He very frequently visited me in Gray's Inn; and I occasionally saw him in Manor-Place, Walworth, where, during the last forty-five years of his life, he occupied one of the smallest houses possible. When I knew him he was a widower for the second time, with two children by his first wife, a daughter and a son. He and his daughter, who was married and taught music, had quarrelled and were not on speaking terms. His son, who was baptized Proclus and lived with him, was an eccentric empty-headed stripling, bred to no profession, and amused himself by writing nonsensical dramas for the lowest of the minor theatres.

Taylor told me that, on account of his persisting in the study of the Platonic philosophy, he was turned out of his father's house when a very young man.

He had taught himself Greek, with the niceties of which language he was most imperfectly acquainted; hence the errors in his various translations: but his knowledge of the matter of Plato, of Aristotle, of the multitudinous commentators on Aristotle, of Proclus, of Plotinus, &c., was probably never equalled by that of any of his countrymen.¹ His acquaintance with Latin was also comparatively imperfect: when Creuzer and Boissonade wrote to him in that language, he used to answer their letters in English. I have heard him make gross false
quantities both in Greek and Latin, while "spouting" passages of the ancient poets; which he was fond of doing, for he had a very powerful memory, and could repeat whole pages of obscure classics, such as Dionysius Periegetes, &c. The consciousness of his own deficiencies in critical scholarship prompted him to undervalue it: accordingly, having gone down to Oxford to transcribe a manuscript of Olympiodorus in the Bodleian Library, and having been invited by Coplestone to dine at Oriel College, he made himself very ridiculous after dinner by declaiming against verbal critics.

He did not conceal his contempt for Christianity: but what his religious belief really was, I never distinctly understood. It is at least certain that he had a horror of atheists; and it was even suspected by some that he believed in a plurality of deities,—a suspicion which certain passages in his writings would seem somewhat to favour. The walls of the little study, in which he had executed the greater portion of his immense literary labours, were ornamented with many very small pieces of plate-glass, a few inches in breadth and length, set in gilt frames; and when I asked him what these tiny mirrors meant, he evaded the question by replying that "he was fond of light." I have heard it asserted that they were votive offerings.²

He firmly believed in ghosts and in supernatural warnings. Among his acquaintances was John Hinckley, the translator of *The History of Rinaldo Rinaldini*, a German novel, who died in his Chambers at Gray's Inn, and was partly eaten up by blue-flies before it was known that he was dead,—a catastrophe which was supernaturally communicated to Taylor!

He also firmly believed in astrology. Having received a letter from an adept in that science who resided at Birmingham, announcing that the stars portended him a disaster before the expiration of a certain time, Taylor kept close at home, and refused all invitations to visit abroad till the evil hour had passed. He was compelled, however, to go into the city on business while the danger was yet impending; "and," said he to me, "as I was crossing Blackfriars-Bridge on my way homewards, I very narrowly escaped being run over by a hackney-coach."

He firmly believed, too, in alchemy. "Whence," he would exclaim,
“could the Egyptians, who had no mines, have possibly obtained the quantity of gold they possessed, except by alchemy?”

One day he said to me, “A French astronomer has lately seen a planet through the moon; I always knew that she was transparent.” On my observing that I had always been led to understand she was an opaque body, and asking of what he supposed her to consist, he replied, “I believe her to be a portion of that vivific fire which burns in man.”

He was fluent in talk and expressed himself well. While discussing any subject, he evidently thought that he adduced an unanswerable argument by declaring that such and such was the opinion of Plato, or of Plotinus, &c, &c. Once in my Chambers in Gray’s Inn, when the conversation turned on suicide, he astonished the company by gravely quoting some ancient worthy to prove that there are circumstances under which a man is quite justified in killing himself,—for instance, “if he should happen to fall desperately and incurably in love with his grandmother.”

On my asking him if he really believed the assertion of Iamblichus, that the river Nessus, while Pythagoras was crossing it, said in a distinct voice, “Hail, Pythagoras (Χαλρε, Πυθαγόρας)!” he replied, “Certainly I do.”

The two persons among the moderns, who, in Taylor’s estimation, had done the most injury to philosophy and science, were Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton.

His taste in prose-fiction may be conceived from his decidedly preferring Parismus Prince of Bohemia to the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

In the Bibliotheca Parriana (the Catalogue of Dr. Parr’s Library [by H. G. Bohn (London, 1827)]), p. 388, we are informed that on a copy of Taylor’s Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries [1790], Parr had written, “By Mr. Taylor, the learned mystic, whom Porson and his tribe most unjustly derided.” Now, I know that the original manuscript of that note contained an epithet which the editor thought proper to omit—“Porson and his odious tribe.”

An entry in Holcroft’s Diary, dated Nov’ 14th, 1798, stands thus: “Dined on Monday with P——; Platonist Taylor, and D—— present. Taylor intolerant and abusive to all who do not pretend to understand and put faith in his Platonic jargon. Had he the power, according to
P——, he would bring every man of us to the stake. From my own experience, P——'s description is scarcely exaggerated; but though a bigot, Taylor is an honest one.” Of his meeting Holcroft on another occasion Taylor gave me the following account: “I once dined at Northmore’s when Godwin, Holcroft, and Wolcot (Peter Pindar) were there. The French revolution having been mentioned, I observed, that the atrocities which attended it were not to be wondered at, as those who brought it about were a set of atheists. ‘Sir,’ cried Holcroft, ‘do you mean to say that all atheists are villains? If so, I think it right to tell you that I am an atheist.’ My answer was, ‘I am sorry, Mr. Holcroft, to hear you make such a confession.’ On this, Holcroft grew warm, and replied to me very rudely; when Northmore said, ‘Gentlemen, I cannot suffer such language at my table, and request that you will change the subject of conversation.’”

Taylor used frequently to meet Mrs. Carter at Bennet Langton’s. He described her as a very agreeable, unaffected, and vulgar-looking woman. Of her translation of Epictetus he thought highly; though he objected to her rendering the Greek word προαιρετικός by the English “choice,”—instead of “deliberate choice.”

Mary Wollstonecraft, before her marriage, lodged and boarded several months at Taylor’s house (during the life of his first wife, and previous to his removal to Manor-Place, where he died). At that time, he said, she was very modest and unassuming. But after she became acquainted with literary persons at Johnson’s (the bookseller in Paul’s Churchyard), and set up for an authoress, her affectation was intolerable: she would make her servant feed her, while she continued reading or writing, and declared that she was so absorbed in study as not to know whether she was eating beef or mutton; for the sake of singularity, she would drink wine out of a tea-cup, &c, &c.

Taylor, so absurd himself in many respects, was ready enough to laugh at the strange fancies of others,—for instance, at those of that half-crazed man of real [?] genius, Blake the artist. “Pray, Mr. Taylor,” said Blake one day, “did you ever find yourself, as it were, standing close beside the vast and luminous orb of the moon?”—“Not that I remember, Mr. Blake: did you ever?”—“Yes, frequently; and I have felt an almost irresistible desire to throw myself into it head-
long."— "I think, Mr. Blake, you had better not; for if you were to do so, you most probably would never come out of it again."

Taylor's two great patrons were Mr. William Meredith of Harley Place and the Duke of Norfolk: his translation of Aristotle was printed at the expense of the former; his translation of Plato at the expense of the latter. He used to call them his *two tyrants*, and said that he had suffered as much from their overbearing insolence and caprice as his master Plato had endured from the elder and the younger Dionysius.

Meredith settled on him an annuity of a hundred pounds,—"which was less than he left his valet," said Taylor somewhat ungratefully, and forgetting that the valet had been much more serviceable to Meredith than himself. It was for this *tyrant* that Lawrence painted a full-length portrait of Taylor, in which the coarse features of the original were very skilfully softened.

The Duke of Norfolk, though a professed admirer of the philosophy of the ancients, was a gross sensualist. Taylor—whose stories of his amours will not bear repetition here—said that "his eating was wonderful," and that he had seen him gobble up at dinner the whole of the kidney-fat of a large loin of veal. Among the longest excursions Taylor ever made from London was a journey to Arundel Castle, whither he accompanied the Duke in his carriage; and his grace happening to be in an ill humour during the journey, did not exchange a word with his companion, but sat reading Payne Knight's *Essay on the Worship of Priapus*. Taylor remained a week at Arundel Castle; and while there, one night (as he informed several of his friends) he saw the ghost of Queen Mawd.

The good-natured Duke of Sussex, who had some learning (especially in Hebrew), and enjoyed the society of literary men, occasionally invited Taylor to Kensington Palace; where, doubtless, he, as well as Dr. Parr, were not the less welcome because they were "oddities." Of the following letter I kept a copy by Taylor's particular desire:

"Dear Sir,

During some conversation which I had the honour to have last Wednesday with his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, I happened to mention that according to Simplicius, who was one of the most acute
of Aristotle’s Interpreters, the fall of man as narrated by Moses is a fable, originally derived from the Egyptians; and being myself persuaded that it is so, it has since occurred to me that the narration, in conformity to the most ancient theology, may be developed as follows.

In the first place, the fable obscurely indicates the pre-existence of the soul, in the regions of perfect bliss, i.e., in Platonic language, in the intelligible world, and its lapse from thence into the regions of mortality. This intelligible world is signified by Paradise. In the second place, Adam denotes the rational, and Eve the irrational part of the soul; the latter of which perfectly corresponds to the Pandora of the Greeks; and the Serpent is matter. The irrational part therefore, by inclining to matter, becomes vitiated, and the rational part is also defiled by listening to the suggestions of the irrational soul thus corrupted. This leads to the eating of the forbidden fruit, through which they are no longer conversant with good only, but become acquainted with evil. Hence they are no longer naked, or divested of material garments, but are covered with fig-leaves, i.e. with corporeal and mortal vestments. And in the third place, they are afterwards expelled from Paradise, i.e. they fall into the realms of mortality and matter.

