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and

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THE

WORLD.

BY ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXVI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THAT I presume to dedicate the first volume of the WORLD to your Lordship, will, I hope, be forgiven me. It is not enough that I can flatter myself with having been frequently honoured with your correspondence; I would insinuate it to the public, that under the sanction of your Lordship's name, I may hope for a more favourable reception from my readers.

If it should be expected, upon this occasion, that I should point out which papers are your Lordship's, and which my own, I must beg to be excused; for while, like the Cuckoo in the fable, I am mixing my note with the Nightingale's, I cannot resist the vanity of crying out—'How sweetly we birds sing!'

If I knew of any great or amiable qualification that your Lordship did not really possess, I would (according to the usual custom of dedications) bestow it freely: but, till I am otherwise instructed, I shall rest satisfied with paying my most grateful acknowledgments to your Lordship, and with subscribing myself,

Your LORDSHIP's obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

Plate III. Published as the act directs 3 Oct. Harrison & Co. Dec. 20. 1786.

THE

WORLD.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Nº I. THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1753.

NIHIL DULCIUS EST, BENE QUAM MUNITA TENERE
EDITA DOCTRINA SAPIENTUM TEMPLA SERENA;
DESPICERE UNDE QUEAS ALIOS, PASSIMQUE VIDERE
ERRARE, ATQUE VIAM PALANTEIS QUÆRERE VITÆ.
CERTARE INGENIO, CONTENDERE NOBILITATE,
NOCTES ATQUE DIES NITI PRÆSTANTE LABORE
AD SUMMAS EMERGERE OPES, RERUMQUE POTIRI.

LUCRET.

'AT the village of Aronche, in the 'province of Estremadura,' says an old Spanish author, 'lived Gonzales de Castro, who from the age of 'twelve to fifty-two was deaf, dumb, 'and blind. His chearful submission 'to so deplorable a misfortune, and the 'misfortune itself, so endeared him to 'the village, that to worship the Holy 'Virgin, and to love and serve Gonzales, were considered as duties of the 'same importance; and to neglect the 'latter, was to offend the former.

'It happened one day, as he was fitting at his door, and offering up his 'mental prayers to St. Jago, that he 'found himself, on a sudden, restored 'to all the privileges he had lost. The 'news ran quickly through the village, 'and old and young, rich and poor, 'the busy and the idle, thronged round 'him with congratulations.

'But, as if the blessings of this life 'were only given us for afflictions, he 'began in a few weeks to lose the relish 'of his enjoyments, and to repine at the 'possession of those faculties, which 'served only to discover to him the follies and disorders of his neighbours, 'and to teach him that the intent of 'speech was too often to deceive.

'Though the inhabitants of Aronche were as honest as other villagers, yet Gonzales, who had formed his 'ideas of men and things from their 'natures and uses, grew offended at 'their manners. He saw the avarice of 'age, the prodigality of youth, the 'quarrels of brothers, the treachery of 'friends, the frauds of lovers, the insolence of the rich, the knavery of the 'poor, and the depravity of all. These, 'as he saw and heard, he spoke of with 'complaint; and endeavoured by the 'gentlest admonitions to excite men to 'goodness.'

From this place the story is torn out to the last paragraph; which says—That he lived

lived to a comfortable old age, despised and hated by his neighbours for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves; and that he breathed out his soul in these memorable words, that *He who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in the world, should be deaf, dumb, and blind, to the follies and vices of it.*

If candour, humility, and an earnest desire of instruction and amendment, were not the distinguishing characteristics of the present times, this simple story had silenced me as an author. But when every day's experience shews me, that our young gentlemen of fashion are lamenting at every tavern the frailties of their natures, and confessing to one another whose daughters they have ruined, and whose wives they have corrupted; not by way of boasting, as some have ignorantly imagined, but to be reproved and amended by their penitential companions: when I observe too, from an almost blameable degree of modesty, they accuse themselves of more vices than they have constitutions to commit; I am led by a kind of impulse to this work, which is indeed to be a public repository for the real frailties of these young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the necessity of such private confessions.

The present times are no less favourable to me in another very material circumstance. It was the opinion of our ancestors, that there are few things more difficult, or that require greater skill and address, than the speaking properly of one's self. But if by speaking properly be meant speaking successfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing or of making gunpowder.

Whoever is acquainted with the writings of those eminent practitioners in physic, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will see clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of speaking of one's self to every body's satisfaction. I shall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of those gentlemen; not doubting of the same credit, and the same advantages,

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO be spoke with every *Thursday*, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall, ADAM FITZ-ADAM; who after forty years travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world; after having investigated all the sciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepest recesses of nature and the passions; is, at last, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England, where he undertakes to cure all the diseases of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, gaming, avarice, and ambition, in the men; and envy, slander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonness, and inconstancy, in the women. He undertakes, by a safe, pleasant, and speedy method, to get husbands for young maids, and good-humour for old ones. He instructs wives, after the easiest and newest fashion, in the art of pleasing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives commonsense to philosophers, candour to disputants, modesty to critics, decency to men of fashion, and frugality to tradesmen. For farther particulars enquire at the place above-mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

N. B. The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corrosives, but when inveterate ill habits have rendered gentler methods ineffectual.

Having thus satisfied the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raised it's curiosity to an extraordinary height, I shall descend, all at once, from my doctorial dignity, to address myself to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amusement, called THE WORLD.

My design in this paper is to ridicule, with novelty and good-humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities, of that part of the human species which calls itself the WORLD, and to trace it through all it's business, pleasures, and amusements. But though my subjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excursions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of these lucubrations shall have enabled me to set up a one-horse chair, I shall take frequent occasions of inviting my reader to a seat in it, and of driving him to scenes of pure air, tranquillity, and innocence, from smoke, hurry, and intrigue.

There are only two subjects which, as matters stand at present, I shall absolutely

folutely diſclaim touching upon; and theſe are religion and politics. The former of them ſeems to be ſo univerſally practiſed, and the latter ſo generally underſtood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To ſay truth, I have ſerious reaſons for avoiding the firſt of theſe ſubjects. A weak advocate may ruin a good cauſe. And if religion can be defended by no better arguments than ſome I have lately ſeen in the public papers and magazines, the wiſeſt way is to ſay nothing about it. In relation to politics, I ſhall only obſerve, that the miniſter is not yet ſo thoroughly acquainted with my abilities as to truſt me with his ſecrets. The moment he throws aſide his reſerve, I ſhall throw aſide mine, and make the public as wiſe as myſelf.

My readers will, I hope, excuſe me, if hereafter they ſhould find me very ſparing of mottos to theſe eſſays. I know very well that a little Latin or Greek, to thoſe who underſtand no language but Engliſh, is both ſatisfactory and entertaining. It gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a perſon of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of thoſe who are in the ſecret of ſuch mottos, the cuſtom is, as Shakeſpeare ſays, more honoured in the breach than the obſervance; a motto being generally choſen after the eſſay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two pages together. But the truth is, I have a ſtronger reaſon for declining this cuſtom: it is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of, and the characters I ſhall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be ſuch as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with.

It may perhaps be expected, before I diſmiſs this paper, that I ſhould take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical labours. With all theſe gentlemen I deſire to live in peace, friendſhip, and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them ſhall think proper to declare war againſt me unprovoked, I hope he will not inſiſt upon my taking farther notice of him, than only to ſay, as the old ſerjeant did to his enſign who was beating him—'I 'beſeech your honour not to hurt your-'ſelf.'

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE WITS.

WHEREAS it is expected that the title of this paper will occaſion certain quips, cranks, and conceits, at the Bedford and other coffee-houſes in this town: this is therefore to give notice, that the words—'This is a ſad world, a vain 'world, a dull world, a wretched world, 'a trifling world, an ignorant world, 'a damned world;' or that—'I hate 'the world, am weary of the world, 'ſick of the world,' or phraſes to the ſame effect, applied to this paper, ſhall be voted, by all that hear them, to be without wit, humour, or pleaſantry, and be treated accordingly.

N° II. THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1753.

IT is an obſervation of Lord Bacon, That the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the younger Pliny, had ſcarce laſted to this day, or at leaſt not ſo freſh, if it had not been joined with ſome vanity and boaſting in themſelves: 'For boaſt-'ing,' continues that great writer, 'ſeems to be like varniſh, that not only 'makes wood ſhine, but laſt.'

How greatly are the moderns obliged to Lord Bacon for giving another reaſon for the ſucceſs of the ancients than ſuperiority of merit! Theſe gentlemen have taken care, it ſeems, to lay on their varniſh ſo extremely thick, that common wood has been miſtaken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

But if the ancients owe all their reputation to their ſkill in varniſhing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful, that while the art remains, it ſhould be ſo totally neglected by modern authors; eſpecially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics, in the ſhape of worms, have eat into their wood, and crumbled it to powder.

But to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure; it is moſt certainly owing to the baſhfulneſs of the moderns that

that their works are not held in higher estimation than those of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we consider for a moment the nature and office of the people called critics. It is the nature of these people to be exceedingly dull; and it is their office to pronounce decisively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatsoever. Thus, chusing themselves into the said office, and happening to set out without taste, talents, or judgment, they have no way of guessing at the excellency of an author, but from what the said author has been graciously pleased to say of it himself: and as most of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that passes in their hearts on that subject, the critics, mistaking their reserve for a confession of weakness, have pronounced sentence upon their works, that they are good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this manner: for by what rule of reason should a man expect the good word of another, who has nothing to say in favour of himself?

To avoid, therefore, the censure of the critics, and to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of assuring them that I have the pleasure of standing extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to say with Horace—

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice;

or with Ovid—

Jamque opus incepi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;

it is because I chuse to temper vanity with humility; having sometimes found that a man may be too arrogant, as well as too humble; though it must always be acknowledged, that in affairs of enterprize, which require strength, genius, or activity, assurance will succeed where modesty will fail.

To set forth the utility of blending these two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular instance the superiority of assurance, as I began my first paper with a tale, I shall end this with a fable.

Modesty, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced from former hardships that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone; they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures, to lay aside all animosities, and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

Assurance had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from all such houses, and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots of the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castles and palaces upon the way; while Modesty, who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion, whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admission for both.

And now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals, and amusements. The sallies of Assurance were continually checked by the delicacy of Modesty, and the blushes of Modesty were frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assurance, who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

Thus in the company of Modesty, Assurance gained that reception and esteem, which she had vainly hoped for in her absence; while Modesty, by means

means of her new acquaintance, kept the beſt company, feaſted upon delicacies, and ſlept in the chambers of ſtate. Aſſurance, mean while, had in one particular the aſcendancy over her companion: for if any one aſked Modeſty whoſe daughter ſhe was, ſhe bluſhed and made no anſwer; while Aſſurance took the advantage of her ſilence, and impoſed herſelf upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers purſue their journey; Aſſurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the ruſticity of her companion; while Modeſty went foremoſt through the villages and hamlets, and excuſed the odd behaviour of Aſſurance, by preſenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having meaſured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a haſty ſwell had waſhed away the bridge that was built over it. As they ſtood upon the bank, caſting their eyes upon the oppoſite ſhore, they ſaw at a little diſtance a magnificent caſtle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Aſſurance, who ſtopped at nothing, throwing aſide the covering from her limbs, plunged almoſt naked into the ſtream, and ſwam ſafely to the other ſide. Modeſty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own ſtrength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by Aſſurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other ſide, ſhe unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and oppreſſed by her fears, as well as entangled by her cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately diſappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is ſaid, indeed, that ſhe was afterwards taken up alive by a fiſherman upon the Engliſh coaſt, and that ſhortly ſhe will be brought to the metropolis, and ſhewn to the curious of both ſexes with the *ſurprizing* Oronuto Savage, and the *wonderful* Panther Mare.

Aſſurance, not in the leaſt daunted, purſued her journey alone, and though not altogether as ſucceſsfully as with her companion, yet having learned in particular companies, and upon particular occaſions, to aſſume the air and manner of Modeſty, ſhe was received kindly at every houſe; and at laſt arriving at the end of her travels, ſhe became a very great lady, and roſe to be firſt maid of honour to the queen of the country.

N° III. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF I had inclination and ability to do the cruelleſt thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would lay him under the neceſſity of borrowing money of a friend.

You are to know, Sir, that I am curate of a pariſh within ten miles of town, at forty pounds *per annum*; that I am five and thirty years old, and that I have a wife and two children. My father, who was a clergyman of ſome note in the country, unfortunately died ſoon after I came from college, and left me maſter of ſeventeen hundred pounds. With this ſum, which I thought a very great one, I came up to town, took lodgings in Leiceſter Fields, put a narrow lace upon my frock, learnt to dance of Denoyer, bought my ſhoes of Tull, my ſword of Becket, my hat of Wagner, and my ſnuff-box of Deard. In ſhort, I entered into the ſpirit of taſte, and was looked upon as a faſhionable young fellow. I do not mean that I was really ſo, according to the town acceptation of the term; for I had as great an averſion to infidelity, libertiniſm, gaming, and drunkenneſs, as the moſt unfaſhionable man alive. All that my enemies, or, what is more, all that my friends can ſay againſt me, is, that in my dreſs I rather imitated the coxcomb than the ſloven; that I preferred good company to reading the fathers; that I liked a dinner at the tavern better than one at a private houſe; that I was oftener at the play than at evening prayers; that I uſually went from the play to the tavern again; and that in five years time I ſpent every ſhilling of my fortune. They may alſo add, if they pleaſe, as the climax of my follies, that when I was worth nothing myſelf, I married the moſt amiable woman in the world, without a penny to her fortune, only

becauſe we loved each other to diſtraction, and were miſerable aſunder.

To the whole of this charge I plead guilty; and have moſt heartily repented of every article of it, except the laſt: I am, indeed, a little apprehenſive that my wife is my predominant paſſion, and that I ſhall carry it with me to the grave.

I had contracted an intimacy at college with a young fellow, whoſe taſte, age, and inclinations, were exactly ſuited to my own. Nor did this intimacy end with our ſtudies; we renewed it in town; and as our fortunes were pretty equal, and both of us our own maſters, we lodged in the ſame houſe, dreſſed in the ſame manner, followed the ſame diverſions, ſpent all we had, and were ruined together. My friend, whoſe genius was more enterprizing than mine, ſteered his courſe to the Weſt Indies, while I entered into holy orders at home, and was ordained to the curacy above-mentioned.

At the end of two years I married, as I told you before; and being a wit as well as a parſon, I made a ſhift by pamphlets, poems, ſermons, and ſurplice fees, to increaſe my income to about a hundred a year.

I think I ſhall pay a compliment to my wife's œconomy, when I aſſure you, that notwithſtanding the narrowneſs of our fortune, we did not run out above ten pounds a year: for if it be conſidered that we had both been uſed to company and good living; that the largeſt part of our income was precarious, and conſequently, if we ſtarved ourſelves, we were not ſure of laying up; that as an author I was vain, and as a parſon ambitious; always imagining that my wit would introduce me to the miniſter, or my orthodoxy to the biſhop; and, excluſive of theſe circumſtances, if it be alſo conſidered that we were generous in our natures, and charitable to the poor, it will be rather a wonder that we ſpent ſo little.

It is now five years and a quarter ſince our marriage; in all which time I have been running in debt without a poſſibility of helping it. Laſt Chriſtmas I took a ſurvey of my circumſtances, and had the mortification to find that I was fifty-one pounds fifteen ſhillings worſe than nothing. The uneaſineſs I felt upon this diſcovery determined me to ſit down and write a tragedy. I ſoon found a fable to my mind; and was making a conſiderable progreſs in the work, when I received intelligence that my old friend and companion was juſt returned from Jamaica, where he had married a planter's widow of immenſe fortune, buried her, and farmed out the eſtate ſhe had left him for two thouſand pounds a year upon the Exchange of London.

I rejoiced heartily at this news, and took the firſt opportunity of paying my congratulations upon ſo happy an occaſion. As I was dreſſed for my viſit in very clean canonicals, my friend, who poſſibly had connected the idea of a good living with a good caſſock, received me with the utmoſt complaiſance and good-humour; and after having teſtified his joy at ſeeing me, deſired to be informed of my fortune and preferment. I gave him a particular account of all that had happened to me ſince our ſeparation; and concluded with a very blunt requeſt, that he would lend me fifty guineas to pay my debts with, and to make me the happieſt curate within the bills of mortality.

As there was ſomething curious in my friend's anſwer to this requeſt, I ſhall give it to you word for word, as near as I can remember it; marking the whole ſpeech in italics, that my own interruptions may not be miſtaken.

'*FIFTY guineas! And ſo you have run yourſelf in debt fifty-two pounds ten ſhillings!*'—'Within a very trifle, Sir.'—'*Ay, ay, I mean ſo. Fifty guineas is the ſum you want; and perhaps you would think it hard if I refuſed lending it?*'—'I ſhould indeed.'—'*I know you would. Let me ſee,*' (going to the eſcritoire) '*can you change me a hundred pound note?*'—'Who, I, Sir? You ſurprize me!'—'*Here, John!*' (enters John) '*get change for a hundred pound note: I want to lend this gentleman ſome money—Or—no, no; I ſhan't want you.*' (Exit John.) '*I believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. You may ſee the other ten ſomewhere elſe. One, two, three*'—*Ay, there are juſt forty guineas. And pray, Sir, when do you intend to pay me?*'—'I had rather be excuſed, Sir, from taking any; I did not expect to be ſo mortified.'—'*Extravagance, Sir, is the ſure road to mortification. I muſt deal plainly with you. He that lends his money has a right to deal plainly. You began the world with about two thouſand*

'*thousand pounds in your pocket.*'—'Seventeen hundred, Sir.'—'*And these seventeen hundred pounds, I think, lasted you about five years.*'—'True, Sir.'—'*Five times three are fifteen—Ay, you lived at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. After this, as you tell me yourself, you turned curate; and because forty pounds a year was an immense sum, you very prudently fell in love, and married a beggar. Do you think, Sir, that if I had intended to marry a beggar, I should have spent my fortune as I did? No, Sir; I married a woman of fortune, great fortune; and so might you—What hindered you? But I say nothing against your wife. I hope you are both heartily sorry that you ever saw one another's faces. Are your children boys or girls?*'—'Girls, Sir.'—'*And I suppose I am to portion them? But I must tell you once for all, Sir, that this is the last sum you must expect from Me. I have proportioned my expences to my estate, and will not be made uneasy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thousand a year, and I spend two thousand. If you have but forty, I see no occasion for your spending more than forty. I have a sincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it; but a gentleman, who knows you very well, told me yesterday, that you were an expen-*'*five, thoughtless, extravagant young fellow.*'

I know not to what length my friend would have extended his harangue; but as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table; and, like Lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and swallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without speaking a syllable.

I have now laid aside my tragedy, and am writing a comedy, called The Friend. I do not know that I have wit enough for such a performance; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author (though a parson) will consent to be, if ever he makes a second attempt to borrow money of a friend.

Your taking proper notice of this letter will oblige your humble servant and admirer,

T. H.

To gratify my correspondent, I have published his letter in the manner I received it. But I must entreat, the next time I have the favour of hearing from him, that he will contrive to be a little more new in his subject: for I am fully perfuaded that ninety nine out of every hundred, as well clergy as laity, who have borrowed money of their friends, have been treated exactly in the same manner.

N° IV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1753.

TO the entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old-fashioned virtue called Prudence, I shall devote this and a following paper. If the story I am going to tell them should deserve their approbation, they are to thank the husband and wife from whom I had it; and who are desirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

An eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last averse to his wife. This change in his affection was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home,

and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an affecting leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way home at a thread-shop in a by-street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over-against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in the street, a little alarmed her, she enquired of the shop-woman if she knew the gentleman, who lived in the opposite house. 'You 'have just seen him go in, Madam,' replied the woman. 'His name is Ro-'berts, and a mighty good gentleman, 'they say, he is. His lady—' At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour; and interrupting her—'His lady, Ma-'dam!—I thought that—Will you give 'me a glass of water? This walk has 'so tired me—Pray give me a glass of 'water—I am quite faint with fatigue.' The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water; and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she wanted; and having desired a coach might be sent for—'I 'believe,' said she, 'you were quite 'frightened to see me look so pale; but 'I had walked a great way, and should 'certainly have fainted if I had not 'stepped into your shop.—But you were 'talking of the gentleman over the way '—I fancied I knew him; but his name 'is Roberts, you say? Is he a married 'man, pray?'—'The happiest in the 'world, Madam,' returned the thread-woman; 'he is wonderfully fond of 'children, and to his great joy his lady 'is now lying-in of her first child, 'which is to be christened this evening; 'and as fine a boy, they say it is, as 'ever was seen.' At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for came to the door; into which Mrs. Wilson immediately stept, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given; and in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief which herself has told me she was never able to describe.

The readers of this little history have been informed that Mr. Wilson had a country lodging, to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening since his disagreement with his wife; but, in fact, it was to his house near St. James's that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this.

As he was sauntering one day through the Bird-cage walk in the Park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking at her for some time; which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it; and as Wilson was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was really heart-struck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune and services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh, and a stream of tears, the lady began thus—

'If, Sir, you are the gentleman your 'appearance speaks you to be, I shall 'thank Heaven that I have found you. 'I am the unfortunate widow of an 'officer who was killed at Dettingen.

'As

'As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England, (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

'In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

'I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday being quarter-day, I wondered I never saw him, nor heard from him. Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to enquire for him at his lodgings in Pall Mall; but how shall I tell you, Sir, the news I learnt there?—This friend! this generous and disinterested friend! was killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde Park.' She stopped here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. 'I was so stunned at this intelligence, that I knew not whither to go. Chance, more than choice, brought me to this place; where if I have found a benefactor—and indeed, Sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life.'

The widow ended her story, which was literally true, in so engaging and interesting a manner, that Wilson was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home; to which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham Gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James's, where Mrs. Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.

Nº V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1753.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF MRS. WILSON.

I Return now to Mrs. Wilson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me, that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed chearfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, whatever

ever diſtreſs it might occaſion her, to pay an immediate viſit to his miſtreſs, and to wait there till ſhe ſaw him. For this purpoſe ſhe ordered a coach to be called, and in her handſomeſt undreſs, and with the moſt compoſed countenance, ſhe drove directly to the houſe. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being anſwered 'No,' but that he dined at home, ſhe aſked after his lady, and if ſhe was well enough to ſee company; adding, that as ſhe came a great way, and had buſineſs with Mr. Roberts, ſhe ſhould be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The ſervant ran immediately up ſtairs, and as quickly returned with a meſſage from his miſtreſs, that ſhe would be glad to ſee her.

Mrs. Wilſon confeſſes, that at this moment, notwithſtanding the reſolution ſhe had taken, her ſpirits totally forſook her, and that ſhe followed the ſervant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was ſitting, without remembering on what errand ſhe came; but the ſight of ſo much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herſelf into a chair, from which ſhe inſtantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole houſe was alarmed on this occaſion, and every one buſied in aſſiſting the ſtranger; but moſt of all the miſtreſs, who was indeed of a humane diſpoſition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to diſturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilſon began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at firſt, not recollecting where ſhe was; but ſeeing herſelf ſupported by her rival, to whoſe care ſhe was ſo much obliged, and who in the tendereſt diſtreſs was enquiring how ſhe did, ſhe felt herſelf relapſing into a ſecond fit. It was now that ſhe exerted all the courage ſhe was miſtreſs of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her, when the ſervants were withdrawn, to begin as follows—

'I am, indeed, Madam, an unfortunate woman, and ſubject to theſe fits; but will never again be the occaſion of trouble in this houſe. You are a lovely woman, and deſerve to be happy in the beſt of huſbands. I have a huſband too, but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and aſſiſtance that I made this viſit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to ſee and to converſe with.'—'Me, Madam!' anſwered Mrs. Roberts, with ſome emotion, 'had you heard any thing of me?'—'That you were ſuch as I have found you, Madam,' replied the ſtranger, 'and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I ſee him, Madam? I ſhall love him for his father's ſake.'—'His father, Madam!' returned the miſtreſs of the houſe, 'his father, did you ſay? I am miſtaken, then; I thought you had been a ſtranger to him.'—'To his perſon, I own,' ſaid Mrs. Wilſon, 'but not to his character; and therefore I ſhall be fond of the little creature. If it is not too much trouble, Madam, I beg to be obliged.'

The importunity of this requeſt, the fainting at firſt, and the ſettled concern of this unknown viſitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the moſt alarming fears. She had, however, the preſence of mind to go herſelf for the child, and to watch without witneſſes the behaviour of the ſtranger. Mrs. Wilſon took it in her arms, and burſting into tears, ſaid—'Tis a ſweet boy, Madam; would I had ſuch a boy! Had he been mine, I had been happy!' With theſe words, and in an agony of grief and tenderneſs, which ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain, ſhe kiſſed the child, and returned it to it's mother.

It was happy for that lady that ſhe had an excuſe to leave the room. She had ſeen and heard what made her ſhudder for herſelf; and it was not till ſome minutes, after having delivered the infant to it's nurſe, that ſhe had reſolution enough to return. They both ſeated themſelves again, and a melancholy ſilence followed for ſome time. At laſt, Mrs. Roberts began thus—

'You are unhappy, Madam, that you have no child; I pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodneſs that appears in you, to acquaint me with your ſtory. Perhaps it concerns me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does.

'But

'But whatever I may suffer, or whether 'I live or die, I will be just to you.'

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost chearfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so encreased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows. 'I do not wonder, Sir, that 'you are surprized at seeing a perfect 'stranger in your house; but my busi- 'ness is with the master of it; and if 'you will oblige me with a hearing in 'another room, it will add to the civi- 'lities which your lady has entertained 'me with.'

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words.

'How I have discovered your secret, 'or how the discovery has tormented 'me, I need not tell you. It is enough 'for you to know that I am miserable 'for ever. My business with you is 'short; I have only a question to ask, 'and to take a final leave of you in this 'world. Tell me truly, then, as you 'shall answer it hereafter, if you have 'seduced this lady under false appear- 'ances, or have fallen into guilt by the 'temptations of a wanton?'—'I shall 'answer you presently,' said Wilson; 'but first I have a question for you. 'Are I discovered to her? And does 'she know it is my wife I am now 'speaking to?'—'No, upon my ho- 'nour,' she replied; 'her looks were 'so amiable, and her behaviour to me 'so gentle, that I had no heart to dis- 'tress her. If she has guessed at what 'I am, it was only from the concern 'she saw me in, which I could not hide 'from her.'—'You have acted nobly, 'then,' returned Wilson, 'and have 'opened my eyes at last to see and to 'admire you. And now, if you have 'patience to hear me, you shall know 'all.'

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband.—'She must 'consent,' cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; 'she must consent. 'You are her husband, and may com- 'mand it.—For me, Madam,' continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilson, 'he 'shall never see me more. I have in- 'jured you through ignorance, but will 'atone for it to the utmost. He is your 'husband, Madam, and you must re- 'ceive him. I have listened to what 'has passed, and am now here to join 'my entreaties with his, that you may 'be happy for ever.'

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would be to extend my story to another paper. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted; and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for; and her child, at the request of Mrs. Wilson, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and two years after was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposal to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr. Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story—

'That though prudence and gene- 'rosity may not always be sufficient to 'hold the heart of a husband, yet a 'constant perseverance in them will, one 'time or other, most certainly regain 'it.'

No VI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8. 1753.

TOTUM MUNDUM AGIT HISTRIO.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the Theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very distinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so impossible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome, relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards nature. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water.

I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of it's proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never fated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama: the inimitable Serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous Ostrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being damned, on my Lady Maxim's observing very judiciously, 'that the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not smell at all like one.'

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who attempted to introduce a taste for real nature in his Cæsar in Egypt, and treated the audience with real—not swans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that æra, the great Senesino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydracæ, so far forgot himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword in one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach: a puerility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short, (as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore) he fell prostrate, and lay for

for ſome time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his ſide. In the preſent ſtate of things, the worſt that could have happened to him would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, eſpecially in the ſight of a Britiſh audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the ſtage, I ſhall obſerve that this purſuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one ſhould leaſt expect to meet it, in our faſhions. The fair part of the creation are ſhedding all covering of the head, diſplaying their unveiled charming treſſes, and if I may ſay ſo, are daily moulting the reſt of their cloaths. What lovely fall of ſhoulders, what ivory necks, what ſnowy breaſts, in all the pride of nature, are continually diveſted of art and ornament!

In gardening, the ſame love of nature prevails. Clipped hedges, avenues, regular platforms, ſtraight canals, have been for ſome time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinſel and trumpery, with the true zeal of the founder of a ſect, he puſhed his diſcipline to the deformity of holineſs; not content with baniſhing ſymmetry and regularity, he imitated Nature even in her blemiſhes, and planted dead trees and mole-hills, in oppoſition to parterres and quincunxes.

The laſt branch of our faſhions into which the cloſe obſervation of nature has been introduced, is our deſſerts; a ſubject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I ſee them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biſcuits, ſugar-plumbs, and creams, have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chineſe, and ſhepherdeſſes of Saxon-china. But theſe, unconnected, and only ſeeming to wander among groves of curled paper and ſilk flowers, were ſoon diſcovered to be too inſipid and unmeaning. By degrees, whole meadows of cattle, of the ſame brittle materials, ſpread themſelves over the whole table: cottages roſe in ſugar, and temples in barley-ſugar; pigmy Neptunes, in cars of cockle-ſhells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glaſs, or ſeas of ſilver tiſſue; and at length the whole ſyſtem of Ovid's Metamorphoſis ſucceeded to all the tranſformations which Cuiſ and other great profeſſors had introduced into the ſcience of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toy-men and china-ſhops were the only faſhionable purveyors of the laſt ſtage of polite entertainments. Women of the firſt quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their houſekeeper. At laſt, even theſe puerile puppet-ſhows are ſinking into diſuſe, and more manly ways of concluding our repaſts are eſtabliſhed. Gigantic figures ſucceeded to pigmies. And if the preſent taſte continues, Ryſbrack and other neglected ſtatuaries, who might have adorned Grecian ſalons, though not Grecian deſſerts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated confectioner (ſo the architects of our deſſerts ſtill humbly call themſelves) complained, that after having prepared a middle diſh of gods and goddeſſes eighteen feet high, his lord would not cauſe the cieling of his parlour to be demoliſhed to facilitate their entrée: 'Ima-'ginez vous,' ſaid he, 'que mi lord 'n'a pas voulu faire oter le plafond!'

I ſhall mention but two inſtances of glorious magnificence and taſte in deſſerts, in which foreigners have ſurpaſſed every thing yet performed in this ſumptuous iſland. The former was a duke of Wirtenburg, who ſo long ago as the year thirty-four gave a deſſert, in which was a repreſentation of Mount Ætna, which vomited out real fire-works over the heads of the company, during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gaſcony, who, on the late birth of the Duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent feſtivities, treated the nobleſſe of the province with a dinner and a deſſert, the latter of which concluded with a repreſentation, by wax figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the Dauphineis, and the happy birth of an heir to their monarchy. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

JULIO.

N° VII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1753.

THERE are certain follies and impertinences which people of ſenſe and good nature are every day guilty of, and which are only conſidered by them as things of courſe, and of too little conſequence for palliation or apology.

Whoever is a frequenter of public aſſemblies, or joins in a party at cards in private families, will give evidence to the truth of this complaint. I am, for my own part, a lover of the game of Whiſt, and ſhould oftener be ſeen in thoſe places where it is played for trifles, if I was not offended at the manners of my friends. How common is it with ſome people, at the concluſion of every unſucceſsful hand of cards, to burſt forth into ſallies of fretful complaints of their own amazing ill fortune, and the conſtant and invariable ſucceſs of their antagoniſts! They have ſuch excellent memories as to be able to recount every game they have loſt for ſix months ſucceſſively, and yet are ſo extremely forgetful at the ſame time as not to recollect a ſingle game that they have won: or if you put them in mind of any extraordinary ſucceſs that you have been witneſs to, they acknowledge it with reluctance, and aſſure you, upon their honours, that in a whole twelve-month's play they never roſe winners but that once.

But if theſe Growlers (a name which I ſhall always call the men of this claſs by) would content themſelves with giving repeated hiſtories of their own ill fortunes, without making invidious remarks upon the ſucceſſes of others, the evil would not be ſo great. Indeed, I am apt to impute it to their fears, that they ſtop ſhort of the groſſeſt affronts: for I have ſeen in their faces ſuch rancour and inveteracy, that nothing but a lively apprehenſion of conſequences could have reſtrained their tongues.

Happy would it be for the ladies if they had the ſame conſequences to apprehend: for, I am ſorry to ſay it, I have met with female—I will not ſay Growlers; the word is too harſh for them; let me call them Fretters, who, with the pretticſt faces, and the livelieſt wit imaginable, have condeſcended to be the jeſt and diſturbance of the whole company.

In faſhionable life, indeed, where every one is acting behind the maſk of good-breeding, and where nature is never ſeen to peep out but upon very extraordinary occaſions, frequent convulſions of the features, ſhuffings ſucceeded by paleneſs, twiſtings of the body, fits of the fidgets, and complaints of immoderate heat, are the only ſymptoms of ill-fortune. But if we travel eaſtward from St. James's, and viſit the territories of my good lord-mayor, we ſhall ſee Nature ſtripped of her maſquerade, and hear gentlemen and ladies ſpeaking the language of the heart.

For the entertainment of polite life, and becauſe polite life is ſometimes a little in want of entertainment, I ſhall ſet down a converſation that paſſed a few nights ago at an Aſſemblée in Thames Street, between two Fretters at a whiſt-table; one of which had a beautiful daughter of eighteen years of age, leaning upon her mother's chair.

'Five trumps, two honours, and loſe four by cards!—But I believe, Madam, you never loſt a game in the whole courſe of your life?'

'Now and then, Madam.'

'Not in the memory of your daughter, I believe: and Miſs is not ſo extremely young neither. Clubs are trumps—Well! if ever I play again! ——You are three by cards, Madam.'

'And two by honours. I had them in my own hand.'

'I beg your pardon, Madam; I had really forgot whoſe deal it was. But I thought the cloven-footed gentleman had left off teaching. Pray, Madam, will he expect more than one's ſoul for half a dozen leſſons?'

'You are pleaſed to be ſevere, Madam; but you know I am not eaſily put out of temper. — What's the trump?'

I was extremely pleaſed with the cool behaviour of this lady, and could not help whiſpering to her daughter—'You have a ſweet-tempered mamma, Miſs. How happy would it be if every lady of her acquaintance was ſo amiably diſpoſed!'

'diſpoſed!' I obſerved that Miſs bluſhed, and looked down; but I was ignorant of the reaſon, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adverſary, by holding the four honours in her own hand, and by the aſſiſtance of her partner, won the game at a deal.

'And now, Madam,' cried the patient lady, 'is it you or I who have bar-'gained with the devil? I declare it 'upon my honour, I never won a game 'againſt you in my life. Indeed, I 'ſhould wonder if I had, unleſs there 'had been a curtain between you and 'your partner. But one has a fine time 'on't, indeed! to be always loſing, and 'yet always to be baited for winning; 'I defy any one to ſay, that I ever roſe 'a winner in my born days. There 'was laſt ſummer at Tunbridge! did 'any human creature ſee me ſo much 'as win a game? And aſk Mr. A, and 'Sir Richard B, and Dean C, and Lord 'and Lady D, and all the company at 'Bath this winter, if I did not loſe two 'or three guineas every night at half-'crown whiſt, for two months toge-'ther. But I did not fret and talk of 'the devil, Madam; no, Madam; nor 'did I trouble the company with my 'loſings, nor play the after-game, nor 'ſay provoking things—No, Madam; 'I leave ſuch behaviour to ladies 'that——'

'Lord! my dear, how you heat your-'ſelf! You are abſolutely in a paſſion. 'Come, let us cut for partners.'

Which they immediately did; and happening to get together, and to win the next game, they were the beſt company, and the civileſt people, I ever ſaw.

Many of my readers may be too ready to conceive an ill opinion of theſe ladies; but I have the pleaſure of aſſuring them, from undoubted authority, that they are in all other reſpects very excellent people, and ſo remarkable for patience and good-humour, that one of them has been known to loſe her huſband, and both of them their reputations, without the leaſt emotion or concern.

To be ſerious on this occaſion, I have many acquaintance of both ſexes, who, though really good-natured and worthy people, are violating every day the laws of decency and politeneſs by theſe outrageous ſallies of petulance and impertinence.

I know of no other reaſon for a man's troubling his friends with a hiſtory of his misfortunes, but either to have the comfort from their pity, or advantage from their charity. If the Growler will tell me that he reaps either of theſe benefits by diſturbing all about him; if he will aſſure me of his having raiſed compaſſion in a ſingle breaſt, or that he has once induced his adverſary to change hands with him out of charity; I ſhall allow that he acts upon principles of prudence, and that he is not a moſt teazing, ridiculous, and contemptible animal.

I would not be underſtood to hint at gaming in this paper. I am glad to find that deſtructive paſſion attacked from the ſtage, and wiſh ſucceſs to the attempt. Nor do I condemn the cuſtom of playing at cards for ſmall ſums, in thoſe whoſe tempers and circumſtances are unhurt by what they loſe: on the contrary, I look upon cards as an innocent and uſeful amuſement, calculated to interrupt the formal converſations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man ſomething to do who has nothing to ſay. My deſign at preſent is to ſignify to theſe Growlers and Fretters, that they are public as well as private nuiſances; and to caution all quiet and civilized perſons againſt cutting in with them at the ſame tables, or replying to their complaints but by a laugh of contempt.

I ſhall conclude this paper with acquainting my readers that, in imitation of the great Mr. Hoyle, I am preparing a book for the preſs, intitled, Rules of Behaviour for the Game of Whiſt; ſhewing, through an almoſt infinite variety of good and bad hands, in what degree the muſcles of the face are to be contracted or extended; and how often a lady may be permited to change colour, or a gentleman to bite his lips, in the courſe of the game. To which will be added, for the benefit of all cool and diſpaſſionate players, an exact calculation of the odds againſt Growlers and Fretters.

No VIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1753.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

A Philosopher, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than it's viciſſitudes. If he has lived any time, he muſt have had ample opportunities of exerciſing his meditations on the vanity of all ſublunary conditions. The changes of empires, the fall of miniſters, the exaltation of obſcure perſons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the firſt paſſages in hiſtory which made an impreſſion upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionyſius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach ſchool at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cauſe of his ruin, (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppreſſion, and to be taught to know one's ſelf) I could not help feeling that ſort of ſuperſtitious pity which always attends royalty in diſtreſs. Who ever peruſed the ſtories of Edward the Second, Richard the Second, or Charles the Firſt, but forgot their exceſſes, and ſighed for their catastrophe? In this free-ſpirited iſland there are not more hands ready to puniſh tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common caſe: we are Romans in reſiſting oppreſſion, very women in reſiſting oppreſſors!

If (and I think it cannot be conteſted) there is generoſity in theſe ſenſations, ought we not doubly to feel ſuch emotions, in caſes where regal virtue is become the ſport of fortune? This iſland ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majeſty, as it has been the ſcourge of offending majeſty: and while every throne of arbitrary power is an aſylum for the martyrs of ſo bad a cauſe, Britain ought to ſhelter ſuch princes as have been victims for liberty—whenever ſo great a curioſity is ſeen, as a prince contending on the honeſt ſide.

How muſt I bluſh then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually ſuffered to languiſh for debt in one of the common priſons of this city! A monarch, whoſe courage raiſed him to a throne, not by a ſucceſſion of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon reſolution of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore, King of Corſica! a man whoſe claim to royalty is as indiſputable as the moſt ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his ſubjects; the only kind of title, allowed in the excellent Gothic conſtitutions, from whence we derive our own; the ſame kind of title which endears the preſent royal family to Engliſhmen; and the only kind of title againſt which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince, (on whoſe hiſtory I ſhall not at preſent enlarge) after having bravely expoſed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his ſubjects, miſcarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he ſtruggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or ſolicitation of ſuccours could attempt, to recover his crown. At laſt, when he had diſcharged his duty to his ſubjects and himſelf, he choſe this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious eaſe, but to enjoy the participation of thoſe bleſſings which he had ſo vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corſicans. Here for ſome months he bore with more philoſophic dignity the loſs of his crown than Charles the Fifth, Caſimir of Poland, or any of thoſe viſionaries, who wantonly reſigned theirs to partake the ſluggiſh indolence, and at length the diſquiets, of a cloiſter. Theodore, though reſigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy which almoſt lifted our James the Second to the ſupreme honour of monkiſh ſainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wiſhed for a ſpeedy peace between France and Great Britain—'For then,' ſaid he, 'we ſhall get Engliſh horſes eaſily.'

The veracity of an hiſtorian obliges me not to diſguiſe the ſituation of his Corſican majeſty's revenue, which has reduced

reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench; and so cruelly has Fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of parliament he was examined before a committee of the House of Commons on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor, could not continue to supply an establishment which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no exercises, no lotteries to provide funds for it's deficiencies and emergencies.

A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him it's protection and compassion. If political reasons forbid the open espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at present that our gallant youth should offer themselves as volunteers in his service; nor do I expect to have a small fleet fitted out at the expence of particular persons to convey him and his hopes to Corsica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age; nor would Asiatic monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from genius and art. Let it be said, that the same humane and polite age raised a monument to Shakespeare, a fortune for Milton's grand-daughter, and a subsidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. That incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-dethroned Lear, (a play which from some similitude of circumstances I should recommend for the benefit) will, I dare say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le Grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's Bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity as King Theodore, as the Savoy is for Edward the Third's treatment of King John of France!

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty is opened at Tully's Head in Pall Mall; where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodsley, who is appointed high treasurer and grand librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts which, give me leave to say, Mr. Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have been lord-treasurer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee, that the partizans of indefeasible hereditary right will with-hold their contributions. The number of them is indeed but small and inconsiderable: yet, as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their own conviction. Let them but consider, that though Theodore had such a flaw, in their estimation, in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet, as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn King Theodore's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics, which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded Sir Robert Filmer: at the same time declaring, by my censorial authority, all persons to be Jacobites who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica. And I particularly charge and command

command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of King William, to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance I hope I have not attempted in vain.

N. B. Two pieces of King Theodore's coin, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high treasurer aforesaid, and will be shewn by the proper officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's Head above-mentioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with in the most celebrated collections of this kingdom.

N° IX. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1753.

'I Am that unfortunate man, Madam,' was the saying of a gentleman who stopped and made a low bow to a lady in the Park, as she was calling to her dog by the name of Cuckold.

What a deal of good might be expected from these essays, if every man who should happen to read his own character in them, would as honestly acknowledge it as this gentleman! But it is the misfortune of general satire, that few persons will apply it to themselves, while they have the comfort of thinking that it will fit others as well. It is therefore, I am afraid, only furnishing bad people with scandal against their neighbours; for every man flatters himself that he has the art of playing the fool or knave so very secretly, that, though he sees plainly how all else are employed, no mortal can have the cunning to find him out.

Thus a gentleman told me yesterday —That he was very glad to see a particular acquaintance of his exposed in the third number of the WORLD. 'The 'parson who wrote that letter,' continued he, 'was determined to speak 'plainly; for the character of my friend 'was so strongly marked, that it was 'impossible to mistake it.' He then proceeded to inform me that he had read Seneca, by observing—That there should be no mixture of severity and reproof in the obligations we confer; on the contrary, if there should be only occasion for the gentlest admonition, it ought to be deferred to another season; 'For men,' added he, 'are much more apt to re'member injuries than benefits; and it 'is enough if they forgive an obligation 'that has the nature of an offence.'

My reader may possibly be surprised, when I tell him, that the man who could commit to memory those maxims of Seneca, and who could rejoice to see such a character exposed as the curate's friend in my third paper, is an old batchelor with an estate of three thousand pounds a year, and fifty thousand in ready money; who never was known to lend a guinea in his life, without making the borrower more miserable by the benefit than he had been before by his wants. But it is the peculiar talent of this gentleman to wound himself by proxy; or, in the sportsman's phrase, to knock himself down by the recoiling of his own gun. I remember he told me some time ago, after having harangued very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice—That the common people of a certain county in England were the most covetous and brutal in the whole world. 'I will give you an instance,' says he. 'About three years ago, by a very odd 'accident, I fell into a well in that 'county, and was absolutely within a 'few minutes of perishing, before I 'could prevail on an unconscionable dog 'of a labourer, who happened to be 'within hearing of my cries, to help 'me out for half a crown. The fellow 'was so rapacious as to insist upon a 'crown for above a quarter of an hour; 'and I verily believe he would not have 'abated me a single farthing, if he had 'not seen me at the last gasp, and deter'mined to die rather than submit to his 'extortion.'

But to return to my subject. If there are objections to general satire, something may also be said against personal abuse; which, though it is a kind of writing that requires a smaller portion of parts, and is sure of having almost as many admirers as readers, is nevertheless subject to great difficulties; it being absolutely necessary, that the author who undertakes it should have no feeling of certain evils, common to humanity, which are known by the names of pain and

and shame. In other words, he must be insensible to a good kicking, and have no memory of it afterwards. Now, though a great many authors have found it an easy matter to arrive at this excellence, with me the task would be attended with great labour and difficulty; as it is my misfortune to have contracted, either by the prejudice of education, or by some other means, an invincible aversion to pain and dishonour. I am very sensible that I may hurt myself as a writer by this confession; but it was never any pleasure of mine to raise expectations with a design to disappoint them: and, though it should lose me the major part of my readers, I hereby declare, that I never will indulge them with any personal abuse; nor will I so much as attack any of those fine gentlemen, or fine ladies, who have the honour of being single, in any one character, be it ever so ridiculous.

But if I had every requisite for this kind of writing, there are certain people in town whom it would be ingratitude in me to attack. The masters of both the theatres are my good friends; for which reason I forbear to say, that half the comedies in their catalogue ought to be damned for wickedness and indecency. But I not only keep this to myself, but have also been at great trouble and pains to suppress a passage bearing very hard against them in a book, which will speedily be published, called The Progress of Wit. The author of this book, who, luckily for the theatres, happens to be a particular friend of mine, is a very great joker; and, as I often tell him, does a vast deal of mischief, without seeming to intend it. The passage which I prevailed with him to suppress, stood at the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of this book, and was exactly as follows—

'As it was now clear to all people 'of fashion that men had no souls, the 'business of life was pleasure and amuse'ment; and the that could best admini'ster to these two was the most useful 'member to society. From hence arose 'those numerous places of resort and 'recreation, which men of narrow and 'splenetic minds have called the pests 'of the public. The most considerable 'of which places, and which are at this 'day in the highest reputation, were 'the Bagnios and the Theatres. The 'Bagnios were constantly under the direction of discreet and venerable matrons, who had passed their youths in 'the practice of those exercises which 'they were now preaching to their 'daughters: while the management of 'the Theatres was the province of the 'men. The natural connection between these houses made it convenient 'that they should be erected in the 'neighbourhood of each other; and 'indeed the harmony subsisting between 'them inclined many people to think 'that the profits of both were divided 'equally by each. But I have always 'considered them as only playing into 'one another's hands, without any 'nearer affinity than that of the schools 'of Westminster and Eton to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. 'At the Play-house, young gentlemen 'and ladies were instructed by an Etheridge, a Wycherley, a Congreve, and 'a Vanbrugh, in the rudiments of that 'science which they were to perfect at 'the Bagnio, under a Needham, a 'Haywood, a Haddock, and a Roberts.'

Thus much had my friend, in his 'Progress of Wit,' thought proper to observe upon the looseness of the stage. But as the whole passage is suppressed, the managers will have nothing to fear from the publication of that performance.

It were to be wished, indeed, that those gentlemen would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with Pantomime. That great advantages would accrue from it, is beyond dispute; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording: the most innocent, we are sure it is; for where nothing is said, and nothing meant, very little harm can be done. Mr. Garrick, perhaps, may start a few objections to this proposal; but with those universal talents which he so highly possesses, it is not to be doubted but he will, in time, be able to handle the wooden sword with as much dignity and dexterity as his brother Lun. He will also reap another advantage from this kind of acting; as he will have fewer enemies, by being the finest Harlequin of the age, than he has at present by being the greatest Actor of any age or country.

TO

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEREAS ſome gentlemen have doubted whether the ſubſcription for the uſe of King Theodore was really intended to be carried on, I am ordered to acquaint the public, that Mr. Fitz-Adam was not only in earneſt in promoting ſuch a contribution, but has already received ſome noble benefactions for that purpoſe; and he will take care to apply the ſubſidy in the moſt uncorrupt manner to the uſes for which it was deſigned, and to the honour and dignity of the crown of Corſica.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

N° X. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1753.

THE great men who introduced the Reformation into theſe kingdoms, were ſo ſenſible of the neceſſity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by ſome external objects, by ſomewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of viſionary ſaints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preſerved the holy feſtivals, which had been conſecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the Church; and at once paid proper obſervance to the memory of the good; and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the diſcretion of the almanack.

In ſo enlightened an age as the preſent, I ſhall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the obſervation of certain feſtivals is ſomething more than a mere political inſtitution. I cannot, however, help thinking, that even nature itſelf concurs to confirm my ſentiment. Philoſophers and freethinkers tell us, that a general ſyſtem was laid down at firſt, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any ſubſequent events, or to favour and authorize any human inſtitutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great diſguſt of many worthy perſons, who urged how great the harmony was in the old eſtabliſhment, between the holidays and their attributes, (if I may call them ſo) and what a confuſion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for inſtance, was not to be celebrated when ſtubble-geeſe are in their higheſt perfection; it was replied, that ſuch a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be loſt of itſelf, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were ſuffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce ſuch a variation, that we ſhould be mourning for good King Charles on a falſe thirteenth of January, at a time of the year when our anceſtors uſed to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich Park in honour of Whitſuntide; and at length by chuſing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London 'Prentice at Bartholomew-fair.

Cogent as theſe reaſons may ſeem, yet I think I can confute them from the teſtimony of a ſtanding miracle, which not having ſubmitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be ſaid to put a ſupernatural negative on the wiſdom of this world. My readers, no doubt, are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful Thorn of Glaſtonbury, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of Popiſh impoſture, has notably exerted itſelf as the moſt Proteſtant plant in the univerſe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper ſpirit of oppoſition adhered to the old calculation of the Emperor Julius Cæſar, who was by no means a Papiſt. Near two years ago the Popiſh calendar was brought in; (I hope by perſons well affected!) certain it is, that the Glaſtonbury Thorn has preſerved it's inflexibility, and obſerved it's old anniverſary. Many thouſand ſpectators viſited it on the parliamentary Chriſtmas day—Not a bud was there to be ſeen! On the true Nativity it was covered with bloſſoms. One muſt be an infidel indeed to ſpurn at ſuch authority. Had I been conſulted, (and mathematical ſtudies have not been the moſt inconſiderable of my ſpeculations) inſtead of turning the calendar topſy-turvy, by fantaſtic calculations,

lations, I ſhould have propoſed to regulate the year by the infallible Somerſetſhire Thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Chriſtmas-day, which ſhould always have been kept as the Glaſtonbury Thorn ſhould blow.

Many inconveniencies, to be ſure, would follow from this ſyſtem; but as holy things ought to be the firſt conſideration of a religious nation, the inconveniencies ſhould be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Chriſtmas-day; and conſequently the apprehenſion of the year's becoming inverted by ſticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the conſe of the ſun varies, aſtronomers may find out ſome way to adjuſt that: but it is preſpoſterous, not to ſay preſumptuous, to be celebrating Chriſtmas-day, when the Glaſtonbury Thorn, which certainly muſt know times and ſeaſons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be hereſy.

Nor is Chriſtmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally diſturbed by this innovation. There is another anniverſary of no leſs celebrity among Engliſhmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumſtances, and which I venture to prognoſticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the preſent ſyſtem. The day I mean is the firſt of April. The oldeſt tradition affirms, that ſuch an infatuation attends the firſt day of that month, as no foreſight can eſcape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is ſucceſsful on that day out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; uſurers have lent their money on bad ſecurity; experienced matrons have married very diſappointing young fellows; mathematicians have miſſed the longitude; alchymiſts the philoſopher's ſtone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

What confuſion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are diſappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly diſturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Eaſter; and no wiſe man will tell me that it is not as reaſonable to fall out for the obſervance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits ariſing from a regular calendar make amends for any occaſion of new ſects? How many warm men may reſent an attempt to play them off on a falſe firſt of April, who would have ſubmitted to the cuſtom of being made fools on the old computation! If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniverſary, we may well expect all the miſchiefs attendant on religious wars; and we ſhall have reaſon to wiſh that the Glaſtonbury Thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Chriſtmas.

There are many other inconveniencies which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with thoſe I have mentioned. I ſhall only hint at a whole ſyſtem overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no proviſion, that I have heard of, made by the legiſlature to remedy it. Yet, in a nation which beſtows ſuch ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is aſtoniſhing that the late act of parliament ſhould have overlooked that uſeful branch of our poetry, which conſiſts in couplets, ſaws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and ſeaſons. Why was not a new ſet of diſtichs provided by the late reformers? Or at leaſt a clauſe inſerted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or ſome beneficial genius, to prepare and new-caſt the eſtabliſhed rhimes for public uſe? Were our aſtronomers ſo ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would ſerve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that St. Swithin would accommodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculation? Who that hears the following verſes, but muſt grieve for the ſhepherd and huſbandman, who may have all their prognoſtics confounded, and be at a loſs to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient ſages ſung—

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
Then will betide a happy year;
But if it either ſnow or rain,
Then will be dear all kind of grain:
And if the wind doth blow aloft,
Then wars will vex the realm full oft.

I have declared againſt meddling with politics, and therefore ſhall ſay nothing of the important hints contained in the laſt lines: yet, if certain ill-boding appearances abroad ſhould have an ugly end, I cannot help ſaying that I ſhall aſcribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled aſleep by reſting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended Converſion of St. Paul; whereas it was very

bluſtering on that feſtival, according to the good old account, as I honeſtly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great miniſter of ſtate, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day. I muſt beg my readers and admirers to be very particular in their obſervations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will tranſmit to me, or my ſecretary, Mr. Dodſley, a faithful and atteſted account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of thoſe days; how often, and in what manner, they make or are made fools; how they miſcarry in attempts to ſurprize, or baffle any ſnares laid before them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the ſide of the old firſt of April; nay, I much queſtion whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the falſe April-fool-day. I ſhould take it very kind, if any of my friends, who may happen to be ſharpers, would try their ſucceſs on the fictitious feſtival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myſelf that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to diſcountenance good old practices and venerable ſuperſtitions.

N° XI. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1753.

IF we are to believe, univerſally, that virtue leads directly to happineſs, and vice to puniſhment, in this world, I am afraid we ſhall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converſe with; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every chearful face by a good one. But it will be no diſcouragement to virtue to ſay, that the reverſe of this is much oftener the caſe; nay, ſo obſtinate am I in this opinion, that I ſeldom ſee a countenance of ſincere and ſettled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of ſome eminent degree of virtue.

If ſickneſs and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be ſaid, with ſome colour of truth, that virtue was generally it's own immediate reward, as every one will allow that temperance and abſtemiouſneſs lead more directly to health and eaſe than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that ſteal us from out own happineſs, to involve us in the miſery of thoſe about us, they who have the beſt hearts will be oftenest made uneaſy.

The good man conſiders the whole human race as his own family; and as ſuch a perſon, in a world like this, is liable to more diſappointments than one who has only himſelf to care for, his troubles and mortifications will aſſuredly be greater.

The friends of virtue ſhould therefore be cautious of promiſing what they are not ſure will be performed; leſt, by a failure in the end, they bring diſcredit upon the means. It will be always ſufficient to ſay of virtue, that it's reward is certain, while it can be ſaid of that reward, that it is happineſs eternal.

The following allegory, which is a literal tranſlation from the ſame old Spaniſh author from whom the ſtory of Gonzales de Caſtro in my firſt paper was taken, ſuppoſes the good man to be unhappy upon earth, only becauſe his goodneſs is imperfect. I inſert it here (though not exactly applicable to my ſubject) as the moſt inſtructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this ſeaſon.

If the ladies ſhould happen to conceive any diſlike to ſome little ſeverities in it, they are deſired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time when, it appears by the concurrent teſtimony of all hiſtorians, the ſex was not abſolutely without fault.

JUPITER, when he made man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called Felicia, or Happineſs, to be his companion. The better to engage them to each other, he furniſhed Man with thoſe paſſions and affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wiſhes; with a guide, called Reaſon, to reſtrain their violence; and to the Nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coy-

neſs,

neſs, which is always ſure to engage purſuit and endear poſſeſſion.

But, as if ſome other power had a malicious deſign to ſet this pair at variance, notwithſtanding the ſeeming deſire of Jupiter to unite them, Felicia became inſenſible to every thing but virtue, while the Paſſions of Man generally hurried him in a purſuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures it was impoſſible for them to agree; and in a ſhort time they became almoſt ſtrangers to each other. Reaſon would have gone over to the ſide of Felicia, but ſome particular Paſſion always oppoſed him; for, what was almoſt incredible, though Reaſon was a ſufficient match for the whole body of Paſſions united, he was ſure to be ſubdued if ſingly encountered.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately compoſed to endure the perpetual ſtrife of Reaſon and the Paſſions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without controul.

Felicia, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a viſit of a month, and at his entreaty would have ſettled with him for ever, if the jealouſy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

From this time the Nymph has led a wandering life, without any ſettled habitation. As the world grew peopled, ſhe paid her viſits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a ſingle mortal had conſtancy to deſerve her. Ceremony drove her from court, Avarice from the city, and Want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the laſt of theſe places, and there it was that ſhe was moſt frequently to be found.

Jupiter ſaw with pity the wanderings of Felicia, and in a fortunate hour cauſed a mortal to be born, whoſe name was Bonario, or Goodneſs. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the ſoul becomes ſenſible of deſires, he breathed into him a paſſion for the beautiful Felicia. Bonario had frequently ſeen her in his early viſits to Wiſdom and Devotion; but as lightneſs of belief, and an over-fondneſs of mankind, were failings inſeparable to him, he often ſuffered himſelf to be led aſtray from Felicia, till Reflection, the common friend of both, would ſet him right, and re-conduct him to her company.

Though Felicia was a virgin of ſome thouſand years old, her coyneſs was rather found to increaſe than to diminiſh. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids, may be matter of wonder; but the true reaſon was, that the beauty of Felicia was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleneſs of Bonario made her leſs and leſs eaſy of acceſs. Yet ſuch was his frailty, that he continually ſuffered himſelf to be enticed from her, till at laſt ſhe totally withdrew herſelf. Reflection came only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of ſervice; as, by ſhewing him how he had loſt Felicia, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour might in time regain her.

The loſs of happineſs inſtructs us how to value it. And now it was that Bonario began in earneſt to love Felicia, and to devote his whole time to a purſuit of her. He enquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were ſtrangers to her. He ſought her of Knowledge, but ſhe was ignorant of her; of Pleaſure, but ſhe miſled him. Temperance knew only the path ſhe had taken; Virtue had ſeen her upon the way; but Religion aſſured him of her retreat, and ſent Conſtancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village, far from town, that Bonario again ſaw his Felicia; and here he was in hopes of poſſeſſing her for ever. The coyneſs with which ſhe treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to ſoften. He paſſed whole days in her ſociety, and was rarely denied acceſs to her, but when Paſſion had miſguided him.

Felicia lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a ſimple villager, called Innocence. To this amiable ruſtic did Bonario apply for interceſſion, upon every new offence againſt Felicia; but too impatient to delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called Vice, who was there upon a viſit, and engaged her to ſolicit for him. This behaviour ſo enraged Felicia, that ſhe again withdrew herſelf; and, in the warmth of her reſentment, ſent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter, upon this petition, called a

council of the gods; in which it was decreed—That while Bonario continued upon earth, Felicia ſhould not totally depart from it; but as the nature of Bonario was fickle and imperfect, his admiſſion to her ſociety ſhould be only occaſional and tranſient. That their nuptials ſhould be deferred till the nature of Bonario ſhould be changed by death, and that afterwards they ſhould be inſeparably united in the regions of immortality.

N° XII. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is a great abuſe of language, according to Mr. Locke, to make uſe of words to which we have no fixed and determinate ideas. There is a ſtill greater, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which is the almoſt continually uſing words to which we have no ideas at all. I ſhall only inſtance in the poor monoſyllable Taſte. Who has not heard it frequently pronounced by the loveliеſt mouths in the world, when it has evidently meant nothing?

I would not be thought to require, like an ill-bred logician, that every pretty woman, or even every pretty man, who makes uſe of the word Taſte, would define what they mean by it; that would be too cruel; but I ſhould rather chuſe, when they are really conſcious to themſelves that they are going to utter it without any idea annexed, that they would be ſo good as to change it for the word Whim. However, as my recommendation will, I am ſure, have no weight, unleſs it ſhould be backed by your cenſorial authority, I ſhall leave them at preſent in the full poſſeſſion of their favourite word, and proceed to the ſubject of my letter.

You rallied very humourouſly, a few weeks ago, ſome of the reigning follies of this various iſland, under the name of our approaches to nature. I hope you have likewiſe taken notice, how deſirous we are of returning to our primæval ignorance, under the notion of Taſte; a name which we are fond of giving to every new folly which ſtarts up, and to every old exploded abſurdity which we are charitably pleaſed to revive. Let but that commanding word go forth, and no cameleon catches his colours quicker than we are ready to imbibe follies from each other. Whereas Taſte, in my opinion, ought to be applied to nothing but what has as ſtrict rules annexed to it, though perhaps imperceptible by the vulgar, as Ariſtotle, among the critics, would require, or Dominichino, among the painters, practiſe. People may have whims, freaks, caprices, perſuaſions, and even ſecond-ſights, if they pleaſe; but they can have no Taſte which has not it's foundation in nature, and which, conſequently, may be accounted for.

From a thouſand inſtances of our imitative inclinations, I ſhall ſelect one or two, which have been, and ſtill are, notorious and general. A few years ago, every thing was Gothic; our houſes, our beds, our book-caſes, and our couches, were all copied from ſome parts or other of our old cathedrals. The Grecian architecture, where, as Dryden ſays—

> Firm Doric pillars found the lower baſe,
> The gay Corinthian holds the higher ſpace,
> And all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.

that architecture, which was taught by nature, and poliſhed by the graces, was totally neglected. Tricks and conceits got poſſeſſion every where. Clumſy buttreſſes were to ſhock you with diſproportion; or little pillars were to ſupport vaſt weights; while ignorant people, who knew nothing of centres of gravity, were to tremble at their entrance into every building, leſt the roofs ſhould fall upon their heads. This, however odd it might ſeem, and however unworthy the name of Taſte, was cultivated, was admired, and ſtill has it's profeſſors in different parts of England. There is ſomething, they ſay, in it congenial to our old Gothic conſtitution; I ſhould rather think, to our modern idea of liberty, which allows every one the privilege of playing the fool, and in making himſelf ridiculous in whatever way he pleaſes.

According to the preſent prevailing whim, every thing is Chineſe, or in the

Chineſe

Chineſe taſte; or, as it is ſometimes more modeſtly expreſſed, *partly after the Chineſe manner*. Chairs, tables, chimney-pieces, frames for looking-glaſſes, and even our moſt vulgar utenſils, are all reduced to this new-fangled ſtandard; and without-doors ſo univerſally has it ſpread, that every gate to a cow-yard is in T's and Z's, and every hovel for the cows has bells hanging at the corners.

The good people in the city are, I perceive, ſtruck with this novelty; and though ſome of them ſtill retain the laſt faſhion, the Gothic; yet others have begun to ornament the doors and windows of their ſhops with the more modern improvements.

Had this taſte prevailed in the latter end of Queen Anne's time, the new churches themſelves had doubtleſs been pagodas; nay, it is expected, at preſent, that the Something which is riſing on the building at the Horſe-guards, if ever it ſhould come to a concluſion, will terminate at laſt *partly after the Chineſe manner*.

I would beg leave, however, to propoſe, if our large public buildings are to be executed after Chineſe models, that we ſhould purſue the uſual methods on ſuch occaſions. The inoculation for the ſmall-pox, and other ſuch hazardous experiments, were firſt executed upon condemned criminals. And, in my opinion, an experiment of this kind ſhould firſt be tried on an hoſpital, or a county work-houſe. I know it will be ſaid, in anſwer to this, that conveniency is chiefly to be ſtudied in edifices of charity. But is conveniency to give way to Taſte? Is the honour of a nation to be leſs conſidered than the particular exigencies of private perſons? It is a thouſand pities, that the hoſpitals of Chelſea and of Greenwich are already built; their ſituations are the very ſpots one would have choſen for a trial of this ſort. What numbers of little lakes might have been let in from the Thames, to wander among the pavilions? and how commodiouſly might we have paſſed from ward to ward by bridges adorned with triumphal arches!

The encouragement of this taſte may be worthy of the conſideration of thoſe gentlemen who have great poſſeſſions in the Iſle of Ely, or the Fens of Lincolnſhire. A Chineſe town, happily ſituated, may attract inhabitants, and make eſtates in thoſe countries extremely deſirable. Marſhy grounds, which are now avoided, will become, by this means, the moſt ſought after of any; and we may live to ſee the Hundreds of Eſſex crouded with villas. But I only hint theſe things to thoſe whom they concern, and whoſe intereſt it may be to purſue them farther. My intention, you perceive, is to make Taſte uſeful to ſomebody at leaſt, and to aſſign proper places for the exerciſe of our improved talents.

