond which, if any belly presu-

med to increase, the proprietor of that belly was obliged to pay a fine to the public, proportionable to its rotundity. Ill would it fare with his worship and I, [me] if such a law should pass our parliament; for I am afraid we are already got beyond the statute.

"I wonder, indeed, no harpy of the treasury has ever thought of this method of raising money. Taxes on luxury are always most approved of; and no one will say, that the carrying about a portly belly is of any use or necessity. 'Tis a mere superfluous ornament, and is a proof too, that its proprietor enjoys greater plenty than he puts to a good use; and, therefore, 'tis fit to reduce him to a level with his fellow subjects, by taxes and impositions.

"As the lean people are the most active, unquiet, and ambitious, they every where govern the world, and may certainly oppress their antagonists whenever they please. Heaven forbid that Whig and Tory should ever be abolished, for then the nation might be split into fat and lean, and our faction, I am afraid, would be in piteous taking. The only comfort is, if they oppressed us very much, we should at last change sides with them.

"Besides, who knows if a tax were imposed on fatness, but some jealous divine might pretend, that the church was in danger.

"I cannot but bless the memory of Julius Cæsar, for the great esteem he expressed for fat men,

and his aversion to lean ones. All the world allows, that that emperor was the greatest genius that ever was, and the greatest judge of mankind.

"But I should ask your pardon, dear Madam, for this long dissertation on fatness and leanness, in which you are no way concerned; for you are neither fat nor lean, and may indeed be denominated an arrant trimmer. But this letter may all be read to the Solicitor; for it contains nothing that need be a secret to him. On the contrary, I hope he will profit by the example; and, were I near him, I should endeavour to prove as good an encourager as in this other instance. What can the man be afraid of? The Mayor of London had more courage who defied the hare.

"But I am resolved sometime to conclude, by putting a grave epilogue to a farce, and telling you a real serious truth, that I am, with great esteem,

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) DAVID HUME."

"*P.S.*—Pray let the Solicitor tell Frank,* that he is a bad correspondent—the only way in which he can be a bad one, by his silence."

The next tragedy which Mr Home composed was that of the *Siege of Aquileia*, of which Mr

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* The late Dr Francis Home of Edinburgh.

Garrick (as I have mentioned in the chronological account of the representations of the author's plays,) entertained the most favourable opinion, and anticipated the most brilliant success. In that expectation he was disappointed, from the circumstance formerly noticed, of the distress being chiefly produced by narrative, instead of the livelier means of representation. But, even exclusive of that circumstance, it seems to me that this tragedy, neither as a drama or a poem, is calculated to affect or to please nearly so much as either Douglas or some of his other pieces. There are not those bursts of real and overpowering passion with which the audience sympathises and is moved. The words in some degree overwhelm the feeling, and we read verses which indeed contain beautiful and sublime sentiments, but which speak rather than exhibit those contending emotions of the soul, of which the genuine expression in such situations marks the inspired mind, and the deep conscious skill of the tragic poet. *Emilius* reminds us of Cato, but it is Cato the orator, rather than Cato the patriot and the father; yet the contrast between the firmness of Roman virtue in *Emilius*, and the yearnings of a mother's heart in *Cornelia*, might, I think, in the hands of such an actress as Mrs Cibber was, have had a powerful effect on the stage, if there had been more of compression in the words, and of picture in the scene. In its present state, it would exhaust the powers of the most unwearied actress, to sup-

port the part of *Cornelia* as it ought to be supported; and this is probably the reason why it has never been acted (as far as I know,) since its first representation in London, in 1760.

The *Fatal Discovery* was the next production of his muse, which, though indifferently received at the time of its appearance, and now almost forgotten, I am inclined to think, in point of poetry, and indeed of pathos, the next to his *Douglas*. The subject had probably dwelt on his mind ever since his meeting at Moffat with James M'Pherson, whom, as is well known, he encouraged to make a tour in the Highlands and Islands, to collect the ancient Gaelic poetry, of which M'Pherson had translated fragments to Mr Home, when at that watering-place. From one of those fragments, the subject of this tragedy was taken, and the names of the persons in the poem are preserved in the play. Garrick was of my mind as to its merit, as appears from the following letter:

"*Hampstead, June* 6, 1768.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I NEVER sat down to write to you with more pleasure than I do at present. I have read *Rivine* again and again, and every time with greater pleasure. I could not send it to you so soon as I promised, because I was resolved to get rid of all my theatrical cares, which I did not, on account of the

Princess's death, till last Tuesday, when I finished the season with *Hamlet*, and never played that character so well in all my life. But to return to our precious *Rivine*. How happy am I that I did not give you the copy till I had considered it with all my wits about me! It is a most *interesting*, *original*, *noble* performance; and whenever it is exhibited, will do the author great, very great honour.

"If your fifth act (as a fifth act,) is equal to the rest, *sublimi feries*, &c. The construction of your fable is excellent; you leave the audience, at the end of every act, with a certain glow, and in the most eager expectation of knowing what is to follow. I drew the tears last night in great plenty from my wife, and a very intimate friend of ours, who is now with us at Hampstead. I read it with all my powers, and produced that effect which I would always wish to do in reading a work of genius, and more particularly a work of yours.

"I shall give the copy to Dr Blair to-morrow morning, for he and Dr Robertson do me the honour to breakfast with me. The literary world, notwithstanding our present unaccountable confusion, are in the highest expectation of Dr Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*.

"I will not descend from my present exaltation about you, to point out some little trifling objections I have here and there in your tragedy; they

are of very little consequence, and if just, can be altered in a morning. I find your friend Dr Blair knows of it, and though I have not yet opened my lips to him upon it, I will talk it over with him to-morrow, by ourselves. I have filled my paper, and my heart and mind are full about you. I shall ever love and esteem you, though I were never to see you again; for 'friendship never dies.'—*Act* 4. *Scene* 1.

"Yours,

"Ever and most affectionately,

"D. GARRICK.

"Pray let me have the fifth act soon, and a complete copy, that I may give it another reading. What are your designs about it? Pray tell me, and tell it me in a hand that does not gallop quite so fast as your imagination."

Mr Home's next succeeding performance was the tragedy of *Alonzo*, brought out at Drury-Lane in 1773. This tragedy, though written at a considerable distance of time, has more both of the style and story of *Douglas*, than any other of the poet's dramas, but both are much inferior to those of that excellent tragedy. There are a great many passages in *Alonzo* so closely resembling those of its sister-play, that the author could hardly have ventured to set them down, if his memory had served him to

recal those which he had formerly written. Thus the young *Alberto*, the unacknowleged son of the heroine *Ormisinda*, begins the story of his life :—

" Alberto is my name, I drew my breath
From Catalonia ; in the mountains there
My father dwells, and for his own domains
Pays tribute to the Moor. He was a soldier.
Oft have I heard him of your battles speak,
Of Cavadonga's and Olalla's fields ;
But ever since I can remember aught,
His chief employment and delight have been
To train me to the use and love of arms.

— — — —

" Meanwhile, my bosom beat for nobler game ;
I long'd in arms to meet the foes of Spain.
Oft I implored my father to permit me,
Before the truce was made, to join the host."

And the King's reply is nearly in the words of *Lord Randolph* to his young deliverer :—

" Thou art a prodigy, and fill'st my mind
With thoughts profound, and expectations high."

And in another place, the King, in words exactly like those of *Lady Randolph*, says,—

——— " Rise, Alberto,
To me no thanks are due ; a greater king,
The King of Kings I deem, hath chosen thee
To be the champion of his law divine."

Ormisinda's admiration of her son, and compari-

son of him with his father, are expressed exactly as *Lady Randolph* expresses the same feelings:—

> " Is he not like him? mark his coming forth—
> Behold Alonzo in his daring son,
> Full of the spirit of his warlike sire;
> His birth unknown, he felt his princely mind,
> Advanced undaunted on the edge of war,
> And claimed the post of danger for his own."

And, in the next act,

> " Then tell him of his son to wring his heart!
> Truly describe the boy, how brave he was!
> How beautiful!—How, from the cloud obscure
> In which his careful mother had involved him,
> He burst, the champion of his native land."

There is likewise, though the author had long ceased to exercise any of his clerical functions, the same imitation of the Bible.

" Oft," says the stripling *Alberto*, almost in the very words of David, when speaking of Goliah,—

> ——" Oft have I kill'd
> The wolf, the boar, and the wild mountain-bull,
> For sport and pastime. Shall this Moorish dog
> Resist me fighting in my country's cause?

And again,

> " The God of Battles, whom Abdallah serves,
> Has overthrown the infidel, whose trust
> Was in his own right arm."

There is in many passages of this play the same animated poetry which is found in *Douglas*; but there are many more blemishes in the language to balance these. The following is an image of much grandeur, comparing to a sublime natural phenomenon the mysterious progress of the hero of the piece:

——— "I judge it is Alonzo.
Shrouded in anger, and in deep disdain,
Like some prime planet in eclipse he moves,
Gazed at and fear'd."

And in the next scene, the simile, illustrative of a mind uncertain of its future destiny, is natural and beautiful.

"But hope and fear alternate sway my soul,
Like light and shade upon a waving field,
Coursing each other, when the flying clouds
Now hide, and now reveal the sun of heaven."

It is difficult to conceive the same author, but a few pages after, writing such prosaic lines as the following:—

"There never was,
Nor will there ever, while the world endures,
Be found a parallel to my distress."

"His eyes, his ears are shut. Oft have I sent
Letters that would have pierced a heart of stone."

" A mace he wields,
Whose sway resistless breaks both shield and arm,
And crushes head and helmet."

" Has this youth no name? Hast thou not heard
How he is called?"

" You start and shudder like a man
Struck with a heavy blow."

" He did not deign to look upon the present,
But stretch'd his sun-burnt hands straight out before him,
Like a blind man, and would have stood so still,
Had I not made his fingers feel the pearls."

" Why should I fear to see a grave-clad ghost,
Who may so soon be number'd with the dead,
And be a ghost myself."*

" Then forward sprung, and on the mighty shield
Discharged a mighty blow, enough to crush
A wall, or split a rock."

" The years, the months, the weeks, the very days,
Are reckon'd, register'd, recorded there.
And of that period I could cite such times,
So dolorous, distressful, melancholy,
That the bare mention of them would excite
Amazement how I live to tell the tale."

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* Our national vanity must confess the same wretched quibble in one of the most interesting scenes of Shakespeare's Hamlet:

" Unhand me, gentlemen!
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him who lets me!"

Lines which (with reverence to Shakespeare be it said) I think it might be judicious to leave out in the acting.

And in that well known defiance of Alonzo, conceived in the very slang of a bruiser.

> " I'll fight you both,*
> Father and son at once."

Nor is there less a want of propriety and good-taste in the allusion to the hackneyed story in Ovid, in the midst of a mother's anguish :—

> " You know not what you do, unhappy both !
> This combat must not, nor it shall not be ;
> The sun in heaven would backward turn his course,
> And shrink from such a spectacle as this,
> More horrid than the banquet of Thyestes."

With all its imperfections, however, this tragedy had much greater success in the representation than any of Mr Home's other plays, *Douglas* excepted. It owed, perhaps, great part of that success to the exertions of Mrs Barry, then in the very zenith of her theatrical fame, for whom Mr Home, in a preface which sufficiently speaks his exultation at the applause which his play received, says he wrote the

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* When Mr Woods, a favourite actor on our Edinburgh stage, brought out this tragedy for his benefit, I suggested a slight transposition of the words, that took off something from the vulgarity of expression—

> " Both will I fight,
> Father and son at once."

part of *Ormisinda*, a confession which speaks more of policy than dignity in the poet.

Of his latest tragedy, *Alfred*, I am unwilling to speak. His friend, our venerable associate, Dr Adam Ferguson, thus accounts for its failure:

"*Edinburgh, February* 7, 1778.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"DAMN the actors that have damned the play, and think no more of it till you have time to do what may be necessary for the press, and then consider what is to be done with it. Besides the accidents you mention, I can conceive that the substitution of a love-interest for an interest of state, which the audience expected from the name of Alfred, may have baulked them; when they appeared to languish, you certainly did right to withdraw it.

* * * * * *

"I am,

"Dear JOHN,

"Most affectionately yours,

"ADAM FERGUSON."

But in truth, its own want of interest in the plot, and of poetry in the dialogue, are quite sufficient, without any other cause, to account for the unfavourable reception it met with. There was an uniform mediocrity in the language, an uniform tameness and want of discrimination in the characters,

sufficient, without the national feeling of the debasement of the great *Alfred* into the hero of a love-plot, to tire, if not to disgust an audience.

Another tragedy I find among his papers, of the composition of which I am unable to fix the date, but I presume it was at a later period than that of *Alfred;* its title is *Alina*, or the *Maid of Yarrow*, and it is founded on a fabulous story, of which the time is supposed to be that of the Crusade of St Louis ; but the persons are Scots, and the scene is laid on the Borders of Scotland. This story, being of a sort adapted to kindle those national and heroic feelings of which Mr Home was so susceptible, one would have thought might have roused his genius to something of the same excellence which his *Douglas* possesses ; but it is very deficient in all the qualities which give force or interest to dramatic composition, and the principal female character, *Alina*, marked with nothing to distinguish or to adorn it, and not placed in any situation in which the ablest actress could make it attractive. Yet the author seems to have been fond of it, for he has made a number of corrections and alterations. An anonymous friend, to whose judgment he appears to have submitted this play, has written an elaborate criticism (as far as can be judged by the fragment of that criticism which exists among Mr Home's papers,) upon every scene of it. But no amendment which criticism could suggest, could possibly

give it interest with the reader or with an audience; it has the most irremediable of all faults, a want of that vigour and creative force of genius for which a number of faults is easily forgiven. By the author's partiality, two fair copies of it were made by two different amanuenses; but it was never acted, and will probably never be published.

I found, in a more imperfect form, two acts of an unfinished play, to which the author has affixed no title, but which is founded on an East-Indian story, and turns on the invasion of Hindoostan, by a Tartar Prince, who is in love with the daughter of a Rajah, whose hand her father, as well as her own affections, had bestowed upon another. From the two acts which were written, it does not seem to promise any excellence that should make one regret its not being finished. It is probable the story was suggested by Mr Home's intimacy with the author of *Zingis*, for which tragedy Mr Home wrote the prologue. *Zingis* was brought out, I think, about the year 1780.

If I am right in supposing the time of writing these two tragedies to have been as late as that year, it was after Mr Home had met with the very serious accident of a fall from his horse, which had nearly cost him his life, and which certainly, though it did not affect his intellect, impaired both the power of his genius and the discrimination of his taste; and this circumstance may easily account

for their inferiority to his earlier productions. Another dramatic work, written however at a much earlier period of his life, (for I see mention made of it in a letter from Mr James M'Pherson, in 1774,) is indeed of so inferior a kind, and so utterly unworthy of Mr Home, that I should not have mentioned it at all, but for that obligation which biographical truth imposes on me. This is a comedy called the *Surprise*; or, *Who would have Thought it?* It is a tame and spiritless dialogue, without any wit, or even sentiment, to give pleasure to the reader, or any incident in the scenes to give amusement on the stage. It might have fairly been doubted indeed, even without this proof, if Mr Home, even in his most vigorous days, or in his happiest moods of composition, could have produced a good *comedy*. Though his conversation was always pleasing, and frequently amusing, from the anecdotes with which his memory was furnished; yet he appeared to me not endowed with that vivacity or creative humour fitted to inspire comedy. His very epilogues are always grave and serious, even with a cast of melancholy; and I have rarely found in any of the fragments of his composition, or in his letters, any sparks of humour or of gaiety.

I have taken up so much of the Society's time, that I cannot encroach upon it more at present by reading some of the correspondence which passed

between Mr Home and his friends, among whom were some men whose letters the Society would hear with considerable interest. If they think it worth while to afford me another evening, or part of another evening, I may accomplish that purpose, or attempt another, which I conceived on comparing Mr Home's poetry with that of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. This comparison induced me to take a short review of the older dramatists of England, who wrote before the poets of the era immediately preceding Mr Home; I was thence imperceptibly led to a consideration of the general state of poetry in this country, and that change which it has undergone in recent times; but several interruptions, both of leisure and of health, have hitherto prevented my finishing those remarks. If I can render them any way deserving the attention of the Society, I will take the liberty of reading them at some subsequent meeting.

APPENDIX

TO

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

OF

MR HOME,

CONSISTING OF

LETTERS TO AND FROM HIS FRIENDS.

I AM sorry to find myself considerably disappointed in the Letters which I hoped to lay before the Society, as an Appendix to the Account of Mr Home's Life. In looking carefully over those with which his nephew, Mr John Home, was so kind as to furnish me, I found much fewer than I had expected of sufficient consequence to induce me to read them in this place. This was owing, I believe, to the circumstance which I mentioned formerly, of Mr Home's careless habit with regard to papers, particularly during the concluding years of his life.

There are still, however, some letters which I think will interest the Society, both from the characters of the writers, and the subjects to which they relate. These I will read in the order of their dates, as far as that order allows of dividing them into the subjects of the narrative which I formerly submitted to the Society, taking first those which relate to the early period of Mr Home's life, the openings of his genius, and its subsequent developement in the productions of his muse; next, those which have reference to the patronage, I might rather say the warm attachment, of Lord Bute, his connexion with whom had the most important effects on his circumstances and situation; and, if the Society's time or patience will allow, I shall conclude by submitting to it some letters from, and relating to, his illustrious friend Mr David Hume, chiefly written towards the close of that celebrated author's life.

One thing I may fairly say, and with the most perfect sincerity, that there is not one sentence of all that correspondence which I have perused, however private or confidential, that does not afford the strongest proof of those amiable dispositions, that warmth of heart, that cordiality of friendship, that perfect disinterestedness with regard to himself, and generosity with regard to others, which I have formerly mentioned as belonging particularly to the character of Mr Home.

The first letter that I shall read is one addressed to me by our venerable colleague, Dr Adam Ferguson, giving some account of his early acquaintance with Mr Home, and of their respective occupations. He apologises for its defects in point of information, from a circumstance, which, however, will increase its interest with us,—the very advanced age, and peculiar situation of the writer.

"*St Andrews, June* 3, 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I AM sorry to feel that I can do but little to supply the defects of your materials, in framing the intended Memoir relating to the life of my very particular friend John Home. My intimacy with him began at College, about the year 1743, or 44. I left Scotland in the summer 1745, did not return till the year 1751, and had no fixed residence in Scotland till near 1760, and my recollection of transactions, or rather of dates, within this whole period, is very imperfect, and even perplexed.

"As to Mr Home's early visits to London, I heard of one in company with some of Mr Adams' family, and believe it was then he met with his repulse from Garrick, and made his address to Shakespeare's monument. I know not whether he was then presented to Lord Bute, but have heard of his interviews with Mr Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. His openness, ardour, and warmth of

heart, recommended him equally to Mr Pitt and Lord Bute; but the political difference which arose and increased betwixt these personages, lost him the one in the same degree as he acquired the other.

"It was, I think, in his first visit to London, he fell in with Collins the poet, perhaps introduced by Mr Barrow, who, as you suppose, was his fellow adventurer in the Castle of Doune, and continued through life his warm and affectionate friend, as I too experienced by Home's recommendation. Home's access to Lord Bute procured Barrow the office of pay-master to the army, during the American war, where scores of millions passed through his hands, and left him returning to England, I believe, nearly as poor as he went.

"I lived, as you suppose, with Mr Home, at Braid, a farm-house two miles south of Edinburgh; but as to the date, I can say nothing, but suppose it may have been after the first representation of *Douglas* at Edinburgh, and after he was far gone in the favour of Lord Bute.

"I remember he was then much engaged in versifying, but cannot say what. I think, but may be mistaken, it was in some changes or amendments wished by Lord Bute, in the tragedy of *Agis*; and even in concert with Garrick, who was beginning to regard the influence of Lord Bute more than he had formerly regarded the applications of Home. I

am by no means qualified to mention what different subjects, or works, Mr Home attempted or executed, as I myself, during the busiest time of his life, was much engaged abroad, sometimes in the Low Countries, in Germany, Switzerland, and even in America. As to any attempt of his in comedy, I never heard of any such thing; and, if the public are not much interested to know the failures as well as successes of literary men, I should be willing to have the attempt in comedy you mention entirely suppressed, as one of the mistakes we commit in moments of dulness or error.

"As to what you call the party at Moffat, I cannot pretend to recollect the date to which it may be referred. I believe it was not any concerted party. John Home was there by himself—lived at the Ordinary—and met with James M'Pherson at the Bowling-Green. M'Pherson was there with his pupil, young Graham of Balgoun, [now Lord Lynedoch,] living with his mother, Lady Christian Graham, at her brother, Lord Hopetoun's house, in that village. What passed between John Home and James M'Pherson, I soon after heard of; and had no doubt it was a continuation of what had passed frequently betwixt Home and myself, on the subject of reported traditionary poetry in the Highlands. There was another Highlander there, who, as well as Mr Home, I understood, obtruded on M'Pher-

son with inquiries on that subject. M'Pherson confirmed the reports; and being asked whether he could exhibit any specimens, said he was possessed of several; and on Home's wishing to have some translation, M'Pherson agreed, and furnished him with some of those *fragments* which were afterwards printed in a pamphlet, and drew that public attention which gave rise to the further proceeding on the subject.

"David Hume was not at Moffat when these interviews with M'Pherson took place; he was, you know, a professed sceptic, and cannot properly be said to have ever formally affirmed or denied the authenticity or imposture of the poetry in question. He began, and continued to call for evidence—perhaps for more evidence than the circumstances of the case could admit; but this, you know, is the essence of scepticism;—to most men, day-light is sufficient evidence that the sun is rising or risen; but the sceptic would always have more, even if the rays were vertical.

"As to the project and subscription which afterwards took place, to dispatch M'Pherson to collect more poetry in the Highlands, I was not then in Scotland, nor heard of it till some time afterwards.

"Mr Home certainly never entertained any doubt that the original of Mr M'Pherson's translations was traditionary in the Highlands.

"As to the society he mostly frequented at London, you seem to be sufficiently informed. Lord Bute generally treated him with an uncommon degree of affection; their minds were much at unison in all the sentiments of admiration or contempt. The sphere of attentions paid to Mr Home at London, no doubt extended after the representation of *Douglas*; but I have ever since been too little in London to be apprised of particulars for your information; and as to the defects of what you might expect from me on the subject of this letter in general, I trust you will forgive it, being now for many years declining, while you and many other younger men are advancing in knowledge and power.

"I am visited sometimes by Dempster, who is possibly too old for your acquaintance, but I call him a younker, being myself about to enter on my ninetieth year.

"I am,
"My DEAR SIR,
"With great esteem,
"Your most obedient, and most
"Humble servant,
"ADAM FERGUSON."

Part of a Letter from MR HOME, *to a Friend, giving a humorous Account of himself, after recovering from a severe fit of the Toothache; concluding with a Description of* BLACKLOCK, *the blind poet.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I FANCY my letter last week would puzzle you strangely, and make it hard for you to divine the fate of the china and the wig, (for a wig was got by George's care;) but by the inexcusable neglect of the china merchant, who undertook to send them with some other boxes that were going for Dunse, they have both lain in his shop all this week. I should be extremely sorry if I thought that this disappointment had given as much pain to Mrs Home or you, as it has done to me.

"Yesterday I was out for the first time, having been obliged, after a number of tormenting successless remedies, to draw the tooth where the pain was seated, which has relieved me for this bout. I am now what one, at first sight, would call a polite fellow, being much thinner and paler than usual; and when I am dressed in my folio coat, I very much resemble those *petit maitres* that are pictured on the frontispieces of Moliere's plays. My spirits were so low for some time, that the taste for reading, and even for arguing with my companions, was

sunk to a degree that alarmed me with fears of its never rising more; for, in my severest intervals, I could not attend to the most easy deductions of reason, but I am now in a more hopeful way, and soon

> Shall wonted ardour in my bosom burn,
> And the fierce spirit of dispute return.

"As soon as I went to town, I called at your carrier, and though I repeated my visit, found he had nothing for me; after which, I went to a companion's, and sent for the *blind poet*,* who is really a strange creature to look at; a small, weakly, under thing—a chilly, bloodless animal, that shivers at every breeze. But if nature has cheated him in one respect, by assigning to his share, forceless sinews, and a ragged form, she has made him ample compensation on the other, by giving him a mind endued with the most exquisite feelings—the most ardent kindled up affections; a soul (to use a poet's phrase) that's tremblingly alive all over; in short, he is the most flagrant enthusiast I ever saw; when he repeats verses, he is not able to keep his seat, but springs to his feet, and shews his rage by the most animated motions. He has promised to let me have copies of his best poems, which I'll transmit to you whenever he is as good as his word. In

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* Dr Blacklock.

the meantime, as small fish are better than none, you will accept of the inclosed Ode on Mercenary Love, which was shewn to Blacklock by an acquaintance of mine, along with some others, and by him preferred to the rest. Receive with this, Parnell, Gaff, and Virtot's Revolutions of Portugal, which Mrs Home will accept instead of a compliment written especially to her. Pray let me hear from you next week.

Three Letters from Mr Home to Dr Carlyle; written from London, when smarting under his disappointment of not getting his Tragedy of Agis brought on the Stage.

It were trite to say, after its being concentrated into the adage—"*genus irritabile vatum*," that the same sensibility which inspires excellence in poetry, gives proportional acuteness to the pains of neglect and disappointment; but it may be fair to remark, on the other hand, that this irritability (which I cannot bring myself to call unfortunate) frequently aggravates the neglect much beyond what it would appear to soberer minds, who give themselves leisure to consider all the circumstances of the case. I wish this qualifying remark to accompany our author's account of the reception of his play by one person, at least, of most respectable character, whom

other muses acknowledged as their most benevolent patron and supporter. The same kind of feeling which I have ventured to ascribe to poets, makes persons of genius contemptuous of ordinary men, especially when their youth and inexperience, "fresh from the classic walks of Greece and Rome," prevent their justly appreciating the use of such characters. Poets, beyond all other men, live amidst a creation of their own, where the castle-building of their fancy smooths every thing around them, without ever supposing any of those obstructions which they must infallibly meet with when they come to jostle amidst the realities of the world. They are catched, if I may be allowed the expression, with the polished part of the fabric of human life;—they forget how indispensible are the less showy materials that compose the rubble work of the building. With these prefatory observations, I may venture to read the two following letters, without detracting from that philanthropy and milk of human kindness, for which, in truth, Mr Home was so remarkable:—

"*London, 6th November,* ——

"DEAR CARLISLE,

"I DID not write to you upon the road, because I was in no spirits, having travelled about one half of the road alone; besides, I had nothing very material to report of Marchmont's criticisms; he ex-

tolled the spirit and characters of the piece, but objected to the bloodiness of the catastrophe, and to the want of regularity and sequence of the scenes. As to the first of these objections, I know that the most applauded plays on earth are as bloody, and ought not to be less so. As to the suite of the scenes, the strictness of it would spoil almost every fable, and I think that I have enough of it. Blair and Maghie are to read it this night and to-morrow, after whose judgment I shall shew it to Littleton. I have seen nobody yet but Smollett, whom I like very well.

* * * * * *

"I am a good deal disappointed at the mien of the English, which I think but poor. I observed it to Smollett, after having walked at High-Mall, who agreed with me.

* * * * * *

"Westminster Abbey is the only object to my content. I believe that I shall be very much there at my leisure hours. I contemn all the buildings that I have seen, except a chapel called the Banquetting-house, which is admirable. I shall write Logan as soon as I have seen the lions and other pagans that reside in this city. The people here

are incredibly surprised to see a raw Scotchman so little surprised, and so well acquainted with all that he sees.

" JOHN HOME."

" MY DEAR CARLISLE,

" I HAVE long delayed writing to you, in expectation of writing what might be agreeable with regard to myself, or interesting as to others. I cannot say that I will at this present time do either of these, but I do not think it is fit I should be longer silent. Know, then, that as to myself, I have met with one disappointment. After having made some alterations in my play, and turned out some Scotticisms, or vulgarities as they were termed, Mr Littleton refused to read it, because if he did not approve it, he would be pained in saying so, and if he did, he would be put to as much trouble in supporting it, as he was last winter in carrying through *Coriolanus*, which, with all his interest, he hardly could make run for nine nights, for which reason he would not read a tragedy as a judge, nor engage in it as a patron, if it was writt by his own brother. I was also told, that it was not to be expected that any young man could write a tragedy better than Mr Thomson, who was the greatest poet of the age, (a brother of Littleton's, a dignified clergyman, told me all this pleasing matter,)—I bowed, and answered, ' that Mr Thomson was a

descriptive poet.' I thanked the gentleman for his civilities, and walked off with less appearance of chagrin than you will think possible. I thought at first that Littleton had read the play, and took this gentle way of dismissing me; but upon putting that, and desiring to know the worst, this parson, who I believe fears God, (though perhaps he may be a little Arminian,) assured me most solemnly, 'that Mr Littleton had not read it, and that he himself did not pretend to be a judge in these matters, having addicted himself to the study of natural history; however, that he would have read it for all that, if it had not been his extraordinary business in attending upon the King as chaplain.' You see what people I have to deal with; I am only vexed that I applied to them. I could divide my body into two, and go to buffets with myself, for having solicited a dish of skimmed milk, (as Hotspur says,) in such an honourable action. I believe I need hardly tell you, that Maghie, Blair, and Barrow, judged of *Agis* as Logan, Blair, and you have done. I cannot help telling you that one Englishman, after extolling the genius of the piece, added, 'that the author had formed himself too much upon Thomson's Seasons, and Lee's plays.' I could not have been more surprised if he had said that I had formed myself upon Euclid's Elements, and M'Laurin's Fluxions. The genius of this nation is really a little gross; by what I can see of

their public buildings, their entertainments, and their conversations, the plumb-pudding, and butter-sauce, makes their intellectuals boggy. However, I have met with some charming fellows amongst them,—Oxonians that were republicans, and citizens that were patterns of taste. * * * * * * * * *

Your friend Smollett, who has a thousand good, nay, the best qualities, and whom I love much more than he thinks I do, has got on Sunday last three hundred pounds for his *Mask*. * * * * * * * * * *

"JOHN HOME."

"MY DEAR CARLISLE,

"I ADDRESS this to you with pleasure, as it will certify you of the more favourable state of my affairs, and that I hope to set out in a few days with assurance, if not certainty, of my plays being acted next winter. Kay, to whose cousin, Oswald, I am infinitely obliged, will tell you the particulars. I know your good sense and affection for me to be both so great, as that you will easily excuse the neglects in writing from a man like me, whose mind was torn with anxiety, shame, and indignation. I have now recovered my spirits and begun to write to my friends, the moment that it is not painful for me to write, and for them to receive my letters. Before I go any further, I desire you to make my

compliments,—(but that's a cursed word,)—to present my most respectful and affectionate remembrance to your father and mother, who I doubt not have often wondered at my silence. I delayed from post to post, because every day I expected to be the harbinger of better tidings. * * *

* * * * * *

I can't write to you about London as I do to other people to whom every thing is news. You know it better than I do, and we shall compare notes plentifully. I must acquaint you, that I found [torn off.] which is a most excellent place, neither are the chop-houses to be despised; only the people here in general are so execrably stupid, that there is no conversing with them, and their men of learning such shallow monsters, that I am always obliged to be upon my guard, lest I should really shock, or seem to insult them. I sometimes hearken to the coffee-house conversations upon poetry and politics, where there are such fellows authors, whose wigs are worth three pounds sterling, that it is ready to make a man of moderate patience 'Curse his better angel from his side, and fall to reprobation.'

"JOHN HOME."

I am now to read three letters from Mr James M'Pherson, who at that time, I believe, was a sort of editor or manager of some newspapers in the interest of government, because they relate to an event which the national pride of this country sets down as a very extraordinary one, the combined fleets of France and Spain cruizing in the British Channel, and threatening to cover an invasion, and exhibit the feeling of the country on that event. One cannot help comparing that with the alarm afterwards felt from the preparations for a French invasion, and contrasting therewith a prouder national feeling, when the embodying and discipline of a militia, and other native force, had rendered the fears of an invasion a bugbear, with which no man, scarce a woman or child, condescended to be frightened.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE news to tell you. The French and Spanish fleets are in the mouth of the Channel. An express arrived this morning, a lieutenant of the Marlborough, of 64 guns, which ship was chaced by the enemy to within a few leagues of the Lizard. Sir Charles Hardy was, by the last accounts, off Ushant. I reckon it likely that he has

them between him and the land. The lieutenant says that an action must have happened; a general anxiety prevails, but less than you could have supposed. Our *friends* look a little blue. The times are big with events. I have no doubt of our beating them, unless the same devil who turmoiled the 27th of July, 1778, has still his black hand at our admiral's helm. The express counted sixty-three sail, 'tis said of the line; I hope sixty-three was the number of the whole. Should any new lights come ere the post sets out, you may be put to the expence of another ninepence. We may probably demand the swords of the S. Fencibles, in this part of the world.

"Yours, very affectionately,

"JAMES MACPHERSON.

"*Tuesday, two o'Clock, Aug.* 17, 1779."

"*Tuesday, two o'Clock, Aug.* 31.

"NOTHING new of the fleets. By the last official accounts, the C. d'Orvilliers, with fifty of the line, had advanced to where Sir Charles Hardy had been left, on the 19th. Our fleet had been driven further west. 'Twas thought Sir Charles was on another tack, and about twelve leagues off. There are thirty-two French, and eighteen Spaniards of the line, with D'Orvilliers, sixteen of the line with D. Lewis de Cordova, in sight. The fifty under D'Orvilliers are in this order:—Forty-five divided

into three squadrons; these subdivided into nine lesser squadrons, each consisting of three French and two Spaniards; five ships of the line, under the Chevalier de la Touche-Treville, destined to conduct the transports, should our fleet suffer itself to be beat or blocked up in a port. Official information says, that the embarkation at St Malo's was to have begun on Friday last, the 27th. Some reports came to-day, that 32,000 were at sea. The wind is truly an invasion wind—two points to the west of south. We think here that Hardy ought to beat 'em; others say, he will miss them and gain the Channel. I am not under great apprehensions; and John Bull keeps up his spirits wonderfully. All is calm, tranquil, and easy here. The stocks don't fall; and all the animal functions, and even pleasures, go on as usual. We shall hear some news soon. 'Tis a time of anxious suspense to speculative men."

"*September 3d*, 1779.

"This morning an express from Sir C. Hardy. He was coming up Channel—the combined fleet behind, it is said, under a press of sail, *in pursuit*. The fogs which prevailed at the mouth of the Channel during the east wind, prevented their meeting. All was involved in night. They mutually heard the signal guns, but could not see each other. We expect a decisive action. I am not of that opinion.

John Bull is perfectly indifferent. Stocks rise; yet the fate of the kingdom may depend on the turning up of the dye. One is disgusted with the white lies of the day. I believe the Bourbons are serious. Johnston's fifty gun *Romney* is thrown *out* of the line. Hardy is in great spirits—so is the whole fleet. But, if we look back, through time, we never had a sea-advantage over France, but with superiority of numbers. I hope to announce a victory in my next. The times are critical. A defeat would involve us in confusion. I don't think *that* drilling business ought to be *your* province in these times. The battle will happen, perhaps, at Spithead. Though I ought to know many things, they communicate nothing. The bell-man is at the door."

The next class of letters, from Lord Bute, I think may be considered historical, in so far as they seem to me decisively to contradict an idea very generally entertained at the time, and frequently repeated since, that there was a certain secret influence possessed by that nobleman, which regulated the choice of ministers, if not the adoption of measures; and placed between the people and the sovereign, a sort of intermediate and invisible agen-

cy, possessed of power without responsibility, which therefore, the constitutional authority of parliament could not directly controul, nor the voice of the public its applause or its censure easily reach. From the letters I am now to read, on the contrary, it appears that Lord Bute, when he did retire from official situation, retired in good earnest, and was happy to be relieved from all concern whatever with public matters. In such retirement, he felt himself, as he conceived, neglected and forgotten, much beyond the degree of neglect and oblivion which commonly follows the relinquishment of power.

The first letter, dated 20th September, 1755, may serve as an answer to the accusation brought against him by Lord Chatham, when boasting of having called forth the valour of Scotsmen and Highlanders in the service of their country. "It was not the country I objected to, but the man of that country; because he wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom."

London, September 20, 1755.

"DEAR HUME,

"I HAVE been living a most unsettled life ever since I received your first. Real business should plead for my silence, and yet I am loath to make that excuse, because it sounds like an affected one. I know you so well, that I flatter myself you will be satisfied with assurances, that it no way proceeded

from any want of regard or real esteem. I long much to know how *Douglas* goes on. Garrick and I have never met since I saw you. I don't much like that scheme of shewing your play to Mallet; for I own I have not that great opinion of his taste; but prudential reasons with regard to Garrick may make it necessary. Since Lady Dalkeith's intended marriage has been owned, I, from being an utter stranger to Mr Townshend, have little interest with her; but I have imparted to my brother your request, who will, I am certain, do what he can.

"I once thought of sending a beautiful ode of Voltaire's on the lake of Geneva, but I see they have printed it, so that you will certainly see it; and yet I must give you here a few lines out of it:—

"Ce Loi est le premier; c'est sur ces bords heureux,
Qu' habite des humains La Deesse eternelle,
L'ame des grands Travaux, l'objet des nobles vœux,
Que tout mortel embrasse, ou desire, ou rapelle,
Qui vit dans touts les cœurs et dont le nom sacré,
Dans la Cour des Tyrans est tout bas adoré,
La Liberté, &c."

"Again, talking of the people's success in defending Geneva against the sovereign, he says,

"Leurs fronts sont Couronnez, de ces fleurs
Que la Grece, aux Champs de Marathon, prodiguoit aux vainquers.

C'est là leurs diadème, ils en font plus de compte
Que d'un cercle à fleurons de Marquis ou de Comte.
On ne voit point ici la grandeur insultante
Portant de l'épaule au coté
Un ruban que la vanité
A tissu de sa main brillante.
Ni la fortune insolente
Repoussant avec fierté
La prière humble et tremblante
De la triste pauvreté.
On n'y meprise point les travaux necessaires,
Les etats sont egaux et les hommes sont frères."

" Excellent truth, with which I will end this scrawll, desiring you to believe me,

" DEAR HOME,

" Your's, most humbly,

" BUTE."

On the subject of a Tutor to his Son.

" DEAR HOME,

" I am very much obliged to you for the friendly endeavours you have used for me, in a point of the greatest consequence. A person acting up to the character you draw of Mr Ferguson would be a treasure to me, and deserve my warmest protection. I spoke to Elliot upon the subject, and desired him to write my thoughts, as I had it not then in my power to do it myself. You would find by

him, that I want to change the plan of my children's education. You have often heard me talk of schools with horror. Before I received yours, I had been on the search of a person in whom I might repose the greatest trust I shall ever have in my power to place in any man; for it is not Greek and Latin that I am most anxious about, 'tis the formation of the heart—the instilling into the tender ductile plant, noble generous sentiments, real religion, moral virtue, enthusiasm for our country, its laws and liberties; in short, ideas fit for the situations my children, especially my eldest boy, will, in all probability, be in; the man who does this, or indeed attempts it honestly, (for who can answer for the success of the wisest education) must be my friend, and will most certainly find me extremely his. A person fit to take this great line, cannot, must not, be embarrassed with teaching the first rudiments of education. I should therefore provide some other person for that, under his eye. I have now opened my heart to you, and have given you, dear Home, more *data* to go upon. You will now be a better judge of the important commission you kindly take in hand. I expect every post to hear of *Agis*—you know I am to be feasted with the acts as they are completed.

"I am this minute come from Harrowgate, where I found Mountstuart proud of having made his first essay for the silver arrow; and not far off a victory. He enquires after his friend, as well as Frederick;

and hopes *Agis* will make him amends for the loss of *Douglas*. All are well here, and all your warm wishers. Adieu,

"DEAR HOME,

"Believe me ever

"Most sincerely yours, &c.

"BUTE.

"*Kew, August 7th*, 1757."

"DEAR HOME,

"I observe in your last letter that you make no mention of the length you are got in your play. Though I long to see you, yet it is so impossible for you to do any business here, that I own I should, (though against myself,) advise remaining in Scotland to finish it, unless you propose putting it off to another winter, which may be perhaps the most prudent measure. I have now read again and again your friend's* history, and cannot express how much it pleases me;—the opening and winding up are magnificent; the characters equal to any thing I ever read; and the style noble, animated, and pure. I protest, in my opinion, it stands the first history in the English tongue. I hope he will hear as much from others; and that, encouraged by the just reward of superior merit, he will procure new laurels

* *Dr Robertson's.*

by some other masterpiece. I hope he has got some good hand to do it justice in a French translation; for I should be grieved to hear of its appearing mutilated in a foreign dress. Adieu,

" DEAR HOME,

" Yours, most entirely,

" BUTE.

" *London, February 20th*, 1759."

" DEAR HOME,

" As I may probably continue the next winter abroad, I send this letter by George Johnson, to be delivered into your own hand. I assure you I am sorry to go without you; and yet, for the reason I mentioned in my last, you will see with me, the necessity of it; besides, if you are here next winter, I know your warm heart so well, that I am certain you will not suffer me to be calumniated and abused in my absence, without taking proper methods of answering these infamous wretches, where it is necessary or expedient; and I shall also expect to know the state of things from you, with more freedom than from others; in short, if you are here, I know I have a warm and zealous friend in this pandemonium, who will not leave me in ignorance of any thing material that comes to his knowledge. When once I know your motions and your time, I will apprize you how to direct to me, as I shall

leave my name behind me, for these vipers to spread their venom on; for, believe me, whatever advantage to my health this odious journey may be of, I know too well the turn of faction to suppose my absence is to diminish the violence I have for so many years experienced—a violence and abuse that no fear has made me too sensible to; and perhaps the more, that I may think I merit a distinguished treatment, of a very opposite nature, from a people I have served at the risk of my head. I have tried philosophy in vain, my dear Home. I cannot acquire callosity; and were it not for something still nearer to me—still more deeply interesting—I would prefer common necessaries in Bute, France, Italy, nay, Holland, to 50,000*l.* a-year, within the atmosphere of this vile place. But see it I must; so fate decrees; and I am doomed, therefore, to experience, to my last minute, all the consequences Adieu, dear Home, and depend upon it, if I live to return, you will have restored to you, in my presence, a very cordial and affectionate friend,

"BUTE.

"*London, July 27th*, 1768."

"*Venice, October 5th*, 1770.

"I have just received your letter, my worthy bard, and wish you every happiness your heart can desire in your new situation. It is, of all others,

that in which there exists no medium. Felicity or misery must attend it,—may the first be your constant lot; for I know you well enough to be certain that was your whole aim; and that you are incapable of those sordid interested views, that form the basis of modern alliance, where the heart never has any share, and even desire is often wanting; which passion, common to all animals, is, however, the only thing this age christens by the name of Love—void of tender feelings, and real delicacy. Where the half-crown does not make the match, brutal desire is alone substituted for those exquisite sensations—those raptures in which the soul and body have an equal share; and which, with me, makes the essence of that universal passion I call love; this enjoyment cannot pall, nor age or sickness weaken. May you both experience this superior bliss, to the last hour of life. I have but a poor account to give of myself. Near three months of this envenomed Sirocco has lain heavy on me; and I am grown such a stripling, or rather a withered old man, that I now appear thin in white clothes that I looked Herculean in when I was 20. I hope I may get better, if permitted to enjoy that peace, that liberty, which is the birth-right of the meanest Briton, but which has been long denied me. Adieu,

DEAR HOME,

" Yours, most affectionately,

" BUTE."

"*London, March 25th*, 1773.

"DEAR HOME,

"I DON'T wonder you are surprised at not hearing from me; it would appear to any one else most unkind, but you know me enough not to measure my friendship by my letters. Alas! my friend, Fortune has been determined to empty every envenomed arrow out of her quiver against me, which, joined to so long a state of bad health, will bring matters to a quicker issue; which, far from a painful, is rather a comfortable reflection at my time of life. Few men have ever suffered more, in the short space I have gone through of political warfare, and yet the violence of open enemies has least affected me. Think, my friend, of my son Charles being refused every thing I asked. I have not had interest to get him a company, while every alderman of a petty corporation meets with certain success. I am now in treaty, under Lord Townshend's wing, for dragoons in Ireland; if I don't succeed, I will certainly offer him to the Emperor. A thousand thanks for the boxes and snuff; before I received it, I had got a provision from Prestonpans, that will, I believe, last my life. You say nothing of moving southward, though my motions and residence are too uncertain to make me wish for it. If I am in being, and in this part of the world, I need not tell you that I shall rejoice to see you.

Adieu, my good friend.—Health, quiet, and happiness attend you many years.

"Yours, most affectionately,

"BUTE."

"*London, June 27th*, 1780.

"DEAR JOHN,

"How are matters going on with you in the world, while we here have both lives and property at stake? This mad Scotchman* has lighted up a flame that will not be so easily extinguished, though at present, surrounded by fifteen thousand men, it remains dormant. You will easily perceive, that under the colour of religious zeal, three different purposes were pursued by three very different sets of people; the breaking open the prisons and plundering houses, were the natural operations of the abandoned populace. Lord Mansfield's house, and many others, they have found marked for destruction, (of which both mine in town and country had the foremost rank,) belong to counsels you cannot be at a loss to guess; but the attack on the Bank, of the New River water-pipes, and the particular fire-balls made use of, came from those who really wished the total destruction of this once-great

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* *Lord George Gordon.*

country. Fanaticism in burning Romish chapels, with a formidable list found of thirty-five thousand Roman Catholic houses, all destined to the flames, may be deemed to proceed from a fourth junto. You will see printed, by authority, lists of three or four hundred killed and wounded; but Charles tells me the first don't exceed thirty. The troops had very cautious orders, and acted accordingly: Never was an hour where spirit was so necessary to save a country at the gates of destruction; but that is fled from this island, and exists only in the first person amongst us. The extempore speech he made at Council, drew tears from several there,—'*I lament the conduct of the magistrates, but I can only answer for one—one (putting his hand on his breast,) will do his duty.*' The language of —— is, at this hour, 'Poor creatures! they did not mean mischief, a mere frolic, &c. and now all over, so that keeping the troops has very sinister purposes.' I fear, indeed, those in power think it over; but the troops once gone, I look on the fate of my house as determined; indeed, nothing but my son Charles, with forty of the Royals, saved it on the Thursday; and as to this place, I fear they may destroy it when they please. Twenty men left at Luton would have secured me, for a mob can't come from London without its being known, but eight or ten villains may do here what they please. Charles is to send me arms, but his account of the

servants left in town renders them useless, for he says, except Peter, they were all sneaking cowards. O! my friend, how does this demonstrate the folly I have been guilty of in all done here? One-fourth as much at Bute would have made that the first seat in Britain, and given me a comfortable and secure asylum in the decline of life; but repentance comes too late, and now, 'come what come may, time and the tide wear out the roughest day.'"

The last division of the correspondence, which I have selected from other letters, less interesting to the Society, consists of some from Mr Home's celebrated friend, to whom I have had occasion so often to allude, David Hume;—many of whose letters, I regret to say, our poet, with his characteristic inattention to such matters, appears to have destroyed, or rather probably neglected to keep, as his nephew, to whose kindness I am indebted for a communication of his uncle's papers and correspondence, has been able to find but a very few.

In the first part of this paper, I mentioned a *jeu d'esprit* of Mr Hume's; who, being kept out of the secret of a humorous pamphlet, written by his intimate friend, Mr Ferguson, took his revenge by writing to Dr Carlyle a letter, claiming the work as

his own; and I took occasion to observe how much this anecdote tended to confirm an observation which had frequently occurred to me, of the uncertainty of the evidence arising from letters, when the writers are dead, and the motives of the correspondence cannot be known. I have now been favoured with a copy of that letter, which I will read to the Society, who, I think, will perceive, that though plainly ironical to us, who know the previous circumstances, there is an air of sober reality about it, that would have made it appear perfectly serious to one who should have found it at some distance of time, without being possessed of such previous knowledge.

"*Edinburgh, 3d February*, 1761.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM informed that you have received a letter from London, by which you learn that the manuscript of sister Peg has been traced to the printer's, and has been found to be, in many places, interlined and corrected in my hand-writing. I could have wished that you had not published this piece of intelligence before you told me of it. The truth is, after I had composed that trifling performance, and thought I had made it as correct as I could, I gave it to a sure hand to be transcribed; that in case any of the London printers had known my

hand, they might not be able to discover me. But as it lay by me for some weeks afterwards, I could not forbear reviewing it; and not having my amanuensis at hand, I was obliged, in several places, to correct it myself, rather than allow it to go to the press with inaccuracies of which I was sensible. I little dreamed that this small want of precaution would have betrayed me so soon; but as you know that I am very indifferent about princes or presidents, ministers of the gospel or ministers of state, kings or keysars, and set at defiance all powers, human or infernal, I had no other reason for concealing myself, but in order to try the taste of the public; whom, though I also set in some degree at defiance, I cannot sometimes forbear paying a little regard to. I find that frivolous composition has been better received than I had any reason to expect, and therefore cannot much complain of the injury you have done me by revealing my secret, and obliging me to acknowledge it more early than I intended. The only reason of my writing to you is, to know the printer's name, who has so far broke his engagements as to shew the manuscript; for the bookseller assured my friend to whom I entrusted it, that we might depend upon an absolute secrecy. I beg my compliments to Mrs Carlyle, and am,

" Dear Sir,

" Your most obedient humble servant,

" DAVID HUME."

Copy of passage in a Letter from Mr DAVID HUME *to* Dr BLAIR, *dated Park Place, London, 28th March,* 1769.

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"*THE Fatal Discovery* succeeded, and deserved it. It has feeling, though not equal to *Douglas*, in my opinion. The versification of it is not enough finished. Our friend escaped by lying concealed; but the success of all plays in this age is very feeble; and people now heed the theatre almost as little as the pulpit. History now is the favourite reading, and our other friend,* the favourite historian. Nothing can be more successful than his last production, nor more deservedly. I agree with you; it is beyond his first performance, as was indeed natural to expect. I hope, for a certain reason which I keep to myself, that he does not intend, in his third work, to go beyond his second, though I am damnably afraid he will, for the subject is much more interesting. Neither the character of Charles V., nor the incidents of his life, are very interesting; and, were it not for the first volume, the success of this work, though perfectly well writ, would not have been so shining."

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* Dr Robertson.

To Mr Home.

"*St Andrew's Square, September 20th*, 1775.