Such is my explanation of the fable. You will oblige me by showing it to his Royal Highness, who appears to me to be one of the most learned and intelligent princes in Europe. I need not add that I shall be extremely gratified to find that he approves of my solution of this enigma.

I remain, Dear Sir,
with great esteem,
Yours sincerely,
Tho. Taylor.

Manor Place,
August 27th 1824.
To T. J. Pettigrew Esq’,
Savile Row,
Burlington Gardens.”

Among Taylor’s friends was Kelsall, a very fair scholar, who published several works on classical subjects. He possessed considerable
property; and was not a little eccentric,—so much so, indeed, that, if Taylor was to be believed, Kelsall had made a will directing the bulk of his fortune to be laid out in building a temple to the Sun on the shores of the Caspian; which extraordinary bequest Taylor mentioned to me with something like anger, insinuating that Kelsall ought rather to have left the money in question to him. (Be it observed that Kelsall was younger than Taylor by a good many years, and, as will afterwards be seen, was one of the few persons invited to his funeral.)

Cory, the author of *Ancient Fragments,* &c,—a solicitor in Boswell’s Court, and as pure and amiable a young man as ever existed,—requested me to introduce him to Taylor, whose writings had made a strong impression on him. I did so, by taking him to breakfast at Manor Place; and he speedily formed the strictest intimacy with the master of the house, looking up to him with a veneration akin to that which the philosophers of Greece excited in their disciples.

Breakfasts were the only entertainments Taylor attempted to give. They took place in a very small parlour containing a piano-forte which had been procured for the use of his daughter before her marriage; and I remember that one forenoon, Dr. Kitchiner, who was occasionally a guest at those breakfasts, played and sung “God Save the King” with an energy so tremendous that half-a-dozen ragged urchins came crowding round the window.

Taylor and George Burges seldom were together without disputing. Taylor despised (or affected to despise) a critical knowledge of Greek, which was Burges’s forte; and Burges had a contempt for Taylor’s want of that knowledge and ignorance of metre. Besides, Burges annoyed Taylor by talking in a disparaging way (and, no doubt, often very much at random) of certain ancient worthies whom Taylor regarded with great respect. Taylor once said to me, “Yesterday I met Burges in the street, and had some conversation with him; and what do you think, sir, he said?” I could not possibly guess. “Sir,” continued Taylor, his lips quivering with indignation, “he said that Hermogenes was an ass!”

Some years before his death, I suggested to Taylor the writing of his autobiography; and he was so pleased with the idea that he begged me to treat about its publication with Pickering, who agreed to purchase
it on terms with which Taylor was well satisfied. But though he began the work, and indeed made some progress in it, he presently gave it up entirely, feeling perhaps that at his period of life it was too laborious a task. This I have always regretted, for he had much to tell that was curious, and he would have told it faithfully and without exaggeration.

As age crept upon him, his health began to break; and finding himself unequal to the long walks which he used formerly to take, his visits to me at Gray's Inn became less frequent. But I occasionally went to see him at Manor-Place; and now and then I received from him short letters like the following:

"Manor Place, Walworth, Jan. 14, 1835.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your transcript from Elmsley's edition of the Ædip. Col. of Sophocles. As my studies have been principally confined to the writings of the ancient philosophers, I was not aware that the sentence alluded to in your letter is to be found in Theognis, Valerius Maximus, Solinus, &c.; but it is strange that such verbalists as Burton and Brunck should have been ignorant that Plutarch in his work entitled Consolation to Apollonius has inserted an extract from a lost treatise of Aristotle, in which this passage is given.

Hoping that I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you in Manor Place, I remain,

Very sincerely Yours,

Thomas Taylor.

P.S. Suffer me to remind you of the following passage in one of the Letters of Apollonius Tyaneus: . . . * [I have a friendship with philosophers: but with sophists, grammarians, or any other such set of wretched creatures, I have neither at present a friendship, nor ever hereafter shall have]."\)

"My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your exceeding kindness.

I am glad to find that you speak favourably of the exposition which I sent you.
Hoping that I shall soon see you after your return from Scotland, and wishing you in the mean time perfect health and success in all your undertakings, I remain, with great esteem,

Yours most sincerely,

Thomas Taylor.

Manor Place,
April 8th 1835."

The words "exceeding kindness" in the above letter allude to small presents of wine, &c, by which I feel a satisfaction in thinking that I added somewhat to his comforts.

To the end of his existence Taylor endeavoured to carry into practice the precepts of the Grecian philosophers; and encountered "the inevitable hour" with all the resolution of an ancient stoic. I went to see him the day before he died; and when I inquired "how he was," he answered, "I have passed a dreadful night of pain; but you remember what Posidonius said to Pompey" (that pain was not an evil).\[12\]

The only attendants at his funeral were his brother (whom I had never before met or even heard of), his son Proclus, Cory, Kelsall, and myself; and "on a raw and gusty day," November 6th, 1835, we saw him—a half-heathen philosopher—consigned to the grave in the Christian burial-ground of Newington Church. On that occasion, poor Proclus startled us by hysterical bursts of grief; for he felt his father's death acutely. But he was a silly youth, and soon after wasted in theatrical speculations at minor theatres the scanty patrimony to which he succeeded.

EDMUND HENRY BARKER [ff. 19-21*]

Was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1809, he gained the medals for the Greek and Latin Epigrams;\[13\] and having afterwards devoted himself to literature,—chiefly to classical literature,—he published a vast variety of volumes, in which his industry was more conspicuous than his learning, though the latter was by no means contemptible. Of his indomitable perseverance he has left a monument in
his edition of [Henry] Stephens's *Greek Thesaurus* [1816-26], which was printed by Valpy, and which he strove to render as complete as possible by means of rare books and the MS. Notes of scholars foreign as well as English, purchased, from all quarters, at extravagant prices. In constructing and printing the Index to that work,—an Index vying, I believe, in completeness with any of the Indices ever made by the united efforts of individuals,—Barker was occupied fully three years; and such was his positive love of drudgery, that, as he himself informed me, the years so spent "were among the happiest of his life." Unfortunately, however, as editor of the *Thesaurus* he showed extreme want of judgment, more particularly in swelling it with whole pages of superfluous matter, strangely jumbled together; and while as yet only a small portion of the work had been published, it drew forth from the pen of Blomfield (subsequently the bishop) a very clever and severe critique in *The Quarterly Review* [XXII (1820), 302-48]. To that attack Barker replied in *Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*, a rambling pamphlet of such intolerable dullness that few persons, I presume, have been able to read it through. All this brought poor Barker into bad odour with the public, and rendered it advisable that (to his great mortification) his name should not appear on the title-page of the *Thesaurus*.

Barker was a bibliomaniac after Dr. Dibdin's own heart; and for several years he was an excellent customer to Thorpe and other London booksellers, whose tempting catalogues were regularly sent down to Thetford, where he had fixed his residence. But his income (arising partly from money settled upon his wife) was comparatively limited; and his extensive purchases of books (quite independent of those, which, as already mentioned, he had made for the *Thesaurus*), his having printed sundry unsaleable volumes at his own expense, and other acts of imprudence, combined to throw him into serious difficulties. From these, however, he confidently expected to be freed on the issue of a law-suit, by which he laid claim to a property of £4000 per annum. This hope proved utterly abortive: he lost the law-suit, which he had carried on for ten years; he was reduced to poverty, and obliged to sell his beloved library to satisfy his creditors; and having left his wife and family at Thetford, he—a first-rate "architect of fine chateaux in air"—migrated to London, with many a scheme floating in his brain for the
b bettering of his circumstances. That his home was none of the happiest
I conclude from his once having said to me in Gray’s Inn, “Really your
Chambers seem very comfortable: if Mrs. Barker were dead, I should
like to have a set myself.”

Months and months passed away, during which he was busily en­
gaged in literary labour, printing at his own risk (with his usual in­
discretion) volumes for which he had no immediate means of payment.
During that period, too, he bestowed more of his company upon his
friends than suited with their necessary avocations, preparing “copy”
and correcting his proof-sheets for hours together at their houses; the
late Basil Montagu, Dr. Giles, and myself being especial sufferers from
his volunteer visits, though we forebore showing any impatience at this
intrusiveness on the part of an amiable man in such a condition. He
still cherished visions of his future prosperity, and felt assured that “he
should eventually possess a library not inferior to the one which he
had been compelled to part with.”

But from such dreams he was rudely awakened by being arrested
for debt. He was conveyed to a sponging-house in Chancery-Lane;
whence he was removed to the Queen’s Bench, and afterwards to the
Fleet. While in confinement, he wrote to me as follows:

“The Fleet-Prison, 15 in Fair,
March 16, 1838.

Dear Sir,

I am a candidate for the Registrarship of the University of Lon­
don (Somerset-House), £600 a year. The candidates will be very nu­
merous; but my Testimonials, of which I have already sent in 80, will
decidedly place me at the head of the candidates, and I have more
Testimonials to send in: I muster 7 Bishops, 1 Dean, 2 Archdeacons,
10 Doctors of Divinity, 1 Royal Duke, and 1 Duke of Royal descent.
On two public occasions already (viz. for the Latin Professorship at
the first starting of the London University, now University-College,
and for the Head-Mastership of Stamford School) my Testimonials
were allowed to be the best; and I failed in both instances on the same
ground, that I was not a schoolmaster by profession. Will you have the
goodness to send a Testimonial of learning, candor, morals, manners,
activity, zeal, punctuality, and the 1001 virtues and graces which shine out in my character! Make no allusion to my being here, as I shall be out before the election. Mitford sent a long Letter to the Mayor of Stamford, which I use on this occasion. I remain,

Dear Sir,
Very truly Yours,
E. H. Barker.

The Rev. Alexander Dyce,
Gray's Inn.”

I need hardly observe that he was not appointed to the Registrarship about which he wrote me the above letter.