But while I am promoting the intereſt and entertainment of ſome of his majeſty's ſubjects, I would not wilfully offend others, who may be a little infatuated through their zeal to their country. Many good patriots have been greatly alarmed at the ſpreading of the French language and the French faſhions ſo univerſally over Europe; and have apprehended, perhaps too juſtly, that their modes of religion and government might inſinuate themſelves in their turns. If any pious Engliſhman ſhould have the ſame fears with regard to the Chineſe cuſtoms and manners, I have the ſatisfaction to inform him, that nothing of that kind can reaſonably be dreaded. We may reſt ſecure that our firm faith will never be ſtaggered by the tenets of Fohi, nor our practice vitiated by the morals of Confucius; at leaſt, we may be certain, that the preſent innovations are by no means adequate to ſuch an effect; for, on a moderate computation, not one in a thouſand of all the ſtiles, gates, rails, pales, chairs, temples, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. &c. which are called Chineſe, has the leaſt reſemblance to any thing that China ever ſaw; nor would an Engliſh church be a leſs uncommon ſight to a travelling mandarin, than an Engliſh pagoda. I think it neceſſary to ſay thus much, in order to quiet the ſcruples of conſcientious perſons, who will doubtleſs be more at eaſe, when they conſider that our Chineſe ornaments are not only of our own manufacture, like our French ſilks, and our French wines; but, what has ſeldom been attributed to the Engliſh, of our own invention.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble Servant,

H. S.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEREAS a ſubſcription for a ſubſidy for the uſe of King Theodore was opened

opened at Tully's Head, in Pall Mall, the twenty-second of laſt month; this is to give notice that, by order of Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ſaid ſubſcription will be cloſed on Tueſday the twenty-ſeventh of this inſtant March; at which time the ſubſidy will be paid in.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

N° XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1753.

I Shall make no apology for the following letters, or my own anſwers to them; having been always of opinion that works of criticiſm are the chief ſtrength and ornament of a public paper.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH you ſet out with a good grace in the World, I cannot help thinking that a paper now-and-then upon religion might be very entertaining. I am an officer in country quarters; and as the chaplain to the regiment happens to live altogether in town, I have no opportunity of knowing any thing of that affair, but from what I hear at church. I am, &c.

A. Z.

TO MR. A. Z.

SIR,

THAT no officer in quarters may be under the neceſſity of going to church, the World, for the future, ſhall be a religious one. I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Belong to a club of very ſerious clergymen, and am glad (ſo is every one of us) that you do not intend to meddle with religion in your paper. It is certainly a ſubject of too much dignity and importance to be treated of in eſſays, which ſeem devoted to humour and the ridicule of folly. In the name of the whole club, I am, &c.

J. C.

TO MR. J. C.

SIR,

AS it will be always my ambition to ſtand well with the clergy, they may aſſure themſelves that the World ſhall have no religion in it. I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Cannot help being offended at your want of correctneſs in a paper, which, in other reſpects, deſerves approbation. In number I. you ſay—'WARN men 'to goodneſs.' The verb *warn* is unwarrantable in this place: we are warned *by* or *from*, but not *to*—The word ſhould be *incite*; and ſo I have corrected it in my own paper. In number III. line 2. you have the colloquial barbariſm of doing a thing *by* a man inſtead of *to*. I cannot expreſs how much I am hurt at ſo vulgar an impropriety. In number VI. page 17, the verb *diſplay* is uſed inſtead of it's participle *diſplaying*. Perhaps it is only an error of the preſs: pray be careful for the future. I am willing to hope that theſe groſs miſtakes are only owing to inadvertency. If ſo, I reſt your admirer,

PHILOLOGOS.

TO PHILOLOGOS.

SIR,

I Shall be very careful of miſtakes for the future; and do aſſure you, upon my veracity, that they have hitherto proceeded from nothing but inadvertency. I am Sir, your obliged ſervant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO ADAM FITZ-ADAM, ESQ.

DEAR FITZ,

LORD **** and I laid hold of a d——d prig of a univerſity fellow yeſterday, and carried him to our club; where, when the claret began to mount, your paper of the World happened to come upon the tapis. 'That ſame Mr. 'Fitz-Adam,' ſays he, 'is a very inac-'curate writer; peradventure I ſhall 'take an opportunity of telling him ſo 'in a ſhort time.' But, dear Fitz, if the prig ſhould really ſend you a letter, ſmoke the parſon, and be witty. Your inaccuracies, as he calls them, are the

the characteristics of a polite writer: by these alone our club is sure that you are a man of fashion. Away with pedantry and the grammar! Write like a gentleman, and with Pope, in his Essay upon Critics—

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of nature.

Yours,
A. B.

TO MR. A. B.

SIR,

IN compliance with your advice, I shall avoid the pedantry of grammar, and be perfectly the gentleman in my future essays. I am, your most obedient,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Do not write to you to have the pleasure of seeing myself in print: it is only to give you a little friendly advice. Take care of novels: the town swarms with them. That foolish story of Mrs. Wilson, in your fourth and fifth papers, made me cry out that the World was at an end! Yours,

TOM TELL-TRUTH.

TO MR. TELL-TRUTH.

SIR,

I Thank you for the caution, and will write no more novels. Your most humble servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, did not think his labours altogether useless, which were dedicated to us women. Those elegant moral tales, which make their appearance so frequently in his works, are so many proofs of his regard for us. From the fourth and fifth numbers of the World, we have the pleasure of hoping that the Spectator is revived among us. The story of Mrs. Wilson is a lesson of instruction to every woman in the kingdom, and has given the author of it as many friends as he has readers among the sex. I am, Sir, your real admirer and humble servant,

L. B.

TO MISS L. B.

MADAM,

AS it will be always my chief happiness to please the ladies, I shall devote my future papers entirely to novels. Your obliged and most obedient servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF a plain grave man may have leave to tell you a little truth, I must inform you, that though I like your *manner* very much, I have great objections to your *matter*. He who only skims surfaces will gather nothing but straws. If you are the philosopher you would have us think you, give us something that may rest upon the memory, and improve while it entertains.

I am, &c.
AMICUS.

TO AMICUS.

SIR,

THE World, for the future, shall be grave and philosophical; the *matter* shall be regarded and not the *manner*. I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

A MONSIEUR FITZ-ADAM.

JE suis enchanté, mon cher Monsieur, de votre Monde. Depuis deux ans que je suis à Londres, j'ai appris assez d'Anglois pour l'entendre parfaitement, mais je ne suis pas si habile que Voltaire, pour l'ecrire. Vous avez saisi tout à fait l'esprit François; tant d'enjouement, de legereté, et de vivacité!—Parbleu c'est charmant! Donnez nous de temps en temps un vaudeville, ou quelque petite chanson à boire, et je me croirai à Paris. Le seul petit defaut que vous avez, c'est que vous sentez trop le Monde sage, il ne vous manque qu'un peu du Monde fou, pour plaire à tout le Monde, et surtout à celui qui a l'honneur d'etre, Monsieur, votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

DOURILLAC.

A MONSIEUR DOURILLAC.

VOUS pouvez conter, Monsieur, qu'il n'y a rien au Monde que je ne fasse pour captiver la bien-veillance d'un si aimable

aimable homme. Tout ce qu'il a de gai, de volatile, et meme evaporé coulera desormais de ma plume. J'ai l'honneur d'etre, Monsieur, votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

FITZ-ADAM.

I have many more letters written in the same spirit of criticism, and consequently many more opinions of my own; but as these may be thought sufficient at one time, I shall borrow an old fable, and conclude this paper.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. 'What a fool is this fellow,' says a man upon the road, 'to be trudging it 'on foot with his son, that his ass may 'go light!' The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him. 'Why, 'sirrah!' cries a second man to the boy, 'is it fit for you to be riding, while 'your poor old father is walking on 'foot?' The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. 'Do you see,' says a third, 'how the lazy old knave rides 'along upon his beast, while his poor 'little boy is almost crippled with walk-'ing?' The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. 'Pray, honest friend,' says a fourth, 'is that ass your own?'—'Yes,' says the man. 'One would not have thought 'so,' replied the other, 'by your load-'ing him so unmercifully. You and 'your son are better able to carry the 'poor beast than he you.'—'Any thing 'to please,' says the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

N° XIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1753.

I Do not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies, and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning, and taste, than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of Queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops, and patches, to the Spectator, but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government, and the constitution of his country, better than any minister or patriot of his time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfaction of praise from my own pen—and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any species of writing of which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolary. My deficience in this particular is happily common to me with the greatest men: I can even go farther, and declare that it is the fair part of the creation which excels in that province. Ease, without affectation, the politest expression, the happiest art of telling news or trifles, the most engaging turns of sentiment or passion, are frequently found in letters from women, who have lived in a sphere at all above the vulgar; while, on the other side, orators write affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, learned men

men pedantically, and ſoldiers tolerably, when they can ſpell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloiſa, becauſe one would not have one's daughter feel what ſhe felt; yet who ever wrote ſo movingly, ſo to the heart? The amiable Madame de Sevigné is the ſtandard of eaſy engaging writing: to call her the pattern of elegant writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of Marſhal Turenne. Some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramſay's life of that hero, give a ſtronger picture of him than the hiſtorian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this fair-one's epiſtles are liable to any cenſure, it is for a fault in which ſhe is not likely to be often imitated, the exceſs of tenderneſs for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a perſon of the ſame ſex: Lucretia Gonzaga was ſo celebrated for the eloquence of her letters, and the purity of her ſtile, that her very notes to her ſervants were collected and publiſhed. I have never read the collection: and indeed one or two billets that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of Madame de Sevigné. In one to her footman, the Signora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy, her houſekeeper; and in another, addreſſed to the ſame Mrs. Lucy, ſhe ſays—'If 'Livia will not be obedient, turn up 'her coats, and whip her till her fleſh 'be black and blue, and the blood run 'down to her heels.' To be ſure this ſounds a little oddly to Engliſh ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy perſons have laid down rules for the compoſition of letters; but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of thoſe books (as it was written by a German) there was a ſtrict injunction not to mention yourſelf before you had introduced the perſon of your correſpondent; that is, you muſt not uſe the monoſyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have ſtated expreſſions to be uſed by different ranks of men, and know exactly when to ſubſcribe themſelves the devoted, or the moſt devoted, ſlave of the illuſtrious or moſt eminent perſons to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country, they have ſo clogged correſpondence with forms and civilities, that they ſeldom make uſe of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many inſtances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our ſex, I ſhall ſelect two, which are very ſingular in their kind. The compariſon, to be ſure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention ſome particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal leſs abſurdity, than ſeem to have met in one head, which had ſeen ſo much of the world, which pretended ſo much to literature, and which had worn ſo long one of the firſt crowns in Europe. This perſonage was the Emperor Maximilian, grandfather to Charles the Vth. His reign was long, ſometimes ſhining, often unproſperous, very often ignominious. His fickleneſs, prodigality, and indigence, were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochidanari*, or the *pennyleſs*; a quality no more habitual to him, than his propenſity to repair his ſhattered fortunes by the moſt unbecoming means. He ſerved under our Henry the Eighth, as a common ſoldier, at the ſiege of Terouenne, for a hundred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attempt againſt Piſa, and bribed to give it over. In ſhort, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty without firſt offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be deſcribed by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be deſcribed at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verſe. There was another book of his compoſition in a different way, which does not reflect much more luſtre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was a regiſter of ſeventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the Twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the firſt opportunity. After a variety of ſhifts, breach of promiſes, alliances, and treaties, he almoſt duped his vain cotemporary Henry the Eighth, with a propoſal of reſigning the empire to him, while himſelf was meditating, what he thought, an acceſſion of dignity even to the imperial diadem: in ſhort, in the latter part of his life, Maximilian took it into

his head to canvas for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compass this object of his ambition: one, and not the least ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition, he really assumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the Christian church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command; it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret, Duchess Dowager of Savoy, and Governess of the Netherlands.

TRES chiere et tres amée fylle, jè entendu l'avis que vous m'avez donné par Guyllain Pingun notre garderobes, dont avons encore mieux pensé. Et ne trouvons point pour nulle resun bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, maes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation et volonté de jamès plus hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Monsr. de Gurce Evesque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachon que nous pussiuns accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que apres sa mort pouruns estre assuré de avoer le papat, et devenir prester, et apres estre saint, et que yl vous sera de necessité que apres ma mort vous serés contraint de me adorer, dont je me troveré bien glorioes. Je envoye sur ce ung poste de vers le roy d'Arogon pour ly prier qu'y nous vouille ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il est aussy content, moynant que je resigne l'empir à nostre comun fyls Charls, de sela aussy je me suys contenté. Je commance aussy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand service, aveque la partialité qui est deja entre eos. Le roy d'Arogon à mandé a son ambaxadeur que yl veulent favouryser le papat a nous. Je vous prie, tenés cette matter empu secret, offi bien en bien jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le sache, car bien mal esti possible de pratiker ung tel sy grand matere secretement pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens et de argent, succurs et pratike, et a Diù, faet de la main de votre bon pere Maximilianus futur pape, lex VIII jour de setembre. Le papa a encor les yevevers dubis, et ne peult longement fyvre.

This curious piece, which it is impossible to translate, (for what language can give an adequate idea of very bad old German French?) is to be found in the fourth volume of Letters of Louis XIIth, printed at Brussels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to inform such of my readers as do not understand French, that his imperial majesty acquaints his beloved daughter that he designs never to frequent naked women any more, but to use all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn priest, and at length become a saint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he shall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expresses great want of two or three hundred thousand ducats to facilitate the business, which he desires may be kept very secret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with signing himself *future Pope*.

As a contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall present my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the Lady Anne, widow of the Earls of Dorset and Pembroke, (the life of the former of whom she wrote) and heiress of the great house of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reversions, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the Second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic answer.

I Have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand.

ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, and MONTGOMERY.

N° XV. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1753.

IT has been imagined, that if an ancient inhabitant of this island, some old Saxon for example, or even in later times, a subject of one of our Harry's or our Edward's, could rise from his grave, and take a survey of the present generation, he would never suspect us to be the descendants of his cotemporaries, but would stare about with surprize, and be apt to fancy himself among a nation of foreigners, if not among a race of animals of a different species. I have sometimes thought that such a person would be no less puzzled to know his country again, than his countrymen; such a change would he find in the natural face of England, as well as in the manners of it's inhabitants. The great increase of public and private buildings, the difference of architecture, the frequent navigation of rivers, and, above all, the introduction and whimsical variations of Gardening, have contributed so effectually to new-dress our island, which before was covered with rude forests and extended marshes, that it would require some time and pains to discover her ancient features under so total a disguise. This is more particularly the case with the counties adjacent to London, over which the genius of Gardening exercises his power so often and so wantonly, that they are usually new-created once in twenty or thirty years, and no traces left of their former condition. Nor is this to be wondered at; for Gardening, being the dress of Nature, is as liable to the caprices of fashion, as are the dresses of the human body; and there is a certain mode of it in every age, which grows antiquated, and becomes obsolete and ridiculous in the next. So that were any man of taste now to lay out his ground in the style which prevailed less than half a century ago, it would occasion as much astonishment and laughter, as if a modern beau should appear in the drawing-room in red stockings, or introduce himself into a polite assembly in one of my Lord Foppington's perriwigs.

What was the prevailing mode in Milton's days, may be guessed from a passage in his Ilpenseroso, where he describes Retired Leisure taking his delight in *trim gardens*. The practice, it seems, was to embroider and flourish over the ground with *curious knots of flowers*, as the same poet calls them in another part of his works; and in this there was something of chearfulness and gaiety at least, though the judicious eye could not help being displeased with the fantastic quaintness of the design.

James the Second was deposed, and the immortal King William came to the crown of these kingdoms; an æra as remarkable in the annals of Gardening, as in those of government; but far less auspicious in the former instance. The mournful family of Yews came over with the House of Orange; the sombre taste of Holland grew into vogue; and strait canals, rectilineal walks, and rows of clipt evergreens, were all the mode. It was the compliment which England paid her new sovereign, to wear the dress of a Dutch morass. The royal gardens of Kensington, Hampton Court, and Richmond, set the same example; and good Whigs distinguished their loyalty by fetching their plans from the same country which had the honour of producing their king; a country never greatly celebrated for taste in any instance, and least of all in the article now under consideration. But such were the errors of the times; our connoisseurs, in their zeal, all became Mynheers; and it would probably have been then esteemed as great a mark of disaffection, to have laid out ground different from the true Belgic model, as it would be now to wear a white rose on the tenth of June.

This Dutch absurdity, like all other follies, had it's run, and in time expired. The great Kent appeared at length in behalf of Nature; declared war against the taste in fashion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial ever-greens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the shape of giants, Noah's Ark cut in holly, St. George and the Dragon in box, cypress lovers, laurustine bears, and all that race of root-bound monsters, which flourished so long and looked so tremendous round the edges of every grass-plat. At the same time, the dull uniformity of designing was banished; high walls, excluding the coun-

try, were thrown down; and it was no longer thought neceſſary that every grove ſhould nod at a rival, and every walk be paired with a twin-brother. The great maſter above-mentioned, truly the diſciple of Nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildneſs and beautiful irregularity of her plans; of which there are ſome noble examples ſtill remaining, that abundantly ſhew the power of his creative genius.

But it is our misfortune that we always run beyond the goal, and are never contented to reſt at that point where perfection ends, and exceſs and abſurdity begin. Thus our preſent artiſts in Gardening far exceed the wildneſs of Nature; and, pretending to improve on the plans of Kent, diſtort their ground into irregularities the moſt offenſive that can be imagined. A great comic painter has proved, I am told, in a piece every day expected, that the line of beauty is an S. I take this to be the unanimous opinion of all our profeſſors of horticulture, who ſeem to have the moſt idolatrous veneration for that crooked letter at the tail of the alphabet. Their land, their water, muſt be ſerpentine; and, becauſe the formality of the laſt age ran too much into right lines and parallels, a ſpirit of oppoſition carries the preſent univerſally into curves and mazes.

It was queſtioned of ſome old mathematician, a great bigot to his favourite ſcience, whether he would conſent to go to heaven in any path that was not triangular? It may, I think, with equal propriety, be queſtioned of a modern Gardener, whether he would conſent to go thither in any path that is not ſerpentine? Nothing on earth, at leaſt, can pleaſe out of that model; and there is reaſon to believe, that paradiſe itſelf would have no charms for one of theſe gentlemen, unleſs it's walks be diſpoſed into labyrinth and meander. In ſerious truth, the vaſt multitude of groteſque little villas, which grow up every ſummer, within a certain diſtance of London, and ſwarm more eſpecially on the banks of the Thames, are fatal proofs of the degeneracy of our national taſte. With a deſcription of one of thoſe whimſical nothings, and with a few previous remarks upon the owner of it, I ſhall conclude this paper.

Squire Muſhroom, the preſent worthy poſſeſſor of Block Hill, was born at a little dirty village in Hertfordſhire, and received the rudiments of his education behind a writing-deſk, under the eye of his father, who was an attorney at law. It is not material to relate by what means he broke looſe from the bondage of parchment, or by what ſteps he roſe from primæval meanneſs and obſcurity to his preſent ſtation in life. Let it be ſufficient to ſay, that at the age of forty he found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable fortune. Being thus enriched, he grew ambitious of introducing himſelf to the world as a man of taſte and pleaſure: for which purpoſe, he put an edging of ſilver lace on his ſervants waiſtcoats, took into keeping a brace of whores, and reſolved to have a Villa. Full of this pleaſing idea, he purchaſed an old farm-houſe, not far diſtant from the place of his nativity, and fell to building and planting with all the rage of taſte. The old manſion immediately ſhot up into Gothic ſpires, and was plaſtered over with ſtucco: the walls were notched into battlements; uncouth animals were ſet grinning at one another over the gate-poſts; and the hall was fortified with ruſty ſwords and piſtols, and a Meduſa's head ſtaring tremendous over the chimney. When he had proceeded thus far, he diſcovered in good time that his houſe was not habitable; which obliged him to add two rooms entirely new, and entirely incoherent with the reſt of the building. Thus, while one half is deſigned to give you an old Gothic edifice, the other half preſents to your view Venetian windows, ſlices of pilaſter, baluſtrades, and other parts of Italian architecture.

A Library of books, as it is eſteemed an eſſential ornament in a modiſh Villa, was the next object of the ſquire's ambition. I was conducted into this apartment, ſoon after it's completion, and could not help obſerving, with ſome ſurprize, that all the volumes on the ſhelves were in duodecimo; at which expreſſing a curioſity, I received the following anſwer, verbatim—'Why, Sir, I'll inform 'you how that matter came to paſs. I 'ordered my carpenter to *tickle me up* 'a neat faſhionable ſet of caſes for the 'reception of books, and the d——d 'blundering booby made all the ſhelves, 'as you ſee, of a ſize, only to hold your 'duodecimo's, as they call them; ſo I 'was obliged, you know, to purchaſe 'books

'books of *a proper dimension*, and such 'as would fit the places they were to 'ſtand in.'

But the triumph of his genius was ſeen in the diſpoſition of his gardens, which contain every thing in leſs than two acres of ground. At your firſt entrance, the eye is ſaluted with a yellow ſerpentine river, ſtagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends near twenty yards in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge, *partly in the Chineſe manner*; and a little ſhip, with ſails ſpread, and ſtreamers flying, floats in the midſt of it. When you have paſſed this bridge, you enter into a grove perplexed with errors and crooked walks; where, having trod the ſame ground over and over again, through a labyrinth of horn-beam hedges, you are led into an old hermitage built with roots of trees, which the ſquire is pleaſed to call St. Auſtin's Cave. Here he deſires you to repoſe yourſelf, and expects encomiums on his taſte; after which a ſecond ramble begins through another maze of walks, and the laſt error is much worſe than the firſt. At length, when you almoſt deſpair of ever viſiting day-light any more, you emerge on a ſudden in an open and circular area, richly chequered with beds of flowers, and embelliſhed with a little fountain playing in the centre of it. As every folly muſt have a name, the ſquire informs you that, *by way of whim*, he has chriſtened this place, *Little Marihone* at the upper-end of which you are conducted into a pompous, clumſy, and gilded building, ſaid to be a temple, and conſecrated to Venus; for no other reaſon, which I could learn, but becauſe the ſquire riots here ſometimes, in vulgar love, with a couple of orange-wenches, taken from the purlieus of the play-houſe.

To conclude; if one wiſhed to ſee a coxcomb expoſe himſelf in the moſt effectual manner, one would adviſe him to build a Villa; which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern impertinence, and the moſt conſpicuous ſtage which Folly can poſſibly mount to diſplay herſelf to the world.

N° XVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1753.

IT was very well ſaid by Montaigne, That all external acquiſitions receive taſte and colour from the internal conſtitution; as cloaths give warmth, not from their own heat, but by covering and keeping cloſe the heat that is in ourſelves.

Every man's experience will prove the truth of this obſervation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himſelf, and obſerves in others, that without a diſpoſition for happineſs, the benefits and bleſſings of life are beſtowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almoſt happineſs enough.

I am led to this thought by the following letter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it preſents us with a very natural picture of domeſtic happineſs, and inſtructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds upon an income of only fifty pounds a year, I ſhall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Thoſe who have feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; to the reſt it is not written.

YORK, JUNE THE 14th, 1752.

DEAR SIR,

THE reaſon that you have not heard from me for theſe laſt five weeks is, that the people where I have been, have engroſſed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be ſurprized to hear, that I have lived a compleat month with our old friend, the rector of South Green, and his honeſt wife.

You know with what compaſſion we uſed to think of them: that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, ſhould fooliſhly, and at an age when people generally grow wiſe, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing; and that ſhe, one of the livelieſt of women, as well as the fineſt, ſhould refuſe the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parſon to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from experience, that we have been pitying the

the happieſt couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The pariſh of South Green is about ſeventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the moſt pleaſing ſpot of ground in all Yorkſhire. I ſhould have firſt told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which ſum he has converted the old parſonage-houſe into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southcote might look upon with pleaſure.

The houſe ſtands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen-garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit-trees. The river that almoſt ſurrounds this little ſpot affords them fiſh at all ſeaſons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the houſe is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well ſtocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-houſe, and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads you to a ſmall piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure for themſelves; and in all my life I never eat better.

In the ſeven years of this retirement they have ſo planted their little ſpot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with paſture-ground enough for two horſes and as many cows, and the reſt arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickeſt of any in the country; and within every one of them is a ſand-walk between a double row of flowering ſhrubs, hardly ever out of bloſſom. The produce of theſe fields ſupplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a ſurplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the beſt benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The huſband brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm, and ſhe the dairy; and both with ſuch ſkill and induſtry, that you would think them educated to nothing elſe.

Their houſe conſiſts of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bed-chambers and a ſervant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the pariſh, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handieſt girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herſelf to advantage; but ſhe loves her miſtreſs ſo ſincerely, that no temptation is ſtrong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

In this ſweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy ſix years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettieſt little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the ſame ſoftneſs of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves miſchief; but if you tell him an intereſting ſtory, he will cry for an hour together. The huſband and wife conſtantly go to bed at ten, and riſe at ſix. The buſineſs of the day is commonly finiſhed by dinner-time; and all after is amuſement and pleaſure, without any ſet forms. They are almoſt worſhipped by the pariſhioners, to whom the doctor is not only the ſpiritual director, but the phyſician, the ſurgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the ſteward, the friend, and the chearful companion. The beſt people in the country are fond of viſiting them; they call it going to ſee the wonders of Yorkſhire, and ſay that they never eat ſo heartily as of the parſon's bacon and greens.

I told you at the beginning of this letter that they were the happieſt couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell you why they are ſo. In the firſt place, they love and are delighted with each other. A ſeven years marriage, inſtead of leſſening their affections, has encreaſed them. They wiſh for nothing more than what their little income affords them; and even of that little they lay up. Our friend ſhewed me his account of expences, or rather his wife's account; by which it appears that they have ſaved yearly from fifteen ſhillings to a guinea, excluſive of about the ſame ſum which they diſtribute among the poor, beſides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. The only article of luxury is tea; but the doctor ſays he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they ſeldom offer it but to their beſt company; and leſs than a pound will laſt them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a preſent.

Their

Their conſtant drink is ſmall-beer and ale, both of which they brew in the higheſt perfection. Exerciſe and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the ſtrife between them is who ſhall pleaſe and oblige moſt. Their favourite amuſement is reading: now and then, indeed, our friend ſcribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a ſhort ſermon, or a paper of verſes in praiſe of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is conſtantly celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is ſomething ſo ſincere and tender in theſe little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings, they are walking arm in arm, with their boy and girl, about their grounds; but how chearful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly ſo much children as themſelves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondneſs never appears before company. I never ſaw either of them ſo much as playing with the other's hand—I mean only when they have known I was within ſight of them: I have ſtolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witneſs to ſuch words and looks as have quite melted me.

With this couple, and in this retirement, I have paſſed my time ſince you heard from me. How happily I need not ſay: come and be a judge yourſelf; they invite you moſt heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happineſs that they can compare themſelves with the reſt of the world, who want minds to enjoy themſelves as they do. It rather leſſens than encreaſes it. Their own happineſs is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wiſh for in this fifty pounds a year and one another. They make no boaſt of themſelves, nor find fault with any body. They are ſorry I am not as happy as they; but are far from adviſing me to retire as they have done. I left a bank-note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, incloſed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me; but it was returned me this morning to York, in a manner that pleaſed me more than all the reſt of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him; but told me I could beſtow it better among the poor: that his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of laſt month, and that they found me only a few ſhillings in their debt; that if I did not think they were a thouſand times over-paid by the pleaſure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea, and a little of Hardham's ſnuff, when I got to London.

I hope ſoon to ſee you, and to entertain you by the week with the particulars of the parſon and his wife. Till then, I am, &c.

N° XVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1753.

TWICE in every year are ſolemnized thoſe grand diverſions with which our nobility, gentry, and others, entertain themſelves at Newmarket; and as this is the vernal ſeaſon for the celebration of thoſe curious ſports and feſtivals; and as they are, at this time, likely to be held with the utmoſt ſplendour and magnificence, I think it may not be improper to amuſe my town-readers with one ſingle paper upon the ſubject.

In this I will endeavour to ſet forth the uſefulneſs of theſe anniverſary meetings, deſcribing the manner and method of exhibiting ſuch games; and then ſhew what benefit may ariſe to the kingdom by horſe-races in general, on the one hand; and what detriment may happen from them to the public, on the other, by their ſpreading too widely over the whole kingdom.

I read in one of the news-papers of laſt week the following article—'Tis ſaid, that garrets at Newmarket are let at four guineas each for the time of the meeting.—'What!' ſaid I to myſelf, 'are our principal nobility con-'tent to lie in garrets, at ſuch an ex-'orbitant price, for the ſake of ſuch 'amuſements? Or are our jockey 'gentry, and tradeſmen, extravagant 'enough to throw away their looſe corn '(as I may properly call it on this oc-'caſion) ſo idly and ridiculouſly?' To be ſure, there is not a more noble di-

verſion

verſion than this. In it's original it was of royal inſtitution, and carried on in the beginning with much honour and integrity; but as the beſt conſtitution will always degenerate, I am fearful this may be grown too much into ſcience, wherein the adepts may have carried matters to a nicety, not altogether reconcileable to the ſtricteſt notions of integrity; and which may by degrees, by their affecting to become notable in the profeſſion, corrupt the morals of our young nobility. The language of the place is generally to be underſtood by the rule of contraries. If any one ſays his horſe is a pretty good one, but as ſlow as a *town-top*, (for ſimilies are much in uſe) you may conclude him to be an exceeding ſpeedy one, but not ſo good at *bottom*. If he mentions his deſign of throwing a particular horſe ſoon out of *training*, you may be aſſured he has a mind to match that horſe as ſoon as he can; and ſo it is in every thing elſe they throw out. Foreigners who come here for curioſity, cannot be ſhewn a finer ſight than theſe races, which are almoſt peculiar to this country: but I muſt confeſs that I have been ſometimes put a little to the bluſh at incidents that are pretty pregnant in the place. Every body is dreſſed ſo perfectly alike, that it is extremely difficult to diſtinguiſh between his Grace and his Groom. I have heard a ſtranger aſk a man of quality, how often he dreſſed and watered his horſes? how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave them? how many miles he thought he could run in ſuch a number of minutes? and how long he had lived with his maſter? Thoſe who have been at the place will not be ſurprized at theſe miſtakes; for a pair of boots, and buckſkin breeches, a ſuſtian frock, with a leather belt about it, and a black velvet cap, is the common covering of the whole town: ſo that, if the inſide does not differ, the outſide of my lord and his rider are exactly the ſame. There is another moſt remarkable affectation, which is this: thoſe who are known to have the moſt, and perhaps the beſt, horſes of the place, always appear themſelves on the very worſt, and go to the turf on ſome ordinary ſcrub tit, ſcarce worth five pounds. From perſons thus mounted and accoutred, what a ſurprize muſt it be to hear a bett offered of an hundred pounds to fifty, and ſometimes three hundred to two, when you would imagine the rider to be ſcarce worth a groat! In that circular convention before the race begins, at the Devil's Ditch, all are hail fellows well met; and every one is at liberty, taylor, diſtiller, or otherwiſe, to offer and take ſuch betts as he thinks proper; and many thouſand pounds are uſually laid on a ſide. When the horſes are in ſight, and come near Choak Jade, immediately the company all diſperſe, as if the devil roſe out of this ditch and drove them, to get to the turning of the lands, the reſt-poſt, or ſome other ſtation they chuſe, for ſeeing the puſh made. Now the contention becomes animating. It is delightful to ſee two, or ſometimes more, of the moſt beautiful animals of the creation, ſtruggling for ſuperiority, ſtretching every muſcle and ſinew to obtain the prize, and reach the goal! to obſerve the ſkill and addreſs of the riders, who are all diſtinguiſhed by different colours, of white, blue, green, red, and yellow, ſometimes ſpurring or whipping, ſometimes checking or pulling, to give freſh breath and courage! and it is often obſerved that the race is won, as much by the dexterity of the rider, as by the vigour and fleetneſs of the animal.

When the ſport is over, the company ſaunter away towards the Warren Hill, before the other horſes, left at the ſeveral ſtables in the town, are rode out to take their evening exerciſe and their water. On this delightful ſpot you may ſee, at once, above a hundred of the moſt beautiful horſes in the univerſe, all led out in ſtrings, with the grooms and boys upon them, in their ſeveral liveries, diſtinguiſhing each perſon of rank they belong to. This is indeed a noble ſight; it is a piece of grandeur, and an expenſive one too, which no nation can boaſt of but our own. To this the crown contributes, not only by a very handſome allowance for keeping horſes, but alſo by giving plates to be run for by horſes and mares at different ages, in order to encourage the breed, by keeping up the price of them, and to make the breeders extremely careful of their race and genealogy!

The pedigree of theſe horſes is more ſtrictly regarded and carefully looked into than that of the Knight of Malta. They muſt have no blemiſhed quarter in the family on either ſide for many generations; their blood muſt have run pure

pure and untainted, from the great, great, five times great grandfather and grandam, to be attested in the moſt authentic and ſolemn manner by the hand of the breeder. It is this care of the breed, and particularly with an eye to their ſtrength, that makes all the world ſo fond of our horſes. Many thouſands are carried out of England every year; ſo that it is become a trade of great conſequence, and brings a vaſt balance of money to this country annually. The French monarch rides no other horſes but ours in his favourite diverſion of hunting. You may at any time ſee two or three hundred beautiful Engliſh geldings in thoſe great and noble ſtables at Chantilli. Moſt of the German princes, and many of their nobility, are deſirous of having Engliſh horſes; and, I dare ſay, his preſent M——y of P—a, however military his genius may be, had rather mount an Engliſh horſe at a *review* of his troops, than a *breach* at any ſiege in Europe.

The country races over the whole kingdom are what, I confeſs, give me ſome little diſreliſh to the ſport. Every county, and almoſt the whole of it, is mad during the time of the races. Many ſubſtantial farmers go to them with thirty or forty pounds in their pockets, and return without one ſingle farthing. Here they drink, and learn to be vicious, and the whole time is ſpent in riot and diſorder. An honeſt butcher, that is taken in at a horſe-race, is tempted perhaps, in his return, to borrow an ox or a few ſheep of his neighbour to make up his loſſes. An induſtrious tradeſman, or a good farmer, has ſometimes turned highwayman to be even with the rogue that bubbled him at the races. Upon the whole, if I conſider only how much time is loſt to all the labouring men in this kingdom by county races, the damage they occaſion is immenſe. Let us ſuppoſe it but a week's labour all over England; and (if we conſider the number of plates in the different metropolis's, beſides the leſſer country plates) this muſt be allowed a very moderate computation: and then let thoſe two ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Pond and Mr. Heber, however they may be at variance with each other, join to compute how much the loſs muſt be to the whole kingdom. I dare anſwer for it, that it muſt amount to many hundred thouſands of pounds. But as my paper was principally deſigned in honour of horſes, I will not be led to urge any thing againſt them. Horſes of all kinds have ever been held in the higheſt eſteem. Darius was choſen king of Perſia by the neighing of his horſe. I queſtion if Alexander himſelf had puſhed his conqueſts half ſo far, if Bucephalus had not ſtooped to take him on his back. An emperor of Rome made his horſe a conſul; and it will be readily owned, that the dignity was as properly conferred upon the beaſt, as the imperial diadem upon his maſter.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſhort extract from Churchill's Collection of Voyages.

'In Morocco the natives have a great 'reſpect for horſes that have been the 'pilgrimage of Mecca, where Mahomet 'was born; they are called Hadgis, or 'ſaints. Such horſes have their necks 'adorned with ſtrings of beads and 'relicks, being writings wrapt up in 'cloth of gold or ſilk, containing the 'names of their prophet: and when 'theſe horſes die, they are buried with 'as much ceremony as the neareſt re'lations of their owners. The King 'of Morocco has one of them, whom 'he cauſes to be led before him when 'he goes abroad, very richly accoutred, 'and covered with theſe writings; his 'tail being held up by a Chriſtian ſlave, 'carrying in one hand a pot and a 'towel, to receive the dung and wipe 'the poſteriors.'

N° XVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1753.

THE following letter had appeared earlier in the World, if it's length, or (what at preſent happens to be the ſame thing) it's merit, had not been ſo great. I have been trying to ſhorten it, without robbing it of beauties but after many unſucceſsful attempts, I find that the ſpirit of it is (as the human ſoul is imagined to be by ſome ancient philoſophers) *totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte.* I have therefore changed the form of my paper, chuſing rather to preſent my readers with an extraordinary half-ſheet, than to keep from them

them any longer what was ſent me for their inſtruction. At the ſame time I muſt beg leave to ſay, that I ſhall never think myſelf obliged to repeat my complaiſance, but to thoſe of my correſpondents who, like the writer of this letter, can inform me of their grievances with all the elegance of wit.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Conſider you as ſupplemental to the law of the land. I take your authority to begin where the power of the law ends. The law is intended to ſtop the progreſs of crimes by puniſhing them; your paper ſeems calculated to check the courſe of follies by expoſing them. May you be more ſucceſsful in the latter than the law is in the former!

Upon this principle I ſhall lay my caſe plainly before you, and deſire your publication of it as a warning to others. Though it may ſeem ridiculous to many of your readers, I can aſſure you, Sir, that it is a very ſerious one to me, notwithſtanding the ill-natured comfort which I might have, of thinking it of late a very common one.

I am a gentleman of a reaſonable paternal eſtate in my county, and ſerve as knight of the ſhire for it. Having what is called a very good family-intereſt, my election incumbered my eſtate with a mortgage of only five thouſand pounds; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged, by a good *place* which I have got ſince, to live in town, and in all the beſt company, nine months in the year. I married ſuitable to my circumſtances. My wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor underſtanding. Diſcretion and good-humour on her part, joined to good-nature and good-manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One ſon and one daughter were our only children. We complied with cuſtom in the education of both. My daughter learned ſome French and ſome dancing; and my ſon paſſed nine years at Weſtminſter ſchool in learning the words of two languages, long ſince dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from ſchool, I reſolved to ſend him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myſelf. My wife approved of my deſign, but tacked a propoſal of her own to it, which ſhe urged with ſome earneſtneſs. 'My 'dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think you do very 'right to ſend George abroad, for I 'love a foreign education, though I 'ſhall not ſee the poor boy a great while: 'but ſince we are to part for ſo long a 'time, why ſhould we not take that 'opportunity of carrying him ourſelves 'as far as Paris? The journey is no-'thing; very little farther than to our 'own houſe in the North; we ſhall ſave 'money by it, for every thing is very 'cheap in France; it will form the girl, 'who is of a right age for it; and a 'couple of months with a good French 'and dancing maſter will perfect her in 'both, and give her an air and manner 'that will help her off in theſe days, 'when huſbands are not plenty, eſpe-'cially for girls with only five thouſand 'pounds to their fortunes. Several of 'my acquaintance, who have lately 'taken trips to Paris, have told me, 'that to be ſure we ſhould take this op-'portunity of going there. Beſides, 'my dear, as neither you nor I have 'ever been abroad, this little jaunt will 'amuſe, and even improve, us; for it 'is the eaſieſt thing in the world to 'get into all the beſt company at Pa-'ris.'

My wife had no ſooner ended her ſpeech, (which I eaſily perceived to be the reſult of meditation) than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in ſeconding her mother's motion. 'Ay, 'dear papa,' ſaid ſhe, 'let us go with 'brother to Paris; it will be the charm-'ingeſt thing in the world; we ſhall 'ſee all the neweſt faſhions there; I 'ſhall learn to dance of Marſeille; in 'ſhort, I ſhall be quite another creature 'after it. You ſee how my couſin Kitty 'was improved by going to Paris laſt 'year; I hardly knew her again when 'ſhe came back; do, dear papa, let us 'go.'

The abſurdity of the propoſal ſtruck me at firſt, and I foreſaw a thouſand inconveniencies in it, though not half ſo many as I have ſince felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though ſupported by the beſt arguments, was not the likelieſt method to convert a female diſputant, I ſeemed a little to doubt, and contented myſelf with ſaying, that I was not, at firſt ſight at leaſt, ſenſible of the many advantages which they had enumerated; but that on the contrary I apprehended a great deal of trouble

trouble in the journey, and many inconveniencies in consequence of it: that I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels; but that I had lately seen many women of her's, become very ridiculous by their's; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady. Here the girl interrupted me, with saying—'For that very reason, papa, I should 'be a fine lady. Being in fashion is 'often as good as being a fortune; and 'I have known air, dress, and accomplishments, stand many a woman in 'stead of a fortune.'—'Nay, to be sure,' added my wife, 'the girl is in the right 'in that; and if with her figure she gets 'a certain air and manner, I cannot see 'why she may not reasonably hope to be 'as advantageously married as Lady 'Betty Townly, or the two Miss Bell-'airs, who had none of them such good 'fortunes.' I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. Insomuch, that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English, which now in a manner over-run France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured as well as I could to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we chuse to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations; we should find every thing in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary trades-people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit. He graciously brought me five thousand livres, which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered, coolly—'No, 'Sir, nor six times that sum, if you 'propose, as to be sure you do, to ap-'pear here *bonnêtement*.' This, I confess, startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife—'Do you hear that, 'child!' She replied, unmoved—'Yes, 'my dear; but now that we are here, 'there is no help for it; it is but once, 'upon an extraordinary occasion; and 'one would not care to appear among 'strangers like scrubs.' I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which, in plain English, is a hired coach and a footman; invited us to pass all the next day at his house, where he assured us that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son before dinner to see the public buildings; and his lady

was to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteeleſt ſhops, in order to fit them out to appear *bonnêtement*. The next morning I amuſed myſelf very well with ſeeing, while my wife and daughter amuſed themſelves ſtill better by preparing themſelves for being ſeen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of ſample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, preſented to us an Iriſh abbé, and an Iriſh captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch ſurgeon who ſtudied midwifry at the *Hotel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that Sir Harbottle Bumper and Sir Clotworthy Guzzledown, with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nucilly. Though this company ſounds but indifferently, and though we ſhould have been very ſorry to have kept it in London, I can aſſure you, Sir, that it was the beſt we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumſtances which gave me uneaſineſs, though they would probably afford ſome entertainment to your readers, that I may haſten to the moſt material ones.

In about three days the ſeveral mechanics, who were charged with the care of diſguiſing my wife and daughter, brought home their reſpective parts of this tranſformation, in order that they might appear *hamétement*, More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not ſit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at laſt into the eating-room, where I had waited for them at leaſt two hours, I was ſo ſtruck with their tranſformation, that I could neither conceal nor expreſs my aſtoniſhment. 'Now, my dear,' ſaid my wife, 'we can appear a little like Chriſtians.' —'And ſtrollers too,' replied I; 'for 'ſuch have I ſeen, at Southwark fair, 'the reſpectable Syſigambis, and the 'lovely Pariſatis. This cannot ſurely 'be ſerious!'—'Very ſerious, depend 'upon it, my dear,' ſaid my wife; 'and pray, by the way, what may there 'be ridiculous in it? No ſuch Syſigambis neither,' continued ſhe; 'Betty is 'but ſixteen, and you know I had her at 'four and twenty.' As I found that the name of Syſigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offenſive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and addreſſing myſelf in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, I perceived that there was a painter now at Paris, who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near ſo like; for that I could hardly have gueſſed them to be the pictures of themſelves. To this they both anſwered at once, that red was not paint; that no colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they proteſted they had none. 'But how do you like my *pompon*, papa!' continued my daughter; 'is it not a 'charming one? I think it is prettier 'than mamma's.'—'It may, child, for 'any thing that I know; becauſe I do 'not know what part of all this frippery 'thy *pompon* is.'—'It is this, papa,' replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and ſhewing me in the middle of her hair a complication of ſhreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribbands, ſtuck with falſe ſtones of a thouſand colours, and placed awry. 'But what 'haſt thou done to thy hair, child!' ſaid I, 'is it blue? Is that painted too by 'the ſame eminent hand that coloured 'thy cheeks?'—'Indeed, papa,' anſwered the girl, 'as I told you before, 'there is no painting in the caſe; but 'what gives my hair that bluiſh caſt is 'the grey powder, which has always 'that effect upon dark-coloured hair, 'and ſets off the complexion wonderfully.'—'Grey powder, child!' ſaid I, with ſome ſurprize: 'Grey hairs I 'knew were venerable; but till this 'moment I never knew that they were 'genteel.'—'Extremely ſo, with ſome 'complexions,' ſaid my wife; 'but it 'does not ſuit with mine, and I never 'uſe it.'—'You are much in the right, 'my dear,' replied I, 'not to play with 'edge-tools. Leave it to the girl.' This, which perhaps was too haſtily ſaid, and ſeemed to be a ſecond part of the Syſigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was ſilent all dinner-time, and I vainly hoped, aſhamed. My daughter, drunk with dreſs and ſixteen, kept up the converſation with herſelf, till the long-wiſhed-for moment of the opera came, which ſeparated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagances which I had already ſeen, and upon the ſtill greater which I had but too much reaſon to dread.

From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced

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ſome new and ſhining folly, and ſome improper expence. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer underſtand, or am underſtood in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who I am told is an excellent ſervant, and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a deſſert*, as they call it, and occaſionally to *announce viſits*. A very flatternly, dirty, but at the ſame time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the uſe of my daughter. My meat too is as much diſguiſed in the dreſſing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their ſcraps of dirty gauze, flimſy ſattins, and black callicoes; not to mention their affected broken Engliſh, and mangled French, which jumbled together compoſe their preſent language. My French and Engliſh ſervants quarrel daily, and fight for want of words to abuſe one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being tranſlated into French, and the verſion of my daughter will, I dare ſay, hinder many a worthy Engliſh gentleman from attempting to read her. My expence (and conſequently my debt) increaſes; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than moſt other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publiſh this my caſe, together with ſome obſervations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a uſeful Pharos, to deter private Engliſh families from the coaſts of France. I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

R. D.

My correſpondent has ſaid enough to caution Engliſh gentlemen againſt carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I ſhall add a few words of my own, to diſſuade the ladies themſelves from any inclination to ſuch a vagary. In the firſt place, I aſſure them, that of all French ragoûts there is none to which an Engliſhman has ſo little appetite as an Engliſh lady ſerved up to him *à la Françoiſe*. Next I beg leave to inform them, that the French taſte in beauty is ſo different from ours, that a pretty Engliſh woman at Paris, inſtead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is conſidered only as a handſome corpſe; and if, to put a little life into her, ſome of her compaſſionate friends there ſhould perſuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in Engliſh called paint, ſhe muſt continue to wear it to extreme old age, unleſs ſhe prefers a ſpot of real yellow (the certain conſequence of paint) to an artificial one of red. And laſtly, I propoſe it to their conſideration, whether the delicacy of an Engliſh lady's mind may not partake of the nature of ſome high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.

N° XIX. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE preſent age is over-run with romances; and yet ſo ſtrong does the appetite for them continue, that, as Otway ſays on a leſs delicate occaſion—

——Every rank fool goes down.

I am not ſurprized that any ſketch of human nature, howſoever imperfect, ſhould attract the attention of the generality of readers. We are eaſily delighted with pictures of ourſelves, and are ſometimes apt to fancy a ſtrong likeneſs where there is not even the leaſt reſemblance. Thoſe great maſters of every movement of the human mind, Homer and Shakeſpeare, knew well this propenſity of our diſpoſitions. The latter, from the nature of his writings, had more frequent opportunities of opening the moſt minute avenues of the heart. The former, though his province was more confined, has let no occaſion paſs of exerting this affecting talent. He has not only contraſted a vaſt variety of characters, and given all the paſſions their full play; but even in the ſtiller parts of his work, the ſimilies and deſcriptions, every thing is full of human life. It is the Carian woman who ſtains the ivory;

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if a torrent descends from the mountains, some cottager trembles at the sound of it; and the fine broken landskip of rocks and woods by moon-light, has a shepherd to gaze at and admire it.

But it is not with such painters as these that I am at present concerned. They drew really from nature; and ages have felt and applauded the truth of their designs. Whereas our modern artists (if we may guess from the motley representations they give us of our species) are so far from having studied the natures of other people, that they seldom seem to have the least acquaintance with themselves.

The writers of heroic romance, or the Loves of Philodoxus and Urania, professedly soar *above nature*. They introduce into their descriptions trees, water, air, &c. like common mortals; but then all their rivers are clearer than crystal, and every breeze is impregnated with the spices of Arabia. The manners of their personages seem full as extraordinary to our gross ideas. We are apt to suspect the virtue of two young people who are rapturously in love with each other, and who travel whole years in one another's company; though we are expressly told, that at the close of every evening, when they retire to rest, the hero leans his head against a knotted oak, whilst the heroine seeks the friendly shelter of a distant myrtle. This, I say, seems to us a little unnatural; however, it is not of dangerous example. There can no harm follow if unexperienced persons should endeavour to imitate what may be thought inimitable. Should our virgins arrive but half way towards the chastity of a Parthenia, it will be something gained; and we, who have had learned educations, know the power of early prejudices; some of us having emulated the public spirit, and other obsolete virtues of the old Grecians and Romans, to the age of fifteen or sixteen; some of us later, even to twenty or one and twenty.

But peace be to the manes of such authors: they have long enjoyed that elysium which they so frequently described on earth. The present race of romance-writers run universally into a different extreme; they spend the little art they are masters of in weaving into intricacies the more familiar and more comical adventures of a Jack Slap, or a Betty Sallet. These, though they endeavour to copy after a very great original, I chuse to call our writers *below nature*; because very few of them have as yet found out their master's peculiar art of writing upon low subjects without writing in a low manner. Romances, judiciously conducted, are a very pleasing way of conveying instruction to all parts of life. But to dwell eternally upon orphan-beggars, and *serving-men of low degree*, is certainly what I have called it, writing *below nature*; and is so far from conveying instruction, that it does not even afford amusement.

The writers *below nature* have one advantage in common with the writers above it, that the originals they would seem to draw from are no where to be found. The heroes and heroines of the former are undoubtedly children of the imagination; and those of the latter, if they are not all of them incapable of *reading* their own adventures, are at least unable to inform us by *writing* whether the representations of them are just, and whether people in their station did ever think or act in the manner they are described to have done. Yet the authors, even in this particular, are not quite so secure as they imagine; for when, towards the end of the third or fourth volume, the He or She of the piece (as is usually the custom) emerges into what they call genteel life, the whole cheat is frequently discovered. From seeing their total ignorance of what they are then describing, we on good grounds conclude that they were equally unacquainted with the inferior parts of life, though we are not able to detect the falsehood. Bath, one should imagine, the easiest place in the world to get a thorough knowledge of: and yet I have observed in books of this kind, several representations of it so excessively erroneous, that they not only shewed the authors to be entirely ignorant of the manners of living there, but of the geography of the town.

But it is not the ignorance of these writers which I would principally complain of; though of that, as a censor, you ought to take notice, and should assure our young men and young women that they may read fifty volumes of this sort of trash, and yet, according to the phrase which is perpetually in their mouths, 'know nothing of life.' The thing I chiefly find fault with is their extreme indecency. There are certain

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vices which the vulgar call fun, and the people of fashion gallantry; but the middle rank, and those of the gentry who continue to go to church, ſtill ſtigmatize them by the opprobrious names of fornication and adultery. Theſe are confeſſed to be in ſome meaſure detrimental to ſociety, even by thoſe who practiſe them moſt; at leaſt, they are allowed to be ſo in all but themſelves. This being the caſe, why ſhould our novel-writers take ſo much pains to ſpread theſe enormities? It is not enough to ſay in excuſe, that they write nonſenſe upon theſe ſubjects as well as others; for nonſenſe itſelf is dangerous here. The moſt abſurd ballads in the ſtreets, without the leaſt glimmering of meaning, recommend themſelves every day both to the great and ſmall vulgar only by obſcene expreſſions. Here, therefore, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you ſhould interpoſe your authority, and forbid your readers (whom I will ſuppoſe to be all perſons who can read) even to attempt to open any novel or romance, unlicenſed by you; unleſs it ſhould happen to be ſtamped RICHARDSON or FIELDING.

Your power ſhould extend likewiſe to that inundation of obſcenity which is daily pouring in from France, and which has too frequently the wit and humour of a Crebillon to ſupport it. The gentlemen who never read any thing elſe, will, I know, be at a loſs for amuſement, and feel their half hour of morning hang rather too heavy on their hands. But ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when they conſider the good of their country, (and all of them have that at heart) they will conſent to meet a little ſooner at the hazard-table, or while away the tedious interval in ſtudying new chances upon the cards.

If it be ſaid that the heroic romances, which I have recommended for their virtue, are themſelves too full of paſſionate breathings upon ſome occaſions, I allow the charge; but am of opinion that theſe can do little more harm to the minds of young ladies, than certain books of devotion which are put into their hands by aunts and grandmothers; the writers of which, from having ſuffered the ſofter paſſions to mix too ſtrongly with their zeal for religion, are now generally known by the name of the *amorous divines*.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

I. T.

N° XX. THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1753.

THOUGH the following letter came a little out of time for this week's publication, yet in compliment to the ſubject, as well as in reſpect to the writer, I ordered that a very elaborate eſſay of my own, already at the preſs, ſhould withdraw and give place to it.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is either an obſervation of my own, or of ſome very wiſe man whoſe name I forget—That where true Learning is, true Virtue cannot be far off. The rigid and exemplary life which every individual in our Learned Profeſſions is ſo well known to lead, might be ſufficient to evince the truth of this obſervation, if I could content myſelf with a ſingle argument, where many are at hand. To deſcend a little lower than the learned profeſſions—Why are all pariſh-clerks orthodox Chriſtians, all apothecaries communicative men, or all juſtices of the peace upright men, but as their profeſſions are in ſome degree a-kin to divinity, phyſic, and the law?

If we carry our enquiries into the city, we ſhall find thoſe vocations, where moſt knowledge is required, to be moſt productive of the civilities of life. Thus the merchant, who writes his letters in French, is a better bred man than his neighbour the ſhopkeeper, who underſtands no language but his own; while the ſhopkeeper, who is able to read and write, and keep his accounts in a book, is a more civilized perſon than his landlord at the Horns, who ſcores only in chalk.

We ſhall be more and more of this opinion, if we look a little into the lives and manners of thoſe people who have no pretenſions to literature. Who drinks or ſwears more than a country ſquire? Who, according to his own confeſſion, has been the ruin of ſo many innocents, as

as a fine gentleman? Why, according to Pope, is every woman a rake in her heart? or why, according to truth, is almoſt every woman of faſhion a rake in practice, but from the deplorable misfortune of an unlearned education?

But the laſt and beſt argument to prove that Learning and Virtue are cauſe and effect, remains ſtill to be produced. And here let me aſk, if, from the beginning of time to this preſent May, one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-three, it has been once known that an Author was an immoral man? On the contrary, is it not univerſally allowed, that he is the moſt virtuous of mankind? To deny that he is the moſt learned, would be a greater degree of abſurdity than I can conceive any perſon to be guilty of; I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to his virtues. What the apoſtle ſays of Charity, may as truly be ſaid of an Author—*He ſuffereth long, and is kind; he beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things.* How ignorant is he of the ways of men! How ready to give praiſe even to the leaſt deſerving! How diſtant from that ſource of evil, money! How humble in his apparel! How moderate in his pleaſures! And, above all, how abſtemious in diet, and how temperate in wine! It is to the ſocial virtues of an Author that the preſent age is indebted for a paper called the WORLD; which it is not doubted will do more good to theſe nations, than all the volumes, except the Sacred ones, which have hitherto been written.

I am not hinting to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that Learning is at preſent in a declining ſtate, and that conſequently there is leſs Virtue among us than in former times; on the contrary, when were there more Authors than at preſent? I challenge any age to produce half the number. From hence it appears that Learning is in a very flouriſhing condition: for though the Great have thought proper long ago to withdraw their patronage from it, it has pleaſed Heaven to raiſe up very able and zealous perſons, who are applying all their time and pains to the advancement of it, and to whom it's profeſſors may have *weekly* acceſs, and be aſſured of encouragement and reward in proportion to their merits. Your readers will be, no doubt, before-hand with me in naming theſe patrons of Learning, who, it is very well known, are the honourable and worſhipful the fraternity of Bookſellers.

But though I have the greateſt veneration for theſe gentlemen, I cannot help being of opinion, that if the old patrons, the Great, were to unite their endeavours with the new patrons, the Bookſellers, it might accelerate the progreſs of Virtue through this iſland. Every body knows the effect which a ſmile, a nod, a ſhake of the hand, or even a promiſe, from a great man, has upon the inventive faculties of an author. In all probability he would ſit with more ſerenity, and loll with more grace, in a Nobleman's chariot than in his Bookſeller's eaſy-chair; not to mention that three courſes by a French cook, a deſſert, and a bottle of Champaigne, are more apt to exhilarate the ſpirits than one or two plain Engliſh diſhes, and profaic Port. Provided (as indeed it ought always to be provided) that the ſervants of his noble patron will condeſcend to hear him now-and-then, when he happens to be in want of any thing that is in the province of the ſide-board.

Who is there among us ſo ignorant as not to know that the two favourite amuſements of gaming and adultery would never have found ſuch univerſal admiſſion, if they had not been honoured with the patronage of people of faſhion? The numbers of dreſt-up monkies and dancing-dogs, which have lately contributed ſo much to our public entertainments, are another proof of what people of faſhion may bring about, if they determine to be active. But as a certain great perſonage, well known in the polite world, was pleaſed of old time to obſerve of Job, though the accuſation was a falſe one—*That he did not ſerve God for nought*; ſo may it be ſuggeſted, that the Great of this generation will expect to be paid either in pleaſure or profit for their ſervices to mankind. It is ſhrewdly ſuſpected of the Bookſellers, that they have ſome intereſted views in their encouragement of Learning; and it is my own opinion, that our nobility and people of faſhion are only encouragers of vice and folly, as they happen to be paid for it in pleaſure. My deſign, therefore, in this letter, is to convince the ſaid people of faſhion, that they are loſing a great deal of pleaſure by ſhutting their doors againſt men of learning.

In the article of Eating, for inſtance, that noble pleaſure, who is there ſo proper to adviſe with as one who is acquainted with the kitchens of an Apicius

cius or an Heliogabalus? For, though I have a very high opinion of our present taste, I cannot help thinking that the ancients were our masters in expensive dinners. Their cooks had an art amongst them, which I do not find that any of ours are arrived at. Trimalchus's cook could make a turbot or an ortolan out of hog's-flesh. Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, when he was three hundred miles from sea, longed for a John-dory, and was supplied with a fresh one by his cook the same hour. I dare say there are men learned enough in this kingdom, under proper encouragement, to restore to us this invaluable secret. In building and furniture, a man of learning might instruct our nobility in the Roman art of expence. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, the coal-merchant, had eight hundred thousand pounds worth of furniture burnt in the left wing of his country-house. In the article of running in debt, we are people of no spirit: a man of learning will tell us that Milo, a Roman of fashion, owed to his tradesmen and others half a million of money.

The ladies will have equal benefit with the men from their encouragement of Learning. It will be told them, that Lollia Paulina, a young lady of distinction at Rome, wore at a subscription masquerade four hundred thousand pounds worth of jewels. It is said of the same young lady, that she wore jewels to half that amount, if she went only in her night-gown to drink tea at her mantua-maker's. Those ladies of fashion who have the clearest skins, and who of course are enemies to concealment, may be instructed by men of learning in the thin silk gauze, worn by the ladies of Rome, called the naked drapery. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who was fond of appearing in this naked drapery, preserved the beautiful polish of her skin by using a warm bath of asses milk. In short, a man of learning, if properly encouraged, might instruct our people of fashion in all the pleasures of luxury, which at present they are only imitating, without abilities to equal.

I have the pleasure of hearing that the gentlemen at White's are at this very time laying their heads together for the advancement of Learning; and that they are likely to sit very late upon it for many nights. Their scheme, which is a very deep one, is to alienate their estates, by which alienation it is presumed that the next generation of people of fashion will of necessity be tradesmen; and, as the business of a Bookseller is supposed to be of a gentleeler and more lucrative nature than that of a haberdasher or a pastry-cook, it is imagined that the most honourable families will become Booksellers, and of course patrons of Learning.

I know but one objection to this scheme; which is, that the children of people of fashion are apt to contract so early an aversion to books, that they will hardly be prevailed upon, even by necessity itself, to make them the business of their lives. I am, Sir, your reader and most humble servant,

H. M.

N° XXI. THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1753.

I Shall only observe upon the following letters, that the first relates chiefly to myself; that the second has a very serious meaning; and that the third contains a hint to the ladies, which I hope will not be thrown away upon them.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS it is possible I may one time or other be a correspondent of yours, and may now-and-then, perhaps, have a strong impulse to pay you a compliment, I am willing to know how far I may go without giving offence; and whether, by the advertisement at the end of your first number, you mean to exclude all allusions to the expression, THE WORLD, even though the turn of them should be such, as would be rather treating you with civility than otherwise! As, for instance:

When a man is just upon the point of committing a vicious action, may he check himself by this thought—'What 'will the World say of me?' May a man be threatened that if he does such a

thing, 'The World shall know it?' May it be said, 'That the World esteems a 'man of merit?' In short, may the praise and censure of the World be made use of without offence, as arguments to promote virtue and restrain vice?

I am entirely unacquainted with your situation in life; but if you are a married man, I take the liberty to give you one piece of advice. There are certain places of public entertainment, which, though they may chance to be tolerated by law, it were to be wished, for prudential reasons, were more discouraged, and less frequented. Example, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is very prevalent; and the advice I would give you is, that whenever you think proper to go to any such places for your own amusement, you would leave your lady at home; for there is nothing gives greater encouragement than to have it said, 'There was all the World and his 'Wife;' from whence it is concluded, that all the World and his Wife will be there again the next time. I am Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

COSMOPHILOS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Could wish with all my heart that you and I were a little acquainted, that I might invite you to come and take a Sunday's dinner with me. I name Sunday, because I want you to be witness of an evil on that day which possibly, by a constant and sober residence in town, you may not be acquainted with.

It is my misfortune to live in what is called a pleasant village, upon one of the great roads within seven miles of London, where I am almost suffocated with dust every Sunday in the summer, occasioned by those crowds of prentice-boys, who are whipping their hired hacks to death, or driving their crazy one-horse chairs against each other, to the great dismay of women with child, and the mortal havock of young children. It is a plain case, that neither the fathers nor masters of these young men have any authority over them; if they had, we should find them in their compting-houses, according to the custom of sober citizens on that day, posting their books, and balancing the accounts of the former week. But, in my humble opinion, even this is a custom better broke through than continued; for though industry is a very valuable quality, and is commonly the means of making, what is called in the city, a Good Man of a very knavish one, it may be pushed too far; as it most certainly is, when it defeats the end and intention of Sunday, which was ordained and instituted for a day of rest.

I can just remember, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that before Christianity was entirely reasoned out of these kingdoms, it was a mighty custom for young folks to go to church on that day; and indeed I should have thought there was no manner of harm in it, if it had not been plainly proved, as well by people of fashion as others, that going to church was the most tiresome thing in the world; and that, consequently, it was notoriously perverting a day set apart solely for rest.

But while almost every one, in speculation, is averse to labour on a Sunday, how strange is it to see a lethargic citizen drudging at his books, a decrepid old country couple fatiguing themselves to death by walking to church, and their children and grand-children venturing their necks and harrassing their bodies by running races upon the road! I am for the strict observance of all institutions; and as we have happily got rid of the religious prejudices of our forefathers, I know but one way of keeping Sunday as it ought to be kept; but unless what I have to propose be backed by your censorial authority, I see no probability of it's taking effect. I could wish, therefore, that you would earnestly recommend to both sexes, of every rank and condition, the lying in bed all that day. This will indeed be making it a day of rest, provided that all single persons be directed to lie alone, and that permission be given to those who cannot sleep in their beds to go to church and sleep there. If this can be brought about, our churches may still be kept open, and the roads cleared of those noisy and dissolute young fellows, who finding in themselves no inclination to lie still, are disturbing the rest of all other people.

Your taking this matter into consideration will oblige all sober observers of Sunday; and particularly, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN SOFTLY.

TO

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is an old saying, but a true one, that a good husband commonly makes a good wife. If it was as true, that a good wife commonly made a good husband, I am inclined to think that Hymen would wear a much brighter countenance among us than we generally see him with.

In all families where I have been an intimate, I have taken particular notice of every occurrence that has tended to the disturbance of the matrimonial tranquillity; and, upon tracing those occurrences to their source, I have commonly discovered that the fault was principally in the husband.

I have now in my possession a calculation of Demoivre, made a few years ago, with great labour and accuracy, which proves that the good wives, within the weekly bills, have a majority upon the good husbands of three to one; and I am humbly of opinion, that if the calculation was to be extended to the towns and counties remote from London, we should find the majority at least five times as great. But to those husbands who have never thought of such a calculation, and who have little or no acquaintance with their wives, a majority of three to one may be as much as they will care to swallow; especially if it be considered how many Fine Ladies there are at St. James's, how many Notable Wives in the city, and how many Landladies at Wapping; all of which, as a friend of mine very justly observes, are exactly the same character.

But though I am convinced of the truth of this calculation, I am not so partial to the ladies, particularly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without fault; on the contrary, I am going to accuse them of a very great one, which, if not put a stop to before the warm weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what lengths it may be carried. You have already hinted at this fault in the sex, under the genteel appellation of moulting their dress. If necks, shoulders, &c. have begun to shed their covering in winter, what a general display of nature are we to expect this summer, when the excuse of heat may be alledged in favour of such a display? I called some time ago upon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my asking where his sister was, told me—'At her toilette, Un-'dressing for the ridotto.' That the expression may be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg leave to inform them, that it is the fashion for a lady to Undress herself to go abroad, and to Dress only when she stays at home and sees no company.

It may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young ladies; as we read of our first mother, before the fall, that *she was naked and not ashamed*; but I cannot help thinking, that her daughters of these times should convince us that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as actual transgression, or else be *ashamed* of their Nakedness.

I would ask any pretty Miss about town, if she ever went a second time to see the wax-work, or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkies, with the same delight as at first? Certain it is, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. 'That was a very fine picture,' says my lord, '*but I had seen it before.*'—'Twas a sweet song of the Galli's,' says my lady, '*but I had heard it be-'fore.*'—'A very fine poem,' says the critic, '*but I had read it before.*' Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying—'Tis 'very pretty, *but we have seen it be-'fore.*' I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

S. L.

Nº XXII. THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1753.

——NON POSSUM FERRE, QUIRITES,
GRÆCAM URBEM—— JUVEN.

ETON SCHOOL, MAY 12, 1753.