"Dear John,

"Of all the vices of language, the least excusable is the want of perspicuity; for, as words were instituted by men, merely for conveying their ideas to each other, the employing of words without meaning is a palpable abuse, which departs from the very original purpose and intention of language. It is also to be observed, that any ambiguity in expression is next to the having no meaning at all; and is indeed a species of it; for while the hearer or reader is perplexed between different meanings, he can assign no determinate idea to the speaker or writer; and may, on that account, say with Ovid, "*Inopem me copia fecit.*" For this reason, all eminent rhetoricians and grammarians, both ancient and modern, have insisted on perspicuity of language as an essential quality; without which, all ornaments of diction are vain and fruitless. Quinctilian carries the matter so far, as to condemn this expression, *vidi hominem librum legentem*; because, says he, *legentem* may construe as well with *librum* as *hominem*; though one would think, that the sense were here sufficient to prevent all ambiguity. In conformity to this way of thinking, Vau-

gelas, the first great grammarian of France, will not permit, that any one have recourse to the sense, in order to explain the meaning of the words; because, says he, it is the business of the words to explain the sense—not of the sense to give a determinate meaning to the words; and this practice is reversing the order of nature; like the custom of the Romans (he might have added, the Greeks) in their saturnalia, who made the slaves the masters; for you may learn from Lucian, that the Greeks practised the same frolic during the Festival of Saturn, whom they called Χρονος.

" Now, to apply, and to come to the use of this principle, I must observe to you, that your last letter, besides a continued want of distinctness in the form of the literal characters, has plainly transgressed the essential rule above-mentioned, of grammar and rhetoric. You say, that Coutts has complained to you of not hearing from me;—had you said either James or Thomas, I could have understood your meaning. About two months ago, I heard that James complained of me in this respect, and I wrote to him, though then abroad, making an apology for my being one of the subscribers of a paper which gave him some offence. I was afraid he had not received mine. The letter of Thomas, I conceived to be only a circular letter, informing me of a change in the firm of the house; and have answered it a few days ago, by giving him some directions

about disposing of my money, which proved that I intended to remain a customer to the shop. It happens, therefore, luckily, that I had obviated all objections to my conduct, on both sides.

"In turning over my papers, I find a manuscript journal of the last rebellion, which is at your service. I hope Mrs Home is better, and will be able to execute her journey. Are you to be in town soon? Yours, without ambiguity, circumlocution, or mental reservation,

"DAVID HUME."

To Mr HOME.

"*Edinburgh, 8th February*, 1776.

"DEAR TYRTÆUS,

"IT is a remark of Dr Swift's, that no man in London ever complained of his being neglected by his friends in the country. Your complaint of me is the more flattering.

"Two posts ago, I received, under a frank of General Fraser's, a pamphlet, entitled *A Letter from an Officer retired.* It is a very good pamphlet; and I conjecture you to be the author. Sallust makes it a question, whether the writer or the performer of good things has the preference? and he ascribes the greater praise to the latter. It is happy for you, that you may rest your fame on

either. I here allude to what you have done for Ferguson.

"But, pray, why do you say, that the post of Boston is like the Camp of Pirna? I fancy our troops can be withdrawn thence without any difficulty.

"I make no doubt, since you sound the trumpet for war against the Americans, that you have a plan ready for governing them, after they are subdued; but you will not subdue them, unless they break in pieces among themselves—an event very probable. It is a wonder it has not happened sooner. But no man can foretell how far these frenzies of the people may be carried. Yours,

"DAVID HUME."

Copy of a Card from Mr DAVID HUME *to* Dr BLAIR. *It was written when he, along with* Mr JOHN HOME, *was on the way down from Bath to Edinburgh.*

"*Doncaster, 27th of June.*

MR JOHN HUME, *alias* Home, *alias* the Home, *alias* the late Lord Conservator, *alias* the late Minister of the Gospel at Athelstaneford, has calculated matters so as to arrive infallibly with his friend

in St David's Street,* on Wednesday evening. He has asked several of Dr Blair's friends to dine with him there on Thursday, being the 4th of July, and begs the favour of the Doctor to make one of the number."

Subjoined to the card, there is this Note, in Dr Blair's hand writing:

"*Mem.*—This the last note received from Mr David Hume. He died on the 25th of August, 1776."

Copy of passage in a Letter from Mr David Hume *to* Dr Blair, *dated Bath, 13th May,* 1776. *It relates to his meeting with* Mr John Home, *when on the way to Bath, for recovery of his health.*

"You must have heard of the agreeable surprise which John Home put upon me. We travelled up to London very cheerfully together, and thence to this place, where we found Mrs Home almost quite recovered. Never was there a more friendly action, nor better placed; for what between conver-

* Mr Hume's house.

sation and gaming,* (not to mention sometimes squabbling) I did not pass a languid moment; and his company I am certain was the chief cause why my journey had so good an effect; of which, however, I suppose he has given too sanguine accounts, as is usual with him."

Excerpt from a Codicil to Mr David Hume's *Will, written in his own hand, and dated 7th August,* 1776.

"I leave to my friend Mr John Home of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret, at his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."

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* Both were fond of *picquet*, and they played every evening on the road.

Note by DAVID HUME, Esq. *Nephew to the Historian.*

JOHN HOME was very strenuous in support of the *o* in preference to the *u*, in the spelling of his name, and held the point to be so clear in his own favour, as to admit of no debate. David Hume, at one time, jocularly proposed that they should determine the controversy by casting lots. "Nay," says John, "that is a most extraordinary proposal indeed, Mr Philosopher—for if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose, I take another man's name." This he often told me with great glee, and nearly in these words.

Note by the Editor.

As to the *port-wine*, it is well known that Mr Home held it in abhorrence. In his younger days, claret was the only wine drank by gentlemen in Scotland. His epigram on the enforcement of the high duty on French wine in this country, is in most people's hands:

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

Among the papers which have been preserved, is one of a remarkable kind,—a journal of that philosopher and historian's conversation and opinions delivered during the progress of a journey, which those two friends made in company to Bath, a very short while before Mr David Hume's death. That journey was highly honourable to Mr John Home, from the cordial and disinterested attachment which it shewed him to entertain for his illustrious friend.

He was at London with his wife, when he received accounts of the dangerous situation of Mr David Hume's health, and that he proposed a journey to Bath, as one of the possible means for restoring it. Mr Home instantly set off for Scotland, with the design of attending him in that journey, and ministering to him whatever ease or comfort the society of so intimate and long-tried a friend could afford. Mr Hume felt very sensibly the kindness of this measure, and it seemed to have answered, in no inconsiderable degree, the good purpose which it was intended to serve. They travelled by easy stages, they discoursed by the road with an easy unconstrained familiarity, which a sick man, in his moments of ease, can indulge without fatigue; and, in the evening, when they came early to their resting-place for the night, they played at picquet, a game of which they were both fond enough, as well as skilful in, to find an interest-

ing amusement. When Mr Hume went to bed, naturally from his situation, at an earlier hour than his friend, Mr John Home used to put down notes of the conversation which the preceding day had afforded.

Its value, in his estimation, was such, that he got it fairly copied out, with an intention of having it published; but the historian's nephew, our excellent colleague Mr Professor Hume, whose leave he asked previously to carrying this design into execution, conceived, that at that time it would not have been proper for publication; and that in his own very significant words (addressed to Mr John Home, in answer to a letter asking his leave to make this publication), it was one which he thought his uncle, had he been alive, would have objected to. The same reasons, however, not subsisting now, he has given me leave to insert it in this place.

The Society will perceive in those unreserved effusions, the general turn and complexion of Mr Hume's historical notions. Such familiar sketches give the bent and contour of a person's mind, perhaps more truly than his elaborate compositions, as portraits drawn in a night-gown and slippers, shew the figure more freely and more naturally, than when they are finished in the costume of rank or ceremony.

The letters from Mr Hume, which are subjoined to the journal—the notes to Dr Blair, and the Codicil to Mr Hume's Will, must interest, from the peculiar situation in which they were written. The Codicil was of his own hand-writing, and dated 7th August, 1776. He died on the 25th of that month.

Copy Letter Mr ADAM FERGUSSON *to* Mr JOHN HOME, *dated at Edinburgh, the* 11*th day of April,* 1776.

"I AM much such a correspondent as usual; and for some little time have been in doubt where a letter might find you. But David shewed me a line from you to-day, by which you desire to have your letters sent to London, and after such a preamble, you may guess that my silence proceeded in part from want of matter here. The loss of one *friend*, and the danger of *another*, are not subjects that make people in haste to write. David, I am afraid, loses ground. He is chearful, and in good spirits as usual, but I confess that my hopes, from the effects of the turn of the season towards spring, have very much abated. A journey to the south, particularly to Bath, has been mentioned to him; but the thoughts of being from home, hurried at inns, and exposed to irregular meals, are very dis-

agreeable to him. Black is of opinion that he ought not to expose himself to any thing that is so; and that for his complaints, the tranquillity and usual amusement of his own fire-side, with proper diet, is his best regimen; so that I think the thoughts of any journey are at present laid aside. I hope we shall see you *here soon*, and that your attentions will contribute to preserve what we can so ill spare.

"I am, dear John,

"Most affectionately yours,

"ADAM FERGUSSON."

Note by Mr JOHN HOME.

"Soon after Mr Home received the letter from Dr Ferguson, he left London, and set out for Scotland with Mr Adam Smith. They came to Morpeth on the 23d of April, 1776, and would have passed Mr David Hume, if they had not seen his servant, Colin, standing at the gate of an inn. Mr Home thinks that his friend, Mr David Hume, is much better than he expected to find him. His spirits are astonishing: He talks of his illness, of his death, as matters of no moment, and gives an account of what passed between him and his physicians since his illness began, with his usual wit, or with more wit than usual.

"He acquainted Mr Adam Smith and me, that Dr Black had not concealed the opinion he had of the desperateness of his condition, and was rather averse to his setting out. "Have you no reason against it," said David, "but an apprehension that it may make me die sooner?—that is no reason at all." I never saw him more chearful, or in more perfect possession of all his faculties, his memory, his understanding, his wit. It is agreed that Smith shall go on to Scotland, and that I should proceed to Bath with David. We are to travel one stage before dinner, and one after dinner. Colin tells me that he thinks Mr Hume better than when he left Edinburgh. We had a fine evening as we went from Morpeth to Newcastle. David seeing a pair of pistols in the chaise, said, that as he had very little at stake, he would indulge me in my humour of fighting the highwaymen. Whilst supper was getting ready at the inn, Mr Hume and I played an hour at picquet. Mr David was very keen about his card playing."

"*Newcastle, Wednesday, 24th April.*

"MR HUME not quite so well in the morning —says, that he had set out merely to please his friends; that he would go on to please them; that Fergusson and Andrew Stuart, (about whom we

had been talking,) were answerable for shortening his life one week a-piece; for, says he, you will allow Xenophon to be good authority; and he lays it down, that suppose a man is dying, nobody has a right to kill him. He set out in this vein, and continued all the stage in his cheerful and talking humour. It was a fine day, and we went on to Durham—from that to Darlington, where we passed the night.

"In the evening, Mr Hume thinks himself more easy and light, than he has been any time for three months. In the course of our conversation we touched upon the national affairs. He still maintains, that the national debt must be the ruin of Britain; and laments that the two most civilized nations, the English and French, should be on the decline; and the barbarians, the Goths and Vandals of Germany and Russia, should be rising in power and renown. The French king, he says, has ruined the state by recalling the parliaments. Mr Hume thinks that there is only one man in France fit to be minister, (the Archbishop of Toulouse,) of the family of Brienne. He told me some curious anecdotes with regard to this prelate; that he composed and corrected without writing; that Mr Hume had heard him repeat an elegant oration of an hour and a quarter in length, which he had never written. Mr Hume, talking with the Princess Beauvais about French policy, said that

he knew but one man in France capable of restoring its greatness; the lady said she knew one too, and wished to hear if it was the same. They accordingly named each their man, and it was this prelate."

"*Thursday, 25th.*

"LEFT Darlington about nine o'clock, and came to North Allerton. The same delightful weather. A shower fell that layed the dust, and made our journey to Borough-Bridge more pleasant. Mr Hume continues very easy, and has a tolerable appetite; tastes nothing liquid but water, and sups upon an egg. He assured me, that he never possessed his faculties more perfectly; that he never was more sensible of the beauties of any classic author than he was at present, nor loved more to read. When I am not in the room with him he reads continually. The post-boys can scarcely be persuaded to drive only five miles an hour, and their horses are of the same way of thinking! The other travellers, as they pass, look into the chaise, and laugh at our slow pace. This evening the post-boy from North Allerton, who had required a good deal of threatening to make him drive as slow as we desired, had no sooner taken his departure to go home, than he set off at full speed. '*Pour se dedommager*,' said David."

"*Friday, 26th, Borough-bridge.*

"MR HUME this morning not quite so well. He observes, and I see it, that he has a good day and a bad one. His illness is an internal hemorrhage, which has been wasting him for a long time. He is so thin that he chooses to have a cushion under him when he sits upon an ordinary chair. He told me to-day, that if Louis XV. had died in the time of the regency, the whole French nation were determined to bring back the King of Spain to be King of France, so zealous were they for preserving the line of succession. This evening Mr Hume not quite so well, and goes to bed at a more early hour than he used to do."

"*Ferry Bridge, Sunday, 28th.*

"MR HUME much better this morning. He told me, that the French nation had no great opinion of Cardinal Fleury; that the English had extolled him, in opposition to their own minister Sir Robert Walpole; but that Fleury was a little genius, and a cheat. Lord Marischal acquainted Mr Hume with a piece of knavery, which his lordship said nobody but a Frenchman and a priest could have been guilty of. The French ambassador at Madrid came to Lord Marischal one day,

and told him, that he had a letter from the French minister at Petersburgh, acquainting him that General Keith was not pleased with his situation in Russia, and wished to return to the Spanish service, (where he had formerly been ;) that it would be proper for Lord Marischal to apply to the court of Spain. Lord Marischal said nothing could be more agreeable to him than to have his brother in the same country with him ; but that, as he had heard nothing from himself, he could not make any application in his name. The French minister still urged him to write to the Spanish minister, but in vain. When the brothers met, several years after, they explained this matter. Keith had never any intention of coming into the Spanish service again ; and if Lord Marischal had applied to the court of Spain, measures were taken to intercept the letter, and send it to the court of Russia. General Keith, who commanded the Russian army in the field against the Swedes, would have been arrested, and sent to Siberia ; and the moment he had left the army, the Swedes were to attack the Russians. Mr Hume told me, talking of Fleury, that Monsieur Trudent, who was his eleve, acquainted him with an anecdote of that minister, and the late French king, which he, Mr Hume, believes Trudent had never ventured to tell to any body but him ; and he (David) had never told it to any body but me. Now, since Fleury, Trudent, and Lewis

are all dead, it may be told. Trudent took the liberty of observing to Fleury, that the king should be advised to apply a little more to business, and take some charge of his own affairs. Fleury, the first time Trudent spoke to him upon this subject, made him no answer; but upon his speaking again on the same subject, he told him, that he had entreated the king to be a man of business, and assured him that the French did not like an inactive prince; that in former times, there had been a race of indolent princes who did nothing at all, and were called *Les Rois Faineants;* that one of them had been put into a convent. The king made no reply; but some time afterwards, when Fleury resumed the subject, the king asked him, whether or no the prince that was put into the convent had a good pension allowed him?

"Mr Hume this day told me, that he had bought a piece of ground; and when I seemed surprised that I had never heard of it, he said it was in the New Church-yard, on the Calton Hill, for a burying-place; that he meant to have a small monument erected, not to exceed in expence one hundred pounds; that the inscription should be

DAVID HUME.

"I desired him to change the discourse. He did so; but seemed surprised at my uneasiness,

which he said was very nonsensical. I think he is gaining ground; but he laughs at me, and says it is impossible; that the year (76), sooner or later, he takes his departure. He is willing to go to Bath, or travel during the summer through England, and return to Scotland to die at home; but that Sir John Pringle, and the whole faculty, would find it very difficult to boat him, (formerly an usual phrase in Scotland for going abroad, that is, out of the island, for health.) This day we travelled by his desire three stages, and arrived with great ease at Grantham."

"*Monday, 29th.*

"FROM the treatment Mr Hume met with in France, he recurred to a subject not unfrequent with him—that is, the design to ruin him as an author, by the people that were ministers, at the first publication of his history; and called themselves Whigs, who, he said, were determined not to suffer truth to be told in Britain. Amongst many instances of this, he told me one which was new to me. The Duke of Bedford, (who afterwards conceived a great affection for Mr Hume), by the suggestions of some of his party friends, ordered his son, Lord Tavistock, not to read Mr Hume's History of England; but the young man was prevailed upon by one of his companions (Mr

Crawford of Errol) to disobey the command. He read the history, and was extremely pleased with it.

" Mr Hume told me, that the Duke de Choiseul, at the time Lord Hertford was in France, expressed the greatest inclination for peace, and a good correspondence between France and Britain. He assured Lord Hertford, that if the court of Britain would relinquish Falkland island, he would undertake to procure from the court of Spain the payment of the Manilla ransom. Lord Hertford communicated the proposal to Mr Grenville, who slighted it. Lord Hertford told Mr Hume the same day an extraordinary instance of the violence of faction. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Whig ministers were turned out of all their places at home, and the Duke of Marlborough still continued in the command of the army abroad, the discarded ministers met, and wrote a letter, which was signed by Lord Somers, Lord Townshend, Lord Sunderland, and Sir Robert Walpole, desiring the Duke to bring over the troops he could depend on, and that they would seize the Queen's person, and proclaim the Elector of Hanover Regent. The Duke of Marlborough answered the letter, and said it was madness to think of such a thing. Mr Horace Walpole, Sir R. Walpole's youngest son, confirmed the truth of this anecdote, which he had heard his father repeat often and often; and Mr

Walpole allowed Mr Hume to quote him as his authority, and make what use he pleased of it. When George I. came to England, he hesitated whether to make a Whig or a Tory administration, but the German minister, Bernstorf, determined him to take the side of the Whigs, who had made a purse of thirty thousand guineas, and given it to this German. George I. was of a moderate and gentle temper.—He regretted all his life, that he had given way to the violence of the Whigs in the beginning of his reign. Whenever any difficulty occurred in Parliament, he used to blame the impeachment of the Tories,—"Ce diable de impeachment," as he called it.

"The Whigs, in the end of Queen Anne's reign, bribed the Emperor's ministers, not to consent to the peace, and to send over Prince Eugene with proposals to continue the war.

"This anecdote from Lord Bath. Another anecdote Mr Hume mentioned, but distrusted the authority, for it was David Mallet who told Mr Hume, that he had evidence in his custody of a design to assassinate Lord Oxford.

"Prior, after the accession, was reduced to such poverty by the persecution he met with, that he was obliged to publish his works by subscription. Lord Bathurst told Mr Hume, that he was with Prior reading the pieces that were to be published,

and he thought there was not enough to make two small volumes. He asked Prior if he had no more poems? He said, No more that he thought good enough.—'What is that?' said Bathurst, pointing to a roll of paper, 'A trifle,' said Prior, 'that I wrote in three weeks, not worthy of your attention or that of the public.' Lord Bathurst desired to see it. This neglected piece was *Alma*."

"*Tuesday, 30th.*

"LAST night, when Mr Hume was going to bed, he complained of cold. One part of his malady had been a continual heat, so that he could not endure a soft or warm bed, and lay in the night with a single sheet upon him; he desired to have an additional covering. Colin observed to him, that he thought it a good symptom. Mr Hume said he thought so too, for it was a good thing to be like other people. This morning he is wonderfully well, which is visible in his countenance and colour, and even the firmness of his step. Talking of the state of the nation, which he continually laments, he mentioned an anecdote of the former war. He was at Turin with General Sinclair, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and, considering the superiority which the French arms had gained, he could not conceive why France granted such good terms to Britain. He desired General Sinclair to

touch upon that subject with the King of Sardinia That Prince, who was very familiar with the General, said he was at a loss to give any account of that matter; but, many years after, when Mr Hume was minister in France, and lived in great intimacy with Monsieur Puysieux, Secretary of State, who had negociated the peace of Aix, Mr Hume asked him the reason of the conduct of France at that time? Puysieux told him, that it was the king's aversion to war; that he knew more of it than any man alive, for, the year before the peace, he was ordered by the king to propose pretty near the same terms. He remonstrated against making the offer; said that at least the proposal should come from England; and that there was always some advantage to be gained by receiving, rather than propounding terms. The king was impatient, and obliged Puysieux to write the letter, (which General Ligonier carried,) with those terms which next year were agreed to by the British court. Mr John Home said he knew that the King of France promoted the peace of Paris from the aversion he had to war; and the peace was made at a time when it seemed impossible for Britain to carry on a war of such extent, and retain her scattered conquests. Mr Hume mentioned another singular anecdote concerning the beginning of the last war. When a squadron of the English fleet

attacked and took two French men of war, the Alcide and the Lys, Louis XV. was so averse to war, that he would have pocketed the insult; and Madame Pompadour said it was better to put up with the affront, than to go to war without any object but the point of honour. It is known, that neither the king, nor the ministers of England, wished for war. The French King abhorred the thought of war!—What then was the cause? Chiefly the fear of the popular clamour, and of the opposition in the Duke of Newcastle's mind. Mr Hume thinks Lord North no great minister, but does not see a better; cannot give any reason for the incapacity and want of genius, civil and military, which marks this period. He looks upon the country as on the verge of decline. His fears seem rather too great, and things are not quite so bad as he apprehends; but certainly the first show of statesmen, generals, and admirals, is, without comparison, the worst that has been seen in this country. I said to Mr Hume, that I thought the great consideration to be acquired by speaking in Parliament, was the cause of that want of every other quality in men of rank; they do speak readily, but there are many orators who can neither judge nor act well."

"*Wednesday, 31st April.*

"ARRIVED in London, where we saw Sir John Pringle, who thought Mr Hume much better than he expected to see him, and in no immediate danger. We staid a few days in London, and then set out for Bath.

"In travelling from London to Bath, we had occasion frequently to make our observations on the passengers whom we met, and on those who passed us, as every carriage continued to do. Nothing occurred worthy the writing down, except Mr David's plan of managing his kingdom, in case Ferguson and I had been princes of the adjacent states. He knew very well, he said, (having often disputed the point with us,) the great opinion we had of military virtues as essential to every state; that from these sentiments rooted in us, he was certain he would be attacked and interrupted in his projects of cultivating, improving, and civilizing mankind by the arts of peace; that he comforted himself with reflecting, that from our want of economy and order in our affairs, we should be continually in want of money; whilst he would have his finances in excellent condition, his magazines well filled, and naval stores in abundance; but that his final stroke of policy, upon which he depended, was to give one of us a large subsidy to fall upon the other, which would infallibly secure

to him peace and quiet, and after a long war, would probably terminate in his being master of all the three kingdoms. At this sally, so like David's manner of playing with his friends, I fell into a fit of laughing, in which David joined; and the people that passed us certainly thought we were very merry travellers."

HAVING communicated this biographical essay to my friend, *Sir Robert Liston*, lately our ambassador at the Porte, who was the early intimate and neighbour of *Dr Wilkie*, he wished me to correct the expression, uttered in the course of free and unweighed conversation, by *Mr Charles Townshend*, containing the opinion of that gentleman with regard to Dr Wilkie, which will be found at p. 15. I give Sir Robert's correction in his own words, contained in the following note to me:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"YOU have afforded me * a delicious treat by the communication of your *Account of the Life of*

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* I am happy to have this opportunity of setting down here the name of my excellent class-fellow and earliest friend, *Sir Robert Liston*. It is needless for me to eulogize that name;

John Home, whom I knew well, and to whom I think you have done perfect justice.

"I am anxious that you should mollify, or modify, what you say with respect to *Professor Wilkie*.

"You have spoken fairly of his genius, which, like others, felt to be original and luminous beyond that of any man I have ever seen.

"But I knew him long, and knew him intimately, and I can assure you that Wilkie was good-humoured, mild, attached to his family and his friends, full of condescension and kindness in his notice to young persons,—of which I have a most grateful remembrance. He talked indeed a great deal, and loved disquisition and debate; but there was nothing overbearing or offensive, or even stiff, in the manner of his urging his arguments; on the contrary, he was always calm, placid, perfectly master of his temper,—and often lively, jocular, and full of merriment.

"If he deserved, therefore, the epithet *rough and unpolished*, it was not because he was at any moment rude or harsh in the intercourse of life, but because he abstained from every thing like flattery

---

it has been praised at courts and by princes; but I know that he will not the less value the suffrage of an ancient friend, felt, deeply felt, though not expressed, in the private room in which I write.

H. M.

or compliment, and perhaps too frankly spoke the truth; and if he was not *accommodating to the decorum of society*, it was solely in the slovenliness of his dress; and the neglect of cleanliness in his habits, sometimes, I own, carried to a degree that caused disgust in persons of delicacy and high breeding.

"Be assured of the perfect regard and attachment of your most faithful humble servant,

"ROBERT LISTON."

END OF THE LIFE OF MR JOHN HOME.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

Correspondence

OF THE LATE

GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B.A.

WITH THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES JAMES FOX,

IN THE YEARS 1796....1801,

CHIEFLY, ON

SUBJECTS OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

LONDON:

Printed for

T. CADELL & W. DAVIES, IN THE STRAND:

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AND M. KEENE, DUBLIN.

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R. Watts, Printer, Ereabourne.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

WITH THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES JAMES FOX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A NUMBER of Letters from the late Mr. Fox were left among Mr. WAKEFIELD's Papers, after his death; and have remained for some years at the house of his Widow, at Hackney. As they appeared to be written almost entirely on subjects of Classical Literature, it was thought, that if Mr. WAKEFIELD's share of the Correspondence could be recovered, the whole might form an interesting miscellany to Scholars. Fortunately, Mr. WAKEFIELD's Letters had been carefully preserved; and, on application to Lord HOLLAND, they were given up, in the most obliging manner, by this Nobleman, as a favour which he wished to confer on Mr. WAKEFIELD's family.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The high admiration which Mr. WAKEFIELD felt for the character of the illustrious Statesman, to whom he dedicated his beautiful edition of Lucretius, appears throughout this Correspondence: and the Friends of Mr. WAKEFIELD will feel no small gratification in finding, that the sentiments of esteem and respect were reciprocal.

London, June 1813.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND.

MY LORD,

I TAKE the liberty of inscribing to your Lordship this series of Letters, as well on account of your relationship to the eminent and excellent person who sustains a part in the Correspondence, as for the purpose of acknowledging your liberality in enabling Mr. WAKEFIELD's representatives to lay the Letters before the Public. Although it is manifest, from the easy, unlaboured style of Mr. Fox, in this Correspondence, that he wrote without premeditation, merely as the occasion prompted, I cannot suppose that any of the friends to his memory will, for that reason, object to its appearance from the press; but will

rather conceive, that the effusions of such a man have an additional value from that circumstance. That such is your Lordship's opinion, I conclude from your concurrence in the design; and, with sentiments of gratitude and sincere respect, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient

and obliged servant,

The Editor.

LETTERS,

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, South Street, Dec. 17, 1796.

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, your obliging letter, together with the very beautiful book which accompanied it. The dedication of such an edition of such an author is highly gratifying to me; and to be mentioned in such a manner, by a person so thoroughly attached to the principles of liberty and humanity, as you, Sir, are known to be, is peculiarly flattering to me.

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Monday.

I RECEIVED, on Saturday, the second volume of Lucretius, together with a pamphlet of yours upon Porson's Hecuba, for which I beg leave to return you my thanks. I had received, some time since, your letter, announcing to me the present of the Lucretius; but delayed answering it till I got the book, which my servant had not then an opportunity of sending me, lest there might be some mistake, from your mentioning Park Street, instead of South Street, for my residence.

I have read with great pleasure your observations upon the Hecuba; but not having Euripides here, there are many points upon which I cannot form a judgment. One thing near the beginning has very much puzzled me: I mean the difficulty which you suppose some persons

would find in making a verse of

—— φιλιππον λαον ευθυναν ΔΟΡΙ,

which seems to me to be, supposing it to be part of an Iambic, perfectly regular; though by the word ΔΟΡΙ being put in capitals, I must suppose that there lies the irregularity. You then quote a verse of Lucretius, which you call "*consimilis*," in which there is an evident irregularity from the first syllable in "*remota*," which is usually short, being long.

Now I am writing on a subject of this sort, may I ask the favour of you, who I know have given your attention to Moschus and Bion, to explain three passages to me, which I do not understand?—

The first is in the Europa, v. 123, 124:

Οφρα κε νηων, κ.τ.λ.——

The second is in the Megara, v. 70, 71:

—— επιγνωμων δε τοι ειμι
Ασχαλαων, κ.τ.λ.——

no ι subscript to ασχαλαων.

The third is in Bion's Adonis, the end of v. 74.

—— ποθει και στυγνον Αδωνιν.

I have no other edition of Moschus and Bion here except Stephens's, in his Greek Poets, without a version and with few notes; but in regard to the first passage, I see Casaubon alters it to οφρα μη ϙην, whose annotations upon the Europa I have in Reiske's Theocritus. This makes it intelligible, but is a violent alteration.

I feel it to be unpardonable in me to take advantage of your civility in sending me your books, to give you all this trouble; but I could not refuse myself so fair an opportunity of getting my doubts upon these passages cleared.

Before I conclude, give me leave to suggest a doubt, whether, in the 38th page of your Diatribe, it should not be "socios," instead of "socii;" or, if "socii" is what you approve, whether there should not be a "sint," to prevent harshness of construction?

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Hackney, Aug. 29, 1797.

I AM highly gratified by your favourable acceptance of my Lucretius and Diatribe. I must beg of you to correct an oversight or two in the latter. At p. 18, ver. 669 of the Hecuba should not have been referred to; and the Σ', in p. 24, line 7, should be transferred to the beginning of the line.

That what I have advanced, in p. 5, should puzzle you, I must ascribe to an indistinctness in my representation of the point in discussion. What I mean is, that the final ν should never be expressed, but where a vowel follows; or, in other words, that this appendage was never employed as a device to lengthen a short syllable, but merely to prevent the harshness of an open vowel. Now, upon this principle,

the difficulty with the generality of readers would be the proper enunciation of such verses as that specified by me at the place. This difficulty, I maintain, will be none to those accustomed to pronounce Iambics with a suitable tone; by which I understand a tone similar to that with which all scholars, I believe, utter Anacreontics; and which certainly is necessary to all other verses, if we wish to distinguish them from prose:

Ουδ' ω | -λεσε μ | ε Ζευς ——·

as if λεσεμμ': and δορι as if δŏρεῑ, with all the emphasis of a long syllable. In short, however, these niceties are scarcely to be conveyed intelligibly but by conversation, where the modes of education have been different, or novelties have been suggested by matured study. Certainly the common mode of reading, with a strange mixture of accent and quantity,

Arma *virum*que cano ——

as long as if it were *vires*, can never be

vindicated, and is well ridiculed through the following verses by a late writer:

Malo me Galatea petit ——
Tu ne cede *malis*, sed contra ——.

The passages, which you cite from Bion and Moschus, are considered, whether successfully or not, in my edition, which you will honour me by accepting; and I will carry a copy of it to your house, when I go to town on Thursday. Ασχαλααν is the Dor. or Æol. form of the infinitive mode for ασχαλασιν, not contracted: otherwise it had been ασχαλαν.

Certainly *socios*, in p. 38 of the Diatribe, would be better.

Sir! your apology for taking up my time by these inquiries might well have been spared: occupied as I am, I think it no interruption, but an exquisite pleasure, to comply with any wishes of Mr. Fox: nor could I reap a greater gratification from my studies, than the opportunity of discussing some of these topics in conversation with you; as it is possible that my elabo-

rate inquiries for some years past might occasionally strike out some new ideas on a subject which is still but imperfectly understood by the best scholars;—an assertion, which, I believe, my Notes on Lucretius will occasionally confirm.

I am, Sir,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your obedient servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER IV.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Friday.

I RECEIVED yesterday your very obliging letter, for which I return you many thanks, as well as for the Bion and Moschus, which I will tell my servant to take an early opportunity of sending down to me.

My puzzle arose from my supposing that, if you meant to refer only to the short syllable at the end of the verse, you would rather have asked, " How shall we pronounce verses that end with a short vowel?" of which there are so many, than have quoted one particular verse out of thousands; but I now perfectly understand you, though, I own, I do not think your reasoning quite conclusive. I conceive the reason for adding the final ν is not for the sake of pronunciation, which, in dead languages, is, and always must be, a matter of great uncertainty, but in order to preserve the rules of Prosody which appear generally to prevail among the Greek Poets. I know that, in Homer, and in other Poets who write Hexameters, it is not very unusual to see a short vowel become long by a particular position, though followed by a single consonant, and that consonant a mute; and sometimes even by an aspirated vowel, as φιλε ἑκυρε, and other instances. But, as far as my limited and uncertain

recollection goes, (very limited and uncertain indeed, since, except four tragedies of Sophocles last winter, I have not looked into the Greek Tragedians for twenty years and upwards,) I do not think that, in Iambic poetry, any short vowels, excepting those only where the final ν is used, are ever put in the place of a long syllable, unless followed by a ϱ, or at least some liquid. Now, if this be true, and if those short vowels only, to which the final ν is occasionally added, do sometimes appear in such places, one cannot help suspecting that the final ν may in such cases have been used to lengthen the syllable, as in other cases it is (as we all agree) used to prevent the hiatus. Perhaps, in this inclination of my opinion, I may be warped by the prejudice of an Eton education; and, not having ever looked into any old Greek manuscripts, I do not know how far it is countenanced by any of them. I confess, however, that I should not admit the short vowels at the end, whether of Hexameters or Iambics, to be cases in point;

because it seems to be one of the most universal of those rules to which I before alluded, and which seem to me to prevail among the ancient Poets, that the last syllable of a verse may be always long or short, as is most convenient.

I am very sorry more encouragement has not been given to your Lucretius; but I am willing to flatter myself that it is owing to many people not choosing to buy part of a work till the whole is completed. Both the Latin and Greek elegiac verses, in the beginning of the second volume, have given me great satisfaction; but I should fear the inferior rank which you give to our own Country will not generally please; and certainly, in point of classical studies, or poetry, to which the mention of Apollo naturally carries the mind, we have no reason to place the French above us.

I am with great regard,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Hackney, Sept. 2, 1797.

Excuse this additional trouble, which a desire to explain one point induces me to give you; and to convey a request, that you will favour me by accepting, with the Bion and Moschus, two or three other books which I have directed my bookseller to send; and which may possibly amuse you, when nothing more interesting shall be at hand.

The final syllable of a verse is always long, whatever its real quantity, in consequence both of the pause and tone of voice, which are those of a long syllable; otherwise the verse would no more appear, and must be wholly vitiated by the reader, attentive only to the quantity of the syllable. That the old MSS. and first editors, who followed their MSS. acknowledge no final ν,

in the cases alluded to, is most certain: some later editors have partly seen, what I apprehend to be the truth in this respect; particularly Brunck and Musgrave; but, not discerning the true principle of the fact, fluctuate between the omission and insertion, in their practice, with great capriciousness. Mr. R. P. Knight, who is a profound and accurate Greek scholar, assented immediately to my notion, when I once proposed it to him in a casual conversation at the bookseller's: but I have found no other person who entered so readily into my conceptions. Indeed, it is my lot to enjoy the conversation of very few scholars, on account of the political complexion, and, let me add, theological complexion, too, of the times:

Fœnum habet in cornu: longe fuge!

Will you give me leave, Sir, to say, that you scarcely appear well founded in your construction of my Greek verses in the Preface? I think the context and the language alike prove, that my preference of

the French is merely in a political, not in their *literary*, character? And what can be more deeply sunk in ignominy than we are as a nation, in that view, at the present moment?

Will you excuse me, also, in recommending Lucretius to your perusal? I think antiquity has nothing comparable to his lib. iii. from ver. 842 to the end of the book: and the whole of his fifth book, both as a philosophical and poetical effort, is an admirable composition; not to mention any other portions of his poem.

I am, Sir,

With the highest sentiments of esteem and respect,

Your obliged servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER VI.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday.

I RETURN you many thanks for your letter of the 2d instant; and shall accept with great pleasure the books you propose sending to me.

I always understood the final syllable of a verse exactly as you do; but, for the purpose of my argument, it was necessary to mention the effect only, and not the cause, of the rule. Either your authority, or Mr. Knight's, much more both united, would be quite sufficient to convince me, upon a question relative to the Greek language. I only stated to you some arguments which occurred to me on the other side of the question, which, however, must lose all their weight, if the authority of the old manuscripts is any thing like so universally against them as you seem to

think. I see Stephens is inconsistent; but I think he oftener omits than inserts the final ν, which I had never observed till you started the subject.

I had no doubt but *political* wisdom and knowledge were what you meant in your epigram; but I cannot help thinking that Ἑωσφορος and Ηελιος lead the mind a little to poetry, or, at least, to knowledge in general; and that Γαι' Αυσονις and Αθηναι do not contribute to confine the sense to politics: in regard to which, I agree with you in thinking that no nation ever was sunk in more deep ignorance than we seem to be at present; for we are not only in the dark, but have a kind of horror of the light.

I have deferred reading Lucretius regularly through again, till your edition is completed; but he is a poet with whom I am pretty well acquainted, and whom I have always admired to the greatest degree. The end of the third book is perfectly in my memory, and deserves all you

say of it. I do not at present recollect the fifth quite so well.

I am going, in a few days, into Norfolk, for some weeks; and I shall come back by London, where I will call for the books which you are so good as to intend sending me.

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER VII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1798.

I HAVE received the third volume of your magnificent and beautiful Lucretius, for which I take the earliest opportunity of returning you my thanks. I cannot help flattering myself that, now the work is complete, it will be far more patronized than it has hitherto been: but it

must be allowed, that these times are not favourable to expensive purchases of any kind; and I fear, also, that we may add, that the political opinions we profess are far from being a recommendation to general favour, among those, at least, in whose power it is to patronize a work like yours.

I am at present rather engaged in reading Greek; as it is my wish to recover, at least, if not to improve, my former acquaintance (which was but slight) with that language: but it will not be long before I enter regularly upon your Lucretius; and when I do, if I should find any difficulties which your Notes do not smooth, I shall take the liberty of troubling you for further information; presuming upon the obliging manner in which you satisfied some doubts of mine upon a former occasion.

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

[*A Letter of Mr.* WAKEFIELD'S, *to which the following is an Answer, appears to be wanting.*]

LETTER VIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Feb. 2, 1798.

IT is an instance of my forgetfulness, but I really thought I had acknowledged the receipt of the publications which you were so good as to send me. Excepting the Pope, which I have not yet looked into, I read the rest with great pleasure; and quite agree with you, that Bryant has made no case at all upon the subject of the Trojan war. I cannot refuse myself taking this opportunity of asking your opinion relative to the 24th Iliad, whether or not it is Homer's? If it is, I think the passage about Paris and the Goddesses must be an interpolation; and if it is not, by denying Homer the glory of Priam's expedition from Troy, and interview with Achilles, we take from him the

most shining passages, perhaps, in all his works.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

C. J. Fox.

P. S. Though I have not begun to read Lucretius regularly, yet I have *dipped* in it sufficiently to have no apprehension of quoting the line of Phædrus. I think the elegiac verses to the poet are very classical and elegant indeed; and, you know, we Etonians hold ourselves (I do not know whether or not others agree with us) of some authority, in matters of this sort.

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

[*The Note or Introduction to the following Observations, in answer to Mr.* Fox's *inquiry respecting the 24th Iliad, is supposed to have been mislaid.*]

Ver. 1. The first syllable in Λυτο is made long, in opposition to the practice of Homer in about a dozen places; and without another instance in the two poems. Homer too, unless two distinct parties are spoken of, uses in these cases ἑκαστος· and so indeed other good writers, in both languages: and on this I have touched somewhere in Lucretius. So that the full construction is: λαοι εσκ. ιεναι επι νηας, ἑκαστος (επι την ιδιαν νηα). There is, indeed, one or two instances of this deviation elsewhere, all tending to confirm my general hypothesis, which I shall hereafter mention. The Scholiast in Villoison, at ver. 6, mentions, that Ari-

stophanes, and others, thought part of this introduction spurious; viz. verses 6, 7, 8, 9; and they may be well spared.

Ver. 14. επει ζευξειεν is an illegitimate construction. We might read ζευξασκεν· but such an error is not easily accounted for, in so plain a case, from transcribers.

Ver. 15. The δ' is superfluous and impertinent; as Schol. Villois. also observes.

Ver. 28. Macrobius, Saturn. V. 16, beyond the middle, says, that Homer never mentions the Judgment of Paris. The perfect acquaintance of the old Grammarians with Homer's works indubitably evinces either the spuriousness of this passage, or an abjudication of this book from Homer's writings. The antient critics discarded verr. 20, 21. and from ver. 23—30 inclusive: see Villoison's Scholiast.

Ver. 44. This verse seems fabricated for the next, which has no pertinency here, and is transferred from Hesiod. Opp. et Dd. 316.

Ver. 60. No similar instance, perhaps,

in the poem, to the lengthening of και so situated; or to that of ΣΑ in ὁπποσα, ver. 7.

Verr. 71, 72, 73, were rejected by some antient critics.

Ver. 79. ΜΕΙΛΑΝΙ. He uses this word and its relatives, perhaps, two hundred times; but never thus changes the first syllable.

Ver. 85, 86. Deemed spurious by the Antients.

Ver. 130, 1, 2, were rejected by old critics, for divers weighty and grave reasons.

Ver. 241. ΟΥΝΕΣΘ'—a word no where else found; as ἐξεσιην, ver. 235, once more only, in the Odyssey, though of a signification that might be expected to produce a more frequent usage. Καπηφονες too, v. 253, is ἁπαξ λεγομενον· and three or four others.

Ver. 293. εὖ only occurs in Il. Ξ. 427. which, in such a word of perpetual demand, is very singular.

Ver. 307. It is impossible that Homer, or a contemporary using the same language, could employ as a dactyl the three

first syllables of ϝιϝανιδων. The word ιδω, and all its compounds, had, in that age, another letter prefixed to it—the Æolic digamma, or Ionic Vau, which you please: by the latter name it still keeps its station in the Hebrew alphabet, and others, as the sixth in order; and its figure, a double Gamma, F, according to the former designation, in the Latin alphabet. Homer therefore could never be supposed to violate, in *one* instance, a propriety, which he had sacredly observed in 999, and make ϝιϝανϝιδων stand in a heroic verse. As the Æolians and Dorians, who spoke kindred dialects, are known to have been the first Græcian colonists in Italy, hence it is, that the Latin language is mere Æolian Greek engrafted on their indigenous tongue. On this account, the loss of Ennius, and the first Latin Poets, is more to be regretted, perhaps, than that of any other writers; because of the light they would have thrown on the Greek and Latin languages. Hence ϝιδϝω, Fideo, i. e. *video*; ϝετος, *vetus*; ϝιτυλος,

vitulus; ἔντερον, *ventrem*; ιαχω, *voco*; ειλω, *volvo*; and an infinity of others. The Æolians also, wherever two vowels came together, inserted the digamma: hence ωον, *ovum*; *audii* vel *audivi*, &c.; δια, *diva*; σκαιος, *scævus*; νεος, *novus*; ναυς, *navis*, &c. Hence, by the common substitution of an *s* for the aspirate, as in ἑξ, *sex*; ἑπτα, *septem*, and ὑλη, *silva*; ταων, *pavo*; βοος, *bovis*; and in an infinity of others. Εισαν Fιδων, therefore, is the word either of another age, or another province. This is a curious and copious subject; and furnishes the true medium of correcting, adjusting, and discerning, Homer's poetry, from the clearest analogy and indisputable premises. No verse in Homer is genuine where a consonant precedes ιπος, ειπω, αναξ, ιδω, and many other words, which began with a digamma. A single page of any edition will shew how miserably incorrect we read him. If we had not "fallen on such evil times and evil tongues," I should have exerted myself to give editions of all the Greek Poets, from

very ample materials now collected, and of the old Lexicographers: but—

—— aliis post me memoranda relinquo.

Ver. 320. Two words with digammas; one right measure, οἱ δὲ Fιδοντες, i.e. *videntes;* the other wrong, ὑπὲρ Fαστεος. (See verr. 327, 701.) From Fαστυ, *a city,* I suppose, came *vastus;* on account of the *size* of such places, and the *large* collection of men. Hence Virgil receives illustration, Æn. V. 119.

Ingentemque Gyas *ingenti mole* Chimæram,
Urbis opus——.

Ver. 325. τετραχυχλον. No similar instance, I believe, of a vowel shortened before those consonants in Homer; by far more chaste in this respect than succeeding Poets.

Ver. 337. ας τις Fιδῃ. False quantity: amphimacer for a dactyl: see neighbouring verr. 332, 352, 366. to go no further.

Ver. 354. φραδεος νοῦ Fεργα. Bad measure again: ver. 213, and others, are right in this respect. Strong presumptions of more than *one finger in this pie.*

Ver. 449. ποιησᾶν Fαναχτι: unquestionably wrong; as αναξ is universally allowed to have the digamma in Homer's time. Hence *Phœnix*, φοινικοεις, *puniceus*, a *royal* colour; *purpura regum*, *purpurei tyranni*, *regali ostro;* Virgil, and Horace, with all others. The error is repeated in ver. 452. There are numerous faults of this kind in the common editions; but they may be corrected by the omission of the paragogic ν: as verr. 238, 555, 646, 733, and others.

But, to omit a more minute investigation of these niceties, let me give you, in few words, an outline of my theory respecting Homer.

What is so well known with respect to every malefactor tied up at Newgate; (most detestable, flagitious practice!) his "birth, parentage, and education; life, character, and behaviour;" are all utterly unknown of Homer? We are at liberty, therefore, to frame any hypothesis for the solution of the problem concerning his poems, adequate to that effect, without danger of contrave-

ning authentic and established history. Now ὁμηρος is an old Greek word for τυφλος: see Hesych. and Lycophr. ver. 422. I take *Homerus*, then, to have originated in the peculiarity of a certain *class* of men (i.e. blindness), and not in that of an *individual*. That bards were usually blind, is not only probable, from the account of Demodocus in the Odyssey, but from the nature of things. The memory of blind men, because of a less distraction of their senses by external objects, is peculiarly tenacious; and such people had no means of obtaining a livelihood but by this occupation. All this is exemplified in fidlers, &c. at this day. Now the Trojan war (the first united achievement of the Greeks) would of course become a favourite theme with this class of men, who are known to have been very numerous. Detached portions of this event, such as the exploits of Diomed, of Agamemnon, the Night Expedition, the Death of Hector, his redemption, &c. would be separately composed and sung, as fitted, by their

lengths, for the entertainment of a company at one time: and we find, in fact, that the parts of these poems are now distinguished, by scholiasts, grammarians, and all such writers, by these names, and not by books. These songs, bearing date demonstrably before the use of alphabetic characters in Greece, and when the dialect of the civilized parts of Asia (Ionia and Æolia) was uniform, could never be traced to their respective authors; and, in reality, we find from Herodotus, the first Greek historian, that no more was known of this *Homer*, nor so much, in his days (2, 3, 4, or 500 years after the event), as in our own. These songs of *blind men* were collected and put together by some skilful men (at the direction of Pisistratus, or some other person), and woven, by interpolations, connecting-verses, and divers modifications, into a whole. Hence ῥαψῳδια. Here we see a reason for so many repetitions: as every detached part, to be sung at an entertainment, required a head and tail piece, as necessary for an

intelligible whole: and hence we observe a reason for those unaccountable anomalies of measure, and the neglect of the Æolic digamma, from an ignorance of its power in those later times, whether from new insertions, or from alterations in the transmitted pieces, to effect regularity and consecution. This accounts also for the glaring disparity in some of the pieces: for nothing can be more exquisite than what you so justly admire, the interview of Priam and Achilles; and nothing more contemptible than the whole detail of the death of Hector, and the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles. You are expecting a noble exhibition of generosity and magnanimity on both sides, and you are put off with a miserable tedious ditty about *Atè*.

It is probable, from various particulars, that, perhaps, as good a poem, if the opportunity had not been lost (and the preservation of the Iliad and Odyssey, under all circumstances, is nearly miraculous), might have been transmitted on the subject of two

other events, which equally engaged the notice of the early Greeks,—the Theban war, and the Argonautic expedition. But we have no remains of these exploits, but in the Tragic writers, the spurious Orpheus, and the Roman Epic writers, except the entire poem of Apollonius Rhodius on the latter subject.

LETTER X.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Feb. 16, 1798.

I SHOULD have been exceedingly sorry, if, in all the circumstances you mention, you had given yourself the trouble of writing me your thoughts upon Homer's poetry; indeed, in no circumstances, should I have been indiscreet enough to make a request so exorbitant: in the present, I should be concerned if you were to think of attending even to my limited question respecting the authenticity of the 24th Iliad, or to any thing but your own business.

I am sorry your work is to be prosecuted; because though I have no doubt of a prosecution failing, yet I fear it may be very troublesome to you. If, either by advice or otherwise, I can be of any service to you, it will make me very

happy; and I beg you to make no scruple about applying to me: but I do not foresee that I can, in any shape, be of any use, unless it should be in pressing others, whom you may think fit to consult, to give every degree of attention to your cause. I suppose there can be little or no difficulty in removing, as you wish it, the difficulty from the Publisher to yourself; for to prosecute a Printer, who is willing to give up his Author, would be a very unusual, and certainly a very odious, measure.

I have looked at the three passages you mention, and am much pleased with them: I think "curalium," in particular, a very happy conjecture; for neither "cœruleum" nor "beryllum" can, I think, be right; and there certainly is a tinge of red in the necks of some of the dove species. After all, the Latin words for colours are very puzzling: for, not to mention "purpura," which is evidently applied to three different colours at least—scarlet, porphyry, and what we call purple, that is, amethyst,

and possibly to many others—the chapter of Aulus Gellius to which you refer has always appeared to me to create many more difficulties than it removes; and most especially that passage which you quote, "virides equos." I can conceive that a Poet might call a horse "viridis," though I should think the term rather forced; but Aulus Gellius says, that Virgil gives the appellation of "glauci" rather than "cœrulei" to the *virides equos*, and consequently uses *virides*, not as if it were a poetical or figurative way of describing a certain colour of horses, but as if it were the usual and most generally intelligible term. Now, what colour usual to horses could be called *viridis* is difficult to conceive; and the more so, because there are no other Latin and English words for colours which we have such good grounds for supposing corresponding one to the other as *viridis* and *green*, on account of grass, trees, &c. &c. However, these are points which may be discussed by us, as you say, at leisure, if the system

of tyranny should proceed to its maturity. Whether it will or not, I know not; but, if it should, sure I am that to have so cultivated literature as to have laid up a store of consolation and amusement, will be, in such an event, the greatest advantage (next to a good conscience) which one man can have over another. My judgment, as well as my wishes, leads me to think that we shall not experience such dreadful times as you suppose possible; but, if we do not, what has passed in Ireland is a proof, that it is not to the moderation of our governors that we shall be indebted for whatever portion of ease or liberty may be left us.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Feb. 23, 1798.