Barker was liberated from the Fleet after a detention of ten months; during which he received from individuals high in the church and from others (to whom he had applied for aid as a distressed man of letters) not less than several hundred pounds; and if he had only possessed an atom of prudence, it was just possible that he might yet have recovered his old position in society. But, alas! in evil hour, at Jackson's Coffee-house in Bow Street, he had formed an acquaintance with certain sharpers, who, taking advantage of his extreme simplicity, and easily persuading him that they were the destined repairers of his fortunes, had involved him in a multiplicity of bill-transactions, by which, while they reaped all the benefit, his liabilities amounted at last to an incredible sum. He was now utterly ruined: he gave up all literary pursuits; he very seldom came near his friends, but was almost constantly in the train of the above-mentioned sharpers, following them to theatres and other haunts of gaiety,—a mode of life strangely opposed to the habits of his earlier days, and, I may add, strangely at variance with his personal appearance, which was exactly that of a grave and dignified clergyman.

I had not seen him for weeks, when one evening I met him in Great Newport Street looking so haggard and emaciated that I could not doubt he spoke the truth in telling me that he felt extremely unwell. About a fortnight after this, Dr. Giles received information that he was lying dead in the second floor of an obscure lodging-house in Tavistock-Court, 16 Covent-Garden, where he had been living, under a false name,
with a middle-aged female who passed as his wife. He had become acquainted with her at one of the theatres; and such was her devotion to him, that, when he was in the last extremity, she sold the few trinkets she possessed to procure him medicines and necessaries. He died of a sort of rapid atrophy.

Barker was interred March 26th, 1839, in the burial-ground of Saint Andrew's, Holborn; but no tomb-stone marks his grave. Dr. Giles, who on many occasions had shown great kindness to the deceased, generously defrayed the charges of the funeral; which, at his invitation, was attended by Basil Montagu, George Burges, another gentleman [Maxon] (Barker's solicitor), and myself.

BISHOP [JAMES H.] MONK'S LIFE OF BENTLEY; MY EDITION OF BENTLEY'S WORKS, &c. [ff. 23–27]

In the range of English Biography there are, I believe, very few books superior in some respects to Monk's Life of Bentley. The author, indeed, was not an eloquent and brilliant writer: but he was thoroughly conversant with his subject, and took unwearied pains to attain correctness in all his statements; and I once heard an eminent lawyer express surprise that Monk should have been able without legal assistance to give so clear and lucid a narrative of Bentley's confused and interminable quarrels about the mastership of Trinity College, &c.—Monk was a sound scholar of the Porsonian school: but though acute and sensible, he was not gifted with those talents which enable their possessor to command the attention of society; hence, when I was one day deservedly praising to Mr. Rogers The Life of Bentley, the poet exclaimed, "You astonish me: we look upon Monk as a dull commonplace man,"—we meaning the persons eminent for fashion, rank, and literature, with whom, after his elevation to the Bench, Monk not unfrequently associated.

In The Life of [Richard] Bentley [London, 1833], vol. i. p. 271 sqq., sec. ed., the Bishop gives an account of the publication of the great critic's Emendationes in Menandrum et Philemona, wherein he exposed the gross errors of Le Clerc in his edition of the fragments of
those poets. The *Emendationes* were conveyed to the bitter enemy of Le Clerc, Peter Burman of Utrecht, without the author's name, but with a permission to print them and to usher them into the world with a preface of his own,—a permission of which Burman eagerly availed himself. "The secret of this production," says Monk, "was not duly kept even till its birth: a report was circulated that Burman was about to publish something written by Bentley against the editor of Menander. This was owing to the indiscretion of his friend Dr. Francis Hare, who was then in Holland as Chaplain General to the army of the Duke of Marlborough, and to whom the conveyance of the parcel was committed. He put it into the hands of Johnson, a Scotch bookseller at the Hague, to be forwarded to Utrecht; but forgetting or disregarding the caution of secrecy, declared that he had received it from Dr. Bentley. Alexander Cunningham, the future antagonist of our critic, who also resided at the Hague, having learnt these tidings from the bookseller, apprised Le Clerc, with whom he was intimate, and propagated the news with much industry," &c [I, 273–74]. To the Bishop's account of this transaction I may add the following letter from Dr. Hare to Dr. Sike, which years ago I transcribed from the original, then in the possession of Rodd the bookseller:—

"Flines, May 15, 1710.

Rev'd Sir,

I received the favour of yours of the 20th past, a few hours after the last letters went away, or else I had sent an answer with them. The packet, which Dr. Bentley was pleased to recommend to my care for Mr. Burmannus, was immediately sent to Mr. Cardennel [*sic*] at the Hague, who had acknowledged the receipt of it before I left England, as I remember I told Dr. Bentley myself: but it may very well be that it might not be come to Mr. B*[urman]'s hands when his letter of the 9th was written to you, for it was about that time, not above a day or two before, entrusted to the care of one Johnston [*sic*], a bookseller at the Hague, to send it to Mr. B*[urman] with some books that he was then getting ready for him; so that I don't at all doubt but that it is long since come safe to his hands. If you have any other commands for
me on this side, I shall be very glad of the honour to serve you, being
with great respect,

Rev'd S',

Y' most obedient humble servant,

Fr. Hare.

My most humble service
to Dr. Bentley, &c.
To the Reverend
Dr. Syke, Professor
of Hebrew, at Trinity
College in Cambridge.”

Bentley, when a young man, was tutor to the son of the very
learned Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul’s, and afterwards
Bishop of Worcester. “Bentley,” observes Monk, “was proud of ex­
pressing the veneration with which he regarded his patron *[Bishop
Stillingfleet]” xxxx and when he was interred in Worcester Cathedral,
and a monument erected to him by his son, Bentley wrote the inscrip­
tion on it, which “continues to be admired for its eloquence and pro­
priety among the ornaments of that venerable structure.” The Life of
Bentley, vol. i. p. 134, sec. ed.— Now, in his various notices of
Stillingfleet, no allusion is made by Monk to the small biographical
essay, entitled The Life and Character of . . . Dr. Edw. Stillingfleet
. . . London, . . . MDCCX. . . .” It is written in a plain, bold,
manly style by one who had the highest reverence and admiration for
the deceased prelate, and was perfectly conversant with the particulars
of his career: and I presume that it was not known to Monk; for I
firmly believe that, if he had ever seen it, he must have felt as certain as
I do that it proceeded from the pen of Bentley.

In 1836–38, I published three volumes of Bentley’s Works, and
originally intended to have greatly increased the collection both from
printed and from MS sources: but the indifference of general readers
to classical literature prevented my carrying-out the design.

The following letters addressed to me—the two first by Bishop
Monk, the four last by the Rev. John Wordsworth, son of the Master
of Trinity College, Cambridge—require little or no explanation. ..."17

Subsequently to the date of the immediately preceding letter, I had become personally acquainted with John Wordsworth, who occasionally called upon me during his visits to London; and most deeply and favourably was I impressed by his modesty, ingenuousness, and passionate love of Greek and Latin literature, in which he had made extraordinary progress.

It was now arranged by Bishop Monk that Bentley’s Correspondence should be edited by John Wordsworth. The documents necessary for that purpose were accordingly transferred to his hands by the Bishop; and I sent him the few unprinted letters of the great critic which I happened to possess.


My dear Sir,

I know not how to thank you sufficiently for your great kindness in sending me the Bentleian letters, which I found lying here on my return to college, and for your very friendly offer of further assistance. Since I came back to Cambridge I have been completely laid up with a severe attack of fever, from which I am now slowly recovering. I am still so weak and helpless that I can only leave my bed for three or four hours in the course of the day. I am, therefore, quite unable to write a long letter, and I hope you will kindly allow me to communicate with you further at some future time, when I am better able to do so, respecting the papers placed in my hands and the sources to which I should refer for further information.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Very truly and gratefully yours,

John Wordsworth."

But an early death put an end to the labours of John Wordsworth not only on Bentley’s Correspondence, but on other works which he had in preparation,—the most important of these being an edition of Aeschylus.18 He died at Trinity Lodge, Dec’ 31st, 1839; and the task of editing Bentley’s Correspondence devolved on his brother Christo-
pher (now Bishop [of Lincoln]), who published it in two volumes, 1842.

[EDWARD] IRVING AND THE UNKNOWN TONGUES [ff. 55-56']

When "the Unknown Tongues" were attracting crowds to Irving's Church in Regent Square, I went to hear them, accompanied by Mitford and Willmott. It was originally intended that Harness should be of our party: but as he was then Irving's neighbour, serving as minister of St. Pancras' Parochial Chapel in Regent Square, he fancied that there might be something indecorous in his going; and it was agreed that, after "the performance," which was a very early one, we should breakfast at his house, and give him an account of the marvels we had heard and seen.

Accordingly, somewhat before 7 o'clock in the morning of a weekday, we proceeded to the Scotch Church in Regent Square, where we got "good places" without much difficulty. Irving was already seated at his desk; and, with the lamp-light falling on his fine but haggard features and on his long straggling locks of "sable-silvered" hair, he certainly presented a very striking appearance. The service, consisting of prayers and portions of the Bible read and expounded by Irving, was ever and anon interrupted by bursts of the Unknown Tongues (which, be it observed, on the occasion now described, were, without exception, English Tongues!) from various parts of the church. The speakers were both men and women, all of them in a state of the greatest excitement; the men howling, or rather shrieking out, their sentences; the women pouring out theirs with less violence and less rapidity, but with voices sustained (and seemingly without effort) at a wonderfully high pitch. That they thought themselves inspired, I make no doubt; and that Irving thought them so too, was manifest; for as soon as any one of them began to hold forth, Irving left off praying or (as it might be) reading, put his hand behind his ear to catch more fully the blessed sounds, and when they had ceased, addressed the congregation with "My brethren, he (or she) says so and so,"—re-
peating as closely as he could what the man or woman had just uttered. And what did they utter? Words strung together with very little meaning; fragments of Scripture unconnected with each other; the whole rendered absurd by endless repetitions; e.g. a very lady-like young person, who spoke at considerable length, kept exclaiming I know not how often, "for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth."