SIR,

YOU will be surprized, perhaps, at my presumption in supposing that you will pay any regard to the production of a puerile pen, or that out of the mouths of *babes and sucklings* the public will deign to receive either instruction or amusement; but, however that may be, I cannot forbear acknowledging the obligations I owe you, if it be only to convince you that gratitude is still a school-boy's virtue. You must know, then, that ever since you made your first appearance, I have constantly appropriated the sum of two-pence, out of my slender allowance of a shilling a week, for the purchase of your paper; and have often, while my school-fellows were harping on the old thread-bare subjects of Greece and Rome, enriched my exercise from your treasure with some lively strokes on modern manners; but never so much to my honour as last week, when the scrap of Juvenal prefixed to this letter was our theme. The general topic was declaiming against that old-fashioned pedantic language called Greek, which you may imagine was the most popular turn that could be given to the subject here; but, for my part, I chose to consider rather the spirit than the letter of my author, and to turn my satire against France, the Greece of our days; in which view I had an opportunity of introducing the description of the tour of Paris, which is touched with such an inimitable spirit of ridicule by your last week's correspondent. Standard wit, like standard gold, will bear a great deal of alloy, without being totally debased; and the proof of it is, that notwithstanding the disadvantage of appearing under the disguise of my Latin poetry, the tour to Paris *went for the play*. This expression, Sir, will be jargon to the town in general; but those of your readers who have been educated here will know, that it means the highest mark of distinction that an Eton boy is capable of receiving; when a whole holiday is granted to the school, in consideration of the merit of that copy of verses which is judged the best, and to which the panegyric that Horace bestows on poetry in general, when he stiles it *laborum dulce lenimen*, is peculiarly applicable. Imagine what exultation of mind the young hero of such a day must feel; the conscious benefactor of all his little fellow-citizens, who share with gratitude the happiness derived to him from the success of his talents! The verses too are read, transcribed, repeated; the homage of admiration and of envy is paid him, and the first emotions of youthful vanity and ambition are fully gratified. In short, not Herodotus, reciting that exercise of imagination which we call his history, whilst all Greece, assembled in the *playing-fields* at Elis on the *whole holiday* of the Olympic games, listened with silent applause; no, nor (to illustrate my idea by a still sublimer image) the great Duke of Marlborough himself, on the thanksgiving-day for Blenheim, could taste a purer and more exalted rapture.

Forgive this sally, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and let me join with your witty correspondent in lamenting the deficiency of our laws, which do not extend to the prevention of the evil he exposes, though I cannot concur in thinking that ridicule will on this occasion supply the place of wholesome regulations.

Whether the remedy I am going to propose will be effectual for this purpose, I will not pretend to determine; but I confess it appears, to me at least, so obvious, that I am amazed it never occurred to any one before. Give me leave to make one or two previous observations, and I will keep you no longer in suspence.

I have often heard it remarked, that a great school is a miniature of the great world, and that men are nothing else but children of a larger size. If this be true, which every day's experience seems to justify, can there be any danger of fallacy in arguing, that the same engines of government which serve to establish order in a school, may be transferred

ferred for similar purposes, with great probability of success, to the use of the state? Now I appeal to common sense, whether rambling abroad, and running out of bounds, are not exactly the same offences; only that the one is committed by the great children, the other by the little ones; and if the discipline of birch is found effectual to restrain it in the latter, why should not the experiment be tried at least with the former? The rod, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the rod is the thing, which, if well administered, would serve to deter many a man-child from exposing himself as a rambler, whose callous sensations the lash of ridicule could make no impression upon. In recommending this, I am sorry to say I have the authority of experience to support me, having had the misfortune to feel, in my own proper person, how efficacious the smart of a little flagellation is to correct an inordinate passion for travelling: for the rage of travel, Sir, prevails in our little society as in your larger one, and has formerly, when this argument *a posteriori* was not so frequently used to discourage it, manifested itself in perpetual excursions to *foreign parts*; such as Cluer, Datchet, Windsor, &c. at every short interval between school-times, just as the grown children of fashion run over to Paris during a recess of parliament. But the ceremony of an installation was equivalent to a jubilee, and used to occasion almost a total emigration, which I assure you was prevented the last time by this salutary terror; a terror which operates so strongly, that though there is now-and-then a clandestine excursion made by some daring genius, yet it is but seldom, and attended with such trepidation when it happens, as to justify the picture which the sweetest of our elegiac poets has drawn of us—

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

It may possibly be objected, that our men-children are too big to be whipt like school-boys; but if the description be just, which I heard a gentlemen at my father's give last holidays of our countrymen abroad, I leave you to judge whether they would or not. 'Strolling 'over Europe,' these were his words, 'and staring about with a strange mix-'ture of raw admiration and rude con-'tempt; both equally the effect of ig-'norance and inexperience. Intolently 'despising foreign manners and cus-'toms, merely because they are foreign, 'which yet for the same reason they 'would fain copy, though awkwardly, 'and without distinction. Untinctured 'with any sound principles of compa-'rison; unreasonably vain; and, by 'turns, ashamed of their native country; 'trifling, sheepish, and riotous.' What are these, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but school-boys out of bounds? And shall they not be whipt, severely whipt, when they return? It is beneath the dignity of government to inflict a more serious punishment, and contrary to it's wisdom to connive at the offence.

There is a bill, I am told, depending in parliament, the idea of which, if I am rightly informed, is plainly borrowed from our custom of *calling absence*; that is, calling over the list of names, to which each boy is expected to appear and answer; I mean the register bill, which it seems establishes an *absence* to be called annually throughout the kingdom: an admirable institution, calculated, I suppose, as among us, for the detection of these very offenders. Let those patriots, then, who have condescended to copy one institution of school-policy, adopt the whole plan; for surely to detect without punishing, would be stopping short of the mark. Suppose then that a bill was to be prepared, intituled, 'An Act against Rambling,' which may be considered as a proper supplement to the vagrant act, by which a board should be constituted, and called the *home board*; the president and principal members of which are to be chosen out of the laudable society of Anti-Gallicans; to whom the proper officers appointed to *call absence*, pursuant to the register act, shall transmit annually compleat lists of absentees in foreign parts, who on their return home shall be liable to be summoned and examined in a summary way before the board, whose sentence shall be final. That all going into foreign parts shall not be deemed *rambling*; but that the legislature may in it's wisdom define the offence, and specify certain tokens by which it may be ascertained; such, for instance, as debasing the purity of the English language, by a vile mixture of exotic words, idioms, and phrases; all impertinent and unmeaning shrugs, grimaces, and

and geſticulations; the frequent uſe of the word *canaille*, and the leaſt contempt wantonly caſt on the roaſt-beef of Old England. Theſe ſhould be deemed ſufficient evidence to convict an offender againſt this ſtatute, who ſhall be immediately brought to condign puniſhment, which is to be by *flagellation* after the manner of the ſchools: for which purpoſe a block, faſhioned like ours, may be erected on the parade, and an additional ſalary given to the uſher of the black rod, to provide a ſufficient ſtore of birch and able-bodied deputies. The number of laſhes to be proportioned to the crime; never leſs than ſeven, nor more than one and twenty, excluſive of the flying cuts as the criminal riſes. The time of execution, for the ſake of public example, to be twelve at noon; and ſome one member of the *bone board* always to attend and intermix proper reproofs and admonitions between the cuts, which are to be applied ſlowly and diſtinctly.—Provided always, that nothing in this act contained ſhall extend to perſons who croſs the ſeas in order to finiſh their ſtudies at *foreign univerſities*; to gentlemen who travel with the public-ſpirited deſign of procuring ſingers and dancers for the opera; or to ſuch young patriots who make the tour of Europe, from a laudable deſire of diſcovering the many imperfections of the Engliſh conſtitution, by comparing it with the more perfect models which are to be found abroad.

Such, Sir, are the general outlines of my ſcheme; and, guarded with theſe precautions, I ſhould flatter myſelf it could meet with no oppoſition. I once thought of a private whipping-room for travelling females; but in conſideration of the voluntary penance, which I am told they ſubmit to when they return to England, of exhibiting themſelves in public places, made frightful with all the frippery of France, patched, painted, and pomponed, as warnings to the ſex, I am willing that all farther puniſhment ſhould be remitted. To your cenſure, Sir, I ſubmit the whole of my ſcheme. If the foundation I have built upon is a weak one, I have the inexperience of youth to plead in my behalf, and the ſame excuſe to alledge with the ſimple ſwain in Virgil, which as a ſchool-boy I beg leave to quote—

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem——
Sic CANIBUS CATULOS *ſimiles, &c.*

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

N° XXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1753.

IT is with ſome degree of pride as well as pleaſure that I ſee my correſpondents multiply ſo faſt, that the taſk I have undertaken is become almoſt a ſinecure. For many weeks paſt it has been entirely ſo, allowing only for ſome little alterations, which I judged it neceſſary to make in two or three eſſays; a liberty which I ſhall never take without the greateſt caution, and upon few other occaſions than to give a general turn to what may be applied to a particular character. To all men of genius and good-humour, who will favour me with their correſpondence, I ſhall think myſelf both honoured and obliged.

The writer of the following letter will, I am ſure, forgive me for the few liberties I have taken with him. The grievance he complains of is a very great one, and what I ſhould imagine needs only to be mentioned to find redreſs.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO gratify the curioſity of a country friend, I accompanied him a few weeks ago to Bedlam; a place which I ſhould not otherwiſe have viſited, as the diſtreſſes of my fellow-creatures affect me too much to incline me to be a ſpectator of them. I was extremely moved at the variety of wretches, who appeared either ſullen or outrageous, melancholy or chearful, according to their different diſpoſitions; and who ſeemed to retain, though inconſiſtently, the ſame paſſions and affections as when in poſſeſſion of their reaſon. In one cell ſat a wretch upon his ſtraw, looking ſtedfaſtly upon the ground in ſilent deſpair. In another the ſpirit of ambition flaſhed from the eyes of an emperor, who ſtrutted the happy lord of the creation. Here a fear-

ful miſer, having in fancy converted his rags to gold, ſat counting out his wealth, and trembling at all who ſaw him. There the prodigal was hurrying up and down his ward, and giving fortunes to thouſands. On one ſide a ſtraw-crowned king was delivering laws to his people; and on the other a huſband, mad indeed, was dictating to a wife that had undone him. Sudden fits of raving interrupted the ſolemn walk of the melancholy muſician, and ſettled deſpair ſat upon the pallid countenance of the love-ſick maid.

To thoſe who have feeling minds, there is nothing ſo affecting as ſights like theſe; nor can a better leſſon be taught us in any part of the globe than in this ſchool of miſery. Here we may ſee the mighty reaſoners of the earth below even the inſects that crawl upon it; and from ſo humbling a ſight we may learn to moderate our pride, and to keep thoſe paſſions within bounds, which, if too much indulged, would drive reaſon from her ſeat, and level us with the wretches of this unhappy manſion. But, I am ſorry to ſay it, curioſity and wantonneſs, more than a deſire of inſtruction, carry the majority of ſpectators to this diſmal place. It was in the Eaſter-week that I attended my friend there; when, to my great ſurprize, I found a hundred people at leaſt, who, having paid their two-pence a-piece, were ſuffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making ſport and diverſion of the miſerable inhabitants; a cruelty which one would think human nature hardly capable of! Surely if the utmoſt miſery of mankind is to be made a ſight of for gain, thoſe who are the governors of this hoſpital ſhould take care that proper perſons are appointed to attend the ſpectators, and not ſuffer indecencies to be committed which would ſhock the humanity of the ſavage Indians. I ſaw ſome of the poor wretches provoked by the inſults of this holiday mob into furies of rage; and I ſaw the poorer wretches, the ſpectators, in a loud laugh of triumph at the ravings they had occaſioned.

In a country where Chriſtianity is at leaſt profeſſed, it is ſtrange that humanity ſhould, in this inſtance, ſo totally have abandoned us: for however trifling this may appear to ſome particular perſons, I cannot help looking upon it as a reflection upon the nation, and worthy the conſideration of all good men. I know it is a hard taſk to alter the wanton diſpoſitions of mankind; but it is not hard for men in power to hinder people from venting thoſe diſpoſitions on the unhappy objects in queſtion, of whom every governor is the guardian, and therefore bound to protect them from ſo cruel an outrage, which is not only injurious to the poor wretches themſelves, but is alſo an inſult upon human nature. I hope, therefore, that for the future the governors of this noble charity will think themſelves obliged, in conſcience and honour, to rectify an abuſe which is ſo great a diſcredit to it; or, if they continue regardleſs of it, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will pronounce every individual of them to be an accomplice in the barbarity.

And now, Sir, that I am upon the ſubject of madneſs, give me leave to hint to you an opinion which I have often entertained, and which my late viſit to Bedlam has again revived, that the maddeſt people in this kingdom are not *in*, but *out* of Bedlam. I have frequently compared in my own mind the actions of certain perſons whom we daily meet with in the world, with thoſe of the inhabitants of Bedlam, who, properly ſpeaking, may be ſaid to be out of it; and I know of no other difference between them, than that the former are mad with their reaſon about them, and the latter ſo from the misfortune of having loſt it. But what is extraordinary in this age, when, to it's honour be it ſpoken, charity is become faſhionable, theſe unhappy wretches are ſuffered to run looſe about the town, raiſing riots in public aſſemblies, beating conſtables, breaking lamps, damning perſons, affronting modeſty, diſturbing families, and deſtroying their own fortunes and conſtitutions: and all this without any proviſion being made for them, or the leaſt attempt to cure them of this madneſs in their blood.

The miſerable objects I am ſpeaking of are divided into two claſſes; the Men of Spirit about Town, and the Bucks. The Men of Spirit have ſome glimmerings of underſtanding, the Bucks none: the former are demoniacs, or people poſſeſſed; the latter are uniformly and incurably mad. For the reception and confinement of both theſe claſſes, I would humbly propoſe that two very ſpacious buildings be erected, the one called the Hoſpital for Men of Spirit, or demoniacs;

aces; and the other the Hospital for Bucks, or Incurables. Of these hospitals I would have the keepers of our Bridewells appointed governors, with full powers of constituting such deputies or sub-governors as to their wisdom should seem meet. That after such hospitals are built, proper officers appointed, and doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, and mad nurses provided, all young noblemen, and others within the bills of mortality, having common sense, who shall be found offending against the rules of decency, either in the cases above-mentioned, or in others of a similar nature, shall immediately be conducted to the hospital for demoniacs, there to be exorcised, physicked, and disciplined into a proper use of their senses; and that full liberty be granted to all persons whatsoever to visit, laugh at, and make sport of these demoniacs, without let or molestation from any of the keepers, according to the present custom of Bedlam. To the Buck Hospital for incurables, I would have all such persons conveyed that are mad through folly, ignorance, or conceit; there to be shut up for life, not only to be prevented from doing mischief, but from exposing in their own persons the weaknesses and miseries of mankind. These incurables, on no pretence whatsoever, to be visited or ridiculed; as it would be altogether as inhuman to insult the unhappy wretches who never were possessed of their senses, as it is to make a jest of those who have unfortunately lost them.

The building and endowing these hospitals I leave to the projectors of ways and means; contenting myself with having communicated a scheme which, if carried into execution, will secure us from those swarms of madmen which are at present so much the dread and disturbance of all public places. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

P. P.

N° XXIV. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1753.

I Shall not at present enter into the great question between the ancients and the moderns; much less shall I presume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the subject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature for these last sixteen centuries; but at the same time I will do justice to my cotemporaries, and give them their due share of praise, where they have either struck out new inventions, or improved and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I shall now mention.

The most zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to dispute the infinite superiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, had no specifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve than pretend to cure. As for the astonishing cures of Æsculapius, I do not put them into the account; they are to be ascribed to his power, not to his skill: he was a god, and his divinity was his nostrum. But how prodigiously have my ingenious cotemporaries extended the bounds of medicine! What nostrums, what specifics, have they not discovered! Collectively considered, they insure not only perfect health, but, by a necessary consequence, immortality; insomuch, that I am astonished when I still read in the weekly bills the great number of people who chuse to die of such and such distempers, for every one of which there are infallible and specific cures not only advertised, but attested in all the news-papers.

When the lower sort of Irish, in the most uncivilized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of a deceased friend or neighbour, before they give the last parting howl, they expostulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithstanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, seven fine children, and a competency of potatoes. Now, though all these, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a state of perfect health, they cannot, as I apprehend, be looked upon as preventive either of sickness or of death; but with how much more reason may we expostulate with, and censure those of our cotemporaries, who, either from obstinacy or incredulity, die in this great metropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when

when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expence, not only all diſtempers, but even old age, and death itſelf! The Renovating Elixir *infallibly reſtores priſtine youth and vigour, be the patient ever ſo old and decayed*, and that without loſs of time or buſineſs; whereas the ſame operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

The moſt inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at the firſt diſcharge of Dr. James's Powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

Ought not every man of great birth and eſtate, who for many years has been afflicted with the Poſteromania, or rage of having poſterity, a diſtemper very common among perſons of that ſort; ought he not, I ſay, to be aſhamed of having no iſſue male to perpetuate his illuſtrious name and title, when for ſo ſmall a ſum as three-and-ſix-pence, he and his lady might be ſupplied with a ſufficient quantity of the Vivifying Drops, which infallibly cure imbecillity in men, and barrenneſs in women, though of never ſo long ſtanding?

Another very great diſcovery of the moderns in the art of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's-evil, though never ſo inveterate, by only the touch of a lawful king, the right heir of Adam: for that is eſſentially neceſſary. The ancients were unacquainted with this ineſtimable ſecret: and even Solomon the ſon of David, the wiſeſt of kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our Britiſh Solomon, King James the Firſt, a ſon of David alſo, was no ſtranger to it, and practiſed it with ſucceſs. This fact is ſufficiently proved by experience; but if it wanted any corroborating teſtimony, we have that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who, in his incomparable hiſtory of England, aſſerts, (and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text) that he knew Somebody, who was radically cured of a moſt obſtinate king's-evil by the touch of Somebody. As our ſagacious hiſtorian does not even intimate that this Somebody took any thing of the other Somebody for the cure, it were to be wiſhed that he had named this Somebody, and his place of abode, for the benefit of the poor, who are now reduced, and at ſome expence, to have recourſe to Mr. Vickers the clergyman. Beſides, I fairly confeſs myſelf to be perſonally intereſted in this enquiry, ſince this Somebody muſt neceſſarily be the right heir of Adam, and conſequently I muſt have the honour of being related to him.

Our laborious neighbours and kinſmen, the Germans, are not without their inventions and happy diſcoveries in the art of medicine; for they laugh at a wound through the heart, if they can but apply their powder of ſympathy—not to the wound itſelf, but to the ſword or bullet that made it.

Having now (at leaſt in my own opinion) fully proved the ſuperiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I ſhall proceed to ſome other particulars, in which my cotemporaries will as juſtly claim, and I hope be allowed, the preference.

The ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moſes, very juſtly obſerves, that hieroglyphics were the beginning of letters; but at the ſame time he candidly allows, that it was a very troubleſome and uncertain method of communicating one's ideas, as it depended in a great meaſure on the writer's ſkill in drawing, (an art little known in thoſe days;) and as a ſtroke too much or too little, too high or too low, might be of the moſt dangerous conſequence, in religion, buſineſs, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters; but then he removed it too much; for thoſe letters or marks, being the ſame throughout, and fixed alphabetically, ſoon became generally known, and prevented that ſecrecy which in many caſes was to be wiſhed for. This inconveniency ſuggeſted to the ancients the invention of cryptography and ſteganography, or a myſterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but correſponding parties who had the key could decypher the matter. But human induſtry ſoon refined upon this too; the art of decyphering was diſcovered, and the ſkill of the decypherer baffled all the labour of the cypherer. The ſecrecy of all literary correſpondence became precarious, and neither buſineſs nor love could any longer be ſafely truſted to paper. Such, for a conſiderable time, was the unhappy ſtate of letters; till the Beau Monde, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography, or ſteganography, unknown to the ancients, and free from

ſome of their inconveniencies. Lovers in general made uſe of it; controverſial writers commonly; and miniſters of ſtate ſometimes, in the moſt important diſpatches. It was writing in ſuch an unintelligible manner, and with ſuch obſcurity, that the correſponding parties themſelves neither underſtood, nor even gueſſed at each other's meaning; which was a moſt effectual ſecurity againſt all the accidents to which letters are liable by being either miſlaid or intercepted. But this method too, though long purſued, was alſo attended with ſome inconveniencies. It frequently produced miſtakes, by ſcattering falſe lights upon that friendly darkneſs, ſo propitious to buſineſs and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all theſe inconveniencies, by a happy diſcovery of a new kind of paper, as pleaſing to the eye, and as conducive to the diſpatch, the clearneſs, and, at the ſame time, the ſecrecy of all literary correſpondence. My worthy friend Mr. Dodſley lately brought me a ſample of it; upon which, if I miſtake not, he will make very conſiderable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This ſheet of paper I conjectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and paſſionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itſelf. At the top of the firſt page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the faſhionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French curtſey. This evidently appears to ſtand for Madam, and ſaves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-dreſſed gentleman, with his hat under his left-arm, and his right-hand upon his heart, bowing moſt reſpectfully low; which ſingle figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy, or ſhort-hand, plainly conveys this deep ſenſe, and ſtands inſtead of theſe many words—'I have the honour to be, with 'the tendereſt and warmeſt ſentiments, 'Madam, your moſt inviolably at-'tached, faithful humble ſervant.' The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender ſuffering paſſion. Groups of lilies, roſes, pearls, corals, ſuns, and ſtars, were intermixed with chains, bearded ſhafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a ſheet of paper, I confeſs, ſeems to me to be a compleat letter; and I would adviſe all fine gentlemen, whoſe time I know is precious, to avail themſelves of this admirable invention: it will ſave them a great deal of time, and perhaps ſome thought; and I cannot help thinking, that were they even to take the trouble of filling up the paper with the tendereſt ſentiments of their hearts, or the moſt ſhining flights of their fancy, they would add no energy or delicacy to thoſe types and ſymbols of the lady's conqueſts, and their own captivity and ſufferings.

Theſe blank letters (if I may call them ſo, when they convey ſo much) will mock the jealous curioſity of huſbands and fathers, who will in vain hold them to the fire to elicite the ſuppoſed juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards paſs for a piece of innocent pleaſantry.

The dulleſt of my readers muſt, I am ſure, by this time be aware, that the utility of this invention extends, *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the ſubject of letters; and with much leſs trouble, and much more ſecrecy, propriety, and elegancy, than the old way of writing.

A painter of but moderate ſkill and fancy may in a very ſhort time have reams of ready-painted paper by him to ſupply the demands of the ſtateſman, the divine, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform the public, that my good friend Mr. Dodſley, who has long complained of the decay of trade, and who loves, with a prudent regard to his own intereſt, to encourage every uſeful invention, is at this time learning to paint with the moſt unwearied diligence and application; and I make no doubt, but that in a very little time he will be able to furniſh all ſorts of perſons with the beſt ready-made goods of that kind. I warned him indeed againſt providing any for the two learned profeſſions of the law and phyſic, which I apprehend would lie upon his hands: one of them being already in poſſeſſion (to ſpeak in their own ſtile) of a more brachygraphical, cryptographical, and ſteganographical ſecret, in writing their Warrants; and the other not willingly admitting brevity, in any ſhape. Otherwiſe, what innumerable ſkins of parchment, and lines of writing, might

might be saved in a marriage-settlement! For instance, if the first fourteen or fifteen sons, the supposed future issue, *lawfully to be begotten* of that happy marriage, and upon whom the settlement is successively made, were to be painted every one a size less than the other upon one skin of parchment, instead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age; and moreover the elder, by a happy pleonasmus, always to take before, and be preferred to the younger! But this useful alteration is more to be wished than expected, for reasons which I do not at present think proper to mention.

I am sensible that the government may possibly object, that I am suggesting to it's enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondences with much more secrecy than formerly: but as my intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have my loyalty suspected; and when I consider the zeal, and at the same time the ingenuity of the Jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roses and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger will arise to the government from this new and excellent invention.

N° XXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1753.

I Have the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wish I could as easily restore to her what she has lost. But to a mind like her's, so elevated! so harmonized! time, and the consciousness of so much purity of intention, will bring relief. It must always afford her matter of the most pleasing reflection, that her soul had no participation with her material part in that particular act which she appears to mention with so tender a regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to console her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herself against that excess of complaisance, with which they are sometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodsley, whom I never saw in my life; but I address myself to your equity and good-nature, for a small share only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade to which you have informed the public he is now applying himself, and which I hope you will not think it reasonable that he should monopolize: I mean that admirable, short, and secret method of communicating one's ideas by ingenious emblems and representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, Sir, to state my case and my qualifications to you: I am sure you will decide with justice.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and assisted me in the one, allowed me a master to instruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progress in them both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments were delicate; perhaps too much so for my rank in life. This disposition led me to study chiefly those treasures of divine honour, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century; sentiments from which, I thank Heaven, I have never deviated. From a sympathizing softness of soul, how often have I wept over those affecting distresses! How have I shared the pangs of the chaste and lovely Mariamne, upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! And how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous historical misrepresentations of the gallant first Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived! My drawings took the same elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the most moving and tender stories of charming Ovid's Metamorphoses; not without sometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I presented some

fans of my own painting to some ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. The latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to represent, with unblemished delicacy, the unhappy passion of the unfortunate Pasiphaé. With this turn of mind, this softness of soul, it will be supposed that I loved. I did so, Sir; tenderly and truly I loved. Why should I disown a passion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of sensuality, is the noblest and most generous sentiment of the human breast? O! that the false heart of the dear deceiver, whose perfidious vows betrayed mine, had been but as pure!——The traitor was quartered with his troop of dragoons in the town where I lived. His person was a happy compound of the manly strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a lover; and I thought that I discovered in him, at first sight, all the courage and all the tenderness of Oroondates. My figure, which was not bad, it seems pleased him as much. He sought and obtained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and soon after by his words, he declared his passion to me. My blushes, my confusion, and my silence, too plainly spoke mine. Good gods! how tender were his words! how languishingly soft his eyes! with what ardour did he press my hand! a trifling liberty which one cannot decently refuse, and for which refusal there is no precedent. Sometimes he addressed me in the moving words of Varanes, sometimes in the tender accents of Castalio, and sometimes in the warmer language of Juba; for he was a very good scholar. In short, Sir, a month was not past before he pressed for what he called a proof of my passion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy of it. He persisted; and I, in compliance with custom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love; and I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the man I tenderly loved the proof he required of my passion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to sentiment, not to desire. A few months gave me reason to suspect that his passion was not quite so pure; and within the year the perfidious wretch convinced me that it had been merely sensual; for upon the removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of me, and contented himself with saying, that in the course of quarters he hoped to have the pleasure some time or other of seeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegancy of soul, as I dare say you have, can better guess, than I can express, the agonies I felt, and the tears I shed, upon this occasion; but all in vain—vain as the thousand tender letters which I have written to him since, and to which I have received no answer. As all this passed within the course of ten months, I had but one child; which dear pledge of my first and only love I now maintain at the expence of more than half of what I have to subsist upon myself.

Having now, as I hope, prepared your compassion, and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer of my petition; which is, that you will be pleased to recommend me to the public, with all that authority which you have so justly acquired, for a share of this new and beneficial branch of trade: I mean no farther than the just bounds to which the female province may extend. Let Mr. Dodsley engross all the rest, with my best wishes. Though I say it, I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of delicate sentiments than I have; and I have already a considerable stock in hand of these allegorical and emblematical paintings, applicable to almost every situation in which a woman of sense, virtue, and delicacy, can find herself. I indulged my fancy in painting them, according to the various dispositions of mind which my various fortunes produced. I think I may say, without vanity, that I have made considerable improvements in the celebrated map of the Realms of Love in Clelia. I have adorned the banks of the gentle and crystalline Tender with several new villages and groves; and added expression to the pleasing melancholic groves of sighs and tender cares. I have whole quires, painted in my happier moments, of hearts united and crowned, fluttering Cupids, wanton zephyrs, constant and tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jessamine and tuberose, and shady groves. These will require very little filling up, if any, from ladies who are in the transported situation of growing loves. For the forsaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I too fatally sympathize, I have tender willows drooping over murmuring

murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cypreſs and ſolemn yew. In ſhort, Sir, I either have by me, or will forthwith provide, whatever can convey the moſt perfect ideas of elegant friendſhip, or pure, refined, and ſentimental paſſion. But I think it neceſſary to give notice, that if any ladies would expreſs any indelicate ideas of love, or require any types or emblems of ſenſual joy, they muſt not apply to, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

PARTHENISSA.

N° XXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1753.

SIMPLICITY is with juſtice eſteemed a ſupreme excellence in all the performances of art, becauſe by this quality they more nearly reſemble the productions of nature; and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their Simplicity. Hence ariſes (if the ladies will permit me to philoſophize a moment) the ſuperior excellence of ſpirit to matter, which is evidently a combination of many particles; whereas the firſt is pure, uncompounded, and indiviſible.

But let us deſcend from lofty ſpeculations, and uſeleſs metaphyſics, into common life and familiar arts, in order more fully to diſplay the beauties of a Juſt Simplicity, to which the preſent age ſeems not to pay a proper regard in various inſtances.

Nothing can be more tireſome and naufeous to a virtuoſo of a true judgment and a juſt eye in painting, than the gaudy glitter of florid colours, and a vaſt profuſion of light, unſubdued by ſhade, and undiverſified with tints of a browner caſt. It is recorded, that ſome of the capital pieces of Apelles were wrought in four colours only. This excellent artiſt invented alſo a kind of darkening varniſh, that might temper and chaſtiſe all dazzling ſplendour and unneceſſary glare; and might give, as Pliny expreſſes it, a modeſty and auſterity to his works. Thoſe who have been unaccuſtomed to the beſt models, are uſually at firſt more delighted with the productions of the Flemiſh than the Italian ſchool; and prefer Rubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that luſcious and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning the attention from it's principal excellencies; that is, from Truth, Simplicity, and Deſign.

If theſe obſervations are rightly founded, what ſhall we ſay of the taſte and judgment of thoſe who ſpend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perſpective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature, are obſerved; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchaſers of China, and Indian ſcreens. I ſaw a ſenſible foreigner aſtoniſhed at a late auction, with the exorbitant prices given for theſe Splendid Deformities, as he called them, while an exquiſite painting of Guido paſſed unnoticed, and was ſet aſide as unfaſhionable lumber. Happy ſhould I think myſelf to be able to convince the fair connoiſſeurs that make the greateſt part of Mr. Langford's audience, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimſical and groteſque figures, the monſtrous offſpring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

It is of equal conſequence to obſerve Simplicity in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute ornaments, a vaſt variety of angles and cavities, cluſters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what diſtinguiſh Meanneſs of Manner in building from Greatneſs; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration ariſes from neceſſity and uſe, and every pillar has ſomething to ſupport.

> Mark how the dread PANTHEON ſtands,
> Amid the domes of modern hands!
> Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
> How *ſimply*, how ſeverely great!

ſays the celebrated author of the Ode to Lord Huntingdon. Nothing, therefore, offends me more, than to behold the revival of this barbarous taſte, in ſeveral villas, temples, and pleaſure-houſes, that diſgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, ſometimes in the front of the ſame edifice, to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural

natural and impure mixture of Gothic whimſies.

Deſinit in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.
HOR.

Whoever conſiders the lateſt importations of muſic and muſicians from Italy, will be convinced that the modern maſters of that country have loſt that beautiful Simplicity which is generally the ornament of every muſical compoſition, and which really dignified thoſe of their predeceſſors. They have introduced ſo many intricate diviſions, wild variations, and uſeleſs repetitions, without any apparent neceſſity ariſing either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the compoſer ſeems to be rather to ſurprize the ear than to pleaſe the judgment; and that of the performer, to ſhew his execution rather than his expreſſion. It is from theſe motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with ſudden and unnatural tranſitions from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the tranſitions themſelves; while Pathos, the ſoul of muſic, is either unknown or totally neglected. Thoſe who have ſtudied the works of Corelli among the modern ancients, and Handel in the preſent age, know that the moſt affecting paſſages of the former owe their excellence to Simplicity alone; and that the latter underſtands it as well, and attends to it as much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety thoſe niceties and refinements, which, for want of propriety, we condemn in others.

In every ſpecies of writing, whether we conſider ſtyle or ſentiment, Simplicity is a beauty. The perfection of language, ſays the great father of criticiſm, conſiſts in it's being perſpicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of ſounding and florid epithets, remote alluſions, ſudden flaſhes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imaginations, and captivate the minds of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the Simple manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks, and Cæſar among the Romans, are at once the pureſt and moſt ſimple, as well as the moſt elegant writers, any age or nation can produce. *Nudi enim ſunt, recti, & venuſti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veſte, detracto.* Among ourſelves, no writer has perhaps made ſo happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addiſon, who was the firſt that baniſhed from the Engliſh, as Boileau from the French, every ſpecies of bad eloquence and falſe wit, and opened the gates of the Temple of Taſte to his fellow-citizens.

It ſeems to be the fate of poliſhed nations to degenerate and depart from a Simplicity of ſentiment. For when the firſt and moſt obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their ſucceſſors, by ſtraining to be original and new, abound in far-fetched ſentiments and forced conceits. Some late inſtances in men of genius, for none but theſe are capable of committing this fault, give occaſion to us to deprecate this event. I muſt add, under this head, that ſimplicity of fable is an indiſpenſable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, buſineſs, and buſtle, in our plays. We are diſguſted with the thinneſs, that is, the unity of a plot. We muſt enrich it with epiſodes, or under-characters; and we never conſider how much our attention is diverted and deſtroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened by an intricate multiplicity of events and of perſons. The Athenians, therefore, who could reliſh ſo ſimple a plot as that of the Philoctetes of Sophocles, had certainly either more patience or more good ſenſe, I will not determine which, than my preſent countrymen.

If we raiſe our thoughts to a ſubject of more importance than writing, I mean dreſs; even in this ſublime ſcience, Simplicity ſhould ever be regarded. It might be thought preſumption in me, to cenſure any part of Miſs ****'s dreſs laſt night at Ranelagh; yet I could not help condemning that profuſion of ornament, which violated and deſtroyed the unity and το ὅλον (a technical term borrowed from the toilette) of ſo accompliſhed a figure.

To finiſh my panegyric on Simplicity in a manner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a ſtroke of morality, I would obſerve, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once baniſh from the earth all artifice and treachery, double-dealing, and deceit. Let it therefore be eſtabliſhed as a maxim, That Simplicity is of equal importance in Morals and in Taſte.

N° XXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE forming separate societies, in order to exercise the great duty of self-mortification, seems to me to be one of the most general and prevailing tendencies in human nature. For even in those countries, where the freedom of the laws, or the ill execution of them, or the licentiousness of manners, has given a sort of public sanction to a less severe discipline, in England itself, what numerous sectaries have subsisted upon this disposition of the human mind?

It is upon this principle that the various and opposite tenets of different systems are built. Mahomet, Confucius, and other religious law-givers; the founders of larger societies, or smaller communities, have availed themselves of this bias in the mind of man; which, at one time or other, is sure to draw him with more than ordinary force.

If ambition occupies, if love monopolizes, if indolence stupifies, if literature amuses, if pride expands, or humility condenses the immortal spirit of man; if revenge animates, if a softer sensation mollifies, if trifles annihilate, if domestic cares engage, if dress and equipage possess the divine mind of women; these passions will, sooner or later, most certainly subside in both, and give place to that impulse which begets various kinds of mortified communities in different climes and countries. Hence such multitudes, in a neighbouring country, pass the last periods of their lives in the monastic severities of the strictest devotion; and hence it likewise is, that we see such numbers in our own country expose themselves to midnight damps at Vauxhall, and to be pressed to death by well-dressed mobs at routs.

Indeed, the more we consider the human species, from the rude savage up to the most polished courtier, the more we shall be persuaded of this general tendency in our natures to acts of voluntary mortification.

But what puts this matter out of all doubt, is, the erection of three Monasteries, within many of our memories, in the most conspicuous parts of this great metropolis.

I hope your country Protestant readers will not be too much alarmed; I can assure them that they pay no Peterpence. They are formed at present of societies composed entirely of males; but we hope it will not be long before they either open the arms of their communities for the reception of females, or that the ladies, excited by their example, and animated by the same principles, will form seminaries for their own sex, and that some departing matron may be prevailed upon to found a charity for this purpose.

For the furtherance of so desirable a community, it may not here be improper to offer a legal clause to be inserted in any last will or testament, viz. 'I, 'A. B. spinster or dowager, being tired 'of all men, and having no mortal to 'whom I have reason to wish well; hav-'ing settled a competent provision on 'my birds, dogs, and cats, do leave the 'sum of pounds, towards 'erecting a building, and the establish-'ing a society for the following purpo-'ses, &c. &c. &c.'

Now, as soon as a sufficient number of holy sisters shall be collected, I think they cannot do more wisely than to form their new seminary upon the model of one of those three great Monasteries so lately founded; nor would I advise them to vary much from those plans, as the difference of male and female will always be, to those who contemplate things profoundly, a sufficient badge of distinction.

For the direction, therefore, of these future lady abbesses, it will be necessary to give them some account of the three Monastic Societies before-mentioned; which will appear to owe their rise entirely to that innate love of separate clanship and self-mortification, which, according to my present maxim, is universally implanted in the human breast.

There are few women of fashion who have not heard of Harry the Eighth; many of them are perfectly well acquainted with that glorious fountain from which the Reformation first sprung, which produced the dissolution of papal monasteries;

monaſteries; till ſome years ago, a little round well-ſpoken man erected a large monaſtery near Covent Garden, where a brotherhood was ſoon formed. Here he dealt out indulgences of all ſorts, and extreme (good internal) unctions.

But it happened, for diverſe reaſons, that the aforeſaid diſtrict was not thought ſo proper a ſituation; upon which a new Convent was built near the court-end of the town; the monks removed to it, and from that day have taken upon themſelves the name of White Friars.

The difficulty of being admitted into this pious ſeminary, and the neceſſary qualifications for that purpoſe, are ſufficiently known. But how ſevere is their abſtinence! For whereas other devout orders in other countries do not ſcruple to indulge themſelves with the wholeſome diet of plain fiſh, vegetables, and oil; it is the eſtabliſhed rule of this order, not to admit of any eatable but what ſimple nature abhors, and till the texture of it's parts is ſo totally tranſubſtantiated, that it cannot come under the denomination of fiſh, fleſh, or good red-herring.

To ſuch a degree likewiſe has their ſpirit of mortification carried them, that, being ſenſible that the moſt real indulgence, the moſt natural and homogeneal beverage to the conſtitution of man, is pure limpid element; they have therefore baniſhed that delightful liquid from their meals, and freely expoſed themſelves even to the moſt excruciating tortures, by daily ſwallowing certain potions of various kinds, the ill effects of which to the human body are well known; and for their farther penance, they have adopted nauſeous medicinal waters for their miſerable inky drink.

But it is in the dead time of the night, when the herd of ordinary mortals repoſe from their labours, that theſe devotees perform their greateſt acts of ſelf ſeverity; for the conduct of which they have three or four eſtabliſhed rituals, compoſed by the celebrated Father Hoyle.

This famous ſeminary, like that of ſome colleges, is divided into ſenior and junior fellows. The juniors, to a certain number at a time, not content with their ordinary acts of probation, exert a moſt extraordinary effort of devotion.

Imagining that the mortification of the body alone is not ſufficient for the pious gratification of their exalted zeal, and conſidering how meritorious it would be to extend the ſame ſeverity to the faculties of the mind, they have attained ſuch a ſpiritual domination over the ſoul, as to be able to renounce all it's moſt pleaſing emotions, and to give it up, without remorſe, to be tortured by the moſt painful viciſſitudes of Hope and Fear. Such is the wonderful effect of long habit, unwearied exerciſe, and abſtracted vigils!

In order to facilitate this toilſome penance, and to enable themſelves totally to ſubdue all ideas whatſoever, which have no connection with thoſe two paſſions, they have contrived inceſſantly to toſs about two cubical figures, which are ſo deviſed as to fix the attention by certain myſtical characters to one or other of the aforeſaid paſſions: and thus they will ſit for many hours, with only the light of one large taper in the middle of the altar, in the moſt exquiſite and convulſive agonies of the moſt truly mortified and religious penitents. In ſhort, neither the Indian nor the Chineſe bonzes, nor the Italian or Spaniſh viſionaries, in all their various diſtortions and penances, come up to theſe. And here, by the way, I cannot but remark with pleaſure the great talents of my countrymen for carrying every thing they undertake to greater perfection than any other nation.

The ſecond of theſe ſeminaries was founded upon the model of the firſt, and conſiſts of a number of Grey Friars, remarkable for a rigorous abſtinence and indefatigable devotion. They juſt preſerve their beings with a little chocolate or tea. They are dedicated to the great St. George; and are diſtinguiſhed by the compoſure of their countenances, and their extraordinary taciturnity.

The third order is that of St. James; the members of which are known by the appellation of the Scarlet Friars. It conſiſts of a multitude of brothers, who are not near ſo ſtrict as the two former orders; and is likely to become vaſtly numerous, under the auſpices of it's great patron, whoſe bulk is adorned by jollity and good-humour; and who is moreover very ſtrictly a *good liver*.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me aſk you whether theſe three laudable inſtitutions are not plainly owing to that principle which I have aſſigned in the beginning of my letter? For what other motive could prompt men to forſake their

their own elegant houſes, to ſacrifice domeſtic and conjugal ſatisfactions, to neglect the endearing rites of hoſpitality, in order to cloiſter themſelves among thoſe, with whom they can have no connection, but upon the aforeſaid principles?

But ſince ſuch is the general bent of the human mind, it is become a fit ſubject for the World to conſider by what methods theſe Seminaries may be ſo multiplied as to comprehend all ranks and orders of men and women. And if fifty new churches were thought few enough to keep pace with the zeal of good Queen Anne's days, I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will not think five hundred large manſions of the kind I am ſpeaking of, will be too many for the preſent.

I am, yours, &c.

J. T.

N° XXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1753.

PAUCI DIGNOSCERE POSSUNT
VERA BONA, ATQUE ILLIS MULTUM DIVERSA. Juv.

IT is a common obſervation, that though happineſs is every man's aim, and though it is generally purſued by a gratification of the predominant paſſion, yet few have acuteneſs enough to diſcover the points which would effectually procure the long-ſought end. One cannot but wonder that ſuch intenſe application as moſt of us beſtow on the cultivation of our favourite deſires, ſhould yet leave us ignorant of the moſt eſſential objects of our ſtudy. For my part, I was ſo early convinced of the truth of this obſervation, that, inſtead of ſearching for what would contribute moſt to my own happineſs, I have ſpent great part of my life in the ſtudy of what may extend the enjoyment of others. This knowledge, I flatter myſelf, I have diſcovered, and ſhall diſcloſe to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will aſcertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart ſo great (though ſo often revealed) a ſecret, as that it is religion or virtue: few would believe me, fewer would try the recipe. In ſpite of the philoſophy of the age, in ſpite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto moſt ſanctimoniouſly obſerved, I muſt avow my perſuaſion, that the ſenſual pleaſure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only ſpecific for removing the anxieties of our paſſions, or for ſupporting the injuries and iniquities which we ſuffer from thoſe of other men.

'Well!' ſhall I be told, 'and is this 'your admirable diſcovery? Is this the 'Arcanum that has eſcaped the penetration of all enquirers in all ages? 'What other doctrine has been taught 'by the moſt ſenſible philoſophers? 'Was not this the text of the ſermons 'of Epicurus? Was not this the theory, 'and practice too, of the experienced 'Alcibiades? What other were the te'nets of the ſage Lord Rocheſter, or of 'the miſſionary Saint Evremont?' It is very true; and a thouſand other founders of ſects, nay, of religious orders, have taught, or at leaſt practiſed, the ſame doctrines. But I pretend to introduce ſuch refinements into the ſyſtem of ſenſuality, as ſhall vindicate the diſcovery to myſelf, and throw at a diſtance the minute philoſophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only ſerved to lead the world aſtray.

Hear then in one word the myſterious precept! 'Young women are *not* the 'proper object of ſenſual love: it is the 'MATRON, the HOARY FAIR, who can 'give, communicate, inſure happineſs.' I might enumerate a thouſand reaſons to enforce my doctrine; as the fickleneſs of youth, the caprices of beauty and it's tranſient ſtate, the jealouſy from rivals, the diſtraction from having children, the important avocations of dreſs, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her ſentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thouſand reaſons, I ſhall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happineſs which has attended ſuch diſcreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up

their hearts at ancient ſhrines; and I ſhall clearly demonſtrate by precedents, that ſeveral ladies, in the bloom of their WRINKLES, have inſpired more laſting and more fervent paſſions than the greateſt beauties who had ſcarce loſt ſight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the preſent hour will forgive a preference which is the reſult of deep meditation, great reading, and ſtrict impartiality, when they reflect that they can ſcarcely contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or ſixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more than they do twenty now; a ſenſation of happineſs which they will find increaſe as they advance in years. I cannot but obſerve with pleaſure, that the legiſlature itſelf ſeems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted, that young ladies ſhall not enter ſo early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection; and of all the ſerious duties which belong to an union of hearts. A ſentiment which, indeed, our laws ſeem always to have had in view; for unleſs there was implanted in our natures a ſtrong temptation towards the love of Elderly women, why ſhould the very firſt prohibition in the table of conſanguinity forbid a man to marry his Grandmother?

The firſt heroine we read of, whoſe charms were proof againſt the injuries of time, was the accompliſhed Sarah: I think the moſt moderate computations make her to be ninety, when that wanton monarch Abimelech would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtleſs the obſervance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidneſs of it rather exempts her from, than expoſes her as an object of my doctrine, I ſhall ſay no more of that lady.

Helen, the beautiful Helen, if there is any truſting to claſſic pariſh-regiſters, was fourſcore when Paris ſtole her; and though the war laſted ten years after that on her account, Monſieur Homer, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having ſhewed the leaſt decay of paſſion or ſymptom of inconſtancy: a fidelity which, in all probability, was at leaſt as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleaſure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlaſting lilies and roſes of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, eſpecially in heroic minds, does not increaſe rather than abate the ſentimental flame. The great Elizabeth, whoſe paſſion for the unfortunate Earl of Eſſex is juſtly a favourite topic with all who delight in romantic hiſtory, was full ſixty-eight when ſhe condemned her lover to death for ſlighting her endearments: and if I might inſtance in our own ſex, the charming, the meritorious Antony, was not far from ſeventy before he had ſo much taſte as to ſacrifice the meaner paſſion of ambition, nay, the world itſelf, to love.

But it is in France, that kingdom ſo exquiſitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happineſs, as well as their other diſcoveries in pleaſure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though paſt her grand climacteric, may be but juſt touching the meridian of her charms. Henry the Second, and Louis the Fourteenth, will be for ever memorable for the paſſions they ſo long felt for the Ducheſs of Valentinois, and Madame de Maintenon. The former, in the heat of youth and proſpect of empire, became a ſlave to the reſpectable attractions of Diana de Poitiers, many years after his injudicious father had quitted the poſſeſſion of her on the ſilly apprehenſion that ſhe was growing old: and, to the laſt moment of his life and reign, Henry was a conſtant, jealous adorer of her ſtill ripening charms. When the age was over-run with aſtrology, ſuperſtition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, King Henry ſtill idolized a woman, who had not only married her grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the deſcription of ſorcery: ſo little do the vulgar diſtinguiſh between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The paſſion of the other monarch was no leſs remarkable. That hero, who had gained ſo many battles by proxy, had preſided in perſon at ſo many tournaments, had raiſed ſuch water-works, and ſhed ſuch ſtreams of heretic blood; and, which was ſtill more glorious, had enjoyed ſo many of the fineſt women in Europe; was at laſt captivated

tivated by an old governante, and ſighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable miſtreſs, as ſhe worked at her tent with ſpectacles. If Louis le Grand was not a judge of pleaſure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I ſhall cloſe my catalogue of ancient miſtreſſes with the renowned Ninon L'Enclos, a lady whoſe life alone is ſufficient to inculcate my doctrine in it's utmoſt force. I ſhall ſay nothing of her numerous conqueſts for the firſt half of her life: ſhe had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract ſilly admirers. It was not till the fifty-ſixth year that her ſuperior merit diſtinguiſhed itſelf; and from that to her ninetieth, ſhe went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I that ſhe did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains! It was in her fifty-ſixth year that the Chevalier de Villiers, a natural ſon whom ſhe had had by the Comte de Gerze, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He ſaw his mother, he fell in love with her. The increaſe, the vehemence of his paſſion, gave the greateſt diſquiets to the affectionate matron. At laſt, when nothing but a diſcovery of the truth could put a ſtop, as ſhe thought, to the impetuoſity of his attempts, ſhe carried him into her bed-chamber.—Here my readers will eaſily conceive the tranſports of a young lover, juſt on the brink of happineſs with a charming miſtreſs near threeſcore! As the adventurous youth would have puſhed his enterprizes, ſhe checked him; and, pointing to a clock, ſaid—'Raſh boy, look 'there! at that hour, two and-twenty 'years ago, I was delivered of You in 'this very bed!' It is certain fact, that the unfortunate, abaſhed young man, flew into the garden, and fell upon his ſword. This cataſtrophe had like to have deprived the age of the moſt accompliſhed miſtreſs that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would liſten to any addreſſes of a tender nature. At length the polite Abbè de Gedoyn preſſed and obtained an aſſignation. He came, and found the enchanting Ninon lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the moſt gallant diſhabille; and, what was ſtill more delightful, diſpoſed to indulge his utmoſt wiſhes. After the moſt charming endearments, he aſked her, but with the greateſt reſpect, why ſhe had ſo long deferred the completion of his happineſs? —'Why,' replied ſhe, 'I muſt confeſs 'it proceeded from a remain of vanity: 'I did pique myſelf upon having a lover 'at paſt FOURSCORE, and it was but 'yeſterday that I was EIGHTY com-'pleat.'

Nº XXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I troubled you ſome time ago with an account of my diſtreſs, ariſing from the female part of my family. I told you that, by an unfortunate trip to Paris, my wife and daughter had *run ſtark French*; and I wiſh I could tell you now that I am perfectly recovered; but all I can ſay is, that the violence of the ſymptoms ſeems to abate, in proportion as the cloaths that inflamed them wear out.

My preſent miſfortune flows from a direct contrary cauſe, and affects me much more ſenſibly. The little whims, affectations, and delicacies, of ladies, may be both ridiculous and diſagreeable, eſpecially to thoſe who are obliged to be at once the witneſſes and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obſtinate wrong-headedneſs, the idle and illiberal turn of an only ſon; which is unfortunately my caſe.

I acquainted you, that in the education of my ſon I had conformed to the common cuſtom of this country, (perhaps I conformed to it too much and too ſoon;) and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after ſix months ſtay, he was to go upon his travels, and take the uſual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very neceſſary for a young man (though not for a young lady) to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the conſtitutions, of other countries; the

want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good-sense, good nature, and good-manners. But how cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes, what follows will inform you.

During his stay at Paris, he only frequented the worst English company there, with whom he was unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, which the credit and the good-nature of the English ambassador helped him out of. He hired a low Irish wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the great honour of himself, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French, and never spoke to Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting some vulgar and injurious epithets which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very honestly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there will appear in the truest light to you, by his own and his governor's last letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies.

ROME, MAY THE 3d, 1753.

SIR,

IN the six weeks that I passed at Florence, and the week I stayed at Genoa, I never had time to write to you, being wholly taken up with seeing things, of which the most remarkable is the steeple of Pisa; it is the oddest thing I ever saw in my life; it stands all awry; I wonder it does not tumble down. I met with a great many of my countrymen, and we live together very sociably. I have been here now a month, and will give you an account of my way of life. Hereare a great many very agreeable English gentlemen; we are about nine or ten as smart Bucks as any in England. We constantly breakfast together, and then either go and see sights, or drive about the outlets of Rome in chaises; but the horses are very bad, and the chaises do not follow well. We meet before dinner at the English coffee-house, where there is a very good billiard-table, and very good company. From thence we go and dine together by turns at each other's lodgings. Then after a cheerful glass of claret, (for we have made a shift to get some here) we go to the coffee-house again; from thence to supper, and so to bed. I do not believe that these Romans are a bit like the old Romans; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, shiveling, cringing dogs; and I verily believe that our set could thrash forty of them. We never go among them; it would not be worth while: besides, we none of us speak Italian, and none of those Signors speak English; which shews what sort of fellows they are. We saw the Pope go by t'other day in a procession; but we resolved to assert the honour of Old England; so we neither bowed nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad here; and, to say the truth, I have not had one thorough good meal's meat since I left England. No longer ago than last Sunday we wanted to have a good plumb-pudding; but we found the materials difficult to provide, and were obliged to get an English footman to make it. Pray, Sir, let me come home; for I cannot find that one is a jot the better for seeing all these outlandish places and people. But if you will not let me come back, for God's sake, Sir, take away the impertinent *Mounseer* you sent with me. He is a confiderable expence to You, and of no manner of service to Me. All the English here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thinks himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign languages, and to get foreign manners; as if I were not to live and die in Old England, and as if good English acquaintance would not be much more useful to me than outlandish ones. Dear Sir, grant me this request, and you shall ever find me your most dutiful son,

G. D.

The following is a very honest and sensible letter, which I received at the same time from my son's governor.

ROME, MAY THE 3d, 1753.

SIR,

I Think myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that the money you are pleased to allow me for my attendance upon your son is absolutely thrown away; since I find, by melancholy experience,

perience, that I can be of no manner of uſe to him. I have tried all poſſible methods to prevail with him to anſwer, in ſome degree at leaſt, your good intentions in ſending him abroad; but all in vain: and in return for my endeavours, I am either laughed at or inſulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country, and eat my frogs; and ſometimes I am *Mounſeer* Ragout, and told that I think myſelf a very fine gentleman. I daily repreſent to him, that by ſending him abroad you meant that he ſhould learn the languages, the manners, and characters, of different countries; and that he ſhould add to the claſſical education which you had given him at home, a knowledge of the world, and the genteel eaſy manners of a man of faſhion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the beſt companies abroad. To which he only anſwers me with a ſneer of contempt, and ſays, *ſo be-like-ye, ha!* I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the leaſt degree of decency or refinement; but I muſt not conceal from you that your ſon's are of the loweſt and moſt degrading kind, and avowed in the moſt public and indecent manner. I have never been able to perſuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he ſays he does not deſire to keep ſuch company. I adviſed him to take an Italian maſter, which he flatly refuſed, ſaying, that he ſhould have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken, of himſelf, a muſic-maſter to teach him to play upon the German-flute, upon which he throws away two or three hours every day. We ſpend a great deal of money, without doing you or ourſelves any honour by it; though your ſon, like the generality of his country-men, values himſelf upon the expence, and looks upon all foreigners, who are not able to make ſo conſiderable a one, as a parcel of beggars and ſcoundrels; ſpeaks *of* them, and if he ſpoke *to* them, would treat them as ſuch.

If I might preſume to adviſe you, Sir, it ſhould be to order us home forthwith. I can aſſure you that your ſon's morals and manners will be in much leſs danger under your own inſpection at home, than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep worſe Engliſh company in England than he now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I muſt humbly inſiſt upon my own diſmiſſion, and upon leave to aſſure you in perſon of the reſpect with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your, &c.

I have complied with my ſon's requeſt, in conſequence of his governor's advice; and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what ſhall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in theſe illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My caſe is ſurely moſt ſingularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one ſide by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter; and on the other by the unconforming obſtinacy, the low vulgar exceſſes, and the porter-like manners of my ſon.

Perhaps my miſfortune may ſuggeſt to you ſome thoughts upon the methods of education in general, which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public uſe. It is in that view ſingly that you have had this ſecond trouble from, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant and conſtant reader,

R. D.

I allow the caſe of my worthy correſpondent to be compaſſionate, but I cannot poſſibly allow it to be ſingular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confeſs I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many miſtake it. The ancients began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners: they taught them the duty of men and of citizens; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to ſhift for themſelves.

As for the modern ſpecies of human Bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondneſs of their parents. It is obſerved in parks, among the better, the real Bucks, that the moſt troubleſome and miſchievous are thoſe who were bred up tame, fondled and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuſe, when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth; and their familiarity grows troubleſome and dangerous with their horns.

N° XXX. ° THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1753.

I Am indebted for my paper of to-day to the ſcrupulous piety of one of my fair correſpondents; and to the unde-ſerved, though not uncommon, diſtreſſes of another. My readers will, I hope, forgive me the vanity of publiſhing the compliments paid me in theſe letters, when I aſſure them, that I had rather what I write ſhould have the approba-tion of a ſenſible woman, than that of the graveſt and moſt learned philoſopher in England.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE candour which ſhines ſo con-ſpicuouſly in your writings, the deference you expreſs towards the lite-rary productions of women, and the genteel turn you give to every ſtroke of ſatire on our foibles, have encouraged me to offer a few female thoughts on the arbitrary power of faſhion; or, as it is more properly and politely render-ed, Taſte.

I am not learned enough to define the meaning of the word, much leſs am I able to tell you all the different ideas it conveys; but according to it's common acceptation, I find that it is applicable to every affectation of ſingularity, whe-ther in dreſs, in building, in furniture, or in diverſions; and the farther we ſtray from decency or propriety in this ſingu-larity, the nearer we approach to Taſte.

The prevalence of the Chineſe taſte has been very humouroufly attacked in one of your papers; and the greater prevalence of the Indian taſte among us women, I mean the taſte of going un-covered, has been as happily treated in another. But there is a taſte at preſent totally different from this laſt, the im-propriety of which can hardly, I think, have eſcaped your obſervation, though it has your cenſure. It is the taſte of attending divine ſervice, and of per-forming the moſt ſacred duties of our religion, with a hat on. However trifling this may be deemed in itſelf, I cannot but conſider it in a ſerious light; and have always, for my own part, re-fuſed complying with a faſhion which ſeems to declare in the obſervers of it a want of that awful reſpect which is due to the Creator from his creatures.

If temporal monarchs are to be ſerved with an uncovered head; I mean, if the ceremony of uncovering the head be conſidered and expected by the higher powers as a mark of reverence and hu-mility; ſurely reaſon will ſuggeſt that the Supreme Over All ſhould be ap-proached and ſupplicated with at leaſt equal veneration: yet, ſtrange as it may appear to the more thinking part of our ſex, this uncouth ſtate of being hatted prevails in almoſt all the churches in town and country; matrons of ſixty adopting the thoughtleſs whim of girls in their teens, and each endeavouring to countenance the other in this idle tranſgreſſion againſt the laws of decency and decorum.

Favour me, Sir, either by inſerting this ſhort letter, or by giving ſome can-did admonitions on the ſubject after your own manner. I am acquainted with many of your female readers, and am aſſured that your frequent remarks upon their moſt faſhionable follies will have a proper effect. Reproofs are never ſo efficacious as when they are tempered with good-humour; a quality which is always to be found in the lucubrations of Mr. Fitz-Adam; among whoſe ad-mirers I beg to be numbered, and am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

CLARISSA.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

TO whom, Sir, ſhould the injured fly for redreſs, but to him who has made the World his province? You will not, I am ſure, be offended at my tak-ing this liberty: the Spectator was not above receiving and publiſhing the epiſ-tles of the female ſex; nor will you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are writing in the cauſe of virtue, diſdain the corre-ſpondence of an innocent young crea-ture, who ſues to you for conſolation in her affliction, and for reproof of one who has broke through all rules of ho-nour and morality. I will make no farther preface, but proceed.

My name and circumſtances I need not acquaint you with; let it ſuffice that I am

I am the daughter of a gentleman, and that my education has been ſuitable to my birth. It was my misfortune to be left at fifteen without a father; but it was with a mother, who in my earlieſt infancy had ſown the ſeeds of religion and virtue in my heart; and I think I may without arrogance aſſure you, that they have not been thrown away upon unprofitable ground. After this greateſt of loſſes we retired into a country village, ſome few miles from town; and there it was, Sir, that I firſt knew to be wretched.

We were viſited in this village by a young gentleman, who, as he grew intimate in the family, was pleaſed to flatter me with an affection, which at firſt I did not imagine to be real—I ought to have told you that his fortune was independent, and himſelf neither fool nor coxcomb. Young as I was, ſome little ſhare of experience told me, that gentlemen at his age imagine it a moſt material branch of politeneſs to pretend love to every pretty woman they fall in company with: but indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I had a heart that was not to be caught by compliments. I examined his behaviour with the ſtricteſt attention; not a grain of partiality or ſelf-love, at leaſt I imagined ſo, clouded my judgment; the flights of poetry and paſſion, ſo common in others, gave place, in him, to modeſty and reſpect; his words, his looks, were ſubſervient to mine; and every part of his conduct ſeemed to ſpeak the ſincerity of his love. The approbation of friends was not wanting; and every one expected that a very little time would unite us to each other.

For my own part, I built all my hopes of happineſs upon this union; and I flattered myſelf, that by an obedient and affectionate behaviour I might make the life of him I ſincerely and virtuouſly loved as happy as my own. But it was not to be! Some common occurrence occaſioned our ſeparation; he parted, ſeemingly with the greateſt regret; aſked and obtained permiſſion to write; but ſome months elapſed without my ſeeing or hearing from him. Every excuſe that partiality could ſuggeſt, I framed in his favour; but I had ſoon more convincing proofs of his neglect of me than either his abſence or his ſilence. On his return, inſtead of apologizing for his behaviour, inſtead of accounting for his remiſſneſs, or of renewing the ſubject of all our converſations, he appeared gloomy and reſerved; or whenever he inclined to talk, it was in the praiſes of ſome abſent beauty, or in ridicule of marriage, which he aſſured me it ſhould be many, many years, before any one ſhould prevail with him to think of ſeriouſly. With many ſuch expreſſions, and a few careleſs viſits, during a ſhort ſtay in the country, he took his leave with the formality of a ſtranger, and I have never ſeen him ſince. Thus, Sir, did he cancel an acquaintance of two years ſtanding; the greateſt part of which time he had employed in the moſt earneſt endeavours to convince me that he loved me.

If I could accuſe myſelf of any act of levity or imprudence in my behaviour to this gentleman, the conſciouſneſs of ſuch behaviour would have prevented me from complaining; but I appeal to his own heart, as well as to all that know me, (and he and others who read this letter will know from whom it comes) in vindication of my conduct.

Yet, why ſhould I flatter myſelf that you will take any notice of what I write? This injuſtice I complain of is no new one; it has been felt by thouſands; or if it had not, I have no invention to give entertainment to my ſtory, or perhaps to make it intereſting to any but my own family, or a few female friends who love me. They will thank you for it, and be obliged: and to make it uſeful to your readers, tell them in your own words and manner, (for I have no one to correct what I write) that the crueleſt action a man can be guilty of, is the robbing a young woman of her affections, with no other deſign than to abandon her. Tell them, Sir, that though the laws take no cognizance of the fraud, the barbarity of it is not leſſened: for where the proofs of an injury are ſuch as the law cannot poſſibly aſcertain, or perhaps might overlook if it could, we claim from honour and humanity protection and regard.

How hateful, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among my own ſex, is the character of a jilt! Yet men feel not the pangs of diſappointed love as we do. From ſuperiority of reaſon they can reſent the injury, or from variety of employments can forget the trifler who inflicted it. But with us it is quite otherwiſe; we have no occupations to call off our attention from diſappointment,

diſappointment, and no laſting reſentment in our natures (I ſpeak from experience) againſt him who has betrayed us.

Let me add a word more, and I will have done. If every gentleman of real accompliſhments, who has no ſerious deſign upon the heart of a woman, would avoid being particular either in converſation or in the civil offices of good-breeding, he would prevent many a ſilent pang and ſmothered ſigh. It is, I am ſure, from a contrary behaviour, that many a worthy young creature is hurried to her grave, by a diſeaſe not mentioned in the weekly bills, a broken heart. I am, with great ſincerity, Sir, your admirer and conſtant reader,

W. S.

I cannot diſmiſs this amiable young lady's letter, without obſerving, that the injuſtice it complains of will admit of the higheſt aggravation, if we conſider that it is not in human prudence to guard againſt it. In caſes of ſeduction the frail one liſtens to her paſſions, and not to her reaſon; and a woman is made miſerable for ever, by liſtening to an offer of being virtuouſly happy.

N° XXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1753.

FALLIT TE INCAUTUM PIETAS TUA.
VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU will be told at the cloſe of this letter the reaſon why you are troubled with it. I am a clergyman; and one, I hope, who has hitherto, as near as the imperfections of his nature would admit, performed the duties of his function. I hope alſo that I ſhall give no offence by ſaying, that I have been more aſſiduous in teaching the moral duties of Chriſtianity, than in explaining it's myſteries, or in gaining the aſſent of men's tongues to what their minds can have no conception of. The great duty of benevolence, as it was always my ſecond care to inculcate, ſo it was my ſecond delight to practiſe. But I am conſtrained, by a fatal ſucceſſion of experience, to declare, that I have been unhappy in the ſame proportion that I have been benevolent; and have debaſed myſelf, as often as I have endeavoured to raiſe the dignity of human nature.

In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-eight, when I was curate of a pariſh in York, the following article appeared in all the London newspapers.

'York, March 25th. This day 'William Wyatt and John Sympſon 'were executed here for houſe-break-'ing. They behaved in a very peni-'tent manner, but made no confeſſion. 'At the tree the hangman was intoxi-'cated with liquor; and ſuppoſing there 'were three ordered for execution, was 'going to put one of the ropes about 'the parſon's neck as he ſtood in the 'cart, and was with much difficulty 'prevented by the gaoler from ſo do-'ing.'

This parſon, Sir, was myſelf; and indeed every part of the article was literally true, except that the gaoler was equally intoxicated with the hangman, and that it was not till after the rope was forced about my neck, and the cart juſt going off, that the ſheriff's officers interfered and reſtified the miſtake.

Thus was I in danger of an ignominious death by performing the duties of my office, and from a tender regard to the ſouls of theſe poor wretches, watching their laſt moments in order to ſoften their hearts, and bring them to a confeſſion of the crime for which they were to ſuffer. But the indignity offered to me at the gallows was not all. There are in York, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as well as in London, ſcoffers at the clergy; and I aſſure you, upon the veracity of my function, that I hardly ever walked the ſtreets of that city afterwards, without being ſaluted by the name of the *half-hanged parſon*.