NOTHING, but your stating yourself to be in some degree at leisure now, could justify my troubling you with the long and, perhaps, unintelligible scrawl which I send with this. I most probably have shewn much ignorance, and certainly some presumption, in seeming to dispute with you, upon points of which you know so much, and I so little: all I can say in my defence is, that disputing is sometimes a way of learning.

I have not said any thing yet upon the question which you seem to have thought most upon—whether the Iliad is the work of one, or more authors? I have, for the sake of argument, admitted it; but yet, I own, I have great doubts, and even lean to an opinion different from yours. I am

sure the inequality of excellence is not greater than in " Paradise Lost," and many other poems written confessedly by one author. I will own to you, also, that in one, only, of the instances of inequality which you state, I agree with you. Atè is detestable; but I cannot think as you do of the death of Hector. There are parts of that book, and those closely connected with the death of Hector, which I cannot help thinking equal to any thing.

It is well for you that my paper is at an end, and that I have not the conscience to take a new sheet.

Your humble servant,

C. J. Fox.

Inclosed in the above.

Ver. 1. I agree in the objection to λυτο, and am not satisfied with Clarke's account of it; and, besides, there is something of a baldness, or of an affected conciseness, in

beginning a narration in those words, very unlike Homer, or, if you please, the Ὅμηροι. Ἕκασοι for ἑκάσος is so small an error in writing, that it affords little ground for an objection, or even a doubt.

Ver. 6, 7, 8, 9, may be left out, or not, without affecting the authenticity of the book.

Ver. 14. I have not skill enough in the language to judge whether your objection to ζευξειεν be unanswerable; but I know no answer to it.

Ver. 15. The δ' is easily to be got rid of, and is one of the most natural mistakes in the transcribers.

Ver. 28. Macrobius's authority appears to me to be decisive, to prove that this passage is an interpolation since his time; and consequently destroys the argument built upon this passage against the book itself, upon other parts of which he has commented.

I do not know why the antient critics discarded ver. 20 and 21; nor do I think it

material whether they are retained or not.

Ver. 44 & 45, I agree, had better be away; but I know not whether there be any authority for discarding them.

Ver. 60. The lengthening of και in this place does appear to me very awkward; and, *if* there are no similar instances, must be an error: besides, the mythology of this passage is quite new to me: I mean Juno's having nursed Thetis.

As to the σα in ver. 70, I cannot help thinking there are many instances of syllables being lengthened in such situations; and, at any rate, it is one of the verses which you say some critics reject. Probably from want of memory, but I have some doubt about the word ὁπποσα being a Homeric word: it is certainly much oftener ὁσα.

Ver. 71, 72, 73, I had rather were away; but, as I said before, I do not know the authority for leaving them out.

Ver. 79. Μειλαν is indeed a most suspicious word, and I have nothing to say for it.

Ver. 85, 86. I cannot see any objection to them; but, as before, I do not know the authorities or arguments for or against them.

Ver. 130, 131, 132, appear to me to be much in Homer's style; and I should certainly be for keeping them, if there is nothing against them but Eustathius's saying the passage was rejected by some of the Antients.

Ver. 241. Ουνεσθ' always puzzled me; nor do I know rightly what it means. I do not quite agree in thinking εξεσιη of such a signification as to make the rare use of it very surprising. As to εὖ, it is certainly used once more than you are aware of —ει πως εὖ πεφιδοιτο, (I believe in the Υ,) and therefore may possibly be oftener. In the place I quote, it means *sui*, not *cujus*, as here; and so it means *ejus* in the Ξ. 427: but this, I think, makes no difference.

Ver. 307. The three first syllables of εισανιδων, or, as you write it, εισανϝιδων, cannot (as you say, and I believe Knight says the same) have been used by the Ὀμηροι as

a dactyl; and no verse can be a genuine Homeric verse, where the digamma is (if I may use such an expression) *slighted* in that manner. I must be excused, till further informed, from giving an unqualified assent to this proposition. If the proportion of instances on one side and the other were, as you seem to state, nine hundred and ninety-nine to one, I should not hesitate; but, I confess, I suspect this to be far from the true state of the fact. I have not looked into the Iliad since I received your letter, except to the Ω; but I recollected immediately four instances—three of them in one book, the Γ, and one in the A. In A, *οφρ' ἱλασσωμεθ' ανακτα*: in Γ, *ει τις ιδοιτο*: and two in one line—

Ου τοτε γ' ωδ' Οδυσηος αγασσαμεθ' ειδος ιδοντες:

besides, *εργ' ειδυια* is familiar to my ear, though I do not know where particularly to look for it.

In the Odyssey, there are three instances in the space of fifty lines in the Λ, in the verses 521, 549, 560. The first of these three

has, I confess, the air of a spurious line; the second might be remedied by taking away a δ', but without the δ' the construction would be hard, and unlike Homer: but the third cannot well, I think, be altered; and it is the more remarkable, on account of the digamma being respected in the same line, δευρο αναξ ἰν' ἑπος, &c. There is also, in the Odyss. N, the word προσιδωνται, which, I should conceive, could hardly be altered to προϊδωνται without changing the sense. If these which I have mentioned were *all* the instances, I admit they would not much signify: but as those from the Iliad have occurred to me *memoriter* only, and those from the Odyssey from a very slight investigation of a very small part of the poem, I cannot help supposing there may be found many hundreds of them; so that I can hardly conceive the proportion to be any thing like what you suppose,—especially as all the cases of the paragogic ν preceding the digamma make neither for one side nor the other, but must be thrown

uit of the question, as perfectly neutral. should hardly think you would (and I m sure Knight would not) consent to take way from Homer, and give to his col-ectors, or joiners, or botchers, the Γ and he Ω of the Iliad, and the Λ of the Odyssey; and this to make the cobler uperior to the original artist or artists. According to your system, you may pos-ibly say, that those parts where the di-gamma is uniformly respected were written by older poets; those where it is some-imes slighted, by more modern: but what f it should appear to be nearly equally respected and slighted in the different parts of the poem? Now my hypothesis, if I lared to form one, would be this; and (every man loves his own best,—την αυτου φιλει και κηδεται) it appears to me more rea-sonable than any that I have yet heard. I suppose this digamma, at one period at east, not to have had the decided sound which belongs in general to consonants; and, consequently, that the poets of that

period, the Ὅμηροι, thought themselves at liberty to sound it more or less, and consequently to treat it in the manner most convenient to their verse. If it was sounded sometimes more, and sometimes less, it might naturally happen that, in process of time, one dialect, viz. the Latin, might erect it into a decided consonant, *v*; and others, viz. the Attic, &c. might wholly drop it. Thus, in modern Italian, in the word *uovo*, an egg, the *u* is pronounced at Florence in a manner very difficult to be imitated by foreigners, and which makes it appear to be something between a vowel and a consonant; but in other parts of Italy, where the language is corrupted, it is in some wholly dropped, and the word is pronounced *ovo*; in others, it is made a complete consonant, and sounded *vovo*. This may be, and probably is, a fanciful theory of my own; but, I own, I feel great reluctance to cut the Iliad and Odyssey to pieces, and to give them, not only to different authors, but different ages. I do not know whether

lesiod is, in your opinion, a contemporary
ith Homer; but, if he is, I think that in his
ργα και Ἡμεραι there is απ' εργου χειρας ερυκοι:
id εργον is, I suppose, one of the words
ith the *F*.

Ver. 320. I doubt the derivation of *istus* from ασυ: though I believe ασυ to
ave been written Fασυ, because ανα ασυ,
τι ασυ, are so common: and surely the
omparison of a large vessel to a town is
o natural, when it is meant to exaggerate
s size, to make it necessary to have re-
ourse to any particular derivation.

Ver. 325. There are certainly some
ther instances of a vowel short before τρ,
ough, I believe, not many. The first
llable of Πατροκλος is short in more in-
ances than one; but the instance of a
roper name is not, perhaps, quite a fair
ne; as Homer might take the same li-
erty, in such cases, as the Tragedians did
fterwards, which you have noticed and
ccounted for, I think, in the best manner.
he word προτραπομην is at the end of a

verse in Odyss. M. ver. 381. Προσηυδα, &c. are often at the end of lines, and consequently the syllable before πρ short: but these you may not think cases in point, because in them the vowel and the consonants are in separate words; but I do not think the Greeks in general attended much to that distinction.

Ver. 337. I have said enough at least upon the F; I fear, too much: but I must just observe, that the being some times right, and others wrong, does not prove two fingers in the pie, because they are sometimes right and wrong in the same verse, which probably was all made by one author.

LETTER XII.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Hackney, Feb. 25, 1798.

THE best argument against Homer, and for my hypothesis, appears in my general observations, prefixed to Pope's Odyssey, in the edition which I prepared for the Booksellers; and of which I have but one copy for myself, or I should long since have requested your acceptance of the work. Certainly, if any thing like your opinion, with respect to the digamma, could be established, the early Greek Poets, instead of meriting the encomiums of all antiquity for their correctness, must be deemed the most capricious and irregular of all writers; and emendatory criticism upon them can be modelled by no rules of analogy whatever: whereas their modes of expression are so precise and congenial, that the direct contrary appears to be the truth.

The detached lamentations of the several characters at the end of Il. Ω. have a very formal appearance; and much the air of an attempt from different bards to shew their skill upon the same subject. In collections of Greek epigrams, and in some works of the later Sophists, you find compositions introduced with such commas as these: "What sort of exclamation Achilles would use on the death of Patroclus?" &c. and then follows a specimen of the author's talents in that way.

The Shield of Hercules, in Hesiod, is one of those detached pieces of poetry, such as I suppose the Iliad to be formed of, remaining to us from the highest antiquity; and quite equal to any thing in Homer with which it can properly be compared. His Theogony, too, in versification and language, is perfectly similar to the Iliad; so that their imitation of existing models is almost an inevitable conclusion: and the probability is, that numberless pieces of this kind were existing among the antient

bards of Greece, but have been lost, partly from the negligence of succeeding times, and partly from the want of alphabetic characters.

But before those corrections of Homer, on the principle of the Æolic digamma, could be prosecuted, some general rules must be laid down; as follow:

I find, suppose, in reading the Theogony of Hesiod, that the digamma is regarded seventy times, and disregarded thirty. (What I am stating is generally the fact, though the numbers may not be perfectly in ratio.) Out of these thirty irregularities, I find ten rectified in the various readings; but I consider that not one MS. in a thousand of Hesiod has come down to our times. I argue, then, for the probability of a rectification of all the thirty, with more MSS. from the general principle of their method and correctness as writers. Again: this circumstance of the digamma has been so unknown to later ages, or at least disregarded by them, that reporters of MSS. it

is most certain, have neglected a declaration of those little varieties, which would settle these controverted passages, from an opinion of their unimportance. The same ignorance or inattention would lead the transcribers readily to fill up these chasms, as violations of measures, or to leave unnoticed these niceties, as things trivial and unessential; all which may be shewn, to the very highest degree of probability, from innumerable instances: so that, instead of wondering at thirty anomalies, we must rather be surprised that they have not been much more plentiful. In short, there is scarcely an instance of a learned construction, or a more exquisite peculiarity of numbers, but some corruption or other may be traced in the various readings of MSS. or the importunities of modern editors. Now to your particulars.

Your instance from Il. A. 444. has been corrected by Dawes, Misc. Crit. p. 146, from the Florentine edition, with general approbation, *οφρ' ἱλασομεσθα αναχτα*: and all the exceptions

that relate to ανακξ are noticed by him, and mostly well and easily corrected. But all niceties of this kind were so uniformly obliterated by later scribes and editors, that, in the present wreck of MSS, an emendation, simple and convincing, is often beyond the reach of sagacity, and, in many cases, quite impossible. In Γ. 453. laying aside the digamma, the tenses are incongruous, and the construction ungrammatical. What is required, the Scholiast indicates sufficiently: *ει τις* ΙΔΟΙΤΟ] *ει τις* ΕΘΕΑΣΑΤΟ: "If he *had seen* him, he would not have concealed him:" not, "If he *could see* him." Besides, *τις* is inelegantly repeated. Now, except other MSS. and the first editions (for these studies are not to be cultivated duly without very large libraries at hand) give some further hints, I see nothing better than the following attempt: for the verb absolutely requires here *αν* or *κε*:

Ου μεν γαρ φιλοτητι γ' εκευθανον, ει ΚΕ ΙΔΟΝΤΟ:

which will satisfy both measure and construction.

Ver. 224 can occasion no difficulty, as a most barbarous and impertinent interpolation; and I see, accordingly, a mark of exception prefixed to it by the antient critics in Villois. Homer. Εργ' ειδυια, and its parallels, where α must be lost, (for δ' before the digamma must be conceded) may be settled by writing εργα ιδυια· as Il. Υ. 12. ιδυιησι πραπιδεσσι. No question but we should write προϊδωνται in Od. N. 155. *prospicient, See at a distance:* compare ver. 169. Hesiod. Scuti Herc. 385, where one scribe could not be easy without attempting to substitute προειδωνται: otherwise there is an end of all probability in criticism, grounded on the usage and accuracy of writers. But, as I said, before some particular specimens can be acceptable, the reader must be prepared by general positions, and a detail of undisputed specimens on good authority: and this were a work of time and labour. I have by me materials

for an important, and, as I think, interesting attempt of this nature, not less allied to philosophy and history, than criticism; and materials, indeed, for correcter editions of most of the Greek and Roman Poets; but, as I can never pretend to execute any thing much better than my Lucretius, till the burden of that publication is a good deal more alleviated, my pen never meddles with such subjects again, to the end of my days.

Sir! my former apologies must serve me for stopping more abruptly than I could wish, and for subscribing myself here, with every sentiment of respect,

Your obedient servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XIII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, March 16, 1798.

I DEFERRED answering your last Letter, in order to have time to read over attentively some part of Homer, with a view to the digamma. I have read, since I wrote last, ten books of the Odyssey, from Ξ to Ψ inclusive; and find in them eighty-five instances where the digamma is neglected. It is true that, in many of these, the fault, if it be one, is easily corrected; but then the question arises, if the instances are so numerous, What reason have we to think that there is any error, or occasion for correction? I will admit, however, that the result of my attention to the subject is, that with the old poet, or poets, whom we call Homer, the natural and common course seems to have been, to consider words

beginning with the *F* like words beginning with a consonant; but then the numerousness of the instances to the contrary, and, above all, the circumstance of those instances being spread pretty equally over those books to which I have attended, raise great doubts in my mind, whether words beginning with *F* were not occasionally considered as words beginning with a vowel. Nor can I agree that this supposition would make the old writers so capricious as you seem to think: for, in fact, it only supposes them to have treated the digamma as unquestionably they treated the aspirate ᶜ; before which short vowels are sometimes cut off, sometimes left standing; long vowels and diphthongs sometimes shortened (though, by the way, very rarely), sometimes left long; and syllables ending with consonants sometimes retain the shortness natural to them, at other times not. What you say upon the three instances I quoted *memoriter* from the Iliad is very satisfactory, especially as the alteration to

ἱλασομεσθα is, you say, warranted by an old edition: and, indeed, the whole of this question must at last be decided by a reference to such editions and to manuscripts; in regard to both which I am uncommonly ignorant, never having read Homer in any other editions than the Glasgow and Clarke's. I have indeed occasionally looked at a very few passages in H. Stephens's edition of him among the Greek Poets; but, with this single exception, I know nothing of any other text but Clarke's (for the Glasgow is a transcript from him), nor of any other Comments or Scholia than those which he has cited. What you have said has raised in me an ardent curiosity to look into the old editions; and I shall endeavour, in the course of the year, to visit some libraries where there are collections of them. The lamentations in the Ω of the Iliad are certainly rather formal in the manner in which they are introduced, unless one supposes them to be a part of a sort of funeral ceremony. In regard to the short syllable

before the mute and the ϱ, I have found but one instance (proper names excepted) in the ten books I have just read; and in that there seems to be some error: the word is δακρυοισι in Od. Σ. ver. 172; but I recollect, in other parts of Homer, to have read, more than once, ἀδροτητα και ἡβην. ΑΝδροτητα, as I believe it is sometimes written, would only increase the difficulty. I am sensible that if we consider the diphthongs οι and αι as short syllables, the number of instances I have quoted of the neglect of the F will be something (not greatly) diminished. Reiske, in his Notes on Theocritus, is positive these syllables are sometimes short, and were so used by Homer; and I suspect that all you, who think the attention to the F the criterion of authenticity, are of his opinion; else the famous passage in Il. Υ. quoted by Longinus for its sublimity, must be given up, on account of

—— εκ θρονου ἁλτο και Fιαχε.——

I am very much concerned at your Lucretius meeting with so little encouragement

as you say; and I feel the more, because I cannot help thinking that part of the prejudice, which occasions so unaccountable a neglect, is imputable to the honour you have done me by the dedication of it—an honour, I assure you, that I shall always most highly value.

I am, Sir,

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Hackney, March 7*, 1798.

It is most certain, that anomalies and inconsistencies of all kinds are much more frequent in the Odyssey than the Iliad, from a cause which is in favour of an hypothesis that receives countenance in

* Although some mistake appears in the date of Letter XIII, or XIV. this of Mr. Wakefield's is evidently an answer to the preceding of Mr. Fox.

proportion to our ability of approximation to antient sources; i. e. the fewer transcripts of that poem compared with the Iliad, on account of the less interest which all ages have taken in its favour: for it is an acknowledged position, that those authors are most corrupt of which the fewest MSS. have been preserved. Now, where old editions and MSS. enable us to rectify so many of these irregularities without violence, the presumption is very strong in our favour, from the great antiquity of Homer: for MSS. five times as old as any now in being, would be modern in comparison of the oldest MS. of Virgil, and most other authors. I have marked in my margin all the violations of the theory of the digamma, but have never numbered them. I should suppose, that many of your instances would be accommodated by an omission of the final ν, or some other simple process; remembering always, that the little words δ' and ἐ' form no exceptions; and such sounds were not harsher, I presume,

than βδελυρος, γδουπησε, and some others. Nor must we forget how all traces of antiquity, in numerous other instances, have been so obliterated by the prepossessions and ignorance of successive transcribers through many ages, as to leave the truth in some cases absolutely irrecoverable: of which, even with relation to Latin orthography, I have given many instances in my Notes on Lucretius. What you urge upon the variations of quantity from the influence of the aspirate seems very pertinent: but I am partly inclined to believe these discordances to be imaginary, and the offspring of an inaccurate attention to specific instances. I do not despair of pointing out reasons for these variations from general rules; but these studies are really in their infancy, and will continue so, till better forms of government leave the human race at large more leisure to cultivate their intellects. Besides, we may well believe, from numerous deductions, a theory to be legitimate; though, in the midst of so much

darkness and inconvenience, and after so long an interval, no sagacity be equal to a satisfactory solution of every contradiction: but, in truth, nothing can be done with any proper and adequate nicety in this way without the First Editions, and a great variety of them; in which respect I labour under very discouraging impediments; though, all circumstances considered, I have but little doubt of being able to claim for myself the merit of having collected, without gross imprudence or injustice to my family, from mere personal self-denial of reasonable indulgences, considering my income, the best comparative library of any man in this country. Bentley's note on Callim. Hymn. Jup. 87. has long since set at rest the old controversy on the quantity of the diphthongs *οι* and *αι*, with all those who do not, like Reiske, bid defiance to all quantity whatsoever: and yet Primatt, in his book on Accents, seems never to have met with that note of Bentley. The instances of syllables short,

in Homer, before two consonants of any kind, I meant to state as exceedingly few, much fewer than in any author after him. To the best of my recollection, Dionysius, in his Periegesis, approaches nearest to Homer's purity in this peculiarity of smooth versification.

Most of the specimens of the violated digamma in ιαχω may be readily and naturally adjusted: your example from Il. Υ. 62. is of a very untractable quality; and whatever assurance we may feel, in our own minds, of the general validity of a theory, it were very unreasonable to expect acquiescence from a neutral reader in an emendation not recommended by the utmost facility and probability. What I have to offer here, is this: the Schol. in Villois. tells us, that some read ωρτο; I say, perhaps ωρετο should be substituted, which is a word of Homer's also: but a too ready persuasion that it was a variety for ἀλτο instead of ιαχε would soon turn ωρετο into ωρτο. Suppose, then, — εκ θρονυ ἀλτο και ωρετο — "*leapt* from his

throne in great *bustle* and *perturbation.*" Now no word whatever could better represent Virgil's *trepident* in the parallel passage, than this: whereas ιαχε has, in the Roman, at present no counterpart. Further: Eustathius says on the passage, Δεισας δ', εκ θρονε ἁλτο και ὑπερθορεν η ιαχε. If I were not in quest of a particular object, I should say, that η and και must be transposed; and then the common reading is right: but you must allow me the advantage of this variety; from which I have surely as much right to reason, as another man can have to an arbitrary correction against the copies. If the copies of Eustathius be correct, it is demonstration that some word equivalent to ιαχε (which, in that case, from a marginal gloss, has insinuated itself into the text) is corrected in ὑπερθορεν· which the measure rejects. Now a word not essentially different from the former ωρτο and this of Eustathius, either in letters or enunciation, would be most probable. Suppose, then,

—— εκ θρονε ἁλτο και ΩΡΥΕ:

Made a loud bawl. Now the Lexicons would make you believe, that this word is only used of beasts, dogs, and wolves (See my Notes on Bion, i. 18.); but Antip. Sidon. epig. 8. employs it of the roaring of the *sea;* and Pindar, Ol. ix. 163. of a *man.*

Sir, it gives me real concern, that you should suppose my notice of you in my Lucretius should have proved injurious to the reception of that work. Believe me, nothing can be more unnecessary and unsubstantial than your solicitude on this head. My former publications were alone a proof, from *fact,* of what I allege; which makes me the more decisive in my assertion. I am satisfied, that no man on earth, at all similarly situated, was ever less obnoxious to his political antagonists than you are: and nothing but a persuasion in me, rooted on long and attentive observation, that you had qualities which secured you from the disaffection of every heart tolerably humanized, could have induced me to pay you that trivial token of my respect with such

perfect acquiescence; a token of respect which I shall contemplate, I know, with increasing satisfaction to the end of life. I am glad, however, that I can gratulate you on escaping the inauspicious omen of the Scriptures: "Woe! unto you, when *all* men speak well of you:" and yet I should not be surprised, if the times mend so much, and such opportunities for a fuller and freer display of yourself present themselves, as actually to excite some *apprehension* and *mistrust* in me in consequence of the *universal* and *unqualified* approbation of the world. When that takes place, perhaps, I may set my wits at work to find out some erratum in the copies of that verse. At present, I must own that such solicitude is not absolutely necessary.

But the copies of my Lucretius are not numerous; and I know it must make its way in time against all personal and political opposition, especially when known on the Continent. Mr. Steevens, editor of Shakspeare, who, though a friend of mine, can

scarcely endure one of my opinions; an excellent classical scholar, and a most severe censor; who detected, I think, 900 errors in the Heyne's Virgil, lately published at London, and *corrected* by Porson; pronounced, in my hearing, at a Bookseller's, last week, my large-paper Lucretius to be the most magnificent and correct work of its kind that had yet appeared. One was ordered for the King's Library last week.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XV.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, March 1, 1799.

Although I am wholly without any resources, even of advice, and much more of power, to offer you my services upon the present occasion, yet I cannot help trou-

bling you with a few lines, to tell you how very sincerely concerned I am at the event of your trial.

The liberty of the press I considered as virtually destroyed by the proceedings against Johnson and Jordan; and what has happened to you I cannot but lament therefore the more, as the sufferings of a man whom I esteem, in a cause that is no more.

I have been reading your Lucretius, and have nearly finished the second volume: it appears to me to be by far the best publication of any classical author: and if it is an objection with some persons, that the great richness and variety of quotation and criticism in the Notes takes off, in some degree, the attention from the Text, I am not one of those who will ever complain of an Editor for giving me too much instruction and amusement.

I am, with great regard,
and all possible good wishes,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
C. J. Fox.

LETTER XVI.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Hackney, March 2, 1799.

Your kind attention at this time is peculiarly gratifying and consoling; but wholly congenial to that benevolence of disposition, which is the brightest jewel in all the accomplishments of humanity. My defence, though unsuccessful, was, in the opinion of my best friends, entirely consonant to my character. Some parts, I am aware, would be thought, by men of the world, severe and imprudent to excess; but *such* persecution for *such* things fills me, I own, with a degree of indignation and sorrow, to which no words appear to my mind capable of doing justice. Your approbation of my Lucretius is also particularly grateful to me.

I am, Sir,

with every sentiment of esteem,

Your obedient servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XVII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 9, 1799.

NOTHING could exceed the concern I felt at the extreme severity (for such it appears to me) of the sentence pronounced against you.

I should be apprehensive, that the distance of Dorchester must add considerably to the difficulties of your situation; but should be very glad to learn from you that it is otherwise.

If any of your friends can think of any plan for you, by which some of the consequences of your confinement may be in any degree lessened, I should be very happy to be in any way assisting in it. From some words that dropped from you, when I saw you, I rather understood that you did not feel much inclination to apply to your usual studies in your present situation; otherwise it had occurred to me, that some publication, on a

less expensive plan than the Lucretius, and by subscription, might be eligible, for the purpose of diverting your mind, and for serving your family; but of this you are the best judge: and all I can say is, that I shall always be happy to shew the esteem and regard with which I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

Rev. GILBERT WAKEFIELD,
King's Bench Prison.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 10, 1799.

WITHIN a few hours after I wrote to you yesterday, a Gentleman called, who informed me that a scheme had been formed for preventing some of the ill consequences of your imprisonment, and upon a much more eligible plan than that which I suggested. Of course, you will not think any more of what I said upon that subject;

only that, if you do employ yourself in writing during your confinement, my opinion is, that, in the present state of things, Literature is, in every point of view, a preferable occupation to Politics.

I have looked at my Roman Virgil, and find that it is printed from the Medicean MS. as I supposed. The verses regarding Helen, in the second book, are printed in a different character, and stated to be wanting in the MS.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XIX.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, K. B. παρα Πλυτηι: June 10, 1799.

I AM very highly gratified by your attention to me, as the attention of one whom I love and reverence.

In the present distraction of my mind, much enhanced by the consternation into which I am thrown by hearing this moment

of the unexpected sentence on Lord Thanet and Mr. Ferguson, I am scarcely capable of answering your kind inquiries in a proper manner; and therefore beg leave to inclose a Letter, received last night, which I am sure will give pleasure to a heart so interested, not in my welfare only, but in that of all his species: that Letter you will be so kind as to return. What I particularly meditate is a Greek and English Lexicon, at a subscription of a Guinea and a half: but of this plan I shall judge better when I see the place of my destination, whither I expect to be transported in a few days.

My sentence is not to be ranked among the *calamities* of human life: but it is a very serious *inconvenience* to us on many accounts, and on none more than a separation from a numerous band of the most affectionate and virtuous and disinterested friends, of both sexes, that it ever fell to the lot of any family to possess.

By the time in which my confinement will expire, I trust a prospect will be

opened of calling you from your beloved retirement, to a theatre of more extensive usefulness, alike adapted to the amplitude of your talents, and the benevolence of your disposition.

I am, Sir,

with every sentiment of esteem,

Your obedient servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XX.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 12, 1799.

I RETURN you your friend's Letter, which gave me great satisfaction. The sentence upon Lord Thanet and Ferguson is, all things considered, most abominable; but the speech accompanying it is, if possible, worse.

I think a Lexicon in Greek and English

is a work much wanted; and, if you can have patience to execute such a work, I shall consider it a great benefit to the cause of Literature. I hope to hear from you that your situation at Dorchester is not worse, at least, than you expected; and, when I know you to be in a state of perfect ease of mind (which at this moment could not be expected), I will, with your leave, state to you a few observations, which I just hinted to you when I saw you, upon Porson's Note to his Orestes, regarding the final *ν*.

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, King's Bench, June 14, 1799.

I SET out for Dorchester to-morrow or Monday; and shall be glad, at all times and in any place, to receive communications from you, upon points of criticism, or any other within my sphere. In the meantime, two of my Brothers have been down to reconnoitre the place; and from their report I collect, clearly, that this transportation thither was intended to be nothing less than a Cold-Bath Fields' business. It so happens, that in the small premises belonging to the governor, alias keeper, alias gaoler, a small lodging-room is to be obtained; whether with or without a fire-place I have hitherto forgotten to inquire; but with no accommodation for books, beyond a pocket-full or so: of course every plan of any laborious undertaking in literature is totally abandoned, and indeed

every object of study beyond an author such as Homer, who is pretty much concentered within himself. The intercourse even with my family, as far as I understand, will be partial and restrained: so that if a former occupant had been equal to that room in the house, nothing but a cell, in a most detestable building (to my Brothers' fancies), would have remained for myself. Upon the whole, considering the great inconveniences of an entire removal, and dissolution of our former residence, I am not sure, whether the Bastile, for the same term, might not have been as eligible. And, as I was never able to pursue any literary object without a comfortable disposition of external circumstances, I must postpone what projects I had entertained in that way to a more convenient season, if I should live to see it; and content myself with the amusements of my family, and occasional intercourse with my friends by letter or in person.

My defence, and other memorials of this

prosecution, which I thought it a part of my duty not to leave unrecorded, will be left for your acceptance, with a book which Lord Holland lent me.

I am, Sir, with the truest respect,

Your obliged servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 27, 1799.

IN consequence of a Letter which Lord Holland shewed me, I have written to Lord Shaftesbury and to Lord Ilchester, who are both very humane men, and would, I should hope, be happy to do any thing that may make your situation less uneasy.

I am, Sir,

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Sept. 6, 1799.

THE Courier of this day communicates to me the very unwelcome intelligence of an injury received by you, from the bursting of your gun. Assure yourself, Sir, that your oldest and warmest friends feel not a more lively interest in all your pains and pleasures than myself, nor will rejoice more at your recovery. And will you do me the justice to believe, that I would not have taken the trouble of submitting the following passage of CICERO to your consideration, but from an absolute conviction of your magnanimity and benevolence, and love of truth; and from an entire confidence in your candour, for assigning no motive to this intrusion, but an ardent desire of your approximation as nearly as possible to my own, perhaps visionary and mistaken,

notions of perfection?—" Ego autem, quam " diu respublica per eos gerebatur, quibus " se ipsa commiserat, omnes meas curas " cogitationesque in eam conferebam: cùm " autem dominatu unius omnia tenerentur, " neque esset usquam consilio aut auctori- " tati locus; socios denique tuendæ reipub- " licæ, summos viros, amisissem; nec me " angoribus dedidi, quibus essem confectus, " nisi iis restitissem, nec rursum INDIGNIS " HOMINE DOCTO VOLUPTATIBUS." *Off.* ii. 1.

Am I, Sir, indecently presumptuous and free, am I guilty of a too dictatorial offi- ciousness, in pronouncing THOSE PLEASURES TO MISBECOME A MAN OF LETTERS, which consist in mangling, maiming, and depriving of that invaluable and irretrievable blessing, its existence, an inoffensive pensioner on the universal bounties of the common Feeder and Protector of all his offspring?

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged and respectful friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, No. 11, Sackville Street, Sept. 14, 1799.

I ASSURE you I take very kindly your Letter, and the quotation in it. I think the question of 'How far field sports are innocent amusements,' is nearly connected with another, upon which, from the title of one of your intended works, I suspect you entertain opinions rather singular; for if it is lawful to kill tame animals with whom one has a sort of acquaintance, such as *fowls, oxen,* &c. it is still less repugnant to one's feelings to kill wild animals; but then to make a *pastime* of it—I am aware there is something to be said upon this point. On the other hand, if example is allowed to be any thing, there is nothing in which all mankind, civilized or savage, have more agreed, than in making some sort of chace (for fishing is of the same

nature) part of their business or amusement. However, I admit it to be a very questionable subject: at all events, it is a very pleasant and healthful exercise. My wound goes on, I believe, very well; and no material injury is apprehended to the hand; but the cure will be tedious, and I shall be confined in this town for more weeks than I had hoped ever to spend days here. I am much obliged to you for your inquiries, and am,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Sept. 20, 1799.

I AM unwilling to increase the inconveniences of your present situation, and have therefore not been solicitous of immediately acknowledging your favour; nor do I by any means wish you to incommode yourself, in the least degree, by noticing this, or any other similar intrusion from *me*.

With your leave, the question of *animal food* (from which the purest philosophers in all ages have abstained, the Pythagoreans, Bramins, Essenes, and others) is no more involved in that of *rural sports*, as commonly pursued, than the question of *racks and tortures* is connected with that of *capital punishments*. I would not now state, 'Is it lawful and expedient to kill animals 'at all?' but, 'Is it philosophical and 'humane to leave numbers of them to

'perish by pain and hunger, or to occasion 'the remainder of their lives to be perilous 'and miserable?' for such, I presume, are the inevitable consequences of *shooting* in particular. As for hunting; to see a set of men exulting in the distresses of an inoffensive animal, with such intemperate and wild triumph, is to me the most irrational and degrading spectacle in the world; and an admirable prolusion to those delectable operations which are transacting in Holland, and elsewhere!

In reading Ovid's Tristia (to my fancy, the first Poet of all Antiquity) with my Children, the other morning, (who, with my Wife, are forbidden by the Justices to come to me more than four days in a week, from ten o'clock to six,) I thought an error, not yet discovered, to occupy the introductory lines:—

Parve, nec invideo, sine me, Liber! ibis in urbem;
Hei mihi! quò domino non licet ire tuo.
Vade, sed incultus; qualem decet exulis esse:
Infelix habitum temporis hujus habe.

By the bye, I have observed, (and mention,

I think, somewhere in Lucretius,) that the Poets never used *nec*, but always *neque*, before a word beginning with a vowel: in the first verse, therefore, it should be "*neque* invideo." But is there not something aukward and obscure, at first, in the construction of the third? The final *s* is written in MSS. after a manner likely to occasion errors; as *incultu*ˢ. I read, therefore,

Vade; sed *in cultu* qualem decet exsulis esse.

With my most cordial wishes for your speedy recovery, and less desolation in that *kingdom*, which one of my pupils, in construing that noble passage in the third Georgic,—(from which Gray has borrowed, in his Elegy,

"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind,")——

Et stabula adspectans *regnis* excessit *avitis*,

called *the kingdom of birds*.

I remain, Sir,

Your most respectful and obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXVI.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Oct. 22, 1799.

I BELIEVE I had best not continue the controversy about field sports; or at least, if I do, I must have recourse, I believe, to authority and precedent, rather than to argument; and content myself with rather excusing, than justifying them. Cicero says, I believe, somewhere, "Si quem " nihil delectaret nisi quod cum laude et " dignitate conjunctum foret, ... huic ho- " mini ego fortasse, et pauci, Deos propitios, " plerique iratos putarent." But this is said, I am afraid, in defence of a libertine, whose public principles, when brought to the test, proved to be as unsound, as his private life was irregular. By the way, I know no speech of Cicero's more full of beautiful passages than this is (pro M. Cælio), nor where he is more in his element. Argu-

mentative contention is what he by no means excels in; and he is never, I think, so happy, as when he has an opportunity of exhibiting a mixture of philosophy and pleasantry; and especially, when he can interpose anecdotes, and references to the authority of the eminent characters in the history of his country. No man appears, indeed, to have had such real respect for authority as he; and therefore, when he speaks on that subject, he is always natural, and in earnest; and not like those among *us*, who are so often declaiming about the wisdom of our ancestors, without knowing what they mean, or hardly ever citing any particulars of their conduct, or of their *dicta*.

I shewed your proposed alteration in the Tristia to a very good judge, who approved of it very much. I confess, myself, that I like the old reading best, and think it more in Ovid's manner; but this, perhaps, is mere fancy. I have always been a great reader of him, and thought myself the

greatest admirer he had, till you called him the first Poet of Antiquity, which is going even beyond me. The grand and spirited style of the Iliad; the true nature and simplicity of the Odyssey; the poetical language (far excelling that of all other Poets in the world) of the Georgics, and the pathetic strokes in the Æneid, give Homer and Virgil a rank, in my judgment, clearly above all competitors; but next after them I should be very apt to class Ovid, to the great scandal, I believe, of all who pique themselves upon what is called purity of taste. You have somewhere compared him to Euripides, I think; and I can fancy I see a resemblance in them. This resemblance it is, I suppose, which makes one prefer Euripides to Sophocles; a preference which, if one were writing a dissertation, it would be very difficult to justify. Euripides leads one to Porson, who, as I told you, is not content with putting the final ν as others have put it, before him, but adopts it even when the

following word begins with a mute and a liquid: and that he does this merely from a desire to differ as widely from you as possible, is evident. In his Note on verse 64 of the Orestes, are the words which I will copy and inclose. Now the cases of prepositions in compound words being made long, appear to me not very *rare;* though *rare* being an indefinite word, it is difficult to ascertain precisely the force he gives to it: but of the final vowel being long, of which he thinks there are *no* instances, there are a great many; at least I must suppose so, as I recollect several from mere memory. But, what is most to the purpose, there is one in his Hecuba which I must suppose to be "indubiæ fidei;" as he was so far from stating it as a suspicious passage, that he did not point it out even as a remarkable one. It is verse 589:

Ω θυγατερ, ουκ οιδ' εις ὁ, ΤΙ βλεψω κακων·

but he had not then been angered by your observations, and had not, therefore, re-

solved to support the use of the ν in all possible places. You must allow it is difficult for us unlearned to have a proper confidence in great Critics, when they use us in this manner, and lay down general rules, which they never thought of before, only for the purpose of making the difference more wide between them and their opponents. In the Cyclops, v. 522, there is *ουδενΑ βλαπτει βροτων·* in the Electra of Euripides, v. 1058, there is *αρΑ κλυουσα·* and, I dare say, hundreds of more instances against him, as I found these by mere chance: and it has so happened, that I have not read any play of Euripides, or Sophocles, since I read his Note.

I cannot conceive upon what principle, or indeed from what motive, they have so restricted the intercourse between you and your family. My first impulse was, to write to Lord Ilchester to speak to Mr. Frampton; but, as you seem to suspect that former applications have done mischief, I shall do nothing. Your pupil's translation of '*avitis*'

shews that he has a good notion of the formation of words; and is a very good sign, if he is a young one. Did you, who are such a hater of war, ever read the lines at the beginning of the second book of Cowper's Task? There are few things in our language superior to them, in my judgment. He is a fine poet, and has, in a great degree, conquered my prejudices against blank verse.

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

My hand is not yet so well as to give me the use of it, though the wound is nearly healed. The Surgeon suspects there is more bone to come away.—I have been here something more than a fortnight.

Professor PORSON's *Note, inclosed in the preceding:*

" *Orestes*, v. 64.

" Παρθενον, ἐμῇ τε μητρὶ παρεδωκεν τρεφειν.

" Erunt fortasse nonnulli, qui minùs " necessario hoc factum (that is, the inser- " tion of the final ν) arbitraturi sint in " παρεδωκεν. Rationes igitur semel exponam, " nunquam posthac moniturus. Quanquam " enim sæpe syllabas naturâ breves positione " producunt Tragici, longè libentius corri- " piunt; adeo ut tria prope exempla correp- " tarum invenias, ubi unum modo exstet " productarum: sed hoc genus licentiæ, in " verbis scilicet non compositis, qualia τεκνον, " πατρος, ceteris longè frequentius est. " Rarius multo syllaba producitur in verbo " composito, si in ipsam juncturam cadit, ut " in πολυχρυσος, *Andr.* 2. Eâdem parsimoniâ " in augmentis producendis utuntur, ut " in επεκλωσεν, sup. 12. κεκλησθαι, Sophocl. " *Electr.* 366. Rarior adhuc licentia est,

" ubi præpositio verbo jungitur, ut in
" ἀποτροποι, *Phœn.* 600. Sed ubi verbum in
" brevem vocalem desinit, eamque duæ con-
" sonantes excipiunt, quæ brevem manere
" patiantur, vix credo exempla indubiæ fidei
" inveniri posse, in quibus syllaba ista
" producatur. Ineptus esset quicunque ad
" MSS. in tali causâ provocaret, cum nulla
" sit eorum auctoritas: id solum deprecor,
" ne quis contra hanc regulam eorum
" testimonio abutatur; MSS. enim neque
" alter alteri consentiunt, neque idem MS.
" sibi ipse per omnia constat. Quòd si ea,
" quæ disputavi, vera sunt, planum est in
" fine vocis addendam esse literam, quam
" addidi."

LETTER XXVII.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Oct. 23, 1799.

I SAY, also, peace to our controversy! and I wish that every dispute of every kind could terminate as amicably, and after such gentle litigation: the differences of opinion in mankind would then issue in the general melioration of their tempers, and the augmentation of mutual esteem; instead of acrimony, revenge, and bloodshed. Only excuse my unsolicited freedom of remonstrance.

On the subject of Cicero, my opinions coincide with yours: but as the turn of my disposition has led me to inquiries connected with the history of human intellect, and human opinions; with the events of antient times, and the rise and progress of philosophy; to subjects also more immediately conversant with philology and

criticism, and the theory of language; my attention and affection have been fixed on his *philosophical* works, which I exceedingly reverence, rather than on his *orations* and *epistles*, the repositories of private incidents, and personal and local manners. But I mean only to state my propensities, not to extol them, or disparage the pursuits and predilections of other students.

What immediately led me to that conjecture in Ovid, was, an instantaneous repugnance of feeling to the connection of *qualem* with the participle *incultus*: and I am very much inclined to think, (for confidence on these points, of all others, is most inexcusable and absurd,) that no similar instance will readily be discovered; in which case I should be much more tenacious of the conjecture.

In appreciating the comparative excellencies of different poets, the first praise seems due to *invention:* and, as I should always omit Homer in these competitions, from our entire ignorance of the circum-

stances under which he wrote, and of the assistances which he might receive, no poet of antiquity seems capable of supporting the contest with Ovid. Virgil has produced more perfect poems; but then his obligations for materials are commensurate with the number of his verses; and would be seen still more clearly, if Euphorion and Nicander were now extant, fragments only of whose congenial performances are preserved. Quintilian, with that candour which distinguishes all his judgments, under a strong bias in favour of his countryman, after his admirable comparison of Demosthenes and Cicero, acknowledges that the palm must be yielded in this respect, "as Demosthenes made Cicero, in a great measure, what he was." By the bye, I may appear impertinent in recommending to your notice what you know so well: but that chapter of Quintilian, in which the comparison between the Greek and Roman authors is instituted, appears to me one of the most interesting compositions in all

antiquity. Horace, I think, has happily comprehended the constituent qualities of a poet in few words:

> Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
> Magna sonaturum.——

In the first endowment, fertility of invention and copiousness of thought, Ovid far exceeds his countryman: in the second, a noble enthusiastic fervour of imagination, whose effects are sublimity and pathos, some passages prove Ovid to have no superior among the sons of inspiration: see, in particular, many parts of his Epistle of Dido to Æneas, Phyllis to Demophoon, and some others; his entire Elegy on the Death of Tibullus, Metamorph. ii. ver. 333 to 344, vi. 426--433; and the whole story of Pythagoras, xv. 60, &c. which has no parallel in the monuments of human wit, to my fancy, among the Antients, (as at once moral and delightful,) except the conclusion of Lucretius's third Book, and the adventures of Ulysses with Alcinous in Homer. Very few readers have attended more to the

peculiarities of elegant construction and curious phraseology, whether of figure or combination, than myself; and I find such exquisite specimens and varieties in no poet, as I find in Ovid: while, as Quintillian says of Cicero, to the best of my recollection,—"hæc omnia fluunt illaborata; "et ea, quâ nihil dulcius esse potest oratio, "præ se fert tamen felicissimam facilita-"tem."—As to the third quality, magnificent language, Virgil has no rival there.

I am sorry that you gave yourself the trouble of transcribing Porson's Note, as his Orestes is one of the few books which I have got with me. At present, I am reading some voluminous Greek prose writers, with a view to my Lexicon incidentally; so that I do not expect to be able to read through the Tragedians for some months yet; when I shall pay particular regard to the points in controversy: in the meantime, I wish not to be positive, but open to conviction. But my persuasions about the final ν are grounded on this sort of reasoning.

It is not for us, at this time of day, to lay down the laws of Greek composition and versification, but to inquire into the actual practice of the Antients. Now it is most certain, that the old editions and old Scholiasts so generally omit the ν, where modern editors interpolate the letter, as to induce a most probable conviction, that it was *universally* omitted by the Antients; and that the few present exceptions are the officious insertions of transcribers and publishers, who would "be wise above what was written;" and modelled the MSS. by their own preconceptions of propriety. Whereas, from the current persuasion, among modern scholars, of the necessity of support to these short syllables by the application of consonants, it is perfectly inconceivable that they should have left the syllables in question unsustained, had they found the ν in their copies. Nay, it cannot be doubted, but modern editors, like Porson, would invariably supply the ν in all those places where early editors

were contented to omit it in obedience to their authorities; and, if the early editions were lost, all traces of the old practice, as it should seem to be, would presently be obliterated beyond recovery.

I have been furnished with many opportunities of observing PORSON, by a near inspection. He has been at my house several times, and once for an entire summer's day. Our intercourse would have been frequent, but for *three* reasons: 1. His extreme irregularity, and inattention to times and seasons, which did not at all comport with the methodical arrangements of my time and family. 2. His gross addiction to that lowest and least excusable of all sensualities, immoderate drinking: and, 3. The uninteresting insipidity of his society; as it is impossible to engage his mind on any topic of mutual inquiry, to procure his opinion on any author or on any passage of an author, or to elicit any conversation of any kind to compensate for the time and attendance of his company. And as for Homer, Virgil, and Horace, I never could

hear of the least critical effort on them in his life. He is, in general, devoid of all human affections; but such as he has, are of a misanthropic quality: nor do I think that any man exists, for whom his propensities rise to the lowest pitch of affection and esteem. He much resembles Proteus in Lycophron:

————ὡ γελως απεχθεται,
Και δακρυ·—

though, I believe, he has satirical verses in his treasury, for Dr. Bellenden, as he calls him (PARR), and all his most intimate associates. But, in his knowledge of the Greek Tragedies, and Aristophanes; in his judgment of MSS. and in all that relates to the metrical proprieties of dramatic and lyric versification, with whatever is connected with this species of reading; none of his contemporaries must pretend to equal him. His grammatical knowledge also, and his acquaintance with the antient Lexicographers and Etymologists, is most accurate and profound: and his intimacy with Shakspeare, B. Jonson, and other

dramatic writers, is probably unequalled. He is, in short, a most extraordinary person in every view, but unamiable; and has been debarred of a comprehensive intercourse with Greek and Roman authors, by his excesses, which have made those acquirements impossible to him, from the want of that *time*, which must necessarily be expended in laborious reading, and for which no genius can be made a substitute. No man has ever paid a more voluntary and respectful homage to his talents, at all times, both publickly and privately, in writings and conversation, than myself: and I will be content to forfeit the esteem and affection of all mankind, whenever the least particle of envy and malignity is found to mingle itself with my opinions. My first reverence is to Virtue; my second, only to talents and erudition: where both unite, that man is estimable indeed to me, and shall receive the full tribute of honour and affection.—But I am transgressing the rules of decorum, by this immoderate *περιαυτολογια*,

which yet, perhaps, is not unseasonable, and certainly wishes to stand exculpated in your sight.

I am so wholly immersed in my studies, that my spirits are entirely recovered; and, with the abatement of solitude (which no man ever abhorred more), I never was more comfortable in my life. To this, the most extraordinary solicitude and affection of my friends, some of the most virtuous characters that ever existed, have contributed not a little: and in this confinement, if I live, I shall combat some of that severe and unkindly reading, in authors of less gaiety and elegance, which, in a happier situation, would have been contended with more tardily and reluctantly, if contended with at all. It will give you pleasure to be informed, that a former pupil sent me, about a month ago, from Jamaica, 1000*l.*

I have occasionally looked in Cowper, though I possess him not. He appeared to me too frequently on the verge of the ludicrous and burlesque; but he deserves, I

dare say, the character which you give him. Whilst I am in health, and able to endure fatigue, I mortify myself by keeping to my main pursuits,

——— *senex ut in otia tuta recedam:*

hoping, if I live to grow old, that I may then indulge myself more freely in gayer literature. But surely Milton might have reconciled you to blank verse, without the aid of Cowper!

I rejoiced to observe your Letter dated from your beloved retirement in the country; but your information respecting the amendment of your hand communicates but a mixed pleasure, if the gradual extrication of other fragments of the bones must be expected; a process, I fear, attended with inflammation and torture, in most cases of the kind. My best wishes attend you on all occasions; and excuse me, if, in the French style, which appears to me most manly and becoming, even for the sake of variety itself, I conclude myself,

Ever yours, with health and respect!

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

[*The second of the two Letters from Mr.* WAKEFIELD, *which the following of Mr.* FOX *shews to have intervened, is wanting.*]

LETTER XXVIII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Nov. 22, 1799.

I AM much obliged to you for your two Letters, and am very happy to find that your situation is become more easy than I had apprehended it was. If I should have an opportunity of getting you the use of any manuscripts from the persons you mention, or from any others, you may depend upon my attention to it. I know that Mr. Coke has some; and I will write to a friend who goes often to Holkham, to inquire whether there are any worth your notice. I have looked at the quotation in Diodorus, which certainly, as far as it goes, makes much for your system: but it is to be remarked, that some other parts of it stand in need of emendation; and there-

fore the whole may be supposed not to have been very accurately transcribed. Since I wrote last to you, I have read three plays of Euripides; and in them I find no less than five instances of that description, of which Porson, in his Note on the Orestes, supposes that there are none "*indubiæ fidei*." They are as follow: Medea, vv. 246, 582. Troades, v. 628. Heraclidæ, vv. 391, 1044.; and I have little doubt but in the rest of his works, and probably in those of the other Tragedians, instances would occur in nearly a similar proportion. Porson's assertion, therefore, appears to me so outrageous a neglect of fact, that he ought to be told of it. In his Notes upon the Hecuba, v. 347 and 734, he makes two very singular remarks, in regard to metre, which (singular as they appear) are nevertheless, as far as my observation goes, just: but these were probably made upon much examination and consideration, and not for a particular purpose of supporting a new system, that had occurred to him, of

inserting the final ν where nobody else had done it: to which he could be tempted by no other motive than that of differing *toto cælo* from you; and saying, "So far from "listening to your advice of omitting the ν "where others insert it, I will now insert "it where nobody ever thought of it." This is abominable.—In regard to the *general* question of the final ν, I agree with you that it must depend, in a great measure, upon MSS.; and in so far as it does I am no judge of it, never having seen any of the Tragedians, nor indeed scarcely of any other Greek Poets: but, upon general reasoning, I own I am inclined to preserve it, because I think there is much in this argument. Vowels of a certain description are uniformly short in certain given positions, with the exception of such of those vowels only as occasionally admit the final ν (for the purpose of preventing the hiatus, &c.). Is it not, therefore, a fair conjecture, at least; and, if supported by any one old MS, almost a certain one, that,

in such exceptions, the final », which they, and they alone, were capable of admitting, was added. Porson uses this argument; but then he is not, as I have shewn you, supported by the fact. I have read over, possibly for the hundredth time, the portion of the Metamorphoses about Pythagoras; and I think you cannot praise it too highly. I always considered it as the finest part of the whole poem; and, possibly, the Death of Hercules as the next to it. I think your proposed alteration of "pendet" to "pandit," is a very fair one, if any is wanted; but upon looking into Ainsworth, the only Latin Dictionary I have, I find that Pliny uses "aranea" for the *down* that appears on some parts of willow: now I think he never could do this, unless "aranea" meant the web of a spider, as well as the animal itself. The Dictionary gives "*spider's web*" too, as one of the senses of "aranea;" but then it cites only the very passage we are upon, and is therefore nothing to the purpose.