What follows is from a letter addressed by Dean Milman, while [incumbent] of Reading, to my above-mentioned friend Harness: it relates to the earlier part of Irving's London career before the breaking-out of the unknown tongues:

"What else but clanship *[and] the most inveterate party-spirit can raise all this hubbub about Mr. Irving? I have got his work, I have read, laboured to read *[it]; but such turgid nonsense, such pompous nothing! Where he argues, he argues ill; where he declaims, he declaims in vulgarisms, which uttered by Liston at the Haymarket, would be catchwords and jokes in the street: his very Scotch is bad Scotch. And is this what Lord Liverpool, Canning, Brougham are all thronging to hear? ** Murray gave me the book, with some understanding that it might enter into my scheme of an article on Pulpit Eloquence *[for The Quarterly Review]*:² but my article is meant to be very calm and dispassionate; and I shall be in a passion, and be tempted to turn a man, who is doing much good with all his absurdity, into ridicule. Ask Murray from me whether any one has undertaken the review: at all events I will go quietly on in my own path; and perhaps, if no one else is inclined, ride over this king of shreds and patches. **** The difficulty of the article is, that if I set directly at our present system of preaching, I shall do no good, and, not that I mind it, frighten the big-wigs out of all their powder: and I want to show both why and how the alteration should be made, going to the bottom of the business. Besides, I am quite sure that our Church Discipline *[and] our long service is at the bottom of it all: and the B"'s Bs"' are certainly right, that where you will find one eloquent man who preaches
with Bossuet’s strength and Massillon’s eloquence, you will have twenty charlatans, Irving's, &c, who will vitiate the taste, and corrupt the style of all the youth: preaching will become, like the writings in the magazines, a tissue of unmeaning flowers and figures. You shall see the article, if it escapes the fire.****

Reading, July 13th

[William] Jones of Nayland [f. 57*]

For some time I served the curacy of Nayland in Suffolk; and there I learned from the oldest inhabitants various anecdotes of this eminent divine and excellent man.

He was passionately fond of music and a proficient in it. Yet—as he informed his curate Mr. Sims, who related the circumstance to me—he was about thirty years of age before he felt any fondness for, or paid any attention to, that science. One summer evening, while walking in a woody lane near Nayland, and listening to the singing of the birds, he all at once found that he had "music in his soul." From that hour, it became the chief amusement of his life.

Pegler, the organist of Nayland, told me that he has frequently seen Jones come running in from the garden where he had been working, and, though his hands were all covered with mould, seat himself at the organ in order to preserve some musical idea which had suddenly occurred to him.

George Burges was born in Bengal, where his father carried on the business of a watchmaker, and with such success that he was enabled to leave him a sum amounting to four thousand pounds. On the strength of that money, and by the advice of his guardian, seconded by his own wishes, the young "Bengalensis," already remarkable for precocity of talent, was entered a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. There he devoted himself to the study of Greek with enthusias-
tic ardour; and while yet an undergraduate, gave a striking proof of his proficiency in that language by publishing, in 1807, an edition of *The Troades* of Euripides, with a Preface and critical Notes in Latin. Hence the expectation that he was destined to perform great achievements as a scholar, was doubtless entertained by others as well as by [Peter] Elmsley; who has mentioned him as follows in his Preface to *The Bacchae* of Euripides; “Editionem hujus fabulae promiserat vir ingenio, doctrina, et Græcarum literarum amore, vix cuquam secundus, Georgius Burgesius, qui in Troadum editione, quam pâne puer instituit, talem de se spem excitavit, qualem, mea sententia, nemo ante eum huic studiorum generi addictus adolescentulus.”

Unfortunately, however, Burges failed to realize the hopes which his first work had excited. While its readers wondered how the stripling-editor should have attained such skill in verbal criticism, they were willing to attribute the over-boldness of his emendations to the inconsiderateness of youth, and to believe that, in his maturer years, he would show himself more guarded in conjecture: but, on the contrary, as he grew older, he grew more and more daring as a critic, and in his later publications he either altered, or proposed to alter, the text with an inexcusable wantonness. There was, indeed, no end to the surprising ingenuity of his alterations; and one can only regret that it was unaccompanied by judgment; for, if nature had not denied him that invaluable gift, he might possibly have deserved to rank with those whom Burney has characterized as “heroes.”

At last the name of George Burges became among the learned all over Europe, synonymous with “slashing editor”; and when I have pointed out to him in the writings of sundry German scholars allusions to his intolerable “audacia,” he would exclaim, “Well, damn it, let them call me audacious if they please,—they cannot tax me with ignorance of Greek.”

A copy of *The Troades* was, of course, presented by Burges to Porson, who earnestly advised him to adopt some profession, and to make classical literature the amusement, not the main business, of his life.

While a student at Cambridge, Burges was thrown from horseback, broke his leg, and limped ever after: by which accident, he used to declare, “he had sustained a loss of ten thousand pounds”; for being
rather good-looking, though far from the Adonis he fancied himself to be, he had quite made up his mind that he was to carry off an heiress who possessed that sum.

After leaving college, he resided for a considerable time at Eton in the capacity of a private tutor; and subsequently he took up his abode in London, where gradually, by a succession of absurd speculations, he got rid of the whole of his patrimony, and not seldom found it difficult how to procure food for himself and his family,—he being now a husband and a father. My readers will hardly credit the subjoined details.

1. He used to drive about London in a two-horsed ugly vehicle, the pannels of which were ornamented with hieroglyphics in oil-colours, emblematic of his peculiar views on the origin of language; and I have been often amused by the astonishment he excited in the frequenters of the Park, as he swept past them with a careless rapidity and a complacent smile. He also had two coaches plying up and down the New Road, with his name on them at full length; and during this period, when he called at the houses of his friends, he used to leave a card inscribed “Mr. George Burges ἀρματοπως *[chariot-maker or coach-builder].”

2. He spent a largish sum on the construction of a whale-shaped machine, which was to convey passengers through the air from Dover to Calais.

3. He invented a coat which was to fit better and prove more convenient to the wearer than coats of the common make, and which had a single button in the centre of the back: but I never heard of its being worn by anyone except himself.

4. He set up as a stay-maker, and distributed the following handbill very neatly lithographed:

“Corsets à la Vénus.
Burges and Co. respectfully beg leave to invite Ladies of Title, Taste, and Fashion, to inspect their Corsets à la Vénus recently invented by a scientific Foreigner *[Burges himself], who, after devoting many years to effect an improvement, so much desired in that part of female dress,
has happily succeeded in discovering a Corset that, uniting ease with elegance, not only improves the figure, but prevents likewise the numerous evils arising from the undue compression of the Chest.

As the fewest number of bones, compatible with the support of the body, are to be found in the Corsets à la Vénus, they are particularly recommended to the attention of Ladies of a delicate constitution, and are especially adapted for young persons, as they neither interfere with the action of the muscles, nor impede the growth of the limbs.

78, Charlotte St.
Fitzroy Sq""

As Burges could not, of course, take the measure of ladies himself, he sent his wife to do so. But the scheme proved wholly abortive; for the very few fair ones who patronized it soon found that they were not a whit liker the Cyprian goddess than they had been before.

5. That he once had a printing-office appears from the words "Printed by G. Burges, Kenton Street," on the reverse of the title-page and on the last leaf of The Son of Erin, or The Cause of the Greeks, a Play in Five Acts, by a Native of Bengal, George Burges A. M. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, 1823. This enormously long and unreadable jumble of (bad) blank-verse, prose, and songs (several of them marked "Air by G. Burges"), was intended to bring about a reform in modern dramatic writing by showing what it really ought to be. The Dedication runs thus: "To George Byron, who, blending the brilliant tints of poetic fancy with the sober shades of philosophic truth, has with a mighty mind and masterly hand depicted the spirit of monarchy, this drama is inscribed by an Asiatic liberal, George Burges."— "Byron came to see us to-day, and appeared extremely discomposed; after half-an-hour's conversation on indifferent subjects, he at length broke forth with, 'Only fancy my receiving to-day a tragedy dedicated as follows —'From George —- to George Byron!' This is being cool with a vengeance. I never was more provoked. How stupid, how ignorant, to pass over my rank! I am determined not to read the tragedy; for a man capable of committing such a solecism in good breeding and common decency, can write nothing worthy of being read.' We were
astonished at witnessing the annoyance this circumstance gave him. xxx

We endeavoured to console him by telling him that we knew Mr. George—— a little, and that he was clever and agreeable, as also that his passing over the title of Byron was meant as a compliment; it was a delicate preference shown to the renown accorded to George Byron the poet over the rank and title which were adventitious advantages ennobled by the possessor, but that could add nothing to his fame. All our arguments were vain; he said, 'this could not be the man's feelings, as he reduced him (Lord Byron) to the same level as himself.'”

Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington [2d ed. (London, 1850)], pp. 93[-94, 94-95].

6. He had persuaded himself that in a knowledge of architecture he equalled, if not exceeded, all his contemporaries; and ever and anon he used to draw designs for various edifices, which, I need hardly add, were never erected. Yet they looked very pretty on paper,—especially a sketch for the new frontage to the British Museum, which he sent in to the committee appointed to determine on the choice of a design.

It must be understood that the freaks & vagaries just described, though I have enumerated them in an uninterrupted series, extended over a space of many years, during which Burges occasionally obtained trifling sums by editing and translating classical works, and now and then received pecuniary assistance from various friends.

I do not mean to tax Burges with impudence when I mention, that he was the reverse of shy,—that he would not scruple to address perfect strangers, and would enter into conversation with them, sometimes showing a strange want of tact in what he said. So, one day at the British Museum, seeing Cramer busy with a MS. of Homer, and having inquired who he was, Burges went up to him, introduced himself, and presently (by way of making an agreeable remark!) observed, “I think, sir, that when you published your recent volume of Anecdota, you could not have been fresh from the reading of Euripides, else you would have recollected that a passage which you do not trace to its source comes from that poet.”