Time had ſcarcely taken off the edge of this ridicule, when a worſe accident befel me. It was my misfortune to ſend an advertiſement to the Daily Advertiſer, ſetting forth, That if a young woman (who happened, though I knew

it

T. M. Baynes del. Burrell sculp.

Plate XI.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Feb. 10, 1787.

it not, to be the moſt noted harlot upon the town, and who then kept a coffee-houſe in Covent Garden) would apply to the reverend Mr. W. B. (which was myſelf, and my name printed at full length) at the Blue Boar Inn, Holborn, ſhe would hear of ſomething greatly to her advantage.

The occaſion of this advertiſement was literally thus. The young woman in queſtion had formerly been a ſervant at York, and had been baſely and wickedly ſeduced by her maſter; who, dying a few years after, and feeling the utmoſt remorſe for ſo injurious an act, was willing to make this unhappy creature all the atonement in his power, by putting privately into my hands a hundred pounds to be paid her at his deceaſe; and, as he ſuppoſed her to be in ſome obſcure ſervice in London, he conjured me in the moſt ſolemn manner to find her out, and to deliver the money into her own hands.

It was to acquit myſelf of this truſt that I came up to town, and put the above-mentioned advertiſement into the Daily Advertiſer. The young woman, in conſequence of it, came the ſame day to my inn; and having convinced me that ſhe was the real perſon, (though I wondered to ſee her ſo fine a lady) and having received the donation with great modeſty and thankfulneſs, very obligingly invited me to a reſidence at her houſe during my ſtay in London. I made her my acknowledgments; and the more readily embraced the propoſal, as ſhe added, that her houſe was large, and that the young ladies, her lodgers, (for ſhe let lodgings, ſhe ſaid, to young ladies) were particularly pleaſed with the converſation of the clergy.

I dined with her that day, and continued till evening in the houſe, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of the occupation of it's inhabitants; though I could not help obſerving that they treated me with extraordinary freedom, that their boſoms were uncovered, and that they were not quite ſo ſcrupulous upon certain occaſions as our Yorkſhire young women: but as I had never been in town before, and had heard great talk of the freedom of London ladies, I concluded it was the faſhionable behaviour; which, though I did not extremely like, I forbore, through good-manners, to find fault with. At about ſeven in the evening, as I was drinking tea with two of the ladies, I was broke in upon by ſome young gentlemen, one of whom happened to be the ſon of a near neighbour of mine at York; who, the moment he ſaw me, ſwore a great oath, That I was the honeſteſt parſon in England; for that the boldeſt wencher of them all would ſcruple to be ſitting in a public room at a bawdy-houſe, with a brace of whores, without locking the door.

A loud laugh, in which all the company joined, prevented my reproving this young gentleman as I thought he deſerved; but the language and behaviour of the ladies to theſe gentlemen, and their coarſe and indecent jeſts both upon me and my cloth, opened my eyes to ſee where and with whom I was. I ran down ſtairs with the utmoſt precipitation, and early the next morning took horſe for York; where, by the aſſiduity of the above-mentioned young gentleman, my ſtory arrived before me; and I was ridiculed by half my acquaintance for putting myſelf to the trouble and expence of a journey to town for a brace of wenches, when I muſt undoubtedly have known that a ſcore of them at York would gladly have obliged me for half the money.

It was in vain for me to aſſert my innocence, by telling the whole ſtory; I was a ſecond time made ridiculous, and my function rendered uſeleſs in the place where I lived, by the punctual performance of my duty, in religiouſly obſerving the laſt requeſt of a dying friend.

I quitted York ſoon after this laſt diſgrace, and got recommended, though with ſome difficulty, to a curacy in Lincolnſhire. Here I lived happily for a conſiderable time, and became the favourite companion of the ſquire of the pariſh. He was a keen ſportſman, hearty in his friendſhips, bitter in his reſentments, and implacable to poachers. It ſo happened, that from about the time of my coming to the pariſh, this gentleman's park and the country about it were ſo ſhamefully robbed of hares, that every body was exclaiming againſt the thief. For my own part, as I thought it my duty to detect knavery of every kind, and was fond of all occaſions of teſtifying my gratitude to my patron, I walked out early and late to diſcover this midnight robber. At laſt I ſucceeded in my ſearch, and caught him in the very act of laying his ſnares; and who ſhould he be but the game-keeper

of my benefactor! This impudent fellow, who saw himself detected, had the address to cry out thief first; and seizing me by the collar, late as it was, dragged me to his master's house. I was really so astonished at his consummate assurance, that I heard myself accused without the power of speaking; and as a farther proof of my guilt, there was found, upon searching me, a great quantity of wire and other things, the use of which was sufficiently obvious, and which my wicked accuser had artfully conveyed into my pocket, as he was leading me to my judge.

To be as little prolix as I can, I was imprisoned, tried, and convicted of the fact; and after having suffered the utmost rigour of the law, was obliged at last to take shelter in town, to avoid the thousand indignities that were offered me in the country.

To particularize every misfortune that has happened to me in London, would be to exceed the bounds of your paper. I shall only inform you of the occurrences of last night.

It was past twelve when I was returning to my lodgings from visiting a sick friend. As I passed along the Strand, I heard at a little distance from me the sound of blows, and the screams of a woman. I quickened my pace, and immediately perceived a very pretty young creature upon her knees, intreating a soldier for mercy, who by the fury in his looks, and his uplifted cudgel, seemed determined to shew none. Common humanity, as well as a sense of my duty, impelled me to stop, and make my remonstrance to this barbarous man. The effects of these remonstrances were, that I soon after found myself upon the ground, awaked as it were from a trance, with my head broke, my body bruised, my pockets rifled, and the soldier and his lady no where to be found.

Alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, if this had been the only misfortune of the night, I had gone home contented; but I had a severer one to undergo. I was comforting myself as I walked along, that I had acted the part of a Christian in regard to these wretches; when a loud cry of thieves and murder, and immediately after it the sight of a gentleman struggling with two ill-looking fellows, again alarmed me. All bruised and bloody as I was, I flew without hesitation to his assistance; and being of an athletic make and constitution, in a very few minutes delivered him from their clutches; who, as soon as he saw himself at liberty, made the most natural use of it, by running away. I was now left to the mercy of two street-robbers, as I thought them, both of whom had so securely fastened upon me as to prevent my escape. But while I was beginning to tell them that I had been already robbed, to my utter confusion they discovered to me that they were bailiffs; that they had arrested the person whom I *rescued* for thirty pounds; and that I must give security for the debt, or go instantly to prison.

To come to the close of my unhappy narration, they carried me to one of their houses: from whence I sent to the landlord where I lodged, who, having something more than thirty pounds of mine in his hands, (all that I am worth in the world!) was kind enough to bail me. From a principle of conscience, knowing that I had really made myself the debtor, I would have paid the money immediately, if it had not occurred to me that the gentleman whom I delivered would, upon reading these particulars in the World, be honourable enough to remit me the sum I stand engaged for on his account. As soon as I see this letter inserted, I shall make myself known to Mr. Dodsley, to whom I desire that the money may be paid: or, if the gentleman chuses to come in person and discharge my bail, Mr. Dodsley will be able to inform him at what place I may be found.

I beg your immediate publication of this letter; and am, Sir, your most faithful servant,

W. B.

P. S. I forbore to make any mention of watchmen in my account of last night, because I saw none. I suppose that it was not a proper time either for their walking their rounds, or for appearing at their stands.

Nº XXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Was greatly surprized, that when in a late paper you were displaying your knowledge in diseases, and in the several specifics for their cure, you should be so very forgetful as never to mention a malady, which at present is not only epidemical, but of the foulest and most inveterate kind. This malady is called by the learned, the Cacoethes Carpendi, and by the vulgar Criticism. It is not more true that every man is born in Sin, than that he is born in Criticism. For many years, indeed, the distemper was uncommon, and not dangerous in it's consequences; seldom attacking any but philosophers and men of learning, who from a sedentary life and intense application to books, were more open to it's influence than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to spread itself among the Great, and from them, like the gout, or a more noble distemper, it descended to their inferiors, till at last it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

But as it is observable, that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnshire is most liable to an ague, a Yorkshireman to horse-stealing, and a Sussexman to smuggling; so it is also observable, that the persons most liable to the contagion of Criticism, are young masters of arts, students in the Temple, attorneys clerks, haberdashers prentices, and fine gentlemen.

As I had long ago looked upon this distemper to be more particularly English than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might cost me, to trace it to it's first principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain success. I had discovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of Evil, which, though no king's-evil, might possibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occurred to me that the touch of an oak-saplin might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious Mr. Carte's Somebody. A linen-draper's prentice in the neighbourhood happening at that time to be labouring under a severe fit, I hinted this my opinion to his master, who immediately applied the touch; but I will not wrong my conscience by boasting of it's effect, having learnt that the lad was seen soon after at a certain coffee-house in the Strand in all the agonies of the distemper.

Untired by disappointment, I continued my searches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day that I can felicitate myself, as well as thousands of my countrymen, that they have not been in vain.

The cause, then, of this loathsome distemper is most certainly Wind. This being pent in the bowels for some time, and the rules of good-breeding not permitting it, in public places, to take it's natural course, it immediately flies up into the head; and after being whirled about for a while in that empty region, at length discharges itself with great violence upon the organ of speech. This occasions an involuntary motion in that member, which continues with great rapidity for a longer or shorter time, according to the power or force of the original blast which set it in motion. This volubility, or rather vibration of tongue, is accompanied with certain unintelligible sounds, which, like the barkings of persons bit by a mad dog, are the most fatal proofs of the malignity of the distemper.

The late Doctor Monro, who was long ago consulted upon the case, gave it as his opinion, that it was a species of madness, known among the Greeks by the name of κακοθυμία, and among the Romans by *malevolentia*. It is said of that great and humane man, that from his concern for these poor creatures, he intended, if he had lived a little longer, to have proposed a new building for their reception, contiguous to that in Moorfields; and as they are quite harmless things, would charitably have taken them under his own immediate care. The loss of that eminent physician, were it from no other consideration, cannot but be lamented as a public misfortune; his scheme being intended to prevent

the contagion of Criticiſm from ſpreading ſo univerſally among his majeſty's ſubjects. For there is one melancholy circumſtance attending this diſeaſe, namely, that it is of quicker and more certain infection than the plague; being communicated, like yawning, to a large circle of company in an inſtant of time; and (what is ſufficient confirmation of the cauſe) the congregated vapour which is emitted at ſuch times, is more diſagreeable and offenſive than if it had taken it's proper and natural courſe.

But the doctor's principal reaſon for conjecturing this diſtemper to be madneſs, was it's being almoſt continually acted upon by external objects. A man in the hydrophobia will be in agonies at the ſight of water or any liquid; and it is very well known, that perſons afflicted with a Criticiſm will be thrown into equal agonies at the ſight of a new book, pamphlet, or poem. But the greateſt and moſt convulſive of all agonies are found to proceed from the repreſentation of a new play. I have myſelf obſerved upon this occaſion a mob of poor wretches ſending forth ſuch diſmal groans, and ſuch piercing ſhrieks, as have quite moved me: after this they have ſtarted up on a ſudden, and with all the fury of madmen have torn up the benches from under them, and put an entire ſtop to an entertainment, which to pay for a ſight of they have many of them borrowed the money from their maſters tills.

That this has the appearance of madneſs, I cannot deny; yet I have ſeen a turkey-cock behave with equal fury at the appearance of a woman in a red petticoat; and I have always imputed it to the fillineſs of the bird, rather than to any diſorder in his brain.

But whether this be madneſs or not, the original cauſe is moſt infallibly Wind; and to have diſcovered the cauſe of any diſtemper, is to have taken the leading ſtep towards effecting it's cure; which is indeed the ſole end and deſign of this letter.

Wind, then, being the undoubted cauſe of that univerſal diſeaſe vulgarly known by the name of Criticiſm, the patient muſt enter into an immediate and regular courſe of Carminatives. The herbs angelica, fennel, and camomile, will be extremely proper for his tea; and the ſeeds of dill, cummin, anniſe, carraway, coriander, or cardamum, ſhould never be out of his mouth. Theſe, by the conſent of all phyſicians, are the great diſpellers of Wind. But that is not all. From whence have they their name of Carminatives? Not from this quality; here are no traces of ſuch an etymology: but they are happily poſſeſſed of another and more excellent virtue; and that in ſo eminent a degree, as to take their name from it. This is the power of expelling all the pernicious effects of poetry, verſes, ſongs, Carmina; all that farrago of trumpery, which is ſo ſtrangely jumbled together in the inteſtines of that miſerable invalid who labours under the weakneſs and diſorder of Criticiſm. For it is a great miſtake in the learned, that theſe medicines took their name of Carminatives from the ancient jugglers in phyſic accompanying their operation with verſes and ſcraps of poetry, by way of incantation or charm; they certainly obtained this appellation from their wonderful power of expelling that particular ſpecies of Wind which is engendered in the Critic's bowels by reading of plays, poetry, and other works of wit, too hard for his digeſtion.

That all perſons labouring under an habitual and obſtinate Criticiſm may be induced to enter into this courſe of Carminatives, I can aſſure them with great certainty, that the operation of theſe medicines, notwithſtanding the prodigious diſcharge of crudities which they occaſion, is not attended with the leaſt ſickneſs to the patient himſelf; he has indeed the appearance of a violent fit of the cholic; but, in reality, he has only the trouble of eructation: all the ſickneſs and naufea uſual in other caſes of the like nature, being marvelloufly, in this, transferred to the by-ſtanders.

But as all medicines have not equal effects on all conſtitutions; ſo this, though ſufficient in many caſes, may poſſibly be defective in a few: I have therefore in reſerve a ſecret, which I may venture to pronounce will prove of great utility. It is this: let every man who is afflicted with this ſcrophulous diſeaſe immediately turn Author. And, if it ſhould ſo happen (as it is not abſolutely impoſſible) that his compoſitions ſhould not be adapted to every body's taſte, it will infallibly work ſo upon his ſtomach, as entirely to purge off thoſe indigeſted particles to which all this foul wind was originally owing. For it is true to a proverb,

proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab tree, he will never love verjuice.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

B. D.

I am ſorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious correſpondent. But I cannot allow that a Critic's turning author will cure him of his malevolence, having always found that the moſt difficult people in the world to be *pleaſed*, are thoſe who know experimentally that they want talents to *pleaſe*.

N° XXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1753.

IT has lain upon my conſcience for ſome time, that I have taken no notice of thoſe of my correſpondents, whoſe letters to me, for reaſons of ſtate, have been withheld from the public. Several of theſe gentlemen have favoured me with their aſſiſtance from the kindeſt motives. They have diſcovered that I am growing dull, and have therefore very generouſly ſent me ſome of their own wit, to reſtore me to reputation. But as I am not ſure of a conſtant ſupply of theſe brilliant epiſtles, I have been cautious of inſerting them: knowing that when once a bottle of claret is ſet upon the table, people are apt to make faces at plain port.

There are other gentlemen to whom I am no leſs obliged. Theſe have taken it for granted, that as I declared in my firſt paper againſt meddling with religion, I muſt certainly be an infidel; upon which ſuppoſition they have been pleaſed to ſhower in upon me what they call their Free Thoughts: but theſe thoughts, as I have hitherto given no aſſurances of my infidelity, are rather too Free for this paper. And beſides, as I have always endeavoured to be new, I cannot conſent to publiſh any thing ſo common as abuſe upon religion.

But the majority of theſe my private correſpondents are politicians. They approve, they tell me, of my neutrality at firſt; but matters have been ſo managed lately by thoſe in power, that it is the part of every honeſt man to become an oppoſer. The compliments which theſe gentlemen are pleaſed to pay my abilities are the higheſt ſatisfaction to me. Their letters do me the honour to aſſure me, that if I will but aſſert myſelf, the miniſtry muſt do exactly as I would have them; and that the next general election will certainly take whatever turn I have a mind to give it.

I am very far from denying that I have all this power; but I have ever been of opinion that it is greater to ſave than to deſtroy: for which reaſon I am willing to continue the preſent adminiſtration a little longer; though at the ſame time I muſt take the liberty of declaring, that if I find the popular clamours againſt a late act of parliament to be true, namely, that it will defeat all the prophecies relating to the diſperſion of the Jews; or that the New Teſtament is to be thrown out of our Bibles and Common-prayer books; or that a general circumciſion is certainly to take place ſoon after the meeting of the new parliament; I ſay, when theſe things are ſo, I ſhall moſt aſſuredly exert myſelf as becomes a true-born Engliſhman.

I confeſs very freely that I had conceived ſome diſlike to the marriage-bill; having been aſſured by the maid-ſervant where I lodge, that after the 25th day of next March, no young woman could be married without taking her Bible-oath that ſhe was worth fifty pounds. But as I have read the bill ſince, and have found no ſuch clauſe in it, I am tolerably well ſatisfied.

To thoſe of my correſpondents who are angry with me for not having endeavoured to inculcate ſome ſerious novel in every one of theſe papers, I ſhall juſt take notice that I am writing eſſays, and not ſermons. But though I do not avowedly once a week attack envy, malice, and uncharitableneſs, I hope that a paper now and then written with pleaſantry and good-humour, though it ſhould have no direct moral in view, may ſo amuſe and temper the mind as to guard it againſt the approaches of thoſe tormenting paſſions. There is nothing truer than that bad ſpirits and ill-humour are the parents of miſery and miſchief; he, therefore, who can lead the

the imagination from gloom and vapours to objects of chearfulness and mirth, is a useful member of society.

Having now discharged my conscience of it's burthen, I shall close this paper with a letter which I received yesterday by the penny-post. I insert it here to shew, that a late very serious essay of mine, calculated for the support and delight of ladies in years, has done real harm; while others, of a graver nature, and without a moral, have been perfectly inoffensive.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THAT you have been the occasion of misery to an innocent woman is as true, as that I hope I may acquit you of any evil intention. You have indeed misled me, but it is another who has wronged me. Yet, if I had not used my utmost endeavours, and practised every honest art to get redress from this unjust person, I should neither desire nor deserve a place in your paper.

But alas, Sir! while I am prefacing my sad story, through a too modest reluctance to begin it, I am fearful that you will mistake me for some credulous young creature who has yielded up her honour to betraying man. Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am no such person, being at present in my fifty-sixth year, and having always entertained such an aversion to impurity, as to be ready to die with shame even of my very dreams, when they have sometimes happened to tend that way. But how has my virtue been rewarded!—I will conceal nothing from you, Sir, though my cheeks are glowing with shame as well as indignation.—I am wronged, barbarously wronged, and will complain.

The hand that is now penning this letter was three tedious weeks ago given at the altar to the most unworthy of men. Forgive me, Sir, a moment's pause——I cannot think of what I am, without exclaiming, in the bitterness of my heart, how cruelly I am disappointed! I will be particular in my relation.

My father was a country gentleman of a good estate, which by his death, that happened near two months ago, devolved to me as his only child. It was matter of wonder to our neighbours, that a person so agreeable as I was thought to be, and who had been marriageable a good while, (for, as I mentioned before, I am in my fifty-sixth year) should be suffered to live single to so ripe an age. To say the truth, I could never account for this wonder, any otherwise than from that excess of delicacy which I always observed in my conversation with the men, and which in all probability prevented them from declaring themselves.

As soon as I had performed the last duties to my father, I came up to town, and took lodgings in Bury Street—Would it had been in Pall Mall, or a street still wider! for then I might have escaped the observation of a tall well-made gentleman from Ireland, who, unfortunately for my peace, lodged directly over the way.

I will not trouble you with the methods he took from his window to engage my attention, or with what passed between us on his being permitted to visit me. All I shall say is, that whatever ground he had gained in my heart, it might have proved a difficult task for him to have carried me without a settlement, if the World of July the 12th, upon the love of ELDERLY women, had not fallen into my hands. Before the reading of that fatal paper, I had suspicions that my person might possibly be less desirable than my fortune; but now I believed, and my wishes assisted my belief, that he languished to possess me. I read the story of Ninon L'Enclos above a dozen times over; and I rejoiced to find myself of the exact age of that lady when her charms had such an ascendency over the unfortunate De Villiers.

My lover found me with the paper in my hand. I read it to him: and he confirmed me in my opinion, by wishing himself the Abbé Gedoyn, and his angel, as he called me, eighty years old, that he might be as happy as the Frenchman. In short, being now thoroughly convinced that the only object of a sincere, fervent, and lasting passion in a young man, was a woman in years, I made no secret to him of my inclinations; and the very next morning we were publicly married.

Alas! Sir, were you in jest or earnest when you wrote that paper? I have a melancholy reason for believing you were in jest. And is a woman of fifty-five, then, so undesirable an object? Is she not to be endured? Or are all men deceivers?

ceivers? No; that is impoſſible; it is I only that am deceived. I dare not ſay more, unleſs it be to tell you, that a fortune of thirty thouſand pounds is rather too much to be given in exchange for a mere name, when, if you knew the whole truth, I have no real right to any name but my maiden one. I am, by no name at all, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

N° XXXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1753.

WHEN I declared againſt meddling with politics in theſe my lucubrations, I meant only that kind of politics, or art of government, which is ſo learnedly and logically reaſoned upon in all the coffee-houſes and barbers ſhops of this great metropolis; intending (as it is my province) to take cognizance of any particular act of the legiſlature, that, contrary to it's intention, has been prejudicial to the morals of my fellow-citizens.

But it is the *repeal* of an act of parliament, and not the act itſelf, that I am now about to complain of. The act I mean is the Witch Act. I am not conſidering the repeal of this act as affecting our religious belief, according to the Scotch proverb, 'Tauk awaw the 'deel, and good bwee to the Lord.' I think of it only in a moral light, as it has given ſuch encouragement to Witchcraft in this kingdom, that one hardly meets with a grown perſon either in public or private, who is not more or leſs under it's influence.

Whoever attends to the ſermon at church, or liſtens to the converſation of grave and good men, will hear and believe that the preſent age is the moſt fruitful in wickedneſs of any ſince the deluge. Whether theſe gentlemen have diſcovered the true reaſon of this depravity, or whether the diſcovery has been reſerved for me, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the repeal of an act of parliament, which was meant to reſtrain the power of the devil by inflicting death upon his agents, muſt infallibly give him a much greater influence over us, than he ever could have hoped for, during the continuance of ſuch an act.

I am well aware that there are certain of my readers who have no belief in Witches; but I am willing to hope they are only thoſe who either have not read, or elſe have forgot, the proceedings againſt them, publiſhed at large in the State trials: if there is any man alive who can deny his aſſent to the poſitive and circumſtantial evidence given againſt them in theſe trials, I ſhall only ſay that I pity moſt ſincerely the hardneſs of his heart.

That the devil may truly be ſaid to be let looſe amongſt us by the repeal of this act, will appear beyond contradiction, if we take a ſurvey of the general faſcination that all ranks and orders of mankind ſeem at preſent to be under.

What is it but Witchcraft that occaſions that univerſal and uncontrollable rage of Play, by which the nobleman, the man of faſhion, the merchant, and the tradeſman, with their wives, ſons, and daughters, are running headlong to ruin? What is it but Witchcraft that conjures up that ſpirit of pride and paſſion for expence, by which all claſſes of men, from his Grace at Weſtminſter to the ſaleſman at Wapping, are entailing beggary upon their old age, and bequeathing their children to poverty and the pariſh? Again, is it poſſible to be accounted for, from any natural cauſe, that perſons of good ſenſe and ſober diſpoſitions ſhould take ſuch a freak four or five times in a winter of turning their houſes into inns; cramming every bedchamber, cloſet, and corner, with people whom they hardly know; ſtifling one another with heat; blocking up the ſtreets with chairs and coaches; offending themſelves, and pleaſing nobody; and all this for the vain boaſt of having drawn together a greater mob than my Lady Somebody, or the honourable Mr. Such-a-one? That nothing but Witchcraft can be the occaſion of ſo much folly and abſurdity, muſt be obvious to the common ſenſe of all mankind.

Another and more melancholy proof of the power of Witchcraft, is, that a wife may be beautiful in her perſon, gentle in her manners, fond of her huſband, watchful for his quiet, careful of his intereſt, kind to his children, chearful to his friends, and obliging to all; yet be yoked to a wretch ſo blind to

to his own happineſs, as to prefer to her endearments the hired embraces of a diſeaſed proſtitute, loathſome in her perſon, and a fury in her diſpoſition. If this is not Witchcraft, I ſhould be glad to know of ſuch a huſband what name I may call it by. Among the lower kind of tradeſmen (for every dealer even in broken glaſs bottles has his *fille de joye*) it is a common thing for a huſband to kick his wife out of doors in the morning, for having ſubmitted over-night to a good drubbing from his miſtreſs.

It would be endleſs to take notice of every argument that ſuggeſts itſelf in proof of Witchcraft; I ſhall content myſelf with only one more, which I take to be incontеſtible. This is the ſpirit of Jacobitiſm, which is ſo well known to poſſeſs many of his majeſty's proteſtant ſubjects in this kingdom. That a poor Highlander in Scotland may be a Jacobite without Witchcraft, I am ready to allow; zeal for a loſt wheeld of the gude houſe of Stuart may have eaten him up: but that an Engliſh country gentleman, who is really no Papiſt in his heart, or that a wealthy citizen of London, who goes to church every Sunday, and joins in the prayers for the preſent royal family, ſhould be drinking daily to the *reſtoration* (as he calls it) of a popiſh bigot, who would burn him at Smithfield the next week for not going to maſs; and whoſe utmoſt merit is his precarious deſcent from a family, remarkable for little elſe than pedantry, obſtinacy, debauchery, and enthuſiaſm; that ſuch a perſon ſhould be a Jacobite, or, in other words, an enemy to the beſt of kings, and the wiſeſt of conſtitutions, cannot poſſibly be accounted for but by the power of Witchcraft.

From all theſe conſiderations it is much to be wiſhed that a new Witch Act may take place next ſeſſion of parliament. *Vox populi eſt vox Dei*, is a wiſe and a true ſaying; and that the *vox populi* is in favour of ſuch an act, let the late proceedings at Tring, and ſome ſimilar occurrences in other parts of England, bear teſtimony.

That the legiſlature may be farther induced to take this matter into conſideration, I am clearly of opinion, that the paſſing ſuch an act will go a great way towards ſilencing the clamours which have gone forth ſo grievouſly againſt the Jew bill: for it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected that the ſame people who imagined their religion to be at ſtake by the repeal of the one, are at preſent under the moſt terrible conſternation at the paſſing of the other: and beſides, it will be a convincing proof to all ſorts of perſons, that the adminiſtration is as well inclined to diſcourage the devil as it is to favour the Jews; a circumſtance which, as matters ſtand at preſent, ſeems to want confirmation.

In the mean time, I entreat all my readers, as much as in them lies, to be upon their guard againſt Witches: for the better diſcovery of whom (as the law does not admit of the uſual trials by fire and water) I ſhall here ſet down all I know or have been told upon the ſubject. If a woman turned of eighty, with grey hairs upon her chin, and a high-crowned hat on, ſhould be ſeen riding upon a broomſtick through the air, or ſailing in an egg-ſhell upon the Thames in a high wind, you may almoſt ſwear that ſhe is a Witch. If, as often as you ſee any particular old woman, you feel a pricking of pins all over you, or if your ſtomach be ſick, and ſhould happen to diſcharge a great quantity of the ſaid pins; or if, while you are ſpeaking to this old woman, ſhe ſhould ſuddenly transform herſelf into a horſe without a head, or any ſuch uncommon animal; you may very fairly conclude that ſhe is no other than a Witch. In ſuch caſes it will be a happy circumſtance if you are able to ſay the Lord's prayer: for by repeating it three times to yourſelf ſhe becomes as harmleſs as a babe.

A lady of my acquaintance, who has often been bewitched, aſſures me of her having detected multitudes of theſe hags, by laying two ſtraws one acroſs the other in the path where they are to tread. It is wonderful, ſhe ſays, to ſee how a Witch is puzzled at theſe ſtraws; for that, after having made many fruitleſs attempts to ſtep over them, ſhe either ſtands ſtock ſtill or turns back. But to ſecure yourſelves within doors againſt the enchantment of Witches, eſpecially if you are a perſon of faſhion, and have never been taught the Lord's prayer, the only method I know of is, to nail a horſeſhoe upon the threſhold. This I can affirm to be of the greateſt efficacy; inſomuch that I have taken notice of many a little cottage in the country with a horſeſhoe at it's door, where gaming, extravagance, routs, adultery, Jacobitiſm, and all the catalogue of Witchcrafts,

Witchcrafts, have been totally unknown.

I shall conclude this paper by signifying my intention, one day or other, of hiring a porter, and of sending him with a hammer and nails, and a large quantity of horseshoes, to certain houses in the purlieus of St. James's. I believe it would not be amiss (as a charm against play) if he had orders to fix a whole dozen of these horseshoes at the door of White's. From St. James's he shall have directions to proceed to the city, and to distribute the remainder of his burthen among the thresholds of those doors, at which the Witchcraft of Jacobitism has been most suspected to enter.

N° XXXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THAT you may know who it is that offers you his correspondence, and how qualified I am to make a figure in the World, I shall let you into the secret of my birth and history.

I have the honour to be descended from the ancient family of the Limbertongues in Staffordshire. My grandfather was of the cabinet with Oliver Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whisper a secret of some importance to his wife, the affair unaccountably became public, and sentence of dismission was immediately passed upon him. My father was decypherer to King William. It was by his diligence and address that the assassination plot and some other combinations in that reign were brought to light. But being somewhat too officious in his zeal, he was suspected of betraying the secrets of his office, (the better, as is supposed, to insinuate himself into those of the opposition) and was discarded with disgrace. With a fortune barely sufficient for support, he retired to his native village in Staffordshire; and soon after marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood, he had issue male the writer of this letter.

My earliest infancy gave indications of an inquisitive mind; and it was my father's care to implant in me, with the first knowledge of words, an insatiable desire to communicate. At twelve years old I discovered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the parish into disgrace. A young lady of uncommon discretion, who boarded in the family, was so delighted with the story, that she made me a party in all her visits, to give me new occasions of relating it: but happening one evening to steal a little abruptly upon the retirement of this lady, I discovered her in the prettiest familiarity imaginable with the harlequin of a strolling company.

It was about this time that a fever carried my mother to her grave. My father for some weeks was inconsolable: but making an acquaintance with an innkeeper's daughter in the village, and marrying her soon after, he became the gayest man alive. By the direction of my new mother, who, for unknown reasons, grew uneasy at my prying disposition, I was sentenced to a grammar school at fifty miles distance. Mortified as I was at first, I began early to relish this change of life. A new world was opened to me for discovery: I wormed myself into the secrets of every boy, and made immediate information to the master. Many were the whippings upon these occasions; but as my heart always felt for the mischiefs of my tongue, I was the first to condole with the sufferer, and escaped suspicion by my humanity. But all human enjoyments are transitory. It happened in the course of my discoveries, that by a perverse boy's denying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately called up to give evidence against him; and though I delivered it with the strictest regard to truth, I found the whole school in combination against me, and every one branding me with the name of Tell-tale.

From this unlucky accident, hardly a day passed but I was called upon to answer facts which I never committed, and was as certainly punished for denying them. I was buffeted and abused by every body, and then whipt for quarrelling; or if any thing was missing in the school, it was constantly found in one of my coat-pockets, or locked up safely in my trunk. During this con-

tinued ſtate of perſecution, I wrote repeatedly to my father for leave to return home: but the government of that family was transferred, and admittance to it, even at common vacation times, denied me. At the end of five years, however, and, as you will ſoon be informed, to my utter diſgrace, I obtained the favour of paſſing the Chriſtmas holidays at home.

The morning after my arrival, I perceived at breakfaſt, by the demure looks of the maid, and now and then a ſide wink at her miſtreſs, that there were ſecrets in the family. It was not long before I diſcovered ſome particular familiarities between my mother-in-law and a ſpruce exciſeman in the neighbourhood. The room I lay in was the next to her's; but unadviſedly attempting a ſmall peep-hole in the wainſcot, I unluckily bored through the face of my father's picture, which hung on the other ſide; by which misfortune I underwent the mortification of a diſcovery, and the ſevereſt diſcipline I ever felt. Stung with the reproaches I met with from this adventure, I doubled my aſſiduities, and had the ſatisfaction of finding one afternoon in the garden, that the exciſeman and my mother were made of the very ſame fleſh and blood with the curate and my aunt. My father happening to be engaged at the next village, I had time to go from houſe to houſe to inform the pariſh of his diſgrace: but how great was my ſurprize, when, at my return home, inſtead of gaining credit to my ſtory, my mother had art enough to turn the miſchief upon myſelf, and to get me driven out of doors as the moſt wicked of incendiaries!

Enraged as I was at my father's inhumanity, I fell upon my knees in the ſtreet, and made a ſolemn oath never to enter his doors again, whatever miſery might be the conſequence. With this reſolution, and ſomewhat more than a guinea in my pocket, (which I had ſaved from the benefactions of ſome particular friends at my return from ſchool) I took the road by moon-light for London. Nothing remarkable occurred to me on the way, till the laſt mile of my journey; when joining company with a very civil gentleman, who was kind enough to conduct me over the fields from Iſlington, and giving him a hiſtory of my life, I found this humane ſtranger ſo touched with my misfortunes, as to offer me a bed at his own houſe, and a ſupply of whatever money I wanted, till proviſion could be made for me. Such unexpected generoſity drew tears from me. I thanked him for his goodneſs; and ſhewing him my guinea, which was yet unbroken, I told him the favour of his houſe would be ſufficient obligation. I was indeed a little ſurprized to find at that very inſtant my benefactor's piſtol at my breaſt, and a menace of immediate death, if I refuſed to deliver. But you will imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I could withhold nothing from ſo kind a friend; and obligations being thus mutual between us, he left me to purſue my way with a few halfpence in my pocket.

To particularize my diſtreſſes on my firſt arrival in town, would be to write a volume inſtead of a letter. In a ſhort time my inquiſitive talents were taken notice of, and I commenced buſineſs in the poſt of retainer to a bailiff's follower: but forgetting that ſecrecy was neceſſary to my commiſſion, I communicated my errand wherever I was ſent upon the look-out, and gave many a fine gentleman time to eſcape. This employment, though of ſhort duration, got me a natural intereſt among the lawyers; and by the merit of ſcholarſhip, as well as writing a tolerable hand, I ſucceeded in time to the ſmart poſt of clerk to a ſolicitor. But here too it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my diſcoveries: for happening ſometimes to be ſent abroad with bills of coſt for buſineſs never done, and fees never paid, I found it impoſſible to conceal any thing from the clients, and was diſcarded as a betrayer of my maſter's ſecrets. In the courſe of a few years I was obliged to combat neceſſity in the various characters of a poet, a ballad-ſinger, a ſoldier, a tooth-drawer, a mountebank, an actor, and a travelling tutor to a Buck. In this laſt poſt I might have lived with eaſe and profit, if I could have concealed from my pupil that he was the plague of every country he came to, and the diſgrace of his own. By gradual progreſſion, and having acquired ſome knowledge of French, I roſe in time to be aſſiſtant ſecretary to an envoy abroad. Here it was that my enquiring mind began to be of ſervice to me; but happening in a few months to make diſcovery of certain tranſactions, not

not much to the honour of my master, and being detected in transmitting them to my friends in England, I was discarded from my office with contempt and beggary. Upon this occasion, my necessities hurried me to an act of guilt, that my conscience will for ever upbraid me with: for being thus deserted in a country where charity was unfashionable, and reduced to the very point of starving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Francis. Under the sanctity of this habit, and from the example of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonness. But though my conscience was subdued, my tongue retained it's freedom: for it was my misfortune one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to her own husband. The story began to spread; and it was by a sort of miracle that I found the means of escaping with life.

At my return into England, I made a solemn renunciation of my apostacy; and by the favour of a certain great man, became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for some time were highly applauded: but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismission passed upon me for inadvertency.

Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began seriously to consider how I might turn this very disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair-ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies, succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower with a handsome fortune.

This, Sir, is my history; and as I cannot keep any thing that I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

I accept of Mr. Limbertongue's correspondence with all my heart. The varieties he has experienced will enable him to furnish useful cautions and instructive entertainment. The ladies will be taught to avoid scandal by virtue; and the men either to reform or conceal their vices while the Tell-tale is abroad.

N° XXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1753.

I Was formerly acquainted with a very honest old gentleman, who, as often as he was asked at the tavern how his wife did, never failed to assure us, that he did not come abroad to be put in mind of his wife. I could wish with all my heart that those persons who are married to the town for at least eight months in the year, would, upon their removal into the country, forget the amusements of it, and attach themselves to those pleasures which are to be found in groves and gardens, in exercise and temperance. But as fond as we are of variety, and as pleasing as the changes of the seasons are generally acknowledged to be, it is observable that, in all the large villages near London, the summer seems only to be endured, as it is made to resemble the winter in town. Routs, visits, assemblies, and meetings for drinking, are all the pleasures that are attended to; while the meadows and cornfields

(Where the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe)

are neglected and deſpiſed.

I have received a letter upon this ſubject, which, for it's candour and good ſenſe, I ſhall lay before my readers for the ſpeculation of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IN this ſeaſon of univerſal migration, when the fire-works of Marybone, and the tin-works of Vauxhall, are deſerted for the ſalutary ſprings of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough; it would not be amiſs, methinks, if you were to give us your opinion of thoſe ſeats of idleneſs and pleaſure, health and gaiety: or ſuppoſe you ſhould extend your views ſtill farther, and tell us what you think in general of ſummer amuſements, and the faſhionable employments of rural life? To ſupply in ſome meaſure this defect, give me leave to acquaint you with the principal occurrences that engaged my attention very lately, in a ten days retirement in the country.

As the friend I viſited was a man who had ſeen much of the world; as his wife and daughters were adorned with all the accompliſhments of genteel life; and as they were no leſs admired for their underſtandings than their perſons; my expectation was raiſed and flattered with the pleaſing, yet reaſonable thought, of paſſing my time with no leſs improvement than delight, in a ſituation where art and nature conſpired to indulge my utmoſt wiſhes. But how grievouſly diſappointed was I to find, that whenever I walked out I muſt walk alone; and even then was ſure to be reproached, in the afternoon, for riſing before the bottle was out; and in the evening, for breaking a ſet at cards! The former part of my conduct diſobliged the men, and the latter offended the ladies. Scarce could I reach the end of the avenue, before my friend, with a gentle rebuke, ſummoned me back to give a toaſt; and hardly could I contemplate the view from the terrace, before Miſs Kitty would come running to tell me that the RUBBER was UP, and that it was my turn to CUT IN. This, I doubt, is too general a complaint to be ſoon redreſſed; yet it is not leſs a grievance. That perſons, ſo well qualified for giving and receiving the pleaſures of converſation, ſhould thus agree to baniſh thought, (at leaſt, all ſubjects that are worth the thinking of) muſt be almoſt incredible to thoſe who are unacquainted with polite life. That a ſeaſon, in which all the beauties of nature appear to ſuch advantage, ſhould be thus thrown away, and as much diſregarded as the depth of winter, ſeems utterly inexcuſable, and in ſome degree immoral. 'How,' thought I to myſelf, 'can talents deſigned for the no-'bleſt purpoſes be thus perverted to the 'meaneſt? Is it the ſole province of wit 'to give toaſts, and of beauty to ſhuffle 'cards? How are the faculties of rea-'ſon ſuſpended, while thoſe of paſſion 'alone prevail! Since it is no leſs cer-'tain that the ſweeteſt temper may be 'deſtroyed by cards, than that the beſt 'conſtitution may be ruined by wine.' Theſe were my uſual reflections as I returned to my company, chagrined and diſappointed at the loſs of a walk, which, though a ſolitary one, I ſhould always prefer to the pleaſures of the bottle, or a party at whiſt by day-light, in the beſt aſſembly in England.

Be ſo good, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to eſpouſe the cauſe of injured nature, and remonſtrate loudly againſt this enormous barbarity of killing the ſummer. Let cards prevail in winter, and in cities only: too much of them do we ſee in this great town to deſire them elſewhere. Let drinking be confined to election dinners and corporation feaſts, and not continue (as it too much does) imperceptibly to make havock of our private families. Aſſure the ladies, the young ones I mean, that however their mothers may inſtruct them by example, or whatever they themſelves may think, anxiety and diſappointment, hope and fear, are no improvers of their beauty; that Venus never kept her court at a rout; and that the arrows of Cupid are not winged with cards. Let them take but one walk, and the milk-maid that gives them a ſillabub at the end of it, will convince them that air and exerciſe are the true preſervatives of health and beauty, and will add more lively bloom and freſher roſes to their cheeks than all the *rouge* of French art, or all the ſnuff of Engliſh avarice. Inform the men, if they know it not already, that though they may eſteem themſelves ſober when they are not dead drunk, and poſſibly may never be in a ſtate of intoxication, yet drinking to any degree of exceſs will certainly

certainly hurt, if not totally ruin, their conſtitutions; and be the ſure, though perhaps ſlow, occaſions of rheumatiſms, gouts, dropſies, and death itſelf. Many inſtances of this will occur in the ſphere of every one's acquaintance; and if ſome of the deceaſed have lived fifty or ſixty years, it is hardly to be doubted that, had this barbarous cuſtom never prevailed, their lives might have been extended to at leaſt ſeventy or eighty.

In ſhort, while theſe practices continue, by which every rural delight is entirely loſt, country-ſeats may be eſteemed an idle expence, and an uſeleſs burthen. London is certainly the fitteſt place for either the bottle or cards: it is there that the gentlemen may purſue the one, and ladies the other, without being interrupted by ſuch troubleſome gueſts as myſelf, who may be now and then deſirous of picking a noſegay, or of liſtening to the nightingale. For in vain does nature laviſh her charms, if they are thus neglected; in vain do the birds ſing, if no one hears them; and in vain do the flowers blow, if

——— They blow unſeen,
And waſte their ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

But if theſe polite perſons will continue to reſide in the ſummer at their country-ſeats, merely becauſe it is the faſhion, it would be no unfriendly office to ſpare them the mortification of continually gazing upon unwelcome objects. In order, therefore, to fix their attention to the moſt important concerns, I would humbly propoſe, (and I doubt not but the propoſal will meet with their approbation) that immediately after dinner the windows be cloſed, and the light of the ſun be exchanged for that of wax candles; by which means the gentlemen over their bottle, in one room, may uninterruptedly harangue on hounds and horſes; while the ladies, in another, may be ſhut up till midnight with cards and counters. And that the latter may be ſpared the diſquiet of having recourſe on a Sunday to fields and gardens, (I mean, if their mammas or huſbands ſhould happen to be ſo enthuſiaſtically rigid as to forbid gaming upon that day) let it be lawful for them to lie a-bed and ſtudy Mr. Hoyle. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

RUSTICUS.

N° XXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1753.

THE following letter is written with ſo much nature and ſimplicity, that, rather than curtail it of it's length, I have thought proper (as I once did before) to extend my paper to another half ſheet.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am the widow of a merchant, with whom I lived happily, and in affluence, for many years. We had no children, and when he died he left me all he had; but his affairs were ſo involved, that the balance which I received, after having gone through much expence and trouble, was no more than one thouſand pounds. This ſum I placed in the hands of a friend of my huſband's, who was reckoned a good man in the city, and who allowed me an intereſt of four per cent. for my capital; and with this forty pounds a year I retired, and boarded in a village about a hundred miles from London.

There was an old lady of great fortune in that neighbourhood, who viſited often at the houſe where I lodged: ſhe pretended, after a ſhort acquaintance, to take a great liking to me; ſhe profeſſed a friendſhip for me, and at length perſuaded me to come and live with her.

Between the time of taking this my reſolution and putting it into execution, I was informed that this lady, whom I ſhall call Lady Mary, was very unequal in her humours, and treated her inferiors and dependants with that inſolence which ſhe imagined her ſuperior fortune gave her a right to make uſe of.

But as I was neither her relation nor dependant, and as all that I deſired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her ladyſhip or her houſe became diſagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the ſame manner as I did before I became acquainted with her; and upon the ſtrength of this reaſoning I packed up my cloaths, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed

by

by my Lady Mary in her own coach to her manſion-houſe.

For the firſt year ſhe treated me with civility and confidence; but in that time I could not help obſerving that ſhe had no affection for any body. I found out that ſhe did not love her neareſt relations, who were highly eſteemed by all the reſt of the neighbourhood; and therefore I gave but little credit to all the proteſtations of friendſhip which ſhe was continually making to me.

She told me all that ſhe knew, and more than ſhe knew; and inſinuated to me, that I was to look upon the truſt ſhe repoſed in me as the ſtrongeſt proof of the higheſt friendſhip. But theſe inſinuations loſt their effect; for I knew by experience, that there are many people, of which number her ladyſhip was one, that often have a need to unboſom themſelves, who muſt have ſomebody to impart their ſecrets to, and who, when they know any thing that ought not to be told, are never at eaſe till they tell it.

But to proceed in my ſtory. One day, when her ladyſhip had treated me with uncommon kindneſs, for my having taken her part in a diſpute with one of her relations, I received a letter from London, to inform me that the perſon in whoſe hands I had placed my fortune, and who till that time had paid my intereſt money very exactly, was broke, and had fled the kingdom.

Lady Mary, in her fits of friendſhip, had offered me preſents, and perhaps the oftener, becauſe I always refuſed them. She had ſometimes told me how deſirous ſhe was to do me good in any thing that lay within her power. But in thoſe days I had the inexpreſſible happineſs of having no wiſh or view beyond what my little fortune could afford me; and I was truly ſenſible of, and bleſſed in, the heart-felt ſatisfaction of independence. Imagine then, Sir, what I felt at the receipt of the abovementioned letter! All that I ſhall ſay to you about what it produced, is, that I took my reſolution immediately. I carried the letter in my hand to Lady Mary; but before I gave it to her, I told her, that I had never doubted the ſincerity of her friendſhip, and that I was thoroughly ſenſible of the kindneſs with which ſhe treated me. I put her in mind of the preſents which ſhe had offered me; and added, that while I was not in want of her aſſiſtance, I thought it wrong to accept of them; but that the time was now come when her friendſhip was likely to become my only ſupport; that it would be unjuſt in me to ſuſpect that I ſhould not receive it; and that the letter I then gave her would tell her all, and ſpare my tears.

Her ladyſhip immediately read it over with more attention than emotion: but after returning it to me, ſhe embraced me, and aſſured me in a condoling voice, that however great my misfortunes might be, ſhe could not help feeling ſome ſatisfaction in thinking, that it was in her power to alleviate them, by giving me proofs of her unalterable friendſhip; that her houſe, her table, her ſervants, ſhould always continue to be mine; that we ſhould never part while we lived; and that I ſhould feel no change in my condition from this unhappy alteration of my circumſtances.

To any body that knew her ladyſhip leſs than I did, theſe words would have afforded matter of great conſolation; but when I retired to my chamber, and reflected upon my paſt and preſent ſituation, I ſaw that I had every thing to regret in the one, and very little to hope for from the other; and the following day convinced me of the manner in which I was to lead my future life.

Whenever Lady Mary ſpoke to me, ſhe had hitherto called me Mrs. Truman; but the very next morning at breakfaſt ſhe left out Mrs. and, upon no greater provocation than breaking a tea-cup, ſhe made me thoroughly ſenſible of her ſuperiority and my dependence. 'Lord, Truman, you are ſo 'aukward! Pray be more careful for 'the future, or we ſhall not live long 'together. Do you think I can afford 'to have my china broke at this rate, 'and maintain you into the bargain?'

From this moment I was obliged to drop the name and character of friend, which I had hitherto maintained with a little dignity, and to take up that which the French call *complaiſante*, and the Engliſh *humble companion*. But it did not ſtop here; for in a week I was reduced to be as miſerable a Toad-eater as any in Great Britain, which in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word is a *ſervant*; except that the Toad-eater has the honour of dining with my lady, and the misfortune of receiving no wages.

The beginning of my ſervitude was being employed in ſmall buſineſs in her ladyſhip's

ladyſhip's own preſence. 'Truman, 'fetch this; Truman, carry that; 'Truman, ring the bell; Truman, fill up 'the pot; Truman, pour out the coffee; 'Truman, ſtir the fire; Truman, call 'a ſervant; Truman, get me a glaſs of 'water, and put me in mind to take my 'drops.'

The ſecond part of my ſervice was harder. I was a good houſewife; I underſtood preſerving, pickling, and paſtry, perfectly well; I was no bad milliner, and I was very well ſkilled in the management of a dairy. All theſe little talents I had frequently produced, ſometimes for my own amuſement, and ſometimes to make my court to my lady. But now what had been my diverſion became my employment: my lady could touch no ſweat meat, pickle, tart, or cheeſe-cake, but what was the work of my hands. I made up all her linen; I mended and ſometimes waſhed her lace; the butter ſhe eats every morning is all of my churning; and I make every ſlip-coat cheeſe that is brought to her table: and if any of theſe my various works miſcarry, I am ſcolded or pouted at, as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

This degradation of mine has not eſcaped the eyes of the quick-ſighted ſervants. The change in my ſituation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chamber-maid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glaſs of ſmall-beer at dinner.

I muſt now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to obſerve at table. I am abſolutely forbid to taſte any diſh that is eatable, cold as well as hot, or that may be haſhed for ſupper. By this I am prevented from eating of moſt diſhes that come before us. I muſt never taſte boiled or roaſt beef; and ham and veniſon paſty are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all ſorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods; and though I ſee brawn and ſturgeon ſerved up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples; and really ſometimes I eat as little as thoſe who dine with Duke Humphry, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Barataria. To this I may add, that I have not taſted a glaſs of wine in our houſe for ſome years; and that punch, biſhop, cool tankard, and negus, are equally denied me; and I never muſt touch any fruit, unleſs when I am to preſerve it.

The rewards I receive for the ſervice I do, and the reſtraint which I ſubmit to, conſiſt in having the enjoyment of the mere neceſſaries of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am cloathed out of Lady Mary's wardrobe; and I have offended Mrs. Pinup, her ladyſhip's woman, paſt all forgiveneſs, becauſe her ladyſhip chuſes that I ſhould not go naked about the houſe.

Not being much uſed to a coach, I am generally ſick with ſitting backwards in one. This my lady knows perfectly well; but ſince I entered into my ſtate of dependence, I am conſtantly obliged to let her ſit forward alone in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

You have already ſeen, Sir, that I do the work of moſt of the ſervants in the houſe: but I muſt now deſcend a little lower, and acquaint you with ſome abject employments which I am forced to ſubmit to.

I have already hinted to you, that my lady has no real friendſhip for either man or woman. Her affections are ſettled upon the brute creation, for whom ſhe expreſſes incredible tenderneſs. You would take her monkey to be her eldeſt ſon, by the care ſhe ſhews of him; and ſhe could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than ſhe is to her lap-dog: ſhe has a real friendſhip for her parrot; and the other day ſhe expreſſed much more joy at the ſafe delivery of a beloved cat, than ſhe had done ſome months before at the birth of her grandſon.

It is my province to tend, wait upon, and ſerve this favourite part of the family. I am made anſwerable for all their faults; and if any of them are ſick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's fineſt ſet of china; and my forgetting to give Veny her dinner was the occaſion of the dear creature's illneſs. Poll's ſilence is often attributed to my ill uſage; and the murder of two or three kittens has been moſt unjuſtly laid to my charge.

I now come to ſome grievances of another kind, which I am almoſt aſhamed to own, but which are neceſſary to be told.

My lady has, for the humour in her eyes, (by the by, I make all her eye-water) three iſſues; one in each arm, and

and one in her back. Now it happened that her own woman being one day confined to her bed, I was desired to perform the operation of dressing them in her stead; and unfortunately I acquitted myself of the task so much to my lady's satisfaction, that Mrs. Pinup has been turned out of that office, which is given to me, and I am afraid it is a place for life.

There was another thing happened to me last year, which deserves to be inserted in this letter, and which, though it made me cry, will, I am afraid, make other people laugh.

Lady Mary, out of the few teeth she has left, had one that had the impudence to ake and keep her ladyship awake for two nights together: upon this, Mr. Mercy the surgeon was sent for, who, upon viewing the affected part, declared immediately for extraction. This put my lady into a terrible agony; she declared she never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that she could never be brought to undergo it, unless she saw the same operation performed upon somebody else in her presence. Upon this all the servants were summoned, and she endeavoured to persuade them, one after another, to have a tooth drawn for her service; but they all refused, and chose rather to lose their places than their teeth. Lady Mary addressed herself to me, and conjured me by the long friendship that had subsisted between us, and by all the obligations I had already to her, and those she was determined to confer upon me, to grant her this request. I blush to tell you that I yielded, and parted with a fine white sound tooth: but what will you say when I also tell you, that after I had lost mine, Mr. Mercy was at last sent away without drawing her ladyship's?

Lady Mary takes great quantities of physic, and part of my business is to prepare and make up the doses; but, what is still worse, her ladyship will swallow nothing till I have tasted it in her presence. I also make and administer all the water-gruel that she drinks with her physic, and am forced to attend her with camomile tea when she takes a vomit. This last is hard duty, as it not only makes me constantly sick, but as often stains my only gown and apron.

I have now, Sir, done with all my bodily hardships, and shall proceed to a grievance which lies heavier on me than all I have already mentioned; I mean that perpetual sacrifice of truth which I am forced to make for her ladyship's service.

Lady Mary is about sixty-five, and labours under a vice which sometimes persons of the same sex and age are subject to; I mean that of telling long and improbable stories. She has a fine invention, which often carries her beyond the bounds even of possibility. She deals largely in the marvellous; and whenever she perceives that she has made the company stare a little too much, she constantly appeals to me for the truth of a fact which I never heard before; but of which I am declared to have been an eye witness.

Another grievance is, that my lady being much the richest person in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly convinced that nobody of an inferior fortune can ever be in the right in any dispute which may happen between them; and as her ladyship's arguments are generally very weak, so her passions are very strong; and what she wants in reason she makes up in anger, which sometimes rises to abuse: and in all these disputes she never fails to apply to me, as an equitable judge, for my decision of the contest; which appeal being accompanied with one of Colonel Hernando's looks, sentence is immediately pronounced in her favour; for what can reason or argument do against fear and poverty? These unjust judgments have made all the neighbours my enemies, who imagine also that, by this behaviour of mine, I must be highly in my lady's good graces; so that they hate what they ought to compassionate, and envy what they should rather pity. It is the same case in every quarrel that happens between her ladyship and her own relations. I am made the witness and judge in every cause; and I own very freely that my testimony is generally false, and my judgment partial: so that, upon the whole, my neighbours hate me, the family detest me, and my lady herself does not love, and cannot esteem me.

You are now, Sir, fully informed of the wretched life I lead; and as I dare say that there are many who pass their days exactly in the same manner, you will do them and me a singular service by printing this letter. My lady takes in your paper, and lends it about to all the

the neighbours; and there are some features of my condition too strongly drawn to be mistaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeness would not have been sufficient: but such a caricatura as I have painted must strike, and be known at first sight, and perhaps may contribute to change my scene for a better. But one thing I am sure of, which is, that no alteration that can happen to me from the publishing this paper can be for the worse. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TRUMAN.

N° XXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1753.

EXILIS DOMUS EST, UBI NON ET MULTA SUPERSUNT,
ET DOMINUM FALLUNT, ET PROSUNT FURIBUS.——
HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is a species of luxury, which, though you must often have observed, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of; I mean that extravagance of expence which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture. In the houses of the great, (not to mention the profusion of French ornament, and costly glitter of every room) the meanest utensils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to descant; it is of myself and my country-house, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The house I am speaking of, together with a very considerable estate, was left me by an uncle in the city, with whom I had lived from the age of sixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be sure he gave me no other education (a little school-learning excepted) than what was necessary to a compting-house. But finding myself, at his death, in possession of a plentiful fortune, I resolved to commence gentleman; and accordingly disposed of my effects in business, and took a house at the other end of the town.

Here I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though she had the highest notions of birth, yet, from so trifling a circumstance as want of fortune, condescended to give me her hand, notwithstanding the meanness of my family, and the difference of our educations. As I thought myself extremely honoured by an alliance with so great a lady, I gave the management of every thing into her hands, and grew as indolent as if I had really been a man of fashion. My wife was a woman of exceeding Fine Taste, as it is called; or, in other words, one who liked to have every thing about her in the newest and most expensive manner. As soon as I brought her to my country-house, I thought she would have fainted away at the sight of my furniture; the whole of it (to use her own words) was so frightful, so odious, and so out of Taste! Her upholsterer must be sent for that instant! for there was no enduring life in the midst of so much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you, that I had entirely new-furnished the house about three months before; but though every thing was extremely good and neat, I must do my wife the justice to own, there was very little in it but what was of real use. Early the next day down comes the upholsterer. 'Lord, Mr. Kifang,' says she, 'I am glad you are come. Pray rest 'yourself a little; but I am afraid you 'can't find a chair fit for a Christian to 'sit down upon. Such seats! such 'backs! such legs! such—but they are 'so of a piece with the rest of the furni-'ture!——Dear Kifang, I am glad 'you are come!' So, without waiting for his reply, or suffering him to sit down, she conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices, which indeed she has never once condescended to visit since her becoming mistress of my family.

Mr. Kifang, who is said to be of Chinese extraction, and who must be allowed to understand his business as well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her ladyship; and observed, that such out-of-fashion things might do well enough for a citizen, but that persons of quality and distinction, who had a Taste,

and all that, should have something foreign and superb, and quite in another-guess sort of a manner. In short, Sir, by the indefatigable zeal of this Chinese upholsterer, in about four months my house was entirely new furnished; but so disguised and altered, that I hardly knew it again. There is not a bed, a table, a chair, or even a grate, that is not twisted into so many ridiculous and grotesque figures, and so decorated with the heads, beaks, wings, and claws, of birds and beasts, that Milton's

Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire,

are not to be compared with them. Every room is compleatly covered with a Wilton carpet; I suppose to save the floors, which are all new-laid, and in the most expensive manner. In each of these rooms is a pair or two of stands, supported by different figures of men or beasts, on which are placed branches of Chelsea china, representing lions, bears, and other animals, holding in their mouths or paws sprigs of bays, orange, or myrtle; among the leaves of which are fixed sockets for the reception of wax candles, which, by dispersing the light among the foliage, I own make a very agreeable appearance. But I can see no use for the lions and bears: to say the truth, I cannot help thinking it a little unnatural; for it is well known that all kinds of savages are afraid of fire. But this I submit to you; having observed of late several wild beasts exhibited on the stage, without their shewing the least surprize at the lamps, or even at the loud shouts of applause which have been bestowed upon them from the galleries. The upper apartments of my house, which were before handsomely wainscoted, are now hung with the richest Chinese and India paper, where all the powers of fancy are exhausted in a thousand fantastic figures of birds, beasts, and fishes, which never had existence. And what adds to the curiosity is, that the fishes are seen flying in the air, or perching upon the trees; which puts me in mind of a passage I learnt at school, (for I have not absolutely forgot my Latin)

Delphinum appingit sylvis——

the oddness of which, I suppose, was the reason of my remembering it.

The best, or, as my wife calls it, the state-bedchamber, is furnished in a manner that has half undone me. The hangings are white sattin, with French flowers and artificial moss stuck upon it with gum, and interspersed with ten thousand spangles, beads, and shells. The bed stands in an alcove, at the top of which are painted Cupids strewing flowers and sprinkling perfumes. This is divided from the room by two twisted pillars, adorned with wreaths of flowers, and intermixed with shell-work. In this apartment there is a cabinet of most curious workmanship, highly finished with stones, gems, and shells, disposed in such a manner as to represent several sorts of flowers. The top of this cabinet is adorned with a prodigious pyramid of china, of all colours, shapes, and sizes. At every corner of the room are great jars filled with dried leaves of roses and jessamine. The chimney-piece also (and indeed every one in the house) is covered with immense quantities of china of various figures; among which are Talapoins and Bonzes, and all the religious orders of the East.

The next room that presents itself is my wife's dressing-room; but I will not attempt to describe it to you minutely, it is so full of trinkets. The walls are covered round with looking-glass, interspersed with pictures made of moss, butterflies, and sea-weeds. Under a very magnificent Chinese canopy stands the toilette, furnished with a set of boxes of gilt plate, for combs, brushes, paints, pastes, patches, pomatums, powders white grey and blue, bottles of Hungary, lavender and orange-flower water, and, in short, all the apparatus for disguising beauty. Here she constantly pays her devotions two hours every morning; but what kind of divinity she adores, may be safer for you to guess than for me to tell. By this time, I imagine, you will conceive my house to be much fuller of furniture than my head. Alas! Sir, I am but a husband, and my wife is a woman of quality. But I could submit with some degree of patience to all this folly and expence, if my children (and I have two fine boys and a girl) were not either kept close prisoners in the nursery, or driven into the kitchen among the servants, to prevent their playing about the rooms, and making havock of the crockery.

I have a thousand other curiosities in

my

my houſe, of which I neither know the uſes nor the names. But I cannot help mentioning the gravel-walks, rivers, groves, and temples, which on a grand day make their appearance at the deſſert. For you are not to ſuppoſe that all this profuſion of ornament is only to gratify my wife's curioſity; it is meant as a preparative to the greateſt happineſs of life, that of ſeeing company: and I aſſure you, ſhe gives above twenty entertainments in a year to people for whom ſhe has no manner of regard, for no other reaſon in the world than to ſhew them her houſe. In ſhort, Sir, it is become ſo great a ſight, that I am no longer maſter of it; being continually driven from room to room, to give opportunity for ſtrangers to admire it. But as we have lately miſſed a favourite Chineſe tumbler, and ſome other valuable moveables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the ſhow to one day in the week, and of admitting no perſons whatſoever without tickets, unleſs they happen to be acquainted with the names, at leaſt, of ſome of my wife's relations. For my own part, if every thing in the houſe was ſtolen, it would give me leſs concern than I have felt for many years paſt at every India ſale, or at the ſhorteſt viſit that ſhe has made at Deard's: for I find, to my ſorrow, that as my furniture encreaſes, my acres diminiſh; and that a new faſhion never fails of producing a freſh mortgage.

If you think my caſe may be of ſervice to any of thoſe huſbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of Taſte, you have free leave to publiſh it from, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

SAMUEL SIMPLE.

N° XXXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1753.

I Have received no leſs than four letters from my friend Nic. Limbertongue ſince laſt Thurſday was three weeks, at which time I had the honour of exhibiting his character and hiſtory in this paper. But all I dare do with theſe letters is, to give a ſhort abſtract of them to my readers; my friend having entered ſo minutely into family ſecrets, and (as he aſſures me upon his honour) with the ſtricteſt regard to truth, that I myſelf ſhould be the Tell-tale if I gave them to the public in the manner I received them.

In the firſt of theſe letters he gives me the hiſtory of the third lying-in of a young lady of faſhion near St. James's, who is at preſent only in her nineteenth year, and who lives with a very pious old aunt, and paſſes for a pattern of modeſty and virtue. He alſo favours me with the names and characters of two gentlemen, who have the honour, ſeparately, of paſſing the evening with this young lady, without either ſuſpecting the other of being any thing more than a viſiting acquaintance.

The ſecond letter contains the ſecret memoirs of a woman of quality, whoſe huſband is juſt upon the point of parting with her for Indiſcretion. Till the reading of this letter, I confeſs myſelf to have had a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this word. To be Indiſcreet, it ſeems, is for a married woman to liſten to the addreſſes of one, two, or half a dozen lovers; to make aſſignations with them ſeparately; to declare her hatred to her huſband; and to admit her ſaid lovers to every liberty but One. All this, provided the lady be not detected in ſome of her cloſeſt familiarites, is to be Indiſcreet: and though the virtue of ſuch a lady is not to be called in queſtion, yet every body has a right to ſay, that ſhe has been guilty of Indiſcretions.

My friend's third letter is a good deal too waggiſh for the ſobriety of this paper. It is the hiſtory of a parſon and his two maids, whom he calls Rachel and Leah. To ſay the truth, I have another reaſon for ſuppreſſing this letter, which is, that the doctor happens to be the rector of my own pariſh, and (ſetting Rachel and Leah, and eating and drinking, out of the queſtion) is really a very continent and abſtemious man.

The fourth and laſt letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall in a dark night, under a tilt, performed by perſons of diſtinction of both ſexes. All that I ſhall inform my readers of this voyage, is, that it appears from the journal of it, (which was kept by one of the paſſengers, and communicated to my friend) to have been a very Indiſcreet one; and that in the latitude of

Weſtminſter-bridge, Miſs Kitty, a young country beauty of eighteen, was heard to ſay with great quickneſs to a colonel of the guards who ſat next to her—'Be 'quiet, Sir!' and to accompany her words with ſo ſmart a ſlap on the face, that the centre arch rung again; upon which her aunt, who was one of the party, took occaſion to obſerve, that her niece would always be a country girl, and know nothing of the world.

Having now taken ſufficient notice of my friend Limbertongue's letters, I ſhall leave my readers to animadvert upon them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correſpondent.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a young woman, born to no great fortune, but from the indulgence of my parents, am ſo happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education. I have really a handſome face, have a natural gentility about me, walk as well as any body, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whiſpered a thouſand times by the maids, that I am a clever girl.

It was my fortune ſome time ago, when I was upon a viſit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, as he ſat in the next pew to me at church; and as I am above diſguiſes, I ſhall confeſs very freely that I was equally ſtruck. I took a pleaſure in looking at him from the firſt moment I ſaw him; and it was no trifling ſatisfaction to me, that as often as I dared ſquint that way, I found his eyes to be fixed fully upon mine.

As he was known to the lady at whoſe houſe I was entertained, it was matter of no great difficulty for him to introduce himſelf to my acquaintance. I enquired into his character, and was told that he was a gentleman addicted to no kind of vice; that his fortune was a very handſome one; that he had great ſenſibility and generoſity; but that he was extremely quick-ſighted to the foibles of women. I was not much pleaſed with this laſt information; but having a pretty good opinion of myſelf, I did not doubt that I ſhould ſo hamper him with diſcretion and beauty, that he could not poſſibly eſcape me.