I own, I do not see why, in the passage

of the Fasti, "defensæ" should be certainly erroneous. "Frondes defensæ arboribus," instead of "arbores defensæ frondibus," seems not unlike the poetical diction of the Latin Poets in general; but, if that is wrong, at any rate the other old reading of "excussæ" is unexceptionable; or, perhaps, a reading compounded of the two might do, such as "decussæ." The change of the punctuation in Juvenal is clearly, I think, an amendment. I have read again (what I had often read before) the chapter you refer to of Quintilian, and a most pleasing one it is; but I think he seems not to have an opinion quite high enough of our favourite Ovid; and, in his laboured comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero, he appears to me to have thought them more alike, in their manner and respective excellencies, than they seem to me. It is of them, I think, that he might most justly have said, "Magis pares quàm similes." I have no Apollonius Rhodius, and have never read of him more than what there is in our Eton

Poetæ Græci, and the Edinburgh *Collectanea:* but, from what I have read, he seems to be held far too low by Quintilian; nor can I think the "æqualis mediocritas" to be his character. The parts extracted in the above collections are as fine as poetry can be; and, I believe, are generally allowed to have been the model of what is certainly not the least-admired part of the Æneid: if he is in other parts *equal* to these, he ought not to be characterized by *mediocrity*. I wish to read the rest of his poem, partly for the sake of the poem itself, and partly to ascertain how much Virgil has taken from him: but I have not got it, and do not know what edition of it I ought to get: I should be much obliged to you if you would tell me. Shaw's is one of the latest; but, I think, I have heard it ill spoken of. If, at the same time, you would advise me in regard to the Greek Poets in general (of the second and third order, I mean), which are best worth reading, and in what editions, you would do me a great service.

Of Aratus, Nicander, Dionysius, Oppian, Nonnius, Lycophron, I have never read a word, except what has occurred in notes on other authors; nor do I know what poems those are which Barnes often alludes to, calling them *Troïca*. Against Lycophron, I own, I am somewhat prepossessed, from hearing from all quarters of the difficulty of understanding him. The Argonautics, that go under the name of Orpheus, I have read, and think that there are some very beautiful passages in them, particularly the description of Chiron, &c. I have read, too, Theognis; and observed four verses in him that are full as applicable to other countries, as ever they could be to any city in Greece:

Λαξ επιβα δημῳ πενεοφρονι· τυπτε δε κεντρῳ
Οξεϊ, και ζευγλην δυσλοφον αμφιτιθει.
Ου γαρ εθ' εὑρησεις λαον φιλοδεσποτον ὡδε
Ανθρωπων, ὁποσους ηελιος καθορᾳ.

I wish to read some more, if not all, of the Greek Poets, before I begin with those Latin ones that you recommend; especially as I take for granted that Valerius Flaccus

(one of them) is in some degree an imitator of Apollonius Rhodius. Of him, or Silius Italicus, I never read any; and of Statius but little. Indeed, as, during far the greater part of my life, the reading of the Classics has been only an amusement, and not a study, I know but little of them, beyond the works of those who are generally placed in the first rank; to which I have always more or less attended, and with which I have always been as well acquainted as most idle men, if not better. My practice has generally been " multum potius quàm multos legere." Of late years, it is true that I have read with more critical attention, and made it more of a study; but my attention has been chiefly directed to the Greek language, and its writers; so that in the Latin I have a great deal still to read: and I find that it is a pleasure which grows upon me every day. Milton, you say, might have reconciled me to blank verse. I certainly, in common with all the world, admire the grand and stupendous passages

of the Paradise Lost; but yet, with all his study of harmony, he had not reconciled me to blank verse. There is a want of flow, of ease, of what the painters call a free pencil, even in *his* blank verse, which is a defect in poetry that offends me more perhaps than it ought: and I confess, perhaps to my shame, that I read the Fairy Queen with more delight than the Paradise Lost: this may be owing, in some degree, perhaps, to my great partiality to the Italian Poets.

I have no doubt but your Dictionary will be a very interesting work, to those who love the Greek language; but 20,000 new words seem impossible; unless you mean, by new words, new significations of old words. I have some notions upon the subject of a Greek Dictionary that are perhaps impracticable, but, if they could be executed, would, I think, be incredibly useful: but this Letter is too unconscionably long to make me think of lengthening it by detailing them.

My hand mends slowly, but regularly;

and I do not now think there will be any exfoliation of the bone, though that is not certain. I am very glad to hear your Jamaica pupil, whoever he be, has done both you and himself so much honour. I say nothing of the late surprising events: the ends may be good, but the means seem very odious. I shall think the degree of liberty they allow to the press the great criterion of their intentions.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXIX.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 27, 1799.

Our want of accord on the final and critical emendations proves to me the necessity of a work (of which all the materials are ready on my papers) on the rationale of criticism, as founded on philo-

sophical principles, corroborated and ascertained by the real practice of transcribers and indubitable specimens from authors; otherwise, no assent can be expected in the majority of cases. My argument for the perpetual omission of the ν stands thus: It is universally allowed, that the early editors adhered more closely to their MSS. In their editions, the final ν is *commonly* omitted. In such works as Scholia, of which few copies were circulated, that ν is *always* omitted. Good reasons may be assigned for the occasional insertion, but none possibly for the omission. Owners of MSS. have perpetually corrected them, as we see at this day, according to their own fancy; and if Porson, for example, had them all, in time he would put in the ν throughout; and these MSS. might go down as vouchers for the practice of antiquity. Very little learning would suffice, to induce men to insert ν, from an opinion of vicious quantity; so that a very old MS. now might abound in that insertion, though

its prototype were without it; and so on. But the acknowledged omission in innumerable instances even now, and that obvious reason for its insertion in the rest, when no possible solution can be given for the regular omission, induce, to my apprehension, a probability of the highest kind, that the Antients never used it at all.—More might be said; but this is the substance of the argument.

In Ovid, Fast. iii. 537, the case stands thus: I find in books of authority two very different readings, *detonsæ* and *excussæ*. Whether either of these words will do, is by no means the first consideration. I want some probable account of this strange variation, which, like all other facts, must have a cause; and before the passage can be mended, a probable cause must be alleged. There is no resemblance in the letters; therefore we cannot satisfactorily suppose one word to have been mistaken for the other, by the transcriber's eye. I think, therefore, that Ovid gave *exustæ*.

Why? 1. Because it resembles *excussæ* in its characters, and most likely in its pronunciation; so as to be confounded, either through eye-sight, or through dictation. 2. Because either *detonsæ* or *excussæ* may be reasonably supposed a marginal gloss, or interlineary interpretation of the word proposed; of which MSS. are full. 3. *Exustæ*, being an elegant word, and a word which implies some reading and taste to relish and understand it, would be readily superseded in the hands of a sciolist (whether transcriber, or owner of a MS.), by one more suited to his fancy; such as the other readings. These are my reasons; none of which can be assigned for the other two words. If now it should be said, that either of the other will do, I say, No: 1. Because no man, I dare say, can bring me any passage, from all antiquity, in which frost or cold is said "*tondere* folia," or any thing like it. 2. Because *excussæ* and its kindred are words of *violence*, and, I will venture to affirm, are never applied to the

gentle and gradual operation of a *frost*. (Excuse me, if I appear positive: it is only in the expression, which one acquires from the study of mathematics; where, after constructing the figure, it is usual to add, "*I say*, the triangle so and so is the triangle required.") And with respect to phrases, I have noted their peculiarities so copiously in my own Dictionary, that I speak with some confidence, on that account merely, with respect to them.

Apollonius Rhodius was a great grammarian, as well as a poet; and therefore you should by all means have an edition with the Scholia. Shaw's, though of no value as a critical work, is prettily printed, has the Scholia, and a most excellent Index; and is therefore a very commodious book for use. You should get the last 8vo edition. Brunck, however, it is impossible to do without, on account of his accuracy, and his MSS. It is a 12mo, not very easily got: there was one at Lackington's the beginning of this year. Stiffness, and want

of perspicuity and simplicity, appear to me the failings of Apollonius Rhodius.

Aratus, as a versifier, is much in the same style; and in language harsh and difficult, partly from his subject. His *Phænomena* will hardly be relished, but by the lovers of astronomy; but his other work, on the Signs of the Weather, must be read, as it has been translated nearly by Virgil, in Geo. i. The small Oxford edition is the best I know: it is become scarce and dear. I rather think they are republishing this poet in Germany. You would know by inquiring at Elmsley's. This poet has been little read, and seldom published.

Nicander you will never have patience to read, I think; otherwise, he was also a great linguist, but as obscure at least as Lycophron; though his (Nicander's) obscurity is in the quaint and learned phrase, not in the meaning. His first poem, of about six hundred verses, treats of vegetable, mineral, and animal poisons, and their remedies: his second, of about a thousand verses, of

noxious animals, their bites and stings, and remedies. They are good for me, as a Lexicon compiler, and a scholar by profession; but I cannot recommend them to you.

Dionysius Periegetes is, to my mind, the sweetest and simplest writer, both for verse and diction, of all the Greeks, far and wide, after Homer. The best and pleasantest edition, to my knowledge, is Stephens's, or the Oxford, which may easily be procured. They are very numerous. There are also some London editions; but beware of Wells's mutilated and interpolated edition, for the use of Westminster School.

Oppian is very puerile, and writes in a false taste; but his descriptions are entertaining and exact. He alone, of all the Antients, delineates the camelopard very accurately, and from nature. He will recompense the trouble of perusal. The best edition is Schneider's. Ballu, a Frenchman, began a very pretty edition; but the *Halieutics*, by him, have not yet appeared. Rittershusius' also is not amiss.

Nonnus was a Christian poet of much later date than the former; of a most puerile and romantic cast: wrote a poem as long as all Homer: difficult to be procured, and not likely to approve himself to you. He versified also, pleasantly enough, John's Gospel.

Lycophron by all means read, in Potter's later edition. A spirit of melancholy breathes through his poem, which makes him, with his multitude of events, as delightful to me as any of the Antients. I have read him very often, and always with additional gratification. His poem is delivered in the form of a *prophecy;* and therefore affects an ænigmatical obscurity, by enveloping the sentiment in imagery, mythological allusions, and a most learned and elaborate phraseology. Most obscure in himself, he is rendered perfectly plain and easy by his scholiast, Tzetzes, who was a Jew. No man equal to him in the purity of his iambics; so that anapæst, tribrachys, and dactyl, are extremely rare in him. His narrative

of the adventures of the Grecian chiefs, particularly Ulysses, after the fall of Troy, is infinitely interesting; and his prospect of Xerxes' expedition into Greece, the devastation of his army, &c. is nobly executed. You cannot fail, I think, after the first difficulties are surmounted, to like him much.

No resemblance, but in the name of the poem, between Apollonius Rhodius and Valerius Flaccus. He and Statius have ideas and expressions frequently beyond Virgil. Varro wrote an Argonautic Expedition, which Valerius Flaccus may possibly have imitated.

The Classics have been your *amusement*, not your *study*. Alas! the reverse has been the case very much with me. I have always reckoned upon amusing myself, if I lived to grow old; and have been therefore resolutely *labouring*, under almost every species of disadvantage, in my youth. On this account I never purchased Cowper: I have met with him occasionally. He appears to

me a man of fine genius; but his *Task* borders too much on the burlesque for a fine poem. My revisal of Pope's Homer led me to read his translation of the Greek; and of all the miserable versification in blank verse, that is the most miserable I have yet seen. I have scarcely any books here; but I remember the beginning of Odyssey X. to be the most calamitous specimen of want of ear that ever came under my notice. It would be rash in me to give an opinion of his versification elsewhere; but between *his* versification in Homer, and that of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, there is, to my sense, as great a difference as can exist between two things that admit comparison at all. The *Faery Queen* stanza was always tiresome to me.

You would cease to wonder at my twenty thousand words, if you saw my Lexicons; words good and true. You may cease also, when I mention that there are at least as many words of Nicander as that poet has verses, in no common Lexicon; two or three

hundred in Oppian, as many thousand in Nonnus; and when I mention further, that in a day, one day with another, when I am occupied in this work, I at least add twenty from my reading, for months together; some, original words; the generality, compounds. What think you of five hundred solid and nervous words on the margin of my Johnson, not found in him, from *Milton* only; and perhaps two hundred from the same source, which Johnson gives, but without authority?

I am very glad to hear so good an account of your hand.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, March, 1800.

I trouble you with the Proposals for my Lexicon; an enterprise of such magnitude, and such ungrateful labour, as almost overpowers my mind in the prospect of it. Had some of our most opulent countrymen your taste and zeal for antient literature, a small portion of their superfluous wealth would be readily applied to a much more complete performance, which would not reach above two good volumes in folio; and the civilization of our present barbarous manners would be essentially promoted, I think, by the promotion of useful letters. In general, I have been always desirous of considering sound learning and virtuous manners as convertible terms,—generally, I say, not universally; and would willingly subscribe to the truth

of one of the noblest passages in antient poetry:

——————— *ουτε γαρ ὑπνος,*
Ουτ' εαρ εξαπινας γλυκερωτερον, ουτε μελισσαις
Ανθεα, ὁσσον εμιν Μωσαι φιλαι· οὐς γαρ ὀρευντι
Γαθευσαι, τως ου τι ποτῳ δαλησατο Κιρκα.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, March 12, 1800.

I RECEIVED yesterday your Letter, with the Proposals for the Lexicon. I see innumerable advantages in an English interpretation; to which the only objection is, that it will confine the sale to this country: and, how far it may be possible to get two thousand subscriptions for a work useful only to English readers of Greek, I am afraid

is doubtful. If Schools and Colleges are excepted, the number of those who ever even look at a Greek book in this country is very small: and you know enough of Schools, no doubt, to suspect that partiality to old methods is very likely to make them adhere to Latin interpretations, notwithstanding the clear advantage of using for interpretation the language we best understand. My endeavours to promote the work shall not be wanting, and you will of course set me down as a subscriber. My idea with regard to a Greek Dictionary, which I hinted at in a former Letter, was suggested by a plan of a French Dictionary, mentioned by Condorcet in his Life of Voltaire. It is this: That a chronological catalogue should be made of all the authors who are cited in the work; and that the sense of every word should be given, first, from the oldest author who has used it; and then should follow, in regular chronological order, the senses in which it was afterwards used by more modern authors. Where the sense has not

altered, it should be observed in this manner: "Θεος, *a God. Homer: and is used in the same manner by the other authors.*" Thus we should have a history of every word, which would certainly be very useful; but perhaps it would require a greater degree of labour than any one man could perform. Condorcet says, that Voltaire had offered to do one letter of a Dictionary upon a principle something like this: but, even if he would have kept his word, one letter of a *French* Dictionary, upon this plan, would not be a hundredth part of a Greek one; for, besides the much greater copiousness of the Greek, the great distance of time between the early and the late writers must make a Dictionary upon this principle more bulky when applied to that language, (but, for the same reason, more desirable,) than it would be in any other.

Soon after I wrote to you last, I read Apollonius (in Shaw's edition, for I have not been able to get Brunck's); and upon the whole had great satisfaction from him.

His language is sometimes hard, and very often, I think, prosaïcal; and there is too much narration: but there are passages quite delightful to me, and I think his reputation has been below his merit. Both Ovid and Virgil have taken much from him; but the latter less, as appears to me, than has been commonly said. Dido is, in very few instances, a copy of Medea; whereas I had been led to suppose that she was almost wholly so: and of Hypsipyle, whose situation is most like Dido's, Apollonius has made little or nothing. I have lately read Lycophron, and am much obliged to you for recommending it to me to do so: besides there being some very charming poetry in him, the variety of stories is very entertaining. Without Tzetzes I should not have understood, however, a tenth part of him; nor would they, perhaps, who treat this poor Scholiast with so much contempt, have understood much more. There remain, after all, some few difficulties, which if you can clear up to

me, I shall be much obliged to you; and upon which neither Canterus, Meursius, nor Potter, give me any help. The most important of these is, that which belongs to the part where he speaks of the Romans in a manner that could not be possible for one who lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, that is, even before the first Punic war. Tzetzes speaks, it is true, of such an observation having been made; but remarks only upon the absurd way in which it has been expressed, without answering the observation itself: and the other commentators above mentioned are silent upon it. I see no remedy but leaving out verse 1226, and all the following verses down to v. 1281; and in favour of doing this, it is to be observed, that 1281 and 1282 have a much more correct sense if they follow verse 1225, than placed as they now are: for οἱ την εμην μελλοντες αιστωσαι πατραν cannot well apply to Æneas or the Romans; and τοσαυτα, in v. 1286, naturally applies to the *last-mentioned* calamities. If these verses

are to stand, I think it must be admitted, that the poem is not so antient as is supposed, and that, if the author's name was Lycophron, it was not at least that Lycophron who lived in Philadelphus's time. If this hypothesis is admitted, then Tzetzes' interpretation of v. 1446 and the following verses is not so absurd as the other commentators state it to be; and they may very well relate to the first of the Ptolemies who was in alliance with Rome (I forget his surname); or still better to Philip of Macedon, if the poem was written soon after his peace with Rome, and prior to the Roman war with his son Perseus. As the matter now stands, the allusion is given up as desperate. My next difficulty is in line 808, in regard to the word ποσις, which, how it can describe Telemachus (as is supposed) I cannot conceive. The husband of whom? of nobody mentioned before: certainly not of the δαμαρτος, whom he killed: and if of her who is mentioned after, she is called *sister*, and therefore the word husband does

not naturally refer to her; for though she is supposed to be both sister and wife, yet when you say "the husband was killed by his sister," it cannot mean a sister that was wife too. Scaliger, in his translation, has it "frater:" and κασις would do for the verse; but even then the construction is very hard, as the κασις must refer to the ἀδελφη mentioned two lines after. As it now stands, I think it must allude to some lost story, in which Telemachus, or some son of Ulysses, is supposed to have killed his own wife, and to have been killed in revenge by that wife's sister, or his own. The difficulty does not seem to be felt, at least it is not explained by the commentators. I could not at first understand ver. 407; but I thought I remembered something of yours upon the subject; and, upon looking into your notes upon Ion, I found it perfectly explained; only I cannot find in my Lexicons (I have only Stephens's Thesaurus and Morell's Hederic) that τονη ever signifies the string of a bow. In v. 1159, I find the

word εφθιτωμενης, from some such word as φθιτοω, which I cannot find any where. Of this the commentators take no notice. In v. 869, I think πηδημα is an incomprehensible expression, if the sense is as is supposed (for I do not take it to have the double meaning of the Latin word "saltus"); and I understood it, before I looked at the comment, to be a description of Venus herself, according to one of the mythological accounts of her birth; nor am I quite sure I was wrong. The omission of the particle γε after κογχειας, in the same line in one MS, would rather favour my interpretation. If you have a Lycophron with you, and much leisure, I shall be obliged to you for your opinion upon some of the above passages; for, excepting these, I do not think there are any about which I have much difficulty; though I may have forgot some, as I did not note down any whilst I was reading him: and there are, besides, many words new to me; but where the commentators have taken notice of them,

and so explained them that I can acquiesce in their explanation, I do not trouble you with them. The passage you quote from Theocritus is most beautiful: I suppose Horace took his idea of his

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel —

from it; for, besides the general resemblance of the sentiment, the shape in which it is put seems exactly the same;

Ους γαρ ὁρητε, τως ουκ, &c.

Quem tu videris, illum non, &c.

I have written it ὁρητε, because I understand, from my edition, that is the oldest reading; and if so, I think the change of Porson rather an elegance than a defect: not that I should think it worth while to alter it, which ever way it stood. At any rate, I like ὁρευντι γαθευσαι, as you write it, better than ὁρωσαι γαθεωσι, which is in the text of my edition.

You have heard from the newspapers, of course, of my going to the House of Commons last month. I did it more in consequence of the opinion of others, than from

my own; and when I came back, and read the lines 1451, 2, 3 of Lycophron,

> Τι μαχρα τλημων εις ανηκοους πετρας,
> Εις κυμα κωφον, εις ναπας δυσπλητιδας
> Βαζω, κενον ψαλλουσα μαστακος χροτον;

I thought them very apposite to what I had been about. In the last of the three, particularly, there is something of comic, that diverted me, at my own expense, very much. I mean

> Βαζω, κενον ψαλλουσα μαστακος χροτον.

I believe I ought to make you some apology for this long and tedious Letter; but trusting to your goodness, I shall make none, except that it is, in part, the consequence of that zeal for literature, which you suppose (and I hope, in general, truly—universally certainly *not*) leads to better things.

Yours ever truly,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXXII.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, March 13, 1800.

I AM very glad that you like Lycophron. The only exception to him is, that quaintness of phraseology which borders on burlesque: but I suppose the necessity of correspondence with the oracular style of antiquity produced this singularity, for the old oracles are altogether in this strain. Some time ago I sent for my Oxford Lycophron,—but great inconvenience attends the search of my books,—and an old copy of another edition came in its stead, which I cannot use commodiously. I expect the right book by the first convenient opportunity of conveyance; when I mean to read him again very attentively, and will keep in view your difficulties and doubts. In truth, I am very careful about this migration of my library; because all my notes

are on the margins, and I am not fond of hazarding inconsiderately the labours of my life. These little things are great to little men. The disadvantages and vexations which this confinement has occasioned, in this way, cannot easily be enumerated, and are very irksome to my feelings.

That disadvantage of an English interpretation to the Lexicon was foreseen, and, on a general estimate, disregarded. I am not very solicitous for its success; and shall abandon the project without reluctance, if the country does not furnish encouragement sufficient for it. No word, properly speaking, can have more than two senses: its primary *picture* sense, derived from external objects and operations; and its secondary and consequential: a rule which would make short work, but very proper work, with most Dictionaries; and reduce Johnson's strange ramifications of meaning into twenty or thirty shoots, to one *original* sense, and two or three shades of *inferential*.

What I once said of my number of additional words, surprised you. I am reading Manetho, an old astrologer, whom I have read before, but not with this particular view; and one who probably never came in your way. He is a good writer of his class, and a most correct versifier; but deals very largely in new words. Before your letter came, for the gratification of my own curiosity, I had noted all the words, not inserted in Hederic, which I had met with since the morning. They amount to *seventy-two*; and not so much as *two thirds* of my day's work is yet finished.

I should have thought that you might have got a Brunck's Apollonius Rhodius at Lackington's. They had several before my departure from the world. I shall begin him in a few days; and may perhaps trouble you with a few conjectures, though my principal copy is not here.

To my mind, nothing was ever more soothing, in the melancholy strain, than many passages in Lycophron; but, as you

justly observe, he would be absolutely unintelligible, in most parts, without his Scholiast, to whom more obligations are due, on that account, than to the Scholiast of any other author whatever.

I never met with that reading, ὄρητε, in the second person, in that passage of Theocritus. I should except to it, because not in his way, as his poetry does not furnish a beauty of that kind. Milton very finely adopted it from Virgil, in his Evening Hymn:

——— Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! &c.

In the next page but one of my Silv. Critica, (vol. i. p. 22.) where I have illustrated the verses of Theocritus by some very beautiful parallels, p. 23, are some excellent exemplifications of that sudden conversion to *address* from *narrative:* to which add Acts of the Apostles, xiii. 22. xiv. 22; for no writer has been more successful in this respect than Luke: see, too, Polybius, i. 344. Ernesti's edition,

Your absentation from the House is a measure which always had my most entire concurrence; nor do I less approve your late appearance there: not that I expected any immediate benefit from your exertions; but because I think your friends and the public expected that effort from you. My opinion was, I own, (but I venture a dissent from you on any subject, and most of all on this, with extreme diffidence,) that you should have absented yourself sooner; and for this plain reason: Such discussion and debate, in opposition to Ministers, contributed to encourage a delusion through the country, that measures were to be carried in that House by argument and the force of truth, when they certainly were not to be carried by such influence.

There is another author, Tryphiodorus, who is short, and therefore not very troublesome in that respect, whom you might wish to read: Merrick published an edition of him, with an excellent English translation: an edition has been given also by a

pupil of mine, Mr. Northmore: either are easily procurable, and you would not regret the bestowal of two or three hours upon him.

No apology is necessary for any application to me on these subjects. I shall be abundantly recompensed, if my superior assiduity may enable me to contribute any particle of gratification to your studies.

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, March 14, 1800.

I HAVE received your Letter; and will certainly write to Lord Ilchester, and apply, through some channel that may be proper, to the persons you mention; or take such other measures as, upon consultation with my Nephew, may be thought advisable. In regard to the question of submitting to extreme extortion, if it should come to that, I confess myself not to be of the stout side; unless it should be necessary upon a prudential principle, which I hope it is not. A person in your situation is not called upon for any voluntary sacrifices to public considerations, for which he already suffers quite sufficiently.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXXIV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, March 19, 1800.

My Nephew writes me word that he is to see Mr. Moreton Pitt, who, I believe, has more influence, in regard to the prison, than any of the other Magistrates. When I mentioned *prudential* reasons, it was not with a view to discourage them, but on the contrary. But with regard to the effects of an ill example, I am clearly of opinion that your situation dispenses with your making any sacrifice to such a consideration, when put in competition with your ease and convenience.

I am much obliged to you for what you mention in regard to the Anthologia, which I shall attend to, as well as to your recommendation of Hales of Eton. I thought the principal beauties of the Anthologia would be in Brunck's Ana-

lecta; a book which I have not yet got, though it is a year since I commissioned my Bookseller to get it for me. I believe the next Greek author I shall read will be Diogenes Laertius.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

P. S. Till I know the result of Lord Holland's application to Mr. Pitt, I think it best to delay any other application; but, you may depend upon it, whatever my Nephew and I can do, shall be done.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, March 20, 1800.

It is well that you have not obtained Brunck's Analecta; because Jacobs' is a republication of the very book, with infinite improvement; and may be had, except the last volume, at any time I should think, of Elmsley, if not of your own Bookseller.

Another book I forgot to mention, as worthy of your notice,—the edition of *Orpheus de Lapidibus*, by that very modest and most ingenious person, the late Mr. Tyrwhitt: but take care that his Dissertation on Babrius, with the exquisite fragments of that neat and simple writer, be annexed. Scarcely any loss is more to be regretted than that of Babrius, as you will judge from his remains; which, I think it

probable that you may not have seen collected.

When you are at a loss, Quintus Calaber would amuse you, from the light which his long poem throws on the Trojan war: and his connection, in these respects, with the nobler Poets confers an indirect and incidental value on his rambling, and, in general, puerile performance.

It is singular, and probably you might observe it, that all the words quoted from Lycophron, in Morell's Hederic, are stated as being found in Lycurgus: "*Lycurg.*" at least in my 4to edition of 1790. And, on this subject of mistakes, Is it not also extraordinary, that the verses from Shakspeare, which are put at the head of the daily occurrences in the Morning Chronicle, have been wrongly arranged to this day, through the last ten years, the term of my acquaintance with the paper?

I am sorry that you do not readily procure Brunck's Apollonius Rhodius. The text is wonderfully improved from his

MSS.; and my doctrine of the final ν evinced beyond all dispute. Brunck, however, did not see, or would not acknowledge, the omission to that extent in which I maintain it; and, you will perceive, involves himself accordingly in numerous embarrassments and self-contradictions, both in that edition, and his edition of the Tragedians.

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXXVI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, April 8, 1800.

As Mr. M. Pitt is going to town to-morrow, and the Duke of Grafton and Lord Holland have promised to see him, an application at the same time to Mr. Frampton could not fail of a beneficial effect; who, during Mr. Pitt's absence in Ireland, has interested himself much in the affairs of this place.

It should be understood, that I want no interference with A. in the management of his own family, or the disposal of his house; but merely a provision, by the Magistrates, of a place where I shall not perish with the inclemency of winter, if A. will not continue me under his roof at the expiration of this year. Mr. F. will receive another application, through his tutor, Dr. Huntingford, warden of Winchester Col-

lege, with whom I have occasionally communicated by Letter in former days.

You will find in the Life of Diogenes, in Diogenes Laertius, whom you spoke of as your next author to be perused, many diverting applications of Homer's verses; and if you have Casaubon's Athenæus, the Index prefixed will point out a most ludicrous appropriation of the initial verses of Sophocles' Electra, by a celebrated courtesan. If you should not discover the place, or not have an Athenæus at hand, I will relate the circumstance for your entertainment, when less incommoded by the pressure of those inconveniences which attend these sudden movements at this place; for I learn, but this moment, Mr. Pitt's intention to visit London before the Sessions.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, April 13, 1800.

I HAVE not yet begun Diogenes Laertius, having been a good deal occupied of late. The little Greek I have been reading lately has been in Pindar, where I confess I find some difficulties; nor have I yet met with any passages equal in beauty to those odes of his which are in the Eton Extracts.

I have Casaubon's Athenæus, but (owing perhaps to my not knowing how to search them) I cannot find, in any of the Indexes, the appropriation of the beginning of Sophocles' Electra which you mention. In the list of plays quoted under the head of Sophocles' Electra, it does not appear; nor can I find it from the Index at the end, under the heads of Phryne, Thaïs, or Laïs.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, April 20, 1800.

I have received a Letter from Lord Ilchester, who promises to speak to Mr. Frampton. My Nephew has spoken to Mr. M. Pitt, who seems to be very willing to do what is right, and says he will speak with you concerning the business. A room at the Gaoler's, if it can be had on moderate terms, I should think most eligible; and of your obtaining that, either by Mr. M. Pitt's interference, or otherwise, I should hope there is little doubt.

Pindar's Pythics appear to me much superior, in general, to his Olympics: I do not know whether this is a general opinion: however, the second Olympic is still my favourite.

I am, Sir,

Yours ever most truly,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XXXIX.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, May 27, 1800.

I RECEIVED my Lycophron a little time since; and have been reading him again. I have neither the proper books here, nor chronological memory, sufficient to judge of your objection to the authenticity of the passage from v. 1226 to 1281, from the progress of the Roman conquests at that time: but a general objection arises to the latter parts of the poem, from the aukward poetical salvo in ver. 1373, which one aware of the prophetic character was not likely to have introduced. But is it incredible, that an attentive observer of the times, and the rising greatness of the Romans, might venture to predict the extent of their future sway in the general terms of ver. 1229, especially with Homer's ex-

ample before him, Il. Υ. 307, 308? Just as that remarkable prophecy also of Seneca,

——————venient annis
Secula seris, &c.

might readily force itself on the mind of a philosopher at all acquainted with the figure of the globe, and the disproportion of the terrestrial parts, then known, to the seas and ocean. The absence of my books disables me from specifying the tragedy and verse: but you will probably recollect the passage. The greatest singularity of this nature, which recurs to my memory, is an anticipated description of the Jesuits before the establishment of that fraternity; which is quoted, somewhere about the time of their origin, in the Notes to Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History — Maclean's translation.

At ver. 807...812, I perceive no difficulty, but one, occasioned by the word ποσις, rendered obscure by its nearness to δαμαρτος, to which it does not refer. I render thus, and understand: "When he (Ulysses) shall

" breathe out his life, lamenting the cala-
" mities of his son and wife; which wife
" (Circe), *a* husband, or married man,
" (namely, of Cassiphone the daughter,)
" having slain, will himself go in the next
" place to the grave, *killed off* by his sister
" (his relation), who was the relation of
" Glaucon, &c."

The difficulty is increased by the expression of ver. 809, which naturally carries you to Ulysses, and his descent into the infernal regions; but may easily mean, that she (the wife) went the πρωτην ὁδον, for πρωτη *first;* and Telemachus went the δευτεραν, or *after her:* which are common variations of phrase.

As to ver. 407. Παγην, or παγιν var. lect. means a *snare;* and so, by inference, a *string*, or *nervum*; as *bird-snares* were made of *nerves* or *strings.*

Your interpretation of ver. 869 is exceedingly ingenious and just. Αρπη is used by Nicander for any *pointed instru-*

ment in general, as a *tooth*, &c.; and στοιβυγξ, στονυξ, and equivalent words, are used in the Anthologia, and elsewhere, for that far-famed implement in question; for which ἁρπη is a proper term of disguise, in such a composition as the Cassandra. Observe, also, how the congenial word θορος, from θορω *salio*, agrees with πηδημα: and the θ' may either be omitted, or remain, as the exordium of an aggregate: "doubling *both* the water, &c." So that your conception of the verse seems every way unexceptionable and appropriate.

For myself, I seem arrived nearly at the end of my reading in this place, with my present stock of books; and my appetite is apt to flag with the hilarity of the season, and the tempting appearances of nature: so that I should not much object to a liberation at this time, with Lord Thanet and Mr. Ferguson: but

> Truditur dies die,
> Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ;

and will soon accomplish my desires, if not anticipated by a more arbitrary and speedy summons from this terrestrial existence.

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XL.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 20, 1800.

I HAVE been a good deal occupied of late, which has prevented me thanking you sooner for your Letter, in which you clear some of my doubts about Lycophron. I am very glad you approve of my conjecture about ἀρπη: but it is not even necessary to it that ἀρπη should bear the figurative sense you mention. It may mean the instrument with which Saturn mutilated his father

Cœlus. I was aware the δ' or τε was very consistent with my interpretation; but to the common one it is absolutely necessary; and therefore its being absent from some of the old copies makes in favour of my guess; for, in my supposition, it may be there or not. I confess I cannot think it possible, that Lycophron, writing before the first Punic war, could speak of the Romans as he does: besides, there is a passage, which I cannot immediately lay my finger upon, foretelling an alliance between the Romans (or at least the descendants of the Trojans) and the Macedonians; which may allude either to that between the Romans and Philip, or to that between them and Ptolemy, but which, as a particular fact, could never be guessed at so long before it took place. The Prophecy in Seneca's Medea is very curious indeed. I once saw one relating to the Jesuits in some history of Ireland (not certainly Leland's), which may perhaps be the same to

which you allude. It appeared to me to be the most extraordinary thing of the kind I had ever met with; so much so, that I am very sorry I did not take a note of the book and page. I will endeavour to recover it. Homer's I do not think much of, as it is easily explained by the supposition that in his time Æneas's posterity were in power somewhere: whether in Asia, or in Europe, the words are equally applicable.

In one of your Letters, long since, you mentioned that Dawes said, that instead of ἱλασσωμεθ' ανακτος, it was in the Florentine edition ἱλασομεσθα, so that the digamma was respected. I have lately been extravagant enough to purchase the Florentine edition; and find that it has ἱλασσωμεϑ', like the other editions: the line is in the A. 444.

I am truly glad that you have settled your own business. I never supposed I could have any influence with Mr. Frampton.

His Father-in-law, I think, would be glad to oblige me, and, even independently of such a wish, would be of the good-natured side of any question.

I like parts of the imitation of Juvenal very much: it is full of spirit. You do not say by whom it is.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XLI.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, June 21, 1800.

No apology for any interval of time in noticing my Letters is at all necessary. I usually send answers immediately, partly from regular practice, and partly from want of room in this place; so that what once is dismissed from my sight on the table, is in danger of being totally forgotten. But I make no requisitions of any one.

I cannot now recollect what I said about Homer, Il. A. 444; but I probably misrepresented what Dawes asserted, from defect of memory. Common editions have ἱλασσωμεθ' ἀναχτα. My Florentine, which is now open before me, has ἱλασσωμεσθα ἀναχτα, which you see is removed from what is apprehended to be the truth, ἱλασομεσθα, by only very common and

accountable variations, the doubling of σ, and long for short ο. If it be in yours, as you state, ἱλασσωμεθ', it is very strange. I collated the Florentine soon after I came hither, and found it less serviceable than I expected. A good deal of suffrage in the final ν; but as much in the Etymologicon Magnum. See Od. Γ. 419. Some small confirmation of the proposed correction for Il. Α. 444, exists in Etymologicon Magnum, p. 97, in as far as ο for ω; for the author, though the passage is most corrupt, very evidently refers to the verse in question.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XLII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 26, 1800.

It is very extraordinary, that our copies of the Florentine Homer should be so different. In mine, the dedication to which (to Peter of Medicis, the son of Lawrence) is dated 1488, it is most distinctly, as I stated, ἱλασσωμεϑ'. Observe, that the ἱ is marked with the *lenis*, instead of the aspirate. As my eyes are very indifferent, I at first thought it might be a mistake of mine, and that there was a thickness at the bottom of the ϑ, which might stand for a σ; but I observe it is quite the same letter as in Φοιβῳ ϑ' ἱερην ἑκατομβην, in the preceding line; and the mark of elision at the end, instead of the α, is quite clear. Its being ἱλασσωμεσθα in your copy, is a clear justification of the reading ἱλασομεσθα, if that use

of the future is common in Homer, which, upon mere recollection, I cannot say. This variation between our copies is a very singular circumstance.

You see the turn affairs have taken in Italy. God send it may lead to a peace!

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XLIII.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, June 28, 1800.

When Heath recommended a reading in Sophocles on the authority of the second Justine edition, Brunck, who had never seen that edition, nor knew indeed of its existence, made himself merry at the expense, as he supposed, of our countryman, "as if he had got an impression of Sophocles made on purpose for himself." I did not entertain so high an opinion of you, as to suppose the Fates to have gifted the

Italian typographers with a prophetic impulse for a provisionary accommodation of a Florentine Homer to your future purposes, in exclusion of all other admirers of that poet: but rather concluded, from your accuracy on these occasions, that two different impressions of this work, much at the same time, must have gone abroad, as the product of the same operation; as we know of two Aldine Demosthenes, and two Baskerville's Virgils, only distinguishable by the more knowing dealers in these articles.

The verse in question is most distinctly and unambiguously written at length in my copy, and stands the second in the right-hand page; perfectly conformable to my former representation of it. I suspect yours to be some spurious and managed copy: of the legitimacy of my own, its pedigree will not suffer me to doubt. Its original owner, of late years, was Mr. Cracherode: it is a very fine copy; but when its curious possessor procured a finer, it past over to the library of Lord Spencer; and

he, on procuring one more suited to his taste, transferred it to Edwards the bookseller, who conveyed it to my hands for a large-paper Lucretius: so that it exhibits a genealogy almost comparable to that of Agamemnon's sceptre, or Belinda's bodkin. The knowing ones, who must occasionally come in your way, will be able, I dare say, to solve your doubts, and clear up the difficulty. If a surreptitious copy has been foisted on you, it will be prudently returned to its late owner; who, if a craftsman, might be aware of its illegitimacy. But I speak merely from conjecture, founded on the facts, which our respective copies unquestionably would furnish in greater numbers, from more minute comparison of passages.

With reference to the conclusion of your favour: in other circumstances, I might say, that I was so affected, as not to know whether my head or heels were uppermost. In my present situation, I shall employ language more significant and appropriate,

if I say, that I scarcely know whether I am in a prison, or without. For that man (whom I have long revered), and for every son of peace and mercy, my aspiration is, what is inscribed on the entrance of our cloisters in Jesus College: PROSPERUM ITER FACIAS!—My spirit is with him and them.

It amazes me, that any man can pretend to believe in Revelation, (and these pretenders are very numerous,) and not see, if he read but a page of Christ's lectures in the Gospel, that his religion, and every hostile propensity, much more actual and offensive war, are not only incompatible with each other, but the most unequivocal contradiction in terms.

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Οφρα, which I omitted to mention, is very variously employed in Homer: a similar government and power of the word may be seen in verse 147 of the same book.

LETTER XLIV.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Oct. 17, 1800.

You mentioned to me, some time since, a wish to have the perusal of some MSS. of the Classics that may be in private libraries. I shall go to Mr. Coke's, at Holkham, the beginning of next month; who has, as I understand, several, which I will look at: but if there are any particular authors of more consequence to you than others, I wish you would give me a hint, and I will endeavour to get the loan of them for you. I have not been able yet to account for the difference between my copy of the Florence Homer and yours; but have desired an intelligent person to examine such other copies as may fall in his way.

I am, Sir,

Your friend and servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER XLV.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Oct. 18, 1800.

I THANK you for this recollection of my request. The loan of any Greek MS, prior in date to the invention of printing, will be acceptable; of any poet, except Aristophanes; and of prose writers, Clemens Alexandrinus and Philo Judæus. Of the Latin poets, Silius Italicus, Valerius Flaccus; and Virgil, if very antient and uncollated, otherwise a MS. of him cannot be presumed of much utility.

Suffer me to employ this opportunity of thanking you for your Address to your Electors: it was seasonable, spirited, and judicious. I know no men, who pour out such an abundance of practical good sense on all subjects, intelligibly to the meanest capacities and instructively to the best, as Dr. Paley (I wish that he did not sophis-

ticate too frequently against his convictions, in vindication of his craft), Dr. Priestley, and the man who is now addressed

By his obliged servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XLVI.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, Jan. 26, 1801.

I WAS at Holkham this year a much shorter time than usual; and I am ashamed to say, that I could not find time to do what I certainly had voluntarily engaged to do, by searching the library. Partly a *malus pudor*, and partly an expectation of hearing from Mr. Wilbraham that he had repaired my omission, have prevented me hitherto from giving you this account; but it is the true one, nor will I attempt at any palliation. Clemens Alex-

andrinus, if I remember right, was the author you particularly mentioned, as a manuscript you most desired.

I am much afraid that it will be much longer than you seem to think, before Europe will be delivered from the horrors of war; if that be the delivery to which you look. If you mean only a deliverance from the odious projects of our Ministers and their allies, I consider that as already in effect accomplished.

I am at present engaged in an attempt to write a History of the times immediately preceding and following the Revolution of 1688. Whether my attempt will ever come to any thing, I know not; but, whether it does or not, I shall grudge very much the time it takes away from my attention to poetry and antient literature, which are studies far more suitable to my taste. However, though these studies are a good deal interrupted, they have not wholly ceased; and therefore I should be obliged to you, if you would tell me your opinion

concerning the best edition of Æschylus. I see, in a Catalogue now before me, that I can have Pauw's for four guineas, which, if it be the best, I do not think much. I have no edition of this poet at all; and, consequently, have not of late years read any of his plays, except the Eumenides in your collection. Some passages are grand indeed; but there is a hardness of style, and too continual an aim at grandeur, to be quite to my taste. I think I have heard that there are detached editions of some of his plays that are worth having. Now I am troubling you upon these subjects, If I have time only to read one or two of Aristophanes' plays, which would you recommend me? I never read any of them.

I suppose Porson's parenthesis, in his Note on the Phœnissæ, ver. 1230, is meant to apply to the Tragedians exclusively. Whether, even so applied, it be true, I doubt; but if applied generally, it is ridiculous. The parenthesis is, "Neque enim diphthongus ante brevem vocalem elidi potest."

The more I consider the passage I once before mentioned to you in Lycophron, the more I am convinced that it is morally impossible that a man living in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus (that is, before the first Punic war) could have written the verses concerning Rome, beginning at ver. 1226; still less those beginning at 1446: and yet I believe nothing of the sort is more generally believed than that Lycophron did live in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Tzetzes takes notice of the objection; but only cavils at the manner in which it is stated, without answering the substance of it. The other Commentators say nothing about it; only, as to ver. 1446, one of them is satisfied with saying that he does not know what it alludes to.

I have to return you thanks for the Dio Chrysostom, which, however, I have not yet looked into.

I am very truly, Sir,

Your obliged servant,

C. J. Fox.

P.S. I cannot clear up the mystery of my Florence edition of Homer, differing from yours in the word ἱλασσωμεθ'. I begin to be afraid that mine must be a spurious copy; but it has not the appearance of it. I have not seen any other Florence Homer lately, to compare it with; but I have commissioned a friend to examine one.

LETTER XLVII.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Jan. 27, 1801.

MSS, I know, are so scarce in this country, even in public libraries, that I had formed no flattering expectations from your researches at Mr. Coke's; and, of course, shall feel but little disappointment at an unpropitious issue.

Several visitors to me at this place had mentioned your engagement on that part of our political history which your Letter specifies; and I cannot but lament that you express yourself with any uncertainty respecting its accomplishment; a failure which would occasion lasting regret, to your friends in particular, and your contemporaries at large: nor do I learn with pleasure that your affections are not so cordially in unison with this important and interesting occupation, as with other studies, poetry and antient literature.

You will do well to purchase that edition of Pauw's Æschylus, unless it be a very inferior copy: four guineas, as times go, is a moderate price. Pauw contains the whole of Stanley, who was a very modest and learned man, of the Derby family; and the same who wrote the Lives of the Philosophers. Pauw's own Notes are of little worth: he was a noisy, boastful, and injudicious critic. The book is very neatly printed, and pleasant to the eye. Æschylus is pompous, but frequently sublime: his principal defect, as a dramatic writer, seems want of action. His Prometheus is interesting, as a collection of antient mythology and history, not so distinctly preserved elsewhere: and Milton's Satan was most evidently formed on that character. The Septem ad Thebas is a fine delineation of heroic manners, but is made up, almost wholly, of descriptive speeches. His Persæ is not very interesting, and may be considered as a mere sacrifice to Grecian vanity. In the Agamemnon are some very

sublime passages: part of a chorus in dialogue, ver. 1560...1569, contains the bitterest irony, the most cutting insult, that ever was written, I think, by man. One feels more respect for the poet, from his distinction as a citizen, and his gallantry at the battle of Marathon.

Schutz has published Æschylus: three volumes had come out before my arrival hither; and two more are expected, containing the last play, index, &c. They are become, I believe, enormously dear, and very scarce. I would not advise you to look after them, except you feel your thirst increased for a more elaborate perusal, after reading Stanley. The text of Æschylus is in a much less correct state than that of the other Tragedians.

The two most popular, and most approved, plays of Aristophanes, are the Ranæ and Plutus: but, to say the truth, Plato and Aristophanes are the only two celebrated authors of antiquity whom I never could read through. Often have I

determined to surmount my disinclination; and as often recoiled, in the middle of my enterprise:

——— ter saxea tentat
Limina nequicquam; ter fessus valle resedit.

If a man loves nastiness and bawdry, he may find both to satiety, *usque ad delicias votorum*, in his Lysistratus, and other plays. I do not profess much squeamishness and prudery on these points, as a student: but an author whose object is principally pleasure, and not utility, must bring with him either sublime sentiment, magnificent language, or sonorous verse, to rivet my affection ;—and there is nothing of these in Aristophanes. Pure diction, easy versification, and coarse wit, are his excellencies. But the principal obstacle is, that obscurity which attends all writers whose chief object has been the delineation of vulgar manners, and the transitory peculiarities of the day. Brunck's edition is the most correct; but you would scarcely understand him without the Scholia, which are not in

him, but may be read to most advantage in Kuster. Perhaps you will prefer procuring the common London edition, of the beginning of this century, which is easily procured, and contains the *Nubes* and *Plutus*, with the Scholia.

At the desire of the Editor, I have reviewed, in the Critical Review, two months ago, Porson's *Hecuba* and his *Orestes*, for the coming month. Porson will know the author; but I never yet did any thing in this way which I wished to be concealed, though not ambitious to divulge it; nor am I at all fond of the Reviewer's employment, nor engage in it but on particular solicitation.

If I live to see London again, I shall take great pleasure in mentioning your difficulty on Lycophron to a gentleman, who has studied him more than any man living, I suppose. He is vicar or rector of some parish in Bread Street: his name is Meek; and he is rightly so called; for a more pacific, gentle, unassuming, human creature

never did exist. He was somewhat senior to me at Cambridge.

Some of my friends have very much urged me to give Lectures on the Classics; and, on a mature consideration of the project, I mean to make the attempt, by beginning with the second Æneid, when I leave this place. I shall not wish it to be regarded as a benevolent scheme, in the least degree; but as one, in which those on the spot, and interested in such pursuits, may expect to receive something like an equivalent for their money. When my proposals are digested and printed, I shall take the liberty of sending you one; more as a token of respect for your judgment, than with any desire of troubling your services on this occasion.

I remain, Sir,

Your respectful friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XLVIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, April 2, 1801.

I ONCE mentioned, if I rightly recollect, my intention of troubling you with the inclosed plan; supposing it probable that you might meet with an opportunity of speaking on the subject, if you should be in town.

My Printer, I expect, will have conveyed to you a small performance on the versification of the Greek epic writers. This trifle, which I could have printed in this country, since my commencement of authorship, for six pounds, and could now print in Paris for less than four pounds, has cost now no less than seventeen pounds. I congratulate myself more and more on abandoning my Lexicon, as the full list of subscribers would not have defrayed the bills of the stationer and printer. Indeed, all private adventure in the classical way,

to any extent, is become utterly impracticable in this island; and must benumb the activity, and destroy the engagements, of those who reposed the future comfort of their lives, in some measure, on these pursuits.

Our joy on the near approach of liberation has been tempered by a severe affliction—the loss of our youngest child, on Sunday last. To express the miseries which my absence has occasioned to my wife and family, during an agonizing illness, of alternate hope and despair, would look like an ostentation of sorrow, to all, but those who have been exercised in similar circumstances, by a similar calamity.

I remain, Sir,

Your respectful friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER XLIX.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, April 5, 1801.

I AM exceedingly concerned to hear of the loss you have sustained, as well as of the additional suffering which your family has experienced (as of course they must), from your separation from them during so trying a calamity.

You mentioned to me before, your notion of reading Lectures upon the Classics, but not as a point upon which you had fully determined. If I can be of any use in promoting your views, I will not fail to do so: for in proportion as classical studies are an enjoyment to myself (and they are certainly a very great one), I wish them to be diffused as widely as possible.

I have run over, with great pleasure, your dissertation upon the metre of the writers of Greek hexameters. There are one or two

things that I am not quite sure that I understand, but upon which I have not time, just now, to trouble you with my doubts. The observations upon verses of the following form,

Εγνως, Εννοσιγαιε — εμην εν στηθεσι βουλην·

and on the aspirate in the pronouns οἱ, ὁς, ἑος, always telling as a consonant; appear to me to be quite new, and very striking. I had myself observed how sparing Homer is in leaving a vowel short between two consonants, though one of them be a liquid; but it seems strange, that the author of the Argonautics, which go by the name of Orpheus, should have been less scrupulous in this licence than poets of a period more distant from Homer. That poem is supposed (is it not?) to have been written as early as the age of Pisistratus.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER L.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, April 6, 1801.