In 1834 Burges endeavoured to bring himself conspicuously before the public by delivering a course of Lectures, which he announced in the following elaborate prospectus. . . .
"LECTURE III. January 21.

Ancient Lyric Poetry—Pindar—His Beauties and Defects—First recorded Eruption of Mount Ætna—First recorded Eclipse of the Sun—The Origin of Rhyme—Traces of it in Homer—Female Poets—Their Inferiority to Male, and why—Sappho a fictitious name—The Odes of Anacreon not genuine—Latin Lyric Poetry—Catullus and Horace—Their Inferiority to the Greek in Fancy, but superiority in Precision of Language—English Lyrics—Cowley—Gray—Collins—Southey's Thalaba—Shelley's Queen Mab—Byron's Manfred—Form of the seven-stringed Lyre, and why so—Apollo said to be the God of Light and Music; and why so; why said to be beardless. . . .

LECTURE VII. February 19.

Ancient Philosophers superior to the Moderns in Physics, Metaphysics and Morals, and why—Dutens on the Origin of Discoveries attributed to the Moderns—The Properties of Matter better described than now—Their Application of Physical Science, if not more extensive, more wise—In Arts they effected much by simple means; the Moderns effect little by means not simple—Air-Balloons and locomotive Vehicles known Centuries ago—Salverte on the Occult Sciences of the Ancients—Brewster on their Magical Knowledge—The Newtonian Theory untenable—Whewell and the Quarterly Reviewer—The Form of the Sun an Optical Illusion—Its Power the Effect of Matter in Motion.

LECTURE VIII. February 26.

Ancient Metaphysics, what—Their Connexion with Physics—The Soul, what—Its Form, as shown by the Ancients—Its Immortality can and cannot be proved Metaphysically—The Inference drawn by Plato from its supposed Immortality—The Properties of Mind and Matter compared—Physiognomy, Phrenology and Palmistry all partially true—Their Utility in a System of Education—The Moral Philosophy of the Ancients and Moderns Compared—Paley's Definition of Virtue defective—That of Socrates superior—The Duty of Moral-
ity a misnomer—Byron's Picture of Socrates in Prison—Why Socra-
tes requested his Friends to sacrifice a Cock to Æsculapius—His Death
—The real Cause of it—The Effects of it compared with the Effects
of similar Persecutions—Conclusion. . . ."

In connection with these Lectures he sent out this hand-bill:

"GOOD AND CHEAP BREAD,
WITHOUT RUIN TO THE FARMER.

The Nobility and Gentry, in or out of Parliament, and now nearly
ruined by the awful depression of the Landed Interest, are respectfully
informed that MR. GEORGE BURGES, M. A. of Trinity College,
Cambridge, will, in his Seventh Lecture, detail an easy plan by which
His Majesty's Ministers may, if they will, increase the Revenue a Mil­
lion sterling annually; and so improve the soil of England, as to enable
it to feed Sixty Millions of mouths on cheaper and better bread-corn
than can be grown upon, or imported from, any other part of the Globe.

The Lecture will commence at half-past Eight precisely, P. M., at No.
30, Bedford Street, Covent Garden."

In spite of what Burges thought a tempting prospectus, these Lec­
tures drew together only a very small audience, consisting chiefly of a
few of his old friends, Kenyon, Merivale (the translator of The Greek
Anthology), Mitford, myself, &c, with a sprinkling of booksellers, who
looked up to Burges as a prodigy of learning, and who, though they
comprehended little or nothing of his discourse, listened to it with an ex­
emplary patience. For my own part, I sat on thorns while he was stating
as facts some of the most extravagant fancies that ever were begotten
in a human brain: e.g. he boldly asserted that the Pyramids had a
foundation corresponding exactly with the portion of them above
ground,—that they tapered down under the earth in the same manner
and with the same dimensions as they rose into the air above its sur­
face.— In one of the Lectures he sung (and with a rather sweet voice)
the Ode of the pseudo-Anacreon, Θέλω λέγειν Ατρείδας, to the tune of
"Malbrook."
All honour to Charles James Blomfield, Bishop of London, for his noble behaviour to George Burges!—They had been on terms of intimacy while fellow-students at Trinity College, Cambridge: but Blomfield (long before he was raised to the Bench) having attacked, in an excellent article in *The Quarterly Review*, Barker's edition of Stephens's *Thesaurus*, which was issued by Valpy, who was Burges's publisher and friend; and having also sneered in *The Museum Criticum* (as he well might do) at Burges's re-writing of the text of Æschylus [II (1826), no. 7, 488–509],—the latter assailed Blomfield in sundry publications with a disgusting intemperance of language, perhaps exceeding that which Scioppius and the most foul-mouthed of the early critics poured out upon their adversaries. Years had elapsed, and Burges was still cherishing his wrath against the Bishop, when one day they happened to meet in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury. No sooner had they passed each other than the Bishop turned round and called out “Burges!”; who also immediately turned round and limped up to the Bishop. “Burges,” continued the latter, “I hope that all which formerly took place between us is as entirely forgotten by you as it is by me.” To such an appeal Burges could not be insensible, and returned a becoming answer to the Bishop, who from that time till the time of his (the Bishop's) death showed him great kindness, occasionally visiting him at his lodgings and making him presents of money.

But the person to whom Burges was the most deeply indebted was his old college-friend John Kenyon, author of *A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance* and various other poems, which rise considerably above mediocrity, and to which the public have hardly done justice. Kenyon not only aided him frequently with handsome sums, but informed him that he had bequeathed him a thousand pounds,—an announcement which relieved Burges from much anxiety about the future, and which assuredly—for he was the most unselfish of human beings—did not awaken in him any longing for the testator's death.—Kenyon having died Dec' 3, 1856, Burges received the promised legacy, which his wife took care not to allow him to “make ducks and drakes of,” as he had done with his patrimony. After some debate, it having been resolved that the whole family should remove to Ramsgate, thither they went: and there Burges, or rather, Mrs. Burges, having purchased two very
small houses, they occupied part of one of them, and let the rest of it and [the] whole of the other house to lodgers during the gay season,—a plan which proved successful.

At Ramsgate, in his diminutive but neatly fitted-up dwelling, Burges quietly pursued for a considerable time his Greek studies with all the ardour of youth, till he was forced to abandon them from a failure in the sight of both eyes, which ended in confirmed cataract. He wrote to consult me about getting it removed; and, in consequence of an application on my part, that eminent oculist Mr. White Cooper consented to operate on him gratis, if he would pro tempore become an inmate of St. Mary's Hospital. Burges readily consented, and came up to London; when calling on me one forenoon, he gave proof that, though he was unable to see a single letter of Greek, it still was uppermost in his thoughts; for, almost immediately after entering the room, he begged me to read to him an article in Hesychius (as connected with a passage of Euripides) which had recently been running in his head.

But I had to deal with an untractable man: he all at once determined (why I never could discover) that he would not become a patient in St. Mary's Hospital; and he threw himself, as it were, at random, into the Ophthalmic Hospital in Moorfields, where he quite charmed the younger surgeons by his clever and facetious talk, was operated upon, and returned to Ramsgate in perfect possession of his sight.

He was now in the highest spirits, resumed his Greek, and prophesied to his friends that, old as he was, he had yet many years to live. But, alas! ere long the insanity, which hitherto had only displayed itself in the wildest eccentricities, burst forth in all its fury: he was bent on attempting the life of his respectable wife (of whom he had grown violently jealous!), and on drowning himself by a leap from the pier; and had he not been carefully watched by his family, he most probably would have committed one or both of these tragic desperate deeds.

Luckily this miserable state of existence lasted comparatively but a short time: he suddenly had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never rallied, and expired in Hardress Street, Ramsgate, [11 January 1864], aged [78].

On his tomb might have been engraved with strict propriety the
words by which he sometimes described himself,—"Honest George Burges"; for he was utterly free from the slightest taint of guile or deceit, and would not for worlds have deviated from truth even in matters of the smallest importance.

I possess a huge mass of his letters, papers on different subjects, &c; from which I select these extracts. . . .

"My dear Dyce,

Ever since I first met you in Pickering's shop your conduct towards a broken down scholar has been so uniformly kind that I needed not your recent proof of regard to make me feel myself no less a debtor in deeds than in words. But as you forbid my saying anything upon what you are pleased to consider a trifle though to me in my present uncertain state it is a matter of some importance I will drop all further allusion to the subject, & fill the remainder of the sheet with what I hope will be more to your taste.

When I left Town for Cambridge I went with some though not very sanguine hopes of success. I did however rather better than I expected—not in the way of Lectures, for three guineas was the whole amount of my receipts, but in the way of pupilising [?], by which I pocketed £13 in 6 weeks, & by translating two orations of Demosthenes into English for which I hope to receive by the end of next week £7, so that my trip ought unless fortune is determined to keep me down to yield me £23. This however is not all. For I am given to understand that I may fairly look forward to the chance of obtaining four pupils in the next term at [....] price of £14 each, & should I be lucky enough to get a pupil to do himself credit as a Classical scholar, I may anticipate the certainty of having more than I shall know what to do with. But this you will say is talking of chickens &c. You will be pleased however to hear that one of my Cambridge pupils has thought it good for him, & Heaven knows it is not less so for myself, to take some lessons during the long vacation; & what is better still feels that I can forward him in his pursuits especially in Greek & Latin Composition in verse; a specimen of which I have sent you. Both the translations were knocked off in about two hours & [a] half; & unless I deceive myself, you will think them not bad.
No sooner had I finished them than I sent them to the Examiner with a note in which I stated that Dobree had put the Greek into my hands as a hitherto but little known fragment of Philemon, & that I had found the Latin amongst the papers of Valckenaer, by whom they were attributed to Hugo Grotius. Mr. Steel however smelt a rat, I suppose, having heard of my Bacchic madness, & would not deign to even thank me for the trouble I had taken in sending him such exquisite morceaus of Greek & Latin versification. By the bye, can you tell me, who is the Author of the English Sonnet—& can you make enquiries at Aberdeen whether there is any demand for a Greek & Latin Professor. I have been told by a friend of mine, that there is an opening for a scholar such as your humble servant in Scotland. I confess I am disposed to doubt the fact. But you will perhaps be able to decide the question either from your own personal knowledge or that of your northern friends.