To be as ſhort as I can, he ſoon made propoſals to me in form, which, after the uſual heſitations, were in form accepted. My parents were written to upon the occaſion, and every thing was preparing for our happineſs; when Alphonſo (for ſo I ſhall call him) was unfortunately ſummoned to a diſtant part of the country, to attend the laſt moments of a near relation. There was no diſobeying this cruel ſummons; and with a thouſand proteſtations of unalterable love, away he went.

During his abſence, which happened to be much longer than, I believe, either of us wiſhed, the faſhion came up among the ladies of wearing their gowns off the ſhoulders; and though my ſkin was rather of the browneſt, and I had alſo the misfortune of having a large ſcar acroſs my boſom, I immediately pared away ſix inches of my ſtays before and behind, and preſented myſelf to him at his return in all the nakedneſs of the faſhion. I was indeed greatly aſtoniſhed, that as he was running into my arms with all the eagerneſs of a long-abſent lover, he ſtopt of a ſudden to ſurvey me, and after giving me only a cold ſalute, and enquiring how I did, ſat himſelf down for about a quarter of an hour, and then wiſhed me a good night.

It really never occurred to me, to what accident I was to attribute ſo mortifying a change, till early the next morning I was let into the ſecret by the following letter.

MADAM,

TO have but one defect in your whole perſon, and to diſplay it to the world with ſo much pains, is to betray a want of that prudence, without which the married ſtate is generally a ſtate of miſery. I muſt therefore take the liberty of telling you, that my laſt viſit was paid yeſterday, and that my laſt letter waits only till I have ſubſcribed myſelf, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ALPHONSO.

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, into what aukward confuſion and diſtreſs this letter threw me. At firſt I reproached the inconſtancy of my lover, and called him the baſeſt and moſt perfidious of men; but when my paſſion was abated, and I began ſeriouſly to reflect upon my incautious behaviour, I could not help allowing that he had reaſon on his ſide; though I hope you will

will be of opinion, that his letter is a little too mortifying, and his reſolution too haſty.

Some months have elapſed ſince I have worn the willow; and I have at preſent hardly any expectation of being reſtored to grace: though, if Alphonſo had thought it worth his while to make any enquiries about me, he would have known that, ever ſince the diſcovery of that fatal ſcar, (which I can aſſure him upon my honour was only occaſioned by a burn) I have worn my ſtays as high, and pinned my gown as decently, as his hard heart would deſire: and notwithſtanding the very warm weather we have had this ſummer, I have never made a viſit, or appeared any where in public, but in a double handkerchief, and that too pinned under my chin.

I have two reaſons, Sir, for troubling you with this letter, and deſiring your publication of it. The firſt is, that my lover may ſee how penitent I am for my fault; and the ſecond, to do ſervice to two ladies of my acquaintance; one of which has a moſt diſconſolate length of face, which ſhe makes abſolutely frightful by wearing the poke of her cap quite back to her pole; the other, with the feet and legs of a Welch porter, is for ever tripping it along the Mall in white ſhoes and ſhort petticoats. If I cannot benefit myſelf, it will be ſome little ſatisfaction to have been a warning to my friends. I am, Sir, your moſt unfortunate humble ſervant,

CELIMENA.

P. S. Since my writing this letter, I have ſome diſtant hope that my lover may come about again; having been informed of a ſaying of his to a friend, That in ſpite of the ſcar upon my boſom, my appearance that night put him in mind of a book lately publiſhed, called 'Heaven Open to all Men.'

Nº XL. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1753.

OF all the Eaſtern ſtories that have hitherto made their appearance in Engliſh, there is not one that conveys ſo perfect and beautiful a moral as that of the Prince Ruzvanſchad and the Princeſs Cheheriſtany, in the firſt volume of the Perſian Tales. Ruzvanſchad was king of China, and Cheheriſtany princeſs of an iſland of Genii. They fell deſperately in love with each other; and after the uſual delays, were married in due form in the iſland of Cheheriſtan, where the lady was queen. But before the ſolemnization of this marriage, the princeſs of the Genii addreſſed the king of China in the following manner—'I am not going,' ſaid ſhe, 'to make your majeſty any 'unreaſonable requeſt, though the pow'er I have over you, and the ſuperio'rity of my nature, claim obedience in 'all things: I ſhall only demand a pro'miſe from you, that for the honour of 'your queen, and for our mutual hap'pineſs, you will blindly comply with 'me in every thing I have a mind to do. 'The Genii are never in the wrong: 'if, therefore, at any time my actions 'ſhould happen to appear unaccount'able and extravagant, ſay within your'ſelf—"My wife has reaſon for what ſhe "does:" for it is impoſſible that we ſhould 'live together in love and harmony, un'leſs you implicitly believe that I am 'always in the right.' The king, according to the univerſal cuſtom of lovers, promiſed very readily to think in all things as his princeſs would have him; and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable ſplendour.

The ſequel of the ſtory informs us, that his majeſty of China did not abſolutely keep his royal promiſe; for that, upon certain trifling occaſions, ſuch, for inſtance, as the queen's flinging her ſon into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beaſt, deſtroying the proviſions of his whole army, and the like, (which are only allegorical expreſſions, ſignifying a mamma's giving up her ſon to the fire of his paſſions, carrying her daughter to the maſquerade, and conſuming the ſubſtance of her huſband) he not only thought her in the wrong, but had the raſhneſs to tell her ſo. Here begins the miſery of this royal and once happy couple; the queen ſeparates herſelf from her huſband, and at the end of ten whole years, conſents to cohabitation upon no other terms than a renewal of the old promiſe, ratified by an oath. The ſtory adds, that

that the king of China, having seen his error, never failed to acknowledge the wisdom of his queen in all she did, and that they lived to an extreme old age, the happiest monarchs of the East.

If every husband in England was to read this story night and morning till he had got it by heart; and, in imitation of the king of China, if he would consider himself as a mere son of Adam, and his wife of the superior nature of the Genii; the happiness of his life would in all probability be secured: for I am fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than for obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of his wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream; which only finds supplies for it's wanderings, without directing the current which way it shall flow. It may possibly be objected, that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the Bible, to be obedient to their husbands; but a lady of my acquaintance, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing, that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed that some of it's particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the Christians against giving scandal to the Jews and Heathens, among whom they lived; she makes no manner of doubt that obedience to husbands was among the number of these commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of Christianity, but not now.

Many persons, as well Christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor the husband; and that to advise or intreat is all that either has a right to. But this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion: and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Every body seesthat when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny; and that a wife should have less authority, is, in my own private opinion, a very bad case; especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but, as the universal phrase is, his Better Part. Every body knows too, that good-humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good-humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual control? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power; if, therefore, you give the sceptre into her hand, and entreat her to say and do according to her own good pleasure, it will be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

But the subordination of husbands will appear to be of greater necessity, if it be considered how unfit almost every man is to govern himself. I have known husbands of hopeful dispositions, who, from being left entirely to their own management, have run into every excess of riot and debauchery; when it has been obvious, that had their wives exerted the proper authority over them, they would have made the sobereft and meekeft men alive. How thankful therefore ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themselves the troublesome office of government, and to leave to their husbands the easy duty of obedience, which a child of six years old is as capable of performing as his father of forty!

I have indeed heard it objected, that all women are not sufficiently qualified for the government of their husbands. But by whom is this objection made? By some obstinate old batchelor, who, for want of conversing with the sex, has formed very erroneous opinions of their dignity and abilities. To decide this question, I would only appeal to those husbands who have lived in a constant state of subjection to their wives; and if any of them dare tell me that he has once wished to be his own master, I will be a batchelor in unbelief. It has also been objected, that the tyranny of a wife may sometimes be a little more absolute than the husband may wish it to be: but it has always been a maxim, that an absolute monarchy is the best, provided that we know, and have a right of chusing our ruler; the husband therefore should be satisfied with a small extension of the prerogative, whose monarch

narch is not only of his own chuſing, but one whom he has courted to reign over him.

It is matter of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me, that by vindicating the ſovereignty of the ladies, I am doing ſervice to my king and country; for while men are kept under a continued ſtate of ſubjection at home, they will ſubmit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of thoſe ſpirits which, for want of proper controul, might lead them into riots, inſurrections, and rebellions. It were to be wiſhed indeed that the ladies would drop the ſtudy of national politics, and confine themſelves to family government only: for while a huſband is no other than the vaſſal of his wife, a female Jacobite (unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to be ugly, or an old maid) may be a dangerous creature. I ſhall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the adminiſtration to have a particular eye to thoſe ſeminaries of female learning, known by the name of Boarding-ſchools. It might not be improper if the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were to be adminiſtered to the ſuperiors and mademoiſelles of ſuch colleges, or if the head of his preſent majeſty King George was to be worked by every pretty Miſs at the bottom of her ſampler.

N° XLI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1753.

AS the writers of the two following letters are of a ſex for which I have the ſincereſt regard and veneration, I have made no delay in committing them to the preſs, not doubting but the evils they complain of will excite the attention of my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a very hearty old maid of ſeventy-three; but I have a parcel of impertinent nephews and nieces, who, becauſe I have kept my good-humour, will needs have it that I have parted with ſomething elſe. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be ſo kind as to tell theſe graceleſs relations of mine, that it is not impoſſible for a woman to have two virtues at a time; and that ſhe may be merry and Chaſte, as well as merry and Wiſe. But as I am always to be teazed upon this ſubject, I have ſome thoughts of renouncing my virginity, to ſecure my good-humour; for I am afraid that, by contending with them every day for what they ſay I have loſt, I ſhall run the hazard of loſing in reality what they allow me to poſſeſs. I beg your advice in this critical affair; and am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

PRUDENTIA HOLDFAST.

In anſwer to Miſs Holdfaſt, I ſhall only ſay, that if I was to be teazed out of my virginity, it ſhould be by the moſt impudent fellow living, ſooner than by theſe undutiful relations.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am a young woman of faſhion, and a great admirer of a town life. But it has been my misfortune, for theſe three months paſt, to be condemned to the odious country, and the more odious diverſions of it; and this in compliance to an old-faſhioned aunt, who, excepting her two daughters, and the company they keep, is the moſt odious thing of all. But it is not for the ſake of abuſing my friends, or of ridiculing the country, that I trouble you with this letter; I have really eſcaped ſuch dangers in this retirement, that I mean it as a caution to my ſex againſt giving up the innocent amuſements of a town life for the deſtructive pleaſures of woods and ſhades.

I had hardly been a week at my aunt's before I loſt all the delicacy of qualities; and from the paleſt complexion in the world, and no appetite, (the beſt proofs of high birth, and of keeping good company) I began to look as roſy as a milk-maid, and to eat like a plough-boy. I ſhall never forget the aukward compliments that were made me upon thoſe defects; but a new mortification ſucceeded, which removed me ſtill farther from upper life, and had like to have killed me. I began abſolutely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to grow fat. What was to be done now? Why, I muſt walk forſooth! I wondered they did not bid me fly;

fly; for to a woman of condition, who had never ſtirred out of doors but in her chair, flying ſeemed as eaſy as walking. But my diſeaſe was deſperate, and ſo muſt be my cure: in ſhort, they taught me how to walk, and in leſs than a week I verily believe I had travelled a mile.

And now I was teazed upon another account. My couſins, who were grown quite intimate with me, and who were what they call neat girls, were perpetually finding fault with the looſeneſs of my morning dreſs. I really pitied their ignorance, but could hardly forbear laughing when I ſaw them come down as prim to breakfaſt as if they were dreſſed for viſitors. It was in vain for me to tell them that women of faſhion were above ſuch regards; I was again forced to comply, and to ſtick pins into my cloaths as if dreſſing for a drum.

I am far from denying that air, exerciſe, and neatneſs, contributed to my health; but I remember with confuſion the alteration they produced. I had lived in the polite circle to the age of five-and-twenty, without conceiving an idea of the other ſex, any farther than what related to their uſe in public places, a treat upon the water, or a party at Brag. Indeed, the perpetual hurry of a town life puts all other things quite out of one's head. But idleneſs is the root of all evil. In leſs than a fortnight my heart told me that I had paſſions as well as appetites. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for want of ſomething to do, I fell deſperately in love. With ſhame I confeſs it, I was caught I know not how; for my ruſtic, though he paid me particular regards, and was a handſome fellow of a good eſtate, had no one accompliſhment upon earth to recommend him to a woman of faſhion. His education had been at the univerſity, where he had purſued nothing but his ſtudies. He knew nobody in town but people whom nobody knows; had been at court but once; deteſted play, and had no ideas of routs and drums. His virtues (for my aunt and couſins were continually talking of them) reached no farther than a little charity to the poor; a vaſt deal of what they call good-nature; abundance of duty to the old lady his mother; and a ridiculous fondneſs for a ſiſter, who was one of the plaineſt women I ever ſaw. But in affairs of gallantry, or the faſhions of the town, he was as ignorant as a Hottentot. He would ſometimes, indeed, make a party with us at Whiſt for half-crowns, which he called deep play; but as to ſhuffling, fuzzing, changing of ſeats, hints to a partner, ſetting up honours without holding them, and the like, which are the eſſentials of the game, he was an abſolute idiot. He conſidered cards, he ſaid, only as an amuſement, and was perfectly indifferent whether he won or loſt. Yet in ſpite of myſelf, and ſo contemptible an animal, I was really in love with him: nay, ſo entirely did he poſſeſs me, that I contrived to be ill, and to keep my chamber three mornings together, to engage him alone. But, would you think it, Mr. Fitz-Adam? if he approached to touch my hand, I had ſuch frights and fears about me, that I hardly knew where I was. I trembled at every word he ſpoke to me; and had he offered at thoſe trifling liberties which every fine gentleman is admitted to in town, and which the ſtricteſt modeſty would only cry Piſh at, I verily believe I ſhould have died. But his country education was the ſaving of my life. His intentions, I perceived, were to make a wife of me; a character which, of all characters in the world, I had the greateſt averſion to; as, in all probability, it would connect me with the cares of a mother, and a thouſand ridiculous duties and affections, that a well-bred woman has really no time for. Yet this deplorable creature I had certainly been, if he had not all of a ſudden (for what reaſon I know not, unleſs he thinks it a crime for a lady to be a little witty upon the Bible) taken a crotchet into his head of treating me like a ſtranger. The man is moſt evidently mad; for inſtead of directing all his diſcourſe to me as uſual, he is for ever caballing with my youngeſt couſin, and talking by the hour in praiſe of a country education.

But, thanks to my ſtars, there is a place called London; where, in a very few weeks, the buſineſs of play, and the amuſements of polite life, ſhall cure all my folly, and reſtore me to my complexion. I ſhall fly to the Brag-table as to an aſylum againſt the paſſions. It is there that love is never thought of. The men have no deſigns, nor the women temptations. It puts me in mind of the ſtate of innocence which our firſt parents fell

from: the sexes may meet naked, and not be ashamed, nor even know that they are naked.

It would take up too much of your paper to enforce the advantages of Play, by laying before you the evils it prevents. Scandal was never heard of at a card-table: the question when we meet is not, Who lost her honour last night? but who her money? We never go to church to ridicule the parsons, or stay at home to be the plague of husbands or servants. In short, if women would escape the pursuits of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their security is Play. I know of nothing that can be said against it, but that it may possibly lead to ill-nature, quarrels, cheating, and ruin. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

SOPHIA SHUFFLE.

N° XLII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1753.

IT is a common phrase, when we speak of a person who has nothing remarkably bad in his disposition, that he is a *good sort of a man*; but of these *good sort of men* there are multitudes to be met with, who are more troublesome and offensive than a swarm of gnats within one's bed curtains.

A *good sort of man* is sometimes he, who from shallowness of parts, and a narrow education, believes every action of mankind, that is not calculated to promote some pious or virtuous end, to be blameable and vicious. He prescribes to himself rules for the conduct of life, and censures those who differ from him as immoral or irreligious. Walking in the fields on a Sunday, or taking up a news-paper, is an offence against Heaven. I have heard a young lady severely reprimanded for reading a Spectator upon that day: and I have known it prophesied of a boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be an Atheist, for having written God with a little g, and Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this *good sort of a man*, to say, *Lord bless me*, is a breach of the third commandment; and to affirm, *upon one's word*, that this or that thing is true or false, is downright swearing.

To such characters as these, the infidelity of others may in some measure be owing. To avoid one extreme we are apt to run into another; and because one man happens to believe a great deal too much, another is determined to believe nothing at all.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, we were a nation of psalm-singers; which is the best reason I can give for the inundation of bawdy songs that poured in upon us at the Restoration: for though the king and his court were indefatigable in the propagation of wantonness, (and every body knows how apt men are to copy the manners of a court) they would have found it a very hard task to debauch the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom of enthusiasts.

Another, though less mischievous *good sort of a man* is he, who upon every occasion, or upon no occasion at all, is teazing you with Advice. This gentleman is generally a very grave personage, who happening either to have out-lived his passions, or to have been formed without any, regulates all his actions by the rule of prudence. He visits you in a morning, and is sorry to hear you call those persons your friends who kept you at the King's Arms last night after the clock had struck twelve. He tells you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred and two years old, who was never up after sun-setting, nor a-bed after sun-rising. He informs you of those meats which are easiest of digestion, prescribes water-gruel for your breakfast, and harangues upon the poison of made dishes. He knows who caught a fever by going upon the water; and can tell you of a young lady who had the rheumatism in all her limbs by wearing an India persian in the middle of October. If at a jovial meeting of friends, you happen to have drank a single glass too much, he talks to you of dropsies and inflammations, and wonders that a man will buy pleasure in an evening at the hazard of a head-ach in the morning. That such a person may really be a *good sort of a man*, and that he may give his advice out of pure humanity, I am very ready to allow; but I cannot help thinking, (and I am no advocate for intemperance) that if it was not now-and-then for giving prudence the

ſlip, and for a little harmleſs playing the fool, life would be a very inſipid thing.

A third *good ſort of man*, is one who calls upon you every day, and tells you what the people ſay of you abroad. As how 'Mr. Nokes was very warm in 'your praiſes, and that Mr. Stiles agreed 'with him in opinion; but that Mr. 'Roe and Mrs. Doe, who by the by 'pretend to be your friends, were con-'tinually coming in with one of their 'ill-natured IFS. But they are like 'the reſt of the world. You have a 'thouſand enemies, though you do no-'thing to deſerve them. I wonder what 'could provoke Mr. A. to fall upon 'you with ſo much violence before 'Lady B: but then to hear Mr. C. and 'Miſs D. who are under ſuch obliga-'tions to you, join in the abuſe, was 'what, I own, I did not expect. But 'there is no ſincerity among us: and I 'verily believe you have not a friend in 'the whole world beſides myſelf.' Thus does he run on, not only leſſening you in your own opinion, but robbing you of the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction of life, that of thinking yourſelf eſteemed by thoſe with whom you converſe. If you happen to be in any public character, the Lord have mercy upon you! for unleſs you can ſtop your ears to the croakings of theſe ravens, you muſt be miſerable indeed. There are very few *good ſort of men* that are more pernicious than theſe: for as almoſt every man in the world is curious of knowing what another thinks of him, he is perpetually liſtening to abuſes upon himſelf, till he grows a hater of his kind. It is for this reaſon that diſſimulation is often to be ranked among the virtues; for if every man of your acquaintance, inſtead of aſſuring you of his eſteem and regard, was to tell you that he did not care a ſtraw for you, (which twenty to one is the truth) the motives to benevoience would be entirely deſtroyed; and though the 'loving thoſe that hate us' be a pre-cept of Chriſtianity, it would puzzle me to name a Chriſtian of my acquaintance who has grace enough to practiſe it.

A fourth *good ſort of a man*, and with whom I ſhall conclude this paper, is the man of Ceremony. But as this character is drawn from the life by one of my correſpondents who has felt the inconvenience of it, I ſhall give it to my readers in his own words.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Belong to a club of very honeſt fellows in the city, who meet once a week to kill care and be innocently merry. Every one of us uſed to ſing his ſong or tell his ſtory for the entertainment of his friends, and to be good-naturedly jocoſe upon the foibles of the company. But all our merriment has been at a ſtand for ſome time, by the admiſſion of a new member, who it ſeems is a perſon of very Fine Breeding. You muſt know that he is our ſuperior in fortune, from which conſideration we ſhew him a great deal of reſpect. At his entrance into the club-room we all riſe from our chairs; and it is not till he has paid his compliments to each of us ſeparately, and kept us ſtanding for near a quarter of an hour, that he entreats us to be ſeated. He then hopes we are all perfectly well, and that we caught no colds that day ſe'nnight by walking home from the club; for that the night was foggy, or it was rainy, or it was cold, or it was ſomething or other, that gave him a good deal of pain till he ſaw us again. After we have all made our bows, and aſſured him of our exceeding good healths, the enquiry begins after our ladies and families. He is always ſo unfortunate as to forget the number and names of our children, for which he moſt heartily begs pardon, and hopes the dear little creatures, whom he has not the pleaſure of knowing, will forgive him for his want of memory. The finiſhing this ceremony generally takes us up about an hour; after which, as he is the firſt man of the club, it is neceſſary, in point of good-manners, that he ſhould find us in converſation; and to ſay the truth, ſince his admiſſion into our ſociety, we have none of us a word to ſay, unleſs it be in anſwer to his enquiries. And now it is that we are entertained with the hiſtory of a dinner at Lady Fidfad's, at which were preſent Lord and Lady Lavender, Sir Nicholas Picktooth, and a world of polite company. He names every diſh to us in the order it was placed, tells us how the company was ſeated, the compliments that paſſed; and, in ſhort, every thing that was ſaid; which, though it may be called polite converſation, is certainly the dulleſt I ever heard in my life. By this time we generally begin to look upon our watches; a bill is called for, and after a contention of about three

minutes

minutes who shall go out last, we return to our homes.

This, Sir, is the true history of our once jovial club; and as it is not impossible that this well-bred gentleman may be a reader of the World, I trouble you with this letter, and entreat your publication of it; for with so much good-manners as he is undoubtedly master of, he will absent himself from our society when he knows how miserable he has made us. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

FRANCIS HEARTY.

Nº XLIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1753.

I Have devoted to-day's paper to the miscellaneous productions of such of my correspondents as, in my own opinion, are either whimsical enough, or witty enough, to be entertaining to my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am an Englishman and a Patriot, but neither a Freeholder nor an Independent Whig. I am neither a Craftsman nor a Fool, but a Freethinker and a Plain-dealer; a steady Champion for virtue, and a sharp Protester against vice.

I am a daily Inspector of my neighbours actions, and take a Monthly Review of my own; yet do not assume the title of Censor or Guardian; being contented with the office of Monitor or Remembrancer. My enemies nevertheless will call me a Tatler, a Busy-body, an Impertinent, &c.

I am a great Reader, and a Lover of polite literature. I am sometimes an Adventurer abroad, sometimes a Rambler at home, and rove like the Bee from Musæum to Musæum, in quest of knowledge and pleasure.

I am an Occasional Writer too; in a fit of gaiety I am a Humourist, in a fit of seriousness a Moralist; and when I am very angry indeed, I Scourge the age with all the spirit of a Busby.

To conclude, I am not an idle Spectator, but a close Examiner of what passes in the World, and Mr. Fitz-Adam's admirer and humble servant,

PHILOCOSMOS.

This letter puts me in mind of the following advertisement in a late Daily Advertiser. 'Whereas Thomas Toovey, 'snuffman, who is lately removed from 'the Blackamoor's Head in Piccadilly 'to the shop, late the Crown and Dagger, three doors lower, and hopes for 'the continuance of his friends custom' —And there it ends. I should have been more obliged to my correspondent, if, after his Whereas that he was an Englishman, a Patriot, a Freeholder, &c. he had thought proper to inform me to what purpose he was all this. But I have the pleasure of hoping that this epistle is only an introductory discourse to a larger work; and as such I have given it to the public, without addition or amendment.

SIR,

IF it would not be meddling with religion, (a subject which you have declared against touching upon) I wish you would recommend it to all rectors, vicars, and curates of parishes, to omit, in the prayer commonly used in the pulpit before sermon, the petition for Jews, Turks, and Infidels. For as the Jews, since a late act of parliament, are justly detested by the whole nation; and as it is shrewdly suspected that a bill is now in agitation for naturalizing the Turks, wise men are of opinion that it is no business of ours to be continually recommending such people in our prayers. Indeed, as for the Infidels, who are only our own people, I should make no scruple of praying for them, if I did not know that persons of fashion do not care to hear themselves named so very particularly in the face of a congregation. I have the honour of an acquaintance with a lady of very fine understanding, who assures me that the above-mentioned prayer is absolutely as terrible to her as being churched in public: for that she never hears the word Infidel mentioned from the pulpit, without fancying herself the stare of the whole rabble of believers.

As it is certainly the duty of a clergyman to avoid giving offence to his parishioners; and as our hatred to the Jews, our alarms about the Turks, and

the modeſty of perſons of quality, are not to be overcome, I beg that you will not only inſert this letter in the World, but that you will alſo give it as your opinion that the petition ſhould be omitted. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

I. M.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

NOW the theatres are open, and the town is in high expectation of ſeeing Pantomimes performed to the greateſt advantage, it would not be improper if you would give us a paper upon that ſubject. Your predeceſſor the Spectator, and the Tatler before him, uſed frequently to animadvert upon theatrical entertainments; but as thoſe gentlemen had no talents for Pantomime, and were partial to ſuch entertainments as themſelves were able to produce, they treated the nobler compoſitions with unwarrantable freedom. Happy is it for us, that we live in an age of Taſte, when the dumb eloquence, and manual wit and humour of Harlequin, is juſtly preferred to the whining of tragedy, or the vulgarity of comedy. But it grieves me, in an entertainment ſo near perfection, to obſerve certain indelicacies and indecorums, which, though they never fail of obtaining the approbation of the galleries, muſt be extremely offenſive to the politeneſs of the boxes. The indelicacies I mean, are, the frequent and ſignificant wrigglings of Harlequin's tail, and the affront that Pierot is apt to put upon the modeſty of Columbine, by ſometimes ſuppoſing, in his ſearches for her lover, that ſhe has hid him under her petticoats. That ſuch a ſuppoſition would be allowable in comedy, I am very ready to own; the celebrated Mrs. Behn having given us in reality what is here only ſuppoſed. In a play of that delicate lady's, the wife, to conceal the gallant from the huſband, not only hides him under her petticoats, but, as Trulla did by Hudibras, ſtraddles over him, and, holding her huſband in diſcourſe, walks backwards with her lover to the door, where with a genteel love-kick ſhe diſmiſſes him from his hiding-place. But that the chaſte Columbine ſhould be ſuſpected of ſuch indelicacy, or that Pierot ſhould be ſo audacious as to attempt the examination of premiſes ſo ſacred, is a ſoleciſm in Pantomime. Another impurity that gives me almoſt equal offence, is Harlequin's tapping the neck or boſom of his miſtreſs, and then kiſſing his fingers. I am apprehenſive that this behaviour is a little bordering upon wantonneſs; which, in the character of Harlequin, who is a foreigner, and a fine gentleman, and every thing agreeable, is as abſurd as it is immodeſt.

When theſe reformations can be brought about, every body muſt allow that a Pantomime will be a moſt rational and inſtructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers will be ſuffered to have a part in it. How pleaſed will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Adverti ſer, 'We hear that at each of the Theatres 'Royal there is an entire new Panto-'mime now in rehearſal, and that the 'principal parts are to be performed by 'Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. 'Moſſop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. 'Pritchard, at Drury Lane; and at 'Covent Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. 'Lun, Mr. Barry, Miſs Noſſiter, &c.' It is not to be doubted that a Pantomime ſo acted would run through a whole ſeaſon to the politeſt as well as moſt crouded audiences. Indeed, I have often wondered at the good-humour of the town, that they can bear to ſee, night after night, ſo elegant an entertainment with only one performer in it of real reputation.

It was very well obſerved by a perſon of quality, That if Mr. Addiſon, Doctor Swift, and Mr. Pope, were alive, and were unitedly to write a Pantomime every winter, provided Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were to do the principal parts, he verily believed there would not be a hundred people at any one rout in town, except it was of a Sunday. If it be from no other conſideration than this, I am for having Pantomimes exhibited to the beſt advantage: and though we have no ſuch Wits among us as his lordſhip was pleaſed to name, we are reckoned to have as good Carpenters as any age has produced; and I take it, that the moſt ſtriking beauties of Pantomimical compoſition are to be aſcribed to the Carpenter, more than to the Wit. I am Sir, your conſtant reader, and moſt humble ſervant,

S. W.

Nº XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A Juſtly-admired poet of our own times, ſpeaking in reference to his art, tells us, that

True wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd.

The ſame, it is preſumed, may be ſaid of almoſt every kind of writing. Europe is at preſent ſo much enlightened, that it is hardly poſſible to ſtrike out a ſingle notion abſolutely new, or which has never been touched upon by ſomebody before us. Religion, philoſophy, and morality in particular, have been ſo thoroughly canvaſſed, that ſuch as would treat upon thoſe ſubjects now, have ſcarce any thing left them but to ſet ſome beaten thought in a different light, and, like a ſkilful cook, endeavour to make the fare of yeſterday palatable again to-day by a various dreſſing. If it can be got down and digeſted, there are always hopes of conveying ſome nouriſhment; and whether it be taken for turtle or veniſon, pheaſant or moor-game, beef or mutton, is not a farthing's matter, ſo it be reliſhed by the gueſts. Whether I am poſſeſſed of any part of this ſkill, muſt be left to the deciſion of each perſon's taſte. All I dare engage for is, that no unwholeſome ingredient ſhall enter into my compoſition; and if, on the one hand, it ſhould be inſipid, on the other, it ſhall be as harmleſs as a bit of dry bread.

But to my ſubject. The compariſon of man's life to a journey, and the concluſions uſually drawn from thence, are not the leſs true for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be exceſſively anxious for the wealth, honours, and pleaſures, of this tranſitory world, is juſt as ridiculous as it would be to torment ourſelves becauſe our accommodations at an inn (which we are to quit the next morning) are not ſufficiently ſumptuous, the aptneſs of the alluſion ſtares us in the face: the aſſent is extorted while the mind dwells upon it; and people of every perſuaſion, however they may diſagree in other propoſitions, concur in this, as in a ſelf-evident axiom.

Yet herein do we reſemble the caſe of him who is ſaid in Scripture 'to behold 'his figure in a glaſs, but ſtraight for-'getteth what manner of man he was;' and, as if a fatality hung over us, our memories are ſtill found worſt in the matter that concerns us moſt; namely, in the acquiſition of Tranquillity, that *ſummum bonum* on this ſide the grave. A Heathen could tell us that this ineſtimable treaſure lies at our feet, but that we giddily ſtumble over it in the purſuit of bubbles. On theſe we beſtow all our ſtrenuous exertions; the other has only indolent wiſhes.

But if we are candidates in earneſt for this Temporal felicity, and which at the ſame time leads by the ſmootheſt road to the Cæleſtial, the firſt ſtep ſhould be to diſcover what that is which oppoſes and excludes it: and as it is utterly impoſſible that two contraries ſhould peaceably inhabit the ſame breaſt, let us reſolve to drive out the aggreſſor.

That perturbations of every kind are capital enemies to Tranquillity, ſpeaks itſelf: but it may require ſome ſcrutiny to diſcern that the common parent from whence moſt of theſe proceed, is Pride. I ſay, *moſt* of theſe; for if want, pain, fear, and intemperance, be excepted, it is preſumed that few obſtacles to ſerenity can be imagined which are not fairly deducible from this ſingle vice.

The inimitable Mr. Addiſon, in one of his Spectators, mentions guilt and atheiſm as the only warrantable preſervers of Chearfulneſs: nor is it here intended to controvert his ſuperior judgment; this being merely an eſſay to prove that Pride is the great ſource from whence almoſt every other ſpecies of guilt flows. And as for atheiſm, it may, I think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the ſame account.

But let us firſt try the truth of this propoſition upon actual or practical vices, as diſtinguiſhed from ſpeculative errors; and thence diſcover to what degree they may be ſaid to *hold of this Lady Paramount*; conſequently, how far we are

are indebted to her for the miseries which fill the world with complaints.

Sickness, pain, fear, want, and intemperance, have already been excepted, as productive of disorders in the soul, which derive not immediately from this origin: at least, it can hardly with propriety be said, that a person is proud of a disease, of cowardice, or of indigence; though it has been observed, that some have had the preposterous folly to glory in being lewd, a drunkard, or a glutton.

Whether human nature be capable of bearing up with chearfulness and indolence against these evils, (from what cause soever arising) is a question foreign to the present business, which is to excite every thinking person strictly to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one, and then to ask his own heart what resemblance they bear to the prolific parent here assigned them; and it is presumed, that nothing more is necessary than the holding up the progeny to view, in order to ascertain their descent.

It may be gathered from the most authentic testimony, that her first-born was Ambition; brought to light in the days of your namesake Adam; and ever since, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a scymitar and firebrand, or in the more gentle habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. still confesses the kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issue were produced. But that envy, hatred, malice, tyranny, anger, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obstinacy, violence, treachery, ingratitude, self-love, avarice, profusion; together with the smaller shoots, detraction, impertinence, loquacity, petulance, affectation, &c. do all derive from this *Mater Familiæ*, will, I persuade myself, most evidently appear to a curious observer.

To enumerate the infinite disorders and calamities that disperse themselves from this root, intrude into every place, and are incessant plagues to individuals, as well as to society, were an endless task. Who shall tell the secret pangs of the heart in which she is planted? But her baleful influence is discernible, wherever 'two or three are gathered 'together.' Even at the altar, and whilst the tongue, in compliance with the ritual, is uttering the most humiliating epithets, you shall perceive her inconsistently tricked out, and by a thousand fantastic airs attracting the worship of the assistants, from the Deity, to herself.

Trace her from the court into the city; and there, from the general trader, to the retailer, mechanic, and pedlar; thence into the country, from the squire, to the farmer and day-labourer: descend as low as to the scavenger, chimney-sweeper, and night-man; still, through all their dirt and filth, you may occasionally discern her.

Nor is her Parental dominion confined to the climates or nations called civilized. Travel to the poles, or into the burning zone; among the Bramins, Banians, and Facquars; among the Iroquois, Canibals, and Hottentots; even there shall you meet with the operations of this *primum mobile*. What but the arrogance of superior merit instigates the first of these to assume a right of domineering over the consciences of their fellows, and damning the souls of those who differ from them? And for the Hottentots, who that reads the accounts of the insolence with which they torment, before they eat their enemies, can doubt whether they are actuated by hunger or haughtiness? In a word, from the feuds that lay waste whole kingdoms, down to the sickly spleen which devours the slighted coquet, or the fine lady superseded in her place, we need look no farther for the author of the griefs which poison our peace.

In relation to matters purely speculative, none, who are ever so little conversant in them, can be at a loss for numerous instances of the havock made with learning, truth, and religion, by the dogmatical imposition of hypotheses and systems, invented by men of more power than knowledge; and the no less arrogant prohibition of new lights, which might detect the fallacy, or otherwise clash with an assumed all-sufficiency. Hence was the asserter of the Antipodes persecuted in the inquisition. Hence all the mischiefs arising from enthusiasm, hypocrisy, bigotry, and zeal. Hence—But I am entering into a field too wide for the limits of an ordinary epistle. Yet, having mentioned the possibility of accounting for atheism the same way, I shall here only appeal to your readers, whether that man is simply a fool,

a fool, or if he must not necessarily be a very Conceited fool, who says in his heart 'There is no GOD?'

And now, Sir, should it be asked to what purpose this epistle? or where the remedy? it is answered, that the utility of such a discussion (which, for the sake of the World, I could heartily wish had been more accurately handled) must be obvious; for by this means the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious task to cut off that one, than to vanquish a legion successively sprouting out from different stems: or, to change the allusion, the recipe, instead of applying to the infinite variety of symptoms, might be comprized in two words, 'Banish Pride;' as indeed this disease, pregnant of so many others, is most emphatically cautioned against in six words of Holy Writ—'Pride 'was not made for Man.'

I am, Sir, &c.

N° XLV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1753.

NECTE CORONAM
POSTIBUS——— JUV.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is hardly a greater instance of ill-nature, or a more certain token of a cruel disposition, than the abuse of dumb creatures; especially of those who contribute to our advantage and conveniency. The doing an ill office to one who has intended us no harm, is a strong proof of inhumanity; but unkindness to a benefactor is both inhuman and ungrateful.

But it is not my intention at present to animadvert upon our barbarity to the animal creation: if you will accept of so unworthy a correspondent, I may take another opportunity of sending you my thoughts upon that subject. The business of this letter is only to vindicate from reproach a poor inanimate being, vulgarly called a Post, which every body knows is held in the lowest contempt, yet whose services to mankind entitle it to a very high degree of regard and veneration.

'As stupid as a Post,' is a phrase perpetually made use of. If we want to characterize a fool, or a man absolutely without an idea, the expression is—'As stupid as a Post.'—'As dull 'as a Beetle,' is a term I have no dislike to; nor have I any great objection to 'As grave as a Judge,' which I have considered as a synonymous phrase, ever since I saw an old gentleman in company extremely angry at being told he looked grave; when it was observed by a third person, that Grave in the dictionary was *vide* Dull. But though it is admitted that the idea of dulness may be illustrated by a Beetle, and the idea of gravity by a Judge, I positively deny that stupidity and a Post have any similitude whatsoever.

It is well known that the ancients, and more especially the Egyptians, the wisest nation of them all, paid the greatest degree of veneration to several inanimate things. Almost all vegetables were considered as gods, and consequently worshipped as such. Leeks and onions were particularly esteemed; and there was hardly a garden to be seen that was not over-run with deities. Now I own that I have no such superstitious regard for a Post, as to recommend it's deification; nor am I for making it minister of state, as Caligula did his horse; I only think, that when it is undeservedly branded into a proverb of contempt, common justice requires it's vindication.

In former ages, how much Posts were esteemed, appears from what Juvenal says of them—

Ornentur POSTES, *et grandi janua lauro*;

where we see that they were crowned with laurel. Virgil likewise, in describing the destruction of Troy, says, that the women in the height of despair—

Amplexæque tenent POSTES, *atque oscula figunt*;

without doubt to take an affectionate leave of them. And old Ennius, knowing that they were in some measure sacred, employs no less a person than the goddess

goddeſs Diſcord herſelf to demoliſh them—

———*Diſcordia tetra*
Belli ferratos POSTES, *portaſque refregit.*

But before I conſider the ſervice of Poſts to mankind in general, I ſhall take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation which I have perſonally received from one of them, and which may very poſſibly bias me in favour of the whole fraternity.

I was travelling very lately, where I was entirely ignorant of the road, in a part of England too far from town for the common people to give that rational direction to a ſtranger which they do in and about London; and too near it, as I afterwards found, not to reliſh ſtrongly of it's vices. Coming at laſt to a place where the road branched out into different paths, I was quite at a ſtand, till ſeeing a country fellow paſſing by, I enquired the road to Bifley. 'To Biſ-'ley!' ſays he, ſcratching his head, and looking up in my face; 'Where 'did you come from, Sir?' I was nettled a good deal at the fellow's uſeleſs and impertinent queſtion, eſpecially as it began to grow duſk; however, that I might get what inſtruction from him I could, I ſatisfied him. He then, after having attentively looked round the country, and informed me I might have come a nearer way, gave me to underſtand, that he could not well tell me, but that I was not above two miles from it. 'P—x take the fellow,' ſays I, 'he is 'as ſtupid as a Poſt,' and rode on: but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I diſcovered a Poſt, which very good-naturedly held out his finger to ſhew me the road, and informed me in a few words that I had ſtill three miles to go. I followed the advice of this intelligent friend, and ſoon arrived at the end of my journey, aſhamed and vexed at the ingratitude I had been guilty of in abuſing ſo ſerviceable a guide.

If a man reflects ſeriouſly with himſelf, as I did then, he will find that Poſts are very far from being ſo ſtupid as they are imagined to be. I may ſafely venture to aſſert, that they have all negative wiſdom. They neither ruin their fortunes by gaming, nor their conſtitutions by drinking. They keep no bad company; they never interfere either in matters of party or religion; and ſeem entirely unconcerned about who is in favour at court, or who out. Though I cannot ſay that their courage is great, they never ſuffer themſelves to be affronted unrevenged; for they are always upon the defenſive, though they ſeldom give the challenge. Drunkards they have a particular averſion to; nor is it uncommon for a man, though the fumes of wine may have made him inſenſible at night, to feel the effects of their reſentment in the morning. In ſhort, they ſeem devoted to the ſervice of mankind; ſleeping neither day nor night, nor ever deſerting the ſtation which is aſſigned them. One thing I own may be juſtly laid to their charge, which is, that they are often guilty of cruel behaviour to the blind; though I think they amply repay it, by lending ſupport to the lame.

I could enumerate ſeveral ſorts of Poſts, which are of infinite ſervice; ſuch as the Mill-poſt, the Whipping-poſt, the Sign-poſt, and many others: I ſhall at preſent content myſelf with making a few obſervations on the two laſt, the Whipping-poſt and the Sign-poſt.

If to put in execution the laws of the land be of any ſervice to the nation, which few I think will deny, the benefit of the Whipping-poſt muſt be very apparent, as being a neceſſary inſtrument of ſuch an execution. Indeed, the ſervice it does to a country place is inconceivable. I myſelf knew a man who had proceeded ſo far as to lay his hand upon a ſilver ſpoon, with a deſign to make it his own; but, upon looking round, and ſeeing a Whipping-poſt in his way, he deſiſted from the theft: whether he ſuſpected that the Poſt would impeach him or not, I will not pretend to determine; ſome folks were of opinion, that he was afraid of a *Habeas Corpus*. It is likewiſe an infallible remedy for all lewd and diſorderly behaviour, which the chairman at ſeſſions generally employs it to reſtrain. Nor is it leſs beneficial to the honeſt part of mankind, than the diſhoneſt: for though it lies immediately in the high road to the gallows, it has ſtopped many an adventurous young man in his progreſs thither.

But of the whole family of the Poſts, I know none more ſerviceable than a Sign-

Sign-poſt; which, like a bill of fare to an entertainment, always ſtands ready without door, to inform you what you are to expect within. The intent of this has been very much perverted, and accordingly taken notice of by your predeceſſor the Spectator. He was for prohibiting the carpenter the uſe of any ſign but his ſaw; and the ſhoe-maker, but his boot; and with great propriety; for the proverb ſays, *Ne ſutor ultrà crepidam.* And indeed it is reaſonable 'every ſhop ſhould have a ſign that 'bears ſome affinity to the wares in 'which it deals:' for, otherwiſe, a ſtranger may call for a yard of cloth at a bookſeller's, or the laſt World at a linen-draper's. But when theſe things are adjuſted, nothing can be of greater ſervice than a Sign-poſt; inaſmuch as it inſtructs a man, provided he has money in his pocket, how he may ſupply all his wants; and often directs the hungry traveller to the agreeable perfumes of a ſavoury kitchen: from whence it is imagined that the common expreſſion comes, of ſmelling a Poſt.

Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you ſee how much we are indebted to theſe ſervicable things, called Poſts; and I think it would be a great inſtance of your goodneſs, to endeavour to correct the world's ingratitude to them; ſince it is grown ſo very notorious, that I have known ſeveral, who owe all they have to a Poſt, induſtrious to undervalue it's dignity, and make it's character appear ridiculous. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

W. R.

N. B. All Poſts of honour, Poſts in war, letter Poſts, and Poſt the Latin prepoſition, though they ſpell their names in the ſame manner, are of a quite different family; nor do I undertake to plead in their behalf, knowing that moſt of them are in too flouriſhing a condition to ſtand in need of an advocate.

N° XLVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

'WHEN a rich man ſpeaketh,' ſays the ſon of Sirach, 'every 'man holdeth his tongue; and lo! 'what he ſayeth is extolled to the 'clouds: but if a poor man ſpeak, they 'ſay—" What fellow is this?" I had a mortifying opportunity yeſterday of experiencing the truth of this obſervation.

It is not material that I ſhould tell you who or what I am; it will be enough to ſay, that though I dine every day, and always make my appearance in a clean ſhirt, I have no thoughts of offering myſelf as a candidate for a borough at the next general election; nor am I quite ſo rich as a certain man of faſhion, who took ſuch a fancy to me this ſummer in the country, as hardly to be eaſy out of my company.

This great perſon came to town laſt week for the winter, whither I was called upon buſineſs ſoon after; and having received a general invitation to his table, I went yeſterday to dine with him. Upon my being ſhewn into the parlour, I found him ſitting with two young gentlemen, who, as I afterwards learnt, were perſons of great quality, and who, before I was bid to ſit down, entered into a ſhort whiſper with my friend, which concluded with a broad ſtare in my face, and the words—'I thought 'ſo,' uttered with a careleſs contempt, loud enough for me to hear.

I was a little diſconcerted at this behaviour, but was in ſome meaſure relieved by a meſſage a few minutes after, that dinner was upon the table. We were ſoon ſeated according to form; and as the converſation was upon general ſubjects, or rather upon no ſubject at all, and as the having ſomething to ſay enables a man to ſit eaſier in his chair, I now and then attempted to put in a word, but I found I had not the good fortune to make myſelf heard. The playhouſes happening to be mentioned, I aſked very reſpectfully if any thing new was to be exhibited this ſeaſon? Upon which it was obſerved, that the winter was come in upon us all at once, and that there had been ice in Hyde Park of near half an inch thick. Upon my friend's taking notice that there had been a very great court that morning, I took occaſion to enquire how the king did? when-

it was immediately remarked, that the opera this season would certainly be a very grand one. As I was a proficient in music, and a friend to the Italian opera, I hoped to be attended to, by saying something in favour of so elegant an entertainment; but before I had proceeded through half a sentence, the conversation took another turn, and it was unanimously agreed, that my Lord Somebody's Greenland dog was the finest of the kind ever seen in England. It was now high time for me to have done; I therefore contented myself with playing the dumb man till the cloth was removed, and then took my leave.

At my return to my lodgings, I could not help thinking that it was not absolutely impossible for great men to be very ill bred; but however that matter may be, I shall eat my dinner at the chop-house to-day, notwithstanding I have just received a card from my friend, to tell me, that he dines alone, and shall be quite unhappy without me. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

F. B.

BATH, OCTOBER THE 29th, 1753.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AMONG the many inventions of this wise and polite age, I look upon the *art of not knowing people* to be one of the greatest. But for fear the term should be a little too technical for many of your readers, I shall explain it at large. What I mean is, that persons of distinction shall meet their inferiors in public places, and either walk, sit, or stand, close at their elbows, without having the least recollection of them; whom, but a week or a day before, they have been particularly intimate with, and for whom they have professed the most affectionate regard. As you have taken no notice of this art, in all probability the professors of it have escaped you; but as I have lately been the subject of it's fullest exertion, I beg leave to trouble you with a few words upon the occasion.

I am a clergyman of some fortune, though no preferment; and knowing that I had many friends at the Bath this season, I came hither last week to enjoy the pleasure of their conversation. The morning after my arrival, I took a walk to the pump-room, where I had the honour of seeing a noble lord, a baronet, and some ladies of quality, with whom I was very well acquainted; but, to my great surprize, though I stood at the distance of only two or three yards from them, I did not perceive that any one of them knew me. I have dined several times with his lordship, have frequently drank tea with the ladies, and spent two months this summer with the baronet, and yet am throwing myself in their way every morning, am sitting next them in the rooms every evening, nay, playing at cards with them at the same table, without their having the least remembrance of me. There is also a very genteel family in the place, in which I have been so extremely intimate, that, according to the song—

I have drank with the father, have talk'd with the mother;
Have romp'd with the sister, and gam'd with the brother;

but, for what reason I know not, unless it be in imitation of the lords and ladies above mentioned, with whom they happen to be acquainted, I do not find that any one of them has the least knowledge of me.

I have looked in the glass above a hundred times, from a suspicion that my face must have undergone some extraordinary change, to occasion this total want of recollection in my friends; but I have the satisfaction to find that my eyes, nose, and mouth, are not only remaining, but they stand, as near as I can guess, in the very individual places, as when my friends knew me; and that their forgetfulness is altogether owing to this new-invented art; an art which, it seems, none but persons of fashion, or a few very genteel people who have studied under them, can make themselves masters of. But it is an art that will undo me, if a living which my friend the noble lord has been so good as to assure me of, should happen to become void while I am in this place; for how can I suppose that his lordship will give that to an entire stranger, which he has so long ago promised to an intimate acquaintance: I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

I have taken the first opportunity of publishing these letters, not from a conviction that the writers of them have any cause of complaint, but from a desire of removing false prejudices, and of doing

justice

justice to the character of great people. As for the son of Sirach, whom the first of my correspondents has thought proper to quote, every body knows that his writings are apocryphal; and as to the matter complained of, namely, that a private man cannot make himself heard among lords and great folks, it is the fault of nature, who, it is well known, has formed the ears of persons of quality only for hearing one another. My other correspondent, who is piqued at not being known, is equally unreasonable; for he cannot but have observed at the play-houses and other public places, from the number of glasses used by people of fashion, that they are naturally short-sighted. It is from this visual defect, that a great man is apt to mistake fortune for honour, a service of plate for a good name, and his neighbour's wife for his own. His memory is in many instances as defective as his sight. Benefits, promises, and payment of debts, are things that he is extremely liable to forget. How, then, is it to be wondered at that he should forget an acquaintance? But I have always observed that there is a propensity in little people to speak evil of dignities; and that where real errors are wanting, (which is the case at present) they will throw out their invectives against natural defects, and quarrel with the deaf for not hearing them, and with the blind for not seeing them.

I could go near to write a whole paragraph in praise of great men, if I was not restrained by the consideration, that of all things in the world they hate flattery.

No XLVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

SIR,

DIM-SIGHTED as I am, my spectacles have assisted me sufficiently to read your papers. Permit me, as a recompence for the pleasure I have received from them, to send you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq. and I am the grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, of Pumpkin Hall in South Wales. I was educated, with my two elder sisters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the hall-house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to summon his three grand-daughters to his bed-side, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illustrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without some degree of vanity, but always with a strict adherence to truth. He told us, he hoped we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

Sir Josiah was scarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the Second, by his uncle Sir Simon Sparrowgrass, who was at that time Lancaster Herald at Arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he had kissed the king's hand, he was presented to the Duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers, and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners, which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure, and expence, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses in every tavern throughout London. But still he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a DUEL. He was so extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happiness of a Rencounter. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate Pumpkin, till he had shewn himself as expert in opening a vein with a sword, as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was near two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better stars

prevailed, and he received a moſt egregious affront from Mr. Cucumber, one of the gentlemen-uſhers of the Privy-chamber. Cucumber, who was in waiting at court, ſpit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he ſtood next to Sir Joſiah Pumpkin, part of the ſpittle reſted upon Sir Joſiah's ſhoe. It was then that the true Pumpkin honour aroſe in bluſhes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and ſent Mr. Cucumber a challenge. Captain Daiſy, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjuſted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor Fields, and to bring fifteen ſeconds on a ſide. Punctuality is a ſtrong inſtance of valour upon theſe occaſions. The clock of St. Paul's ſtruck ſeven, juſt when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two-and-thirty gentlemen was adjuſting himſelf into a poſture of defence againſt his adverſary. It happened to be the hour for breakfaſt in the hoſpital of Bedlam. A ſmall bell had rung to ſummon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, Owen Macduffy, ſtanding at the iron-gate, and beholding ſuch a number of armed men in the midſt of the fields, immediately roared out—'Fire! murder! ſwords! daggers! 'bloodſhed!' Owen's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it ſtill louder and more tremendous. His words ſtruck a panic into the keepers; they loſt all preſence of mind; they forgot their priſoners, and haſtened moſt precipitately down ſtairs to the ſcene of action. At the ſight of naked ſwords, their fears increaſed, and at once they ſtood open-mouthed and motionleſs. Not ſo the lunaties; freedom to madmen, and light to the blind, are equally rapturous. Ralph Rogers the tinker began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the Reſtoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious ſet of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cried out—'Liberty and pro-'perty, my boys! down with the Rump! 'Cromwell and Ireton are come from 'hell to deſtroy us. Come, my cava-'lier lads, follow me, and let us knock 'out their brains!' The Bedlamites immediately obeyed; and, with the tinker at their head, leaped over the balliſters of the ſtair-caſe, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up ſome ſtaves and cudgels, which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and ruſhing forward with amazing fury, they forced themſelves outrageouſly into the midſt of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment deſtroyed all the decency and order with which this moſt illuſtrious duel had begun.

It ſeemed, according to my grandfather's obſervation, a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune, and quality, ſhould meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that reſolution and politeneſs which belonged to their ſtations, and ſhould at once be routed, diſperſed, and even wounded, by a ſet of madmen, without ſword, piſtol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The madmen were not only ſuperior in ſtrength, but numbers. Sir Joſiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucumber ſtood their ground as long as poſſible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the ſole objects of their mutual revenge; but the two friends were ſoon overpowered; and no perſon daring to come to their aſſiſtance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumſtances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generoſity would never name, betook themſelves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's ſon was ſpied clinging ſubmiſſively round the feet of mad Pocklington the taylor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himſelf at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple-ſtall. A Shropſhire ſquire, of three thouſand pounds a year, was diſcovered chin-deep, and almoſt ſtifled, in Fleet-ditch. Even Captain Daiſy himſelf was found in a milk-cellar, with viſible marks of fear and conſternation. Thus ended this inauſpicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offenſive pranks throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter; and my grandfather himſelf had the misfortune

misfortune to see mad Rogers come into the Queen's drawing-room, and spit in a duchess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that, from that time, six combatants (three on a side) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four; two principals and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best-beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that they had no manner of quarrel to each other; for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into too great a length of letter, I shall not mention some curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr. Solomon Muzzy, of whom I am the unfortunate and mournful relict. But I have at least the honour and consolation to be, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

MARY MUZZY.

N° XLVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1753.

THOUGH the demand for this paper has more than answered my expectations, yet the profits arising from it have not been so immense as to enable me at this present time to set up the one-horse chair which I promised myself at first setting out. For which reason, and for certain private objections, which I cannot help making to a post-chaise or a hired chariot, when I am inclined to make an excursion into the country, I either travel on foot, or, if the distance or the weather should make it necessary, I take my place in that sociable and communicative vehicle called a stage-coach. Happy is the man, who without any laboured designs of his own, finds his very wants to be productive of his conveniencies! This man am I; having met with certain characters and adventures upon these rambles, that have contributed more to the enriching my stock of hints towards carrying on this work, than would have ever presented themselves, had I drove along the road admiring the splendour of my own equipage, or lolled at my ease in the hired one of another.

Many of these characters and adventures had appeared before now in these essays, if the desire of obliging my correspondents, assisted by a modesty peculiar to myself, that of thinking the productions of others to be almost as valuable as my own, had not inclined me (if I may use the language of traffic) to turn factor for my friends, and to trade by commission, rather than to do business entirely on my own account. And in carrying on this commerce, I have consulted the satisfaction of my customers, as well as my own interest: for though I do not pretend to so much humility as absolutely to allow that any other trader can send such goods to market as my own, or, to drop the allusion, that there is a man now living who can write so wittily, so wisely, and so learnedly, as myself; yet the productions of many will probably have more variety than those of a single person, even though that single person should be myself. But I have still a stronger reason for giving place to correspondents; it is the strong propensity which I have always found in my nature to communicate happiness. Every body knows, at least every writer, with what infinite satisfaction a man sees himself in print. For my own part, I shall never forget the flutterings and heart-beatings I felt upon the honour that was done me many years ago by the author of the Gentleman's Magazine, in publishing a song to Cælia, which was the first of my compositions. Indeed, there was a small inconvenience attending the pleasure at that particular time; for as my finances were a little low, I almost ruined myself by the many repeated half-dozens which I bought of that magazine to distribute among my friends for their wonder and admiration,

admiration. And hence, if I was in haſte to ſet up an equipage, would ariſe another motive to the inſerting the letters of correſpondents; but as every pecuniary conſideration is of ſmall weight, when compared with the pleaſure of communicating happineſs, I have given it but little of my attention. One thing I muſt requeſt of my readers before I have done entirely with this ſubject; which is, that if it ſhould enter into their heads that I have laid before them a dull paper, they will pleaſe to impute it to the abundance of my good-nature, and not to any lazineſs in my diſpoſition, or deficiency in my judgment.

But to return to my country excurſions. I was coming to town from one of them this week in the Windſor ſtage-coach, which, as we paſſed through Brentford, ſtopped to take up two of the fair-ſex, inhabitants of that genteel place, one of them at a collar-maker's, and the other at a breeches-maker's. The collar-maker's lady, who was a perſon of very fine breeding, wiſhed the breeches-maker's lady joy of her coming abroad after her lying-in, and excuſed herſelf by illneſs for not having waited upon her on the occaſion: to which the breeches-maker's lady anſwered, in the politeſt manner imaginable, that ſhe ſhould have been extremely glad to have ſeen her, but that ſhe ſent cards to none of her acquaintance, as indeed there was no occaſion; for that, excepting herſelf, (meaning the collar-maker's lady) ſhe had been viſited at her ſitting up by all the Quality of Brentford.

The Quality of Brentford fixed my attention to theſe ladies; and during ſo ſhort a journey as to Hyde Park Corner, where I made my compliments of departure, I acquired ſo much knowledge in the affairs of Child-birth, in Thruſhes, Red-gums, and the management of the month, that I ſhould hardly decline a debate upon thoſe ſubjects with the moſt experienced nurſe at the Lying-in-hoſpital in Brownlow Street.

As there are few circumſtances too trivial to furniſh uſeful hints to a conſiderate mind, at my return to my lodgings, I could not help looking upon this boaſt of the breeches-maker's wife, concerning the number and grandeur of her viſitors, namely, that they were All the Quality of Brentford, to be exactly of a piece with the vanity that poſſeſſes almoſt every individual of mankind.

To mention a ſtage-coach once more; who is there that has travelled in one, but muſt have heard it obſerved by the moſt ordinary of the paſſengers, that this was the firſt time in their lives that they had ever ſuffered themſelves to be crouded into ſo mean a carriage? For my own part, I have always remarked it, that within half a dozen miles of the end of our journey, if there has been a fine-ſpoken lady in the coach, though but a country ſhop-keeper's wife, who imagined herſelf a ſtranger to the company, ſhe has expreſſed great anger and aſtoniſhment at not ſeeing the chaiſe, the chariot, or the coach, coming to meet her on the road. To what is this vanity owing, but to the deſire of being thought in her own perſon one of the Quality of Brentford?

If we look into the city, and obſerve the eating and drinking of almoſt every common tradeſman; the ſtrut of the huſband in his gown and hood upon a lord-mayor's-day; the extravagance of the wife in dreſs, furniture, and ſervants; their parties to Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells; their viſits and entertainments; the queſtion will occur, Whence are all theſe vanities, but to be ſeen by the Quality of Brentford?

The fine gentleman, whoſe lodgings no one is acquainted with; whoſe dinner is ſerved up under cover of a pewter plate from the cook's ſhop in Porridge Iſland; and whoſe annuity of a hundred pounds is made to ſupply a laced ſuit every year, and a chair every evening to a rout; returns to his bed-room on foot, and goes ſhivering and ſupperleſs to reſt, for the pleaſure of appearing among people of equal importance with the Quality of Brentford.

The confectioner's wife, who lights up her rooms with wax candles, and pays for them with the card-money; who borrows chairs, tables, and ſervants, of her neighbours; who ſweats under the fatigue of doing the honours of her houſe, and who is almoſt ſtifled to death by the mob ſhe has invited; has no other gratification from her folly than the idle boaſt of having brought together to her rout All the Quality of Brentford.

But

But to take characters in the groupe, why is every ordinary mechanic, every pettifogging attorney, every clerk in an office, every painter, player, poet, and muſician; or, in ſhort, why is almoſt every man one knows, making a ſhow beyond his income, but from a deſire of being ranked among the Quality of Brentford?

I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſhort letter, which I received two days ago from a correſpondent, who, if I can form any judgment of his rank by his manner of writing, muſt be one of the Quality of Brentford.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am no enemy to humour and iconv, and all that; but I cannot help thinking that you muſt have ſpent the chief part of your time among low people; and this is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of moſt of the perſons of quality with whom I converſe. If you are really acquainted with the manners of upper life, be ſo good as to convince us of it, by copying it's language, and drawing your future characters from that inexhauſtible ſource of politeneſs and entertainment. I am, your friend and well-wiſher,

Z.

Nº XLIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1753.

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am neither four nor ſilly enough yet, to be a ſnarling *laudator temporis acti*, and to hate or deſpiſe the preſent age becauſe it *is* the preſent. I cannot, like many of my cotemporaries, rail at the *wonderful degeneracy* and *corruption of theſe times*; nor, by ſneering compliments to the *ingenious*, the *ſagacious*, Moderns, intimate that they have not common ſenſe. I really do not think that the preſent age is marked out by any new and diſtinguiſhed vices and follies unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am apt to ſuſpect that human nature was always very like what it is at this day; and that men, from the time of my great progenitors down to this moment, have always had in them the ſame ſeeds of virtue and vice, wiſdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, from climate, education, and a thouſand other conſpiring cauſes.

Perhaps this uncommon good-humour and indulgence of mine to my cotemporaries, may be owing to the natural benignity of my conſtitution, in which I can diſcover no particles of envy or ill-nature, even to my rivals, both in fame and profit, the weekly writers; or perhaps to the ſuperiority of my parts, which every body muſt acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean ſentiments of envy and jealouſy. But whatever may be the true cauſe, which probably neither my readers nor I ſhall ever diſcover with preciſion, this at leaſt is certain, that the preſent age has not only the honour and pleaſure of being extremely well with me, but, if I dare ſay ſo, better than any that I have yet either heard or read of. Both vices and virtues are ſmoothed and ſoftened by manners; and though they exiſt as they ever have done, yet the former are become leſs barbarous, and the latter leſs rough; inſomuch, that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the good fortune to live in this age, independently of that intereſted conſideration, that it is rather better to be ſtill alive than only to have lived.

This my benevolence to my countrymen and cotemporaries ought to be eſteemed ſtill the more meritorious in me, when I ſhall make it appear that no man's merit has been leſs attended to, or rewarded, than mine: and nothing produces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence, ſo much as neglected and unrewarded merit.

The utility of my weekly labours is evident; and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may ſay it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the underſtanding, and pleaſe the fancy. Notwithſtanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thouſand of them a week. Though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of the inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thouſand of them, ſuppoſing only five perſons, and one paper to each family; and allowing ſeven millions of ſouls in the reſt of the kingdom, I may modeſtly ſay, that one million more of them

them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit arising from the sale of twelve hundred thousand papers, would be some encouragement to me to continue these my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I have not yet had the least intimation from the ministers, that they have any thoughts of calling me to their assistance, and giving me some considerable employment of honour and profit: and having had no such intimations, I am justly apprehensive that They have no such intentions. Such intimations being always long previous to the performance, often to the intentions.

Nor have I been invited, as I confess I expected to be, by any considerable borough or county to represent them in the next parliament, and to defend their liberties, and the Christian religion, against the ministers and the Jews. But I think I can account for this seeming slight, without mortification to my vanity and self-love; my name being a Pentateuch name, which, in these suspicious and doubtful times, savours too strongly of Judaism; though, upon the faith of a Christian, I have not the least tendency to it; and I must do Mrs. Fitz-Adam (who I own has some influence over me) the justice to say, that she has the utmost horror for those sanguinary rites and ceremonies.

Notwithstanding all this ill usage, (for every man may be justly said to be ill used, who is not rewarded according to his own estimation of his own merit) which I feel and lament, I cannot, however, call the present age names, and brand it with degeneracy. Nature, as I have already observed, being always the same, modes only varying. With modes, the signification of words also varies; and in the course of those variations, convey ideas very different from those which they were originally intended to express. I could give numberless instances of this kind; but at present I shall content myself with this single one.

The word HONOUR, in it's proper signification, doubtless implies, the united sentiments of virtue, truth, and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond those mere moral obligations which the laws require, or can punish the violation of. A true Man of Honour will not content himself with the literal discharge of the duties of a man and a citizen; he raises and dignifies them into magnanimity. He gives where he may with justice refuse; he forgives where he may with justice resent; and his whole conduct is directed by the noble sentiments of his own unvitiated heart; surer and more scrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which being calculated for the generality of mankind, must necessarily be more a restraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But these extensive and compound notions of Honour have been long contracted, and reduced to the single one of personal courage. Among the Romans, Honour meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the service, whether just or unjust, of their country. Their successors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, simplified those of Honour, and reduced them to this plain and single one, of fighting for fighting's sake, upon any, or all, no matter what, occasions.

Our present mode of Honour is something more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I shall now give of a fashionable Man of Honour.

A Gentleman *, which is now the genteel synonymous term for a Man of Honour, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for and rather desirous of a single combat. And if by a proper degree of wrongheadedness he provokes it, he is only so much the more jealous of his Honour, and more of a Gentleman.

He may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected nor accused of it: for it is not the lye he tells, but the lye he is told of, that dishonours him. In that case he demonstrates his veracity by his sword or his pistol, and either kills or is killed with the greatest honour.

He may abuse and starve his own wife, daughters, or sisters, and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate Honour: because,

* A Gentleman, is every man who, with a tolerable suit of cloaths, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, swears with energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who presumes to say the contrary.

as Sir John Brute very justly observes, *he wears a sword.*

By the laws of Honour he is not obliged to pay his servants or his tradesmen; for as they are a pack of scoundrels, they cannot without insolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he must punctually pay his gaming-debts to the sharpers who have cheated him; for those debts are really debts of Honour.

He lies under one disagreeable restraint; for he must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match; but then he may with great Honour defraud in an office, or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with Honour, but even with some degree of Lustre, be in the same session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best measures; and a servile courtier, promoting the worst; provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion: for in that case the point of Honour turns singly upon the *quantum.*

From these premises, which the more they are considered the truer they will be found, it appears, that there are but two things which a man of the nicest Honour may not do, which are declining single combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that Virtue should be so difficult; and Honour, it's superior, so easy to attain to.