THE project of my Lectures is a very important event in my future life; but one, whose success appears, I own, extremely doubtful to myself.

The principal points of my metrical dissertation seem tolerably well ascertained. Some difficulties will arise of impossible solution, partly from inexplicable corruptions, and partly, perhaps, from the inconsistency and incorrectness of the writers themselves. That hiatus in the middle of the third foot I once mentioned to Dr. Parr, and desired his opinion on it; but, as he revolted at the very mention of it, and condemned it as a peculiarity unheard of, and inadmissible, I made no reply, but concluded it to

have been unobserved by all readers but myself.

You quote me as speaking of οἱ, ὁς, and ἑος: whereas, my rule is not true of this last, nor of ἑοι, the substantive in the dative case. I suspect, that, in many cases, the aspirate has passed into a letter; and that ἑοι, by the rule of dactyls, should frequently be substituted for οἱ. In antient inscriptions, the aspirate is found expressed by half the H, thus ⊦, which, from quick writing, might easily pass into an ϵ, by the loss of two angles; as the present aspirate ' is exhibited in the Apollonius Rhodius with capital letters, and other books, in its primitive shape ⊦.

The author of the Argonautic Expedition, under the name of Orpheus, probably interwove, in his poem, verses from pure authors, who had previously treated this subject; of whose works various copies once existed, as appears from fragments in Suidas, and from other testimonies: but the present poem was evidently put into the

form now extant by a writer of very late date, and probably some centuries posterior to the Christian æra.

I remain, Sir,

Your respectful friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER LI.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, April 13, 1801.

YOUR story of Theseus is excellent, as applicable to our present Rulers: if you could point out to me where I could find it, I should be much obliged to you. The Scholiast on Aristophanes is too wide a description.

The whole affair relating to the late changes is as unintelligible to me as to you. That there is some sort of juggle in the business, appears to me certain; but to what degree is difficult to ascertain.

I think, as you do, the success of your proposed Lectures doubtful; but am rather inclined to be sanguine: if I can do any thing to promote it, you may depend upon me. The second book, upon which you propose to begin, is a delightful composition. If the lines omitted in the Medici Manuscript are spurious, they are, I think, the happiest imitation of Virgil's manner that I ever saw. I am indeed so unwilling to believe them any other than genuine, that rather than I would consent to such an opinion, I should be inclined to think that Virgil himself had written, and afterwards erased them, on account of their inconsistency with the account he gives of Helen, in the sixth book.

I certainly quoted you erroneously, about ἰος, ἰοι, &c.; and I perfectly understand your observation to apply only to ἰο, οἱ, ἱ, ὁς, when in the possessive sense; and I suppose to εὐ, when used for ἰο. οὐ, for ἰο, is not, I believe, used in Homer: οὐ, for οἰο, follows of course, I suppose, the rule of ὁς. I do

not know whether you have remarked how very rarely in the Iliad the final iota of the dative plural is omitted before a consonant; and even, of the few instances that do appear, there are several in which there are various readings. In the one, therefore, which you mention on another account, it is an additional reason for preferring your reading;

Χειρεσιν αμφοτερηγσιν ανηρ φεροι·

because in the other, αμφοτερης φεροι ανηρ, the final iota is omitted. The preference of dactyls in the Greek hexameter Poets is certainly pretty general; but more remarkable, I think, in Apollonius, than in any other; except, perhaps, the Doric Poets. In Homer there appears to me to be more variety in this respect; and his versification is therefore, to my ear, the most agreeable: but there may be, and I suspect there is, a great deal of fancy in this, on our part, who are so ignorant of the true antient mode of pronunciation. Virgil is, I believe, the most spondaïc amongst the Latin Poets;

and sometimes evidently with a view to a particular expression, in which he is often very successful. I believe the following lines are in the 3d book of the Æneid, but I am not sure:

——Secretæ Troades actâ
Amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctæque profundum
Pontum aspectabant flentes; heu! tot vada fessis, &c.

Every foot is here a spondee, except those in the fifth place; and it seems to me to have a wonderful effect. There are two lines in the Iliad, one in the Λ. 130; the other in Ψ; which, as they are now written, consist of six spondees each; but I suppose they should be written,

Ατρεΐδης· τω δ' αυτ' εκ διφρΟΟ (or διφροϝο)—,

and

Ψυχην κικλησκων ΠατροκλεΕος δΕΕλοιο.

I remain, Sir,

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER LII.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, April 14, 1801.

My Aristophanes with the Scholia is not here. If I am right in my recollection, the story probably occurs in the Scholia on the Frogs, and would soon be found by reference to the name of Theseus in Kuster's Index. Nor is my Burman's Virgil with me, whose margin contains my references: there I should probably have found the desired passage, at Æn. vi. 617; and there, I doubt not, you will find references in Heyne's Virgil, which will conduct you to other authors of the story, Apollodorus and Pausanias, or their commentators. Heyne, you will see, mentions the fable without its jocular appendage; not foreseeing your wishes on this occasion.

Your supposition, that the verses in Æn. ii. were Virgil's own, and omitted by him,

with the reason for that omission, pleases me entirely.

Your opinion of a versification more dactylic in Apollonius Rhodius than Homer will scarcely continue with you, I think, after another trial or two. Where Homer appears spondaïc, the cause is assignable often to a modern orthography, agreeably to a just remark of your own at the conclusion of your Letter. It will scarcely be disputed, I believe, that the former verse, which you cite, Il. Λ. 130, should be thus written, as far as the present point is concerned:

Ατρεϝιδης· τοο δ' αυτ' εκ διφρο' εγουναζεσθην·

which makes great alteration of celerity.

Your passage of Virgil is not in Æn. iii. but Æn. v. 613, where you should observe the sluggishness of the spondaïc measures to be relieved by two elisions, which, with a suitable rapidity of enunciation, become equivalent to dactyls. Have you never remarked also, in that same book, a stroke of nature and pathos no where surpassed, and,

as far as is known, unborrowed from the Greeks? What strains of immortality from v. 765 to 772! Heyne miserably mars the passage, by putting *nomen*, for *numen* (the beauty of which he did not discover), into the text. *Numen* is the δαιμων, the EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES, chiefly of a *melancholy complexion* (as those of our time and country), which influences or governs the man and his life at that crisis; and the verse may be well compared with Æn. iii. 372. where also Heyne appears to be inaccurate.

Your remark on the unfrequency of the termination ης in Homer, compared with succeeding Ionic writers, is entirely just.

My reason for beginning my Lectures with the second Æneid was its superior importance to the first, and its priority in order to the other important books; which to me are, iii. v. vi. vii. and viii.

I remain, Sir,

Your respectful friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER LIII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, April 13, 1801.

I AM much obliged to you for your Letter; and found immediately, from Kuster's Index, the passage in question. It is in a note upon Ἱππεῖς, v. 1365. The verses you refer to in the 5th Æneid are indeed delightful; indeed I think that sort of pathetic is Virgil's great excellence in the Æneid, and that in that way he surpasses all other poets of every age and nation, except, perhaps (and only perhaps), Shakspeare. It is on that account that I rank him so very high; for surely to excel in that style which speaks to the heart is the greatest of all excellence. I am glad you mention the eighth book as one of those you most admire. It has always been a peculiar favourite with me. Evander's speech upon parting with his son is, I think, the most beautiful thing in the whole, especially

he part from v. 574; and is, as far as I
now, wholly unborrowed. What is more
emarkable is, that it has not, I believe,
een often attempted to be imitated. It is
o indeed in Valerius Flaccus, lib. i. v. 323,
ut not, I think, very successfully.

Dum metus est, nec adhuc dolor——

oes too minutely into the philosophical
eason to make with propriety a part of the
peech. It might have done better as an
bservation of the poet's, in his own per-
on; or still better, perhaps, it would have
een, to have left it to the reader. The
assage in Virgil is, I think, beyond any
ing.

Sin aliquem infandum casum——

nature itself. And then the tenderness
turning towards Pallas,

Dum te, care puer! &c.

short, it has always appeared to me
vine. On the other hand, I am sorry and
rprised, that, among the capital books,
ou should omit the fourth. All that part

of Dido's speech that follows,

Num fletu ingemuit nostro ?——

is surely of the highest style of excellence, as well as the description of her last impotent efforts to retain Æneas, and of the dreariness of her situation after his departure.

I know it is the fashion to say Virgil has taken a great deal in this book from Apollonius; and it is true that he has taken some things, but not nearly so much as I had been taught to expect, before I read Apollonius. I think Medea's speech, in the fourth Argonaut. v. 356, is the part he has made most use of. There are some very peculiar *breaks* there, which Virgil has imitated certainly, and which I think are very beautiful and expressive: I mean, particularly, v. 382 in Apollonius, and v. 380 in Virgil. To be sure, the application is different, but the manner is the same: and that Virgil had the passage before him at the time, is evident from what follows:

—— Μνησαιο δε και ποτ' εμοιο,
στρευγομενος καματοισι, ——

compared with

Supplicia hausurum scopulis et nomine Dido
Sæpe vocaturum.——

It appears to me, upon the whole, that Ovid has taken more from Apollonius than Virgil.

I was interrupted as I was writing this on Sunday; and have been prevented since, by company, from going on. There is another passage in Apollonius, lib. iii. 453, which Virgil has imitated too, very closely, lib. iv. 4. &c. and in which I confess that he has fallen very short of the original. Before I leave Apollonius, let me ask you, Whether in Medea's speech, in the fourth book, to which I have before alluded in ver. 381, the insertion of *ov* in the manner it is there, or at least the collocation of it, is not very unusual and awkward? With respect to the comparison between Homer and him, in point of dactyls, I cannot help being a little obstinate in my former opinion.

I think I would even venture to put it to this trial: Let all the long vowels and diphthongs in Homer be resolved into two vowels, that can be so, consistently with the metre; and leave those in Apollonius as we find them; and, I say, the spondees in Homer would still exceed those in Apollonius. If you change εν into ενι, and ελθειν into ελθεμεν, &c. in one, it would be fair to do the same, of course, in the other. My remark, with respect to the datives plural in Homer, is not confined to those in ησι; but extends also to those in οισι: the final iota is very rarely omitted in either of them, except, of course, where it is elided by a subsequent vowel. Heyne's substitution of *nomen* for *numen*, in the lines of the fifth Æneid, appears to me, as to you, very absurd: but it is fair to say, that in my Roman edition of Virgil, in which the text is taken from the Medici MS, notice is taken of various readings, viz. *cœlum* in the Vatican, and *nomen* in the Leyden; and then it is added, " *In codice olim erat*

NOMEN." By the *codice*, without any addition, I presume is meant the Medici; from which, as I said, the text is uniformly professed to be taken. What difficulty Heyne can find in regard to *numen*, Æn. iii. ver. 372, is still more incomprehensible: but I have not his edition, nor ever had an opportunity of looking much into it.

Here let me finish this unconscionable Letter: but I have dwelt the longer upon Virgil's pathetic, because his wonderful excellence in that particular has not, in my opinion, been in general sufficiently noticed. The other beauties of the eighth Æneid, such as the Rites of Hercules, and the apostrophe to him, both of which Ovid has so successfully imitated in the beginning of the fourth Metamorphosis; the story of Cacus; the shield; and, above all, the description of Evander's town, and of the infancy of Rome, which appears to me, in its way, to be all but equal to the account of Alcinoüs, in the Odyssey, have been, I believe, pretty generally celebrated; and

yet I do not recollect to have seen the eighth book classed with the second, fourth, and sixth, which are the general favourites.

I am, with great regard, Sir,

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER LIV.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, April 22, 1801.

My reason for omitting Æn. iv. in the list of those on which I proposed to give Lectures, was not a disparaging opinion of its worth; for, if the delineation of human passions, in their most operative and interesting circumstances, be meritorious, Virgil's success in that book has attained to merit of the highest kind; but because it contains passages (such particularly as ver.

318, less delicate, perhaps, than its parallel, Soph. Aj. 521.) which would lead to a discomposure of decorum in a miscellaneous assembly; and because the *dramatic* appears to me less calculated for public exposition than *narration* and *description;* in both which Virgil supereminently excels. As to the second book, with which I commence (if I do commence), the whole imposture of Sinon, the catastrophe of Laocoön, and all connected with them, are, and always were to me, the most unpalatable parts of Virgil, and through which I always work my way with weariness and impatience.

That intermixture of antient history and primæval manners in Æn. viii. very much recommends that book to my fancy; as the enumeration of the warriors is the capital excellence of the seventh; and, in my mind, as it exceeds every thing of the same kind in Homer, has nothing comparable to it within the same compass, in Greek and Roman poetry. Apollonius deserves great praise on that article; but then, exclusive

of the sentiment, the dignity of Virgilian language, the magnificence and pomp of his versification, who has equalled of antient or modern artists? Evander's farewell speech to Pallas justly merits your applauses. I suppose that I may have repeated to myself the twelve last verses of it, once a month, for these twenty-seven years last past, upon a moderate average computation. The epilogue to the same subject, Æn. xii. ver. 139—182, is little, if at all, inferior. The part of Evander's speech, which you quote, has something heavy and unfinished in the monotonous terminations of the adjoining words; which the poet, I am inclined to think, would have corrected on revisal:

Sin aliq*uem* infan*dum* ca*sum*——.

Æn. iv. 457—469, is finely imagined, and imitated, with great success, by Ovid, and Pope in his Eloïsa.

As for Virgil's imitations of Apollonius Rhodius, they detract very little from his sum of excellence. The characteristic

merit of a poet is founded on his general delineation of human character, with the main conformation of his poem, and the concatenation and correspondence of its parts; not on a few incidental obligations to his predecessors. On the whole, I read Virgil's Dido with more pleasure than the Medea of his original: one appears to me somewhat artificial and indistinct; the other, all perspicuity and nature.

Your hesitation at Apollonius Rhodius, iv. 381, and mention of the difficulty in your Letter, furnishes me with an additional proof, to the many which I have before experienced, how important the suggestions and communications of another are found, even with respect to passages the most familiar, and to a superficial view the most unexceptionable. I perceived instantaneously, on turning to it at your suggestion, what never else, in all probability, would have presented itself to my mind—that a slight error, which I think you will acknowledge, occasions the awkwardness in

question. We should read, I am persuaded:

Ηε μαλ' ευκλειης; Τινα δ' ΑΥ τισιν ηε βαρειαν
Ατην ου σμυγερως, κ.τ.λ.

"*Nay, rather, on the other hand*—:" which is perfectly consonant, in my opinion, both to the power of the particle, and the exigence of the context. But is the passage unexceptionable yet? I think not. Brunck perceived a difficulty, it is plain, though he says nothing; and he has accordingly attempted to remove it by an interrogation at ευκλειης. But does ηε ever introduce a question, unless another ηε, or η, precedes? I believe not: and, without an interrogation, it is made in Shaw, and others, equivalent to η *certe*, or δη: which is inadmissible again; for ηε never has any such power. I read, therefore, and the reasons for corruption are obvious and probable,

Η μαλ' εϋκλειης·——

"*Certainly very honourable!*" sarcastically and ironically; which seems quite in cha-

racter, and escapes all embarrassment and exception of phraseology.

You have a right, I believe, from an experimental comparison of a few passages, not to be, as you candidly express yourself, a *little obstinate* in your opinion respecting the superior frequency of dactyls in Apoll. Rhodius to Homer, but *greatly persevering* in that opinion. Homer's deficiency, however, seems ascribable to the more frequent recurrence, and greater number, of his *proper* names; many of which are spondaïc in their syllables: Αιας, Ατρειδης, Ηρη, Αθηναιη, Κιρκη, Ποσειδαων, Νεστωρ, Ἑκτωρ, Αχαιοι, Οδυσσευς, Πηλειδης, Αχιλλευς, Καλυψω, Απολλων, Ἑρμης, Ἑρμειας, Αφροδιτη, φιλομμειδης, &c. perpetually recurring.

I did not censure Heyne, or did not mean to censure him, at Æn. ver. 768, for preferring *nomen* as his own conjecture, but for accepting this reading of the MSS. to the exclusion of the other. You surprise me exceedingly by saying that you have not Heyne. I know it has been fashionable,

of late, with many, to undervalue his exertions on Virgil, and particularly with the Eton men, who *primi rerum omnium esse volunt;* but I would not want his edition, and Burman's, on any consideration: they are absolutely essential, in my judgment, not only to a *critical perusal*, but to an *elegant perception* of this most accomplished and delightful author.

My Lectures are, with me, an object of great importance: for, without the assistance of this project, all my schemes of future editions must be frustrated, under the present conditions of this country,—the monstrous price of printing in the dead languages, and the enormous rise on paper, such as to be doubled since my sepulture in this *delectable* abode. Should this attempt on Virgil meet with tolerable countenance, I had meditated a similar experiment on a Greek Poet, in the winter.

A thought comes into my head, which I do not recollect to have imparted to you before. A very imperfect notion is enter-

tained in general of the copiousness of the Latin language, by those who confine themselves to what are styled the Augustan writers. The old Comedians and Tragedians, with Ennius and Lucilius, were the great repositories of learned and vigorous expression: and their language, with the diction of Lucretius and Virgil, is, to a certainty, largely preserved to us in some writers, little read, but to me, I own, the sources of much amusement, and more information; several of them at the same time characterized by a truly masculine and original eloquence: Tertullian, Arnobius, Apuleius, A. Gellius, and Ammianus Marcellinus. Their words are usually marked in Dictionaries as inelegant and of suspicious authority; when they are, in reality, the most genuine remains of pure Roman composition. I have ever regarded the loss of the old Roman Poets, particularly Ennius and Lucilius, from the light which they would have thrown on the formations of the Latin language, and its derivation from

the Æolian Greek, as the severest calamity ever sustained by philological learning.

Another thought also, of a different complexion, recurs to memory. I often wonder, that your highly respectable friends in the House of Commons, who are tossing their words with such wonderful perseverance, day after day, to every wind that blows, when the objection of no petitions coming against the suspension of the Habeas-Corpus Act, &c. is urged upon them, by Ministry, do not reply, by stating the inefficacy of petitions in one very singular and apposite example,—the case of the Slave Trade; on which occasion few counties and towns in England, to the best of my recollection, were wanting in this effort: with what success I need not mention.

The stations of no men in this kingdom do I ever feel myself inclined to regard with an eye of envy, except those of the Masters and Tutors of Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge; who are possessed of all possible implements and opportunities to

pursue and encourage literature, and continue sleeping

——— μαλα μακρον
ατερμονα νηγρετον ὑπνον,

over their desirable appointments. The Masters, also, of our great public Schools are placed, to my apprehension, in enviable situations. In short, education is of such incomparable value, in my opinion, that I cannot help coveting the condition of every man who is rendered capable of conducting it with efficiency and extent.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER LV.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, April 28, 1801.

I AM much obliged to you for your caution about Heyne's Virgil; and if I purchase it at all, I will wait for the new edition. When I was a book buyer, in my younger days, it was not in existence; and lately I have bought but few classical books, except Greek ones; and some Latin authors, of whom I had before *no* edition. I had once a good many editions of Virgil; but having had frequent occasions to make presents, and Virgil being always a proper book for that purpose, I have now only the fine Roman one, in three volumes folio; a school Delphin; a Variorum; and Martyn's Georgics. I am glad to find that you are not the heretic about the fourth book that I suspected you to be. Your reason for omitting it may be a very

good one. I think the coarsest thing in the whole book (not indeed in point of indecency, but in want of sentiment) is ver. 502. '*She thought she would take it as she did the last time,*' is surely vulgar and gross to the last degree. How very strange it appears to me, that that character of perfection or faultlessness, which so justly belongs to the Georgics, should have been so frequently applied to the Æneid! and yet even in Quintilian there is the expression of "Quanto eminentioribus vincimur, æqualitate pensamus," or something like it, which, according to the common interpretation of the words, seems to justify such an opinion, as far as his authority goes. I am much obliged to you for referring me to the passage in the Ajax, which is exceedingly beautiful, and certainly more delicate than Virgil's; and yet, I own, I should never have thought there was much indelicacy in *si quid dulce meum*; but perhaps I am not so nice upon such subjects as others are. By the way, in the Ajax, v. 514,

there is ὁ τι βλιπω, another instance in refutation of Porson's absurd assertion in the Note upon the Orestes, ver. 64. "ubi verbum in brevem vocalem desinit," &c. Is not τι a short syllable? and is it not followed by βλ, two consonants "quæ brevem esse paterentur"? In short, I doubt whether, except the play he was actually publishing, and the Phœnissæ, he could have found another wherein there was not a contradiction to his position. The epilogue, as you call it, to the story of Pallas, and which you erroneously quote as being in Æneid xii. (it is in Æneid xi.) is indeed capital, but not equal, in my opinion, to the parting speech: but then, *I* think, that nothing *is*. There appears to me something harsh and difficult in the construction in the last lines of the epilogue. It may, perhaps, be owing to the habit we are in of comparing him to Homer, the most perspicuous of all poets; but, to say the truth, perspicuity does not appear to me to be among Virgil's chief excellencies. As we

are upon the subject of Pallas (in which the poet is always peculiarly happy), I hope you admire the two lines, Æn. x. 515, 516. I quite agree with you as to Sinon and Laocoön; though some of those passages, which are become so trite as quotations, are in themselves very good; such as "Timeo Danaos," "Hoc Ithacus velit," &c.; but if Sinon and Laocoön are cold and forced, the Death of Priam, the Apparition of Hector, &c. amply compensate. Your notion, in respect to poets borrowing from each other, seems almost to come up to mine, who have often been laughed at by my friends as a systematic defender of plagiarism: indeed, I got Lord Holland, when a school-boy, to write some verses in praise of it; and, in truth, it appears to me, that the greatest poets have been most guilty, if guilt there be, in these matters. Dido is surely far superior to Medea in general; but there are some parts of Apollonius, such as lib. iii. from 453 to 463, and from 807 to 816, that appear to me unrivalled. Your

correction in Arg. iv. 380, from ου to αυ, must please me; for I had thought myself of changing the other ου, in the following line, to αυ; but I dare say your collocation is better. The difficulty also of ης for η or δη had struck me; but seeing no notice taken of it by the editor, I was too diffident of my own knowledge of the language to pronounce it to be wrong. In my edition (Shaw's octavo), it is without the note of interrogation; and I think such a note would take off greatly from the spirit of the passage; besides the impropriety, which you suggest, of the use of ης, even in that case. If it is a question, it should be, I suppose, either ηρα or ἆρα. Your emendation, η μαλ' εϋκλειης, seems to take away all difficulty, and is quite simple. By the way, a few lines below, the pronoun σε is repeated without any apparent cause; or any elegance, that I can see, in the repetition. I suppose the second σ' may be omitted, and that εμα may stand in that part of the verse without it; or if not, should the first σε be

changed into τε, "εκ δε TE πατρης"? Your observation on the utility of communications upon these subjects may possibly be the cause of my making many trifling ones upon them. There is a strong instance of Apollonius's delight in dactyls, in one of the passages quoted, lib. iii. ver. 813, where he changes Homer's ὁμηλικιης ερατεινης into περιγηθεος. The loss of the older Roman writers is certainly the greatest that could have happened to philology; and probably, too, on account of their own merit, is in every view a considerable one. Of the more modern writers, whom you mention, I have never read any but A. Gellius. I bought Apuleius last year, with an intention to read him, but something or other has always prevented me. I never saw one quotation from Tertullian that did not appear to me full of eloquence of the best sort; and have often thought, on that account, of buying an edition of him: but have been rather discouraged, from supposing that it might be necessary to know

more than I do of the controversies in which he was engaged, to relish him properly.

With respect to your Lectures, I should think that Latin would succeed better than Greek authors; but this is very uncertain. From the audience, however, which you may have upon the first, it will not be difficult to collect what probability there is of getting as good, or a better one, to the second.

It would be very good in argument, to state the inefficacy of the petitions on the Slave Trade, in the way you mention; and I do believe, that, in fact, the supposed inefficacy of petitions has been one of the great causes of the supineness, or rather lethargy, of the country: but it is not true, that petitions, though they have been ultimately unsuccessful, have been therefore wholly inefficacious. The petitions in 1797 produced, as Mr. Pitt says (and I suspect he says truly), the negotiation at Lisle: no great good, you will say; but still they

were not wholly inefficacious. And even with regard to the Slave Trade, I conceive the great numbers which have voted with us, sometimes amounting to a majority, have been principally owing to petitions. Even now, in this last stage of degradation, I am not sure that if the people were to petition generally (but it must be very generally) that it would be without effect.

Your attention to the unfortunate wretches you speak of must do you the highest honour, in the eyes of all men, even of Tory justices; and that is saying θαρσαλεον επος.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

P. S. According to your maxim of not allowing the valuable article of paper to go unemployed, I will trouble you with one more question, relative to Ajax, v. 511. and that is, how do you construe διοισεται there? Stevens says "διοισεται, apud Sophoclem '*deportabitur*'," as if it were a peculiar use of the word by that poet. But I do not think

deportabitur will do in this place well. The Latin version in my edition, that is, Johnson's, printed at Eton, says *deseretur;* but how διοισεται, which I suppose to be the future middle of διαφερεσθαι, is to mean *deseretur*, I do not conceive.

C. J. F.

LETTER LVI.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, April 29, 1801.

YOUR Variorum Virgil, if Emmenesius's, is a good book, and contains Servius's Exposition; without which every Virgil is defective, on account of that grammarian's antiquity and real merit. There is, in the British Museum, an unpublished MS. of the same grammarian's, a Vocabulary of Synonymes: and every thing of this kind, which will soon perish for ever, and which abounds every where, should be published: and these helps to literature, if a national

concern, would not all amount to one's day's expenditure by frensy and corruption.

Æn. iv. 502, is a very difficult passage, and unintelligible, I own, to me. If *quam* be genuine, the construction must be, *quam evenit in morte Sychæi*; but where can such another construction with the comparative be found? Your acceptation, in that case, must be admitted. I had conjectured, I see, *jam* for *quam*: and I conceived the general sentiment to be this: "As Dido "had endured that great calamity, under "lamentable circumstances (the death of "Sychæus by her own *brother*, Pygmalion), "without such an act of desperation as "suicide; her sister had not anticipated "this catastrophe now, nor prepared her "mind for it." See vi. 104, 5, which seems not much amiss: but I have referred, with approbation, to Koen on Corinthus upon Dialects; and that book I sent home, to my house in the town, a few days ago.

The imperfect state of the Æneid is sufficiently clear from the hemistichs, little

inconsistencies, and inaccuracies, which the author would certainly have corrected; but this imperfection might have been indubitably inferred from his own dying directions for its destruction; a piece of history, which never admitted, to my recollection, of any controversy. Quintilian, I presume, by his *æqualitate pensamus*, means to intimate, that Virgil, if he have not taken such lofty flights as Homer, never approaches so near the ground, nor degrades himself by the puerilities and coarsenesses of his master.

I have no Virgil here, which contains Servius; but you may consult him on the *quid dulce meum*, and see what the Antients collected from that expression.

As to your passage from Sophocles τι βλεπω, βλ are *not* those consonants before which the Tragedians *shorten* syllables.

I call the part of Æn. xi. which finishes the story of Pallas, the *epilogue*, in the rhetorical meaning of the term; for the *lamentable* termination of his warfare. The

ἐπίλογος was that portion of the oration which was devoted to *commiseration* only; and as this was the *conclusion*, the term gained the secondary sense, afterwards, of *conclusion* in general. A beautiful passage in Longinus owes its excellence to this primary and proper use of the word, perceived by no editor before Toup: where Longinus, in speaking of those parts in the Odyssey which relate the death of Antilochus and the other Grecian chiefs, in allusion also to the νεκυομαντεια, calls that poem the *epilogue* of the Iliad; i. e. the *funeral oration*, as it were, of those heroes whose *living adventures* had been celebrated in the former poem.

Certainly Æn. x. 515, 516, are highly spirited; and the vivacity of the conceptions is well delineated by the rapidity of the composition, unfettered by copulatives, and unretarded by epithets. The second Æneid, abating those exceptions of Sinon and Laocoön, is incomparable. The exordium is most dignified and solemn, as

as natural and pathetic to perfection; and what follows the introduction to the havoc of the Greeks, after issuing from their retreat, exhibits, to my fancy—in an adequate display of events, the most awful and affecting, of the most turbulent and soft emotions—all the capacities of human genius.

With respect to imitation, much may be said on so copious a subject. The uniformity of Nature supplies, of course, those thoughts which inevitably suggest themselves to every contemplator, but which become the *property* of the *first occupant;* so that sameness and similarity often subsist without imitation in reality. Then, as few poets have written without some excellencies, these catch the peculiar attention of every succeeding genius, and are often imperceptibly assimilated with his own ideas, and often borrowed for the purpose of different application or improvement. Virgil's Georgics arose probably from the works of Hesiod and Nicander;

but how much superior to one, and probably to the other? The same of Pope's Rape of the Lock, and many other poems, which would be but ill exchanged for their originals. There is scarcely a verse in Virgil, Milton, and Pope, that does not savour of their predecessors; and yet they will ever be acknowledged as prime artists in Parnassus.

As to Apoll. Rhod. iv. 386, it is rather observable, that Brunck has put into the text his conjecture, which is also yours, εκ δε ΤΕ πατρης· and that I, from observing (as fully shewn in my *Noctes Carcerariæ*) how ΓΕ follows the pronouns, had conjectured on my margin, Αντικ' εμαι Γ' ελασειαν; and this is confirmed by two Paris MSS.

One reads Tertullian purely for his style and conceptions, not for the pertinency of his argumentation. They were miserable advocates of their own system. Apuleius is to Cicero, and such writers, what Burke, in his most glorious extravagancies, is to Addison or Swift, as to composition.

As to petitions to Parliament, many powerful impediments stand in their way. 1. The political acrimony of the times, which terrifies *some* of independent conditions; and *many*, who subsist by their superiors. 2. The general and constitutional indifference of the *majority* in all societies, who prefer indolence with suffering, to the chance of redress from exertion and activity. 3. The more extended speculations of some, who cannot acquiesce in those formalities of language, respecting Royalty and Parliaments, which commonly enter into these petitions. 4. The expense, more or less, of such efforts, which usually falls on a few; and on whom the demands of all sorts, for money, have been pressing and frequent during the war, in consequence of their principles. My experience and connections have led me to some knowledge of these matters. I have a Brother at Nottingham, who is a prime mover in all business of a public nature, whether political or benevolent, to an

extent, and with an estimation among his townsmen, with which, I believe, no private individual in this country can compare: and my own actual observation agrees with his reports. 5. The tricks in counteracting, and counter-petitioning, are innumerable, and too successful.

As to the prisoners here, not a man among them but would be reformed to a certainty, by good instruction from those who proved themselves kindly interested in their welfare by their actions: and it is most afflicting to see them sentenced by the Justices to one, two, &c. to *seven* years, for the veriest trifles, if all the circumstances of their condition be considered. Time, and the necessity of endurance, will blunt the acutest sensations of the heart; but the miseries sustained by these unhappy people, without one effort of instruction and reformation, in the midst of keen hunger (which the prison allowance leaves in painful exertions unremittingly), when I first

came among them, prest down my spirit to the earth:

> Κλαιον ενι λεχεσσι καθημενος, ουδε νυ μοι κηρ
> Ηθελ' ετι ζωειν, και ὁρᾶν φαος ηελιοιο.

As to διοισεται in Soph. Aj. 511. I see, from my margin, that Suidas touches on the word; but I have no Suidas here, nor any Sophocles with Notes or Scholia. The sense of the word however, if you do not look too far, but consider only its simple energy, is most satisfactory and evident. Διαφερω is essentially and literally *to carry through;* and, in the middle voice, *to carry one's self through.* "How then, when for-
"saken by you, will he carry himself
"through *(get himself through—go through,*
"i. e. life), under guardians of unkindly
"manners and affections?"

I remain, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER LVII.

FROM MR. FOX TO MR. WAKEFIELD.

SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 5, 1801.

I WAS called to town upon business just after the receipt of your last Letter; and partly by going backwards and forwards, partly by company here, I have been so taken up, that I have had little time to myself. But if I do not write now, I think, by my computation, that I shall scarcely have an opportunity of directing another Letter to Dorchester Gaol. I am much obliged for the great quantity of information which your latter Letters have given me; but at this moment have only time to notice one or two points. βλ, you tell me (and I doubt not but you are right), are not two letters before which the Tragedians make vowels short. I was led to suppose they were,

from τλ, κλ, πλ, ϑλ, χλ, φλ, being undoubtedly of that description. Your information diminishes considerably the number of instances which had occurred to me, against Porson's dictum, in his Note upon Orestes, v. 64. If γλ and γν are taken from me, it will be diminished still more: but even then I have some instances remaining; and have no doubt, upon reading with that view, of finding many more, as those I had collected were entirely by chance. For the present, take two: Medea, 246, and Euripides' Electra, 1058. Upon looking again at Medea's speech, in the fourth book of Apollonius, I doubt whether ης be not used, ver. 357, in nearly the same way as Brunck, when he puts the note of interrogation, supposes it to be, ver. 380; and yet I can conceive *or*, by an ellipsis of *the sense*, to have a meaning in ver. 357 which it cannot have in ver. 380.

I sincerely congratulate you, upon your being arrived so near to the end of a confinement which I shall ever consider to

have been as disgraceful to the Government of the Country, as it has been honourable to you.

Your obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER LVIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, St. Anne's Hill, June 17, 1801.

FENTON, in a sort of note prefixed to his translation of Sappho to Phaon, says, that we learn from the Antients, that Phaon was an old mariner restored to youth by Venus. In Burman's Ovid there is a note from Egnatius, referring to some other work of his (Egnatius's) upon the subject; and there is some reference too, in my Variorum Ovid, to Ælian's Various History, which I have not. This is not a very important subject of inquiry; but I own I have a sort

of curiosity concerning this history of Phaon, which if you can instruct me how to gratify, you will much oblige me.

I sincerely hope you are better satisfied with the state of your Son's health, than you seemed to be when you were here. If accident (I hope not of the same sort as the last) should bring you again this way, I flatter myself you will make me a longer visit.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER LIX.

FROM MR. WAKEFIELD TO MR. FOX.

DEAR SIR, Hackney, August 12, 1801.

I HOPE, in no long time, to be able to consult my books, with a view of answering the queries in your last favour; as I have taken a house in Charter-House Square, to which I expect to remove by the latter end of next week.

There is, at a Bookseller's in Oxford Street, a large-paper Brunck's Apollonius Rhodius, price eighteen shillings. The book is become so scarce as not to be procured in common paper; but I could not determine whether you would choose a finer copy, or I would have secured it for you.

I am, Sir,

Your respectful and obliged friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LETTER LX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, St. Anne's Hill, August 21, 1801.

On my return hither yesterday, from a short excursion, I found your Letter, with its inclosure, which I return. It is a piece of *news* to me (that would be very agreeable, if it were true), that I have *finished* an historical work. That I have begun one, is true; and that I have had numerous applications relative to the publishing, is equally so: and I should be obliged to you, if you would give the same answer to Mr. Phillips, that I have given to other applicants; which is, that I do not mean to decide on the mode of publication, much less upon the bookseller to be employed, till the work is nearly finished; and till that time I wish to remain entirely unfettered by any promise or engagement.

The hard usage Mr. P. experienced at Leicester would certainly incline me, at any time, to do him a good office, if it were in my power.

I should be very glad to have the copy you mention of Brunck's Apollonius; and if you had mentioned the name of the bookseller, in Oxford Street, where it is, I would have written to him. If you have an opportunity, I will trouble you to bid him send it me by the stage, and I will remit him the price.

I have found, since I wrote to you, a great deal about Phaon, by looking into Bayle, who referred me to Lucian; a note in Heyne's Virgil, which I found at Woburn, and Palæphatus, which I have not seen, but from whom there are extracts, in some of the books I have looked into, containing, as I suppose, all he says upon the subject.

I observe, in Brunck's Analecta, which I have lately purchased, that he takes no notice of the doubts concerning the authen-

ticity of the Remains of Anacreon. I have always supposed them modern; but I understand there has been discovered a Manuscript which proves them to be of a certain degree of antiquity, or at least not a forgery of H. Stephens. The style of them appears to me *very* modern; but yet, that preserved in A. Gellius bears a strong resemblance to some of the others. As to their being really Anacreon's, I should require very strong evidence to satisfy me.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

R. WATTS, Printer, Broxbourne.

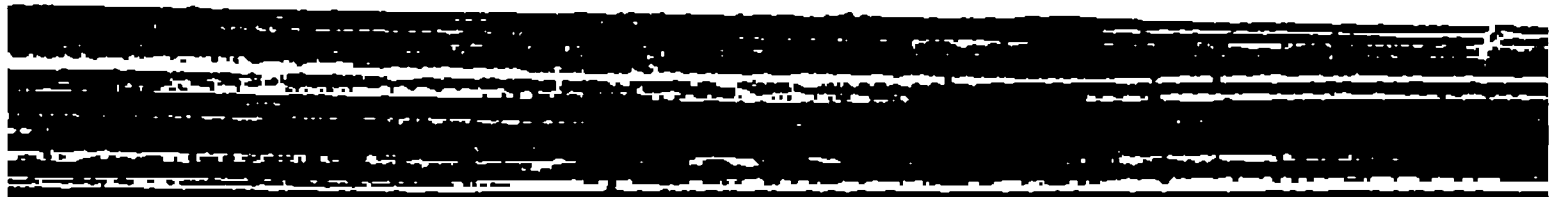
ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS REID, D.D.



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THOMAS REID, D.D. F.R.S. EDIN.

LATE PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

BY

DUGALD STEWART, F.R.S. EDIN.

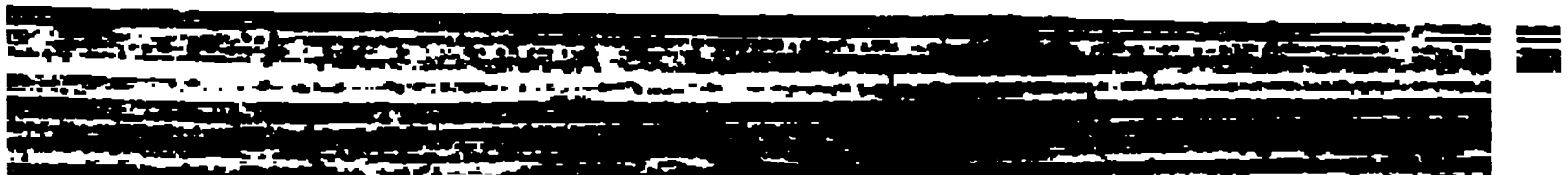
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ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS REID, D.D.

SECTION FIRST.

From Dr REID's *Birth till the date of his lateſt Publication.*

THE life of which I am now to preſent to the Royal Society a ſhort account, although it fixes an æra in the hiſtory of modern philoſophy, was uncommonly barren of thoſe incidents which furniſh materials for biography;—ſtrenuouſly devoted to truth, to virtue, and to the beſt intereſts of mankind; but ſpent in the obſcurity of a learned retirement, remote from the purſuits of ambition, and with little ſolicitude about literary fame. After the agitation, however, of the political convulſions which Europe has witneſſed

for a courſe of years, the ſimple record of ſuch a life may derive an intereſt even from its uniformity ; and when contraſted with the events of the paſſing ſcene, may lead the thoughts to ſome views of human nature, on which it is not ungrateful to repoſe.

THOMAS REID, D. D. late Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy in the Univerſity of Glaſgow, was born on the 26th of April 1710, at Strachan in Kincardineſhire, a country pariſh ſituated about twenty miles from Aberdeen, on the north ſide of the Grampian Mountains.

His father, the Reverend LEWIS REID, was miniſter of this pariſh for fifty years.—He was a clergyman, according to his ſon's account of him, reſpected by all who knew him, for his piety, prudence, and benevolence ; inheriting from his anceſtors, (moſt of whom, from the time of the Proteſtant eſtabliſhment, had been miniſters of the church of Scotland), that purity and ſimplicity of manners which became his ſtation ; and a love of letters, which, without attracting the notice of the world, amuſed his leiſure, and dignified his retirement.

For

For ſome generations before his time, a propenſity to literature, and to the learned profeſſions,—a propenſity which, when it has once become characteriſtical of a race, is peculiarly apt to be propagated by the influence of early aſſociations and habits,—may be traced in ſeveral individuals among his kindred. One of his anceſtors, JAMES REID, was the firſt miniſter of Banchory-Ternan after the Reformation; and tranſmitted to four ſons a predilection for thoſe ſtudious habits which formed his own happineſs. He was himſelf a younger ſon of Mr REID of Pitfoddels, a gentleman of a very ancient and reſpectable family in the county of Aberdeen.

JAMES REID was ſucceeded as miniſter of Banchory by his ſon ROBERT.—Another ſon, THOMAS, roſe to conſiderable diſtinction both as a philoſopher and a poet; and ſeems to have wanted neither ability nor inclination to turn his attainments to the beſt advantage. After travelling over Europe, and maintaining, as was the cuſtom of his age, public diſputations in ſeveral univerſities, he collected into a volume the theſes and diſſertations which had been the ſubjects of his literary conteſts; and alſo pu-

bliſhed ſome Latin poems, which may be found in the collection entitled *Delitiæ Poëtarum Scotorum.* On his return to his native country, he fixed his reſidence in London, where he was appointed ſecretary in the Greek and Latin tongues to King JAMES the Firſt of England, and lived in habits of intimacy with ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of that period.—Little more, I believe, is known of THOMAS REID's hiſtory, excepting that he bequeathed to the Mariſchal College of Aberdeen a curious collection of books and manuſcripts, with a fund for eſtabliſhing a ſalary to a librarian.

ALEXANDER REID, the third ſon, was phyſician to King CHARLES the Firſt, and publiſhed ſeveral books on ſurgery and medicine. The fortune he acquired in the courſe of his practice was conſiderable, and enabled him (beſide many legacies to his relations and friends) to leave various laſting and honourable memorials, both of his benevolence, and of his attachment to letters.

A fourth ſon, whoſe name was ADAM, tranſlated into Engliſh, BUCHANAN's Hiſtory of Scotland. Of this tranſlation, which was never publiſhed, there is a manuſcript copy in the poſſeſſion of the Univerſity of Glaſgow.

A grandſon of ROBERT, the eldeſt of theſe ſons, was the third miniſter of Banchory after the Reformation, and was great-grandfather of THOMAS REID, the ſubject of this memoir *.

The particulars hitherto mentioned, are ſtated on the authority of ſome ſhort memorandums written by Dr REID a few weeks before his death. In conſequence of a ſuggeſtion of his friend Dr GREGORY, he had reſolved to amuſe himſelf with collecting ſuch facts as his papers or memory could ſupply, with reſpect to his life, and the progreſs of his ſtudies; but, unfortunately, before he had fairly entered on the ſubject, his deſign was interrupted by his laſt illneſs. If he had lived to complete it, I might have entertained hopes of preſenting to the Public ſome details with reſpect to the hiſtory of his opinions and ſpeculations on thoſe important ſubjects to which he dedicated his talents;—the moſt intereſting of all articles in the biography of a philoſopher, and of which, it is to be lamented, that ſo few authentic records are to be found in the

* NOTE A.

annals of letters. All the information, however, which I have derived from theſe notes, is exhauſted in the foregoing pages; and I muſt content myſelf, in the continuation of my narrative, with thoſe indirect aids which tradition, and the recollection of a few old acquaintance, afford; added to what I myſelf have learned from Dr REID's converſation, or collected from a careful peruſal of his writings.

His mother, MARGARET GREGORY, was a daughter of DAVID GREGORY, Eſq; of Kinnairdie, in Banffshire; elder brother of JAMES GREGORY, the inventor of the reflecting teleſcope, and the antagoniſt of HUYGHENS. She was one of twenty-nine children; the moſt remarkable of whom was DAVID GREGORY, Savilian Profeſſor of Aſtronomy at Oxford, and an intimate friend of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. Two of her younger brothers were at the ſame time Profeſſors of Mathematics; the one at St Andrew's, the other at Edinburgh; and were the firſt perſons who taught the NEWTONIAN philoſophy in our northern univerſities. The hereditary worth and genius which have ſo long diſtinguiſhed, and which ſtill diſtinguiſh, the deſcendants of this memorable

rable family, are well known to all who have turned their attention to Scottiſh biography; but it is not known ſo generally, that through the female line, the ſame characteriſtical endowments have been conſpicuous in various inſtances; and that to the other monuments which illuſtrate the race of the GREGORIES, is to be added *the Philoſophy of* REID.

With reſpect to the earlier part of Dr REID's life, all that I have been able to learn, amounts to this, That, after two years ſpent at the pariſh-ſchool of Kincardine, he was ſent to Aberdeen, where he had the advantage of proſecuting his claſſical ſtudies under an able and diligent teacher; that, about the age of twelve or thirteen, he was entered as a ſtudent in Mariſchal College; and that his maſter in philoſophy, for three years, was Dr GEORGE TURNBULL, who afterwards attracted ſome degree of notice as an author; particularly, by a book, entitled, Principles of Moral Philoſophy, and by a voluminous treatiſe (long ago forgotten) on Ancient Painting*. The ſeſſions of the College

 were,

* NOTE B.

were, at that time, very ſhort, and the education (according to Dr REID's own account) ſlight and ſuperficial.

It does not appear from the information which I have received, that he gave any early indications of future eminence. His induſtry, however, and modeſty, were conſpicuous from his childhood; and it was foretold of him, by the pariſh ſchoolmaſter, who initiated him in the firſt principles of learning, "That he would turn "out to be a man of good and well wearing "parts;" a prediction which touched, not unhappily, on that capacity of "patient thought" which ſo peculiarly characterized his philoſophical genius.

His reſidence at the Univerſity was prolonged beyond the uſual term, in conſequence of his appointment to the office of Librarian, which had been endowed by one of his anceſtors about a century before. The ſituation was acceptable to him, as it afforded an opportunity of indulging his paſſion for ſtudy, and united the charms of a learned ſociety, with the quiet of an academical retreat.

During

During this period, he formed an intimacy with JOHN STEWART, afterwards Profeſſor of Mathematics in Mariſchal College, and author of a Commentary on NEWTON's Quadrature of Curves. His predilection for mathematical purſuits, was confirmed and ſtrengthened by this connection. I have often heard him mention it with much pleaſure, while he recollected the ardour with which they both proſecuted theſe faſcinating ſtudies, and the lights which they imparted mutually to each other, in their firſt peruſal of the *Principia*, at a time when a knowledge of the NEWTONIAN diſcoveries was only to be acquired in the writings of their illuſtrious author.

In 1736, Dr REID reſigned his office of librarian, and accompanied Mr STEWART on an excurſion to England. They viſited together London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and were introduced to the acquaintance of many perſons of the firſt literary eminence. His relation to Dr DAVID GREGORY procured him a ready acceſs to MARTIN FOLKES, whoſe houſe concentrated the moſt intereſting objects which the metropolis had to offer to his curioſity. At

Cambridge

Cambridge he ſaw Dr BENTLEY, who delighted him with his learning, and amuſed him with his vanity; and enjoyed repeatedly the converſation of the blind mathematician, SAUNDERSON; a phenomenon in the hiſtory of the human mind, to which he has referred more than once, in his philoſophical ſpeculations.

With the learned and amiable man who was his companion in this journey, he maintained an uninterrupted friendſhip till 1766, when Mr STEWART died of a malignant fever. His death was accompanied with circumſtances deeply afflicting to Dr REID's ſenſibility; the ſame diſorder proving fatal to his wife and daughter, both of whom were buried with him in one grave.

In 1737, Dr REID was preſented, by the King's College of Aberdeen, to the living of New-Machar in the ſame county; but the circumſtances in which he entered on his preferment were far from auſpicious. The intemperate zeal of one of his predeceſſors, and an averſion to the law of patronage, had ſo inflamed the minds of his pariſhioners againſt him, that, in the firſt diſcharge of his clerical functions, he had not only to encounter the moſt violent oppoſition, but was expoſed

poſed to perſonal danger. His unwearied attention, however, to the duties of his office; the mildneſs and forbearance of his temper, and the active ſpirit of his humanity, ſoon overcame all theſe prejudices; and, not many years afterwards, when he was called to a different ſituation, the ſame perſons who had ſuffered themſelves to be ſo far miſled, as to take a ſhare in the outrages againſt him, followed him, on his departure, with their bleſſings and tears.

Dr REID's popularity at New-Machar, (as I am informed by the reſpectable clergyman * who now holds that living), increaſed greatly after his marriage, in 1740, with ELIZABETH, daughter of his uncle, Dr GEORGE REID, phyſician in London. The accommodating manners of this excellent woman, and her good offices among the ſick and neceſſitous, are ſtill remembered with gratitude; and ſo endeared the family to the neighbourhood, that its removal was regarded as a general misfortune. The ſimple and affecting language in which ſome old men expreſſed themſelves on this ſubject, in converſing with

* The Reverend WILLIAM STRONACH.

with the preſent miniſter, deſerves to be record-ed. "We fought *againſt* Dr REID when he came, and would have fought *for* him when he went away."

In ſome notes relative to the earlier part of his hiſtory, which have been kindly communi-cated to me by the Reverend Mr DAVIDSON, miniſter of Rayne, it is mentioned as a proof of his uncommon modeſty and diffidence, that long after he became miniſter of New-Machar, he was accuſtomed, from a diſtruſt in his own powers, to preach the ſermons of Dr TILLOT-SON and of Dr EVANS. I have heard alſo, through other channels, that he had neglected the practice of compoſition to a more than or-dinary degree, in the earlier part of his ſtudies. The fact is curious, when contraſted with that eaſe, perſpicuity, and purity of ſtyle, which he afterwards attained. From ſome information, however, which has been lately tranſmitted to me by one of his neareſt relations, I have reaſon to believe, that the number of original diſcour-ſes which he wrote, while a country clergyman, was not inconſiderable.

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The ſatisfaction of his own mind was probably, at this period, a more powerful incentive to his philoſophical reſearches, than the hope of being able to inſtruct the world as an author. But, whatever his views were, one thing is certain, that during his reſidence at New-Machar, the greater part of his time was ſpent in the moſt intenſe ſtudy; more particularly in a careful examination of the laws of external perception, and of the other principles which form the groundwork of human knowledge. His chief relaxations were gardening and botany, to both of which purſuits he retained his attachment even in old age.