I am sorry to hear that your eyes are still bad, & not the less so as I fear that my scrawl will put them to the test of deciphering what will scarcely repay the pain of doing so.

I found Wilmot very kind at Cambridge & feel indebted to him for my second pupil, who I trust will turn out a good scholar. He has some capital points about him, especially a delicate taste, & can construe Greek prose with spirit & fidelity united. Wilmot's work is rapidly proceeding to a reprint when he means to rewrite it. So you had better wait till it appears, for otherwise you will read a book aliusque et idem. When do you come to Town? I have still much to say, but can at present only add the name of your much obliged

George Burges

I am still in the old place & shall probably remain there during the vacation.
The Rev* Alexander Dyce
Rosebank
Aberdeen
N. B.

[Postmark: July 6, 1834 (?).]"
In my *Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers* is this statement:—

"Payne Knight was seized with an utter loathing of life, and destroyed himself. He had complaints which were very painful, and his nerves were completely shattered. Shortly before his death, he would come to me of an evening, and tell me how sick he was of existence. He had recourse to the strongest prussic acid; and, I understand, he was dead before it touched his lips."\(^{29}\)

No sooner had this statement been published than Payne Knight's niece, the late Mrs. Francis Walpole, dictated to an old servant of her uncle the following declaration, which appeared in *The Times* and in other newspapers:—

"To the Editor of 'The Table-talk of the late Samuel Rogers.'

Sir,— With another member of my family, I was in the service of the late Mr. Payne Knight at the period of his decease (April 29th, 1824); and I beg most unequivocally to contradict the statement of the late Mr. Samuel Rogers, that Mr. Payne Knight committed suicide by prussic acid. No such suspicion existed at the time; no such traces were found in his room; and no coroner's inquest was held on the body. Respect for the family of Mr. Payne Knight, and interest in his surviving relatives (to one of the nearest of whom I commit this statement), induce me to take the liberty of addressing you, and entreating you to give publicity to the fact that Mr. Payne Knight's death was caused by apoplexy, according to the predictions and reports of his medical attendants.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

John Jackson.

The Royal Oak Hotel, Leominster, Herefordshire,
March 15th, 1856."
I must confess, that, in spite of this flat contradiction to Rogers's state-
ment, I continue far from convinced that Payne Knight did not destroy
himself. Nor was Rogers singular in attributing his death to poison:
it was well known to several persons alive when Rogers's statement
was published (the late Dr. Alexander Henderson and others), that
the late Mr. Roger Wilbraham, who had been on the most intimate
terms with Payne Knight, used to speak of his suicide as a fact not to
be questioned. 30 Be it remembered too that, as Rogers observed, he was
suffering great pain from complaints brought on by a long course of
dissoluteness; and, moreover, that (as we may gather from his writ-
ings) he was not troubled with those religious scruples which would
have restrained many men from attempting self-destruction.

In consequence of John Jackson's declaration, a correspondence—a
friendly one—took place between Mrs. Francis Walpole and myself;
and, among other letters which I received from her was that now sub-
joined, detailing what she believed to be the real circumstances of her
uncle's death, and giving an interesting account of the habits of a re-
markable man, who, though a mean poet (vide his Landscape, his Pro-
gress of Civil Society, and his Alfred), was undoubtedly a profound
Greek scholar (see his Carmina Homerica, Ilias et Odyssea, his Ana-
lytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet, his Discourse on the Worship of
Priapus, and his Inquiry into the Symbolical Language of Ancient Art
and Mythology), as well as a metaphysician of no ordinary acuteness
(witness his Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste).

"65 Eaton Square,
March 22th, 1856.

Sir,

At his death Mr. Payne Knight was nearly seventy-six years of age.
During the two preceding years his bodily strength had obviously
failed; and I had frequently heard him lament that his means of occu-
pation were so limited, Homer being the only author who afforded
him pleasure. When threatened with apoplexy, all application was
strictly prohibited; while lighter studies failed to excite interest. His
nerves had long been affected, and his hand had become unsteady, from
the habit of drinking twice per day the most intensely strong coffee, while the indulgence of his unexampled appetite for animal food was unlimited. When he was latterly urged by his medical men to abandon these practices, and to confine himself to a simple and early dinner, he rarely failed to make a second ample, varied, and luxurious meal at a late hour. He refused to be cupped, bled, or blistered; and, after one experiment, he discontinued the use of the cold shower-bath. In compliance with my uncle's cordial invitation, and according to my father's annual custom, he arrived in London on the eve of the 1st Horticultural Meeting, of which Society he was President, on the 29th of April 1824, and found his brother a corpse. I was in town soon after, and obtained the following particulars from Dr. Wilson Phillip, Sir Antony Carlisle, and my uncle's old servants:

Mr. Payne Knight had appeared confused and disposed to doze during the greater part of the preceding day; but expressed anxiety about his brother's arrival. He retired to rest at 8 o'clock, leaving a box of invaluable gems in his library. This box was about 8 inches in height; and it was his invariable custom to place it under his pillow. On his valet Thomas Sharpe's asking if he should fetch it, Mr. Payne Knight replied, 'No, I am too ill:—do not leave me until I sleep.' In a short time he appeared to sleep and to snore (which was the stertorous breathing preceding death). Thomas Sharpe left him, and found that all was over in the morning.

I omitted to state that Dr. Wilson Phillip considered that my uncle's death was accelerated by the altered position of his head, which was of course so many inches lower than usual.

I am, Sir,
Your ob't Servant,
Elizabeth Walpole."

When I read this letter to my friend the late Dr. Alexander Henderson (see above), he professed himself still unconvinced that Payne Knight did not commit suicide; a circumstance which in all probability would be concealed from Mrs. Francis Walpole, who was not in her uncle's house at the time of his death,—not even in London.
While reading the service in his church at Hatton, Parr would here and there interlard it with brief glosses: for instance, after pronouncing the name "Deborah" in [Judges IV], he would pause, turn round to the congregation, and add, "More properly, 'Debō-rah'"; and on the words of the Creed, "descended into hell," he would, in like manner, remark, "More properly, 'descended into Hades.'"

He would frequently declare, "I will have no bastards in my parish."— "But how, Doctor, can you help it?"— "Why, sir, when I find any unmarried woman in the family way, I ascertain who is her paramour, summon him before me, and say, 'You must marry this woman immediately, for I will have no bastards in my parish.' I turn a deaf ear to any excuses he may make; and if he be very poor, I generally give him a small sum to enable him to commence house-keeping; for I will have no bastards in my parish."

Parr was a latitudinarian in religion, and a radical in politics: yet he long indulged the hope of being raised to the episcopal bench; and one evening at Lady Augusta Murray's, he said, with perfect gravity, "My dear Lady Augusta, when I am a bishop, I intend to wear a rim of purple velvet round each cuff of my coat." (Parr's aspirations after a bishoprick are thus alluded to in [Ralph Broome's] Letters from Simpkin the Second to his Dear Brother in Wales; Containing an Humble Description of the Trial of Warren Hastings, Esq., &c;

"This same Managers' Box I've observ'd to be lin'd
With hungry expectants of every kind;
And Parr, as a regency bishop elect,
Has a claim to a seat among those who expect;
For finding his Latin, his wig, and his birch,
All too weak to secure his ascent in the church,
He dashingly join'd Opposition in form,
Determin'd to carry a mitre by storm."

p. 93, ed. 1789.)
Though a very kind-hearted man, he was (like Dr. Johnson, whom he greatly admired, and perhaps imitated) a downright tyrant in conversation, and often made use of such language as would hardly be tolerated in society now-adays. At a dinner-party given by Lady Augusta Murray, Mr. (afterwards so notorious as Sir Lumley) Skeffington asked Parr some question about the religion of the Chaldaëans; when Parr, fancying that Skeffington meant to quizz him, exclaimed, with a tremendous scowl, "Wait, sir, wait till the ladies are gone, and then I'll pounce upon you."— He treated still more rudely my friend Harness, who, having become intimate with Betty (the Young Roscius) while they were students together at Cambridge, once ventured, in opposition to Parr, to say a few words in praise of his friend's acting. This elicited from Parr a violent tirade against Betty, which concluded with "As for you, Mr. Harness, I look upon you, sir, as a young theatrical puppy."

To Jones of Nayland, who was himself a man of very simple manners, Parr's pomposity and grandiloquence could not fail to be offensive. Jones had long wished to be introduced to Parr; and, after their meeting, characterized him as being "all smoke and smother" (which was not true:—Parr was only partly so).

Beloe, it is well known, drew a most unjust portrait of Parr in *The Sexagenarian*, under the name of Orbilius: but it is not so well known that, after the death of Beloe, who left his family in great distress, the generous Parr sent his widow a present of fifty pounds.

[RICHARD] PORSON [ff. 148–52]

Among the *Porsoniana*, which I appended to my *Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers* (and which a Mr. Watson, in a wretched *Life of Porson* [1861], has made great use of, with very inadequate acknowledgement) a paragraph runs thus:—

"It is not known who wrote *Six more Letters to Granville Sharp*," which, according to the title-page, are by Gregory Blunt. They were very generally attributed to Porson; and I *[Mr. William Maltby
The Clerisy

loquitur] have been in a bookseller’s shop with him, when a person has come in, and asked for ‘Mr. Porson’s Remarks on Sharp.’ I do not believe that he was the author of them; but I have little doubt that he gave some assistance to the author, particularly in the notes. He always praised the work, and recommended it to his friends.” p[p]. 335[−36], third ed.