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or asking their meaning. Even the philosophical and religious controversies, for the last three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unascertained and misunderstood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adapt, and use words, in the signification of the day; not having leisure nor inclination to examine and analyse them: and thus often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors which the abuse of them both occasions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be Men of Honour upon these mistaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and success in the world! I could heartily wish that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours, upon the stage, this modish character of a Man of Honour, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences would be more numerous, and his matter more attended to. Besides—

Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

P. S. To prevent mistakes, I must observe that there is a great difference between a Man of Honour and a Person of Honour. By Persons of Honour were meant, in the latter end of the last century, bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but just not fools enough to prefix their names in great letters to the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even the plays, with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or to eclipse our performances by the distinguished and superior excellency and lustre of theirs, the meaning at present of a Person of Honour, is reduced to the Simple idea of a Person of Illustrious Birth.

No L. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1753.

ET QUÆ TANTA FUIT ROMAM TIBI CAUSA VIDENDI?
VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a conſtant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing ſome new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I intereſt myſelf, perhaps, to a degree of enthuſiaſm, and have always a thouſand reaſons for not leaving it a ſingle day; yet I cannot help ſtill accoſting my friends, upon their firſt arrival from the country, with the uſual queſtion at this time of the year—'Well, Sir, what 'brings you to town?' The anſwer has always varied according to the circumſtances of the perſon aſked—'To ſee 'the new bridge; to put a ſon to Weſt-'minſter; the inns of court, the army, '&c. To hear the new opera; to look 'out for a wife; to be in fortune's way 'at the drawing of the lottery; to print 'a ſermon; a novel; the ſtate of the 'nation, &c. &c. to kiſs hands for 'an employment; to be elected Fellow 'of the Royal Society; to conſult Doc-'tor Ward; to be witneſs for Mrs. 'Squires.' In ſhort, the reaſons given are infinite; and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I muſt obſerve, that the moſt general motive of the men has been to buy ſomething they wanted, and of the ladies to buy ſomething they did not want.

This year, indeed, that general reaſon has given place to another, which is not only general but univerſal; for now, aſk whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muſcles into a moſt devout gravity, and with an important ſolemnity anſwers you—'To repeal the 'Jew bill.' This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no leſs warm or univerſal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier, who aſked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was ſtarving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expreſſed to him my ſurprize that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid ſo little regard to the antiquity of his houſe, or the length of his pedigree; and deſired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately ſwelled with all the pride of his anceſtors, put his arms a-kimbow, and anſwered—'To pull down the French 'king.'

But the worſt reaſon for coming to London that I ever heard in my life, was given me laſt night at a viſit by a young lady of the moſt graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, To have her ſhape altered to the modern faſhion: that is to ſay, to have her breaſts compreſſed by a flat, ſtrait line, which is to extend croſs-wiſe from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, and alſo to deſcend, ſtill in a ſtrait line, in ſuch a manner that you ſhall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the uſual tapering of the waiſt. I proteſt, when I ſaw the beautiful figure that was to be ſo deformed by the ſtay-maker, I was as much ſhocked as if I had been told that ſhe was come to deliver up thoſe animated KNOWLS of beauty to the ſurgeon.—I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furniſhes the moſt pregnant and exalted expreſſions of any ſcience in being. And this brings to my mind the only inſtance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us ſuppoſe Mr. Browne ſhould, in any one of the many Elyſiums he has made, ſee the old terraſſes riſe again and maſk his undulating knowls, or ſtraight rows of cut trees obſcure his nobleſt configurations of ſcenery. When Lord Burlington ſaw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been deſtroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following exclamation—'When the Jews ſaw the ſe-'cond temple, they wept.' I own (though no Jew) I did the ſame, when I heard that the moſt beauteous remain of Nature's architecture was ſo ſoon to be deſtroyed; and could not help reciting thoſe once-admired lines in the Henry and Emma—

No

No longer shall the BODDICE, aptly lac'd,
From thy FULL BOSOM to thy SLENDER WAIST,
That air and HARMONY of SHAPE expres's,
FINE by DEGREES, and BEAUTIFULLY LESS;
——————An horseman's coat shall hide
The TAPER shape and COMELINESS of SIDE.

Observe the force of every word; and, as a testimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expression, Comelineſs of Side, the nicest observer of our times, who is now publishing a most rational Analysis of Beauty, has chosen for the principal illustration of it, a pair of stays, such as would fit the shape described by the judicious poet; and has also shewn, by drawings of other stays, that every minute deviation from the first pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every grosser alteration a deformity.

I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within these few days to publish a treatise on Deformity. If he means artificial, as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleases. A few books of travels will furnish him with abundant instances of head-moulders, face-squeezers, nose-pairers, ear-stretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth stainers, breast-cutters, foot-swathers, &c. &c. all modelled by fashion, none by taste. Whenever taste or sense shall interpose to amend, by a slight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may see by a single instance how it is likely to be received.

A country family, whose *reason for coming to London*, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That skilful artist, soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which to a common observer obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat, with spaniels, or in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog—

Os homini sublime dedit.

he gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. I met the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and I found Sir Godfrey in a most violent rage above. 'Look there,' says he, pointing to the picture, 'there 'is a fellow! I have put some sense in 'him, and none of his family know 'him.'

Sir Godfrey's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted—'It is pity, Sir Godfrey, 'that you had not been consulted at 'the creation.' Sir Godfrey threw his eyes strong upon Pope's shoulders, and answered—'Really I should have made 'SOME things better.' But the punishment for this profaneness pursued our Wit still further.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was—'God mend me!' One day, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used this expression. 'Mend 'You!' says the coachman; 'it would 'not be half the trouble to make a new 'one.' If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, I could heartily wish that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themselves properly to pursue all human means for the due accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable, inasmuch as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeness, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words—'Sacrifice to the Graces.' And I hope the sex will consider how great a blemish it will be to the present age, if the painter or historian should declare to posterity, that the ladies of these times were never known to sacrifice to any god but Fashion.

To conclude the history of my unhappy visit. I must confess I was provoked beyond all patience, reserve, or good-breeding; and very rudely flung out of the room, having first told the lady she need not have given herself the trouble of a *journey to London*, for I would answer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somersetshire stay-maker, were sufficient to dress her in

the most elegant taste of the modern fashion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put her in a way that she could not possibly dress out of it. I am, as a lover of elegance, your admirer and humble servant.

Nº LI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1753.

QUOD MEDICORUM EST,
PROMITTUNT MEDICI: TRACTANT FABRILIA FABRI.
HOR.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleasing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be pursued in such a manner as to make the most active and varied life a tiresome sameness. To illustrate this seeming paradox, I shall relate what I learned from an humble companion of a gentleman of vast spirits, (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has shewn his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. The active gentleman, it seems, proposed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from house to house, and from garden to garden; which indeed they did in so expeditious a manner, *not to lose time*, that they did not allow the least portion of it for the objects they saw to make any impression on their memories. In the hottest weather they never walked under the shade of the plantations they so much admired and came on purpose to see; but crossed the scorching lawn for the nearest way to the building they would not rest in, or the water they refused to be rowed upon. Thus they FLEW through the countries and gardens they went to SEE, with as much fatigue, and not more observation, than a post-horse in his stage; and this for the pleasure of VARIETY, and the advantage of IMPROVEMENT.

In what respect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who seeks a Variety of Acquaintance? The consequence must be exactly the same; viz. use and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to see one of this turn eagerly following, or boasting of his acquaintance with the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the seaman, the soldier, the musician, the jockey, would naturally suppose he was generally talking with those gentlemen in the several sciences they respectively excelled in. No. This is the only discourse which he studies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this strange absurdity, I would just observe, that the persons I am speaking of are of a very different character from those who, from a mere principle of vanity, are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the slightest grounds, men of high birth and station, and who always bring to my mind Justice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never saw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the question is that character who, from a love of talking, avoids the company where his news has been already published, and dreads the man who is better heard than himself on general topics.

Ignorance and an Imbecillity of Attention, if I may be allowed the expression, are the most probable causes of this inconsistent behaviour. To avoid metaphysical disquisitions, let us try if we can set our judgments by comparison. Men of the weakest stomachs are very solicitous of the greatest variety of dishes and the highest sauces, which they constantly reject upon tasting, being, as they confess, too strong for them, though the objects of their desire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is also observable, that when gentlemen, after a certain age, devote themselves to the fair-sex, they generally pursue with more fervour, and always express themselves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, so long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer prospect of success soon discovers the difference between natural heat, and the delusion of false desire and imaginary passion. The sportsman cannot be more apprehensive and concerned for the death of the hare he wishes to save, than the old gallant is at the approaching

opportunity

opportunity of accomplishing his desires, which if he obtain, I am afraid he will sing no other *Te Deum* than that of Pyrrhus—'Such another victory will 'ruin me.'

——*Animasque in vulnere ponunt*

was a famous quotation of Doctor Bentley's on the sudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have seen this subject touched upon by any writer, ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into measure.

YE sages, say, who know mankind,
Whence, to their real profit blind,
All leave those fields which might produce
Fit game for pastime or for use?
The well-stor'd warren they forsake,
And love to beat the barren brake:
Sooner their pleasures will avoid,
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.
Damœtas ever is afraid
Lest merchants should discourse on trade:
And yet of commerce will enquire,
When drinking with a country squire.
Of ladies he will ask how soon
They think Count Saxe can take a town;
Or whether France or Spain will treat:
But, if the brigadier he meet,
He questions Him about the sum
He won or lost at last night's drum.
Or, if some minister of state
Will deign to talk of Europe's fate,
Th' important topic he declines,
To prate of soups, ragouts, and wines;
Yet he, at Helluo's board, can fix
On no discourse but politics.
Once were the linguist, and the bard,
The objects of his chief regard;
Now, with expressive shrugs and looks,
He flies the haunts of men of books:
Yet o'er his cups will condescend
To toast the prebend for his friend:
For depth of reading tell his merit,
Extol his stile for force and spirit.
Ask where he preach'd, or what his text;
Enquire what work he'll publish next;
What depth of matter, how he treats it—
He can't be easy till he gets it.
Wet from the press 'tis sent him down,
Three days before 'tis on the town:
The title read, (for never more is)
Next having writ *ex don. authoris*,
He spends, at least, the time in finding
A place to suit it—size and binding,
As might have serv'd, if well directed,
To read the volume thus neglected.
When last with Atticus I din'd,
Damœtas there I chanc'd to find,
Who straight addres'd me with complaint
How Pollio talk'd of the Levant;
And how he teaz'd him near an hour
With the Grand Signior and his pow'r:
Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
And what in Egypt still remain'd.
This talk Damœtas could not bear,
For Pollio had himself been there;
But from some fellow of a college
Would think the subjects worth his knowledge.
The table now remov'd, again
Began Damœtas to complain—
'I knew Eugenius in his prime,
'The best companion of his time:
'But since he's got to yonder board,
'You never hear him speak a word,
'But tiresome schemes of navigation,
'The built of vessels, and their station—
'Such stuff as spoils all conversation.'
'Good Atticus, repeat the verses,
'You lately said were made by Thyrsis.'
John at that instant introduces
This very servant of the Muses;
Damœtas starts, and in confusion,
Cursing the d——d ill-tim'd intrusion,
Whispers the servant in his ear—
'John, be so good to call a chair;'
And flies the spot, alarm'd with dread,
Lest Thyrsis should begin to read.
And yet, for all he holds this rule,
Damœtas is in fact no fool:
For he would hardly chuse a groom
To make his chairs or hang his room;
Nor with th' upholsterer discourse
About the glanders in his horse;
Nor send to buy his wife a tête
To Puddle-dock or Billingsgate;
Nor if in labour, spleen, or trance,
Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;
Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
To parish-church instead of White's;
Nor make his party or his bets
With those who never pay their debts;
Nor at dessert of wax and china
Neglect the eatables, if any,
To smell the chaplet in the middle,
Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.

N° LII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have been betrayed and ruined by the baſeſt of mankind. My father was a merchant of conſiderable note in this town; but, by unavoidable loſſes and misfortunes, he died two years ago, broken-hearted and inſolvent. I was his only child, and the delight of his life. My education, my dreſs, and manner of living, were ſuch as would hardly have diſcredited a young woman of faſhion. Alas! the dear parent, to whoſe fondneſs I was indebted for every advantage and enjoyment, intended to have given me a conſiderable fortune; but he died, as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a beggar from my cradle.

I was ignorant of his circumſtances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in it's full force till a month after his death, at which time his creditors entered upon his houſe, ſold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

In the days of my proſperity I had a maid-ſervant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom, upon her marriage with a reputable tradeſman, I gave a little portion of fifty pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumſtances, ſhe hired a large houſe near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her ſupport. It was to this woman that I flew for ſhelter; being no more than eighteen years of age, and, as my father uſed often to tell me, too handſome to have friends.

I do not mention this circumſtance, indeed I do not, as any thing to be vain of: Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very duſt; I only introduced it as the beſt excuſe I could think of for the unkindneſs of my acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite ſervant with great appearance of gratitude and eſteem. She ſeemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the gentlemen that lodged at her houſe, there was one whom ſhe uſed to talk of with great pleaſure. One day after I had lived with her about a week, ſhe told me that this gentleman had a great inclination to be known to me, and that, if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me that afternoon. She had hardly done ſpeaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom; but his genteel appearance and behaviour ſoon got the better of my reſentment, and made me liſten to his converſation with more than common attention. To be as ſhort as I can, this firſt viſit made me deſirous of a ſecond, that ſecond of a third, and the third of a thouſand more: all of which he ſeemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The houſe was ſo crouded with lodgers, that the miſtreſs of it had only one parlour for herſelf and me; and as ſhe had almoſt conſtant employment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the preſence of a third perſon did not hinder him from declaring the moſt tender and unalterable love for me; nor did it awe me from diſcovering how pleaſed and happy I was at the conqueſt I had made.

In this delightful ſituation near a twelvemonth paſſed away; during which time he would often lament his dependance upon an old uncle, who, he ſaid, would moſt aſſuredly diſinherit him, if he married a woman without a fortune.

I wanted no better reaſon for this delay; and was waiting for an event that promiſed me the poſſeſſion of all I wiſhed for, when my happineſs was interrupted by the moſt villainous contrivance that ever was heard of.

I had walked out one morning to buy ſome ſhades of ſilk, in order to finiſh the covering of a ſettee which I was working for my benefactreſs; and was returning home through a by-court, when, to my inexpreſſible ſurprize, I found myſelf ſtopt by two men, who, producing what they called a writ againſt me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed me, half dead with terror, to a wretched houſe whoſe windows were guarded with iron bars.

As

As soon as I had power to speak, I desired to know by whom and for what crime I was thus cruelly insulted. They shewed me without hesitation their authority: by which it appeared that the woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arrested for a debt of thirty pounds, which she had sworn I owed her for board and lodgings. 'It is impossible,' cried I; 'she cannot have 'served me so! There must be some 'mistake in this! Send for her this mo-'ment! I am sure it is a mistake!'— 'Very possible, Madam,' answered one of the fellows with a smile; 'but if you 'would take my advice, it should be to 'send for a gentleman instead of the 'plaintiff. A young lady like you, 'Madam, need not stay here for a debt 'of thirty pounds.'—'Go where I send 'you, Sir,' said I; 'tell her what has 'happened to me, and bid her hasten to 'me, if she would save my life.' The fellow shook his head as he went out, but promised to do as I directed. His companion asked me what I pleased to call for, and explained his meaning by telling me I was in a public house. I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it to me; he thanked me very civilly, and locking the door after him, left me to myself.

I had now a little leisure to reflect upon this adventure; but the more I thought of it, the greater was my perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable suspence for near an hour, when I heard the door open with some precipitation, and saw my lover enter the room with an astonishment not to be imagined. 'Good God!' said he, snatching me to his arms, 'is this an apartment for 'my charmer? That inhuman wo-'man!'—'What woman?' said I, interrupting him; 'can it be possible?'— 'She owns it herself,' answered he; 'this professing friend, this grateful 'servant, owns that she has arrested 'you.' I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myself as well as I could, I enquired into the motives of this woman's cruelty. 'Her mo-'tive,' he replied, 'was avarice; I had 'some words with her two days ago, 'and threatened her in jest that I would 'leave her lodgings. She thought me 'in earnest; and, believing I was soon 'to marry the angel whom I doated on, 'she determined to make what money 'she could of Me by arresting my sweet 'girl. She was not mistaken when she 'guessed with what haste I should dis-'charge the debt.—Here, Sir,' continued he, turning to the bailiff, 'is the 'full sum, and a gratuity for yourself. 'Come, Madam, let us exchange this 'detested place for apartments more 'worthy of you.'

The coach that brought him to my prison was at the door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a lace-shop upon Ludgate Hill. I remained in the coach while he stept into the shop, and continued for a minute or two in conversation with the mistress of it; when, returning to me with great chearfulness, he gave me joy of his success, and handed me up stairs into pleasant and convenient apartments. The exact order in which I found every thing in these apartments put me upon observing that the owner of them was a prophetess, and knew that I should have need of them that very morning. My lover made no answer to my remark; but straining me in his arms, and almost pressing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and bid me welcome to them as such. He then went down to order dinner and a bottle of Champaign from the tavern, and returned to me with so much love and joy in his looks, that I was charmed with him beyond expression. When dinner was removed, and the servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing things, and mingled such caresses with his words and looks, forcing upon me at the same time three or four glasses of a wine I was not used to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, consented to his desires, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

I lived in this guilty commerce till the effects of it made me apprehensive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often pressed him for the performance of his promises; and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that subject; but instead of listening to me, as I hoped he would, he called hastily for his sword, and took leave of me till the evening.

I expected his return with the utmost impatience. The evening came; another, and another after that; but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me, I received a visit from the mistress of the house, who,

who, to my great aſtoniſhment, addreſſed me in theſe words—

'I thought, Madam, at your entrance into this houſe, that you were a married woman. The lady who hired the lodgings for you two days before, gave me aſſurance that you were married.'—'What lady!' cried I. 'You amaze me! I heard not of theſe lodgings till I had taken poſſeſſion of them. Be quick and tell me who was this lady?'—'Alas!' anſwered my viſitor, 'I knew not till this morning that you were fallen into the ſnares of the worſt of women, and the moſt artful of men.' She ſaw my amazement; but deſiring my attention, proceeded thus—'As for the gentleman, (if he deſerves the name of one) you will never ſee him more.'—'How, Madam, never ſee him more!' interrupted I. My voice failed me as I uttered theſe words; and, leaning backwards in my chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my ſwoon, and then went on. 'He has juſt now ſent his ſervant to diſcharge the lodgings; of whom, when I enquired how you were to be taken care of in your approaching hour, his anſwer was, that he had no commiſſion to ſpeak to ſuch queſtions. Pray, Madam,' continued ſhe, 'is it true that you were arreſted in the ſtreet the morning of your entrance into theſe lodgings?' I told her Yes. 'The ſervant then is honeſt,' ſhe replied; 'he has given me your whole hiſtory. The contrivers of that arreſt were the woman where you lodged, and the villain whom you truſted. Their deſign was to fling you entirely into his power, that he might uſe it to your deſtruction. But do not deſpair, Madam,' added ſhe, ſeeing me in the utmoſt affliction; 'all women are not monſters. I have compaſſion upon your youth, and will aſſiſt you in your diſtreſſes. Theſe apartments are yours, till you deſire to reſign them: nor ſhall any thing be wanting that your ſituation ſhall require, or that a lady in happier circumſtances would wish to be provided with. And hereafter, if you ſhould chuſe to continue with me, and aſſiſt me in my buſineſs, I will look upon you as my daughter, and forget every thing which has befallen you.

Oppreſſed as I was with grief and ſhame, my heart bounded at this propoſal; I fell upon the neck of my benefactreſs, and bedewed it with my tears; telling her, as well as thoſe tears would permit me, that I was bound to her for ever, and would wiſh for no other happineſs than to love and pleaſe her.

Three months are paſt ſince I have been the mother of a ſweet boy: in all which time I have never ſeen (and I pray heartily that I never may ſee) his inhuman father. The generous woman, who ſupports me, is even kinder to me than her promiſe. She pays herſelf, ſhe ſays, in the comfortable thought, that ſhe has been an inſtrument in the hand of Heaven to ſave me from deſtruction. She told me yeſterday, that the ſtratagem by which this monſter got me into his power, with every particular of his behaviour to me before and after it, is his favourite ſubject in all companies. To deprive him therefore of his principal pleaſure, I have thought proper to take the ſtory out of his hands, by telling it myſelf.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

AMANDA.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

SIR,

I Take the liberty of prefixing your name to a volume of the World, as it gives me an opportunity, not only of making you my acknowledgments for the eſſays you have honoured me with, but alſo of informing the public to whom I have been obliged.

That you may read this addreſs without a bluſh, it ſhall have no flattery in it. To confeſs the truth, I mean to compliment myſelf; and I know not how to do it more effectually, than by thus ſignifying to my readers, that, in the conduct of this work, I have not been thought unworthy of your correſpondence.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE

WORLD.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Nº LIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

THERE are very few employments which require a greater degree of care and circumſpection than that of conducting a public paper. Double meanings are ſo much the delight of all converſations, that people ſeldom chuſe to take things in their obvious ſenſe; but are putting words and ſentences to the torture, to force confeſſions from them which their authors never meant, or if they had, would have deſerved a whipping for.

For this reaſon I take all the pains I can to be underſtood but one way. And indeed, were I to publiſh nothing in theſe papers but what I write myſelf, I ſhould be very little apprehenſive of double conſtructions. But, it ſeems, I have not been ſufficiently guarded againſt the ſubtilties of my correſpondents. Amanda's letter in my laſt paper has been diſcovered to be a manifeſt deſign to remove the lace-trade from Ludgate Hill to Duke's Court. Some people make no conſcience of declaring that I am the author of it myſelf, and that I received a conſiderable bribe for writing it. Others are of opinion that it is the production of a very pretty journey-woman in Duke's Court, who is entering into partnerſhip with her miſtreſs in the lace-trade, and has taken this method to bring cuſtom to the ſhop. But whoever is the writer of this letter, or whatever was the deſign of it, all people are agreed that the effect is certain; it being very obſervable that the virtuous women have been ſeen, for this week paſt, to croud to the lace-ſhops in Duke's Court, and that ſcarcely half a dozen of them have appeared upon Ludgate Hill ſince they were apprized by this paper that ſuch a perſon as Amanda was known to be houſed there.

From at leaſt half a dozen letters which I have received upon this occaſion, I ſhall only publiſh the two following.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Beg to be informed if the letter ſigned Amanda in your laſt paper be reality or invention. If reality, pleaſe to tell me at which of the lace-ſhops the creature lives, that I may avoid the odious ſight of her, and not be obliged to buy my laces of a milliner, or to murder my horſes by driving them upon every trifling occaſion to the other end of the town. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

REBECCA BLAMELESS.

CHEAPSIDE, Dec. 29th, 1753.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Beg that you will do me the juſtice to inform the public that I have not had a lying-in in my houſe ſince I was brought to bed of my fourteenth child, which is five years ago next Lady Day; and that the young woman who has aſſiſted me in the lace-trade for theſe

last three months, is not called Amanda, but Lucretia. I am your very humble servant,

WINNEFRED BOBBIN.

LUDGATE HILL, DEC. 30th, 1753.

I wish with all my heart, that it was as easy for me to make amends for what has happened, as it is to vindicate myself from any interested design in the publication of Amanda's letter. It was sent to Mr. Dodsley's by the penny-post, written in a very pretty Italian hand, and will be shewn to as many of the curious as are desirous of seeing it.

I will not deny that I ought to have cancelled this letter; as I might reasonably have supposed that no lady who entertained a proper regard for her virtue, would be seen at a lace-shop upon Ludgate Hill, while there was a bare possibility of her being served by Amanda. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have always been of opinion, that every young creature, who has been once convicted of making a slip, should be compelled to take upon her the occupation of street-walking all her life after.

It is a maxim among the people called Quakers (and a very laudable one it is) not to suffer a convicted and open knave to be one of their body. They have a particular ceremony, by which they expel him their community: and though he may continue to profess the opinions of Quakerism, they look upon him to be no member of their church, and no otherwise a brother, than as every man is descended from one common father.

I make no doubt but that the Quakers have copied this piece of policy from the ladies: but as most copies are observed to fall short of the spirit of their originals, this industrious, prudent, and opulent set of people, will, I hope, excuse me, if I prefer a first and finished design to an imperfect imitation of it.

The Quakers have never, that I know of, excommunicated a member for one single failure; nor, upon frequent repetitions of it, have they so driven him from the commerce of mankind, as to make him desperate in vice, or to kill him with despair. How nobly severe are the ladies to the apostates from purity! To be once frail, is for ever to be infamous. A fall from virtue, however circumstanced, or however repented of, can admit of no extenuation. They look upon the offender and the offence with equal detestation; and postpone business, nay, even pleasure itself, for the great duty of detraction, and for consigning to perpetual infamy a sister who has dishonoured them.

This settled and unalterable hatred of impurity cannot be sufficiently admired, if it be considered how delicately the bosoms which harbour it are formed, and how easy it is to move them to pity and compassion in all other instances: especially if we add to this consideration, it's having force enough to tear up by the roots those sincere and tender friendships which all handsome women, in a state of virtue, are so well known to feel for one another.

Nothing can so strongly convince me of the truth of these female friendships, as the arguments which shallow and superficial men have thought proper to bring against them. They tell us that no handsome woman ever said a civil thing of one as handsome as herself; but, on the contrary, that it is always the delight of both to lessen the beauty and to detract from the reputation of each other.

Admitting the accusation to be true, how easy is it to see through the good-natured disguise of this behaviour? These generous young creatures are so apprehensive for their companions, that they deny them beauty in order to secure them from the attempts of libertines. They know that the principal ornament of beauty is virtue; and that without both a lady is seldom in danger of an obstinate pursuit: for which reason they very prudently deny her the possession of either. The lady thus obliged, is doing in return the same agreeable service to her beautiful acquaintance; and is wondering what the men can see in such trifling creatures to be even tolerably civil to them. Thus, under the appearance of envy and ill-nature, they maintain inviolable friendships, and live in a mutual intercourse of the kindest offices. Nay, to such a pitch of enthusiasm have these friendships been sometimes carried, that I have known a lady to be under no apprehensions for herself, though pursued by half the rakes in the town, who has absolutely fainted away at seeing one of these rakes only playing with the fan of her handsome friend.

The same discreet behaviour is observed

ſerved by almoſt every lady in her af- ſ- with a man. If ſhe would expreſs her approbation of him, the phraſe is —'What a ridiculous animal!' When approbation is grown into love, it is— 'Lord, how I deteſt him!' But when ſhe riſes to a ſolemn declaration of—'I'll die a thouſand deaths rather than give 'him my conſent,' we are then ſure that the ſettlements are drawing, or that ſhe has packed up her clothes, and intends leaping into his arms without any ceremony whatſoever.

There may poſſibly be cavillers at this behaviour of the ladies, as well as unbelievers in female friendſhip; but I dare venture to affirm, that every man will honour them for their extraordinary civilities and good-humour to the ſeducers of their ſex. Should a lady object to the company of ſuch men, it would naturally be ſaid that ſhe ſuſpected her own virtue, and was conſcious of carrying paſſions about her which were in danger of being kindled into flames by every ſpark of temptation. And this is the obvious reaſon why the ladies are ſo particularly obliging to theſe gentlemen both in public and private. Thoſe gentle ſouls, indeed, who have the purity of their ſex more at heart than the reſt, may good-naturedly intend to make converts of their betrayers; but I cannot help thinking that the meetings upon theſe occaſions ſhould be in the preſence of a third perſon: for men are ſometimes ſo obſtinate in their errors, and are able to defend them with ſo much ſophiſtry, that, for want of the interpoſition of this third perſon, a lady may be ſo puzzled as to become a convert to thoſe very opinions which ſhe came on purpoſe to confute.

It is very remarkable, that a lady ſo converted is extremely apt, in her own mind, to compaſſionate thoſe deluded wretches, whom a little before ſhe perſecuted with ſo much rigour. But it is alſo to be remarked, that this ſoftneſs in her nature is only the conſequence of her depravity: for while a lady continues *as ſhe ſhould be*, it is impoſſible for her to feel the leaſt approaches of pity for one who is otherwiſe.

N° LIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1754.

HOC NOVUM EST AUCUPIUM——
POSTREMO IMPERAVI EGOMET MIHI
OMNIA ASSENTARI. IS QUÆSTUS NUNC EST MULTO UBERRIMUS.
TER.

THAT an eſſay on Hearers has not been given us by the writers of the laſt age, is to be accounted for from the ſame reaſons that the ancients have left us no treatiſe on tobacconiſts or ſugar-planters. The world is continually changing by the two great principles of revolution and diſcovery: as theſe produce novelty, they furniſh the baſis of our ſpeculations.

The pride of our anceſtors diſtinguiſhed them from the vulgar by the dignity of Taciturnity. If we conſult old pictures, we ſhall find (ſuitable to the dreſs of the times) the beard cut, and the features compoſed to that gravity and ſolemnity of aſpect which was to denote wiſdom and importance. In that admirable play of Ben Johnſon's, which, through the capacity and induſtry of it's reviver, has lately ſo well entertained the town, I mean, *Every Man in his Humour*, a country ſquire ſets up for high-breeding, by reſolving to be 'proud, melancholy, and gentle-'man like.' In the man of birth or buſineſs, Silence was the note of wiſdom and diſtinction; and the haughty peereſs then would no more vouchſafe to talk to her equals than ſhe will now to her inferiors.

In thoſe times, when Talking was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jeſters were the uſual retainers in great families; but now, ſo total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug, and will fetch no money at all, except in the ſingle inſtance of an election. Riches, birth, and honours, aſſert their privileges by the oppoſite quality to Silence; inſomuch, that many of the great eſtates and manſion-houſes in this kingdom, ſeem at preſent to be held by the tenure

of

of perpetual Talking. Fools and jesters must be useless in families, where the master is no more ashamed of exposing his wit at his table to his guests and servants, than his drunkenness to his constituents. This revolution has obtained so generally all over Europe, that at this day a little dwarf of the King of Poland, who creeps out after dinner from under the trees of the dessert, and utters impertinencies to every man at table, is talked of at other courts as a singularity.

Happy was it for the poor Talkers of those days that so great a revolution was brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it easy enough to turn the writers at Constantinople into printers, and believe it possible to make a chimney-sweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gamester a politician, a fine lady a stock-jobber, or a blockhead a connoisseur, I can have no idea of so strange a metamorphosis as that of a Talker into a Hearer. That Hearers, however, have arisen in later times to answer in some degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in most families, under the various denominations of cousin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of these characters frequently officiates in the post of Hearer, it will be a great mistake if a Hearer should imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praise of musty venison, or a greasy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain commend pricket-wine, or any other liquors, such as the French call *Chasse-cousin*, the Hearer must submit to be poisoned with silence. When the cousin is appealed to for the length of a fox-chace, and out-lies his patron; when the squire of the fens declares he has no dirt near his house, and the cousin swears it is a hard gravel for five miles round; or when the hill-improver asserts that he never saw his turf burn before, and turning short, says—'Did You, cousin?' In such cases as these the answers may give a dangerous example: for if a raw whelp of a Hearer should happen to give his tongue, he will be rated and corrected like a puppy.

The great duty therefore of this office is Silence; and I could prove the high antiquity of it by the Tyro's of the Pythagorean school, and the ancient worship of Harpocrates, the tutelary deity of this sect. Pythagoras bequeathed to his scholars that celebrated rule, which has never yet been rightly understood—'Worship, or rather, study the 'echo;' evidently intending thereby to inculcate, that Hearers should [illegible] that an echo never puts in a word till the Speaker comes to a pause. A great and comprehensive lesson! but being, perhaps, too concise for the instruction of vulgar minds, it may be necessary to descend more minutely into particular hints and cautions.

A Hearer must not be drowsy: for nothing perplexes a Talker like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue: and I have known a French Talker rise up and hold open the eyelids of a Dutch Hearer with his finger and thumb.

He must not squint: for no lover is so jealous as a true Talker, who will be perpetually watching the motion of the eyes, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

A Hearer must not be a seer of sights: he must let a hare pass as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt narration, by crying out at sight of a highwayman or a mad-dog. An acquaintance of mine, who lived with a maiden aunt, lost a good legacy by the ill-timed arrival of a coach-and-six, which he first discovered at the end of the avenue, and announced as a most acceptable hearing to the pride of the family: but it happened unluckily to be at the very time that the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A Hearer must not have a weak head: for though the Talker may like he should drink with him, he does not chuse he should fall under the table till himself is speechless.

He must not be a news-monger: because times past have already furnished the head of his patron with all the ideas he chuses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, a Hearer must not be a wit. I remember one of this profession being told by a gentleman, who, to do him justice, was a very good seaman, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked, If it was by Shrewsbury clock? It happened

-ened the perſon ſo interrogated had not -eau Shakeſpeare, which was the only -eaſon I could aſſign why the adventur-us queriſt was not immediately ſent aboard the Stygian tender.

But here we muſt obſerve, that Silence, -n opinion of a Talker, is not merely a ſuppreſ-n of the action of the tongue; it is alſo nec-ſſary that every muſcle of the face and -ember of the body ſhould receive it's -otion from no other ſenſation than that which the Talker communicates through the ear.

A Hearer therefore muſt not have the fidgets: he muſt not ſtart if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He muſt not ſnuff with his noſtrils if he ſmell fire; becauſe, though he ſhould ſave the houſe by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Caſſandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguiſhing thoſe of Lilliput.

There are many more hints which I ſhould be deſirous of communicating for the benefit of beginners, if I was not afraid of making my paper too long to be properly read and conſidered within the compaſs of a week, in which the greateſt part of every morning is neceſſarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair-cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I ſhall therefore ſay a word or two to the Talkers, and haſten to a concluſion.

And here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the juſt rights which theſe gentlemen have over their own officers and domeſtics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to conſider that it is expected the talk of the day ſhould be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they ſeverally poſſeſs, or the number of ſtars annexed to their names in the liſt printed from the public funds: that Hearing is an involuntary tribute, which is paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increaſing in proportion to the riches of the perſon taxed: that it is a falſe argument for a Talker to ſay to a faded audience he will tell a ſtory that is true, great, or excellent; for when a man has eat of the firſt and ſecond courſe till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by aſſuring him the plate you offer is one of the beſt *entremets Le Grange* ever made.

N° LV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1754.

EXTINCTUS AMABITUR. HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe benevolent perſons, who having no land of their own, and not being free of any one corporation, like true citizens of the world, turn all their thoughts to the good of the public, and are known by the general name of Projectors. All the good I ever did or thought of, was for the public. My ſole anxiety has been for the ſecurity, health, revenue, and credit of the public: nor did I ever think of paying any debts in my whole life, except thoſe of the public. This public ſpirit, you already ſuppoſe, has been moſt amply rewarded; and perhaps ſuſpect that I am going to trouble you with an oſtentatious boaſt of the public money I have touched; or that I am deviſing ſome artful evaſion of an enquiry into the method by which I amaſſed it. On the contrary, I muſt aſſure you, that I have carried annually the fruits of twelve months deep thought to the Treaſury, Pay-office, and Victualling-office, without having brought from any one of thoſe places the leaſt return of treaſure, pay, or victuals. At the Admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to ſee a man with the dulleſt project in the world admitted to the Board, with no other preference than that of being a ſtranger, while I have been kept ſhivering in the court.

After this ſhort hiſtory of myſelf, it is time I ſhould communicate the project I have to propoſe for your particular conſideration.

My propoſal is, that a new office be erected

erected in this metropolis, and called the Extinguiſhing Office. In explaining the nature of this Office, I ſhall endeavour to convince you of it's extraordinary utility: and that the ſcope and intent of it may be perfectly underſtood, I beg leave to be indulged in making a few philoſophical remarks.

There is no obſervation more juſt or common in experience, than that every thing excellent, in nature or art, has a certain fixed point of perfection, proper to itſelf, which it cannot tranſgreſs without loſing much of it's beauty, or acquiring ſome blemiſh.

The period which time puts to all mortal things, is brought about by an imperceptible decay: and whatever is once paſt the criſis of maturity, affords only the melancholy proſpect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to it's diſſolution.

We inconſiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we ſay, in the bloom of his glory; and yet confeſs it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey, and the Duke of Marlborough, if Fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

Inſtead of quoting a multitude of Latin verſes, I refer you to that part of the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity: but I muſt deſire particularly to remind you of the following paſſage—

Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas.——

It is to a mature reflection on the ſenſe of this paſſage that I owe the greateſt thought which ever entered the brain of a projector: and I doubt not, if I could once eſtabliſh the Office in queſtion, of being able to ſtrike out from this hint a certain method of practice that would be as beneficial to mankind as it would be new and extraordinary.

It has been the uſual cuſtom, when old Generals have worn out their bodies by the toils of many glorious campaigns, Beauties their complexions by the fatigues of exhibiting their perſons, or Patriots their conſtitutions by the heat of the houſe, to ſend them to ſome purer air abroad, or to Kenſington Gravel-pits at home: but as there is nothing ſo juſtly to be dreaded as the chance of ſurviving good fame, I am for ſending all ſuch perſons in the zenith of their glory to the ſens in Eſſex.

As it is with man himſelf, ſo likewiſe ſhall we find it with every thing that proceeds from him. His plans are great, juſt, and noble; worthy the divine image he bears. His progreſſion and execution, *to a certain* [illegible] anſwerable to his deſigns; but beyond it, all is weakneſs, deformity, and diſgrace. To be aſſured of this point, it is as neceſſary to conſult another, as the ſick man his phyſician to know the criſis of his diſtemper: but whom to apply to, is the important queſtion. A friend is of all men living the moſt unfit, becauſe good counſel and ſincere advice are known to produce an immediate diſſolution of all ſocial connections. The neceſſity of a new Office is therefore evident; which Office, I propoſe, ſhall be hereafter executed by commiſſion; but firſt (by way of trial) by a ſingle perſon, inveſted with proper powers, and univerſally acknowledged by the ſtile and title of Sworn Extinguiſher. To explain the functions of this perſon, I ſhall relate to you the accident which furniſhed the firſt hint for what I am now offering to your peruſal.

Whenever I have been ſo happy as to be maſter of a candle, I have obſerved, that though it has burnt with great brightneſs to a certain point, yet the moment that the flame has reached that point, it has become leſs and leſs bright, riſing and falling with great inequalities, till at laſt it has expired in a moſt intolerable ſtink. In other families, where Poverty is not the directreſs, the candle lives and dies without leaving any ill odour behind it; and this by the well-timed application of a machine called an Extinguiſher.

It is the uſe of this machine that I am deſirous of extending: and what confirmed me in the project was my happening one Sunday to drop into a church where the top of the pulpit was a deep concave, not very unlike the implement above-mentioned. The ſermon, which had begun and proceeded in a regular uniform tenor, grew towards the latter end extremely different; now lofty, now low, now flaſhy, now dark. In ſhort, the preacher and his canopy brought ſo ſtrongly to my mind the expiring candle and it's Extinguiſher, that I longed to have the power of properly applying the one to the other; and from that moment conceived

conceived a project of suspending hollow cones of tin, brass, or wood, over the heads of all public speakers, with lines and pullies to lower them occasionally.

I carried this project to a certain great man, who was pleased to reject it; telling me of several devices which might answer the purpose better; and instancing, among many other practices, that of the Robin Hood Society, where the president performs the office of an Extinguisher by a single stroke of a hammer. In short, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aside my first scheme, but furnished me at the same time with him for a more extensive one.

At the playhouse the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of Extinguishing at once all the persons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be saved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as soon as the hero was dead! Or how happily might the languid, pale, and putrid flames of a whole fifth act, be Extinguished by the establishment of such an office?

In applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the Iliad. The Extinguisher of the Æneid deserves the highest encomiums—Happy Virgil! But O wretched Milton! more unhappy in the blindness of thy commentators than in thy own! who, to thy eternal disgrace, would preserve thy two concluding lines with the same superstition with which the Gebers venerate the snuff of a candle, and cry out Sacrilege if you offer to extinguish it!

I perceive I shall want room to explain my method of Extinguishing Talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like those quacks who boast of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Apelles, who, standing behind one of his pictures, listened with great patience while a shoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was passing on to the leg, stept from his hiding-place, and Extinguished him at once with the famous proverb in use at this day—'The shoemaker must not go beyond his last.'

But whenever this office is put into commission, I propose, for this last-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean such as dress in the height of the mode; who, being equipped with hoops in the utmost extent of the fashion, are always provided with an Extinguisher ready for immediate use. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpose, I shall have the farther satisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjust imputation of bearing about them any thing useless. And as the Chinese knew gunpowder, the ancients the loadstone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear strange if a noble use be at length found for the Hoop, which has, to be sure, till now, afforded mere matter of speculation.

I now Extinguish myself; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

A. B.

P. S. If the above project meets with your approbation, I shall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at least equally interested.

Galenical medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be drenched, have excited of late years so universal a loathing, that the faculty must have lost all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of contracting the whole force and spirit of their prescriptions into one chymical Drop or Pill.

From this hint I would propose to erect a New Chamber, with powers to abridge all arts and sciences, history, poetry, oratory, essays, &c. into the substance of a maxim, apothegm, spirit of history, or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourself the judge, whether your last paper on Hearers may not be fully comprized in the following four lines—

Our sires kept a Fool, a poor hireling for state,
To enliven dull pride with his jesting and prate:
But fashion capriciously changing it's role,
Now my LORD is the WIT, and his HEARER the FOOL.

Nº LVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1754.

PORRECTO JUGULO HISTORIAS, CAPTIVUS UT, AUDIT.
Hor.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

CAER CARADOCK, JAN. 16, 1754.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon Hearers gave me that pleasure which a series of truths must always afford to him who can witness for every one of them.

I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial must have been productive of the most thorough-bred, seasoned, and staunch Hearers, since every gentleman of that country holds and asserts his right to be a Talker by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have said above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the best, (I mean of as good a family) though poverty and ill-fortune have doomed me to be forever a Hearer.

I was left an orphan in my earliest years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which constantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a school-master, without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was advised by the parson of our parish to go and enter myself in some large and wealthy family to be an Uncle; which is a known and common term in Wales, of like signification with Hearer in England; the duties and requisite qualifications being nearly the same, as will appear from the following short instructions given me by my adviser; viz. Never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of—'Indeed!—'Surprizing!—Prodigious!—Most a-'mazing!' But these only to be used at the proper intervals of the Talker's fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauses; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and particularly never to exceed, the aforesaid intervals.

But in order to explain the method he took to qualify me still farther, and inure me to patience, I must give you a short history of this worthy parson. He was truly, what he was called, a good sort of a man; if charity, friendship, and good-humour, can entitle a man to that character. I must not conceal the meanness of his education, in which he discovered, however, as great a genius as could possibly arise out of a stable and a kennel. He was a thorough sportsman, and so good a Shot, that the late squire took a fancy to him, made him his constant companion, and gave him the living. But that he might not be lost in study and sermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father Latin and metaphysics, and exercised, from twelve years old to forty, in making themes and sermons. As she was by nature meagre and deformed, by constitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and disputatious, by study pale and blear-eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendship of the good parson suggested her as the fittest person in the world to exercise my patience for a few months, and inure me to the discipline of my future function. In this station I made a vast progress in a little time; for I not only heard above a thousand sermons, but the strict observance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiss in the family, and often scolded at for the husband, whose office grew into a sinecure: insomuch, that if I had not known the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, I should have suspected him of bringing me into his house to supply for him all those duties which he wanted to be eased of. But he had no such interested views; for as soon as he found his helpmate had transfused into me a necessary portion of patience and long-suffering, he recommended me to my fortune, giving me—a generous man!—a coat and wig, which formerly himself, and before him the squire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipt me, he resumes the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day, with true Christian resignation.

My

My firſt reception was at the houſe of a gentleman who, in the earlier part of his life, had followed the ſtudy of botany. Nature and truth are ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that they never ſatiate. Alas! he happened one day to [illegible] by miſtake, a root that had been ſent him from the Indies: it was a moſt ſubtle poiſon, to which his experience in Britiſh ſimples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman, who had his eye upon me ſome time, ſent me an invitation. His diſcourſe was upon huſbandry; and, as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himſelf, I heard him alſo with pleaſure.

Theſe were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the ſucceeding ones, in which I have liſtened to the tales of old maids running over an endleſs liſt of lovers they never had; of old beaux who boaſted of favours from ladies they never ſaw; of ſenators who narrated the eloquence they never ſpoke! giving me ſuch a diſguſt and nauſea to lyes, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently conſidering that I muſt either hear or ſtarve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lye. While I aſſented by ſome geſticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muſcles of the face, I reſolved to have in reſerve ſome inward expreſſion of diſſent. Of theſe I had various; but for the ſake of brevity I ſhall only trouble you with one.

A younger brother, who had ſerved abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the eſtate and caſtle where he found me with a good character, took ſo kindly to me, that he ſeemed to deſire no other companion; and, as a proof of it, never ſent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he ſo often talked of, of great rank, bravery, and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have ſerved him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would Lie without meaſure or diſguiſe. His uſual exaggeration was—*and more*. As thus—'At the ſiege of Monticelli,' a town in Italy, as he told us, 'I received 'in ſeveral parts of my body three-and-'twenty ſhot, *and more*. At the bat-'tle of Carattha,' in Turkey, 'I rode 'to death eighteen horſes, *and more*. 'With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, 'I drank, hand to fiſt, ſix dozen of 'hock, *and more*.' Upon all ſuch occaſions I inwardly anticipated him, by ſubſtituting in the place of his laſt two words, the two following—*or leſs*. But it ſo happened, one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midſt of the ſharpeſt engagement ever heard of, in which with his ſingle broad-ſword he had killed five hundred, *and more*, that I kept my time more preciſely than ſilence: for unhappily the qualifying *or leſs*, which ſhould have been tacitly ſwallowed for the quieting my own ſpirit, was ſo audibly articulated to the enflaming of his, that, the moment he heard ſubjoined to his five hundred—*or leſs*, the fury of his reſentment deſcended on my ear with a violent blow of his fiſt. By this ſlip of my tongue I loſt my poſt in that family, and the hearing of my left-ear.

The conſequences of this accident gave me great apprehenſions for a conſiderable time: for the ſlighteſt cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for miſplacing my marks of approbation. But I ſoon diſcovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me, that abſolute ſilence was of greater eſtimation than the beſt-timed ſyllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I ſhall refer you, after having recounted the laſt memorable adventure of my unfortunate hiſtory.

The laſt family that received me was ſo numerous in relations and viſitors, that I found I ſhould be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of ſtranger; though, as ſuch, I was as earneſtly applied to as any high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addreſſed themſelves to me to ſettle the antiquity of their families; vociferating at one and the ſame time above a ſcore of genealogies. This was a harder ſervice than any I had ever been uſed to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only ſurviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that inſtant totally deaf.

Had this accident happened a few years ſooner, it would have driven me

to despair; but my experience assuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune: I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a Hearer in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving satisfaction.

I shall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf Hearer: it will be enough for me to say, that as such, I am no longer subject to the danger of an irresistible smile; nor will my squeamish dislike to lyes bring me again into disgrace. I shall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly against the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room! How have I been reprimanded, when deceived in dividing my attention between the stories of my patron and the brawls of his family!—'What had I to do with the 'quarrels of his family?' I own the reproof was just; but I appeal to you, whether any man who has his ears can restrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention?

To conclude. If you observe a Talker in a large company, you never see him examining the state of a man's ear: his whole observation is upon the eye; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and instantly addresses himself to another. My eyes were always good; but as it is notorious that the privation of some parts add strength and perfection to others, I may boast that, since the loss of my ears, I found my eyes (which are confessedly the principal organs of attention) so strong, quick, and vigilant, that I can without vanity offer myself for as good a Hearer as any in England. Yours, &c.

N° LVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

OF all the passions of the human mind, there is not one that we allow so much indulgence to as Contempt. But to determine who are the proper objects of that passion, may possibly require a greater degree of sagacity and penetration than most men are masters of. Whoever conforms to the opinion of the world, will often be deceived; and whoever contradicts the opinion of the world, which I am now about to do, will as often be despised. But it is the duty of a public writer to oppose popular errors; a duty which I imposed upon myself at the commencement of this work, and which I shall be ready to perform as often as I see occasion.

It is not my present intention to treat of individuals, and the contempt they are apt to entertain for one another: my design is an extensive one; it is to rescue no less than three large bodies of men from the undeserved contempt of almost all the good people of England, and to recommend them to the said good people for their pity and compassion. The three large bodies I am speaking of, and which, collectively considered, make up at least a fourth part of his majesty's subjects, are Parsons, Authors, and Cuckolds. I shall consider each of these classes in the order in which it stands, beginning with the Parson, as the most respectable of the three.

And though there is no denying that this profession took it's rise from so exploded a thing as religion, the belief of which I do not intend to inculcate, having conceived an opinion that these my lucubrations have admission into families too polite for such concernments; yet I have hopes of shewing, to the satisfaction of my readers, that a Parson is not absolutely so contemptible a character as is generally imagined.

I know it has been urged in his favour, that, though unfortunately brought up to the trade of religion, he entertains higher notions in private, and neither believes nor practises what by his function he is obliged to teach. But allowing this defence to be a partial one, and that a Parson is really, and to all intents and purposes, a believer, I do not admit, even in this case, that he deserves all the contempt that people are inclined to throw upon him, especially if the extreme narrowness of his education be duly enquired into.

While the sons of great persons are indulged

indulged by tutors and their mothers maids at home, the intended Parſon is confined cloſely to ſchool; from whence he has the misfortune to be ſent directly to college, where he continues, perhaps, half a ſcore years, drudging at his conſins; and where, for want of money, he may exclaim with Milton, that

——Ever-during DARK
Surrounds him: from the CHEARFUL WAYS of men,
Cut off; and for the BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE fair,
Preſented with an univerſal BLANK.

Which is as much as to ſay, that he is totally in the Dark as to what is doing abroad; and that, while other men are going on in the Chearful Ways of wenching, drinking, and gaming, and improving their minds by Mr. Hoyle's Book of Knowledge, the whole world is a Blank to the poor Parſon, who in all probability grows old in a country cure, and owes to the ſquire of the pariſh all his knowledge of mankind. That ſuch a Parſon, even though he ſhould believe every article of Chriſtianity, and ſhould practiſe up to his belief, is not in every reſpect an object of contempt, is really my opinion. For though the Demonſtrations of a Tindal, a Toland, and a Woolſton, may have reached him at his cure, yet they do not always appear to be Demonſtrations but to thoſe who read them in town; and even there a man muſt have kept good company, and entered thoroughly into the faſhionable amuſements, (which few Parſons are able to do) before he can be certain that they are Demonſtrations.

The Author comes next to be conſidered. And here it imports me to be extremely cautious; leſt, being myſelf an Author, I betray a partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind have agreed to think of an Author, he is not abſolutely and at all times an object of contempt: on the contrary, if it may be proved, (which I believe no man living will deny) that at the time of his commencing Author, his choice would have led him to turn his hand to buſineſs, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure, a ſtool, bruſhes, and black-ball, I hope he may be admitted among the objects of compaſſion. A queſtion indeed may occur, that if ever he has been ſo fortunate as to have ſaved three ſhillings by his writings, why he has not then ſet about buying the above-mentioned implements of trade? But, ſuppoſing him to have acquired ſo much wealth, the proverb of—'Once a whore, and always 'a whore,' is leſs ſignificant than—'Once an Author, and always an Au-'thor;' inſomuch, that a man convicted of being a wit is diſqualified for buſineſs during life; no city apprentice will truſt him with his ſhoes, nor will the poor beau ſet a foot upon his ſtool, from an opinion that, for want of ſkill in his calling, his blacking muſt be bad, or, for want of attention, be applied to the ſtocking inſtead of the ſhoe. That almoſt every Author would chuſe to ſet up in this buſineſs, if he had wherewithal to begin with, muſt appear very plainly to all candid obſervers, from the natural propenſity which he diſcovers towards Blackening.

Far be it from me, or any of my brother Authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in Black-ball, by naming them with ourſelves: we are extremely ſenſible of the great diſtance there is between us; and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation of Shoe-cleaning, while we lament the ſeverity of our fortune, in being ſentenced to the drudgery of a leſs reſpectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the Stool and Bruſh, it is ſurely a very hard caſe that the contempt of the world ſhould purſue us, only becauſe we are unfortunate.

I proceed laſtly to the Cuckold; and I hope that it will not be a more difficult taſk to reſcue this gentleman from contempt than either the Parſon or the Author. In former times, indeed, when a lady happened now and then to prefer a particular friend to her huſband, it was uſual to hold the ſaid huſband in ſome little diſeſteem; for as women were allowed to be the beſt judges of men, and as in the caſe before us, the wife only preferred one man to another, people were inclined to think that ſhe had ſome private reaſon for ſo doing. But in theſe days of freedom, when a lady, inſtead of one friend, is civil to one-and-twenty, I am humbly of opinion that her Cuckold is no more the object of contempt for ſuch a preference, than if he had been robbed by as many

many highwaymen upon Hounslow Heath. 'Two to one,' says the proverb, 'are odds at foot-ball;' and every one in the present case ought to make proportionable allowance for much greater odds.

But to do honour to Cuckolds, I will be bold to say that they ought oftener to excite envy than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to the frailty of his wife? Or, though she should reap no pecuniary advantage from her incontinency, how apt are the caresses of a score or two lovers to sweeten her temper towards her husband? A lady is sometimes apt to pay so great a regard to her chastity, as to overlook the virtues of meekness and forbearance: rob her of that one virtue, and you restore her to all the rest, as well as her husband to his quiet.

But waving every thing I have said, there still remains a reason for holding Cuckolds in esteem; and this is, the regard and veneration which we owe to great men. If our betters are not ashamed of being Cuckolds, it does not become their inferiors to treat them with disrespect.

I shall close this paper with observing upon the three characters which I have here endeavoured to befriend, that while we are obliged to the Parson for a Butt, the Author for Abuse, and to the Cuckold for his Wife, it is the highest degree of ingratitude to hold any one of them in contempt.

N° LVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Hardly know a more unfortunate circumstance which can happen to a young man, than that of being too handsome: it is a thousand to one that in the course of his education he loses the very dignity of his sex and nature. During his infancy his father himself will be too apt to be pleased with the delicacy of his features; his mother will be in raptures with them; and every silly woman who visits in the family, will continually lament that master was not a girl—'For what a fine creature 'would he have made!' If he goes to school, he will be perpetually teazed by the nick-name of Miss Molly; and, if he has not great resolution, be obliged to become the most mischievous imp of the whole fraternity, merely to avoid the harder imputations of fear and effeminacy. When he mixes amongst men, the imperfections of his education will still stick close to him; the bar itself will hardly cure him of sheepishness, or the cockade defend him from the appearance of cowardice. His very excellencies (if he has them) will seem virtues out of nature; they will be the wisdom of a Cornelia, or the heroism of a Sophonisba. Nay, were we to see him mount a breach, I am afraid that, instead of those noble eulogies and exclamations which should properly attend a hero in such circumstances, we should only cry out with Mrs. Clerimont in the play—'O the 'brave pretty creature!'

Such are the calamities, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which almost necessarily attend on male beauty; and so pernicious sometimes are it's consequences, that I have more than once been tempted to wish some method could be found out which might extirpate it entirely. What statesmen, what generals, what prelates, may we have lost, merely by the misfortune of a fine complexion? It is with infinite concern that I frequently look round me in public assemblies, and see such numbers of well-dress't youths, who might really have been of use to themselves, and to mankind, had their parents taken the Indian method of marking their faces to distinguish their quality. As it is, their unlucky persons have led them astray into pertness and affectation, under a notion of politeness; and what ought to have been sense and judgment, is at best but a genteel taste in trifles. 'Thoughtless man!' have I sometimes said to myself, when the melancholy mood was on, 'how blind is he to futu-'rity!' Little do these flutterers think, while their summers are dancing away in dangling to Ranelagh with Lady Biddy and Lady Fanny, that the cold uncomfortable winters of their life must at last terminate in prattling scandal, and playing at quadrille with Lady Bridget and Lady Frances!

Their

——Their way of life
Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
They must not look to have.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the preventing such misfortunes might very well become your care, if not that of the legislature. Every body knows that there was a time, even in a Roman army, when 'aim at their faces,' was as dreadful a sound, and attended with as fatal consequences, as 'keeping your 'fire,' was on a late glorious occasion. Now, though I would by no means insinuate that a beau must be a coward; nay, though the world has furnished us with many examples of very finical men who were very great heroes; yet, as it might perhaps be better, even in time of peace, that men should not attend so entirely to their persons, I would endeavour to strike at the root of the evil. It is, I believe, admitted as a truth in inoculation, that the part where the insertion is made, is usually the fullest of any part of the body. I would propose, therefore, with regard to our male children, that we should follow the original Circassian manner, and 'aim at 'their faces.' A general practice of this kind might be extremely useful to the state: the literary world would, I am sure, be the better for it; for what mother could be averse to having her sons taught to read, when perhaps the eye-lashes were gone, and the eyes themselves no longer worth preserving? Considerations of this sort will, I hope, induce some projector by profession to undertake the affair, and draw up, what may properly enough be stiled, 'A Scheme for 'raising MEN for the Service of the 'Public.'

I must, however, do justice to the fair youths of the present age, by confessing that many of them seem conscious of their imperfections; and, as far as their own judgments can direct them, take pains to appear manly. But, alas! the methods they pursue, like most mistaken applications, rather aggravate the calamity. Their drinking and raking, only makes them look like old maids; their swearing is almost as shocking as it would be in the other sex; their chewing tobacco not only offends, but makes us apprehensive at the same time that the poor things will be sick. When they talk to common women, as they pass them in the Mall, they seem as much out of character as Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair, making love to Angelica. In short, every part of their conduct, though perhaps well intended, is extremely unnatural. Whereas, if they would only spend half the pains in acquiring a little knowledge, and practising a little decency, we might perhaps be brought to endure them; at least, we should be less shocked with their beauty.

When I look back on what I have written, I am a little afraid that my zeal for the public may have hurried me too far; for as we are taught to pity natural defects, we ought to be tender of blaming the errors they occasion. But what shall we say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to another set of animals, whom nature certainly designed for men, and made, as Mr. Pope says, 'their souls bullet, 'and their bodies buff?' When these louts of six feet high, with the shoulders of porters, and the legs of chairmen, affect 'to lisp, and to amble, and to 'nick-name God's creatures,' surely we may laugh at such incorrigible idiots. The fair youths of a less gentle deportment, aim at least at what they imagine to be manly: but these dairy-maids in breeches leave their sex behind them at their first setting out, and give up the only qualities which they could possibly be admired for.

Any one who is conversant in the world must have seen numbers of this latter sort; some of them tripping, others lolloping in their gait, (if I may be allowed such expressions) and many of them so very affected, that they cannot even see with their eyes, but at most pinker through the lashes of them, when they would languish in public at some mistress of theirs and the whole town's affections. Their voices, too, have a peculiar softness, and are scarcely ever raised, unless it be at the play-house to make an appointment for the King's Arms, or to dispatch an orange-wench on a message to a balcony.

In short, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what with natural and acquired effeminacy, the present age seems an age of affectation. The whole head is weak, and the whole heart sick. And yet, (that I may not leave your readers with disagreeable ideas in their minds) notwithstanding these alarming appearances, the eye of a philosopher

philoſopher can ſtill trace out ſomething to counterbalance this amazing degeneracy. However deſperate the vulgar may think our ſituation, we, who ſee the fervour of the torrid zone ſweetly compenſated by copious dews and everlaſting breezes, and the whole ſyſtem of nature admirably adjuſted; we, I ſay, ſee likewiſe that this human defect is not left without it's remedy. However delicate our Men are become, we may ſtill hope that the riſing generation will not be totally enervated. The aſſured look, the exalted voice, and theatrical ſtep of our modern Females, pretty ſufficiently convince us that there is ſomething Manly ſtill left amongſt us. So that we may reaſonably conclude, though the male and female accompliſhments may be ſtrangely ſcattered and diſpoſed of between the ſexes, yet they will ſomehow or other be jumbled together in that complicated animal, A MAN AND HIS WIFE. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

S. H.

N° LIX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a conſtant reader of your papers, and congratulate you upon the men of wit you have for your correſpondents. I do not pretend to add to the number; and ſhall only attempt to furniſh you with a few hints, which, conſidered and formed into order by a writer of your ability, may poſſibly be productive of entertainment (at leaſt) to the public.

Your letters upon the modern taſte in gardening are, in my judgment, excellent in their kind; and ſo indeed are thoſe upon architecture, as far as they go: but, methinks, you have not carried your obſervations quite far enough; nor have you any where remarked the injuſtice and ingratitude with which thoſe worthy patriots are treated, who ruin their eſtates, or lay out the fortunes of their younger children on their ſeats and villas, to the great embelliſhment of this kingdom, which (if it is not already one great and compleat garden) contains at leaſt more ſumptuous country-houſes, parks, gardens, temples, and buildings, than all the reſt of Europe. If you are in danger of loſing yourſelf on the vaſt and dreary waſtes of ſome comfortleſs heath, and are directed on your courſe by a friendly beacon of prodigious height, you are told that this is ſuch a gentleman's Folly. The munificence of a man of taſte raiſes, at an immoderate expence, a column or turret in his garden, for no other purpoſe than the generous one of giving delight and wonder to travellers; and the ungrateful public calls it his Folly. Nay, were her late majeſty Queen Anne, of pious memory, to reign again, and fifty new churches to be really built, I doubt if, in this diſſolute age, this alſo might not be called her Majeſty's Folly.

But, notwithſtanding theſe diſcouragements, I am daily entertained with new beauties; and it is with great impatience that I wait the completion of a Chineſe temple, now riſing on the top of a very elegant villa upon the road-ſide near Brumpton. I have often, too, with great ſatisfaction, beheld a ſtructure of this kind, on the top of a very handſome green-houſe, now in the poſſeſſion of a noble foreigner at Turnham Green; which, as I am informed, is a matter of great curioſity to his countrymen who frequent it; nothing of this ſort being to be met with in the environs of Paris, or indeed of Pekin itſelf, or in any country but this. A moſt majeſtic peacock, as big as the life, on the ſpindle of a weather-cock, adds alſo to it's merit; which, with all the beauty of the bird itſelf, has not it's diſagreeable vociferous quality; and though it does not foretell by it's noiſe a change in the weather, it informs you with more certainty of the variation of the wind.

I am ſomewhat of an invalid; and being ſenſible how much exerciſe conduces to health, I ſeldom fail, when the weather does not allow me the uſe of my phyſician, a trotting horſe, to take a flurry (as it is elegantly called) in a hackney-coach; which affords exerciſe to the imagination as well as the body, and creates thinking (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) as much as it does an appetite. The air of buſineſs in the crowds that are conſtantly paſſing; the

variety

variety of the equipages, and the new and extraordinary sights, that still present themselves in this great metropolis, the centre of trade, industry, and invention, fill my mind with ideas which, if they do not always instruct, at least amuse me.

I take great pleasure in guessing at the ranks and professions of men by their appearance; and though I may now and then be mistaken, yet I am generally in the right. Once, indeed, I mistook a right reverend divine, on the other side Temple Bar, for a Jew, till the mitre on his coach convinced me of my error; as I also did a Jew, by the decorations on his chariot, for a peer of the realm. And indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since the Herald's Office has suspended it's authority, it is surprising what liberties are taken with the arms of the first families in the kingdom; insomuch that a man must have a quick eye who can distinguish between the pillars, flower-pots, and other inventions of the curious painter, and the supporters of the nobility. But what most of all perplex me are the ornaments, after the Chinese manner, over the arms by way of coronet; and were not these distinctions confined solely to Europe, I should sometimes be in danger of mistaking an Indian director for a Mandarin.

It has not escaped your notice how much of late we are improved in architecture; not merely by the adoption of what we call Chinese, nor by the restoration of what we call Gothic; but by a happy mixture of both. From Hyde Park to Shoreditch, scarce a chandler's-shop or an oyster-stall but has embellishments of this kind; and I have heard that there is a design, against the meeting of the new parliament, to fit up St. Stephen's Chapel with Chinese benches and a throne, from the model of that on which the Eastern monarch distributes justice to his extensive empires. It is whispered also, that the portico to Covent Garden church is to give place to one of the Gothic order. But before I leave the city, let me not neglect to do justice to that excellent engineer, the great pastry-cook in St. Paul's Church Yard. My good fortune conducted me thither on Twelfth-day; when, seeing a vast concourse of people assembled, my ruling passion, curiosity, engaged me to quit my vehicle to partake in the satisfaction so visible in all their countenances. But how shall I describe the pomp and parade of so noble an appearance? The triumph of a lord-mayor's-day is nothing to it; though, if I mistake not, those brave and faithful guardians of the wealth and safety of the city, the train-bands and militia, make a most comely and warlike appearance: for, not to mention the flags shining with silver and gold; troops innumerable of gingerbread both horse and foot, finer in these uniforms than the French king's household; there was not even the smallest mince-pye, but for it's strength and just proportion was equal at least to the *chef d'œuvre* of a Vauban or a Cohorn. But what above all excited my praise and admiration, was a citadel of an enormous magnitude, that would have appeared impregnable to a whole army of Dutchmen, had it not been for several breaches that had been made in it by some small field-pieces of copper: but this, indeed, astonished me the less, having been told that the towns in Flanders, which cost so much blood, which were so stubbornly disputed in the former war, and which fell so easily into the hands of the immortal Saxe in seventeen hundred and forty-four, were chiefly obtained by an ordnance of this kind, though somewhat heavier in it's quality.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if I was not afraid of troubling you with more observations, I should lead you again into the country. But were I to expatiate on the hermitages and sylvan temples, formed like the earths of those instructive builders, the badgers, (from whom the hint was taken) and furnished with ivy, moss, cobwebs, and strawbeds, with all the elegance of primitive simplicity, contrasting the magnificent structures of our most favourite architects, I fear my letter would exceed your patience. I shall therefore defer, at least, these most important subjects, till I find how these my observations have been received; and whether you do them justice or not, I shall continue your constant admirer.

Nº LX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1754.