A paper which he publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year 1748, affords ſome light with reſpect to the progreſs of his ſpeculations about this period. It is entitled, *An Eſſay on Quantity, occaſioned by reading a Treatiſe, in which Simple and Compound Ratios are applied to Virtue and Merit*; and ſhews plainly, by its contents, that, although he had not yet entirely relinquiſhed the favourite reſearches of his youth, he

he was beginning to direct his thoughts to other objects.

The treatise alluded to in the title of this paper, was manifestly the "Inquiry into the "Origin of our Ideas of *Beauty* and *Virtue*," by Dr HUTCHESON of Glasgow. According to this very ingenious writer, the *moment* of public good produced by an individual, depending partly on his *benevolence*, and partly on his *ability*, the relation between these different moral ideas may be expressed in the technical form of algebraists, by saying, that the first is in the compound proportion of the two others. Hence, Dr HUTCHESON infers, that "*the benevolence* of "an agent, (which in this system is synonymous "with his *moral merit*), is proportional to a "fraction, having the moment of good for the "numerator, and the ability of the agent for "the denominator." Various other examples of a similar nature occur in the same work; and are stated with a gravity not altogether worthy of the author. It is probable, that they were intended merely as *illustrations* of his general reasonings, not as *media* of investigation for the discovery of new conclusions; but they appear-

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ed to Dr Reid to be an innovation which it was of importance to reſiſt, on account of the tendency it might have (by confounding the evidence of different branches of ſcience) to retard the progreſs of knowledge. The very high reputation which Dr Hutcheson then poſſeſſed in the Univerſities of Scotland, added to the recent attempts of Arbuthnot and Cheyne to apply mathematical reaſoning to medicine, would beſtow, it is likely, an intereſt on Dr Reid's Eſſay at the time of its publication, which it can ſcarcely be expected to poſſeſs at preſent. Many of the obſervations, however, which it contains, are acute and original; and all of them are expreſſed with that clearneſs and preciſion, ſo conſpicuous in his ſubſequent compoſitions. The circumſtance which renders a ſubject ſuſceptible of mathematical conſideration, is accurately ſtated; and the proper province of that ſcience defined in ſuch a manner, as ſufficiently to expoſe the abſurdity of thoſe abuſes of its technical phraſeology which were at that time prevalent. From ſome paſſages in it, there is, I think, ground for concluding, that the Author's reading had not been very extenſive previous to this

this period. The enumeration, in particular, which he has given of the different kinds of *proper quantity*, affords a proof, that he was not acquainted with the refined yet ſound diſquiſitions concerning the nature of *number* and of *proportion*, which had appeared almoſt a century before, in the *Mathematical Lectures* of Dr BARROW; nor with the remarks on the ſame ſubject introduced by Dr CLARKE in one of his controverſial letters addreſſed to LEIBNITZ.

In the ſame paper, Dr REID takes occaſion to offer ſome reflections on the diſpute between the *Newtonians* and *Leibnitzians* concerning the meaſure of forces. The fundamental idea on which theſe reflections proceed, is juſt and important; and it leads to the correction of an error, committed very generally by the partizans of both opinions; that, of miſtaking a queſtion concerning the comparative advantages of two *definitions*, for a difference of ſtatement with reſpect to a *phyſical fact*. It muſt, I think, be acknowledged, at the ſame time, that the whole merits of the controverſy are not here exhauſted; and that the honour of placing this very ſubtle and abſtruſe queſtion in a point of view

calculated

calculated to reconcile completely the contending parties, was reſerved for M. D'ALEMBERT. To have fallen ſhort of the ſucceſs which attended the inquiries of that eminent man, on a ſubject ſo congenial to his favourite habits of ſtudy, will not reflect any diſcredit on the powers of Dr REID's mind, in the judgment of thoſe who are at all acquainted with the hiſtory of this celebrated diſcuſſion.

In 1752, the Profeſſors of *King's College* elected Dr REID Profeſſor of Philoſophy, in teſtimony of the high opinion they had formed of his learning and abilities. Of the particular plan which he followed in his academical lectures, while he held this office, I have not been able to obtain any ſatisfactory account; but the department of ſcience which was aſſigned to him by the general ſyſtem of education in that univerſity, was abundantly extenſive; comprehending Mathematics and Phyſics as well as Logic and Ethics. A ſimilar ſyſtem was purſued formerly in the other univerſities of Scotland; the ſame profeſſor then conducting his pupils through all thoſe branches of knowledge which are now appropriated to different teachers. And

where he happened fortunately to poſſeſs thoſe various accompliſhments which diſtinguiſhed Dr REID in ſo remarkable a degree, it cannot be doubted that the unity and comprehenſiveneſs of method, of which ſuch academical courſes admitted, muſt neceſſarily have poſſeſſed important advantages over that more minute ſubdiviſion of literary labour which has ſince been introduced. But as public eſtabliſhments ought to adapt themſelves to what is ordinary, rather than to what is poſſible, it is not ſurpriſing, that experience ſhould have gradually ſuggeſted an arrangement more ſuitable to the narrow limits which commonly circumſcribe human genius.

Soon after Dr REID's removal to Aberdeen, he projected (in conjunction with his friend Dr JOHN GREGORY) a literary ſociety, which ſubſiſted for many years, and which ſeems to have had the happieſt effects in awakening and directing that ſpirit of philoſophical reſearch, which has ſince reflected ſo much luſtre on the north of Scotland. The meetings of this ſociety were held weekly; and afforded the members, (beſide the advantages to be derived from a mutual

communication

communication of their ſentiments on the common objects of their purſuit), an opportunity of ſubjecting their intended publications to the teſt of friendly criticiſm. The number of valuable works which iſſued nearly about the ſame time, from individuals connected with this inſtitution, more particularly the writings of REID, GREGORY, CAMPBELL, BEATTIE and GERARD, furniſh the beſt panegyric on the enlightened views of thoſe under whoſe direction it was originally formed.

Among theſe works, the moſt original and profound was unqueſtionably the *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, publiſhed by Dr REID in 1764. The plan appears to have been conceived, and the ſubject deeply meditated, by the Author long before; but it is doubtful, whether his modeſty would have ever permitted him to preſent to the world the fruits of his ſolitary ſtudies, without the encouragement which he received from the general acquieſcence of his aſſociates, in the moſt important concluſions to which he had been led.

From a paſſage in the dedication, it would ſeem, that the ſpeculations which terminated in

theſe concluſions had commenced as early as the year 1739; at which period the publication of Mr HUME's *Treatiſe of Human Nature* induced him, for the firſt time, (as he himſelf informs us), "to call in queſtion the principles com-"monly received with regard to the human "underſtanding." In his *Eſſays on the Intellectual Powers*, he acknowledges, that, in his youth, he had, without examination, admitted the eſtabliſhed opinions on which Mr HUME's ſyſtem of ſcepticiſm was raiſed; and that it was the conſequences which theſe opinions ſeemed to involve, which rouſed his ſuſpicions concerning their truth. "If I may preſume" (ſays he) "to ſpeak my own ſentiments, I once be-"lieved *the doctrine of Ideas* ſo firmly, as to em-"brace the whole of BERKELEY's ſyſtem along "with it; till finding other conſequences to fol-"low from it, which gave me more uneaſineſs "than the want of a material world, it came "into my mind more than forty years ago, to "put the queſtion, What evidence have I for "this doctrine, that all the objects of my know-"ledge are ideas in my own mind? From that "time to the preſent, I have been candidly and

"impartially,

" impartially, as I think, ſeeking for the evi-
" dence of this principle ; but can find none, ex-
" cepting the authority of philoſophers."

In following the train of Dr REID's reſearches, this laſt extract merits attention, as it contains an explicit avowal, on his own part, that, at one period of his life, he had been led, by BERKELEY's reaſonings, to abandon the belief of the exiſtence of *matter*. The avowal does honour to his candour, and the fact reflects no diſcredit on his ſagacity. The truth is, that this article of the Berkleian ſyſtem, however contrary to the concluſions of a ſounder philoſophy, was the error of no common mind. Conſidered in contraſt with that theory of materialiſm, which the excellent Author was anxious to ſupplant, it poſſeſſed important advantages, not only in its tendency, but in its ſcientific conſiſtency ; and it afforded a proof, wherever it met with a favourable reception, of an underſtanding ſuperior to thoſe caſual aſſociations, which, in the apprehenſions of moſt men, blend indiſſolubly the phenomena of thought with the objects of external perception. It is recorded as a ſaying of M. TURGOT, (whoſe philoſophical opinions in

ſome important points approached very nearly to thoſe of Dr REID*), That " he who had " never doubted of the exiſtence of matter, " might be aſſured he had no turn for meta- " phyſical diſquiſitions."

As the refutation of Mr HUME's ſceptical theory was the great and profeſſed object of Dr REID's *Inquiry*, he was anxious, before taking the field as a controverſial writer, to guard againſt the danger of miſapprehending or miſrepreſenting the meaning of his adverſary, by ſubmitting his reaſonings to Mr HUME's private examination. With this view, he availed himſelf of the good offices of Dr BLAIR, with whom both he and Mr HUME had long lived in habits of friendſhip. The communications which he at firſt tranſmitted, conſiſted only of detached parts of the work; and appear evidently, from a correſpondence which I have peruſed, to have conveyed a very imperfect idea of his general ſyſtem. In one of Mr HUME's letters

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* See, in particular, the article *Exiſtence* in the *Encyclopedie*.

letters to Dr BLAIR, he betrays ſome want of his uſual good humour, in looking forward to his new antagoniſt. "I wiſh," ſays he, "that "the Parſons would confine themſelves to their "old occupation of worrying one another, and "leave Philoſophers to argue with temper, mo-"deration, and good manners." After Mr HUME, however, had read the manuſcript, he addreſſed himſelf directly to the Author, in terms ſo candid and liberal, that it would be unjuſt to his memory to withhold from the pu-plic ſo pleaſing a memorial of his character.

"By Dr BLAIR's means, I have been favoured "with the peruſal of your performance, which I "have read with great pleaſure and attention. "It is certainly very rare, that a piece ſo deeply "philoſophical is wrote with ſo much ſpirit, and "affords ſo much entertainment to the reader; "though I muſt ſtill regret the diſadvantages un-"der which I read it, as I never had the whole "performance at once before me, and could not "be able fully to compare one part with another, "To this reaſon, chiefly, I aſcribe ſome obſcuri-"ties, which, in ſpite of your ſhort analyſis or ab-"ſtract, ſtill ſeem to hang over your ſyſtem. For I

" muſt do you the juſtice to own, that when I en-
" ter into your ideas, no man appears to expreſs
" himſelf with greater perſpicuity than you do;
" a talent which, above all others, is requiſite in
" that ſpecies of literature which you have culti-
" vated. There are ſome objections which I
" would willingly propoſe to the chapter, *Of*
" *Sight*, did I not ſuſpect that they proceed from
" my not ſufficiently underſtanding it; and I am
" the more confirmed in this ſuſpicion, as Dr
" BLAIR tells me, that the former objections I
" made had been derived chiefly from that cauſe.
" I ſhall therefore forbear till the whole can be
" before me, and ſhall not at preſent propoſe any
" farther difficulties to your reaſonings. I ſhall
" only ſay, that if you have been able to clear up
" theſe abſtruſe and important ſubjects, inſtead of
" being mortified, I ſhall be ſo vain as to pretend
" to a ſhare of the praiſe; and ſhall think, that
" my errors, by having at leaſt ſome coherence,
" had led you to make a more ſtrict review of
" my principles, which were the common ones,
" and to perceive their futility.

" As I was deſirous to be of ſome uſe to you, I
" kept a watchful eye all along over your ſtyle;

" but

" but it is really ſo correct, and ſo good Engliſh,
" that I found not any thing worth the remark-
" ing. There is only one paſſage in this chapter,
" where you make uſe of the phraſe *hinder to do*,
" inſtead of *hinder from doing*, which is the Eng-
" liſh one; but I could not find the paſſage when
" I ſought for it. You may judge how unexcep-
" tionable the whole appeared to me, when I
" could remark ſo ſmall a blemiſh. I beg my
" compliments to my friendly adverſaries, Dr
" CAMPBELL and Dr GERARD; and alſo to Dr
" GREGORY, whom I ſuſpect to be of the ſame
" diſpoſition, though he has not openly declared
" himſelf ſuch."———

Of the particular doctrines contained in Dr REID's *Inquiry*, I do not think it neceſſary here to attempt any abſtract; nor indeed do his ſpeculations (conducted as they were in ſtrict conformity to the rules of inductive philoſophizing) afford a ſubject for the ſame ſpecies of rapid outline, which is ſo uſeful in facilitating the ſtudy of a merely hypothetical theory. Their great object was to record and to claſſify the phenomena which the operations of the human mind preſent to thoſe who reflect carefully on the ſubjects of their conſciouſneſs; and of ſuch a hiſto-

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ry, it is manifeſt, that no abridgment could be offered with advantage. Some reflections on the peculiar plan adopted by the Author, and on the general ſcope of his reſearches in this department of ſcience, will afterwards find a more convenient place, when I ſhall have finiſhed my account of his ſubſequent publications.

The idea of proſecuting the ſtudy of the human mind, on a plan analogous to that which had been ſo ſucceſsfully adopted in phyſics by the followers of Lord BACON, if not firſt conceived by Dr REID, was at leaſt firſt carried ſucceſsfully into execution in his writings. An attempt had long before been announced by Mr HUME, in the title-page of his *Treatiſe of Human Nature*, to introduce the experimental method of reaſoning into moral ſubjects; and ſome admirable remarks are made in the introduction to that work, on the errors into which his predeceſſors had been betrayed by the ſpirit of hypotheſis; and yet it is now very generally admitted, that the whole of his own ſyſtem reſts on a principle for which there is no evidence but the authority of philoſophers; and it is certain, that in no part of it has he aimed to inveſtigate

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by a ſyſtematical analyſis, thoſe general principles of our conſtitution which can alone afford a ſynthetical explanation of its complicated phenomena.

I have often been diſpoſed to think, that Mr HUME's inattention to thoſe rules of philoſophizing which it was his profeſſed intention to exemplify, was owing in part to ſome indiſtinctneſs in his notions concerning their import. It does not appear, that, in the earlier part of his ſtudies, he had paid much attention to the models of inveſtigation exhibited in the writings of NEWTON and of his ſucceſſors: and that he was by no means aware of the extraordinary merits of BACON as a philoſopher, nor of the influence which his writings have had on the ſubſequent progreſs of phyſical diſcovery, is demonſtrated by the cold and qualified encomium which is beſtowed on his genius, in one of the moſt elaborate paſſages of the *Hiſtory of England.*

In theſe reſpects, Dr REID poſſeſſed important advantages; familiarized, from his early years, to thoſe experimental inquiries, which, in the

the courſe of the two laſt centuries, have exalted Natural Philoſophy to the dignity of a ſcience; and determined ſtrongly, by the peculiar bent of his genius, to connect every ſtep in the progreſs of diſcovery with the hiſtory of the human mind. The influence of the general views opened in the *Novum Organon*, may be traced in almoſt every page of his writings; and, indeed, the circumſtance by which theſe are ſo ſtrongly and characteriſtically diſtinguiſhed, is, that they exhibit the firſt ſyſtematical attempt to exemplify, in the ſtudy of human nature, the ſame plan of inveſtigation which conducted NEWTON to the properties of light, and to the law of gravitation. It is from a ſteady adherence to this plan, and not from the ſuperiority of his inventive powers, that he claims to himſelf any merit as a philoſopher; and he ſeems even willing (with a modeſty approaching to a fault) to abandon the praiſe of what is commonly called *genius*, to the authors of the ſyſtems which he was anxious to refute. "It "is genius," he obſerves in one paſſage, "and "not the want of it, that adulterates philoſo- "phy, and fills it with error and falſe theory. A

"creative

" creative imagination diſdains the mean offices " of digging for a foundation, of removing rub- " biſh, and carrying materials: leaving theſe " ſervile employments to the drudges in ſcience, " it plans a deſign, and raiſes a fabric. Inven- " tion ſupplies materials where they are want- " ing, and fancy adds colouring, and every be- " fitting ornament. The work pleaſes the eye, " and wants nothing but ſolidity and a good " foundation. It ſeems even to vie with the " works of nature, till ſome ſucceeding archi- " tect blows it into ruins, and builds as goodly " a fabric of his own in its place."

" Succeſs in an inquiry of this kind," he ob- ſerves farther, " it is not in human power to com- " mand; but perhaps it is poſſible, by caution " and humility, to avoid error and deluſion. " The labyrinth may be too intricate, and the " thread too fine, to be traced through all its " windings; but, if we ſtop where we can trace " it no farther, and ſecure the ground we have " gained, there is no harm done; a quicker " eye may in time trace it farther."

The unaſſuming language with which Dr REID endeavours to remove the prejudices natu- rally

rally excited by a new attempt to philoſophize on ſo unpromiſing, and hitherto ſo ungrateful a ſubject, recalls to our recollection thoſe paſſages in which Lord BACON—filled as his own imagination was with the future grandeur of the fabric founded by his hand—beſpeaks the indulgence of his readers, for an enterpriſe apparently ſo hopeleſs and preſumptuous. The apology he offers for himſelf, when compared with the height to which the ſtructure of phyſical knowledge has ſince attained, may perhaps have ſome effect in attracting a more general attention to purſuits ſtill more immediately intereſting to mankind; and, at any rate, it forms the beſt comment on the prophetic ſuggeſtions in which Dr REID occaſionally indulges himſelf concerning the future progreſs of moral ſpeculation.

"" Si homines per tanta annorum ſpatia viam
" veram inveniendi et colendi ſcientias tenuiſ-
" ſent, nec tamen ulterius progredi potuiſſent,
" audax procul dubio et temeraria foret opinio,
" poſſe rem in ulterius provehi. Quod ſi in *via*
" ipſa erratum ſit, atque hominum opera in iis
" conſumpta in quibus minime oportebat, ſequi-
"' tur ex eo, non in rebus ipſis difficultatem oriri,

" quæ

" quæ poteſtatis noſtræ non ſunt; ſed in intel-
" lectu humano, ejusque uſu et applicatione,
" quæ res remedium et medicinam ſuſci-
" pit *."——" De nobis ipſis ſilemus: de re
" autem quæ agitur, petimus; Ut homines eam
" non opinionem, ſed opus eſſe cogitent; ac
" pro certo habeant, non ſectæ nos alicujus, aut
" placiti, ſed utilitatis et amplitudinis humanæ
" fundamenta moliri. Præterea, ut bene ſpe-
" rent; neque Inſtaurationem noſtram ut quid-
" dam infinitum et ultra mortale fingant, et
" animo concipiant; quum revera ſit infiniti
" erroris finis et terminus legitimus †."

The impreſſion produced on the minds of ſpeculative men, by the publication of Dr Reid's *Inquiry*, was fully as great as could be expected from the nature of his undertaking. It was a work neither addreſſed to the multitude, nor level to their comprehenſion; and the freedom with which it canvaſſed opinions ſanctioned by the higheſt authorities, was ill calculated to conciliate the favour of the learned. A few, however, habituated, like the author, to the analytical researches

* Nov. Org. 94.

† Inſtaur. Mag.—Præfat.

ſearches of the Newtonian ſchool, ſoon perceived the extent of his views, and recogniſed in his pages the genuine ſpirit and language of inductive inveſtigation. Among the members of this univerſity, Mr FERGUSON was the firſt to applaud Dr REID's ſucceſs; warmly recommending to his pupils a ſteady proſecution of the ſame plan, as the only effectual method of aſcertaining the general principles of the human frame; and illuſtrating happily, by his own profound and eloquent diſquiſitions, the application of ſuch ſtudies, to the conduct of the underſtanding, and to the great concerns of life. I recollect, too, when I attended (about the year 1771) the Lectures of the late Mr RUSSELL, to have heard high encomiums on the Philoſophy of REID, in the courſe of thoſe comprehenſive diſcuſſions concerning the objects and the rules of experimental ſcience, with which he ſo agreeably diverſified the particular doctrines of phyſics.—Nor muſt I omit this opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of my old friend, Mr STEVENSON, then Profeſſor of Logic; whoſe candid mind, at the age of ſeventy, gave a welcome reception to a ſyſtem ſubverſive of the

theories

theories which he had taught for forty years; and whoſe zeal for the advancement of knowledge prompted him, when his career was almoſt finiſhed, to undertake the laborious taſk of new-modelling that uſeful compilation of elementary inſtruction, to which a ſingular diffidence of his own powers limited his literary exertions.

It is with no common feelings of reſpect and of gratitude, that I now recal the names of thoſe to whom I owe my firſt attachment to theſe ſtudies, and the happineſs of a liberal occupation ſuperior to the more aſpiring aims of a ſervile ambition.

From the Univerſity of Glaſgow, Dr REID's *Inquiry* received a ſtill more ſubſtantial teſtimony of approbation; the author having been invited, in 1763, by that learned body, to the profeſſorſhip of Moral Philoſophy, then vacant by the reſignation of Mr SMITH. The preferment was in many reſpects advantageous; affording an income conſiderably greater than he enjoyed at Aberdeen; and enabling him to concentrate to his favourite objects, that attention which had been hitherto diſtracted by the miſ-

cellaneous nature of his academical engagements. It was not, however, without reluctance, that he conſented to tear himſelf from a ſpot where he had ſo long been faſtening his roots; and, much as he loved the ſociety in which he paſſed the remainder of his days, I am doubtful if, in his mind, it compenſated the ſacrifice of earlier habits and connections.

Abſtracting from the charm of local attachment, the Univerſity of Glaſgow, at the time when Dr REID was adopted as one of its members, preſented ſtrong attractions to reconcile him to his change of ſituation. ROBERT SIMSON, the great reſtorer of ancient geometry, was ſtill alive; and, although far advanced in years, preſerved unimpaired his ardour in ſtudy, his reliſh for ſocial relaxation, and his amuſing ſingularities of humour. Dr MOOR combined with a gaiety and a levity foreign to this climate, the profound attainments of a ſcholar and of a mathematician. In Dr BLACK, to whoſe fortunate genius a new world of ſcience had juſt opened, REID acknowledged an inſtructor and a guide; and met a ſimplicity of manners congenial to his own. The WILSONS (both father and ſon) were formed

formed to attach his heart by the ſimilarity of their ſcientific purſuits, and an entire ſympathy with his views and ſentiments. Nor was he leſs delighted with the good-humoured oppoſition which his opinions never failed to encounter in the acuteneſs of MILLAR,—then in the vigour of youthful genius, and warm from the leſſons of a different ſchool. Dr LEECHMAN, the friend and biographer of HUTCHESON, was the official head of the College; and added the weight of a venerable name to the reputation of a community, which he had once adorned in a more active ſtation *.

Animated by the zeal of ſuch aſſociates, and by the buſy ſcenes which his new reſidence preſented in every department of uſeful induſtry, Dr REID entered on his functions at Glaſgow, with an ardour not common at the period of life, which he had now attained. His reſearches concerning the human mind, and the principles of morals, which had occupied but an inconſiderable ſpace in the wide circle of ſcience, allotted to him by his former office, were extended and methodiſed in a courſe, which em-

* NOTE C.

ployed five hours every week, during ſix months of the year: the example of his illuſtrious predeceſſor, and the prevailing topics of converſation around him, occaſionally turned his thoughts to commercial politics, and produced ſome ingenious eſſays on different queſtions connected with trade, which were communicated to a private ſociety of his academical friends: his early paſſion for the mathematical ſciences was revived by the converſation of SIMSON, MOOR, and the WILSONS; and, at the age of fifty-five, he attended the lectures of BLACK, with a juvenile curioſity and enthuſiaſm.

As the ſubſtance of Dr REID's lectures at Glaſgow (at leaſt of that part of them which was moſt important and original) has been ſince given to the public in a more improved form, it is unneceſſary for me to enlarge on the plan which he followed in the diſcharge of his official duties. I ſhall therefore only obſerve, that beſide his Speculations on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man, and a Syſtem of Practical Ethics, his courſe comprehended ſome general views with reſpect to Natural Juriſprudence, and the fundamental principles of Politics. A

few

few lectures on Rhetoric, which were read, at a ſeparate hour, to a more advanced claſs of ſtudents, formed a voluntary addition to the appropriate functions of his office, to which, it is probable, he was prompted, rather by a wiſh to ſupply what was then a deficiency in the eſtabliſhed courſe of education, than by any predilection for a branch of ſtudy ſo foreign to his ordinary purſuits.

The merits of Dr REID, as a public teacher, were derived chiefly from that rich fund of original and inſtructive philoſophy which is to be found in his writings; and from his unwearied aſſiduity in inculcating principles which he conceived to be of eſſential importance to human happineſs. In his elocution and mode of inſtruction, there was nothing peculiarly attractive. He ſeldom, if ever, indulged himſelf in the warmth of extempore diſcourſe; nor was his manner of reading calculated to increaſe the effect of what he had committed to writing. Such, however, was the ſimplicity and perſpicuity of his ſtyle; ſuch the gravity and authority of his character; and ſuch the general intereſt of his young hearers in the doctrines which he taught,

that by the numerous audiences to which his inſtructions were addreſſed, he was heard uniformly with the moſt ſilent and reſpectful attention. On this ſubject, I ſpeak from perſonal knowledge; having had the good fortune, during a conſiderable part of winter 1772, to be one of his pupils.

It does not appear to me, from what I am now able to recollect of the order which he obſerved in treating the different parts of his ſubject, that he had laid much ſtreſs on ſyſtematical arrangement. It is probable, that he availed himſelf of whatever materials his private inquiries afforded, for his academical compoſitions; without aiming at the merit of combining them into *a whole*, by a comprehenſive and regular deſign;—an undertaking, to which, if I am not miſtaken, the eſtabliſhed forms of his univerſity, conſecrated by long cuſtom, would have preſented ſome obſtacles. One thing is certain, that neither he nor his immediate predeceſſor ever publiſhed any general *proſpectus* of their reſpective plans; nor any *heads* or *outlines* to aſſiſt their ſtudents in tracing the

the trains of thought which ſuggeſted their various tranſitions.

The intereſt, however, excited by ſuch details as theſe, even if it were in my power to render them more full and ſatisfactory, muſt neceſſarily be temporary and local; and I therefore haſten to obſervations of a more general nature, on the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of Dr REID's philoſophical genius, and on the ſpirit and ſcope of thoſe reſearches which he has bequeathed to poſterity, concerning the phenomena and laws of the human mind. In mentioning his firſt performance on this ſubject, I have already anticipated a few remarks which are equally applicable to his ſubſequent publications; but the hints then ſuggeſted were too ſlight, to place in ſo ſtrong a light as I could wiſh, the peculiarities of that mode of inveſtigation, which it was the great object of his writings to recommend and to exemplify. His own anxiety, to neglect nothing that might contribute to its farther illuſtration, induced him, while his health and faculties were yet entire, to withdraw from his public labours; and to devote himſelf, with an undivided attention, to

a taſk of more extenſive and permanent utility. It was in the year 1781 that he carried this deſign into execution, at a period of life (for he was then upwards of ſeventy) when the infirmities of age might be ſuppoſed to account ſufficiently for his retreat; but when, in fact, neither the vigour of his mind nor of his body ſeemed to have ſuffered any injury from time. The works which he publiſhed not many years afterwards, afford a ſufficient proof of the aſſiduity with which he had availed himſelf of his literary leiſure; his *Eſſays on the Intellectual Powers of Man* appearing in 1785; and thoſe on the *Active Powers* in 1788.

As theſe two performances are, both of them, parts of one great work, to which his *Inquiry into the Human Mind* may be regarded as the Introduction, I have reſerved for this place whatever critical reflections I have to offer on his merits as an Author; conceiving that they would be more likely to produce their intended effect, when preſented at once in a connected form, than if interſperſed, according to a chronological order, with the details of a biographical narrative.

SEC-

SECTION SECOND.

Obſervations on the Spirit and Scope of Dr REID's *Philoſophy.*

I HAVE already obſerved, that the diſtinguiſhing feature of Dr REID's Philoſophy, is the ſyſtematical ſteadineſs, with which he has adhered in his inquiries, to that plan of inveſtigation which is delineated in the *Novum Organon*, and which has been ſo happily exemplified in phyſics by Sir ISAAC NEWTON and his followers. To recommend this plan as the only effectual method of enlarging our knowledge of nature, was the favourite aim of all his ſtudies, and a topic on which he thought he could not enlarge too much, in converſing or correſponding with his younger friends. In a letter to Dr GREGORY, which I have peruſed, he particularly congratulates him, upon his acquaintance with Lord BACON's works; adding, "I am very apt to mea-

"ſure

" ſure a man's underſtanding, by the opinion he " entertains of that author."

It were perhaps to be wiſhed, that he had taken a little more pains to illuſtrate the fundamental rules of that logic, the value of which he eſtimated ſo highly; more eſpecially, to point out the modifications with which it is applicable to the ſcience of mind. Many important hints, indeed, connected with this ſubject, may be collected from different parts of his writings; but I am inclined to think, that a more ample diſcuſſion of it in a preliminary diſſertation, might have thrown light on the ſcope of many of his reſearches, and obviated ſome of the moſt plauſible objections which have been ſtated to his concluſions.

It is not, however, my intention at preſent, to attempt to ſupply a *deſideratum* of ſo great a magnitude;—an undertaking which, I truſt, will find a more convenient place, in the farther proſecution of thoſe ſpeculations with reſpect to the Intellectual Powers which I have already ſubmitted to the public. The detached remarks which follow, are offered merely as a ſupplement to what I have ſtated concerning the nature

and object of this branch of ſtudy, in the
duction to the *Philoſophy of the Human*

.e influence of BACON's genius on the ſubſe-
: progreſs of phyſical diſcovery, has been
m fairly appreciated; by ſome writers al-
entirely overlooked; and by others conſi-
l as the ſole cauſe of the reformation in
ce which has ſince taken place. Of theſe
extremes, the latter certainly is the leaſt
of the truth; for, in the whole hiſtory of
s, no other individual can be mentioned,
e exertions have had ſo indiſputable an ef-
in forwarding the intellectual progreſs of
:ind. On the other hand, it muſt be ac-
'ledged, that before the æra when BACON
ared, various philoſophers in different parts
rope had ſtruck into the right path; and it
perhaps be doubted, whether any one im-
ınt rule with reſpect to the true method of
tigation be contained in his works, of which
int can be traced in thoſe of his predeceſſors.
great merit lay in concentrating their feeble
ſcattered lights; — fixing the attention
hiloſophers on the diſtinguiſhing charac-
teriſtics

teriſtics of true and of falſe ſcience, by a felicity of illuſtration peculiar to himſelf, ſeconded by the commanding powers of a bold and figurative eloquence. The method of inveſtigation which he recommended had been previouſly followed in every inſtance, in which any ſolid diſcovery had been made with reſpect to the laws of nature; but it had been followed accidentally, and without any regular, preconceived deſign; and it was reſerved for him to reduce to rule and method what others had effected, either fortuitouſly, or from ſome momentary glimpſe of the truth. It is juſtly obſerved by Dr REID, that "the man who firſt diſcovered that cold "freezes water, and that heat turns it into va"pour, proceeded on the ſame general prin"ciple by which NEWTON diſcovered the law "of gravitation and the properties of light. "His *Regulæ Philoſophandi* are maxims of com"mon ſenſe, and are practiſed every day in com"mon life; and he who philoſophizes by other "rules, either concerning the material ſyſtem "or concerning the mind, miſtakes his aim."

Theſe remarks are not intended to detract from the juſt glory of BACON; for they apply to all

all thoſe, without exception, who have ſyſtematized the principles of any of the arts. Indeed, they apply leſs forcibly to Him, than to any other philoſopher whoſe ſtudies have been directed to objects analogous to his; inaſmuch as we know of no art, of which the rules have been reduced ſucceſsfully into a didactic form, when the art itſelf was as much in infancy as experimental philoſophy was when BACON wrote. —Nor muſt it be ſuppoſed, that the utility was ſmall of thus attempting to ſyſtematize the accidental proceſſes of unenlightened ingenuity, and to give to the nobleſt exertions of Human Reaſon, the ſame advantages of Scientific Method, which have contributed ſo much to enſure the ſucceſs of genius in purſuits of inferior importance. The very philoſophical motto which REYNOLDS has ſo happily prefixed to his *Academical Diſcourſes*, admits, on this occaſion, of a ſtill more appropriate application: "Omnia fere quæ præceptis continentur ab inge-
"niofis hominibus fiunt; ſed caſu quodam ma-
"gis quam ſcientia. Ideoque doctrina et ani-
"madverſio adhibenda eſt, ut ea quæ interdum
"ſine

" ſine ratione nobis occurrunt, ſemper in noſtra " poteſtate ſint; et quoties res poſtulaverit, a " nobis ex præparato adhibeantur."

But although a few ſuperior minds ſeem to have been in ſome meaſure prediſpoſed for that revolution in ſcience, which BACON contributed ſo powerfully to accompliſh, the caſe was very different with the great majority of thoſe who were then moſt diſtinguiſhed for learning and talents. His views were plainly too advanced for the age in which he lived; and, that he was ſenſible of this himſelf, appears from thoſe remarkable paſſages, in which he ſtyles himſelf, "The ſervant of poſterity," and " bequeaths his fame to future times."—HOBBES, who in his early youth, had enjoyed his friendſhip, ſpeaks, a conſiderable time after BACON's death, of experimental philoſophy, in terms of contempt; influenced probably, not a little, by the tendency he perceived in the inductive method of inquiry, to undermine the foundations of that fabric of ſcepticiſm which it was the great object of his labours to rear. Nay, even during the courſe of the laſt century, it has been leſs from BACON's own ſpeculations, than from the examples

examples of ſound inveſtigation exhibited by a few eminent men, who profeſſed to follow him as their guide, that the practical ſpirit of his writings has been caught by the multitude of phyſical Experimentaliſts over Europe;—truth and good ſenſe deſcending gradually, in this as in other inſtances, by the force of imitation and of early habit, from the higher orders of intellect to the lower. In ſome parts of the Continent, more eſpecially, the circulation of BACON's philoſophical works has been ſurpriſingly ſlow. It is doubtful, whether DES CARTES himſelf ever peruſed them; and, as late as the year 1759, if we may credit MONTUCLA, they were very little known in France. The introductory diſcourſe prefixed by D'ALEMBERT to the *Encyclopedie*, firſt recommended them, in that country, to general attention.

The change which has taken place, during the two laſt centuries, in the plan of phyſical reſearch, and the ſucceſs which has ſo remarkably attended it, could not fail to ſuggeſt an idea, that ſomething analogous might probably be accompliſhed at a future period, with reſpect to the

the phenomena of the intellectual world. And accordingly, various hints of this kind may be traced in different authors, ſince the æra of NEWTON's diſcoveries. A memorable inſtance occurs in the prediction with which that great man concludes his *Optics*;—"That if Natural "Philoſophy, in all its parts, by purſuing the "inductive method, ſhall at length be per-"fected, the bounds of Moral Philoſophy will "alſo be enlarged." Similar remarks may be found in other publications; particularly in Mr HUME's *Treatiſe of Human Nature*, where the ſubject is enlarged on with much in-genuity. As far, however, as I am able to judge, Dr REID was the firſt who conceived juſtly and clearly the analogy between theſe two different branches of human knowledge; de-fining with preciſion the diſtinct provinces of Obſervation and of Reflection, in furniſhing the *data* of all our reaſonings concerning Matter and Mind; and demonſtrating the neceſſity of a care-ful ſeparation between the phenomena which they reſpectively exhibit, while we adhere to the ſame mode of philoſophizing in inveſti-gating the laws of both.

That

That ſo many philoſophers ſhould have thus miſſed their aim, in proſecuting the ſtudy of the Human Mind, will appear the leſs ſurpriſing, when we conſider, in how many difficulties, peculiar to itſelf, this ſcience is involved. It is ſufficient at preſent to mention thoſe which ariſe,—from the metaphorical origin of all the words which expreſs the intellectual phenomena;—from the ſubtle and fugitive nature of the objects of our reaſonings;—from the habits of inattention we acquire, in early life, to the ſubjects of our conſciouſneſs;—and from the prejudices which early impreſſions and aſſociations create to warp our opinions. It muſt be remembered, too, that in the ſcience of mind (ſo imperfectly are its logical rules as yet underſtood!) we have not the ſame checks on the abuſes of our reaſoning powers, which ſerve to guard us againſt error in our other reſearches. In phyſics, a ſpeculative miſtake is abandoned, when contradicted by facts which ſtrike the ſenſes. In mathematics, an abſurd or inconſiſtent concluſion is admitted as a demonſtrative proof of a faulty hypotheſis. But, in thoſe inquiries which relate to the principles of human nature, the abſurdities and inconſiſtencies to which we are led

by almoſt all the ſyſtems hitherto propoſed, inſtead of ſuggeſting corrections and improvements on theſe ſyſtems, have too frequently had the effect of producing ſcepticiſm with reſpect to all of them alike. How melancholy is the confeſſion of HUME!—"The intenſe view of theſe "manifold contradictions and imperfections in "human reaſon, has ſo wrought upon me, and "heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all "belief and reaſoning, and can look upon no "opinion even as more probable or likely than "another."

Under theſe diſcouragements to this branch of ſtudy, it affords us ſome comfort to reflect on the great number of important facts with reſpect to the mind, which are ſcattered in the writings of Philoſophers. As the ſubject of our inquiry here lies within our own breaſt, a conſiderable mixture of truth may be expected even in thoſe ſyſtems which are moſt erroneous; not only becauſe a number of men can ſcarcely be long impoſed on by a hypotheſis which is perfectly groundleſs, concerning the objects of their own conſciouſneſs; but becauſe it is generally by an alliance with truth and with the original

original principles of human nature, that prejudices and aſſociations produce their effects. Perhaps it may even be affirmed, that our progreſs in this reſearch depends leſs on the degree of our induſtry and invention, than on our ſagacity and good ſenſe in ſeparating old diſcoveries from the errors which have been blended with them; and on that candid and diſpaſſionate temper that may prevent us from being led aſtray by the love of novelty, or the affectation of ſingularity. In this reſpect, the ſcience of mind poſſeſſes a very important advantage over that which relates to the laws of the material world. The former has been cultivated with more or leſs ſucceſs in all ages and countries: the facts which ſerve as the baſis of the latter have, with a very few exceptions, been collected during the courſe of the two laſt centuries. An obſervation ſimilar to this is applied to ſyſtems of Ethics by Mr SMITH, in his account of the theory of MANDEVILLE; and the illuſtration he gives of it may be extended with equal propriety to the ſcience of mind in general. "A ſyſtem of Natural Philoſophy," he remarks, "may appear very plauſible, and

" be, for a long time, very generally received " in the world, and yet have no foundation in " nature, nor any ſort of reſemblance to the " truth. But it is otherwiſe with ſyſtems of " Moral Philoſophy. When a traveller gives an " account of ſome diſtant country, he may im- " poſe upon our credulity the moſt groundleſs " and abſurd fictions as the moſt certain mat- " ters of fact: But when a perſon pretends to " inform us of what paſſes in our neighbour- " hood, and of the affairs of the very pariſh we " live in, though here too, if we are ſo care- " leſs as not to examine things with our own " eyes, he may deceive us in many reſpects; " yet the greateſt falſehoods which he impoſes " on us muſt bear ſome reſemblance to the truth, " and muſt even have a conſiderable mixture " of truth in them."

Theſe conſiderations demonſtrate the eſſential importance, in this branch of ſtudy, of forming, at the commencement of our inquiries, juſt notions of the *criteria* of true and falſe ſcience, and of the rules of philoſophical inveſtigation. They demonſtrate, at the ſame time, that an attention to the rules of philoſophizing, as they are exemplified

exemplified in the phyſical reſearches of NEWTON and his followers, although the beſt of all preparations for an examination of the mental phenomena, is but one of the ſteps neceſſary to enſure our ſucceſs. On an accurate compariſon of the two ſubjects, it might probably appear, that after this preliminary ſtep has been gained, the moſt arduous part of the proceſs ſtill remains. One thing is certain, that it is not from any defect in the power of ratiocination or deduction, that our ſpeculative errors chiefly ariſe:—a fact of which we have a deciſive proof in the facility with which moſt ſtudents may be taught the mathematical and phyſical ſciences, when compared with the difficulty of leading their minds to the truth on queſtions of morals and politics.

The logical rules which lay the foundation of ſound and uſeful concluſions concerning the laws of this internal world, although not altogether overlooked by Lord BACON, were plainly not the principal object of his work; and what he has written on the ſubject, conſiſts chiefly of detached hints dropt caſually in the courſe of other ſpeculations. A comprehenſive View of

the ſciences and arts dependent on the philoſophy of the human mind, exhibiting the relations which they bear to each other, and to the general ſyſtem of human knowledge, would form a natural and uſeful introduction to the ſtudy of theſe logical principles; but ſuch a View remains ſtill a *deſideratum*, after all the advances made towards it by BACON and D'ALEMBERT. Indeed, in the preſent improved ſtate of things, much is wanting to complete and perfect that more ſimple part of their intellectual map which relates to the material univerſe.—Of the inconſiderable progreſs hitherto made towards a juſt delineation of the Method to be purſued in ſtudying the mental phenomena, no other evidence is neceſſary than this, That the ſources of error and falſe judgment, ſo peculiarly connected, in conſequence of the aſſociation of ideas, with ſtudies in which our beſt intereſts are immediately and deeply concerned, have never yet been inveſtigated with ſuch accuracy, as to afford effectual aid to the ſtudent, in his attempts to counteract their influence. One of theſe ſources alone,—that which ariſes from the imperfections of language,—furniſhes an exception

to

to the general remark. It attracted, fortunately, the particular notice of LOCKE, whoſe obſervations with reſpect to it, compoſe, perhaps, the moſt valuable part of his philoſophical writings; and, ſince the time of CONDILLAC, the ſubject has been ſtill more deeply analyzed by others. Even on this article, much yet remains to be done; but enough has been already accompliſhed to juſtify the profound aphoriſm in which BACON pointed it out to the attention of his followers:—"Credunt homines rationem ſuam "verbis imperare; ſed fit etiam ut verba vim "ſuam ſuper rationem retorqueant *."

Into theſe logical diſcuſſions concerning the means of advancing the philoſophy of human nature, Dr REID has ſeldom entered; and ſtill more rarely has he indulged himſelf in tracing the numerous relations, by which this philoſophy is connected with the practical buſineſs of life. But he has done what was ſtill more eſſential at

* This paſſage of BACON forms the motto to a very ingenious and philoſophical diſſertation, (lately publiſhed by M. PREVOST of Geneva), entitled, "*Des Signes enviſagés "relativement à leur Influence ſur la Formation des Idées.*" Paris, an 8.

the time he wrote: he has exemplified, with the happieſt ſucceſs, that method of inveſtigation by which alone any ſolid progreſs can be made; directing his inquiries to a ſubject which forms a neceſſary groundwork for the labours of his ſucceſſors,—an analyſis of the various powers and principles belonging to our conſtitution. Of the importance of this undertaking, it is ſufficient to obſerve, that it ſtands ſomewhat, although I confeſs not altogether, in the ſame relation to the different branches of intellectual and moral ſcience, (ſuch as grammar, rhetoric, logic, ethics, natural theology, and politics), in which the anatomy of the human body ſtands to the different branches of phyſiology and pathology. And as a courſe of medical education naturally, or rather neceſſarily, begins with a general ſurvey of man's animal frame; ſo, I apprehend, that the proper, or rather the eſſential preparation for thoſe ſtudies which regard our nobler concerns, is an examination of the principles which belong to man as an intelligent, active, ſocial, and moral being. Nor does the importance of ſuch an analyſis reſt here; it exerts an influence over all thoſe ſciences and arts which are connected

nected with the material world; and the philoſophy of BACON itſelf, while it points out the road to phyſical truth, is but a branch of the philoſophy of the human mind.

The ſubſtance of theſe remarks is admirably expreſſed by Mr HUME in the following paſſage,—allowances being made for a few trifling peculiarities of expreſſion, borrowed from the theories which were prevalent at the time when he wrote: "'Tis evident, that all the ſciences "have a relation, greater or leſs, to human na- "ture, and that, however wide any of them "may ſeem to run from it, they ſtill return "back by one paſſage or another. Even ma- "thematics, natural philoſophy, and natural "religion, are in ſome meaſure dependent on "the ſcience of man; ſince they lie under the "cogniſance of men, and are judged of by "their powers and faculties. It is impoſſible "to tell what changes and improvements we "might make in theſe ſciences, were we tho- "roughly acquainted with the extent and force "of human underſtanding, and could explain "the nature of the ideas we employ, and of "the operations we perform in our reaſonings.

"If,

" If, therefore, the ſciences of mathematics,
" natural philoſophy, and natural religion, have
" ſuch a dependence on the knowledge of man,
" what may be expected in the other ſciences,
" whoſe connection with human nature is more
" cloſe and intimate? The ſole end of logic is
" to explain the principles and operations of
" our reaſoning faculty, and the nature of our
" ideas: morals and criticiſm regard our taſtes
" and ſentiments: And politics conſider men as
" united in ſociety, and dependent on each
" other. In theſe four ſciences of logic, morals,
" criticiſm and politics, is comprehended almoſt
" every thing which it can any way import us
" to be acquainted with, or which can tend ei-
" ther to the improvement or ornament of the
" human mind.

" Here, then, is the only expedient from
" which we can hope for ſucceſs in our philo-
" ſophical reſearches; to leave the tedious,
" lingering method, which we have hitherto
" followed; and, inſtead of taking, now and
" then, a caſtle or village on the frontier, to
" march up directly to the capital or centre of
" theſe ſciences, to human nature itſelf; which
" being

" being once maſters of, we may every where
" elſe hope for an eaſy victory. From this ſta-
" tion, we may extend our conqueſts over all
" thoſe ſciences which more intimately concern
" human life, and may afterwards proceed at
" leiſure to diſcover more fully thoſe which
" are the objects of pure curioſity. There is no
" queſtion of importance, whoſe deciſion is not
" comprized in the ſcience of man; and there
" is none which can be decided with any cer-
" tainty, before we become acquainted with
" that ſcience."

To prepare the way for the accompliſhment of the deſign ſo forcibly recommended in the foregoing quotation, by exemplifying, in an analyſis of our moſt important intellectual and active principles, the only method of carrying it ſucceſsfully into execution, was the great object of Dr Reid, in all his various philoſophical publications. In examining theſe principles, he had chiefly in view a vindication of thoſe fundamental laws of belief which form the groundwork of human knowledge, againſt the attacks made on their authority in ſome modern ſyſtems of ſcepticiſm; leaving to his

ſucceſſors

ſucceſſors the more agreeable taſk of applying the philoſophy of the mind to its practical uſes. On the *analyſis* and claſſification of our powers, which he has propoſed, much room for improvement muſt have been left in ſo vaſt an undertaking; but imperfections of this kind do not neceſſarily affect the juſtneſs of his concluſions, even where they may ſuggeſt to future inquirers the advantages of a ſimpler arrangement, and a more definite phraſeology. Nor muſt it be forgotten, that, in conſequence of the plan he has followed, the miſtakes which may be detected in particular parts of his works, imply no ſuch weakneſs in the fabric he has reared, as might have been juſtly apprehended, had he preſented a connected ſyſtem founded on gratuitous hypotheſes, or on arbitrary definitions. The detections, on the contrary, of his occaſional errors, may be expected, from the invariable conſiſtency and harmony of truth, to throw new lights on thoſe parts of his work, where his inquiries have been more ſucceſsful; as the correction of a particular miſtatement in an authentic hiſtory, is often found, by completing an imperfect link, or reconciling a ſeeming contradiction,

diction, to diſpel the doubts which hung over the moſt faithful and accurate details of the narrative.

In Dr Reid's firſt performance, he confined himſelf entirely to the five ſenſes, and the principles of our nature neceſſarily connected with them; reſerving the further proſecution of the ſubject for a future period. At that time, indeed, he ſeems to have thought, that a more comprehenſive examination of the mind was an enterpriſe too great for one individual. "The powers," he obſerves, "of memory, of imagination, of "taſte, of reaſoning, of moral perception, the "will, the paſſions, the affections, and all the "active powers of the ſoul, preſent a boundleſs "field of philoſophical diſquiſition, which the "author of this *Inquiry* is far from thinking "himſelf able to explore with accuracy. Ma-"ny authors of ingenuity, ancient and modern, "have made incurſions into this vaſt territory, "and have communicated uſeful obſervations; "but there is reaſon to believe, that thoſe "who have pretended to give us a map of the "whole, have ſatisfied themſelves with a very "inaccurate and incomplete ſurvey. If Gali-

"leo

" LEO had attempted a complete ſyſtem of na-
" tural philoſophy, he had probably done little
" ſervice to mankind; but, by confining him-
" ſelf to what was within his comprehenſion,
" he laid the foundation of a ſyſtem of know-
" ledge, which riſes by degrees, and does ho-
" nour to the human underſtanding. NEWTON,
" building upon this foundation, and in like
" manner, confining his inquiries to the law of
" gravitation, and the properties of light, per-
" formed wonders. If he had attempted a great
" deal more, he had done a great deal leſs, and
" perhaps nothing at all. Ambitious of follow-
" ing ſuch great examples, with unequal ſteps,
" alas! and unequal force, we have attempted
" an inquiry into one little corner only, of the
" human mind; that corner which ſeems to be
" moſt expoſed to vulgar obſervation, and to be
" moſt eaſily comprehended; and yet, if we
" have delineated it juſtly, it muſt be acknow-
" ledged, that the accounts heretofore given of
" it were very lame, and wide of the truth."

From theſe obſervations, when compared with the magnitude of the work which the author lived to execute, there is ſome ground for ſuppoſing,

poſing, that, in the progreſs of his reſearches, he became more and more ſenſible of the mutual connection and dependence which exiſts among the concluſions we form concerning the various principles of human nature; even concerning thoſe which ſeem, on a ſuperficial view, to have the moſt remote relation to each other: And it was fortunate for the world, that, in this reſpect, he was induced to extend his views ſo far beyond the limits of his original deſign. His examination, indeed, of the powers of external perception, and of the queſtions immediately connected with them, bears marks of a ſtill more minute diligence and accuracy than appear in ſome of his ſpeculations concerning the other parts of our frame; and what he has written on the former ſubject, in his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, is evidently more highly finiſhed both in matter and form, than the volumes which he publiſhed in his more advanced years. The value, however, of theſe is ineſtimable to future adventurers in the ſame arduous undertaking; not only, in conſequence of the aids they furniſh as a rough draught of the field to be examined, but, by the example they exhibit

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of a method of inveſtigation on ſuch ſubjects, hitherto very imperfectly underſtood by philoſophers. It is by the originality of this method, ſo ſyſtematically purſued in all his reſearches, ſtill more than by the importance of his particular concluſions, that he ſtands ſo conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed among thoſe who have hitherto proſecuted analytically the ſtudy of Man.