I am now enabled to speak positively concerning the authorship of the Six more Letters, through the kindness of the late Dr. David Irving of Edinburgh, who favoured me with the following communication:

"6 Meadow Place,
27th August, 1858.

Sir,

I have perused with much pleasure the Table-Talk of Rogers and the Porsoniana; for which, I think, the editor has not yet received due commendation. As to the authorship of Blunt’s Letters to Sharp, I can supply you with authentic information; I know from unquestionable authority that they were written by John Mason Good, M.D. To this remarkable man I was introduced by my ingenious and estimable friend, the Rev. Thomas Jervis, the successor of Dr. Kippis in the chapel at Westminster. At his chambers in Gray’s Inn I met Dr. Good at breakfast, and after he withdrew, Mr. Jervis presented me with a copy of the Letters, mentioning the name of the author without reserve or hesitation. I do not think it very probable that he derived any assistance from Porson; but, as the work is apparently formed on the model of the admirable Letters to Travis, and breathes a portion of the same spirit, it might more readily obtain the approbation of Porson, who was not much inclined to be lavish of his commendation. After a long interval, I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Gregory in Edinburgh; and when I ventured to express some degree of surprise that he had not made the slightest allusion to so conspicuous a publication, he replied that any notice of it would have been very painful to the family of his friend. When this work made its appearance, he was in the fervour of Unitarian zeal, and he has occasionally discussed sacred
topics in a tone of levity; but towards the close of his life, he renounced the opinions which he had long and eagerly maintained, and died in the communion of the established church.”

Porson used generally in the morning to wear black-satin breeches and silk-stockings, and in the evening trousers and boots! John Mitford told me that the only time he ever saw him was in Sotheby’s saleroom, whither he had come to purchase a copy of Serranus’s Plato; and that his face was then covered with long stripes of black sticking-plaster, which he had put on in consequence, it was supposed, of a fall, and which gave him a very bravo-like appearance.

His own books were, for the most part, engrained with dirt, inside and outside; and on those which he borrowed from his friends he often left indelible stains. “Look,” Richard Heber would say in a melancholy tone, “only look at this volume which Porson has just returned to me! When I lent it to him, it was quite spotless, and now it is perfectly beastly.”

His chambers in the Temple were covered with dust, and contained an atmosphere by no means agreeable to persons of delicate nerves. Coplestone (afterwards Bishop of Llandaff) and Dr. Sheppard once paid him a morning-visit there; and Shep[...], observing how uncomfortable his companion was made by the odour of the room, took an opportunity of opening the window under the pretext of admiring the view. As they came down stairs, Coplestone exclaimed, “Shep[...], you deserve a civic crown, for saving the life of a citizen!”

Dr. Routh, the learned and venerable President of Magdalen-College, Oxford, used often to relate what follows.— Porson, Parr, and Burney were his guests. The wine had circulated very freely, the President alone keeping his head cool, while the others, more or less, had lost their better reason. Porson, however, had not lost his memory, but spouted Greek verses in praise of drinking very fluently. Parr even ventured on a Bacchanalian song, “which alarmed me,” said Routh, “for the sake of the college; but nothing could stop him, and I was much amused, though fearing he must be overheard.” After the song, the President retired, with Parr and Burney, to tea, Porson remain-
ing in the dining-room, and requesting porter and ale, which were brought to him, as he usually drank them after swallowing [an] abundance of wine. About two o'clock in the morning, as Routh was going to bed, he took a parting peep at Porson; and seeing him grovelling on the floor,—in plain terms, dead-drunk,—ordered a servant to sit up and watch him. About six o'clock, the servant went into the dining-room, and found Porson, calm and collected, seated at a table, with three or four volumes of Æschylus before him, reading and writing with as much zeal as he had the night before manifested in consuming the President's port.

When George Burges was at Trinity-College, Cambridge, Porson advised him to secure a fellowship before devoting himself to philological studies. “By such pursuits,” said Porson, “you must not expect to make anything: all I ever made by my Euripides, was four-pence on each copy of the Hecuba.”

A coldness arose between Porson and Elmsley in consequence of the critique on Schweighaeuser's edition of Athenæus which the latter wrote for the Edinburgh Review [III (1803-4), 181-94]. In that article some emendations were given, which Porson said he had thrown out in the course of conversation, not imagining that Elmsley would ever propose them as his own.

There is little doubt that Elmsley derived a good many of his corrections of The Acharnians of Aristophanes from manuscript notes on Porson's books; which he carefully examined the day before they were sold, though Doctors Raine and Burney had given strict orders to Payne and Mackinley that Elmsley should not see them. This was told by Raine to Burges, who told it to me.

When Gaisford informed Porson that he contemplated publishing an edition of Hephæstion, but that he feared his scholarship was not sufficient for the undertaking, Porson encouraged him to proceed with it, saying that he considered him quite equal to the task. (That he was so, he has shown: his Hephæstion is excellently edited.)

In those days Gaisford, with all his respect for Porson, used to say, “If Porson were to die tomorrow, he will not leave behind him a greater name than Tyrwhitt.” (A prediction which has not been fulfilled; for Porson's reputation is now much greater than Tyrwhitt's:
yet, in variety of learning, Porson was far inferior to Tyrwhitt, who possessed not only a truly critical knowledge of Greek, but also an intimate acquaintance with the early English writers, and with the literature of Italy and France.)

[J O S E P H ] R I T S O N  [f. 156’]

Every body knows that Ritson strictly abstained from animal food. One night he was supping with Douce, when a girl (a niece of Mrs. D.) exclaimed, "Only look at Mr. Ritson! I thought he never tasted animal food; and yet he's now devouring hundreds of living things in that piece of old cheese!" Ritson, who chose to fancy that Douce had incited her to make the observation, was vehemently angry, and quarrelled with him in consequence; and, I believe, a perfect reconciliation never took place between them.

Sir Walter Scott used to say that Ritson's temper bore a strong resemblance to that of Rousseau.

[f. 180’]

I used to see him constantly walking about Oxford,—a little, blear-eyed old man. It is well-known that Brunck's Apollonius Rhodius destroyed the reputation of Shaw's edition of that poet [2d ed., 1779]. When Shaw read Brunck's contemptuous remarks on his labours, he said, "I shall henceforth keep my eyes for the woodcocks" (alluding to his love of field-sports); and, accordingly, from that time he gave up the study of Greek literature.

He was a notorious punster. When Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalen College, married at a very advanced period of life, and soon after he had finished the publication of his Reliquiae Sacrae,—Shaw, congratulating him on his nuptials, said, "Now, Mr. President, instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children."
GEORGE STEEVENS [f. 206°]

“One day, as Sir John Hawkins was going upstairs to visit Johnson, he met Steevens coming down. 'Really, doctor,' said the knight on entering the room, 'I am surprised that you allow such a malicious person as Steevens to frequent your house.' 'Pooh, sir,' replied Johnson, 'Steevens is not malicious,—he is only uniformly mischievous.'”

J. Nicol.

Some one asked Isaac Reed when he last saw Steevens. The answer was, “I have not seen him for about a year, but I have spoken to him every morning during that period before I have got out of bed.” Now, Steevens was in the daily habit of walking from his house at Hampstead, at a very early hour, to Reed’s chambers in [Staple’s Inn], where he used to correct the proof-sheets of his Shakespeare, 1793, and talk to Isaac through the key-hole of his bedroom. Hence the lines in [Thomas J.] Mathias’s Pursuits of Literature;

“Come then, I’ll breathe at large ethereal air,
Far from the bar, the senate, and the court,
And in Avonian fields with Steevens sport,
(Whom late, from Hampstead journeying to his book,
Aurora oft for Cephalus mistook,
What time he brush’d her dews with hasty pace,
To meet the printer’s dev’let face to face:),” &c.


Dibdin has greatly exaggerated the horrors of Steevens’s death-bed in the account he gives of it in [. . .]; but Dibdin was not solicitous about accuracy in his statements.

A FRENCHMAN’S IDEA OF TRANSLATION [f. 225°]

When my old college friend, the Rev. Arthur Johnson Daniel, was residing at Paris, he became acquainted with a literary Frenchman,
who understood English pretty well, and who asked my friend to recommend to him some popular English work, that he might translate it into French. A volume by Miss Jane Taylor of Ongar (whose writings were then in considerable estimation) happened to be lying on the table; and Daniel, taking it up, said, "Here is a clever tale: but I fear it would not suit the French taste, for it turns more or less on religious principle."—"Pooh," replied the Parisian, "dat is no objection. Religious principle! pooh, I vill easily substitute another principle,—la gloire."

LOST TO SHAME[f. 227*]

During my residence at Oxford after I had taken my degree, there was, among the undergraduates of my college (Exeter) a youth named Tomlin,—handsome, gentlemanly, and always extremely well dressed; who went through his academical course respectably enough, his conduct neither giving offence nor exciting praise.

His tutor was my intimate friend, the Rev. Josiah Forshall, then Fellow of Exeter college, and at a later period tolerably well known in London as Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. With that establishment Forshall had been connected many years, when one morning he was told by his servant that a poor man was very anxious to see him. He accordingly came down stairs, and found waiting for him at the door a dirty ragged fellow, with a beard of several weeks' growth, and carrying a basket of crockery on his head. "What do you want? and who are you?" asked Forshall. "Sir," replied the man, "I should be obliged if you could spare me some old clothes and a trifle of money: my name, sir, is Tomlin: you, sir, were my tutor at Exeter College." Greatly, of course, was Forshall surprised at this discovery, and not a little shocked to find, on further talk with him, that Tomlin felt no shame at his metamorphosis, and had evidently no wish to rise above the wretched condition to which (in consequence of some gross misconduct) he had sunk. Having received from Forshall an old coat, a little money, and a loaf, away he marched, quite contented, with the crockery on his head.
I one day happened to mention this work to my venerable friend, Mr. William Maltby (of the London Institution), when he stated what follows:—

"Lady Jones consulted me about the choice of a person to write the Life of Sir William. Four persons had been suggested to her,—Parr, Howley (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Roscoe, and Hayley. I advised her to fix on Parr; but, for some reason or other, she at last chose Sir J[ohn]. Shore (Lord Teignmouth).