QUID DOMINI FACIENT, AUDENT CUM TALIA FURES?
VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

OF all the advantages and superior excellencies which this nation has confessedly over many others, I know of none to which we may more fairly lay in our claim than the spirit of Generosity, which is so eminently exerted amongst us. I question whether our great attribute of bravery deduces more real honour on us, or is more deservedly celebrated. But there is a certain limit which true valour never exceeds; and it is from this excess that a just distinction is made between courage and rashness, magnanimity and fool-hardiness. In the same manner, liberality differs from profusion. When this amiable quality of benevolence is perverted from it's high and noble uses, when it is applied to no meritorious services, but is degraded into the indiscriminate overflowings of the purse, the appellation that accompanies it is by no means a desirable part of a character.

What led me into this turn of thinking, was an incident in one of my morning walks. Passing by the house of a noble lord with my friend, he raised my attention by assuring me, that in that house he spent a great deal of money every week: 'And I do not doubt,' added he, 'but that we shall in a short time be 'able to raise a very comfortable subsist-'ence for the family.' I was somewhat astonished at the easy freedom of his expression, and could not help expostulating with him upon the terms he had used. He continued his humour; and increased my admiration, by assuring me that he dined there very often, and found his dinners more expensive to him than in any house in London. 'We pay,' says he, 'as we do at our club at the St. 'Alban's, so much a head: but as we 'know the people of the house very well, 'and can depend upon their honesty, we 'do not trouble ourselves at all with a 'bill.' As I was very well convinced his lordship kept no tavern, I began to imagine that my friend, who has naturally a great share of wit and vivacity, had a mind to impose upon the belief and ready assent that I always pay to his conversation. While I was in this state of suspicion—'Come,' says he, 'my honest country gentleman, I will 'explain all the mystery that seems to 'perplex you: and as you have too good 'a spirit to be under an obligation to 'persons you cannot well make a re-'turn to, I will teach you how you 'may pay for your dinner when you 'dine with a duke. You must know, 'then, that this noble lord, like others 'of his quality, keeps a great number 'of servants; which servants, when 'you sit down to table, his lordship, 'out of great complaisance, immedi-'ately makes over to you; and they 'become your servants, *pro tempore*. 'They get about you, are very diligent, 'fetch you whatever you call for, and 'retire with the table-cloth. You 'see no more of them till you want to 'go away. Then they are all ready 'again at your command: and, instead 'of that form which you observed them 'standing in at table, they are drawn 'into two lines, right and left, and 'make a lane, which you are to pass 'through before you can get at the 'door. Now it is your business to dis-'charge your servants; and for this 'purpose you are to take out your mo-'ney, and apply it first on your right-'hand, then on your left, then on 'your right, and then on your left 'again, till you find yourself in the 'street. And from hence comes that 'common method, which all regular 'people observe in money-dealings, of 'paying as you go. I know not,' continues my friend, 'so ridiculous a per-'sonage as the master of the house upon 'these occasions. He attends you to 'the door with great ceremony; but is 'so conscious of the aukward appear-'ance he must make as a witness to 'the expences of his guests, that you 'can observe him placing himself in a 'position, that he would have it sup-'posed conceals from him the inhospi-'table

'table tranſactions that are going on 'under his roof. He wears the ſilly 'look of an innocent man, who has 'unfortunately broke in upon the re-'tirement of two lovers, and is ready 'to affirm, with great ſimplicity, that he 'has ſeen nothing.'

I already concurred with the obſervations of my friend, thanked him for his intelligence, and bleſſed myſelf that I was that day to dine cheaply at a tavern. But during my ſtay in London, I have been obliged to fall in with the cuſtoms of that place; and have learnt, to my coſt, that egreſſion, as well as admiſſion, muſt be purchaſed. I am at length, however, with many more of my acquaintance, reduced to a diſagreeable neceſſity of ſeeing my friends very ſeldom; becauſe I cannot afford (according to a very juſt and faſhionable expreſſion) to Pay a viſit to them.

Every man who has the misfortune to exceed his circumſtances, muſt, in order to recover himſelf, abſtain from certain expences, which in the groſs of his diſburſements have made the moſt formidable articles. The œconomiſt of the city parts with his country-houſe; the ſquire diſpoſes of his hounds; and I keep other people's ſervants in pay no longer. But having an earneſt deſire of mixing with thoſe friends whom an early intimacy has moſt endeared to me, and preferring the ſocial hours that are ſpent at their tables to moſt others of my life, I cannot at all times refuſe their invitations, even though I have nothing for their ſervants. And here, alas! the inconveniencies of an empty pocket are as ſtrongly exhibited as in any caſe of inſolvency that I know of. I am a marked man. If I aſk for beer, I am preſented with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to call for wine, after a delay which would take away it's reliſh were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole ſide-board in a greaſy glaſs. If I hold up my plate, nobody ſees me; ſo that I am forced to eat mutton with fiſh ſauce, and pickles with my apple-pye.

I obſerve, there is hardly a cuſtom amongſt us, be it what it will, that we are not as tenacious and jealous of, as of any national privileges. It is from this conſideration that I expect rather to ſee an increaſe, than an abolition of our follies; an improvement rather than a change. I ſhould not, therefore, conclude my ſubject, without injuſtice to my friend above-mentioned, if I did not reveal a new method, which, he ſays, he intends to propoſe to ſome of the leaders of faſhions, and which he has no doubt, he aſſures me, of ſeeing ſoon in practice. Let every artificer that has contributed to raiſe the houſe you have the honour to dine in, make his appearance when the company is going away. Let the maſon, the painter, the joiner, the glazier, the upholſterer, &c. arrange themſelves in the ſame order as the gentlemen in and out of livery do at ſuch conjunctures; and let every gueſt conſider, that he could not have regaled himſelf that day within his friend's walls, if it had not been for the joint labours of thoſe worthy mechanics. Such a generous reflection would produce three good effects: liberality would have a freſh and noble ſubject for it's exertion; the tradeſmen (a numerous and diſcontented race) would be ſatisfied to their utmoſt wiſhes; nor could the payment of bills, any more than of wages, with reaſon or propriety, be demanded of the maſter. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

O. S.

Though my ingenious correſpondent has treated this ſubject with great vivacity and humour, I cannot diſmiſs his letter without ſaying a word or two in favour of ſervants.

It is well known that many of them are engaged in the ſervices of younger brothers, whoſe total inattention to the payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of thoſe ladies of quality who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of their ſaid maſters.

That others have the honour to ſerve ladies of faſhion; where the card-money at their routs and drums, which of right belongs to the ſervants, is appropriated by many of the ſaid ladies to the defraying the expences of tea, coffee, and wax-candles, for the ſaid routs and drums.

That a very great number are the domeſtics of perſons of quality, in whoſe ſervices they have ſo little to do, from the crowds maintained in them, that they find themſelves under a neceſſity of ſpending a great part of their time in ale houſes, and other places of reſort, where, in imitation of their maſters, they divert themſelves with the faſhion-

able amusement of gaming, wenching, and drinking; which amusements, as they are always attended with considerable expence, require more than their bare wages to support.

That others, who live in the city, and are the servants of grocers, haberdashers, pastry-cooks, oil-men, pewterers, brokers, taylors, and so forth, have such uncertain humours to deal with, and so many airs of quality to submit to, that their spirits would be quite broken, but for the cordial of vails; which I humbly apprehend they have a better title to than any other of the fraternity, as the maid-servants in such places happen to be as great traders as their masters, and are rarely to be dealt with but at extravagant prices.

That a third part, at least, of the whole body of servants in this great metropolis, who for certain wise reasons pass with their masters for single men, have wives and families to maintain in private; and if it be considered that the common advantages of such servants, without the addition of vails, are too insignificant to support the said wives and families in any degree of elegance, it is presumed that their perquisites ought in no wise to be abridged.

For these, and many other reasons too tedious to be here set down, I am not only for continuing the custom of giving money to servants, but do also publish it as my opinion, that in all families where the said servants are no more in number than a dozen or fifteen, it is mean, pitiful, and beggarly, in any person whatsoever, to pass from table without giving to all.

Nº LXI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1754.

THOUGH the following letters are written upon more serious subjects, and in a graver stile and manner than are common to this paper, which is professedly devoted to the ridicule of vice, folly, and false taste; yet, as they are intended for public benefit, and may contain some useful hints and informations, I shall present them to my readers without farther preface.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

HIS Majesty having frequently recommended to his parliament to consider of proper means to put a stop to the numerous robberies and murders amongst us, I shall want no apology for sending you my thoughts upon that subject. Many persons have been of opinion that severe punishments were necessary in these cases; but constant experience proves the contrary, and that the consequence is only making rogues more desperate, and thereby encreasing the danger, instead of providing for the security of honest men. One thing only I think might safely be done with respect to punishments, which is, that no criminal (except in very particular circumstances) who is clearly convicted, should escape by transportation or otherwise. The lenity of the government suffers this in hopes of an amendment; but when the mind is once corrupted to so great a degree, it is seldom capable of any virtuous sentiments; and the case of such persons is, that they generally return from transportation in a short time, and fall immediately into the same company and profligate course of life as before. Such kind of pardons are considered by rogues no otherwise than as giving them hopes of perpetrating their crimes with impunity, and consequently must produce a very bad effect. I am confirmed in this opinion by Monsieur Secondat, who, in his excellent treatise upon the Spirit of Laws, says, That if we enquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of crimes, and not from the moderation of punishments. But then I must add, that if the punishment for robbery is made more certain, there ought to be a distinction (unless hanging in chains is thought a sufficient one) between that and murder, lest the robber, seeing the punishment the same, and equally certain, may be tempted to kill, in order to his concealment. However, it is the business of every legislature rather to make good regulations for preventing crimes, than to contrive punishments for them.

The ingenious Mr. Fielding, in a very sensible pamphlet upon this subject, attributes

attributes the number of robberies in a great measure to the luxury and extravagance of the nation: but it appears to me that these are only remoter causes; for though luxury and extravagance reign in all our principal towns, yet the robberies are chiefly in and about London; and even when they happen in the country, they are generally committed by rogues, who make excursions out of London to fairs, horse-races, and other public meetings; which clearly and evidently points out the true cause of them to be the *overgrown size of London*, affording infinite receptacles to sharpers, thieves, and villains of all kinds. Our magistrates have lately exerted themselves with a very becoming spirit, in suppressing houses of gaming and debauchery; but I am afraid the number of these houses is so great, that all their endeavours will not produce any considerable benefit to the public. The buildings in London have been encreased prodigiously within these thirty years; and the ill consequences of this increase seem not to have been enough considered; but it is certain that a large metropolis is the greatest evil in any country, and the source and fountain of all the corruption that is in it. It appears from the bills of mortality that the burials in London vastly exceed the christenings. This annual surplus, supplied in a great measure from the several counties, is a continual drain from the people, and an immense loss to the nation: and I cannot help recommending it to those gentlemen who are for encreasing the number of our people by a general naturalization bill, to provide in the mean time for the security and preservation of those we have already.

The monstrous size of our capital is one great cause of the excessive luxury that prevails amongst us. The infinite number of people that resort hither, naturally rival each other in their tables, dress, equipage, furniture, and, in short, extravagances of all sorts. Notwithstanding the late necessary regulations, a continual round of amusement and entertainment is invented for every day in the week; and by this means the mind is kept in a constant hurry and dissipation, and rendered unfit for any serious employment. Can mothers of this turn, immersed in vanity and folly, be supposed capable of any domestic concerns? What a prospect is here of the morals of the rising age! And, what is worse, this love of pleasure is carried into the country, and a general dissoluteness spreads itself through the whole kingdom. Hence it is that gentlemen even of small fortunes are impatient of the country, and croud to the diversions of London, contracting an expensive taste, and ruining their families. Nor is this love of pleasure confined only to genteel life; the common people easily follow the example of those above them; and as they have no fund to support them without labour, the consequence of idleness, in them, is immediate poverty; which necessarily throws them into sharping, robbery, and all kinds of dishonesty. So that I believe it may truly be affirmed, that the luxury and corruption of any nation is just in proportion to it's wealth, and the largeness of it's metropolis.

Thuanus tells us, that in the reign of Henry the Second there was an edict made to prohibit any buildings in the suburbs of Paris; and in Queen Elizabeth's time a bill passed to prevent the increase of London; but, like other good laws, it soon grew obsolete, and lost it's effect.

In what manner our metropolis may be reduced without injury to the proprietors of houses and ground-rents, I do not pretend to determine; but it seems absolutely necessary that a stop should be put to any farther building: and if, besides this, the ruinous houses in the back parts of the town, such as Hockley in the Hole, &c. which are the grand receptacles for sharpers and pickpockets, and which might be purchased at an easy rate, were annually to be bought up, the materials sold, and the ground thrown into open fields, the town in a few years would be considerably reduced, the health of the people very greatly improved, and the number of gamesters, thieves, lewd women, &c. gradually diminished. I am, &c.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS you profess not only to amuse, but to instruct; and as the early grounding of youth in true fortitude and the love of their country are objects worthy of the most serious attention; give me leave to caution parents and guardians,

guardians, through your channel, againſt an evil they ſeem inſenſible of, the evil of ſending youths unacquainted with the world, even raw from ſchool, to French academies; where no ſooner are they got together, than thoſe who preſide in the councils of that kingdom, ever attentive to ſow the ſeeds of diſſention in theſe nations, detach a number of Iriſh officers, who, by ſpeaking our language, and introducing theſe heedleſs boys into the pleaſures of the place, eaſily inſinuate themſelves into their good graces; and then, with no leſs art than judgment, gradually inſtil into their vacant minds the poiſons of popery and diſaffection. I ſpeak by experience. If any one doubts the truth of this aſſertion, let him enquire into the preſent condition of a French academy in a neighbouring maritime province, where theſe meaſures will be found to be at this hour warmly purſuing. Are there not other countries, countries of liberty, where the French tongue, and the exerciſes which contribute to faſhion the exteriors, are to be acquired with equal ſucceſs? Doubtleſs there are: and thoſe parents who, by the advantage of their own education, are capable of directing that of their children, never hazard them among theſe dangerous people, till by reading, travel, and an acquaintance with mankind, they are proof againſt ſuch unhappy impreſſions.

If the inſerting this ſhort letter ſaves but one Briton from perdition, you and I, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhall not eſteem it as an uſeleſs precaution. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

N° LXII. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have ſomewhere read of the ſaying of a philoſopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, That every one ought to do ſomething in the world, to ſhew that he has been in it. I am therefore, though a woman, deſirous of leaving behind me the following teſtimony of my exiſtence, and of convincing poſterity, that in point of birth I have had the ſtart of them.

It is of late grown into a faſhion among the men to treat the buſineſs of viſiting with great diſreſpect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their ſuperior natures. Yet notwithſtanding their contempt of it, and the odious name of Gadding which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our aſſemblies, or that they are better able than us women to ſhut themſelves up in their own houſes, when there is any thing to be done or ſeen abroad. If they would content themſelves with finding fault with the Name and not the Thing, I ſhould have no quarrel with them; the word Viſit being of ſo various and uncertain a ſignification, that I am always at a loſs in what ſenſe to underſtand it.

A ſiſter-in-law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, ſent me ſome time ago a very preſſing letter, deſiring my aſſiſtance, and that of my cook-maid, for a few days; her houſe, as ſhe ſaid, being likely to be put into great hurry and confuſion from the preparations they were making for the reception of my Lord Whimſey, who had ſent my brother a card that he intended him a Viſit the week following. I ſet out accordingly with my cook; and when every thing was got ready in the beſt and genteeleſt manner that my brother's fortune would afford for the entertainment of ſo noble a gueſt, down comes my lord as expected; who, upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to his coachman to keep the horſes in motion, for that his ſtay ſhould not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordſhip took a walk through the garden; ſeemed greatly pleaſed with it's ſituation and deſign; very politely excuſed himſelf from making a longer ſtay; and took his leave with ſaying, that he hoped ſoon to do himſelf the pleaſure of making him a ſecond Viſit.

It would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family diſtreſs upon ſo vexing a diſappointment; let it ſuffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor ſiſter perfectly recovered it, or before ſhe left off her hourly repeated queſtion of—'What ſhall we do with all this 'load of victuals?' My lord next day at White's was giving high encomiums

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on my brother's feat, and the goodneſs of the air in that part of Surrey; and was pleaſed to ſay that he thought it the compleateſt thing of it's ſize within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobling, a diſtant relation of ours, propoſed being of my lord's party at his next viſit. Accordingly in about three weeks a ſecond card informs my brother of a ſecond Viſit.

By this time I and my maid, together with two or three ſupernumerary aſſiſtants and female humble couſins, were diſmiſſed, after having ſtaid a fortnight, by particular deſire, to help to eat up the paſties, pyes, tarts, jellies, ſillabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which uſually contented itſelf with two ſubſtantial diſhes, or one and a pudding.

It was not in the leaſt doubted that my lord's ſecond Viſit would be of the ſame nature with the firſt; his lordſhip's card being conceived exactly in the ſame words: there was therefore no need of fuſs or preparation; my ſiſter too had pretty well worn off the dread of making her appearance before ſo great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphry, and Colonel Shuffle, a great favourite of my lord's, and a number of ſervants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, ſetters, ſpaniels, &c.—My poor dear ſiſter!—I wiſh you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept houſe in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord's arrival having ſoon ſpread itſelf, ſeveral of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordſhip; the greater part of whom, by Sir Humphry's inceſſantly puſhing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To ſhorten my ſtory, my lord and the colonel, finding the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight; and Sir Humphry, having drank himſelf into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family, (whom he ſent for to attend him) at this day upon his Viſit.

I have heard much of the copiouſneſs of the Engliſh language, and would fain know why it is that people can find no term to expreſs their deſign of ſtaying fifteen days at your houſe, different from that which ſignifies fifteen minutes? Have they no way of expreſſing the time of their continuance but by the one word Viſit? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying upon cards or otherwiſe the Viſitor's deſign upon the Viſited might be found out, giving him to underſtand at ſight what he has to do towards a proper reception: whether it be to order a fire in the beſt parlour; to ſee the death-warrant for poultry, roaſting-pigs, &c. be to be ſigned; if ſheets, beds, and chambers, are to be aired, or a month's proviſion to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be eaſily effected by a method, which for the good of all maſters and miſtreſſes of families, I am now going to communicate.

When a fine lady, having a new-faſhioned ſuit of clothes, or a new piece of ſcandal to circulate, finds it neceſſary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day; or when a fine gentleman chuſes to ſignify his intention of making a ſhort Viſit, like my Lord Whimſey's firſt; I am for an abridgment of the word, and only calling it a Vis. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country friend, or a diſh of tea with a town one, I would have that called a Viſit. But when a perſon propoſes ſpending ſome days, weeks, or months, at a houſe, I would call that a Viſitation. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form.

'Lady Changeherfriend's compliments
'to Lady Fiddlefaddle, and intends to
'to Vis her ladyſhip this evening.—
'Lord Stiff's compliments to Sir Gre-
'gory Quibus at his houſe at Hamp-
'ſtead, and intends to Viſit him the
'firſt fair day.—Captain Fearaball's
'compliments to Ralph Hardhead,
'Eſq. at his ſeat near Burford Downs,
'and intends him a Viſitation the be-
'ginning of next month, to take a
'crack of hunting with him.' Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of Viſing, Viſiting, and Viſitationing, always carry an exact meaning with them, and be ſuch as the loweſt capacity cannot fail of underſtanding. I am, with great eſteem, dear Sir, your conſtant reader and admirer,

SUSSANNA FRETTABIT.

P. S. If this letter ſhould happen to pleaſe you, who are all the world to me, I may

I may very ſhortly ſend you a few neceſſary remarks upon each of theſe three Viſitments; in which I may obſerve at large that the Vis ſeems to be chiefly confined within the bills of mortality, or to the inhabitants of large towns, and is applicable to the tranſacting of buſineſs in general. The Viſit is more particularly for ſtill-life and fet compliments. The Viſitation is looked upon generally in a very indifferent light, and oftener thought a plague than a pleaſure by the receiver: it is chiefly the invention of the worthy tribe of Hearers, (of whom you gave us lately ſo lively a deſcription) led-captains, younger brothers brought up to no buſineſs, humble couſins, &c. The Viſited in theſe caſes, or more properly ſpeaking, the Patients, have invented on their parts ſeveral curious hints towards ſhortening the length of a Viſitation, beſides thoſe ſtale and threadbare ones, of bringing out after a certain time the brown loaf, and ordering the groom to ſay, that the corn is all out. My uncle Toby Trettabit, having received a Viſitation from a gentleman and his lady who were his relations, and finding it continued to the ſeventeenth morning, hit upon the expedient of calling aloud to his groom, under their chamber window, to be ſure to feed his couſins horſes well, and get their chaiſe cleaned—'For, very likely, Tom,' ſays he, raiſing his voice, 'my couſins will 'embrace ſo fine a morning to go home 'in; for, you know, ſo very fine a day 'one ſeldom ſees in a whole month at this 'time of the year.' His couſins, it ſeems, took the hint, and very civilly decamped a few hours after.

N° LXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

ANIMI CULTUS QUASI QUIDAM HUMANITATIS CIBUS.
TULL.

IF the love of indolence did not ſometimes as entirely poſſeſs me as the love of fame, I ſhould no doubt feel myſelf a little piqued at being in a manner compelled to withdraw my own wit, in order to publiſh that of my correſpondents. For many weeks paſt I have conſidered myſelf as a mere poſtmaſter, whoſe only employment is to receive and diſtribute letters. But what moſt mortifies me, is, that I do not find my readers to be at all clamorous about my reſuming the pen. I am particularly hurt by my correſpondent of this day, who, under the friendly appearance of favouring me with his aſſiſtance, has ſent me what I am afraid will caſt a ſhade upon my own papers. I could have forgiven the injury, if he had left me room to alter a ſingle word in his eſſay, when I might have aſſured my acquaintance that it was partly written by myſelf.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY one knows how liable the Body is to decay, unleſs it be ſupported by proper nouriſhment. The unlearned labourer is as well ſkilled in this doctrine as the moſt profound philoſopher: for the ſtomach, by certain monitory twitches, informs them both equally of how great importance eating is, not only to their well-being, but to their being at all. The peaſant labours that he may eat, and eats that he may labour; and his very labouring contributes alſo to the health of his Body. Now, Sir, I beg leave to inform certain of your readers, who, by the circumſtances of their birth, education, and fortune, are unhappily exempt from Bodily labour, and who are idle becauſe they have leiſure, that the mind likewiſe requires ſuſtenance, and that for want of food and exerciſe it will as naturally fall into decay as the Body.

This is daily ſeen in what is called the polite world, which is chiefly compoſed of ſuch whoſe ſleek countenances and active limbs diſcover all the ſigns of vigorous Bodily health, but whoſe Minds are ſo feeble, puny, and half-ſtarved, as to be ſcarce able to ſupport themſelves.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh are generally crouded with objects of this ſort; for that ſuch naturally have recourſe to public places and company, may be learned from Tully's account of the idle

fellows

fellows of Rome—'*Videmus, cum re*
'*nullâ impediantur neceſſariâ, aut al-*
'*veolum poſcere, aut quærere quempiam*
'*ludum, aut ſermonem aliquem requi-*
'*rere; cumque non habeant ingenuas ex*
'*doctrinâ oblectationes, circulos aliquos*
'*et ſeſſiunculas conſectari.*' As this morſel of Latin may poſſibly ſtick with ſuch of your readers as have had Leiſure enough to neglect the improvement of their ſchool-learning, to make it go down more glibly, I will dreſs it for them after the Engliſh manner—'The
'idle, as they have no occupation or
'buſineſs to employ them, reſort either
'to a gaming-table, or a cricket-match,
'or Mother Midnight's oration; and, as
'they have not, for want of learning,
'any of the amuſements of a gentle-
'man, become members of clubs and
'frequenters of coffee-houſes.' From the illuſtrious convention at White's down to thoſe who aſſemble on birth-days at the Black, whether they rejoice in champaign and ortolans, or tripe and porter; whether they are employed at a hazard-table or a ſhovel-board, the Mind in each fraternity ſeems to be alike provided for, and has little elſe to ſubſiſt upon than the ſcraps and broken pieces of knowledge picked up from the common news-papers.

We cannot wonder, if, with ſuch miſerable fare, the Mind ſhould be impaired in it's ſtrength, and grow languid in it's motions; but we may well wonder that men, who are far above the ordinary rank of life, who are proud of their abilities to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the vulgar in their cloaths, tables, houſes, furniture; in ſhort, in all the conveniencies of mere living, even to luxury; ſhould take up with ſo poor a diet; ſhould be contented with diverſions which even the loweſt mechanic may aſpire to. Is it no mortification to their pride to find men of low birth, mean fortune, and no education, on a level with themſelves in their amuſements? Is it no reproach to them to look upon a picture of Raphael, or a Medician Venus, with the ſame ſtupid eye of indifference, as the labourer who ground the colours, or who dug in the quarry? Yet many there are, and men of taſte too, as the phraſe goes, who, through a ſhameful neglect of their Minds, have little or no reliſh of the fine arts: and I doubt whether, in our moſt ſplendid aſſemblies, the Royal Game of Gooſe would not have as many eyes fixed upon it, as the lately publiſhed curioſity of the ruins of Palmyra. I mention this work, not only to inform ſuch of your readers as do not labour under a total loſs of appetite for liberal amuſements, what a ſumptuous entertainment they may ſit down to, but alſo to give it as a ſignal inſtance, how agreeably men of ingenious talents, ample fortune, and great leiſure, may amuſe themſelves, and, laudably employing their leiſure time, do honour to their country.

Among the polite and idle, there are none whom I behold with more compaſſion than thoſe meagre and half-famiſhed ſouls whom I meet every day, in fine cloaths and gay equipages, going about from door to door, like common beggars; and like beggars too, as commonly turned away; with this difference, that the porter gives the Ragged ſtroller a ſurly No, and a civil diſmiſſion to the vagrant in Embroidery. The former, to excuſe his idleneſs, ſays—'Nobody
'will employ me;' the latter does as good as ſay—'I cannot employ my-
'ſelf.' This in high life is called viſiting; which does not imply any friendſhip, eſteem, or the leaſt regard towards the perſon who is viſited, but is the effect of pure generoſity in the viſitor, who having more time upon his hands than he knows what to do with, prodigally beſtows ſome of it upon thoſe whom he cares not one farthing for. I look upon viſiting to be the art of ſquandering away time with the leaſt loſs of reputation: a very great invention indeed! and as the other ingenious arts have been produced by hungry bellies, ſo this owes it's riſe to the emptineſs of the Mind.

But the hunger of the Mind for the moſt part creates a conſtant reſtleſſneſs, frequent indiſpoſition, and ſometimes, that worſe than bodily diſeaſe, the ſpleen; which happens when, by low keeping, it is reduced to the neceſſity of gnawing and preying upon itſelf. Every man, who does nothing, becauſe he has nothing to do, feels himſelf more or leſs ſubject to theſe diſorders. And can his flying to places of paſtime and diverſion remove them? Should we not condemn a mother as unnatural, who, when her child cries for bread and butter, ſhould carry it abroad to a puppet-ſhow? Yet full as abſurdly does every man act,

who, regardless of the cravings of his mental appetite, stands gaping at vertical suns or a painted waterfall.

I have heard that the master of Vauxhall, who so plentifully provides Beef for our Bodily refreshment, has, for the entertainment of those who visit him at his country-house, no less plentifully provided for the Mind; where the guest may call for a scull to chew upon the instability of human life, or sit down to a collation of poetry, of which the hangings of his room of entertainment take up, as I am told, many yards. I wish that this grand purveyor of beef and poetry would transfer some of the latter to his gardens at Vauxhall. Odes and songs pasted on the lamp-posts would, I believe, be much more studiously attended to than the prices of cheese-cakes and custards; and if the unpictured boxes were hung round with celebrated passages out of favourite poets, many a company would find something to say, who would otherwise sit cramming themselves in silent stupidity. I am led to this thought by an observation I once made at a country church, where the walls were set out with several plain dishes of good wholesome doctrine. It happened that the pastor of the flock, who was round and fat, by the heaviness of his discourse, and the lazy manner of delivering it, laid to sleep three fourths of his audience. Upon enquiry, I found that the sleepers were those only who could not read, and that the rest kept themselves awake by feeding on the walls. In the waking part of the congregation, I had a proof of the advantage of reading; in the languid preacher, an instance of a decayed habit of Mind; which certainly would not have been in so weak a condition, if, instead of cold ham and venison-pasty, he had now and then taken for breakfast a luncheon of Barrow, or a slice of Tillotson.

Yours, &c.

L. M.

N° LXIV. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

ANIMUM PICTURA PASCIT INANI.
VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Readily agree with your correspondent of last week in his conclusion, that books, or more properly, that learning is the food of the Mind; and as what happened to me lately was occasioned by giving my Mind a meal, I beg leave to relate it to you. You must know, Sir, I labour under a misfortune common to many in this great metropolis, which is, to have a very good appetite and very little to eat. This lays me under the necessity of sponging upon my friends: my calamity, indeed, sits lighter upon me, as I do not practise the little arts and shifts of many fine gentlemen, who drop in as it were by chance at dinner-time; who saunter about the town in hopes of meeting with some generous master of a family; or who, in a morning visit, protract the conversation till it is too late for them to dine any where else. No, Sir; I have a mind above such low contrivances, and openly avow my sponging without any reserve or shame-facedness.

With the view of getting a breakfast, I waited the other morning on Lord Finical, who is remarkable for having a very elegant library. The familiarity of his conversation with me in public places gave me courage to make him the first visit; and as I knew that his time of rising was about twelve, I was at his door by nine; where, after the fashion of mumpers, I gave but one single knock for fear of disturbing him. After some time the door was opened to me by a slip-shod footman, who asking my honour's pardon for having made me wait so long, shewed me into the library. Here I found my lady's woman, with a damask napkin in her hand, taking down the books one by one, and, after dusting them as tenderly as if they had been girls, putting them into their places again. She very politely hoped I would excuse her; said she should soon have done; that to be sure the books were in a great dishabille, and not fit to be seen in that pickle. 'For you must know, Sir,'

'Sir,' said she, 'that this is the largeſt 'room in the houſe; and my lady gave 'a ball here laſt night, well knowing 'that my lord would not leave White's 'till the dancers were gone.' This ſhe deſired me to keep to myſelf. I told her, I thought there was no great harm in making uſe of a room which would otherwiſe be uſeleſs. 'True, Sir,' ſaid ſhe; 'but as my lady knows that my 'lord does not *chuſe* it, and as my lady 'would not willingly offend my lord, 'ſhe has ſtrictly ordered all the ſervants 'not to blab, and deſired me to be up 'thus early to wipe the books, for fear 'the duſt upon them ſhould occaſion a 'diſcovery: for you know, Sir, if my 'lord knows nothing of the matter, it is 'juſt the ſame thing as if there had been 'no dancing at all.' As I did not controvert ſo eminent a doctrine, her converſation ended with wiping the laſt book; and after having received an aſſurance from me of keeping ſecret what ſhe had no occaſion to intruſt me with, ſhe very graciouſly diſmiſſed herſelf.

I was now left by myſelf, and was going, as I thought, to ſit down to a moſt delicious repaſt; but I found myſelf in the ſtate of a country booby at a great man's table, who ſits gaping and ſtaring at the richneſs of the plate and elegance of the ſervice while he ſhould eat his dinner. I ſtood aſtoniſhed at the gay proſpect before me: the ſhelves, which at the bottom were deep enough to contain juſt a folio, tapered upwards by degrees, and ended at the dimenſion of a ſmall duodecimo. All the books on the ſame ſhelf were exactly of the ſame ſize, and were only to be diſtinguiſhed by their backs, which were moſt of them gilt and lettered, and diſplayed as great a variety of colours as is to be ſeen in a bed of tulips: for the bindings of ſome were red, ſome few black, others blue, green, or yellow; and here and there, at proper intervals, was ſtuck in one in vellum covering, as white as a curd, and lettered black, in order to make a ſtronger contraſt of the colours on each ſide of it.

Hitherto I ſtood at ſome diſtance, to take with more advantage a general view of the beauty of the whole; but curioſity leading me to a cloſer inſpection of each individual, I had the pleaſure to find myſelf ſurrounded by the beſt authors in ancient or modern learning. I took down ſeveral of them by way of taſting; (for, as Lord Bacon obſerves, 'ſome books are to be taſted, others to 'be ſwallowed, and ſome few to be 'chewed and digeſted;') and by the ſticking together of the leaves, occaſioned by the marbling and gilding of the edges, I found that not one of them had been opened ſince they came out of the hands of the bookbinder.

I now fell to with a good appetite, intending to make a full meal; and while I was chewing upon a piece of Tully's philoſophical writings, my lord came in upon me. His looks diſcovered great uneaſineſs, which I attributed to the event of his laſt night's diverſion; but good manners requiring me to prefer his lordſhip's converſation to my own amuſement, I replaced his book, and by the ſudden ſatisfaction in his countenance, perceived that the cauſe of his perturbation was my holding open the book with a pinch of ſnuff in my fingers. He ſaid, he was glad to ſee me, for he ſhould not have known elſe what to have done with himſelf: I returned the compliment, by ſaying I thought he could not want entertainment amidſt ſo choice a collection of books. 'Yes,' replied he, 'the col-'lection is not without elegance; but I 'read men only now; for I finiſhed my 'ſtudies when I ſet out on my travels. 'You are not the firſt who has admired 'my library; and I am allowed to have 'as fine a taſte in books as any man in 'England.' Hereupon he ſhewed me a Paſtor-fido bound in green, and decorated with myrtle leaves: he then took down a volume of Tilloſon in a black binding, with the leaves as white as a law book, and gilt on the back with little mitres and croſiers; and laſtly, a Cæſar's Commentaries cloathed in red and gold, in imitation of the military uniform of Engliſh officers. He reflected with an air of ſatisfaction upon the uſefulneſs of making obſervations in travelling abroad; and acknowledged that he owed the thought to his having ſeen, in a French abbé's ſtudy at Paris, all the Dauphine editions of the claſſics with gold dolphins on the back of them. *Num veſceris iſtâ, quam laudas, plumâ?* was frequently at my tongue's end; but good-breeding reſtrained me from taking the liberty of a too familiar expoſtulation.

We now ſat down at the table; and my lord, having ordered the tea-water,

begged the favour of me to reach out my hand to the window-seat behind me, and give him one of the books, which lay flat one upon another, the backs and leaves alternately. I did so; and endeavouring to take the uppermost, I found that they all clung together. His lordship seeing my surprize, laughed very heartily, saying it was only a tea-chest, and that I was not the first by many whom he had played the same trick upon. On examining it, I found that the upper book opened as a lid, and the hinges and key-hole of the lock were concealed so artfully, as they might easily escape common observation. But it was with great concern that I beheld the backs of these seeming books lettered POPE'S WORKS. Poor Pope! with what indignation would he have swelled, had he lived to see but the mere phantom of his works become the vehicle of grocery! His lordship, observing my eyes fixed with attention on the lettering, gave me the reason of it. 'What 'could I do?' said he, 'the credit of 'my library required the presence of 'the Poet; but where to place him was 'the difficulty; for my shelves were all 'full, long before the last publication 'of him, and would have lost much of 'their beauty by any derangement; so, to 'get clear of the *embaras*, I thought it 'might be as well to have Mr. Hallet's 'edition as Mr. Knapton's.' I perfectly agreed with his lordship, reserving to myself my meaning as to his own particular. Mr. Cash the banker being now introduced, after hearing a joke or two upon Mr. Cash's books, which his lordship was pleased to call a more valuable library than his own, I left them to their private business.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for the sake of many, who, like Lord Finical, have a fine taste in books, and not the least relish for learning; and for the convenience of many more, who are fond of the appearance of learning, and can give no other proof of it, than that of possessing so many books, which are like globes to a cunning man; I desire you will give a hint to Mr. Bromwich to form a paper hanging, representing classes of books, which may be called for at his shop by the name of Learned, or Library-paper, as he pleases. That ingenious gentleman, whose gains and reputation have risen equally with our paper-madness, will exert his fancy in so many pretty designs of book-cases, or pieces of ornamental architecture, accommodated to the size of all rooms, in such richness of gilding, lettering, and colouring, that I doubt whether the Chinese-Paper, so much in fashion in most of our great houses, must not, to his great emolument, give place to the Learned: I think the Library-paper will look as pretty, *may* be made as costly, and I am sure will have more meaning. The books for a lady's closet must be on a smaller scale, and may be thrown into Chinese Houses; and here and there blank spaces may be left for brackets to hold real China ware and Dresden figures. It is to be observed, that the lettering should not be put on till the paper is hung up; for every customer ought to have the chusing and the marshalling his own books: by this means he may have those of the newest fashion immediately after their publication; and, besides, if he should grow tired of one author or one science, he may be furnished with others at reasonable rates, by the mere alteration of the lettering.

I make no apology to Mr. Dodsley on this occasion, as I do not think he will lose a single customer by this compendious, yet comprehensive method of Performing libraries. Yours, &c.

L. A.

No LXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

CAMPESTRES MELIUS SCYTHÆ,
QUORUM PLAUSTRA VAGAS RITE TRAHUNT DOMOS.
HOR.

THAT Experience is the best, and should be the only guide of our conduct, is so trite a maxim, that one can hardly offer it without an apology: and yet we find the love of innovation, and the vanity of invention, carrying men daily to a total neglect of it. In a country where mode and fashion govern every

every thing, we must not be surprized that men are ruled by no fixed principles, but rather should expect they will frequently act in direct opposition to every thing that has been long established. The favourite axiom of the present times is, that our ancestors were barbarous; therefore, whatever differs from the ignorance of their manners must be wise and right.

To shew the folly of an overweening opinion of inventive wisdom, and to bring the foregoing remarks to the purpose and subject of this day's paper, I shall give an instance from Garcillasso de la Vega, who tells us, that when the Spaniards began to settle in Peru, and were erecting large stone buildings, the Indians stood by and laughed at them, saying, that they were raising their own tombs, which, on the first heaving of the earth, would fall and crush them. Yet, big with their European improving genius, they despised the light cabins of the Americans, and at length became the victims of their own opinionated pride. Equally ridiculous would be the Peruvian in England, who, disregarding the old established models of strength and solidity, should build himself a hut after the fashion of his own country, and adapted only to the temperature of that climate.

As I would willingly pay my countrymen the compliment of supposing all their actions to be founded in reason, when I cannot demonstrate the contrary, I have imputed the number of slight wooden edifices with which we see our parks and gardens so crouded, to the extravagant fears with which it may be remembered the inhabitants of more solid structures were seized at the time of the late-expected earthquake. If such a time of universal panic should again occur, I doubt not but the builders of these asylums, who had mercenary views, would see good interest for their money, while the generous and benevolent would enjoy the greatest of pleasures, that of making numbers easy and happy. But even in this case, how have they acted against Experience! For as a storm of wind is a much more usual phenomenon in this climate than an earthquake, it is evident that the expence of erecting these occasional receptacles (though not indeed very considerable) must be totally thrown away; unless we are to believe those refiners in political arithmetic, who assert that these retreats have contributed as much to the service of the public in the Increase of it's inhabitants, as they could have done in the Preservation of them, according to their original institution.

The same spirit which influences men to despise and neglect ancient wisdom, leads them to a hasty and precipitate imitation of novelty. Thus, many, ignorant of the original design of these slight shelters, and not imagining there could possibly be any use in them, concluded that they must imply ornament and beauty; and recollecting the proverb, that 'Every thing that is little 'is pretty,' dotted their parks with sections of Hogsheads. The first I saw of these gave me a high opinion of the modesty of it's owner. 'A wise man of 'Greece,' thought I to myself, 'was im-'mortalized for his self-denial and humi-'lity in occupying the whole of that man-'sion, of which my wiser countryman is 'contented with the half.' But upon looking round me, and seeing this new old whim propagated all over his park, and these philosophical domicils so numerous as to make a town big enough to hold all the wise men upon earth, I soon changed my opinion of the founder, and concluded him rather to be possessed with the ambitious madness of Alexander, who coveted MORE WORLDS, than with the moderation of the Cynic, who, as Hudibras observes, expressed no manner of solicitude about a PLURALITY of TUBS.

The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes; who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he had ne'er another tub.

The situations usually destined for these monuments of taste, are not in covered vallies, embosomed in groves, or in some sheltered dell; (there indeed we have the modesty to place our woodpiles, bone-stacks, cinder-heaps, and other more heavy fabrics, composed of rubbish, oyster-shells, and sometimes more glittering worthlessness, under the ennobling title of grottos, hermitages, &c. &c.) to make them conspicuous, they are placed on eminences in the bleakest exposures; insomuch, that I have

have over-heard an assembly of modern improvers consoling with one another at a drum on a windy night, like a company of merchants at Jamaica, who had a rich fleet in the harbour at the time of a hurricane.

The moveable houses of the Scythians, described in my motto, are worthy our admiration. We must acknowledge them to be the perfection of all works, since they will stand the criticism of Momus himself; having that requisite, for the want of which he condemned all other houses: they are upon wheels, and can move from bad neighbours, or be conveyed to shelter from the fury of the winds, or the scorching of the sun. What a satisfaction must it be to a man of fortune to be told that such houses are a manufacture of this age and country, and that he may be supplied with a very compleat one, at the common and moderate price of three hundred pounds! It is to be presumed that no gentleman, whom this intelligence may reach, will hereafter litter his park with huts, tubs, cribs, sentry-boxes, &c.

The taste of the present age is universally for annuals. Their politics, books, plantations, and now their buildings, must be all annuals: and it is to be apprehended, that in a few years, large trees and substantial structures will be no where to be found, except in our Desarts: unless we could be as sanguine in our expectations as a certain schemist, of whom I shall relate some particulars.

This gentleman, whose Chinese temple had been blown down a few weeks after it was erected, was comforting himself that he had found in Hanway's Travels a model never yet executed in this part of the world, which, from the advantage of it's form, must stand against the most violent gusts of wind on the highest mountains. This was, it seems, a *pyramid of beads*, after a genuine plan of that great improver Kouli Khan. He immediately contracted with the sexton of his parish for a sufficient supply of human sculls; and was preparing the other materials, when the scheme was prevented by the over-scrupulous conscience of the sexton's wife. The schemist was extremely mortified, yet remained pertinacious in the execution of his design; and, as I am told, set out the next morning for Cornwall to obtain a seat in parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the erecting a pyramid in every county, with niches for the reception of the heads of all criminals hereafter to be executed. He is in no pain for the success of his motion; for though the legislature has found objections to every scheme for making malefactors of Use, he doubts not of their ready concurrence in a proposal for making them an Ornament to their country.

In former times, the Great House was the object to which the stranger's admiration was particularly invited. For this purpose lines of trees were planted to direct, and walls built to confine, your approach, in such a manner that the eye must be constantly employed in the contemplation of the principal front. Now it is thought necessary to *change all this*; you are therefore led by round-about serpentine walks, and find your progress to be often intercepted by invisible and unexpected lines and intrenchments, and the mansion purposely obscured by new plantations, while the noblest trees of the old grove are tumbled down to give you a peep now and then at an out-building of about ten feet square of plaster and canvass. So different from this was the practice of our ancestors, that whenever they erected such little edifices, (which they did only from necessity) they constantly planted before them yews, laurels, or aquatics, according as the soil was moist or dry: and I could venture to promise any modern improver, who delights in laying all things open, that he might in one morning fall down the populous part of the Thames, and with his single hatchet among the willows, lay open as many masked edifices of the true modern size and figure, as, properly disposed and fancifully variegated with fresh paint, might make Hounslow Heath a rival to many an admired garden of this age.

A Philosopher would not suppose that the master of the place assumed any merit to himself from such trifles; he would hardly imagine that even the most elegant of palaces could add any degree of worth to the possessor, whose character must be raised and sustained by his own dignity, wisdom, and hospitality; remembering the maxim of Tully, '*Non 'domo dominus, sed domino domus ho-'nestanda est.*' But to judge with the common observer, and to reason with this

the general race of Improvers, if it be absolutely neceſſary for every man to ſhew his taſte in theſe matters, let him endeavour to compaſs ſolidity, duration, and convenience, in the manſion he inhabits; and not attempt to diſplay his magnificence in a number of edifices, which, whatever they may ſeem to imitate, are Unneceſſary Houſes.

LXVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO confeſs an unfaſhionable kind of truth, I am a woman who now and then think a little; and when I do, I ſometimes turn my reflections on my own ſex. Man, you know, is ſaid to be 'a creature formed for ſociety;' and I do not deny it to be in general true; but then, pray, what is Woman? To ſay that ſhe too is 'a creature formed 'for ſociety,' is ſaying nothing at all; ſhe is a great deal more than all that. Shall I tell you what ſhe is? Woman is 'a creature formed for Crouding, 'and for being Crouded.'

Mr. Pope, who you know thought it worth his while to write a whole epiſtle about us, declares, after he thinks he has analyſed us to the bottom, that the love of Pleaſure, and the love of Sway, are the general ruling paſſions of the whole ſex. In direct contradiction to which, I aſſert, that the love of Crouding and of being Crouded, is a paſſion infinitely more general and predominant. It will be alledged, probably, that this paſſion is included in one of the former; but I anſwer, No; it is abſolutely diſtinct from either of them: for as to the love of Pleaſure, aſk a woman of faſhion in the midſt of a crouded aſſembly, (and thanks to the taſte of the age we live in, you may make the experiment in this dear town any evening you pleaſe) aſk her, I ſay, if ſhe takes any Pleaſure in being crouded?—'No,' ſhe will tell you, 'ſhe hates and deteſts it; 'it breaks her hoop, tears her ruffles, 'puts her in a horrid fluſter, makes her 'a fright in ſhort, and ſhe wonders 'what could perſuade her to come 'there.' A plain proof this, that it does not reſult from her love of Pleaſure: and that it is not a conſequence of our love of Sway, is ſtill more obvious; for the very idea of a crowd excludes all notion of ſuperiority and diſtinction. But, if you want an experimental proof of this too, go to the ſame aſſembly, and obſerve the lady of the houſe herſelf; ſhe is diſtinguiſhed indeed, but in a manner quite oppoſite to what you would expect; for it is only by buſtling through the crowd ſhe has herſelf raiſed, with all the hurry and vulgar obſequiouſneſs of a coffee girl.

All then that can be ſaid in your friend Pope's defence, is, that he did not live long enough to ſee this predominant female paſſion diſplay itſelf in that full ſtrength and vigour which it does at preſent. Yet one might think, too, from what one has heard of the ring and other faſhionable amuſements in his time, (for I do not remember them myſelf) that he had, even then, ſufficient opportunity given him to diſcover this truth; but as he totally omitted it in all his eſſays, I ſhall (without making apologies for my inferior abilities, for I hate apologies) endeavour to demonſtrate, that this very paſſion is ſuperior to all our other paſſions put together.

Firſt, as to our love of Play. Let us in the firſt place, to proceed methodically, conſider what Play is. Play is a ſcience, or rather a ſcience and an art put together; the former of which has been rendered ſyſtematical by the philoſophic pen of Mr. Hoyle; the other, though perhaps as well underſtood as the former, has yet been honoured with no diſtinct treatiſe: though I am told, indeed, that a gentleman, now in the Old Bailey, has, at his leiſure hours, compleated an eſſay, which, when publiſhed, will render the whole of this matter clear to the meaneſt capacity. But this *en paſſant*. Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, whether we conſider Gaming as a ſcience that employs the head, or as an art which exerciſes the hand of it's fair profeſſors; whether we ſuppoſe it a matter of judgment or ingenuity; we muſt agree, that a private room, and a ſmall party, would be infinitely more eligible for the purpoſe (that is, if a woman loved

loved Play for it's own ſake) than a full aſſembly; for if the plays with judgment, I would preſume that a noiſe and tumult about her would certainly diſturb her; and if ſhe plays with ſkill, I ſhould imagine a number of lookers on might poſſibly diſconcert her: yet this is not the caſe; *to game in a crowd* is the *thing*; and rather than not game ſo, ſhe is willing either to be beat or to be ſmoaked, either to loſe her money or her reputation.

Having proved, I think to my ſatisfaction, and I hope, Sir, to yours, that even the love of Play is a ſecondary paſſion to the love of Crouding, I will juſt touch upon our love of Dreſs. That this is made ſubſervient to it alſo, is evident to any perſon that will pleaſe to contemplate that moſt important part of our dreſs, the Hoop; a piece of apparel, or, to ſpeak more properly, a piece of machinery, which owes it's very being and exiſtence to this paſſion: for ſince that invention, a lady is enabled to make a crowd even by herſelf; and thirty women can now cram a room as compleatly as a hundred would do, if deprived of ſo neceſſary an auxiliary. On this principle too we may account for that ſeeming paradox, why the Hoop, contrary to the fleeting and ſhort-lived nature of all other parts of dreſs, holds it's place in the realms of faſhion ſo much longer than any other mode was ever known to do; and while our caps have, from the ſize of a china plate, dwindled away to the breadth of a half-crown, and then entirely vaniſhed, our Hoops, on the contrary, continue to enlarge their circumference gradually, and keep pace with our ruling paſſion. So that I ſhall venture to aſſert, that this part of our dreſs will be immortal; for ſo long as women are women, ſo long muſt they wear large Hoops.

Again, as to our love of Muſic; aſk any woman of faſhion, if the opera ſounds as well on a Tueſday as a Saturday, and ſhe will ſtare at your queſtion, and anſwer coolly, No; ſhe does not think it does. And why, pray? For this ſhort reaſon, that Saturday is the Crouded Night.

The thing is now ſo very plain, that I might ſpare myſelf all farther trouble; yet to proceed, let me aſk why we prefer gallantry to love, and general acquaintance to particular friendſhip? Becauſe the one goes on full as well in a crowd (excepting indeed ſome neceſſary ſhort intervals with regard to gallantry) as in any other place. But ſhould a woman condeſcend to cultivate love or friendſhip, ſhe would be frequently ſeduced into ſolitude, or, what is as bad, be obliged ſometimes to undergo the inſupportable *ennui* of a grave *tête à tête*.

Laſtly, I would fain aſk, why does that ſmall part of our ſex, that think at all about the matter, prefer enthuſiaſm to religion, and Mr. Whitefield to their pariſh prieſt? For no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe Mr. Whitefield of all men living has the greateſt knack of gathering a Crowd about him.

Now that I am talking of religion, I have heard of an author who wrote a treatiſe to prove, that the place of future puniſhment was the centre of the earth; which, ſince it could not fairly hold half the inhabitants that would be aſſigned to it, he ſuppoſed the principal torment would conſiſt in Squeezing. I believe, indeed, the doctrine was ſoon exploded; and it was fit it ſhould: for ſurely, Sir, it would have a manifeſt bad tendency in point of female morals; for who can think that we ſhould have any dread of Squeezing in the next life, when we love ſo dearly to be Squeezed to death in this?

Yet though I have hitherto endeavoured to prove, that this love of Crouding is the ruling paſſion of the Female world, I would not have it inferred, that it does not ſometimes alſo predominate in Man. I know myſelf various inſtances to the contrary: many young fellows of my acquaintance are at preſent warm borough-hunters: now, as moſt of them are infinitely too ignorant to ſuffer one to imagine they do it with a view of ſerving their country, and much too negligent and *degagé* to aim at ſerving themſelves, I charitably conclude, in order to give them ſome motive for action, that they commence candidates purely from this principle, as wanting only to puſh themſelves into a preſent momentary Crowd at the enſuing election, and to ſecure to themſelves a ſeptennial Crowd, by getting into parliament. I could enumerate many more inſtances of the ſame kind, but really I have ſcribbled till I am tired: I have, however, one word to ſay to your friends the poets before I conclude. You know, Sir, they frequently make

similies about us women, and are particularly fond of taking them from the feathered part of the creation: for instance, if a woman is constant, (as perhaps some women have formerly been) they compare her to a turtle; if she sings well, they instantly clap a nightingale into her throat; and if she is fair, the swan's plumage immediately becomes dirty by comparison. Now all these similies may do well enough in the confined way they use them; but they never yet found out any single bird that could be made use of as a general symbol of the whole sex. I have, Mr. Fitz-Adam; and I shall give it them to put into verse, if they please; assuring myself that, if they are convinced of the truth of my foregoing reasonings, they will think it a just one: not to keep them or you longer in suspence, it is a Wild Goose. I am, among the crowd of your admirers,

M. B.

N° LXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ALL the fashionable part of mankind set out with the ambition of being thought men of Taste.

This is the present universal passion: but the misfortune is, that like sportsmen, who lose their hare, and start conies, which lead them over warrens, where their horses break their legs, and fling their riders; so in the affair of Taste, we frequently see men following some false scent, with the same ardour that they would have pursued the proper object of a chace, and with much greater inconveniences.

Of all the various subjects that have yet exercised the geniuses of modern writers, that of Taste has appeared to be the most difficult to treat; because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace it's source. They have generally indeed referred us for it's origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas those are rather it's offspring than it's parents. Perhaps their mistakes in the treating this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which False Taste bears to True, which hasty and inaccurate observers will find as difficult to distinguish, as to discern Pinchbeck's metal from genuine gold at the first transient glance. To the end, therefore, that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a True Taste, is, to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a just and well-regulated conduct.

True Taste, like good-breeding in behaviour, seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown upon a bed of virgin-sense, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard it's growth. It was long erroneously thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces. I could produce instances to confirm this assertion, from almost every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

The folly is, that every man thinks himself capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accomplishment: but Nature hath not dispensed her gifts in such profusion. There is but one sun to illuminate our earth, while the stars that twinkle with inferior lustre are innumerable. Thus those great geniuses that are the perfect models of True Taste are extremely rare, while thousands daily expose themselves to ruin and ridicule by vain and awkward imitations.

Perhaps to arrive at Taste in one single branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether so fruitless an ambition; but the absurdity is to aim at an universal Taste. Now this will best appear by observing what numbers miscarry even in the most confined pursuit of this difficult accomplishment. One seeks this coy mistress in books and study; others pursue her through France, through Italy, nay, through Spain; and after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and foppery with the raptures due alone to Taste. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in

the fields of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the first rank, whose names and titles strumpets have assumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

It is thought the Bona Dea of the Romans was nothing more than the Goddess of Taste. Ladies alone were admitted to her mysteries. The natural indelicacy indeed of the stronger sex seems to countenance this opinion: women in general have finer and more exquisite sensations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes the most essential quality of a man of Taste. Who indeed ever knew a mere soldier, a mere politician, a mere scholar, to be a man of Taste?

Were we to erect a temple to Taste, every Science should furnish a pillar, every Virtue should there have an altar, and the three Graces should hold the high-priesthood in commission.

We daily see pretenders to this quality endeavouring to display it in a parade of dress and equipage; but these, alas! can only produce a beau. We see others set up for it amongst cards and dice; but these can create nothing better than a gamester. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at New Market; some have drank for it at the King's Arms: the former, to their great surprize, have acquired only the title of good Jockeys, the latter of jolly Bucks. There are many who aim at it in literary compositions, and gain at most the character of intruding authors.

However, this general pursuit of Taste has it's uses; those numbers who go in quest of it, where it is never to be found, serve at least as so many marks that teach us to avoid steering the same unsuccessful course.

The plain truth of the matter is, a house filled with fine pictures, the sideboard loaded with massy plate, the splendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages, and servants, that attend it, do not entitle the possessor to be called a man of Taste: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to those whose rank and fortunes are not equal to such ostentation. I will be bold to say, therefore, notwithstanding some of your readers will doubtless look upon me as an unpolished Vandal, that the best instance any man can give of his Taste, is to shew that he has too much delicacy to relish any thing so low and little as the purchase of superfluities at another's cost, or with his own ruin. At least, the placid satisfaction of that man's heart who prudently measures his expences, and confines his desires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered disposition of mind, without which it is impossible to merit the character of a man of just refined Taste.

Certain it is, that he best discovers the justness of his Taste, who best knows how to pursue and secure the most solid and lasting happiness. Now, where shall we look for this, with so much probability of finding it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in social and domestic enjoyments? Are not these the first and most essential objects of Taste? Certainly they are; and when a man has once acquired these, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more extensive compass, and display his genius in a larger circle.

But it will be difficult, I fear, to persuade those young men of the present generation, who are ambitious of establishing a character for Taste, to advance towards it by so slow and regular a progression. They seem in general to be possessed with a kind of Epic madness, and are for hurrying at once into the midst of things. But perhaps you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may be able, by reason or by ridicule, to call back their attention to the previous steps; to persuade them to learn to walk, before they attempt to run; to convince them, that profusion in architecture, in gardening, in equipage, in dress, &c. can serve no other purpose but to disturb their imaginations, and to give them a general distaste of themselves, and of every thing around them.

It is by no means, however, surprizing that this character of Taste should be so universally sought after; as true Taste is doubtless the highest point of perfection at which human nature, in this her state of frailty, can possibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality, possesses all his senses in the manner best adapted to receive the impression of every true pleasure which Providence has scattered with a liberal hand for the delight of it's creatures. There is nothing intrinsically beautiful which does not furnish

furnish him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill-fashioned and deformed affects him with disgust and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to those enjoyments that bring with them the passports of truth and reason.

Philalethes is a man of Taste, according to the notion I have here given of that quality. His conduct is influenced by sentiment as well as by principle; and if he were ever so secure of secrecy and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a base action, than of admitting a vile performance into his noble collection of painting and sculpture. His just Taste of the fine arts, and his exquisite delicacy in moral conduct, are but one and the same sense, exerting itself upon different objects; a love of beauty, order, and propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and visible exhibitions. Accordingly, Philalethes is consistent in every part of his character. You see the same elegant and noble simplicity, the same correct and judicious way of thinking, expressed in his dress, his equipage, his furniture, his gardens, and his actions.

How different is Micio from Philalethes! Yet Micio would be thought a man of Taste; but the misfortune is, he has not a heart for it: I say a heart, however odd the expression may sound; for as a celebrated ancient has defined an orator to be *vir bonus dicendi peritus*, so I must insist upon it, that a good heart is an essential ingredient to form a good Taste. When I see Micio, therefore, dissipating his health and strength in lewd embraces and midnight revels; when I see him throwing away overnight at the gaming-table what he must refuse the next morning to the just clamours of his injured tradesmen; I am not the least surprized at his trimmed trees, his unnatural terrasses, his French *treillage*, his Dutch parterres, his Chinese bells, and his tawdry equipage.

In fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may be necessary that he should be sufficiently instructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the few following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to Taste proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a spendthrift? Is he a gamester? Is he a slanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour? a sham patriot? or a false friend? By this short catechism, every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is NOT a man of Taste.

I am, &c.

J. T.

Nº LXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE kind reception which you gave to my letter of November last, makes me take the liberty of sending you some farther anecdotes of my family.

As my grandfather, Sir Josiah Pumpkin, had made a considerable figure in King Charles's court, his only son Ralph, my honoured father, was no less conspicuous for his valour towards the latter end of King William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of Honour still remained the same. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin Hall, about a year and a half before the Revolution, much discontented with the times, and often wishing that Judge Somebody (I forget his name) had been a militia colonel, that he might have run him through the body, or cut off one of his cheeks with a broad sword. In the same strain he frequently wished Father Peter, a life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of Whitehall. 'These fellows,' said he, 'put me in mind of murderers in popish 'countries, who, if they run into a 'church after cutting a throat, are se'cured from all danger of punishment. 'Our English ruffians too are frequent'ly safe, if they can but shew a lawyer's 'gown, or a priest's cowl.' My grandmother, Lady Pumpkin, was a prudent woman, and, not without some difficulty, persuaded Sir Josiah to content himself with drinking constant bumpers of prosperity to the church and state, without fighting Duels, or breaking heads, in defence of the British consti-

tution. Indeed, he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once ſhot through the leg, and carrying the marks of ſeven-and-twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by ſingle combats, in defence of nominal liberty, and real loyalty, during King Charles the Second's reign.

My father was returned for a borough in Wales, in the ſecond parliament of King William. This drew him every winter to London; and he never took his leave of Sir Joſiah without receiving a ſtrict command to do ſome brave act becoming a man of honour and a Pumpkin. As he was remarkably an obedient ſon, and indeed as we were all, not only as Pumpkins, but as old Britons, very choleric and fiery, my father ſcarce ever returned home without ſome glorious atchievement, the heroiſm of which generally reached Pumpkin Hall before the hero. Of his ſeveral exploits, give me leave only to mention three; not ſo much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them ſome particular and remarkable circumſtances.

There was an intimacy between my father and Major John Davis of the foot-guards. Their firſt acquaintance and friendſhip had begun when the major was quartered at a market-town near Pumpkin Hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greateſt ſtrictneſs for ſeveral years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern, my father jocularly in diſcourſe ſaid—'Ah! Major! Major! you ſtill 'love to ride the fore-horſe.' Alluding to his deſire of being foremoſt in all parties of pleaſure. Major Davis immediately changed colour, and took the earlieſt opportunity of calling Mr. Pumpkin aſide, and demanding ſatisfaction. My father aſked for what? The major made no reply but by drawing his ſword. They fought, and the major was ſoon diſarmed. 'Now, Jack,' ſays my father, 'pray tell me what we fought for?'—'Ah, Ralph!' replied the major, 'why did you reproach me with having been a poſtilion? It is true, I was 'one; but by what means did you know 'it? and when you did know it, why 'would you hint it to the company, by 'ſaying that I ſtill loved to ride the 'fore-horſe?' My father proteſted his ignorance of the fact, and conſequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as ſtrongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was particularly cautious how he diſcovered his original, or blindly followed the folly of his own ſuſpicions.

One of my father's tavern-companions, Captain Shadow, who was very young, very giddy, and almoſt as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a ſuppoſed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which he had made to my father in the playhouſe. They were to fight in Hyde Park: but as the captain was drawing his ſword with the fierceſt indignation, it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might poſſibly have been undeſigned; or, if otherwiſe, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature; he therefore begged pardon of his adverſary, and made up the affair.

I wiſh this had been the laſt of my father's combats; but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer, who had taken the wall of him, and in that duel he received a wound, which, after throwing him ſeveral months into a languiſhing miſerable condition, at laſt proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illneſs with amazing fortitude; but often expreſſed an abhorrence of theſe polite and honourable murders; and wiſhed that he might have lived ſome years longer, only to have ſhewn that he durſt not fight.

I leave you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to make your moral reflections on theſe ſeveral ſtories: but I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of the only Duel in which my poor dear huſband, Mr. Solomon Muzzy, was engaged; if a man may be ſaid to be engaged who was ſcarce ever awake.

Mr. Muzzy was very fat, and extremely lethargic. To be ſure, he had courage ſufficient for a major-general; but he was not only unwieldy, but ſo lethargically ſtupid, that he fell aſleep even in muſical aſſemblies, and ſnored in the play-houſe, as bad, poor man! as he uſed to ſnore in his bed. However, having received many taunts and reproaches from my grandfather, (who was become by age very tart and peeviſh) he reſolved to challenge his own couſin-german by the mother's ſide, Brigadier Truncheon of Soho Square. It ſeems the perſon challenged fixes upon the place and weapons. Truncheon, a deep-ſighted

fighted man, chose Primrose Hill for the field of battle, and swords for the weapons of defence. To avoid suspicion, and to prevent a discovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the summit of Primrose Hill. Truncheon's scheme took effect. Mr. Muzzy was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However, he drew his sword; and, as he assured me himself, began to attack his cousin Truncheon with a valour which must have charmed my grandfather, had he been present. The brigadier went back; Mr. Muzzy pursued; but not having his adversary's alacrity, he stopped a little to take breath. He stopped, alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence; he first dozed, as he stood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropt by degrees upon his face in a most profound sleep. Truncheon, base man! took this opportunity to wound my husband as he lay snoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his stab in such a manner as to make it supposed that Mr. Muzzy had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the most ignominious part of his body. You will ask what became of the seconds? They were both killed upon the spot; but being only two servants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they were buried the same night; and by the power of a little money, properly applied, no farther enquiry was ever made about them.

Mr. Muzzy, wounded as he was, (the blood trickling from him in great abundance) might probably have slept upon that spot for many hours, had not he been awakened by the cruel bites of a mastiff. The dog began first to lick his blood, and then tearing his cloaths, fell upon the wounded part, as if it had been carrion. My poor husband was thoroughly awakened by the new hurt he had received; and indeed it was impossible to have slept, while he was losing whole collops of the fatteſt and most pulpy part of his flesh: so that he was brought home to me much more wounded, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the teeth of the mastiff, than by the sword of his cousin Truncheon.

This, Sir, is the real fact, as it happened; although I well know that the Truncheon family take the liberty of telling a very different story, much to the dishonour of my husband's memory. Permit me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by your means, to do public justice to Mr. Muzzy's character, and at the same time to assure you that I am, Sir, your most obliged, and obedient humble servant,

MARY MUZZY.

Nº LXIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

FOR the entertainment of those of my readers who love variety, and to oblige those of my correspondents whose epistles to me are too short to be published singly, I have set apart this paper for miscellaneous productions.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF you are a strong-bodied man, be so kind as to open your arms to your fair readers, and lift them down safely from their high-heeled shoes. I am really in pain when I see a pretty woman tottering along, uncertain at every step she takes whether she shall stand or fall. If the ladies intend by this fashion to display the leg to greater advantage, to be sure we are obliged to them: but I cannot help being of opinion, that the shortness of the modern petticoat might fully answer this desirable purpose.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with your thoughts upon this matter; and if you can reduce this enormity, and take the ladies down (I will not say in their Wedding only, but) in all their shoes, you will oblige every husband and father, whose wife and daughters may be liable, from walking in stilts, to make False Steps. I am, &c.

T. H.

SIR,

AS almost every session convinces us that it is not beneath the wisdom of parliament to spend much time and consideration in the enacting and amending laws for the preservation of the game, and to determine who should, and who should

ſhould not, be his own butcher or poulterer in the fields; it is much to be wondered at, that the ſame vigilant care has not extended to the employments of leiſure and opulence in town; and to determine what eſtate or place ſhould Qualify a man to play at Cards or Dice: how much he muſt be poſſeſſed of to ſit down to a game of All-fours; how much more to cut in at Whiſt, or to make one at a party of Brag; or how much more ſtill to punt at Faro, or to ſit down at a Hazard-table: always reſerving to privy-counſellors, and members of either houſe, an excluſive privilege of ruining themſelves at any game they ſhall think proper to play at.