I have heard it ſometimes mentioned, as a ſubject of regret, that the writers who have applied themſelves to this branch of knowledge, have, in general, aimed at a great deal more than it was poſſible to accompliſh; extending their reſearches to all the different parts of our conſtitution, while a long life might be well employed in examining and deſcribing the phenomena connected with any one particular faculty. Dr Reid, in a paſſage already quoted from his *Inquiry*, might have been ſuppoſed to give ſome countenance to this opinion; if his own ſubſequent labours did not ſo ſtrongly ſanction the practice in queſtion. The truth, I apprehend, is, That ſuch detached reſearches concerning the human mind, can ſeldom be attempted with much

much hope of ſucceſs; and that thoſe who have recommended them, have not attended ſufficiently to the circumſtances which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſh this ſtudy, from that which has for its object the philoſophy of the material world. A few remarks in illuſtration of this propoſition ſeem to me to be neceſſary, in order to juſtify the reaſonableneſs of Dr REID's undertaking; and they will be found to apply with ſtill greater force, to the labours of ſuch, as may wiſh to avail themſelves of a ſimilar analyſis in explaining the varieties of human genius and character, or in developing the latent capacities of the youthful mind.

One conſideration of a more general nature is, in the firſt place, worthy of notice; that in the infancy of every ſcience, the grand and fundamental *deſideratum* is a bold and comprehenſive Outline;—ſomewhat for the ſame reaſon, that, in the cultivation of an extenſive country, foreſts muſt be cleared, and wilderneſſes reclaimed, before the limits of private property are fixed with accuracy; and long before the period, when the diviſions and ſubdiviſions of ſeparate poſſeſſions

give riſe to the details of a curious and refined huſbandry. The ſpeculations of Lord BACON embraced all the objects of human knowledge. Thoſe of NEWTON and BOYLE were confined to phyſics; but included an aſtoniſhing range of the material univerſe. The labours of their ſucceſſors in our own times, have been employed with no leſs zeal, in purſuing thoſe more particular, but equally abſtruſe inveſtigations, in which They were unable to engage, for want of a ſufficient ſtock, both of facts and of general principles; and which did not perhaps intereſt their curioſity in any conſiderable degree.

If theſe obſervations are allowed to hold to a certain extent with reſpect to all the ſciences, they apply in a more peculiar manner to the ſubjects treated of in Dr REID's writings;—ſubjects which are all ſo intimately connected, that it may be doubted, if it be poſſible to inveſtigate any one completely, without ſome general acquaintance, at leaſt, with the reſt. Even the theory of the Underſtanding may receive important lights from an examination of the Active and the Moral powers; the ſtate of which

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in the mind of every individual, will be found to have a powerful influence on his intellectual character:—while, on the other hand, an accurate analyſis of the faculties of the Underſtanding, would probably go far to obviate the ſceptical difficulties which have been ſtarted concerning the Origin of our Moral Ideas. It appears to me, therefore, that, whatever be the department of mental ſcience that we propoſe more particularly to cultivate, it is neceſſary to begin with a ſurvey of human nature in all its various parts; ſtudying theſe parts, however, not ſo much on their own account, as with a reference to the applications of which our concluſions are ſuſceptible to our favourite purpoſe. The reſearches of Dr REID, when conſidered carefully in the relation which they bear to each other, afford numberleſs illuſtrations of the truth of this remark. His leading deſign was evidently to overthrow the modern ſyſtem of ſcepticiſm; and at every ſucceſſive ſtep of his progreſs, new and unexpected lights break in on his fundamental principles.

It is, however, chiefly in their practical application to the conduct of the underſtanding,

and the culture of the heart, that ſuch partial views are likely to be dangerous; for here, they tend not only to miſlead our theoretical concluſions, but to counteract our improvement and happineſs. Of this I am ſo fully convinced, that the moſt faulty theories of human nature, provided only they embrace the whole of it, appear to me leſs miſchievous in their probable effects, than thoſe more accurate and microſcopical reſearches which are habitually confined to one particular corner of our conſtitution. It is eaſy to conceive, that where the attention is wholly engroſſed with the intellectual powers, the moral principles will be in danger of running to waſte: and it is no leſs certain, on the other hand, that, by confining our care to the moral conſtitution alone, we may ſuffer the underſtanding to remain under the influence of unhappy prejudices, and deſtitute of thoſe juſt and enlightened views, without which the worthieſt diſpoſitions are of little uſe, either to ourſelves or to ſociety. An excluſive attention to any one of the ſubordinate parts of our frame, — to the culture of taſte, (for example), or of the argumentative

powers,

powers, or even to the refinement of our moral ſentiments and feelings,—muſt be attended with a hazard proportionally greater.

" In forming the human character," ſays BACON, in a paſſage which Lord BOLINGBROKE has pronounced to be one of the fineſt and deepeſt in his writings, " we muſt not proceed, as a " ſtatuary does in forming a ſtatue, who works " ſometimes on the face, ſometimes on the limbs, " ſometimes on the folds of the drapery; but " we muſt proceed (and it is in our power to " proceed) as Nature does in forming a flower, " or any other of her productions;—ſhe throws " out altogether, and at once, the whole ſyſtem " of being, and the rudiments of all the parts. " *Rudimenta partium omnium ſimul parit et pro-* " *ducit* *."

Of this paſſage, ſo ſtrongly marked with BACON's capacious intellect, and ſo richly adorned with his " philoſophical fancy," I will not

* In the foregoing paragraph, I have borrowed (with a very trifling alteration) Lord BOLINGBROKE's words, in a beautiful paraphraſe on BACON's remark.—See his *Idea of a Patriot King*.

weaken the impreſſion by any comment; and, indeed, to thoſe who do not intuitively perceive its evidence, no comment would be uſeful.

In what I have hitherto ſaid of Dr Reid's ſpeculations, I have confined myſelf to ſuch general views of the ſcope of his reſearches, and of his mode of philoſophizing, as ſeemed moſt likely to facilitate the peruſal of his works to thoſe readers who have not been much converſant with theſe abſtract diſquiſitions. A ſlight review of ſome of the more important and fundamental objections which have been propoſed to his doctrines, may, I hope, be uſeful as a farther preparation for the ſame courſe of ſtudy.

Of theſe objections, the four following appear to me to be chiefly entitled to attention.

1. That he has aſſumed gratuitouſly in all his reaſonings, that theory concerning the human ſoul, which the ſcheme of materialiſm calls in queſtion.

2. That his views tend to damp the ardour of philoſophical curioſity, by ſtating as ultimate facts, phenomena which may be reſolved into principles more ſimple and general.

3. That,

3. That, by an unneceſſary multiplication of original or inſtinctive principles, he has brought the ſcience of mind into a ſtate more perplexed and unſatisfactory, than that in which it was left by LOCKE and his ſucceſſors.

4. That his philoſophy, by ſanctioning an appeal from the deciſions of the learned to the voice of the multitude, is unfavourable to a ſpirit of free inquiry, and lends additional ſtability to popular errors.

1. With reſpect to Dr REID's ſuppoſed aſſumption of a doubtful hypotheſis concerning the nature of the thinking and ſentient principle, it is almoſt ſufficient for me to obſerve, that the charge is directed againſt that very point of his philoſophy in which it is moſt completely invulnerable. The circumſtance which peculiarly characterizes the inductive ſcience of mind is, that it profeſſes to abſtain from all ſpeculations concerning its nature and eſſence; confining the attention entirely to *phenomena*, for which we have the evidence of conſciouſneſs, and to the laws by which theſe phenomena are regulated. In this reſpect, it differs equally,

in its ſcope, from the pneumatological diſcuſſions of the ſchools; and from the no leſs viſionary theories, ſo loudly vaunted by the phyſiological metaphyſicians of more modern times. Compared with the firſt, it differs, as the inquiries of the *mechanical* philoſophers concerning the laws of moving bodies, differ from the diſcuſſions of the ancient ſophiſts concerning the exiſtence and the nature of motion. Compared with the other, the difference is analogous to what exiſts between the concluſions of NEWTON concerning the law of gravitation, and his *query* concerning the inviſible ether of which he ſuppoſed it might, poſſibly, be the effect. The facts which this inductive ſcience aims at aſcertaining, reſt on their own proper evidence; — an evidence unconnected with all theſe hypotheſes, and which would not, in the ſmalleſt degree, be affected, although the truth of any one of them ſhould be fully eſtabliſhed. It is not, therefore, on account of its inconſiſtency with any favourite opinions of my own, that I would oppoſe the diſquiſitions either of ſcholaſtic pneumatology, or of phyſiological metaphyſics; but becauſe I conſider them as an idle waſte of time

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and genius on queſtions where our concluſions can neither be verified nor overturned by an appeal to experiment or obſervation. Sir ISAAC NEWTON's query concerning the cauſe of gravitation was certainly not *inconſiſtent* with his own diſcoveries concerning its laws; but what would have been the conſequences to the world, if he had indulged himſelf in the proſecution of hypothetical theories with reſpect to the former, inſtead of directing his aſtoniſhing powers to an inveſtigation of the latter?

That the general ſpirit of Dr REID's Philoſophy is hoſtile to the concluſions of the Materialiſt, is indeed a fact: Not, however, becauſe his ſyſtem reſts on the contrary hypotheſis as a fundamental principle, but becauſe his inquiries have a powerful tendency to wean the underſtanding gradually from thoſe obſtinate aſſociations and prejudices, to which the common mechanical theories of mind owe all their plauſibility. It is, in truth, much more from ſuch examples of ſound reſearch concerning the Laws of Thought, than from any direct metaphyſical refutation, that a change is to be expected in the opinions of thoſe who have been accuſtomed

accuſtomed to confound together two claſſes of phenomena, ſo completely and eſſentially different.—But this view of the ſubject does not belong to the preſent argument.

It has been recommended of late, by a medical author of great reputation, to thoſe who wiſh to ſtudy the human mind, to begin with preparing themſelves for the taſk by the ſtudy of anatomy. I muſt confeſs, I cannot perceive the advantages of this order of inveſtigation; as the anatomy of the body does not ſeem to me more likely to throw light on the philoſophy of the mind, than an analyſis of the mind to throw light on the phyſiology of the body. To aſcertain, indeed, the general laws of their connexion from facts eſtabliſhed by obſervation or experiment, is a reaſonable and moſt intereſting object of philoſophical curioſity; and in this inquiry, (which was long ago propoſed and recommended by Lord BACON), a knowledge of the conſtitution both of mind and body is indiſpenſably requiſite; but even here, if we wiſh to proceed on firm ground, the two claſſes of facts muſt be kept completely diſtinct; ſo that neither of them may be warped or diſtorted, in conſequence of theories

theories ſuggeſted by their ſuppoſed relations or analogies*. Thus, in many of the phenomena, connected with Cuſtom and Habit, there is ample ſcope for inveſtigating general laws, both with reſpect to our mental and our corporeal frame; but what light do we derive from ſuch information concerning this part of our conſtitution as is contained in the following ſentence of LOCKE? "Habits ſeem to be but trains of motion in the "animal ſpirits, which, once ſet a-going, conti-"nue in the ſame ſteps they had been uſed to, "which by often treading are worn into a "ſmooth path." In like manner, the laws which regulate the connexion between the mind and our external organs, in the caſe of Perception, have furniſhed a very fertile ſubject of examination to ſome of the beſt of our modern philoſophers; but how impotent does the genius of NEWTON itſelf appear, when it attempts to ſhoot the gulf which ſeparates the ſenſible world, and the ſentient principle? "Is not the ſenſorium of ani-"mals," he aſks in one of his queries, "the "place where the ſentient ſubſtance is preſent, "and

* *Elements of the Philoſophy of the Human Mind*, pp. 11, 12. 2d edit.

" and to which the ſenſible ſpecies of things are " brought through the nerves and brain, that " they may be perceived by the mind preſent " in that place?"

It ought to be remembered alſo, that this inquiry, with reſpect to the laws regulating the connexion between our bodily organization, and the phenomena ſubjected to our own conſciouſneſs, is but one particular department of the philoſophy of the mind; and that there ſtill remains a wide and indeed boundleſs region, where all our *data* muſt be obtained from our own mental operations. In examining, for inſtance, the powers of judgment and reaſoning, let any perſon of ſound underſtanding, after peruſing the obſervations of BACON on the different claſſes of our prejudices, or thoſe of LOCKE on the abuſe of words, turn his attention to the ſpeculations of ſome of our contemporary theoriſts; and he will at once perceive the diſtinction between the two modes of inveſtigation which I wiſh at preſent to contraſt. " Reaſoning," ſays one of the moſt ingenious, and original of theſe, " is that " operation of the *ſenſorium*, by which we ex- " cite two or many tribes of ideas; and then

" re-excite

" re-excite the ideas, in which they differ or " correſpond. If we determine this difference, " it is called Judgment; if we in vain endea- " vour to determine it, it is called Doubting.— " If we re-excite the ideas in which they dif- " fer, it is called Diſtinguiſhing; if we re-ex- " cite thoſe in which they correſpond, it is call- " ed Comparing *."—In what acceptation the word *idea* is to be underſtood in the foregoing paſſage, may be learned from the following definition of the ſame author:—" The word *idea* " has various meanings in the writers of me- " taphyſic: It is here uſed ſimply for thoſe no- " tions of external things, which our organs of " ſenſe bring us acquainted with originally; " and is defined, a contraction, or motion, or " configuration, of the fibres, which conſtitute " the immediate organ of ſenſe †."—Mr HUME, who was leſs of a phyſiologiſt than Dr DARWIN, has made uſe of a language by no means ſo theoretical and arbitrary; but ſtill widely removed from

* *Zoonomia*, vol. i p. 181. 3d edit.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

from the ſimplicity and preciſion eſſentially neceſſary in ſtudies, where every thing depends on the cautious uſe of terms. "Belief," according to him, is "a lively idea related to or aſſociated "with a preſent impreſſion; Memory is the fa- "culty by which we repeat our impreſſions, ſo "as that they retain a conſiderable degree of "their firſt vivacity, and are ſomewhat inter- "mediate betwixt an idea and an impreſſion."

According to the views of Dr Reid, the terms which expreſs the ſimple powers of the mind, are conſidered as unſuſceptible of definition or explanation; the words, Feeling, for example, Knowledge, Will, Doubt, Belief, being, in this reſpect, on the ſame footing with the words, Green or Scarlet, Sweet or Bitter. To the names of theſe mental operations, all men annex ſome notions, more or leſs diſtinct; and the only way of conveying to them notions more correct, is by teaching them to exerciſe their own powers of reflection. The definitions quoted from Hume and Darwin, even if they were more unexceptionable in point of phraſeology, would, for theſe reaſons, be unphiloſophical, as attempts to ſimplify what is incapable of analyſis; but,

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as they are actually ſtated, they not only envelop truth in myſtery, but lay a foundation, at the very outſet, for an erroneous theory. It is worth while to add, that of the two theories in queſtion, that of DARWIN, how inferior ſoever, in the eſtimation of competent judges, as a philoſophical work, is by far the beſt calculated to impoſe on a very wide circle of readers, by the mixture it exhibits of crude and viſionary metaphyſics, with thoſe important facts and concluſions which might be expected from the talents and experience of ſuch a writer, in the preſent advanced ſtate of medical and phyſiological ſcience. The queſtions which have been hitherto confined to a few, prepared for ſuch diſcuſſions by habits of philoſophical ſtudy, are thus ſubmitted to the conſideration,—not only of the cultivated and enlightened minds, which adorn the medical profeſſion,—but of the half-informed multitude who follow the medical trade: Nor is it to be doubted, that many of theſe will give the author credit, upon ſubjects of which they feel themſelves incompetent to judge, for the ſame ability which he diſplays within their own profeſſional ſphere. The hypothetical

pothetical principles aſſumed by HUME are intelligible to thoſe only who are familiarized to the language of the ſchools; and his ingenuity and elegance, captivating as they are to men of taſte and refinement, poſſeſs ſlight attractions to the majority of ſuch as are moſt likely to be miſled by his concluſions.

After all, I do not apprehend that the phyſiological theories concerning the mind, which have made ſo much noiſe of late, will produce a very laſting impreſſion. The ſplendour of Dr DARWIN's accompliſhments could not fail to beſtow a temporary importance on whatever opinions were ſanctioned by his name; as the chemical diſcoveries which have immortalized that of PRIESTLEY, have, for a while, recalled from oblivion the reveries of HARTLEY. But, abſtracting from theſe accidental inſtances, in which human reaſon ſeems to have held a retrograde courſe, there has certainly been, ſince the time of DES CARTES, a continual, and, on the whole, a very remarkable approach to the inductive plan of ſtudying human nature. We may trace this in the writings even of thoſe who profeſs to conſider *thought* merely as *an agitation of the brain*;—

brain;—in the writings more particularly of HUME and of HELVETIUS; both of whom, although they may have occaſionally expreſſed themſelves in an unguarded manner concerning the nature of mind, have, in their moſt uſeful and practical diſquiſitions, been prevented, by their own good ſenſe, from blending any theory with reſpect to the *cauſes* of the intellectual phenomena with the hiſtory of facts, or the inveſtigation of general laws. The authors who form the moſt conſpicuous exceptions to this gradual progreſs, conſiſt chiefly of men, whoſe errors may be eaſily accounted for, by the prejudices connected with their circumſcribed habits of obſervation and inquiry;—of Phyſiologiſts, accuſtomed to attend to that part alone of the human frame, which the knife of the Anatomiſt can lay open; or of Chemiſts, who enter on the analyſis of Thought, freſh from the decompoſitions of the laboratory;—carrying into the Theory of Mind itſelf (what BACON expreſſively calls) "the ſmoke "and tarniſh of the furnace." Of the value of ſuch purſuits, none can think more highly than myſelf; but I muſt be allowed to obſerve, that the moſt diſtinguiſhed pre-eminence in them does not

neceſſarily imply a capacity of collected and abſtracted reflection, or an underſtanding ſuperior to the prejudices of early aſſociation, and the illuſions of popular language. I will not go ſo far as CICERO, when he aſcribes to thoſe who poſſeſs theſe advantages, a more than ordinary vigour of intellect: "*Magni eſt ingenii revoca-*" *re mentem a ſenſibus, et cogitationem a conſue-*" *tudine abducere.*" I would only claim for them, the merit of patient and cautious reſearch; and would exact from their antagoniſts the ſame qualifications *.

In offering theſe remarks, I have no wiſh to exalt any one branch of uſeful knowledge at the expence of another, but to combat prejudices equally fatal to the progreſs of them all.—With the ſame view, I cannot help taking notice of a prevailing, but very miſtaken idea, that the formation of a hypothetical ſyſtem is a ſtronger proof of inventive genius, than the patient inveſtigation of Nature, in the way of induction. To form a ſyſtem, appears to the young and inexperienced underſtanding, a ſpecies of creation; to aſcend ſlowly to general concluſions, from the obſervation

* NOTE D.

obſervation and compariſon of particular facts, is to comment ſervilely on the works of another.

No opinion, ſurely, can be more groundleſs. To fix on a few principles, or even on a ſingle principle, as the foundation of a theory; and, by an artful ſtatement of ſuppoſed facts, aided by a dexterous uſe of language, to give a plauſible explanation, by means of it, of an immenſe number of phenomena; is within the reach of moſt men whoſe talents have been a little exerciſed among the ſubtilties of the ſchools: Whereas, to follow Nature through all her varieties with a quick yet an exact eye;—to record faithfully what ſhe exhibits, and to record nothing more;—to trace, amidſt the diverſity of her operations, the ſimple and comprehenſive laws by which they are regulated, and ſometimes to gueſs at the beneficent purpoſes to which they are ſubſervient,—may be ſafely pronounced to be the higheſt effort of a created intelligence. And, accordingly, the number of ingenious theoriſts has, in every age, been great; that of ſound philoſophers has been wonderfully ſmall;—or rather, they are only beginning now to have a glimpſe of their way, in conſe-

quence of the combined lights furniſhed by their predeceſſors.

DES CARTES aimed at a complete ſyſtem of phyſics, deduced *à priori* from the abſtract ſuggeſtions of his own reaſon: NEWTON aſpired no higher, than at a faithful "interpretation of "Nature," in a few of the more general laws which ſhe preſents to our notice: And yet the intellectual power diſplayed in the voluminous writings of the former vaniſhes into nothing, when compared with what we may trace in a ſingle page of the latter. On this occaſion, a remark of Lord BACON appears ſingularly appoſite; that "ALEXANDER and CÆSAR, though "they acted without the aid of magic or pro-"digy, performed exploits that are truly greater "than what Fable reports of King ARTHUR or "AMADIS DE GAUL."

I ſhall only add farther on this head, that the laſt obſervation holds more ſtrictly with reſpect to the philoſophy of the human mind, than any other branch of ſcience; for there is no ſubject whatever, on which it is ſo eaſy to form theories calculated to impoſe on the multitude; and none, where the diſcovery of truth is attend-

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ed with ſo many difficulties. One great cauſe of this is, the analogical or theoretical terms employed in ordinary language to expreſs every thing relating either to our intellectual or active powers; in conſequence of which, ſpecious explanations of the moſt myſterious phenomena may be given to ſuperficial inquirers; while, at the ſame time, the labour of juſt inveſtigation is increaſed to an incalculable degree.

2. To allege, that in this circumſcription of the field of our inquiries concerning the mind, there is any tendency to repreſs a reaſonable and philoſophical curioſity, is a charge no leſs unfounded than the former; inaſmuch as every phyſical inquiry concerning the material world is circumſcribed by limits preciſely analogous. In all our inveſtigations, whatever their ſubject may be, the buſineſs of philoſophy is confined to a reference of particular facts to other facts more general; and our moſt ſucceſsful reſearches muſt at length terminate in ſome law of nature, of which no explanation can be given. —In its application to Dr REID's writings, this objection has, I think, been more pointedly directed againſt his reaſonings concerning the pro-

ceſs of nature in perception; a part of his writings which (as it is of fundamental importance in his general ſyſtem) he has laboured with peculiar care. The reſult is, indeed, by no means flattering to the pride of thoſe theoriſts, who profeſs to explain every thing; for it amounts to an acknowledgment, that, after all the lights which anatomy and phyſiology ſupply, the information we obtain, by means of our ſenſes, concerning the exiſtence and the qualities of matter, is no leſs incomprehenſible to our faculties, than it appears to the moſt illiterate peaſant; and that all we have gained, is a more preciſe and complete acquaintance with ſome particulars in our animal economy,—highly intereſting indeed when regarded in their proper light, as acceſſions to our phyſical knowledge, but, conſidered in connexion with the philoſophy of the mind, affording only a more accurate ſtatement of the aſtoniſhing phenomena which we would vainly endeavour to explain. This language has been charged, but moſt unjuſtly and ignorantly, with *myſticiſm*; for the ſame charge may be brought, with equal fairneſs againſt all the moſt important diſcoveries in the ſciences. It was in truth,

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the very objection urged againſt NEWTON, when his adverſaries contended, that *gravity* was to be ranked with the *occult qualities* of the ſchoolmen, till its mechanical cauſe ſhould be aſſigned; and the anſwer given to this objection by Sir ISAAC NEWTON's commentator, Mr MACLAURIN, may be literally applied, in the inſtance before us, to the inductive philoſophy of the human mind.

"The opponents of NEWTON, finding nothing "to object to his obſervations and reaſonings, "pretended to find a reſemblance between his "doctrines and the exploded tenets of the ſcho- "laſtic philoſophy. They triumphed mightily "in treating gravity as an occult quality, be- "cauſe he did not pretend to deduce this prin- "ciple fully from its cauſe. . . . . I know "not that ever it was made an objection to "the circulation of the blood, that there is "no ſmall difficulty in accounting for it me- "chanically. They, too, who firſt extend- "ed gravity to air, vapour, and to all bodies "round the earth, had their praiſe; though "the cauſe of gravity was as obſcure as before; "or *rather appeared more myſterious*, after they "had ſhewn, that there was no body found

" near the earth, exempt from gravity, that " might be ſuppoſed to be its cauſe. Why, " then, were his admirable diſcoveries, by which " this principle was extended over the univerſe, " ſo ill reliſhed by ſome philoſophers? The " truth is, he had, with great evidence, over- " thrown the boaſted ſchemes by which they " pretended to unravel all the myſteries of Na- " ture; and the philoſophy he introduced, in " place of them, carrying with it a ſincere con- " feſſion of our being far from a complete and " perfect knowledge of it, could not pleaſe thoſe " who had been accuſtomed to imagine them- " ſelves poſſeſſed of the eternal reaſons and pri- " mary cauſes of all things.

" It was, however, no new thing that this phi- " loſophy ſhould meet with oppoſition. All the " uſeful diſcoveries that were made in former " times, and particularly in the ſeventeenth cen- " tury, had to ſtruggle with the prejudices of " thoſe who had accuſtomed themſelves, not ſo " much as to think but in a certain ſyſtematic " way; who could not be prevailed on to " abandon their favourite ſchemes, while they " were able to imagine the leaſt pretext for

" continuing

" continuing the diſpute. Every art and talent " was diſplayed to ſupport their falling cauſe; " no aid ſeemed foreign to them that could in any " manner annoy their adverſary; and ſuch often- " ten was their obſtinacy, that truth was able to " make little progreſs, till they were ſucceeded " by younger perſons, who had not ſo ſtrongly " imbibed their prejudices."

Theſe excellent obſervations are not the leſs applicable to the ſubject now under conſideration, that the part of Dr REID's writings which ſuggeſted the quotation, leads only to the correction of an inveterate prejudice, not to any new general concluſion. It is probable, indeed, (now that the Ideal Theory has in a great meaſure diſappeared from our late metaphyſical ſyſtems), that thoſe who have a pleaſure in detracting from the merits of their predeceſſors, may be diſpoſed to repreſent it as an idle waſte of labour and ingenuity to have entered into a ſerious refutation of a hypotheſis at once gratuitous and inconceivable. A different judgment, however, will be formed by ſuch, as are acquainted with the extenſive influence, which, from the earlieſt accounts of ſcience, this ſingle

prejudice

prejudice has had in vitiating almoſt every branch of the philoſophy of the mind; and who, at the ſame time, recollect the names of the illuſtrious men, by whom, in more modern times, it has been adopted as an incontrovertible principle. It is ſufficient for me to mention thoſe of BERKELEY, HUME, LOCKE, CLARKE and NEWTON. To the two firſt of theſe, it has ſerved as the baſis of their ſceptical concluſions, which ſeem indeed to follow from it as neceſſary conſequences; while the others repeatedly refer to it in their reaſonings, as one of thoſe facts concerning the mind, of which it would be equally ſuperfluous to attempt a proof or a refutation.

I have enlarged on this part of Dr REID's writings the more fully, as he was himſelf diſpoſed, on all occaſions, to reſt upon it his chief merit as an author. In proof of this, I ſhall tranſcribe a few ſentences from a letter of his to Dr GREGORY, dated 20th Auguſt 1790.

" It would be want of candour not to own, that
" I think there is ſome merit in what you are
" pleaſed to call *my Philoſophy;* but I think it lies
" chiefly in having called in queſtion the common
" theory of *Ideas or Images of things in the mind*
" being

" being the only objects of thought; a theory
" founded on natural prejudices, and ſo univer-
" ſally received as to be interwoven with the
" ſtructure of language. Yet were I to give
" you a detail of what led me to call in queſtion
" this theory, after I had long held it as ſelf-
" evident and unqueſtionable, you would think,
" as I do, that there was much of chance in the
" matter. The diſcovery was the birth of time,
" not of genius; and BERKELEY and HUME did
" more to bring it to light than the man that
" hit upon it. I think there is hardly any thing
" that can be called *mine* in the philoſophy of
" the mind, which does not follow with eaſe
" from the detection of this prejudice.

" I muſt, therefore, beg of you moſt earneſt-
" ly, to make no contraſt in my favour to the
" diſparagement of my predeceſſors in the ſame
" purſuit. I can truly ſay of them, and ſhall al-
" ways avow, what you are pleaſed to ſay of
" me, that but for the aſſiſtance I have received
" from their writings, I never could have wrote
" or thought what I have done."

3. Somewhat connected with the laſt objec-tion, are the cenſures which have been ſo fre-

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quently beſtowed on Dr Reid, for an unneceſſary and unſyſtematical multiplication of original or inſtinctive principles.

In reply to theſe cenſures, I have little to add to what I have remarked on the ſame topic, in the *Philoſophy of the Human Mind.* That the fault which is thus aſcribed to Dr Reid has been really committed by ſome ingenious writers in this part of the iſland, I moſt readily allow; nor will I take upon me to aſſert, that he has, in no inſtance, fallen into it himſelf. Such inſtances, however, will be found, on an accurate examination of his works, to be comparatively few, and to bear a very trifling proportion to thoſe, in which he has moſt ſucceſsfully and deciſively diſplayed his acuteneſs, in expoſing the premature and flimſy generalizations of his predeceſſors.

A certain degree of leaning to that extreme to which Dr Reid ſeems to have inclined, was, at the time when he wrote, much ſafer than the oppoſite bias. From the earlieſt ages, the ſciences in general, and more particularly the ſcience of the human mind, have been vitiated by an undue love of ſimplicity; and, in the courſe

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of the laſt century, this diſpoſition, after having been long diſplayed in ſubtile theories concerning the Active Powers, or the Principles of Human Conduct, has been directed to ſimilar refinements with reſpect to the Faculties of the Underſtanding, and the Truths with which they are converſant. Mr HUME himſelf has coincided ſo far with the HARTLEIAN ſchool, as to repreſent the "principle of union and coheſion "among our ſimple ideas as a kind of *attrac-* "*tion*, of as univerſal application in the Men- "tal world as in the Natural *;" and Dr HARTLEY, with a ſtill more ſanguine imagination, looked forward to an æra, "when future "generations ſhall put all kinds of evidences "and inquiries into mathematical forms; re- "ducing ARISTOTLE's ten categories, and Biſhop "WILKIN's forty *ſumma geneta*, to the head of "quantity alone, ſo as to make mathematics and "logic, natural hiſtory and civil hiſtory, na- "tural philoſophy and philoſophy of all other "kinds, coincide *omni ex parte* †."

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* *Treatiſe of Human Nature*, vol. i. p. 30.

† HARTLEY *on Man*, p. 207. 4to edit. London, 1791.

It is needleſs to remark the obvious tendency of ſuch premature generalizations to withdraw the attention from the ſtudy of particular phenomena; while the effect of REID's mode of philoſophizing, even in thoſe inſtances where it is carried to an exceſs, is to detain us, in this preliminary ſtep, a little longer than is abſolutely neceſſary. The truth is, that when the phenomena are once aſcertained, generalization is here of comparatively little value, and a taſk of far leſs difficulty than to obſerve facts with preciſion, and to record them with fairneſs.

In no part of Dr REID's writings, I am inclined to think, could more plauſible criticiſms be made on this ground, than in his claſſification of our active principles; but even there, the facts are always placed fully and diſtinctly before the reader. That ſeveral of the benevolent affections which he has ſtated as ultimate facts in our conſtitution, might be analyzed into the ſame general principle differently modified, according to circumſtances, there can, in my opinion, be little doubt. This, however, (as I have elſewhere obſerved *), notwithſtanding the

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* *Outlines of Moral Philoſophy*, pp. 79, 80. 2d edit. Edin. 1801.

ſtreſs which has been ſometimes laid upon it, is chiefly a queſtion of arrangement. Whether we ſuppoſe theſe affections to be all ultimate facts, or ſome of them to be reſolvable into other facts more general; they are equally to be regarded as conſtituent parts of human nature; and, upon either ſuppoſition, we have equal reaſon to admire the wiſdom with which that nature is adapted to the ſituation in which it is placed.—The laws which regulate the acquired perceptions of Sight, are ſurely as much a part of our frame, as thoſe which regulate any of our original perceptions; and, although they require, for their development, a certain degree of experience and obſervation in the individual, the uniformity of the reſult ſhews, that there is nothing arbitrary nor accidental in their origin. In this point of view, what can be more philoſophical, as well as beautiful, than the words of Mr FERGUSON, That "natural affec-" tion ſprings up in the ſoul of the mother, as " the milk ſprings in her breaſt, to furniſh nou-" riſhment to her child!"—"The effect is here " to the race," as the ſame author has excellently obſerved, "what the vital motion of the

" heart

" heart is to the individual; too neceſſary to " the preſervation of nature's works, to be " intruſted to the precarious will or intention " of thoſe moſt nearly concerned*."

The queſtion, indeed, concerning the origin of our different affections, leads to ſome curious analytical diſquiſitions; but is of very ſubordinate importance to thoſe inquiries which relate to their laws, and uſes, and mutual references. In many ethical ſyſtems, however, it ſeems to have been conſidered as the moſt intereſting ſubject of diſquiſition which this wonderful part of our frame preſents.

In Dr REID's *Eſſays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, and in his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, I recollect little that can juſtly incur a ſimilar cenſure; notwithſtanding the ridicule which Dr PRIESTLEY has attempted to throw on the laſt of theſe performances, in his " *Table of* " REID's *Inſtinctive Principles* †." To examine all

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* *Principles of Moral and Political Science*, Part I. chap. 1. ſect. 3. *Of the principles of ſociety in human nature.*—The whole diſcuſſion unites, in a ſingular degree, the ſoundeſt philoſophy with the moſt eloquent deſcription.

† *Examination of* REID's *Inquiry*, &c. London, 1774.

all the articles enumerated in that table, would require a greater latitude of diſquiſition than the limits of this memoir allow; and, therefore, I ſhall confine my obſervations to a few inſtances, where the precipitancy of the general criticiſm ſeems to me to admit of little diſpute. In this light I cannot help conſidering it, when applied to thoſe diſpoſitions or determinations of the mind, to which Dr REID has given the names of the *Principle of Credulity*, and the *Principle of Veracity*. How far theſe titles are happily choſen, is a queſtion of little moment; and on that point I am ready to make every conceſſion. I contend only for what is eſſentially connected with the objection which has given riſe to theſe remarks.

"That any man" (ſays Dr PRIESTLEY) "ſhould "imagine that a peculiar inſtinctive principle "was neceſſary to explain our giving credit to "the relations of others, appears to me, who have "been uſed to ſee things in a different light, very "extraordinary; and yet this doctrine is advan-"ced by Dr REID, and adopted by Dr BEATTIE. "But really" (he adds) "what the former ſays

" in favour of it, is hardly deſerving of the ſlight-
" eſt notice *."

The paſſage quoted by Dr PRIESTLEY, in juſtification of this very peremptory deciſion, is as follows: " If credulity were the effect of rea-
" ſoning and experience, it muſt grow up and
" gather ſtrength in the ſame proportion as
" reaſon and experience do. But if it is the
" gift of nature, it will be the ſtrongeſt in child-
" hood, and limited and reſtrained by experi-
" ence; and the moſt ſuperficial view of human
" life ſhews that this laſt is the caſe, and not the
" firſt."

To my own judgment, this argument of Dr REID's, when connected with the excellent illuſtrations which accompany it, carries complete conviction; and I am confirmed in my opinion by finding, that Mr SMITH (a writer inferior to none in acuteneſs, and ſtrongly diſpoſed by the peculiar bent of his genius, to ſimplify, as far as poſſible, the Philoſophy of Human Nature) has, in the lateſt edition of his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, acquieſced in this very concluſion; urging in ſupport of it the ſame reaſoning which Dr PRIESTLEY

* *Examination of* REID's *Inquiry*, &c. p. 82.

PRIESTLEY affects to eſtimate ſo lightly. "There "ſeems to be in young children an inſtinctive "diſpoſition to believe whatever they are told. "Nature ſeems to have judged it neceſſary for "their preſervation that they ſhould, for ſome "time at leaſt, put implicit confidence in thoſe "to whom the care of their childhood, and of "the earlieſt and moſt neceſſary part of their "education, is intruſted. Their credulity, ac-"cordingly, is exceſſive, and it requires long "and much experience of the falſehood of man-"kind to reduce them to a reaſonable degree of "diffidence and diſtruſt *."—That Mr SMITH's opinion alſo coincided with Dr REID's, in what he has ſtated concerning the *principle of Veracity*, appears evidently from the remarks which immediately follow the paſſage juſt quoted.—But I muſt not add to the length of this memoir by unneceſſary citations.

Another inſtinctive principle mentioned by REID, is "our belief of the continuance of "the preſent courſe of nature."—"All our "knowledge of nature" (he obſerves) "be-"yond our original perceptions, is got by expe-

 "rience,

* SMITH's *Theory*, laſt edit. Part VII. ſect. 4.

" rience, and conſiſts in the interpretation of " natural ſigns. The appearance of the ſign is " followed by the belief of the thing ſignified. " Upon this principle of our conſtitution, not " only acquired perception, but alſo inductive " reaſoning, and all reaſoning from analogy, is " grounded; and, therefore, for want of a better " name, we ſhall beg leave to call it the *inductive* " *principle.* It is from the force of this prin- " ciple that we immediately aſſent to that axiom, " upon which all our knowledge of nature is " built, that effects of the ſame kind muſt have " the ſame cauſe. Take away the light of this " inductive principle, and experience is as blind " as a mole. She may indeed feel what is preſent, " and what immediately touches her, but ſhe " ſees nothing that is either before or behind, " upon the right hand or upon the left, future " or paſt."

On this doctrine, likewiſe, the ſame critic has expreſſed himſelf with much ſeverity; calling it " a mere quibble;" and adding, " Every ſtep " that I take among this writer's ſophiſms, raiſes " my aſtoniſhment higher than before." In this, however, as in many other inſtances, he has been led

led to cenſure Dr REID, not becauſe he was able to ſee farther than his antagoniſt, but becauſe he did not ſee quite ſo far. TURGOT, in an article inſerted in the French *Encyclopédie*, and CONDORCET, in a diſcourſe prefixed to one of his mathematical publications *, have, both of them, ſtated the fact with a true philoſophical preciſion; and, after doing ſo, have deduced from it an inference, not only the ſame in ſubſtance with that of Dr REID, but almoſt expreſſed in the ſame form of words.

In theſe references, as well as in that already made to Mr SMITH's *Theory*, I would not be underſtood to lay any undue ſtreſs on authority, in a philoſophical argument. I wiſh only, by contraſting the modeſty and caution reſulting from habits of profound thought, with that theoretical intrepidity which a blindneſs to inſuperable difficulties has a tendency to inſpire, to invite thoſe whoſe prejudices againſt this part of REID's ſyſtem reſt chiefly on the great names to which they conceive it to be hoſtile, to re-examine it

* *Eſſai ſur l'application de l'analyſe à la probabilité des deciſions rendues à la pluralité des voix.* Paris 1785.

with a little more attention, before they pronounce finally on its merits.

The prejudices which are apt to occur againſt a mode of philoſophizing, ſo mortifying to ſcholaſtic arrogance, are encouraged greatly by that natural diſpoſition, to refer particular facts to general laws, which is the foundation of all ſcientific arrangement; a principle of the utmoſt importance to our intellectual conſtitution, but which requires the guidance of a ſound and experienced underſtanding to accompliſh the purpoſes for which it was deſtined. They are encouraged alſo, in no inconſiderable degree, by the acknowledged ſucceſs of Mathematicians, in raiſing, on the baſis of a few ſimple *data*, the moſt magnificent, and at the ſame time the moſt ſolid, fabric of ſcience, of which human genius can boaſt. The abſurd references which Logicians are accuſtomed to make to EUCLID's *Elements of Geometry*, as a model which cannot be too ſtudiouſly copied, both in Phyſics and in Morals, have contributed, in this as in a variety of other inſtances, to miſlead philoſophers from the ſtudy of facts, into the falſe refinements of hypothetical theory.

On

On theſe miſapplications of Mathematical Method to ſciences which reſt ultimately on experiment and obſervation, I ſhall take another opportunity of offering ſome ſtrictures. At preſent, it is ſufficient to remark the peculiar nature of the truths about which pure or abſtract mathematics are converſant. As theſe truths have all a neceſſary connexion with each other, (all of them reſting ultimately on thoſe definitions or hypotheſes which are the principles of our reaſoning), the beauty of the ſcience cannot fail to increaſe in proportion to the ſimplicity of the *data*, compared with the incalculable variety of conſequences which they involve: And to the ſimplifications and generalizations of theory on ſuch a ſubject, it is perhaps impoſſible to conceive any limit. How different is the caſe in thoſe inquiries, where our firſt principles are not *definitions* but *facts*; and where our buſineſs is not to trace neceſſary connexions, but the laws which regulate the eſtabliſhed order of the univerſe!

In various attempts which have been lately made, more eſpecially on the Continent, towards a ſyſtematical expoſition of the elements of Phyſics, the effects of the miſtake I am now cenſu

ring are extremely remarkable. The happy uſe of mathematical principles exhibited in the writings of NEWTON and his followers, having rendered an extenſive knowledge of them an indiſpenſable preparation for the ſtudy of the Mechanical Philoſophy, the early habits of thought acquired in the former purſuit are naturally transferred to the latter. Hence the illogical and obſcure manner in which its elementary principles have frequently been ſtated; an attempt being made to deduce from the ſmalleſt poſſible number of *data*, the whole ſyſtem of truths which it comprehends. The analogy exiſting among ſome of the fundamental laws of mechanics, beſtows, in the opinion of the multitude, an appearance of plauſibility on ſuch attempts; and their obvious tendency is to withdraw the attention from that unity of deſign, which it is the nobleſt employment of philoſophy to illuſtrate, by diſguiſing it under the ſemblance of an eternal and neceſſary order, ſimilar to what the mathematician delights to trace among the mutual relations of quantities and figures.

Theſe ſlight hints may ſerve as a reply in part to what Dr PRIESTLEY has ſuggeſted with reſpect to the conſequences likely to follow, if the ſpirit of

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REID's philoſophy ſhould be introduced into phyſics *.—One conſequence would unqueſtionably be, a careful ſeparation between the principles which we learn from experience alone, and thoſe which are fairly reſolvable, by mathematical or phyſical reaſoning, into other facts ſtill more general; and, of courſe, a correction of that falſe logic, which, while it throws an air of myſtery over the plaineſt and moſt undeniable facts, levels the ſtudy of nature, in point of moral intereſt, with the inveſtigations of the Geometer or of the Algebraiſt.

It muſt not, however, be ſuppoſed, that, in the preſent ſtate of Natural Philoſophy, a falſe logic threatens the ſame dangerous effects as in the Philoſophy of the Mind. It may retard ſomewhat the progreſs of the ſtudent at his firſt outſet; or it may confound, in his apprehenſions, the harmony of ſyſtematical order, with the conſiſtency and mutual dependency eſſential to a ſeries of mathematical theorems: but the fundamental truths of phyſics are now too well eſtabliſhed, and the checks which it furniſhes againſt ſophiſtry are too numerous and palpable,

* *Examination of* REID's *Inquiry*, p. 110.

palpable, to admit the poſſibility of any permanent error in our deductions. In the philoſophy of the mind, ſo difficult is the acquiſition of thoſe habits of Reflection which can alone lead to a correct knowledge of the intellectual *phænomena*, that a faulty hypotheſis, if ſkilfully fortified by the impoſing, though illuſory ſtrength of arbitrary definitions and a ſyſtematical phraſeology, may maintain its ground for a ſucceſſion of ages.

It will not, I truſt, be inferred from any thing I have here advanced, that I mean to offer an apology for thoſe, who, either in phyſics or morals, would preſumptuouſly ſtate their own opinions with reſpect to the laws of nature, as a bar againſt future attempts to ſimplify and generalize them ſtill farther. To aſſert, that none of the mechanical explanations yet given of Gravitation are ſatisfactory; and even to hint, that ingenuity might be more profitably employed than in the ſearch of ſuch a theory, is ſomething different from a gratuitous aſſumption of ultimate facts in phyſics; nor does it imply an obſtinate determination to reſiſt legitimate evidence, ſhould ſome fortunate inquirer,

rer,—contrary to what ſeems probable at preſent, —ſucceed where the genius of NEWTON has failed. If Dr REID has gone farther than this in his concluſions concerning the principles which he calls original or inſtinctive, he has departed from that guarded language in which he commonly expreſſes himſelf;—for all that it was of importance for him to conclude was, that the theories of his predeceſſors were, in theſe inſtances, exceptionable;—and the doubts he may occaſionally inſinuate, concerning the ſucceſs of future adventurers, ſo far from betraying any overweening confidence in his own underſtanding, are an indirect tribute to the talents of thoſe, from whoſe failure he draws an argument againſt the poſſibility of their undertaking.

The ſame eagerneſs to ſimplify and to generalize, which led PRIESTLEY to complain of the number of REID's inſtinctive principles, has carried ſome later philoſophers a ſtep farther. According to them, the very word *inſtinct* is unphiloſophical; and every thing either in man or brute, which has been hitherto referred to this myſterious ſource, may be eaſily account-

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ed for by experience or imitation. A few inſtances in which this doctrine appears to have been ſucceſsfully verified, have been deemed ſufficient to eſtabliſh it without any limitation.

In a very original work, on which I have already hazarded ſome criticiſms, much ingenuity has been employed in analyzing the wonderful efforts which the human infant is enabled to make for its own preſervation, the moment after its introduction to the light. Thus, it is obſerved, that the *fœtus*, while ſtill in the *uterus*, learns to perform the operation of ſwallowing; and alſo learns to relieve itſelf, by a change of poſture, from the irkſomeneſs of continued reſt: And, therefore, (if we admit theſe propoſitions), we muſt conclude, that ſome of the actions which infants are vulgarly ſuppoſed to perform in conſequence of inſtincts coeval with birth, are only a continuation of actions to which they were determined at an earlier period of their being. The remark is ingenious, and it may perhaps be juſt; but it does not prove, that *inſtinct* is an unphiloſophical term; nor does it render the operations of the infant

leſs

leſs myſterious than they ſeem to be on the common ſuppoſition. How far ſoever the analyſis, in ſuch inſtances, may be carried, we muſt at laſt arrive at ſome *phænomenon* no leſs wonderful than that we mean to explain:—in other words, we muſt ſtill admit as an ultimate fact, the exiſtence of an original determination to a particular mode of action ſalutary or neceſſary to the animal; and all we have accompliſhed is to connect the origin of this inſtinct with an earlier period in the hiſtory of the human mind.

The ſame author has attempted to account, in a manner ſomewhat ſimilar, for the different degrees in which the young of different animals are able, at the moment of birth, to exert their bodily powers. Thus, calves and chickens are able to walk almoſt immediately; while the human infant, even in the moſt favourable ſituations, is ſix or even twelve months old before he can ſtand alone. For this, Dr DARWIN aſſigns two cauſes. 1. That the young of ſome animals come into the world in a more complete ſtate than that of others:—the colt and lamb (for example) enjoying, in this reſpect, a

ſtriking

ſtriking advantage over the puppy and the rabbit. 2. That the mode of walking of ſome animals, coincides more perfectly than that of others, with the previous motions of the *fœtus in utero*. The ſtruggles of all animals (he obſerves) in the womb, muſt reſemble their manner of ſwimming, as by this kind of motion, they can beſt change their attitude in water. But the ſwimming of the calf and of the chicken reſembles their ordinary movements on the ground, which they have thus learned in part to execute, while concealed from our obſervation; whereas, the ſwimming of the human infant differing totally from his manner of walking, he has no opportunity of acquiring the laſt of theſe arts till he is expoſed to our view.—The theory is extremely plauſible, and does honour to the author's ſagacity; but it only places in a new light that provident care which Nature has taken of all her offspring in the infancy of their exiſtence.

Another inſtance may contribute towards a more ample illuſtration of the ſame ſubject. A lamb, not many minutes after it is dropped, proceeds to ſearch for its nouriſhment in that

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ſpot where alone it is to be found; applying both its limbs and its eyes to their reſpective offices. The peaſant obſerves the fact, and gives the name of *inſtinct*, or ſome correſponding term, to the unknown principle by which the animal is guided. On a more accurate examination of circumſtances, the philoſopher finds reaſon to conclude, that it is by the ſenſe of ſmelling, it is thus directed to its object. In proof of this, among other curious facts, the following has been quoted. "On diſſecting" (ſays GALEN) "a goat great with young, I found a "briſk *embryon*, and having detached it from "the *matrix*, and ſnatching it away before it "ſaw its dam, I brought it into a room where "there were many veſſels; ſome filled with "wine, others with oil, ſome with honey, "others with milk, or ſome other liquor; and "in others there were grains and fruits. We "firſt obſerved the young animal get upon its "feet and walk; then it ſhook itſelf, and af-"terwards ſcratched its ſide with one of its feet: "then we ſaw it ſmelling to every one of thoſe "things that were ſet in the room; and when "it had ſmelt to them all, it drank up the "milk."

" milk *." Admitting this very beautiful ſtory to be true, (and, for my own part, I am far from being diſpoſed to queſtion its probability), it only enables us to ſtate the fact with a little more preciſion, in conſequence of our having aſcertained, that it is to the ſenſe of ſmelling, the inſtinctive determination is attached. The concluſion of the peaſant is not here at variance with that of the philoſopher. It differs only in this, that he expreſſes himſelf in thoſe general terms which are ſuited to his ignorance of the particular proceſs by which Nature in this caſe accompliſhes her end; and, if he did otherwiſe, he would be cenſurable for prejudging a queſtion of which he is incompetent to form an accurate opinion.

The application of theſe illuſtrations to ſome of Dr REID's concluſions concerning the inſtinctive principles of the human mind, is, I flatter myſelf, ſufficiently manifeſt. They relate, indeed, to a ſubject which differs, in various reſpects, from that which has fallen under his more particular conſideration; but the ſame rules

* DARWIN, Vol. i. pp. 195, 196.

of philoſophizing will be found to apply equally to both.

4. The criticiſms which have been made on what Dr REID has written concerning the intuitive truths which he diſtinguiſhes by the title of *Principles of Common Senſe*, would require a more ample diſcuſſion, than I can now beſtow on them;—not that the importance of theſe criticiſms (of ſuch of them, at leaſt, as I have happened to meet with) demands a long or elaborate refutation; but becauſe the ſubject, according to the view I wiſh to take of it, involves ſome other queſtions of great moment and difficulty, relative to the foundations of human knowledge. Dr PRIESTLEY, the moſt formidable of Dr REID's antagoniſts, has granted as much in favour of this doctrine as it is worth while to contend for, on the preſent occaſion. "Had theſe writers" (he obſerves with reſpect to Dr REID and his followers) "aſſu-
"med, as the elements of their Common Senſe,
"certain truths which are ſo plain that no man
"could doubt of them, (without entering into
"the ground of our aſſent to them), their con-
"duct would have been liable to very little ob-

" jection. All that could have been ſaid would " have been, that, without any neceſſity, they " had made an innovation in the received uſe " of a term. For no perſon ever denied, that " there *are* ſelf-evident truths, and that theſe " muſt be aſſumed as the foundation of all our " reaſoning. I never met with any perſon who " did not acknowledge this, or heard of any " argumentative treatiſe that did not go upon " the ſuppoſition of it *." After ſuch an acknowledgment, it is impoſſible to forbear aſking, (with Dr CAMPBELL), " What is the great " point which Dr PRIESTLEY would controvert? " Is it, whether ſuch ſelf-evident truths ſhall " be denominated Principles of Common Senſe, " or be diſtinguiſhed by ſome other appella- " tion †?"