"When I told Parr that Shore was to write the Life, he exclaimed with great vehemence, "Then, Maltby, it will be truncated and disfigured!" It was so certainly in the case of a letter from Jones to Price (which I furnished for it), a passage about the French Revolution having been omitted: and I much more than suspect that Sir William's religious opinions are in some degree misrepresented by his biographer."

Lord Teignmouth informs us that "it was a favourite opinion of Sir William Jones, that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement": and Maltby assured me that Porson agreed with Jones in this opinion,—doubtless a most erroneous one.

1. [Cf. Dyce's Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. To Which is Added Porsoniana, 3d ed. (London, 1856), p. 327 n.] I possess his copies of Proclus on the Timæus and Republic of Plato, and of Proclus on the Theology of Plato, with a vast number of MS. emendations, which his knowledge of the subjects (notwithstanding his comparative want of scholarship) enabled him to make.

2. My old friend certainly appears to have had some semi-pagan tendencies; but they have been absurdly exaggerated by sundry writers: e.g. "It is traditionally related of Taylor, the translator of Plato, that he was found in the act of sacrificing an ox to Jupiter—or rather, that the ox, provng recalcitrant, was about to sacrifice Taylor." The Saturday Review for July 11, 1868 [XXVI], p. 61.

He was dreadfully indignant at the following passage of Southey's [ ... ], and pronounced it to have no foundation in truth. [Southey called Taylor a "pagan Methodist" and "le grand payen." See Taylor's Selected Writings, ed. Raine and Harper, p. 34; Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, ed. John W. Warter (London, 1856), I, 192.]
3. The Obituary of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec' 1814 [LXXXIV, N.S. 7, 609] records his death as follows. "... A Coroner's Inquest sat on the body: verdict—Died by the Visitation of God." [I have omitted most of the quotation.]


5. Memoirs of [the Late Thomas] Holcroft [ed. William Hazlitt (London, 1816)], vol. iii. pp. 63–64. The "P—" mentioned above is, I believe, Perry, editor of *The Morning Chronicle.*—By the by, Holcroft's Memoirs was a favourite book with Rogers, who often cited it as affording a striking instance of talents and perseverance overcoming the disadvantages of low birth and poverty.

6. Northmore was a pupil of Gilbert Wakefield, and by no means a contemptible scholar, as his two editions of Tryphiodorus show. He also published some other things,—*Washington or Liberty Restored, A Poem in Ten Books,* &c.

7. The eleventh Duke of Norfolk: he died in 1815.

8. *A Letter from Athens to a Friend in England; The Two Last Pleadings of Cicero Against Verres, with Notes,* &c.

9. What truth there might have been in this I cannot say: but it is a fact that my friend John Mitford had a brother who had been a civil servant in India, and who bequeathed money for the erection of a temple to Vishnoo,—a bequest which the law very properly set aside.

10. *Ancient Fragments of the Phoenician, Chaldaean, Egyptian, Tyrian, Carthaginian, Indian, Persian, and other Writers.* . . . , sec. ed. 1832. Of the several volumes he published, this is the most valuable. But, like Taylor, he was deficient in critical scholarship.

11. [I have omitted the Greek.] Epist. i.—The same consciousness of his own deficiency as a verbal critic which made Taylor always ready to sneer at "grammarians," probably induced Piron to write the following verses. . . . [There ensues "Epitaphe d'un Grammarien." This and the following note are on f. 212a. The above letter and the next were printed, with minor variations, in "Tayloriana," *Platonist,* II, no. 4 (Orange, N. J., 1884), 61. They were supplied by R. F. Sketchley of the South Kensington Museum, who found them in a copy of Taylor's translation of the *Phaidros.* Many numbers of the *Platonist* contain material on Taylor.]


13. In these early productions Barker showed more talent than he ever exhibited at any later period of his life. I subjoin them, believing that scholars will acknowledge their merit. . . . [There follow "ΑΡΧΗ ΗΜΙΣΤ ΠΑΝΤΟΣ" and "STRENUA INERTIA," the latter having to do with a squirrel in a treadmill cage.]

14. [I omit the long, macaronic title (1820).] . . . No Second Part of this pamphlet was ever published. The mysterious letters O.T.N. which Barker chose to append to his name on title-pages were meant to signify *Of Thetford, Norfolk.*

15. On the south side of Covent-Garden: it has since been pulled down.

16. [The omissions are mine.]

17. [Nor do they all merit publication. Monk's first letter (9 Feb. 1836) deals with editorial matters and wishes Dyce well in the Bentley project; the second (6 Oct.) acknowledges receipt of the first two volumes. John Wordsworth writes (Nov. 1837) concerning Dyce's request to examine the Bentley letters in the possession of Trinity College. He relates (17 Dec.) the nature of the MS holdings, the stipulations concerning their examination, the publication of some by Monk, and the fact that some are missing. On 25 Dec. he tells Dyce that the Bishop has the missing letters and, intending to publish them, will not give them up. These transcriptions occupy ff. 24v–25v.]

18. "But the work which, as a scholar, he most desired to execute, was an edition of *Æschylus.* During a period of several years he had directed his attention to that object; and if his life had been prolonged to the present time, some of the results of his industry would now, in all probability, have been before the world; for, at his death, his Observations upon the Works of that Tragedian had reached such a state of maturity, that one of the Plays, illustrated by him, will, it is hoped, ere long appear, to be fol-
lowed, at short intervals, by others in succession.” C. Wordsworth’s Preface to Bentley’s Correspondence [(London, 1842), I], p. xviii. No portion of the Æschylus has hitherto appeared.

19. i.e. Robert Aris Willmott, who afterwards took orders, and was for some time incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks. He published poems and several things in prose; all very pretty, but (like his conduct in life) not free from weakness. [Above this article’s title Dyce has scribbled “abt 1832.”]

20. In Nov. 1831 Harness had preached a sermon in Regent Square Chapel against the Unknown Tongues; which he printed with the title Modern Claims to Miraculous Gifts of the Spirit Considered, &c.

21. [XXIX (1823), 283-313: among other things, a review of Irving’s For the Oracles of God . . . For Judgment to Come (1823).]

22. “He understood both theory and practice. His Treatise on the Art of Music is reckoned to display a profound knowledge of the subject; and his compositions, a morning and evening Cathedral Service, ten Church Pieces for the organ, with four Anthems in score for the use of the Church of Nayland, are greatly admired, as of the old school, in the true classical style.” [William] Stevens’s Life of W. Jones [in Jones’s Works (London, 1801), I], p. xxix.

23. He succeeded Jones in the perpetual curacy of Nayland. While I was Mr. Sims’s substitute at that place, he had the rectory of West Bergholt, Essex, where I was always received with more than kindness by him and his family; some of whom perhaps may yet survive, and retain, as I do, a pleasing recollection of our intercourse.

24. An epithet which Burges more than once applied to himself in print, and which, to his great amusement, completely puzzled the continental scholars.


26. See his [ . . . ] [Perhaps a reference to any in the series of articles on classical subjects which Charles Burney published in the Monthly Review. The Dyce Collection has a number of them.]

27. [I have selected three lectures from this astonishing document (f. 100). The course of eight must have been a bargain at its price of 12s.]

28. [The article thus far comprises ff. 98-102. Dyce next transcribes (ff. 102*-103’) Burges’s translation of William Drummond of Hawthornden’s sonnet, “I Know That All Beneath the Moon Decays,” into Greek iambics, together with “Little Bo-Peep” done into both Greek and Latin; the originals of these efforts are ff. 96*, 97a. Dyce has not transcribed “Carmen Lyricum Euripidis in Iph. T. 1058 et Sqq. Latine vertit G. Burges” (f. 96) or a message from Burges (f. 97). I print only the last item (which is torn at one point).]

29. P. 206, third ed. [The letter that follows is printed on p. xiii. The DNB quotes the Gentleman’s Magazine to the effect that Knight died of “an apoplectic affection.”]

30. [Cf. Table-Talk, p. xiii n.]

31. “These Six more Letters form a sort of supplement to a publication by the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, entitled Six Letters to Granville Sharp, Esq., respecting his Remarks on the Uses of the Definitive Article in the Greek Text of the New Testament, 1802. In the ‘Advertisement’ to Who wrote ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ, &c, 1824, Dr. Wordsworth states that Porson ‘assured him privately’ that the Six more Letters were not from his pen” [p. 336 n].

32. i.e. Dr. Olinthus Gregory, who wrote the Life of Mason Good.

33. Though not in any way relating to Porson, the remainder of Dr. Irving’s letter to me is worth quoting. . . . [Not unless one is interested in the evidence that Dr. Good wrote “a suppressed work bearing the unusual and outlandish title of Tackwims.” The note is on ff. 149* and 151*.

34. [I have omitted ff. 149-50, an interleaved version of n. 31, which includes an extensive transcript from Dr. Wordsworth’s “Advertisement.”]

35. [I find more than one “Sheppard” or “Shepherd” who might fit the occasion.]
36. [There is a canceled draft of this article on f. 236'. As Professor Schoenbaum points out (TLS, 22 Jan. 1971, p. 102), another version of this story appears in Bertrand H. Bronson, *Joseph Ritson: Scholar-at-Arms* (Berkeley, Calif., 1938), I, 267.]

37. Richard Heber told me as a positive fact, that, when he was abroad, he saw a proof-sheet of a preface to Brunck's Apollonius which was suppressed; wherein, with inconceivable grossness and bad taste, Brunck observed that "though Shaw might be magister artium and magister caccandi et mingendi, &c, he was nevertheless a mere tyro in Greek."

I possess the text of Apollonius beautifully written on vellum by Brunck.


40. P. 489.