That the doctrine in queſtion has been, in ſome publications, preſented in a very exceptionable form, I moſt readily allow; nor would

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* *Examination of* Dr REID's *Inquiry*, &c. p. 119.

† *Philoſophy of Rhetoric*, vol. i. p. 111.—See Note E.

I be underſtood to ſubſcribe to it implicitly, even as it appears in the works of Dr Reid. It is but an act of juſtice to him, however, to requeſt, that his opinions may be judged of from his own works alone, not from thoſe of others who may have happened to coincide with him in certain tenets, or in certain modes of expreſſion; and that, before any ridicule be attempted on his concluſions concerning the authority of Common Senſe, his antagoniſts would take the trouble to examine in what acceptation he has employed that phraſe.

The truths which Dr Reid ſeems, in moſt inſtances, diſpoſed to refer to the judgment of this tribunal, might, in my opinion, be denominated more unexceptionably, "Fundamental Laws of "Human Belief." They have been called by a very ingenious foreigner, (M. Trembley of Geneva), but certainly with a ſingular infelicity of language, *Préjugés Légitimes*.—Of this kind are the following propoſitions; "I am the ſame "perſon to-day that I was yeſterday;" "The "material world has an exiſtence independent "of that of percipient beings;" "There are "other intelligent beings in the univerſe beſide

" myſelf;" "The future courſe of nature will " reſemble the paſt." Such truths no man but a philoſopher ever thinks of ſtating to himſelf in words; but all our conduct and all our reaſonings proceed on the ſuppoſition that they are admitted. The belief of them is eſſential for the preſervation of our animal exiſtence; and it is accordingly coeval with the firſt operations of the intellect.

One of the firſt writers who introduced the phraſe *Common Senſe* into the technical or appropriate language of logic, was Father BUFFIER, in a book entitled, *Traité des Premières Verités.* It has ſince been adopted by ſeveral authors of note in this country; particularly by Dr REID, Dr OSWALD and Dr BEATTIE; by all of whom, however, I am afraid, it muſt be confeſſed, it has been occaſionally employed without a due attention to preciſion. The laſt of theſe writers uſes it * to denote that power by which the mind perceives the truth of any intuitive propoſition; whether it be an axiom of abſtract ſcience; or a ſtatement of ſome fact reſting on the immediate information of

* *Eſſay on Truth*, edition ſecond, p. 40. *et ſeq.*; alſo p. 166. *et ſeq.*

of conſciouſneſs, of perception, or of memory; or one of thoſe fundamental laws of belief which are implied in the application of our faculties to the ordinary buſineſs of life. The ſame extenſive uſe of the word may, I believe, be found in the other authors juſt mentioned. But no authority can juſtify ſuch a laxity in the employment of language in philoſophical diſcuſſions; for, if mathematical axioms be (as they are manifeſtly and indiſputably) a claſs of propoſitions eſſentially diſtinct from the other kinds of intuitive truths now deſcribed, why refer them all indiſcriminately to the ſame principle in our conſtitution? If this phraſe, therefore, be at all retained, preciſion requires, that it ſhould be employed in a more limited acceptation; and accordingly, in the works under our conſideration, it is appropriated moſt frequently, though by no means uniformly, to that claſs of Intuitive Truths which I have already called "Fundamental Laws of Belief *." When thus reſtricted, it conveys a notion, unambiguous at leaſt, and definite; and, conſequently, the queſtion

* This ſeems to be nearly the meaning annexed to the phraſe, by the learned and acute author of *the Philoſophy of Rhetoric*, vol. i. p. 109. *et ſeq.*

ſtion about its propriety or impropriety turns entirely on the coincidence of this definition with the meaning of the word as employed in ordinary diſcourſe. Whatever objections, therefore, may be ſtated to the expreſſion as now defined, will apply to it with additional force, when uſed with the latitude which has been already cenſured.

I have ſaid, that the queſtion about the propriety of the phraſe *Common Senſe* as employed by philoſophers, muſt be decided by an appeal to general practice: For, although it be allowable and even neceſſary for a philoſopher, to limit the acceptation of words which are employed vaguely in common diſcourſe, it is always dangerous to give to a word a ſcientific meaning eſſentially diſtinct from that in which it is uſually underſtood. It has, at leaſt, the effect of miſleading thoſe who do not enter deeply into the ſubject; and of giving a paradoxical appearance to doctrines, which, if expreſſed in more unexceptionable terms, would be readily admitted.

It appears to me, that this has actually happened in the preſent inſtance. The phraſe *Com-*

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Common Senſe, as it is generally underſtood, is nearly ſynonymous with *Mother-wit*; denoting that degree of ſagacity (depending partly on original capacity, and partly on perſonal experience and obſervation) which qualifies an individual for thoſe ſimple and eſſential occupations which all men are called on to exerciſe habitually by their common nature. In this acceptation, it is oppoſed to thoſe mental acquirements which are derived from a regular education, and from the ſtudy of books; and refers, not to the ſpeculative convictions of the underſtanding, but to that prudence and diſcretion which are the foundation of ſucceſsful conduct. Such is the idea which POPE annexes to the word, when, ſpeaking of good ſenſe, (which means only a more than ordinary ſhare of common ſenſe), he calls it

> "——————— the gift of Heaven,
> "And tho' no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven."

To ſpeak, accordingly, of appealing from the concluſions of philoſophy to common ſenſe, had the appearance, to title-page readers, of appealing from the verdict of the learned to the voice

of the multitude; or of attempting to ſilence free diſcuſſion, by a reference to ſome arbitrary and undefinable ſtandard, diſtinct from any of the intellectual powers hitherto enumerated by logicians. Whatever countenance may be ſuppoſed to have been given by ſome writers to ſuch an interpretation of this doctrine, I may venture to aſſert, that none is afforded by the works of Dr Reid. The ſtandard to which he appeals, is neither the creed of a particular ſect, nor the inward light of enthuſiaſtic preſumption; but that conſtitution of human nature without which all the buſineſs of the world would immediately ceaſe;—and the ſubſtance of his argument amounts merely to this, that thoſe eſſential laws of belief to which ſceptics have objected, when conſidered in connexion with our ſcientific reaſonings, are implied in every ſtep we take as active beihgs; and if called in queſtion by any man in his practical concerns, would expoſe him univerſally to the charge of inſanity.

In ſtating this important doctrine, it were perhaps to be wiſhed, that the ſubject had been treated with ſomewhat more of analytical accuracy; and it is certainly to be regretted, that

a phraſe ſhould have been employed, ſo well calculated by its ambiguity to furniſh a convenient handle to miſrepreſentations; but in the judgment of thoſe who have peruſed Dr Reid's writings with an intelligent and candid attention, theſe miſrepreſentations muſt recoil on their authors; while they who are really intereſted in the progreſs of uſeful ſcience, will be diſpoſed rather to lend their aid in ſupplying what is defective in his views, than to reject haſtily a doctrine which aims, by the developement of ſome logical principles, overlooked in the abſurd ſyſtems which have been borrowed from the ſchools, to vindicate the authority of truths intimately and extenſively connected with human happineſs.

In the proſecution of my own ſpeculations on the Human Mind, I ſhall have occaſion to explain myſelf fully, concerning this as well as various other queſtions connected with the foundations of philoſophical Evidence. The new doctrines, and new phraſeology on that ſubject, which have lately become faſhionable among ſome Metaphyſicians in Germany, and which, in my opinion, have contributed not a little to

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involve it in additional obſcurity, are a ſufficient proof that this eſſential and fundamental article of logic is not as yet completely exhauſted.

In order to bring the foregoing remarks within ſome compaſs, I have found it neceſſary to confine myſelf to ſuch objections as ſtrike at the root of Dr Reid's Philoſophy, without touching on any of his opinions on particular topics, however important. I have been obliged alſo to compreſs what I have ſtated, within narrower limits than were perhaps conſiſtent with complete perſpicuity; and to reject many illuſtrations which crowded upon me, at almoſt every ſtep of my progreſs.

It may not, perhaps, be ſuperfluous to add, that, ſuppoſing ſome of theſe objections to poſſeſs more force than I have aſcribed to them in my reply, it will not therefore follow, that little advantage is to be derived from a careful peruſal of the ſpeculations againſt which they are directed. Even they who diſſent the moſt widely from Dr Reid's concluſions, can

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ſcarcely fail to admit, that as a Writer he exhibits a ſtriking contraſt to the moſt ſucceſsful of his predeceſſors, in a logical preciſion and ſimplicity of language;—his ſtatement of facts being neither vitiated by phyſiological hypotheſis, nor obſcured by ſcholaſtic myſtery. Whoever has reflected on the infinite importance, in ſuch inquiries, of a ſkilful uſe of words as the eſſential inſtrument of thought, muſt be aware of the influence which his works are likely to have on the future progreſs of ſcience; were they to produce no other effect than a general imitation of his mode of reaſoning, and of his guarded phraſeology.

It is not indeed every reader to whom theſe inquiries are acceſſible; for habits of attention in general, and ſtill more habits of attention to the *phænomena* of thought, require early and careful cultivation: But thoſe who are capable of the exertion, will ſoon recogniſe, in Dr Reid's ſtatements, the faithful hiſtory of their own minds, and will find their labours amply rewarded by that ſatisfaction which always accompanies the diſcovery of uſeful truth. They may expect, alſo, to be rewarded by ſome intellectual

tellectual acquiſitions not altogether uſeleſs in their other ſtudies. An author well qualified to judge, from his own experience, of whatever conduces to invigorate or to embelliſh the underſtanding, has beautifully remarked, that " by " turning the ſoul inward on itſelf, its forces are " concentred, and are fitted for ſtronger and " bolder flights of ſcience; and that, in ſuch " purſuits, whether we take, or whether we loſe " the game, the chace is certainly of ſervice *." In this reſpect, the philoſophy of the mind (abſtracting entirely from that pre-eminence which belongs to it in conſequence of its practical applications) may claim a diſtinguiſhed rank among thoſe preparatory diſciplines, which another writer of no leſs eminence has happily compared to " the crops which are raiſed, not " for the ſake of the harveſt, but to be plough- " ed in as a dreſſing to the land †."

SECT.

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* Preface to Mr BURKE's *Eſſay on the Sublime and Beautiful.*

† Biſhop BERKELEY's *Queriſt.*

SECTION THIRD.

Concluſion of the Narrative.

THE three works to which the foregoing remarks refer, together with the Eſſay on Quantity, publiſhed in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions of the Royal Society of London*, and a ſhort but maſterly Analyſis of Ariſtotle's Logic, which forms an Appendix to the third volume of Lord KAMES's *Sketches*, comprehend the whole of Dr REID's publications. The interval between the dates of the firſt and laſt of theſe amounts to no leſs than forty years, although he had attained to the age of thirty-eight before he ventured to appear as an author.

With the *Eſſays on the Active Powers of Man*, he cloſed his literary career; but he continued, notwithſtanding, to proſecute his ſtudies with unabated ardour and activity. The more modern improvements in chemiſtry attracted his particular notice; and he applied himſelf, with his wonted diligence and ſucceſs, to the ſtudy of its new doctrines and new nomenclature. He

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amuſed himſelf, alſo, at times, in preparing for a Philoſophical Society, of which he was a member, ſhort Eſſays on particular topics, which happened to intereſt his curioſity, and on which he thought he might derive uſeful hints from friendly diſcuſſion. The moſt important of theſe were, *An Examination of* PRIESTLEY'S *Opinions concerning Matter and Mind; Obſervations on the Utopia of* Sir THOMAS MORE; *and Phyſiological Reflections on Muſcular Motion.* This laſt eſſay appears to have been written in the eighty-ſixth year of his age, and was read by the author to his aſſociates, a few months before his death. His "thoughts were led to the "ſpeculations it contains," (as he himſelf mentions in the concluſion), "by the experience of "ſome of the effects which old age produces on "the muſcular motions."—"As they were oc-"caſioned, therefore," (he adds), "by the in-"firmities of age, they will, I hope, be heard "with the greater indulgence."

Among the various occupations with which he thus enlivened his retirement, the mathematical purſuits of his earlier years held a diſtinguiſhed place. He delighted to converſe about

them

them with his friends; and often exerciſed his ſkill in the inveſtigation of particular problems. His knowledge of ancient geometry had not probably been, at any time, very extenſive; but he had cultivated diligently thoſe parts of mathematical ſcience which are ſubſervient to the ſtudy of Sir ISAAC NEWTON's Works. He had a predilection, more particularly, for reſearches requiring the aid of arithmetical calculation, in the practice of which he poſſeſſed uncommon expertneſs and addreſs. I think, I have ſometimes obſerved in him a ſlight and amiable vanity, connected with this accompliſhment.

The revival, at this period, of Dr REID's firſt ſcientific propenſity, has often recalled to me a favourite remark of Mr SMITH's, That of all the amuſements of old age, the moſt grateful and ſoothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favourite ſtudies, and favourite authors, of our youth; a remark which, in his own caſe, ſeemed to be more particularly exemplified, while he was re-peruſing, with the enthuſiaſm of a ſtudent, the tragic poets of ancient Greece. I heard him at leaſt, repeat the obſervation

obſervation more than once, while SOPHOCLES or EURIPIDES lay open on his table.

In the caſe of Dr REID, other motives perhaps conſpired with the influence of the agreeable aſſociations, to which Mr SMITH probably alluded. His attention was always fixed on the ſtate of his intellectual faculties; and for counteracting the effects of time on theſe, mathematical ſtudies ſeem to be fitted in a peculiar degree. They are fortunately, too, within the reach of many individuals, after a decay of memory diſqualifies them for inquiries which involve a multiplicity of details. Such detached problems, more eſpecially, as Dr REID commonly ſelected for his conſideration; problems where all the *data* are brought at once under the eye, and where a connected train of thinking is not to be carried on from day to day; will be found, (as I have witneſſed with pleaſure in ſeveral inſtances), by thoſe who are capable of ſuch a recreation, a valuable addition to the ſcanty reſources of a life protracted beyond the ordinary limit.

While he was thus enjoying an old age, happy in ſome reſpects beyond the uſual lot of humanity, his domeſtic comfort ſuffered a deep

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and incurable wound by the death of Mrs Reid. He had had the misfortune, too, of ſurviving, for many years, a numerous family of promiſing children; four of whom (two ſons and two daughters) died after they attained to maturity. One daughter only was left to him when he loſt his wife; and of her affectionate good offices he could not always avail himſelf, in conſequence of the attentions which her own huſband's infirmities required. Of this Lady, who is ſtill alive, (the widow of Patrick Carmichael, M. D *.), I ſhall have occaſion again to introduce the name, before I conclude this narrative.

A ſhort extract from a letter addreſſed to myſelf by Dr Reid, not many weeks after his wife's death, will, I am perſuaded, be acceptable to many, as an intereſting relic of the Writer.

"By the loſs of my boſom-friend, with whom "I lived fifty-two years, I am brought into a

* A learned and worthy Phyſician, who, after a long reſidence in Holland, where he practiſed medicine, retired to Glaſgow. He was a younger ſon of Profeſſor Gerschom Carmichael, who publiſhed, about the year 1720, an edition of Puffendorff, *De Officio Hominis et Civis*, and who is pronounced by Dr Hutcheson, "by far the "beſt commentator on that book."

" kind of new world, at a time of life when " old habits are not eaſily forgot, or new ones " acquired. But every world is GOD's world, " and I am thankful for the comforts he has left " me. Mrs CARMICHAEL has now the care of " two old deaf men, and does every thing in " her power to pleaſe them; and both are very " ſenſible of her goodneſs. I have more health " than at my time of life I had any reaſon to " expect. I walk about; entertain myſelf with " reading what I ſoon forget; can converſe with " one perſon, if he articulates diſtinctly, and is " within ten inches of my left ear; go to " church, without hearing one word of what is " ſaid. You know, I never had any pretenſions " to vivacity, but I am ſtill free from languor " and *ennui.*

" If you are weary of this detail, impute it to " the anxiety you expreſs to know the ſtate of " my health. I wiſh you may have no more un- " eaſineſs at my age,—being yours moſt affec- " tionately."

About four years after this event, he was prevailed on by his friend and relation Dr GREGORY, to paſs a few weeks, during the ſummer of

of 1796, at Edinburgh. He was accompanied by Mrs CARMICHAEL, who lived with him in Dr GREGORY's houſe; a ſituation which united, under the ſame roof, every advantage of medical care, of tender attachment, and of philoſophical intercourſe. As Dr GREGORY's profeſſional engagements, however, neceſſarily interfered much with his attentions to his gueſt, I enjoyed more of Dr REID's ſociety, than might otherwiſe have fallen to my ſhare. I had the pleaſure, accordingly, of ſpending ſome hours with him daily, and of attending him in his walking excurſions, which frequently extended to the diſtance of three or four miles.—His faculties (excepting his memory which was conſiderably impaired) appeared as vigorous as ever; and, although his deafneſs prevented him from taking any ſhare in general converſation, he was ſtill able to enjoy the company of a friend. Mr PLAYFAIR and myſelf were both witneſſes of the acuteneſs which he diſplayed on one occaſion, in detecting a miſtake, by no means obvious, in a manuſcript of his kinſman DAVID GREGORY, on the ſubject of *Prime and Ultimate Ratios*.—Nor

had his temper ſuffered from the hand of time, either in point of gentleneſs or of gaiety. "Inſtead of repining at the enjoyments of the "young, he delighted in promoting them; and, "after all the loſſes he had ſuſtained in his "own family, he continued to treat children "with ſuch condeſcenſion and benignity, that "ſome very young ones noticed the peculiar "kindneſs of his eye*."—In apparent ſoundneſs and activity of body, he reſembled more a man of ſixty than of eighty-ſeven.

He returned to Glaſgow in his uſual health and ſpirits; and continued, for ſome weeks, to devote, as formerly, a regular portion of his time to the exerciſe both of body and of mind. It appears, from a letter of Dr CLEGHORN's to Dr GREGORY, that he was ſtill able to work with his own hands in his garden; and he was found by Dr BROWN, occupied in the ſolution of an algebraical problem of conſiderable difficulty

* I have borrowed this ſentence from a juſt and elegant character of Dr REID, which appeared, a few days after his death, in one of the Glaſgow Journals. I had occaſion frequently to verify the truth of the obſervation during his laſt viſit to Edinburgh.

difficulty, in which, after the labour of a day or two, he at laſt ſucceeded. It was in the courſe of the ſame ſhort interval, that he committed to writing thoſe particulars concerning his anceſtors, which I have already mentioned.

This active and uſeful life was now, however, drawing to a concluſion. A violent diſorder attacked him about the end of September; but does not ſeem to have occaſioned much alarm to thoſe about him, till he was viſited by Dr CLEGHORN, who ſoon after communicated his apprehenſions in a letter to Dr GREGORY. Among other ſymptoms, he mentioned particularly "that alteration "of voice and features, which, though not eaſily "deſcribed, is ſo well known to all who have "opportunities of ſeeing life cloſe." Dr REID's own opinion of his caſe was probably the ſame with that of his phyſician; as he expreſſed to him on his firſt viſit, his hope that he was "ſoon to get his diſmiſſion." After a ſevere ſtruggle, attended with repeated ſtrokes of palſy, he died on the 7th of October following. Dr GREGORY had the melancholy ſatisfaction of viſiting his venerable friend on his death-

bed, and of paying him this unavailing mark of attachment, before his powers of recollection were entirely gone.

The only ſurviving deſcendant of Dr Reid is Mrs Carmichael, a daughter worthy in every reſpect of ſuch a father:—long, the chief comfort and ſupport of his old age, and his anxious nurſe in his laſt moments *.

In point of bodily conſtitution, few men have been more indebted to nature than Dr Reid. His form was vigorous and athletic; and his muſcular force (though he was ſomewhat under the middle ſize) uncommonly great;—advantages to which his habits of temperance and exerciſe, and the unclouded ſerenity of his temper, did ample juſtice. His countenance was ſtrongly expreſſive of deep and collected thought; but when brightened up by the face of a friend, what chiefly caught the attention was, a look of good-will and of kindneſs. A picture of him, for which he conſented, at the particular requeſt of Dr Gregory, to ſit to Mr Raeburn, during his laſt viſit to Edinburgh, is generally and juſtly ranked among the happieſt performances of that excellent artiſt. The medallion

* Note F.

lion of TASSIE, alſo, for which he ſat in the eighty-firſt year of his age, preſents a very perfect reſemblance.

I have little to add to what the foregoing pages contain with reſpect to his character. Its moſt prominent features were,—intrepid and inflexible rectitude;—a pure and devoted attachment to truth;—and an entire command (acquired by the unwearied exertions of a long life) over all his paſſions. Hence, in thoſe parts of his writings where his ſubject forces him to diſpute the concluſions of others, a ſcrupulous rejection of every expreſſion calculated to irritate thoſe whom he was anxious to convince; and a ſpirit of liberality and good-humour towards his opponents, from which no aſperity on their part could provoke him, for a moment, to deviate. The progreſs of uſeful knowledge, more eſpecially in what relates to human nature and to human life, he believed to be retarded rather than advanced by the intemperance of controverſy; and to be ſecured moſt effectually when intruſted to the ſlow but irreſiſtible influence of ſober reaſoning. That the argumentative talents of the diſputants might be improved by ſuch altercations, he was will-

ing to allow; but, conſidered in their connexion with the great objects which all claſſes of writers profeſs equally to have in view, he was convinced "that they have done more "harm to the practice, than they have done "ſervice to the theory, of morality *."

In private life, no man ever maintained, more eminently or more uniformly, the dignity of philoſophy; combining with the moſt amiable modeſty and gentleneſs, the nobleſt ſpirit of independence. The only preferments which he ever enjoyed, he owed to the unſolicited favour of the two learned bodies who ſucceſſively adopted him into their number; and the reſpectable rank which he ſupported in ſociety, was the well-earned reward of his own academical labours. The ſtudies in which he delighted, were little calculated to draw on him the patronage of the great; and he was unſkilled in the art of courting advancement, by "faſhioning his doctrines to the varying hour."

As a philoſopher, his genius was more peculiarly characterized by a ſound, cautious, diſtinguiſhing judgment; by a ſingular patience and perſeverance

* Preface to POPE's *Eſſay on Man*.

ſeverance of thought; and by habits of the moſt fixed and concentrated attention to his own mental operations;—endowments which, although not the moſt ſplendid in the eſtimation of the multitude, would ſeem entitled, from the hiſtory of ſcience, to rank among the rareſt gifts of the mind.

With theſe hâbits and powers, he united (what does not always accompany them) the curioſity of a naturaliſt, and the eye of an obſerver; and, accordingly, his information about every thing relating to phyſical ſcience, and to the uſeful arts, was extenſive and accurate. His memory for hiſtorical details was not ſo remarkable; and he uſed ſometimes to regret the imperfect degree in which he poſſeſſed this faculty. I am inclined, however, to think, that in doing ſo, he underrated his natural advantages; eſtimating the ſtrength of memory, as men commonly do, rather by the recollection of particular facts, than by the poſſeſſion of thoſe general concluſions, from a ſubſerviency to which, ſuch facts derive their principal value.

Towards

Towards the cloſe of life, indeed, his memory was much leſs vigorous than the other powers of his intellect; in none of which, could I ever perceive any ſymptom of decline. His ardour for knowledge, too, remained unextinguiſhed to the laſt; and, when cheriſhed by the ſociety of the young and inquiſitive, ſeemed even to increaſe with his years. What is ſtill more remarkable, he retained in extreme old age all the ſympathetic tenderneſs, and all the moral ſenſibility of youth; the livelineſs of his emotions, wherever the happineſs of others was concerned, forming an affecting contraſt to his own unconquerable firmneſs under the ſevereſt trials.

Nor was the ſenſibility which he retained, the ſelfiſh and ſterile offspring of taſte and indolence. It was alive and active, wherever he could command the means of relieving the diſtreſſes, or of adding to the comforts of others; and was often felt in its effects, where he was unſeen and unknown.—Among the various proofs of this, which have happened to fall under my own knowledge, I cannot help mentioning particularly (upon the moſt unqueſtionable authority) the ſecrecy with which he conveyed his occaſional benefactions to his former pariſhioners

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at New-Machar, long after his eſtabliſhment at Glaſgow. One donation, in particular, during the ſcarcity of 1782,—a donation which, notwithſtanding all his precautions, was diſtinctly traced to his beneficence,—might perhaps have been thought diſproportionate to his limited income, had not his own ſimple and moderate habits multiplied the reſources of his humanity.

His opinions on the moſt important ſubjects are to be found in his works; and that ſpirit of piety which animated every part of his conduct, forms the beſt comment on their practical tendency. In the ſtate in which he found the philoſophical world, he believed, that his talents could not be ſo uſefully employed, as in combating the ſchemes of thoſe who aimed at the complete ſubverſion of religion, both natural and revealed;—convinced with Dr CLARKE, that, "as Chriſtianity preſuppoſes the truth of "Natural Religion, whatever tends to diſcre-"dit the latter, muſt have a proportionally "greater effect in weakening the authority of "the former *." In his views of both, he ſeems to

* *Collection of Papers which paſſed between* LEIBNITZ *and* CLARKE. See Dr CLARKE's Dedication.

to have coincided nearly with Biſhop BUTLER; an author whom he held in the higheſt eſtimation. A very careful abſtract of the treatiſe entitled *Analogy*, drawn up by Dr REID, many years ago, for his own uſe, ſtill exiſts among his manuſcripts; and the ſhort Diſſertation on Virtue which BUTLER has annexed to that work, together with the Diſcourſes on Human Nature publiſhed in his volume of Sermons, he uſed always to recommend as the moſt ſatisfactory account that has yet appeared of the fundamental principles of Morals: Nor could he conceal his regret, that the profound philoſophy which theſe Diſcourſes contain, ſhould of late have been ſo generally ſupplanted in England, by the ſpeculations of ſome other moraliſts, who, while they profeſs to idolize the memory of LOCKE, "approve little or nothing in his writings, but "his errors *."

Deeply impreſſed, however, as he was with his own principles, he poſſeſſed the moſt perfect liberality

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* I have adopted here, the words which Dr CLARKE applied to ſome of Mr LOCKE's earlier followers. They are ſtill more applicable to many writers of the preſent times. See CLARKE's *firſt Reply to* LEIBNITZ.

liberality towards all whom he believed to be honeſtly and conſcientiouſly devoted to the ſearch of truth. With one very diſtinguiſhed character, the late Lord KAMES, he lived in the moſt cordial and affectionate friendſhip, notwithſtanding the avowed oppoſition of their ſentiments on ſome moral queſtions, to which he attached the greateſt importance. Both of them, however, were the friends of virtue and of mankind; and both were able to temper the warmth of free diſcuſſion, with the forbearance and good humour founded on reciprocal eſteem. No two men, certainly, ever exhibited a more ſtriking contraſt in their converſation, or in their conſtitutional tempers:—the one, ſlow and cautious in his deciſions, even on thoſe topics which he had moſt diligently ſtudied; reſerved and ſilent in promiſcuous ſociety; and retaining, after all his literary eminence, the ſame ſimple and unaſſuming manners which he brought from his country reſidence:—the other, lively, rapid, and communicative; accuſtomed, by his profeſſional purſuits, to wield with addreſs the weapons of controverſy, and not averſe to a trial of his powers on queſtions

ſtions the moſt foreign to his ordinary habits of inquiry. But theſe characteriſtical differences, while to their common friends they lent an additional charm to the diſtinguiſhing merits of each, ſerved only to enliven their ſocial intercourſe, and to cement their mutual attachment.

I recollect few, if any anecdotes, of Dr Reid, which appear to me calculated to throw additional light on his character; and I ſuſpect ſtrongly, that many of thoſe which are to be met with in biographical publications, are more likely to miſlead, than to inform. A trifling incident, it is true, may ſometimes paint a peculiar feature better than the moſt elaborate deſcription; but a ſelection of incidents really characteriſtical, preſuppoſes, in the obſerver, a rare capacity to diſcriminate and to generalize; and where this capacity is wanting, a biographer, with the moſt ſcrupulous attention to the veracity of his details, may yet convey a very falſe conception of the individual he would deſcribe. As, in the preſent inſtance, my ſubject afforded no materials for ſuch a choice, I have attempted, to the beſt of my abilities, (inſtead of retailing

ing detached fragments of converſations, or recording inſulated and unmeaning occurrences), to communicate to others the general impreſſions which Dr REID's character has left on my own mind. In this attempt, I am far from being confident that I have ſucceeded; but, how barren ſoever I may have thus rendered my pages in the eſtimation of thoſe who conſider biography merely in the light of an amuſing tale, I have, at leaſt, the ſatisfaction to think, that my picture, though faint in the colouring, does not preſent a diſtorted reſemblance of the original.

The confidential correſpondence of an individual with his friends, affords to the ſtudent of human nature, materials of far greater authenticity and importance;—more particularly, the correſpondence of a man like Dr REID, who will not be ſuſpected by thoſe who knew him, of accommodating his letters (as has been alleged of CICERO) to the humours and principles of thoſe whom he addreſſed. I am far, at the ſame time, from thinking, that the correſpondence of Dr REID would be generally intereſting; or even that he excelled in this ſpecies of writing: but few men, I ſincerely believe,

lieve, who have written ſo much, have left behind them ſuch unblemiſhed memorials of their virtue.

At preſent, I ſhall only tranſcribe two letters, which I ſelect from a conſiderable number now lying before me, as they ſeem to accord, more than the others, with the general deſign of this Memoir. The firſt (which is dated January 13. 1779) is addreſſed to the Reverend WILLIAM GREGORY (now Rector of St Andrew's, Canterbury) then an Undergraduate in Balliol College, Oxford. It relates to a remarkable peculiarity in Dr REID's phyſical temperament, connected with the ſubject of dreaming; and is farther intereſting as a genuine record of ſome particulars in his early habits, in which it is eaſy to perceive the openings of a ſuperior mind.

" The fact which your brother the Doctor
" deſires to be informed of, was as you men-
" tion it. As far as I remember the circumſtan-
" ces, they were as follow:

" About the age of fourteen, I was, almoſt eve-
" ry night, unhappy in my ſleep from frightful
" dreams. Sometimes hanging over a dreadful
" precipice, and juſt ready to drop down; ſome-
" times purſued for my life, and ſtopped by a

" wall

" wall, or by a ſudden loſs of all ſtrength; ſome-
" times ready to be devoured by a wild beaſt.
" How long I was plagued with ſuch dreams, I
" do not now recollect. I believe it was for a
" year or two at leaſt; and I think they had
" quite left me before I was fifteen. In thoſe
" days, I was much given to what Mr ADDISON,
" in one of his *Spectators*, calls *Caſtle-building*;
" and in my evening ſolitary walk, which was
" generally all the exerciſe I took, my thoughts
" would hurry me into ſome active ſcene, where
" I generally acquitted myſelf much to my own
" ſatisfaction; and in theſe ſcenes of imagina-
" tion, I performed many a gallant exploit. At
" the ſame time, in my dreams I found myſelf
" the moſt arrant coward that ever was. Not
" only my courage, but my ſtrength, failed me
" in every danger; and I often roſe from my
" bed in the morning in ſuch a panic, that it
" took ſome time to get the better of it. I wiſh-
" ed very much to get free of theſe uneaſy
" dreams, which not only made me unhappy in
" ſleep, but often left a diſagreeable impreſſion in
" my mind for ſome part of the following day.
" I thought it was worth trying, whether it was
" poſſible to recollect that it was all a dream,

" and that I was in no real danger. I often
" went to ſleep with my mind as ſtrongly im-
" preſſed as I could with this thought, that I
" never in my lifetime was in any real danger,
" and that every fright I had was a dream. Af-
" ter many fruitleſs endeavours to recollect this
" when the danger appeared, I effected it at laſt,
" and have often, when I was ſliding over a pre-
" cipice into the abyſs, recollected that it was
" all a dream, and boldly jumped down. The
" effect of this commonly was, that I imme-
" diately awoke. But I awoke calm and intre-
" pid, which I thought a great acquiſition. Af-
" ter this, my dreams were never very uneaſy;
" and, in a ſhort time, I dreamed not at all.

" During all this time, I was in perfect
" health; but whether my ceaſing to dream
" was the effect of the recollection above men-
" tioned, or of any change in the habit of my
" body, which is uſual about that period of life,
" I cannot tell. I think it may more probably
" be imputed to the laſt. However, the fact
" was, that, for at leaſt forty years after, I
" dreamed none, to the beſt of my remem-
" brance: and finding, from the teſtimony of
" others, that this is ſomewhat uncommon, I

" have

" have often, as ſoon as I awoke, endeavoured
" to recollect, without being able to recollect,
" any thing that paſt in my ſleep. For ſome
" years paſt, I can ſometimes recollect ſome
" kind of dreaming thoughts, but ſo incoherent
" that I can make nothing of them.

" The only diſtinct dream I ever had ſince I
" was about ſixteen, as far as I remember, was
" about two years ago. I had got my head
" bliſtered for a fall. A plaſter which was put
" upon it after the bliſter, pained me exceſſive-
" ly for a whole night. In the morning I ſlept
" a little, and dreamed very diſtinctly, that I
" had fallen into the hands of a party of In-
" dians, and was ſcalped.

" I am apt to think, that as there is a ſtate of
" ſleep, and a ſtate wherein we are awake, ſo
" there is an intermediate ſtate, which partakes
" of the other two. If a man peremptorily re-
" ſolves to riſe at an early hour for ſome inte-
" reſting purpoſe, he will of himſelf awake at
" that hour. A ſick-nurſe gets the habit of
" ſleeping in ſuch a manner that ſhe hears the
" leaſt whiſper of the ſick perſon, and yet is re-
" freſhed by this kind of half ſleep. The ſame
" is the caſe of a nurſe who ſleeps with a child

" in her arms. I have ſlept on horſeback, but
" ſo as to preſerve my balance; and if the
" horſe ſtumbled, I could make the exertion
" neceſſary for ſaving me from a fall, as if I
" was awake.

" I hope the ſciences at your good Univerſity
" are not in this ſtate. Yet, from ſo many
" learned men, ſo much at their eaſe, one would
" expect ſomething more than we hear of."

For the other letter, I am indebted to one of Dr REID's moſt intimate friends, to whom it was addreſſed, in the year 1784, on occaſion of the melancholy event to which it alludes.

" I ſympathize with you very ſincerely in
" the loſs of a moſt amiable wife. I judge of
" your feelings by the impreſſion ſhe made up-
" on my own heart, on a very ſhort acquaint-
" ance. But all the bleſſings of this world are
" tranſient and uncertain; and it would be but
" a melancholy ſcene, if there were no proſpect
" of another.

" I have often had occaſion to admire the re-
" ſignation and fortitude of young perſons, even
" of the weaker ſex, in the views of death,
" when their imagination is filled with all the
" gay proſpects which the world preſents at

" that

" that period. I have been witneſs to inſtan-
" ces of this kind, which I thought truly he-
" roic, and I hear Mrs G—— gave a remark-
" able one.

" To ſee the ſoul increaſe in vigour and wiſ-
" dom, and in every amiable quality, when
" health and ſtrength and animal ſpirits decay;
" when it is to be torn by violence from all
" that filled the imagination, and flattered hope,
" is a ſpectacle truly grand, and inſtructive to
" the ſurviving. To think, that the ſoul pe-
" riſhes in that fatal moment, when it is puri-
" fied by this fiery trial, and fitted for the
" nobleſt exertions in another ſtate, is an opi-
" nion which I cannot help looking down upon,
" with contempt and diſdain.

" In old people, there is no more merit in
" leaving this world with perfect acquieſcence,
" than in riſing from a feaſt after one is full.
" When I have before me the proſpect of the
" infirmities, the diſtreſſes, and the peeviſhneſs
" of old age, and when I have already received
" more than my ſhare of the good things of this
" life, it would be ridiculous indeed to be anxi-
" ous about prolonging it; but when I was
" four and twenty, to have had no anxiety for

" its continuance, would, I think, have required " a noble effort. . Such efforts in thoſe that are " called to make them, ſurely ſhall not loſe " their reward."

* * * * *

I HAVE now finiſhed all that the limits of my plan permit me to offer here, as a tribute to the memory of this excellent perſon. In the details which I have ſtated, both with reſpect to his private life and his ſcientific purſuits, I have dwelt chiefly on ſuch circumſtances as appeared to me moſt likely to intereſt the readers of his Works, by illuſtrating his character as a man, and his views as an author. Of his merits as an inſtructor of youth, I have ſaid but little; partly from a wiſh to avoid unneceſſary diffuſeneſs; but chiefly from my anxiety to enlarge on thoſe ſtill more important labours, of which he has bequeathed the fruits to future ages. And yet, had he left no ſuch monument to perpetuate his name, the fidelity and zeal with which he diſcharged, during ſo long a period, the obſcure but momentous duties of his official ſtation, would, in the judgment of the wiſe and good, have ranked him in the firſt order of uſe-

ful

ful citizens.—" Nec enim is ſolus reipublicæ " prodeſt, qui candidatos extrahit, et tuetur " reos, et de pace belloque cenſet; ſed qui ju- " ventutem exhortatur; qui, in tantâ bonorum " præceptorum inopiâ, virtute inſtruit animos; " qui, ad pecuniam luxuriamque curſu ruentes " prenſat ac retrahit, et, ſi nihil aliud, certe " moratur: in privato, publicum negotium " agit *."

In concluding this memoir, I truſt I ſhall be pardoned, if, for once, I give way to a perſonal feeling, while I expreſs the ſatisfaction with which I now cloſe finally, my attempts as a Biographer. Thoſe which I have already made, were impoſed on me by the irreſiſtible calls of duty and attachment; and, feeble as they are, when compared with the magnitude of ſubjects ſo ſplendid and ſo various, they have encroached deeply on that ſmall portion of literary leiſure which indiſpenſable engagements allow me to command. I cannot, at the ſame time, be inſenſible to the gratification of having endeavoured to aſſociate, in ſome degree, my name

* SENECA, *De Tranquill. An.* Cap. 3.

with three of the greateſt which have adorned this age;—happy, if without deviating intentionally from truth, I may have ſucceeded, however imperfectly, in my wiſh, to gratify, at once, the curioſity of the public, and to ſooth the recollections of ſurviving friends.——But I, too, have deſigns and enterprizes of my own; and the execution of theſe (which alas! ſwell in magnitude, as the time for their accompliſhment haſtens to a period) claims at length, an undivided attention. Yet I ſhould not look back on the paſt with regret, if I could indulge the hope, that the facts which it has been my province to record,—by diſplaying thoſe fair rewards of extenſive uſefulneſs, and of permanent fame, which talents and induſtry, when worthily directed, cannot fail to ſecure,—may contribute, in one ſingle inſtance, to foſter the proud and virtuous independence of genius; or, amidſt the gloom of poverty and ſolitude, to gild the diſtant proſpect of the unfriended ſcholar, whoſe laurels are now ſlowly ripening in the unnoticed privacy of humble life.

NOTES.

NOTES*.

NOTE A. Page 5.

IN the account, given in the text, of Dr REID's anceſtors, I have followed ſcrupulouſly the information contained in his own memorandums. I have ſome ſuſpicion, however, that he has committed a miſtake with reſpect to the name of the tranſlator of BUCHANAN's *Hiſtory;* which would appear, from the MS. in Glaſgow College, to have been—not ADAM, but JOHN. At the ſame time,

* If another Edition of this Memoir ſhould ever be called for, I muſt requeſt that the Printer may adhere to the plan which I myſelf have thought adviſable to adopt, in the diſtribution of my notes. A miſtake which has been committed in a late Edition of my Life of Dr ROBERTSON, where a long Appendix is broken down into *foot-notes*, will ſufficiently account for this requeſt, to thoſe who have ſeen that publication.

time, as this laſt ſtatement reſts on an authority altogether unknown, (being written in a hand different from the reſt of the MS.), there is a poſſibility that Dr REID's account may be correct; and, therefore, I have thought it adviſeable, in a matter of ſo very trifling conſequence, to adhere to it in preference to the other.

The following particulars with reſpect to THOMAS REID may, perhaps, be acceptable to ſome of my readers. They are copied from DEMPSTER, a contemporary writer; whoſe details concerning his countrymen, it muſt, however, be confeſſed, are not always to be implicitly relied on.

" THOMAS REIDUS Aberdonenſis, pueritiæ
" meæ et infantilis otii ſub THOMA CARGILLO
" collega, Lovanii literas in ſchola Lipſii ſeriò
" didicit, quas magno nomine in Germania dò-
" cuit, carus Principibus. Londini diu in co-
" mitatu humaniſſimi ac clariſſimi viri, FULCO-
" NIS GREVILLI, Regii Conſiliarii Interioris
" et Angliæ Proquæſtoris, egit: tum ad amici-
" tiam Regis, eodem FULCONE deducente, evec-
" tus, inter Palatinos admiſſus, à literis Latinis
" Regi fuit. Scripſit multa, ut eſt magnâ indole

et

" et variâ eruditione," &c.--" Ex aula ſe, nemine " conſcio, nuper proripuit, dum illi omnia feſ- " tinati honoris augmenta ſinguli ominarentur, " nec quid deinde egerit aut quò locorum ſe " contulerit quiſquam indicare potuit. Multi " ſuſpicabantur, tædio aulæ affectum, monaſti- " cæ quieti ſeipſum tradidiſſe, ſub annum 1618. " Rumor poſtea fuit in aulam rediiſſe, et me- " ritiſſimis honoribus redditum, ſed nunquam " id conſequetur quod virtus promeretur."—— *Hiſt. Eccleſiaſtica Gentis Scotorum*, lib. xvi. p. 576.

What was the judgment of THOMAS REID's own times with reſpect to his genius, and what their hopes of his poſthumous fame, may be collected from an elegy on his death by his learned countryman ROBERT AYTOUN. Already, before the lapſe of two hundred years, ſome apology, alas! may be thought neceſſary for an attempt to reſcue his name from total oblivion.

AYTOUN's elegy on REID is referred to in terms very flattering both to its author and to its ſubject, by the editor of the Collection, entitled, " *Poëtarum Scotorum Muſæ Sacræ.*" " In obi- " tum THOMÆ RHEIDI epicedium extat elegan- " tiſſimum ROBERTI AYTONI, viri literis ac dig-

" nitate

" nitate clariſſimi, in Deliciis Poëtarum Scoto-
" rum, ubi et ipſius quoque poëmata, paucula
" quidem illa, ſed venuſta, ſed elegantia, com-
" parent."

The only works of ALEXANDER REID of which I have heard, are *Chirurgical Lectures on Tumors and Ulcers*, London 1635; and a *Treatiſe of the Firſt Part of Chirurgerie*, London 1638. He appears to have been the phyſician and friend of the celebrated mathematician THOMAS HARRIOTT, of whoſe intereſting hiſtory ſo little was known, till the recent diſcovery of his manuſcripts, by Mr ZACH of Saxe-Gotha.

A remarkable inſtance of the careleſs or capricious orthography formerly ſo common in writing proper names, occurs in the different individuals to whom this note refers. Sometimes the family name is written—*Reid*; on other occaſions, *Riede*, *Read*, *Rhead* or *Rhaid*.

NOTE B. Page 7.

Dr TURNBULL's work on Moral Philoſophy was publiſhed at London in 1740. As I have only turned over a few pages, I cannot ſay any thing with reſpect to its merits. The mottos on the title-page are curious, when conſidered

in

in connexion with thoſe inquiries which his pupil afterwards proſecuted with ſo much ſucceſs; and may, perhaps without his perceiving it, have had ſome effect in ſuggeſting to him that plan of philoſophizing which he ſo ſyſtematically and ſo happily purſued.

" If Natural Philoſophy, in all its parts, by " purſuing this method, ſhall at length be per- " fected, the bounds of Moral Philoſophy will " alſo be enlarged."

NEWTON's *Optics.*

" Account for Moral, as for Natural things."

POPE.

For the opinion of a very competent judge with reſpect to the merits of the Treatiſe on Ancient Painting, *vide* HOGARTH's Print, entitled, *Beer-Lane.*

NOTE C. Page 35.

" Dr MOOR combined," &c.]—JAMES MOOR, L L. D. Author of a very ingenious Fragment on Greek Grammar, and of other philological Eſſays. He was alſo diſtinguiſhed by a profound acquaintance with ancient Geometry. Dr SIMSON,

SON, an excellent judge of his merits both in literature and ſcience, has ſomewhere honoured him with the following encomium:—"Tum "in Matheſi, tum in Græcis Literis multum "et feliciter verſatus."

"The WILSONS, (both father and ſon)," &c.] —ALEXANDER WILSON, M. D. and PATRICK WILSON, Eſq; well known over Europe by their Obſervations on the Solar Spots; and many other valuable memoirs.

NOTE D. Page 82.

A writer of great talents, (after having reproached Dr REID with "a groſs ignorance, diſ-"graceful to the Univerſity of which he was a "member)," boaſts of the trifling expence of time and thought which it had coſt himſelf to overturn his Philoſophy. "Dr OSWALD is pleaſed "to pay me a compliment in ſaying, that "I "might employ myſelf to more advantage to "the public, by purſuing other branches of ſci-"ence, than by deciding raſhly on a ſubject "which he ſees I have not ſtudied." In return "to this compliment, I ſhall not affront him, by

"telling

" telling him how very little of my time this " buſineſs has hitherto taken up. If he al- " ludes to my *experiments*, I can aſſure him, that " I have loſt no time at all; for having been " intent upon ſuch as require the uſe of a burn- " ing lens, I believe I have not loſt one hour " of ſunſhine on this account. And the public " may perhaps be informed, ſome time or other, " of what I have been doing in the *ſun*, as well " as in the *ſhade*."——*Examination of* REID's *Inquiry*, &c. p. 357. See alſo pp. 101, 102. of the ſame work.

NOTE E. Page 114.

The following ſtrictures on Dr PRIESTLEY's *Examination*, &c. are copied from a very judicious note in Dr CAMPBELL's *Philoſophy of Rhetoric*, Vol. I. p. 111.

——" I ſhall only ſubjoin two remarks on this " book. The firſt is, That the author, through " the whole, confounds two things totally di- " ſtinct,—certain aſſociations of ideas, and cer- " tain judgments implying belief, which, though " in *ſome*, are not in *all* caſes, and therefore not " *neceſſarily* connected with aſſociation. And

" if

" if ſo, merely to account for the aſſociation,
" in no caſe to account for the belief wi
" which it is attended. Nay, admitting his ple
" (p. 86.), that by the principle of aſſociatio
" not only the ideas, but the concomitant b
" lief may be accounted for, even this does n
" invalidate the doctrine he impugns. For, l
" it be obſerved, that it is one thing to aſſign
" cauſe, which, from the mechaniſm of our n
" ture, has given riſe to a particular tenet
" belief, and another thing to produce a reaſ
" by which the underſtanding has been convi
" ced. Now, unleſs this be done as to the pri
" ciples in queſtion, they muſt be conſidered
" primary truths in reſpect of the underſtandir
" which never deduced them from other tru
" and which is under a neceſſity, in all her
" ral reaſonings, of founding upon them.
" fact, to give any other account of our co
" tion of them, is to confirm, inſtead of c
" ting the doctrine, that in all argumer
" they muſt be regarded as primary tr
" truths which reaſon never inferred
" any medium, from other truths previo
" ceived. My ſecond remark is, Tha

" this examiner has, from Dr REID, given us a " catalogue of firſt principles, which he deems " unworthy of the honourable place aſſigned " them, he has no where thought proper to give " us a liſt of thoſe ſelf-evident truths, which, by " his own account, and in his own expreſs " words, " muſt be aſſumed as the foundation " of all our reaſoning." How much light might " have been thrown upon the ſubject by the " contraſt! Perhaps we ſhould have been en- " abled, on the compariſon, to diſcover ſome " diſtinctive characters in his genuine axioms, " which would have preſerved us from the dan- " ger of confounding them with their ſpurious " ones. Nothing is more evident than that, in " whatever regards matter of fact, the mathe- " matical axioms will not anſwer. Theſe are " purely fitted for evolving the abſtract rela- " tions of quantity. This he in effect owns " himſelf (p. 39.) It would have been obliging, " then, and would have greatly contributed to " ſhorten the controverſy, if he had given us, at " leaſt, a ſpecimen of thoſe ſelf-evident prin- " ciples, which, in his eſtimation, are the *non* " *plus ultra* of moral reaſoning."

NOTE F. Page 134.

Dr REID's father, the Reverend LEWIS REID, married, for his ſecond wife, JANET, daughter of Mr FRASER of Phopachy, in the county of Inverneſs. A daughter of this marriage is ſtill alive; the wife of the Reverend ALEXANDER LESLIE, and the mother of the Reverend JAMES LESLIE, miniſters of Fordoun. To the latter of theſe gentlemen, I am indebted for the greater part of the information I have been able to collect with reſpect to Dr REID, previous to his removal to Glaſgow;—Mr LESLIE's regard for the memory of his uncle having prompted him, not only to tranſmit to me ſuch particulars as had fallen under his own knowledge, but ſome valuable letters on the ſame ſubject, which he procured from his relations and friends in the north.

For all the members of this moſt reſpectable family, Dr REID entertained the ſtrongeſt ſentiments of affection and regard. During ſeveral years before his death, a daughter of Mrs LESLIE's was a conſtant inmate of his houſe, and

and added much to the happineſs of his ſmall domeſtic circle.

Another daughter of Mr LEWIS REID was married to the Reverend JOHN ROSE, miniſter of Udny. She died in 1793.—In this connexion, Dr REID was no leſs fortunate than in the former; and to Mr ROSE I am indebted for favours of the ſame kind with thoſe which I have already acknowledged from Mr LESLIE.

The widow of Mr LEWIS REID died in 1798, in the eighty-ſeventh year of her age; having ſurvived her ſtep-ſon Dr REID, more than a year.

The limits within which I was obliged to confine my biographical details, prevented me from availing myſelf of many intereſting circumſtances which were communicated to me through the authentic channels which I have now mentioned. But I cannot omit this opportunity of returning to my different correſpondents, my warmeſt acknowledgments for the pleaſure and inſtruction which I received from their letters.

Mr

Mr JARDINE, alſo, the learned Profeſſor of Logic in the Univerſity of Glaſgow, a gentleman, who, for many years, lived in habits of the moſt confidential intimacy with Dr REID and his family, is entitled to my beſt thanks for his obliging attention to various queries, which I took the liberty to propoſe to him, concerning the hiſtory of our common friend.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

P. 15. l. 8. for ARBUTHNOT read PITCAIRN.