I dare ſay, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a bare hint of this will be ſufficient to get it carried into a law; eſpecially if it be added, that till ſuch a law is made, my Lord and the Chairman are upon a level in their amuſements; except that his lordſhip is loſing his eſtate with great temper and good-breeding at White's, and the chairman beggaring his family with oaths and curſes in a Night-cellar.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

W. X.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon Servants put me in mind of a paſſage in the Life of the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Ormonde, which I believe will not be unentertaining to your readers.

The marquis having been invited by a French nobleman to paſs ſome days at his houſe in *St. Germain en laye*, in compliance with an inconvenient Engliſh cuſtom, at his coming away, left with the *maitre d' hotel* ten piſtoles, to be diſtributed among the ſervants. It was all the money he had; nor did he know how to get credit for more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road, ruminating on his melancholy circumſtance, and contriving how to raiſe a ſmall ſupply for preſent uſe, he was ſurprized at being told by his ſervant, that the nobleman at whoſe houſe he had been entertained was behind, driving furiouſly, as if he was deſirous of overtaking him.

The marquis, it ſeems, had ſcarce left *St. Germain*, when the diſtribution of the money he had given cauſed a great diſturbance amongſt the ſervants; who, exalting their own ſervice and attendance, complained of the *maitre d' hotel*'s partiality. The nobleman, hearing an unuſual noiſe in his family, and upon enquiry into the matter, finding what it was, took the ten piſtoles, and cauſing horſes to be put to his chariot, made all the haſte that was poſſible after the Marquis of Ormonde. The marquis, upon notice of his approach, got off his horſe as the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and reſpect; but was ſtrangely ſurprized to find a coldneſs in the nobleman, which forbade all embraces till he had received ſatisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He aſked the marquis if he had reaſon to complain of any diſreſpect or defect which he met with in the two mean, but very friendly entertainment, which his houſe afforded: and being anſwered by the marquis, that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never paſſed ſo many days more agreeably in his life; and could not but wonder that the other ſhould ſuſpect the contrary. The nobleman then told him, that the leaving ten piſtoles to be diſtributed among the ſervants was treating his houſe as an inn, and was the greateſt affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own ſervants well, and hired them to wait on his friends as well as himſelf; that he conſidered him as a ſtranger who might be unacquainted with the cuſtoms of France, and err through ſome practice deemed leſs diſhonourable in his own country; otherwiſe his reſentment ſhould have prevented any expoſtulation: but as the caſe ſtood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he muſt either redreſs the miſtake by receiving back the ten piſtoles, or give him the uſual ſatisfaction of men of honour for an avowed affront. The marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with leſs anxiety about his ſubſiſtence.

Your readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may learn from this ſtory, that ALL our faſhions are not borrowed from France.

Yours, &c.

A. Z.

HONOURED SIR,

THIS is to acquaint you that I am a gentleman's ſervant, and that I have read the letter upon ſervants, ſigned O. S. in the World of the 21ſt of February laſt: and though I admit the charge

charge brought against us in that letter to be true, namely, that those who have nothing to give may go whittle for a clean plate or a glass of wine; yet I do not agree that a poor poet (for I am sure he must be a poet that wrote that letter; if he had been a gentleman, he would have done as gentlemen do; I say, that I do not agree that a poor poet) has any right to abuse those that are his betters. A good servant, and one who knows his business, will endeavour all he can to keep low people from intruding at his master's table; and yet, so far are many of us from holding poets in contempt, that they are always welcome to dinner in the hall with the best of us, and have free leave to read their verses, or sing their songs, for the entertainment of the company.

If this same Mr. O. S. had been a philosopher, or a man of deep learning, he might have had some sort of reason to find fault; for it is not to be denied that we are a little apt to overlook such sort of gentry; but not so much because they have nothing to give, as from an absence of mind which we constantly observe in these philosophers and men of deep learning, who, if they ask for bread, beer, or wine, are as well contented with oil, vinegar, or mustard, or any thing else that happens to be readiest at hand.

I beg pardon for troubling you with this letter, which is only to set these matters in a clear light, and to request that you will publish no more papers about servants, but let things go on in the old way; and in so doing you will oblige us all in general, and in particular, honoured Sir, your dutiful servant to command,

I. K.

As I am desirous of being a peacemaker upon all occasions, I shall comply with the request of this correspondent, and conclude my paper with a hint to all gentlemen in livery, that as poets, philosophers, and men of learning, will be sometimes intruders at their masters tables, let them consider them as brethren, and treat them with humanity.

N° LXX. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

Ψυχης Ιατρειον.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent in your sixty-third paper has, I must confess, shewn no less ingenuity than the Duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated answer to Lewis the Fourteenth, upon that king's asking him at table—'Mais 'à quoi sert de lire?'—'La lecture,' said the duke, 'fait à l'esprit ce que 'vos perdrix font à mes joues.' But whatever new doctrines these gentlemen are pleased to broach, that Books are the Food of the Mind, I must beg leave to say, that they have from time immemorial been called Physic, not Food: and for this I appeal to the famous inscription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter—'Physic for the Soul.'

For my own part, I can truly say that I have considered all books as Physic from my earliest youth; and so indeed have most of my schoolfellows and acquaintance, and nauseated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the sight or touch of them, not even a present from the author, unless it be as thoroughly gilt as the most loathsome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the syrup of a dedication.

Those who have endeavoured to conquer this disgust, have given the most forcible proofs of the truth of my argument: many of them, by venturing to prescribe to themselves, have so injudiciously taken their potion, that their minds have been thrown into various ill habits and disorders. Some have fallen into so lax a state, that they could neither digest nor keep any thing whatsoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with such as have taken the most innocent and salutary of these medicines, but by over-dosing themselves, and making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the most violent agitations, discharging such a quantity of undigested and virulent

lent matter, that they have poiſoned the neighbourhood round. Some, only upon taking the quantity of a few pages, have ſtared, raved, foamed at the mouth, and diſcovered all the ſymptoms of madneſs; while the very ſame doſe has had the contrary effect upon others, operating only as an opiate.

The true and genuine Food of the Mind is NEWS. That this is inconteſtable, appears from the number of ſouls in this metropolis who ſubſiſt entirely upon this diet, without the leaſt addition of any other nourithment whatſoever. In all ages and countries the poets have conſtantly deſcribed the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expreſſions of eating or drinking. Shakeſpeare uſes a more general term—

With open mouth SWALLOWING a taylor's NEWS.

Another witty author calls News the Manna of the day: alluding to that food with which the Iſraelites were ſupplied in the Wilderneſs from day to day, and which in a very little time became ſtale and corrupt: as indeed Providence has in it's wiſdom ordained, that all kinds of ſuſtenance ſhall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man continually of the dependency of his ſtate on earth. Whereas Phyſic (particularly of the modern chymical preparation) preſerves it's efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with Books; which never ſuffer by age, provided they are originally well compoſed, and of good ingredients. The principal of theſe ingredients are generally thought to be wit; and I fancy, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then ſeaſon your ſpeculations, that you have adopted that opinion. But let me tell you, Sir, that though my propoſition ſhould be true, you are in the wrong to rely upon it too much: for though this ſeaſoning ſhould happen to preſerve them for the admiration of future times, it is certainly your buſineſs to accommodate yourſelf to the taſte of the preſent. If, therefore, you would make ſure of cuſtomers, give us News; for which there is as conſtant a demand, as for daily bread: and as for your wit, which is a luxury, treat it as the Dutch do their ſpices; burn half of it, and you may poſſibly render the remaining half of ſome value. But if you produce all you have for the market, you will ſoon find it becomes a mere drug, and bears no price. I am, your friend and well-wiſher,

A. B.

I have publiſhed this letter juſt as I received it: and, as a proof that my correſpondent is not ſingular in his opinion of wit, I muſt obſerve, that the ſagacious author of the late excellent abridgment of the hiſtory of France expreſſes a doubt that the preſent age may depreciate wit, as the laſt exploded learning. 'Pre-'nons garde que le 18me ſiecle ne de-'crie l'eſprit, comme le 17me avoit 'decrié l'erudition.'

The ſixteenth century produced the greateſt number of men of the moſt profound erudition: and notwithſtanding thoſe of the ſeventeenth deſpiſed them for their laborious application, it is evident that it was owing to thoſe labours that their ſucceſſors attained knowledge with ſo much eaſe.

Towards the end of the laſt century, ſome poſſeſſed, and many affected, a pure taſte in literature; and ſetting up for a ſtandard towards the writings of the ancients, very liberally rewarded thoſe who imitated them the neareſt in chaſtity of compoſition. But no ſooner had Monſieur Galland tranſlated the Arabian Tales, than the whole French nation ran mad, and would never after read any thing but wretched imitations of their moſt wild extravagancies; for it ought to be obſerved, that ſome of thoſe original ſtories contain uſeful morals and well-drawn pictures from common life: and it may be to thoſe ſtories, perhaps, that we owe that ſpecies of writing which is at once ſo entertaining and inſtructive; and in which a very eminent wit, to the honour of this nation, has ſhewn himſelf ſo incomparably ſuperior in drawing natural characters. But theſe were not the parts which had the fortune to pleaſe: the enchantments, the monſters, and tranſformations, engaged all their attention; inſomuch that the famous Count Hamilton, with a pleaſant indignation at this folly, wrote a tale of wonders, with deſign to ridicule theſe idle books by an aggravated imitation; but with an effect ſo directly contrary to his intention, that to this day France is continually producing little pieces of that extravagant turn; while

while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiousness of the old comedy, can relish nothing but personal character or wanton romance. Hence arises that swarm of memoirs, all filled with abuse or impurity, which, whatever distinctions my present correspondent may make with relation to Food and Physic, are the Poison of the Mind.

The best antidote to this poison, and the most salutary in every respect, is that species of writing which may properly be termed Regimen; which, partaking of the qualities both of Physic and Food, at once cleanses and sustains the patient. Such have I studied to make these my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for sustenance, nor occasionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an Alterative. I have been extremely careful in the composition, that there shall not be wanting a proper quantity of sweet, acid, and salt; yet so justly proportioned, as not to cloy, sour, or lacerate the weakest stomach. The success I have met with will be better proved by the attestations of my patients, than by any boasts of my own. Out of many hundreds of these attestations, I shall content myself at present with only publishing the following.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM BATH.

SIR,

I Can assure you with the greatest truth, that my three eldest daughters were for more than a whole winter most strangely affected with a Nakedness in the Shoulders, insomuch that the thinnest and slightest covering whatsoever was almost insupportable, especially in public. The best advice in the place was procured; but the disease increased with so much violence, that many expressed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At last, when nothing else would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular course of your papers; and in a few weeks, to the surprize of every body in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good Sir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers, for which he will pay you. I am, Sir, &c.

The original letter, sealed with a coronet, may be seen at Mr. Dodsley's in Pall Mall.

Nº LXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

NE SCUTICA DIGNUM HORRIBILI SECTERE FLAGELLO.
HOR.

I Flatter myself it must have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harshness which may deserve the name of satire; but, on the contrary, with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wishes of paternal tenderness, than the dictates of magisterial authority. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have spent five pages out of six to shew that the ladies disfigure their persons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other conclusion, than by coolly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was less disguised.

A certain great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much caressed and admired by the Great Duke. The variety of countries he had seen, and his vivacity in describing the customs, manners, and characters, of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it happened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the fashions of the East, that of wearing whiskers, which he did in the fullest and largest extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means relish this fashion; and as constantly as he finished his second bottle, his disgust would break out, though never with greater harshness than in the following words—'Signor Giramondo, I am not Duke of Tuscany while you wear those whiskers.' In like manner, I say, I am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear such enormous hoops, such short petticoats, and such vast patches near the left eye; or while gen-

tlemen ruin their fortunes and conſtitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

The moderation of the Duke of Tuſcany, who, with the help of a pair of ſciſſars, might ſo eaſily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procruſtes, whoſe delicate eye for proportion was apt to take ſuch offence at an over-grown perſon, that he would order him to be ſhortened to the juſt ſtandard, by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical ſyſtem cannot be laſting: and violent meaſures muſt deſtroy that harmony which I am deſirous ſhould long ſubſiſt between me and thoſe whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry ſuch meaſures into execution. But nothing expoſes weakneſs ſo much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts, that forty of the Jews bound themſelves under a curſe, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. We hear no more of thoſe Jews, though the apoſtle ſurvived their menaces. I flatter myſelf that I have no leſs zeal for the aboliſhing folly and falſe taſte; yet I am ſo far from uttering any ſuch threats, that I very frankly confeſs I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no ſuch thing as folly remaining in the world. My enemies, indeed, have been pleaſed to throw out, that it is owing to my deſire of continuing to gratify thoſe appetites, that I have not long ago entirely ſuppreſſed all folly whatſoever. They make no ſcruple of aſſerting, that there would not have been ſo much as a patch, pompoon, or Chineſe rail remaining amongſt us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who ſuffer a ſmall part of the vermin to eſcape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I muſt take the liberty of acquainting theſe gentlemen, that they know as little of me, as of human nature, the chace after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one ſhape, ſhe ſtarts up in another, ſo that there is no manner of danger that the game will be deſtroyed. And I moſt ſolemnly declare, that wherever I have ſeen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very groſsly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greateſt earneſtneſs to effect a reformation. But where the conduct of my pupils, though ſometimes faulty in itſelf, has been harmleſs in it's conſequences, I have conſtantly forborne, and will as conſtantly forbear, an officious reprehenſion of it, however diſagreeable ſuch forbearance may appear in the eyes of theſe gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have ſuppreſſed innumerable complaints from ſplenetic and ill-humoured correſpondents: as a ſpecimen of which complaints I ſhall lay before my readers the beginnings of ſome of their letters.

SIR,

I Am greatly offended at the inconſiſtent behaviour of a lady of my acquaintance. You ſee her in a morning at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-houſe in Drury Lane. One would think that either religion ſhould drive plays out of her head, or plays religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how abſurd——

SIR,

I Trouble you with this letter to make my complaints of a very great evil, and to deſire your animadverſions upon it. I returned yeſterday from a month's viſit to a family in the country, where, in every particular but one, we paſſed our times as became reaſonable beings. When the weather was good, we walked abroad; when bad, we amuſed ourſelves within doors either with entertaining converſation, or inſtructive books. But it was the cuſtom of the family (though in all other reſpects very worthy people) conſtantly to play at cards for a whole hour before ſupper. Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this method of killing time——

SIR,

I Am ſhocked at the indecency of the modern head-dreſs. Do the ladies intend to lay aſide all modeſty and go naked?——

This is the manner in which undiſtinguiſhing zeal treats things that are in themſelves indifferent: for is it not matter of abſolute indifference whether a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own hair? Or

Or if there be any preference, would it not be ſhewn, both from nature and experience, to be on the ſide of the hair?

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licinia?

Horace, we ſee, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licinia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet, though I have ſeen with patience the cap diminiſhing to the ſize of a patch, I have not with the ſame unconcern obſerved the patch enlarging itſelf to the ſize of a cap. It is with great ſorrow that I already ſee it in poſſeſſion of that beautiful maſs of blood which borders upon the eye. Should it increaſe on the ſide of that exquiſite feature, what an eclipſe have we to dread! But, ſurely, it is to be hoped, the ladies will not give up that place to a plaſter, which the brighteſt jewel in the univerſe would want luſtre to ſupply.

I find that I am almoſt inſenſibly got upon the only ſubject which is likely to move my indignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of that moderation which I have boaſted of above. I ſhall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of compoſition to thoſe of my fair readers who are willing to treat with me. The firſt is, that all thoſe young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themſelves from patches all at once, ſhall be allowed to wear them in what number, ſize, and figure, they pleaſe, on ſuch parts of the body as are or ſhould be moſt covered from ſight. The ſecond (and I ſhall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the ſimplicity of ſuch ornaments to the glare of her jewels, ſhall, upon diſpoſing of the ſaid jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hoſpital, be permitted to wear (by way of publiſhing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as ſhe has contributed hundreds of pounds to ſo laudable a benefaction. By purſuing this method, the public will be benefited; and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour to the ſex.

N° LXXII. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

NE CURES EA QUÆ STULTE MIRARIS ET OPTAS.
DISCERE ET AUDIRE ET MELIORI CREDERE NON VIS.
HOR.

IT is an obſervation of the Duke de Rochefaucault, That there are many people in the world who would never have been in love if they had never heard talk of it. As ſtrange as this aſſertion may appear, there is nothing more certain, than that mankind purſue with much greater ardour what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural paſſions: nay, ſo great is the infatuation, that we frequently ſee them relinquiſhing real gratifications for the ſake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the preſent times.

The ſtory of the Princeſs Parizade, in the Arabian Tales, is a proper illuſtration of what I have here advanced. I ſhall give my readers a ſhort abſtract of this ſtory, as it may furniſh matter for reflection, and a very uſeful moral, to ſuch of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their deſires, by Faſhion.

This princeſs, the happieſt as well as moſt beautiful of her ſex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a ſplendid palace, ſituated in the midſt of a delightful park, and the moſt exquiſite gardens in the Eaſt. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and deſired admittance to the oratory, that ſhe might ſay her prayers. The princeſs no ſooner knew of her requeſt than ſhe granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they ſhould ſhew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where ſhe herſelf was ſitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princeſs, having regaled her gueſt with ſome fruits

and sweet-meats, among many other questions, asked her what she thought of the palace.

'Madam,' answered the old woman, 'your palace is beautiful, regular, and magnificently furnished; it's situation is delightful, and it's gardens are beyond compare. But yet, if you will give me leave to speak freely, there are three things wanting to make it perfect.'—'My good mother,' interrupted the Princess Parizade, 'what are those three things? I conjure you in God's name to tell me what they are; and if there be a possibility of obtaining them, neither difficulties nor dangers shall stop me in the attempt.'—'Madam,' replied the old woman, 'the first of these three things is the Talking Bird, the second is the Singing Tree, and the third is the Yellow or Golden Water.'—'Ah, my good mother!' cried the princess, 'how much am I obliged to you for the knowledge of these things! They are no doubt the greatest curiosities in the world; and unless you can tell me where they are to be found, I am the most unhappy of women.' The old woman satisfied the princess in that material point, and then took her leave.

The story goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the Princess Parizade so wrapt up in thought, that they imagined some great misfortune had befallen her; which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, she only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed them again upon the ground, telling them that nothing disturbed her. The entreaties of the two princes, however, at last prevailed, and the princess addressed them in the following manner—

'You have often told me, my dear brothers, and I have always believed, that this house which our father built, was compleat in every thing; but I have learnt this day that it wants three things; these are the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water. An old woman has made this discovery to me, and told me the place where they are to be found, and the way thither. Perhaps you may look upon these rarities as trifles; but think what you please, I am fully persuaded that they are absolutely necessary; and whether you value them or not, I cannot be easy without them.'

The sequel tells us, that after the Princess Parizade had expressed herself with this proper spirit upon the occasion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in pursuit of these Necessaries, and that failing in the enterprize, they were one after another turned into stone.

The application of this tale is so universal, that the enumerating particulars is almost unnecessary labour. The whole fashionable world are so many Parizades; and things not only useless in their natures, but also ugly in themselves, from having been once termed Charming by some fashionable leaders of modern taste, are now become so Necessary that *nobody can do without them.*

But though this story happens to be told of a lady, the folly it particularizes is chiefly to be found in the other sex: I mean, in respect to the pernicious consequences attending vain and chimerical pursuits.

If we enter into the strictest examination of these idle longings in the women, we shall find that they seldom amount to any thing more than a dissipation of their pin-money, without any other ill consequence than that of turning their thoughts from some real good, which they actually possess, to an imaginary expectation. The passion for shells, old china, and the like, is confessedly trifling; but it is only blameable in proportion to the anxiety with which it is pursued: but what is this in comparison of the desolation of ambition, the waste of magnificence, and the ruin of play?

Madame Montespan's coach and six mice was not a more idle, though it was a less mischievous folly, than the armies of her lover, Lewis the Fourteenth. The ambition of that monarch to emulate the conquerors of antiquity; of Cæsar to rival Alexander; of Alexander to resemble the hero of his darling poem, the Iliad; the designs of Pyrrhus, and the projects of Xerxes; what were they but counterparts to a passion for a Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water?

To descend a little into private life, how many do we see daily talked into a rage for building, gardening, painting, and divers other expences, to the embarrassing a fortune which would more than sufficiently supply the necessaries of life?

life? Among the numbers who have changed a sober plan of living for one of riot and excess, the greatest part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking song. Thousands have taken the same fruitless and expensive journey, because they have heard that it is very John Trott not to have visited France, and that a person who has not been abroad has Seen Nothing. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himself by keeping running horses, that he owed his ruin to a strong impression made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, that it was a creditable thing to keep good cattle; and that, if he was a gentleman, he should take great pleasure in being always well mounted.

But to apply our fable to the most recent instance of this species of infatuation: how often have we seen an honest country gentleman, who has lived a truly happy life, blessed in his family, amused with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, usefully employed in the administration of justice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours; but who being talked into an opinion of the great service a man might do his country, as well as honour to himself, by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and useful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the Family Interest, as it is called, is too often the destruction of the Family Estate.

As to all those gentlemen who have gained their elections, I most sincerely wish them joy: and for those who have been disappointed, and who now may have leisure to turn their thoughts from their country to themselves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleasures, and I may add, the duties of domestic life: in comparison of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

Nº LXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

——ILLE POTENS SUI
LÆTUSQUE DEGIT, CUI LICET IN DIEM
DIXISSE, VIXI: CRAS VEL ATRA
NUBE POLUM PATER OCCUPATO,
VEL SOLE PURO: NON TAMEN IRRITUM
QUODCUNQUE RETRO EST, EFFICIET.——

HOR.

IT was the saying of Epaminondas, upon being asked which of all his friends he esteemed most, that 'they 'must all die before such a question 'could be answered.' But if Epaminondas had lived in this country, and in these times, he would have known that the greatest heroes at their deaths are frequently those who have been the greatest villains in their lives. And yet most men are apt to think like Epaminondas, and to pass their judgments upon a man's life from what he has said and acted in the last scene of it; that season being thought the season of sincerity, because dissimulation is to no purpose, and because the conscience finds ease in disclosing crimes which can no longer profit us, and which threaten us with destruction in the state to which we are hastening, unless truly confessed and repented of in this. But of those who die in their beds, as well as malefactors, I have known and heard of many debauched and dissolute men, who have met death with the utmost patience and resignation; while the pious and moral Christian, whose life has been spent in the constant exercise of religion and virtue, has beheld it's approaches with confusion; and from a consciousness of not having done exactly as he ought to have done upon every occasion, has died fearful and desponding.

From hence it will appear that those who judge of men's lives by their behaviour at their deaths, will be sometimes mistaken. The contempt of death may be owing in many to insensibility; in some to a brutal courage; in others to the dislike of life; in a few to philosophy; as well as in many to a well-grounded

grounded hope of a happy hereafter. The jeft of Sir Thomas Moore upon the ſcaffold, who after laying his head upon the block, bade the executioner ſtay till he had put aſide his beard, becauſe *that* had committed no treaſon, was no more a proof of the goodneſs of his life, (if there had been no other voucher) than that of the murderer at the gallows, who entreated the hangman not to touch his neck with his fingers, becauſe he was ticklish. The thief, for the reputation of dying hard, as it is called, and the philoſopher, to ſupport the doctrine he has taught that death is no evil, will ruſh into eternity with an affected bravery, and offend Heaven rather than confeſs their apprehenſions of diſſolution.

Men are ſometimes hypocrites in their laſt moments through pride, as they have been all their lives through intereſt; nor will it appear ſtrange that they are ſo: for as every man is deſirous (if it can be done without much trouble) of leaving a good name behind him, he is unwilling to confeſs at his death that he has been a rogue all his life. Upon principles like theſe have the worſt of criminals gone to the gallows with as much triumph and exultation, as the martyrs of old did to the ſtake for the cauſe of Heaven and religion.

For my own part, (and I hope it will not be imputed to me as preſumption) I ſhould think of death with much greater terror than I do, if I conſidered it as the final end of being. The thought of annihilation to one whoſe life had not been marked with any of the capital vices; and whoſe frailties, he humbly hopes, are no more than thoſe which are incident to humanity; who has been unreproveable to his Maker becauſe he was human, and to mankind becauſe unfriended by fortune; and whoſe connections in this life have been ſuch as to make him deſirous of their eternal duration; I ſay, to one who thus thinks, and who hopes he has thus lived, the thought of annihilation would make death moſt terrible. And yet, in the circle of my own acquaintance, I have found a man of decent life and converſation, who wiſhed well to every body, and who loved and enjoyed his friends, but who, through a tedious and painful illneſs, had conceived ſleep to be ſo great a bleſſing, as to make him wiſh for an eternity of it; and having taken pains to believe that death was ſuch a ſleep, he talked of it with pleaſure, and within a very few hours of his exit, as a confirmation that he died in the opinion he had profeſſed, he wrote the following epitaph upon himſelf, and directed it to a friend with his own hand.

Beneath this ſtone, to worms a prey,
(Himſelf as poor and vile as they)
EUGENIO lies, in hopes of Reſt,
Who deem'd all farther hope a jeſt:
Who ne'er on Fancy's wings could riſe
To heav'n-built domes above the ſkies;
Content from whence he ſprung to lie,
Nor wiſh'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

I ſhall only obſerve upon the writer of this epitaph, that as I believe him to have been honeſt and ſincere, it is but charity to hope that he is now rejoicing in his miſtake.

There is nothing more true in the general, than that thoſe people are the moſt averſe to death, who have had the leaſt enjoyment of life; as, on the contrary, thoſe who have enjoyed life moſt, have been the leaſt anxious about dying. To many of my readers ſuch an aſſertion as this may appear ſtrange and unaccountable; but a very little enquiry will, I believe, convince them of the fact.

Men who, through neceſſitous circumſtances, gloomy diſpoſitions, or fickly habits of body, have lived in perpetual diſcontent, are apt to flatter themſelves that life is in arrears to them: that as their days have hitherto paſſed without enjoyment, every thing is to be made up to them before they come to die. They look upon riches, pleaſure, and health, to be bleſſings that never tire, and conſider the poſſeſſors of them as living in a ſtate of uninterrupted happineſs, which they long to taſte, and cannot bear the thoughts of dying before they have enjoyed. Thus are the miſerable in love with life, and afraid of death. Hope ſtill flatters them with happy days; and death, that would inevitably cut off that hope, is beheld by them as the cruelleſt of all enemies.

Let us caſt an eye now to thoſe in happier ſituations; to thoſe who are contented with their lot, and who, if there are any ſuch, have lived all their days in health, chearfulneſs, and affluence. What can to-morrow bring to ſuch as theſe, that they have not known before, unleſs it be misfortune? It is from this conſideration that ſuch perſons are more reſigned

signed to dying. We part more easily with what we poſſeſs, than with our expectations of what we wiſh for: the reaſon of it is, that what we expect is always greater than what we enjoy. And hence it is that the enjoyment of life makes us leſs deſirous of it's continuance, than if it had hitherto given us nothing, and fed us only with expectation.

I have waved in this place all conſideration of a future exiſtence, and have conſidered the happy and unhappy only in regard to this life. If we take religion and a future ſtate into the queſtion, the happy here will have a thouſand times ſtronger reaſons for being reſigned to death than the unhappy. Pain, ſickneſs, and misfortune, as they do not wean us from a love of life, ſo neither do they beget in us a proper frame and temper to prepare for death. It is the enjoyment of life that calls forth our gratitude to Him who gave it; that opens the heart to acts of kindneſs and benevolence; and by giving us a taſte here of the happineſs of Heaven, excites in us a deſire of ſecuring it through Eternity; and by thus ſecuring it, makes us eager to embrace it; enabling us to reſign with joy the happineſs which is uncertain and temporal, for that which is without change and without end.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with obſerving, that thoſe who make religion to conſiſt in the contempt of this world and it's enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous miſtake. As life is the gift of Heaven, it is religion to enjoy it. He, therefore, who can be happy in himſelf, and who contributes all that is in his power towards the happineſs of others, (and none but the virtuous can ſo BE and ſo DO) anſwers moſt effectually the ends of his creation, is an honour to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.

N° LXXIV. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

DICETUR MERITA NOX QUOQUE NOSTRIA. HOR.

I Have lately got a ſet of new correſpondents; and have had the favour of letters from various perſons, with whom I have not the honour to be in the leaſt acquainted. They ſeem, indeed, to be of another order of beings, as they ſeldom make their appearance till the ordinary race of mortals are aſleep in their beds. It is aſtoniſhing to think how much buſineſs theſe people carry on in this populous city, at that ſeaſon which Nature has allotted for reſt: for it muſt be owned of theſe children of the night, that they are as diligent in their ſeveral callings as thoſe of the day.

For the entertainment of my readers, I ſhall lay before them the contents of ſome of theſe extraordinary diſpatches: and as I look upon the watchmen, by virtue of their office, to have the right of precedency among the ſons of darkneſs, I ſhall give them the preference in this paper.

One of theſe gentlemen, who calls himſelf King of the Night, complains of the great increaſe of riots and diſturbances which happen nightly in the ſtreets of this metropolis. He commends his Majeſty for the paternal care he has ſhewn his people, by recommending it to his parliament to provide means of putting a ſtop to theſe diſorders; and declares he will uſe his utmoſt endeavours to aſſiſt him in ſo good a work.

Another of this venerable fraternity, who it ſeems has been lately diſciplined by a ſet of Bucks, acquaints me with the antiquity and dignity of his office, and of the high eſteem in which thoſe who watch for the public ſafety have always been held by the people. He complains of the inſult which, in his perſon, has been offered to the dignity of magiſtracy, and the ſacredneſs of office; and concludes, that as he has ſerved his country faithfully in this public capacity many years, he intends, after the example of other great men, to return to his private calling of a cobler. A link-boy, indeed, who begs my honour would prefer him to the poſt of a watchman, does not ſeem to have ſo high a notion of the dignity or uſefulneſs of that ancient order: for he ſays, if he ſhould be ſo happy as to obtain his deſire, he ſhall have nothing to do but to ſleep at his ſtand; whereas

whereas in his preſent calling he is obliged to be upon the watch all night long.

Whether the author of the following advertiſement is in jeſt or earneſt, I am unable to determine: however, at his requeſt I have inſerted it.

WHEREAS W. Y. who lately kept the Round-houſe in the pariſh of ***, well known to ſeveral of the quality, gentry, and others, is lately removed to the Knave of Clubs in the ſame ſtreet; this is to entreat all ſuch gentlemen and ladies as uſed to honour him with their company, to continue their favours; and to aſſure them of the ſame civility and good uſage as formerly.

N. B. There are private rooms for thoſe who play deep.

Innumerable are the letters, cards, and meſſages, which I have received from places of the moſt polite reſort. In particular, I muſt confeſs my obligation to a venerable matron in Covent Garden, who invites me to ſpend an evening at her houſe, where ſhe aſſures me none but people of the beſt faſhion are admitted. She ſpeaks much in my praiſe for my endeavours to promote virtue; and is extremely ſevere upon the low and dirty houſes of intrigue, which have brought that part of the town into ſo much diſrepute. She adds very obligingly, in a poſtſcript, that ſhe has a very fine creature of ſixteen, who has never ſeen company, and whom ſhe reſerves purpoſely for Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I cannot omit to mention the honour Mr. *** has done me, by inviting me to the next maſquerade, and offering me a domino for that purpoſe. But as I can ſee no reaſon why people, whoſe intentions are honeſt, ſhould be aſhamed to ſhew their faces, I have declined his invitation. His argument for the morality of theſe midnight meetings, viz. —That by reducing all mankind to a level, they teach the Great an uſeful leſſon againſt pride—is, I own, ingenious; though I am apt to think, as men's manners are generally borrowed from their outward circumſtances, a lady of quality, when ſhe finds herſelf degraded to the rank of a milk-maid, may be tempted to familiarities which ſhe never would have ſuffered in her exalted ſphere.

But the moſt extraordinary of all the invitations I have been favoured with, is from a ſociety in St. Giles's. This letter is written in a fair hand by the ſecretary, who tells me he has the misfortune to be ſtone blind: but I muſt not wonder at that, he ſays, for the moſt active young fellow among them is a poor old cripple, who plies all day long in the Mews. He aſſures me that, notwithſtanding their miſerable looks by day, I ſhall find them at night a ſet of the merrieſt fellows in the world; and as to drinking, wenching, gaming, and the like faſhionable amuſements, no Gentleman can go beyond them.

I have letters by me from people of all ranks and conditions, giving an account of the different employments and diverſions of the night: ſo that, was it not for fear of diſturbing the peace of reputable families, I could make as many pleaſant diſcoveries as the ingenious author of the Devil upon two Sticks.

I have the morning adventures of a noted Buck, and the midnight rambles of a female Rake. A lady who writes to me from Bridges Street, complains of the inſufferable inſolence of watchmen and conſtables, inſomuch that ſhe can hardly walk along the ſtreets about her lawful occaſions without being ſtopt and queſtioned by theſe Jacks in an office.

There is ſomething ſo reaſonable in Lady Betty Moonlight's propoſal, that I cannot refuſe giving it to my readers. Her ladyſhip complains that her firſt ſleep is conſtantly broke by the noiſe of carts, drays, and hackney-coaches; or by the vociferous cries of ſmall-coal, brick-duſt, kitchen-ſtuff, &c. She thinks it very hard that people of quality ſhould be diſturbed at ſuch unſeaſonable hours; and therefore hopes that the parliament will take it into conſideration. She propoſes, that as they have already altered the year, an act may be paſſed next ſeſſion to turn night into day; which, ſhe obſerves, will be more agreeable to their own times of doing buſineſs.

As I have adapted the former part of this paper more particularly to the taſte of thoſe who frequent the polite circles in this town, I ſhall now conſider my grave readers, and preſent them with the following compoſition on the ſame ſubject.

ODE

ODE to NIGHT.

THE busy cares of day are done;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and
gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length descends a browner shade;
At length the glimm'ring objects fade;
Till all submit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the
plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.
Now Silence holds her solemn sway;
Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray;
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills
is heard,
Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's
solitary bird.

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast!
By thee the captive slave obtains
Short respite from his galling pains;
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry
toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him spies
A thousand grisly forms arise,
When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd
fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience
wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
Whose breast the tender passion warms,
Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
To tell the fair his love-sick tale:
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul
away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to
her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
Pores on the fair instructive page;
Or, wrapt in musings deep, his soul
Mounts active to the starry pole:
There, pleas'd to range the realms of end-
less night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comets
devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly Wit and Reason meet:
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with Reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When Eloquence and GRANVILLE join the
friendly board.

GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is
fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er
taught;
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE or PLATO
draws
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE's learned
store
Fair Science and true Wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine
and the day.

N° LXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

I Have hinted more than once in the course of these papers, that the present age, notwithstanding the vices and follies with which it abounds, has the happiness of standing as high in my opinion as any age whatsoever. But it has been always the fashion to believe, that from the beginning of the world to the present day, men have been increasing in wickedness: and though we have the Bible to turn to, which gives us the history of mankind before the flood, and of the Jews after it, we have still the humility to retain this opinion, and to lament the amazing degeneracy of the present times. But the eye of a philosopher can penetrate into this false humility, and discover it to be mere peevishness and discontent. The truth is, that the present times, like our wives

and our other poſſeſſions, are OUR OWN, and therefore we have no reliſh of them.

Many of my readers may poſſibly object to theſe encomiums on the times, imagining they may tend to make men ſatisfied with what they are, inſtead of inciting them to become what they ought to be. But it was always my opinion, (and I believe it to be univerſally true) that men are more likely to be *praiſed* into virtue, than to be *railed* out of vice. It is a maxim in every body's mouth, that reputation once loſt is never to be recovered. He, therefore, to whom you give an ill name, will have little or no encouragement to endeavour at a good one, as knowing that if a character of infamy is once fixed, no change of behaviour can have power to redeem it. On the contrary, the man to whom you give a good name, though he ſhould have merited a bad one, will find in his commerce with the world the advantages of ſuch a name, and from conviction of thoſe advantages be ſo ſolicitous to deſerve it, as to become in reality the good man you have called him. People may reaſon away the merit of ſuch a perſon's behaviour if they pleaſe, by aſcribing it ſolely to ſelf-love; they may add too, if they chuſe, (and they have my hearty leave) that all virtue whatſoever has it's ſource in that paſſion: if this be true, (though the revealers of ſuch truths cannot be complimented on their intention to promote virtue) can there be a ſtronger argument for goodneſs, than that it is neceſſary to our happineſs? It is ſaid of that ſagacious inſect, the bee, that he extracts honey from poiſon: and a mind, rightly turned, may draw inſtruction even from theſe gentlemen. But to return to my ſubject.

If people, when they are railing againſt the preſent times, inſtead of aſſerting in the groſs that they are more wicked than the paſt, would content themſelves with pointing out what are really the vices that have gathered head amongſt us; if, for inſtance, they were to ſay that luxury and gaming are at preſent at a much higher pitch than formerly, I ſhould be far from contradicting them. Theſe are indeed the vices of the times: but for the firſt of them, I am afraid we muſt content ourſelves with complaints, inſtead of offering at a remedy; for as luxury is always owing to too much wealth, Providence in it's wiſdom has ſo ordered it, that in due courſe of time it will deſtroy itſelf. The cure therefore of luxury is poverty; a remedy which, though we do not care to preſcribe to ourſelves, we are preparing at great pains and expence for thoſe that are to come after us. Of gaming I ſhall only obſerve, that, like luxury, it will in time work out it's own cure; and, at the rate it goes on at preſent, one ſhould imagine it cannot laſt long.

I know but of one evil more that ſeems to have gathered any degree of ſtrength in theſe times, and that is corruption: for as to extravagance, and a love of pleaſure, I include them in the article of luxury. And perhaps the evil of corruption, as it is now practiſed, may admit of palliation: for though it has been aſſerted by certain writers upon ethics, that it is unlawful to do evil that good may enſue, yet ſomething may be ſaid in favour of a candidate for a ſeat in parliament, who, if he ſhould be tempted to commit the ſmall evil of bribing a borough or a few particulars in a county, it is, no doubt, in order to effect ſo great a good as the preſervation of the liberty, the property, the happineſs, the virtue, and the religion, of a whole nation.

As to all other vices, I believe they will be found to exiſt among us pretty much in the ſame degree as heretofore, forms only changing. Our grandfathers uſed to get drunk with ſtrong beer and port; we get drunk with claret and champaign. They would lie abominably to conceal their wenching; we lie as abominably in boaſting of ours. They ſtole ſlily in at the back-door of a bagnio; we march in boldly at the fore-door, and immediately ſteal out ſlily at the back-door. Our mothers were prudes; their daughters coquets. The firſt dreſſed like modeſt women, and perhaps were wantons; the laſt dreſs like women of the town, and perhaps are virtuous. Thoſe treated without hanging out a ſign; theſe hang out a ſign without intending to treat. To be ſtill more particular; the abuſe of power, the views of patriots, the flattery of dependents, and the promiſes of great men, are I believe pretty much the ſame now as in former ages. Vices that we have no reliſh for, we part with for thoſe we like; giving up avarice for prodigality, hypocriſy for profligacy, and lewdneſs for play.

But as I have inſtanced in this eſſay the

the particular vices of the times, it would be doing them injuſtice if I neglected to obſerve, that humanity, charity, and the civilities of life, never abounded ſo much as now. I muſt alſo repeat, what has already been taken notice of in theſe papers, that our virtues receive a luſtre, and our vices a ſoftening, by manners and decorum.

There is a folly indeed (for I will not call it a vice) with which the ladies of this age are particularly charged: it is, that not only their airs and their dreſs, but even their faces, are French. I wiſh with all my heart that I could preſerve my integrity, and vindicate my fair country-women from this imputation; but I am ſorry to ſay it, what by travelling abroad, and by French milliners, mantua-makers, and hair-cutters, at home, our politeſt aſſemblies ſeem to be filled with foreigners. But how will it aſtoniſh many of my readers to be told, that while they are extolling the days of good Queen Beſs, they are complimenting that very reign in which theſe faſhions were originally introduced! But becauſe in a matter of ſo much conſequence no man's bare word ſhould be taken, I ſhall make good my aſſertion by publiſhing an authentic letter, written by that ſubtile miniſter Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh) to Sir Henry Norris, Queen Elizabeth's ambaſſador at the court of France. This letter was originally printed in the year ſixteen hundred and ſixty-three, among a collection of ſtate letters called Scrinia Ceciliana, or Myſteries of Government; and is as follows:

SIR,

THE queen's majeſty would fain have a taylor that had ſkill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner: and ſhe thinketh that you might uſe ſome means to obtain ſome one ſuch there as ſerveth the queen, without mentioning any manner of requeſt in the queen's majeſty's name. Firſt to cauſe my lady your wife to uſe ſome ſuch means to get one, as thereof knowledge might not come to the queen mother's ears, of whom the queen's majeſty thinketh thus; that if ſhe did underſtand that it were a matter wherein her majeſty might be pleaſured, ſhe would offer to ſend one to the queen's majeſty: nevertheleſs, if it cannot be ſo obtained by this indirect means, then her majeſty would have you deviſe ſome other good means to obtain one that were ſkilful. Yours in all truth,

W. CECIL.

I ſhall only obſerve upon this letter, (which I confeſs to be a maſter-piece for ſubtilty and contrivance) that if, by the introduction and increaſe of French faſhions, our religion and government are alſo in time to be French, (which many worthy patriots and elderly gentlewomen are in dreadful apprehenſion of) we ought no doubt to throw off all regard to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, and to lament that her miniſter was not impeached of high treaſon, for adviſing and encouraging ſo pernicious an attempt againſt that Magna Charta of dreſs, the old Engliſh Ruff and Farthingale.

Nº LXXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

DIRUIT, ÆDIFICAT, MUTAT QUADRATA ROTUNDIS. HOR.

AT this ſeaſon of the year, when every man is raiſing his ſhare of duſt on the public roads, in order to feaſt his lungs with freſh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to conſider a modern character, ſcarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an Improver.

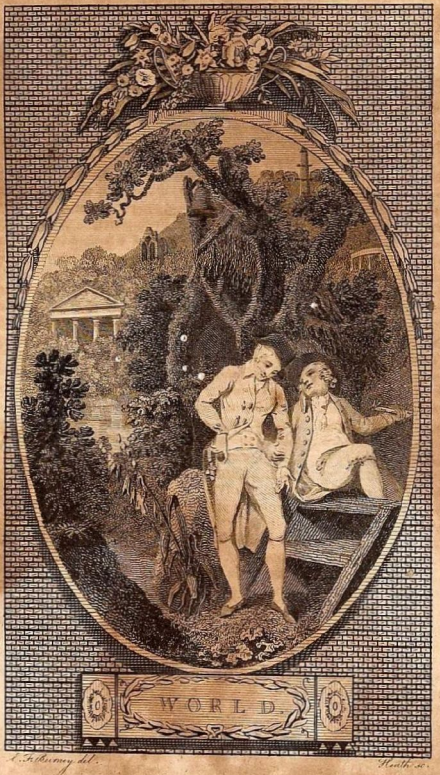
In former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fiſh, and the park for veniſon, the ſervants preſided in their ſeveral departments, and the lord of the manor and his gueſts had nothing to do but to ſit down and cram themſelves with the products of each. But ſince the Genius of Taſte has thought fit to make this iſland his principal reſidence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a leſs ſenſual manner, the maſter of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old ſyſtem, to take all under his own care, and to ſee that every thing be of his own doing. Alteration, therefore, muſt of neceſſity be the firſt great principle of an Im-

prover. When he shews you a plantation, it is constantly prefaced with—'Here stood a wall.' If he directs your eye over an extent of lawn—'There,' says he, 'we were crouded up with 'trees.' The lake, you are told, was the spot where stood the old stables or the kitchen-garden; and the mount was formerly a horse-pond. When you have heard this, you are next of all to know how every thing is to *be altered still farther:* for as the Improver himself never enjoys the present state of things, he labours to disturb the satisfaction you express, by telling you that on the mount is to be a building; that the water is to be altered in shape, size, and level, and must have a cascade and a bridge; that the largest trees in the plantation must be cut down, to give air and sunshine to shrubs and flowers. In short, the description of what *is to be*, continues through the whole evening of your arrival; and when he has talked you to sleep, and it is evident that you can hear no longer, he compassionately dismisses you to rest, knowing that late hours are incompatible with his designs upon you in the morning. Innocent of these designs, you enjoy the quiet of your chamber, comforting yourself that you must have seen and heard all, and that *the bitterness* of Improvement *is over*. Or if you are suspicious of any remaining fatigue, and are therefore prepared with the proper remonstrances and evasions, they will avail you nothing against an old practised Improver: for the instant you have breakfasted, he proposes your taking a turn or two in the bowling-green for a little fresh air; to which you readily assent; and, without imagining there can be any occasion for stepping out of your slippers, you advance with him to the end of the green, where a door in a sunk fence unexpectedly opens to the park. And here, as he assures you *the grass is short*, you are led through all the pleasures of unconnected variety, with this recommendation, that it is but a little way from the Palladian portico to the Gothic tower; from the Lapland to the Chinese house; or from the temple of Venus to the hermitage. By this time you are insensibly enticed to a great distance from the house; when on a sudden he shews you over the park-wall a number of labourers mending the highway; and, *since you are got so far*, wishes you to go a little farther, that he may take this opportunity to give a few necessary instructions, and that the road may be mended with the advantage of your opinion and concurrence. In vain do you pull out your watch; in vain remonstrate to him how late it is, or how rude it will be to make the ladies wait dinner: in vain do you try to move him by stroaking your chin, and shewing him a most persuasive length of beard, or implore his compassion on your Morocco slippers, pleading that, if you had expected so long a walk, you would have put on your strong shoes. He knows, that if you had apprehended a walk of half the distance, he never could have moved you from your easy-chair; and being thoroughly sensible that it will not be in his power to get you so far again, is resolved to make his advantage of the present opportunity; so leads you to every ditch that is emptying, or brick-kiln that is reeking for him; to his barn that is to be turned into a church, or to his farm that is to be made a ruin for the sake of his prospect; till at length he brings you so late home, that you are obliged to sit down undressed to a spoiled dinner with a family out of humour.

I remember the good time, when the price of a haunch of venison with a country friend was only half an hour's walk upon a hot terrace; a descent to the two square fish-ponds overgrown with a frog-spawn; a peep into the hog-stye, or a visit to the pigeon-house. How reasonable was this, when compared with the attention now expected from you to the number of temples, pagodas, pyramids, grottos, bridges, hermitages, caves, towers, hot-houses, &c. &c. for which the day is too short, and which brings you to a meal fatigued and overcome with heat, denied the usual refreshment of clean linen, and robbed of your appetite!

Having now sufficiently warned the Visitor of what he is to guard against, it is but just I should give some few hints for the service of the Improver, whom I must always consider (a little vanity excepted) as acting upon principles of benevolence, and from a desire of giving pleasure. It is this principle that blinds and misleads his judgment, by suggesting to him that he shall find from the Visitor and others, who come to see his works, returns of equal civility and good-humour. But it will be expedient

for



A. Fothergill del. Heath sc.

Plate X.

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for him to reflect that these gentlemen do not always bring with them that desire to be pleased, which, by his own disposition, he is too apt to suppose, and which, one would think, should be essential to every part of pleasure: for, (exclusive of that natural inclination to censure which so generally attends all exercise of the judgment) on these occasions, every occurrence of the day will probably administer to the spleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot or too cold for him; if it be windy or showery; if he has slept ill the night before; if he is hungry or sick; if he is tired or sore; if he has lost a bett upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or, in short, if any thing has offended him, he is sure to take his revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was designed for his entertainment. In this disposition of mind, there is nothing safe but the shady gravel walk, with the few plain and necessary resting-places, which leads to the undisguised farm, or the navigable river. He will be sure to allow you no postulatum. He absolutely denies the existence of hermits, mandarines, and the whole heathen system of divinities. He disputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuineness of your hermitage: nay, he will descend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is supposed to ring himself to prayers. He is so cruel as to controvert your supposition that the new-made water is a river, though he knows it must have cost you an immense sum, and that it covers the richest meadow-ground you are master of. He leads the company to every sunk fence which you chuse should be unobserved. If he suspects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed side of it; happy if he can discover it to have been a stable or a pig-stye. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour while there. He either describes it as a bog that will not bear a horse, or a sand that cannot produce a blade of grass. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren sand, his wishes supply his belief, and he labours to persuade himself and others that one of these defects is the characteristic of your soil, but that you hate to be told of it, and always deny it.

One cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular cases, where it has been judged impossible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knowl of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate disposition of old oaks, commanding the most rural scenes, and, at a proper distance, the view of a large city, he shrugs up his shoulders, and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will strain a point to report it green and stagnated; or else take the advantage of a thunder storm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a stream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the smell of mud at low-water. He detects your painted cascades, misconstrues your inscriptions, and puns upon your mottos. Within-doors, he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expresses his apprehensions that your statues will bring the house down.

As I wish most sincerely to reconcile these gentlemen to each other, I shall recommend to the Improver the example of a particular friend of mine. It is said in Milton, that before the Angel disclosed to Adam the prospect from the hill in Paradise, he

——purged with euphrasy and rue
His visual nerve, for he had much to see:

so this gentleman, (borrowing the hint from Milton, but preferring a modern opthalmic) upon the arrival of his Visitor, takes care to purge their visual nerves with a sufficient quantity of Champaign; after which, he assures me, they never SEE a fault in his Improvements.

№ LXXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am the daughter (I will not say of a gentleman, but) of one who, by a constant attention to gain, and many lucky circumstances in life, from a very mean condition, arrived at the highest character of gentility amongst his neighbours, in a part of this island where farmers are almost the only, and without

out diſpute the proudeſt gentry. Being tolerably handſome, and a favourite child, I was ſent very early to a country boarding-ſchool; and was allowed to bring from it ſome tendencies to elegance and politeneſs, rather exceeding thoſe that are generally acquired in ſuch places; and which, for want of a better name, I ſhall call a kind of half-good-breeding.

Thus accompliſhed, you may imagine I ſoon had many admirers; but being young and unexperienced, I prudently left the choice of the happy man to my father's deciſion; which choice, after due caution, he made: but though exceeding notable himſelf, yet happening to engage with an old gentleman more notable, it is ſaid, and I believe with truth, that he was outwitted. In the holy eſtate of matrimony I lived a few years, without any thing to relieve the dulneſs and inſipidity of a huſband's converſation, but now and then a viſit from his relations, and a game at cards.

When my widowhood commenced, then opened the ſcene: and though my jointure was not equal to the fortune my father had paid, yet having many good proſpects, the value of which I had learnt to calculate with great accuracy, I reſolved to regulate my conduct accordingly.

And now it was that I engaged in the ſtrangeſt project that ever entered a whimſical woman's head. It was this: to collect all the moſt haughty and inſolent forms that I had ever heard to have been practiſed in the rejection of lovers; to enter thoſe forms in my pocket-book; to get them by heart, and to uſe them occaſionally, as circumſtances might admit: arguing with myſelf, that I ſhould haſten the ſucceſſion of lovers in proportion to the number of pretenders I baffled and diſcarded.

The firſt who offered me his addreſſes in my new ſituation, was Mr. Twiſt the mercer. He made his viſit in about two months after my huſband's deceaſe; and upon being ſhewn into my parlour, really ſurprized me with ſo ſtrange and ridiculous a figure of a man, that it was not without the utmoſt difficulty I was able to preſerve any compoſure of countenance. Pale, trembling, looking aſkance, and out of breath, he muttered over ſomething in broken words and half ſentences, about 'cruel delays—'decencies—boldneſs—and,' at laſt, 'his ambition of being admitted my 'moſt humble ſervant.' Fixing my eyes full upon him, I anſwered, That I was very ſorry he ſhould come at ſo unſeaſonable a time; for that I had no thoughts of parting with my footman; but if he ſhould be out of place when I had a vacancy, and would call again, I might perhaps prefer him to my ſervice. The poor man, unable to bear ſuch a ſhock, fell into the moſt violent diſtortions of face, and left me, with precipitation, to enjoy my triumph alone.

The next who honoured me with an application of the ſame kind, but without the ſame diſmal and rueful grimaces, was Mr. Frankly, an under officer in his majeſty's cuſtoms. He approached me with a pretty good air, and with an eaſy unconſtrained utterance declared, That he had long been charmed with the agreeableneſs of my perſon and behaviour; that they had made the deepeſt impreſſions on his heart; and that he did not deſpair of finding in my fair boſom ſomething ſuſceptible of the ſame tender and elegant ſentiments. Piqued and amazed at the confidence of the man, my memory and preſence of mind had almoſt failed me; but recovering in an inſtant, I made him a curteſy, and aſſured him, That, though he knew it not, I was really the miſtreſs of that houſe: but that my maid Mary was in the kitchen, who would no doubt be highly pleaſed with ſo fine a ſpeech, which I hoped he had got by heart, and would be as capable of repeating to his miſtreſs as he had been to me. I looked to ſee if my gentleman was not ſinking into the floor; but, to my utter confuſion, he made me a low bow, and with a moſt ſignificant glance proteſted, That he was become perfectly ſenſible of his miſtake, and that his next viſit ſhould be to my maid; for that it was impoſſible for Mrs. Mary to return an anſwer to any thing he might ſay to her, ſo utterly deſtitute of good ſenſe and good manners. As ſoon as he was gone, I had recourſe to my pocket-book, croſſed out my two firſt common-places, and wrote in the margin—'N. B. Too 'much alike, and not to uſe either of 'them again on any account whatſo-'ever.'

My third inamorato was Mr. Smart, a young attorney, very ſpruce and very much a coxcomb. As he lived in the neigh-

neighbourhood, we had a slight acquaintance. One evening he came to my house, staid supper; and, after drinking a glass or two of wine, began a rhapsody of nonsense about flames, darts, killing eyes, wounds, and death. It is enough that I was able to comprehend his meaning; and therefore, putting on an air of seriousness and concern, I assured him, That I was most prodigiously sorry to see him so fluttered; I supposed that he had been drinking before he came to my house; for otherwise it was impossible he should be disguised to such a degree. I hoped it was only an accidental thing, and that he would take care not to contract habits so extremely prejudicial to his character and complexion. He looked to tame and foolish, that for the life of me I could not forbear pursuing my blow; and therefore, ordering my servant to light him home, I recommended strongly to him to clear his stomach with a quart or two of warm water before he went to rest: and in the morning I sent a card with compliments and enquiries after his health; hoping he was as well as could be expected after his last night's irregularity. He kept my man two hours, and then returned me the following answer, fairly engrossed upon a clean queen of hearts—

MR. Smart's compliments to Mrs. G——, and thanks for her kind message.[9] He shall not contend that he is in his sober wits: no, he is proud to own himself drunk with the large draughts of love he has drawn from her bright eyes.

This I thought was pretty enough; I therefore put the card between the proper pages in my book; and, under the common-place to which it related, wrote—'Memorandum, a good thing, 'and may do again with a little va-'riation.'

My fourth humble servant was Doctor Scarfe, the minister of the parish. He was really a good sort of a gentleman; and, to say the truth, I had for a long time played my artillery directly at him, as I imagined, without success, but not without a most vexatious chagrin at his seeming insensibility. However, when I least expected any such thing, I perceived I had conquered his stubborn heart: and then I resolved to take some revenge for the trouble it had cost me. His advice and assistance, which were useful to me in the management of my affairs, gave him a claim to a more frequent and familiar reception than I vouchsafed to any other male visitant. One day, upon my thanking him in civil terms for a considerable service he had done me, he hastily interrupted me with—'Madam, you are too obliging; I 'beg you to say nothing more upon the 'subject; 'tis I am the indebted person; 'indebted for the favour of your esteem 'and confidence. I wish I could merit 'them: to be able to give you the least 'satisfaction, is the highest pleasure of 'my life. You know in what manner 'I have transacted these little matters; 'put my zeal and sincerity to a nobler 'test: allow me not casual but continual occasions of expressing, in a tender 'way, my regard to your interests, my 'affection to your person, which is 'dearer to me than all the interest upon 'earth.'—'Why, now, doctor,' says I, 'what I have long dreaded, is, I find, 'come to pass. I have often desired 'you to use more exercise, and not to 'sit perpetually poring upon books. 'The intenseness of your studies has im-'paired your understanding; and all 'that I can do at present is to advise you 'to go directly home, and take a little 'something for your head. If you neg-'lect your disorder, you will soon be 'subject to more violent ravings.'—'Madam,' he replied, 'I see you are 'disposed to make merry with my pain: 'I did not expect such treatment at 'your hands; but I heartily wish you a 'good night.' The deliberation with which he spoke, fully convinced me that I had lost both a lover and a friend; and the reflection on my folly filled me with shame. However, I concealed it as well as I could, and wrote in my pocket-book, under this common-place—'N. B. 'Not to be repeated.'

It would make a history, Mr. Fitz-Adam, instead of a letter, to relate all my achievements in this way. In short, my character became, in time, so extraordinary and formidable, that I remember to have seen but three lovers in the last seven years, and two of the three were gentlemen from Ireland.

It is owing to this timidity in the men, that I trouble you with this letter, and desire it's publication. They have no doubt imagined from my behaviour that I have made a vow against marriage: but

but whatever my intentions may be, I can aſſure them I have made no ſuch vow; and if any gentleman under forty ——But I am not advertiſing for a huſband neither; yet, for fear you ſhould think ſo, it is high time to take my leave, by ſubſcribing myſelf, SIR, your moſt humble ſervant,

A. G.

I have complied with this lady's requeſt in publiſhing her letter; and ſhall recommend to her peruſal the following ſong, which I received a few days ago from an unknown correſpondent.

SONG.

I.

A Nymph there lives, whom many a ſwain
Has ſigh'd for oft, but ſigh'd in vain,
And borne the inſults and diſdain
Of proud but handſome MOLLY.
Around her throng'd the wits and beaus,
With cringes, compliments, and bows,
And dreſs, and oaths, and lies, and vows,
And ſtrove for lovely MOLLY.

II.

The charms that deckt this fav'rite maid,
In verſe and proſe were ſung and ſaid:
(For wits will write, and beaus may read)
O happy, happy MOLLY!
But ſee triumphant beauty's pride!
In vain was wit and nonſenſe try'd;
Beaus, fops, nay, flatterers, were deny'd
By haughty, haughty MOLLY.

III.

Too long coquetted the vain fair:
Time, that ev'n beauty ſcorns to ſpare,
Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair,
Of ſilly, heedleſs MOLLY.
Paint, powder, patches, are apply'd—
No arts the ſad diſgrace can hide:
The fops forſake, the wits deride
Their once-lov'd, charming MOLLY.

IV.

Unheeded now at ball or play,
She hates the pretty, blames the gay—
Ah! who one tender thing will ſay
To poor deſerted MOLLY?
Yet ſtill ſhe ling'ring haunts the ſcene,
Where once ſhe acted beauty's queen,
And every ſimple heart had been
The ſlave of tyrant MOLLY.

V.

At length, with fruitleſs hope worn out,
She quits the giddy youthful rout,
And turns ſo monſtrouſly devout,
No ſaint was e'er like MOLLY.
Yet while this ſolemn garb ſhe wears,
Each world by turns employs her cares;
And ſlander, ſermons, cards, and prayers,
Divide ſtill wretched MOLLY.

N° LXXVIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

INVENTIO SIMILIUM FACILIS ERIT, SI QUIS SIBI OMNES RES ANIMATAS ET INANIMATAS——FREQUENTER ANTE OCULOS POTEST PONERE; ET EX HIS ALIQUAM VENARI SIMILITUDINEM, QUÆ AUT ORNARE, AUT DOCERE, AUT APERTIOREM REM FACERE POSSIT.

CICERO.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am of opinion that a very pleaſing method of inſtruction might be drawn from the affinity which the more liberal arts and ſciences have to manners and behaviour. The following precepts, which are equally calculated to direct the young painter's hand, and the young lady's conduct, contain an imperfect ſpecimen of the method I am propoſing; and which I am induced to communicate to Mr. Fitz-Adam, becauſe I am aſſured that fine arts, good manners, and the fair-ſex, are, and ought to be, the principal care of the World.

It is impoſſible to arrive at any eminent degree of excellence either in painting or behaviour, without a long courſe of diſcipline in the ſchool of imitation. The character of a valuable original can never be procured without condeſcending firſt of all to the humble employment of the copyiſt. The carte blanche of a youthful mind will be as imperfectly adorned by the firſt rudiments of politeneſs, as a ſcholar's leſſon-book by the firſt principles of deſign: but care and practice may ſoon correct the awkwardneſs of a firſt attempt; and it may be the pupil's fault, if every new day, as well as every new leaf, does not produce ſome proof of amendment. But however ſimilar the mind and hand may be with regard to their advances towards perfection, yet it is to be obſerved,

ed, that the accompliſhments of the one are much more requiſite and important than thoſe of the other, and that an irregular action is not ſo eaſily reformed as a negligent ſtroke.

To reſolve the whole of beauty into a fine complexion, a juſt ſymmetry of ſhape, and a nice regularity of features, is altogether as abſurd as it would be to reduce all the qualifications for good painting to a manual ſkill of mixing colours for the pallet, and ſketching out the contours of ſingle portraits. There muſt be a certain gracefulneſs and uniformity in every part of a lady's character to make her appear amiable to a man of diſcernment; juſt as a conſiſtent deſign and a proper combination of figures in a hiſtory-piece can alone recommend the painter to a critical obſerver.

The extravagances of the prude and coquet are analogous to a timid exactneſs and a diſſolute licentiouſneſs of ſtile in painting. A degree of freedom, far beyond a chearful affability, ſhall in ſome ladies be attended with many a ſtriking charm; and affect one, like Paulo's daring ſtroke, with warmer and more animated ſentiments than could have been excited by the cold and ſpiritleſs efforts of a deliberate regularity. There are others, in whom a delicate reſerve, bordering almoſt on the confines of a prudiſh ſhyneſs, ſhall appear extremely engaging to men of a nicer turn, and eaſily captivate all ſuch fancies as are delighted with the chaſtiſed refinement of a Corregio's pencil. Nor do we want a third ſort of ladies, who are endowed with an admirable talent for gaining themſelves admirers by an odd affectation of capricious levities, and a whimſical ſingularity of carriage: I know ſeveral who can give as happy proofs of their expertneſs in this fantaſtic art, as ever Le Piper could of his excellence for groteſque repreſentations, and who are qualified to trifle with as much ſucceſs as that artiſt has been known to do with a piece of charcoal upon a wall. But it is to be obſerved, that theſe privileges are only ſuited to peculiar characters, and can never produce any good effect, unleſs they derive their power from ſome inbred gift, and flow directly from the genuine ſource of nature.

There may be as great a variety in the modes of right behaviour as in the ſtiles of good painting. Many pictures may be worthy of admiration beſides thoſe of the moſt celebrated maſters; and many a lady may deſerve to be claſſed amongſt the lovely, the polite, and accompliſhed, though ſhe be not a perfect Lady ***. It is not requiſite for us to ſhew a general diſregard to the examples of others, in order to be diſtinguiſhed for ſomething peculiar to ourſelves; all we are to be cautioned againſt, is a ridiculous imitation of ſuch as are either inconſiſtent with our genius, or above the reach of our capacities.

The propriety of attitude and drapery depends ſo much on characters, circumſtances, and deſigns, that they cannot well be reduced to any fixed and determinate regulations. There is no one, I believe, but will readily allow that the airs and movements of an Italian dancer on the theatre, muſt appear almoſt as unbecoming in an Engliſh lady dancing at a ball, as the picture of a Venus in the antic poſture of a Mercury. Yet there can be no more danger in a lady's making too free a uſe of her limbs, while ſhe keeps clear of all hoydening and affected geſtures, than there is of a painter's having too great a knowledge of anatomy, ſo long as it is only made a ſecret guide to him in his deſigns. Nor can either be remarkably faulty in point of drapery, provided they do but pay a due regard to ſhape, quality, and cuſtom.

There is ſo ſtrict an agreement between the diſcloſing art in dreſs, and the carnation art in painting, that I believe it would be difficult to find out a fault or excellence in the one, that could not be paralleled with ſome correſponding beauty or defect in the other.

There is no WOMAN where there's no RESERVE,
And 'tis on PLENTY your poor lovers STARVE,

ſays the witty and ingenious Dr. Young: and it is very well known by all good critics and proficients in painting, that an uncommon ſhare of ſkill and judgment is requiſite for the production of every part of the naked. Nor is it hard to aſſign a reaſon why it ſhould be ſo; for if it be not extremely delicate in texture and complexion, it will of courſe appear diſguſtful; and if it be not extremely

tremely modeſt in poſture and deſign, it muſt needs be thought indecent: whereas the moſt imperfect concealment, a covering even thinner than the thinneſt gauze, will not only be ſufficient to relieve the offended eye, but will likewiſe enable the fancy to improve into beauty every thing it hides. As the propriety of dreſs is ſo much more dependent on faſhion than nature, I am cautious of affirming that a woman ought always to be miſtreſs of a pretty face, before ſhe has the confidence to appear in public with a bare boſom. But allowing that, under the ſanction of faſhion, ſhe may diſplay ſo diſtinguiſhing a characteriſtic of her ſex, without danger of incurring an immodeſt reputation; yet ſhe cannot poſſibly do it without forfeiting all pretenſions to diſcretion: for as ſhe cannot be ignorant how the beauty of a new gown decreaſes with the frequency of it's appearance, ſhe ought always to know how little value the men place in a privilege of ſurveying ever ſo pretty an object in itſelf, if it be conſtantly expoſed to the familiar gaze of the multitude. It is not natural for us to regard any thing that is held too apparently cheap in the eſtimation of the proprietor: and I am well ſatisfied that a lady cannot take a worſe method of gaining particular admirers, than by making general treats. If your fair readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will take my word for it, I can aſſure them that the men are ten times more affected with an accidental momentary glance, than with a deſigned expoſure for a whole hour together.

Upon the whole; as Mr. Pope has ſhewn us that he could collect hints enough for the compoſition of an ingenious treatiſe, even from one ſingle fragment in the literary lining of a bandbox; and as Leonardo da Vinci has obſerved that the ſpots on an old mouldy wall, forming a confuſed reſemblance of different objects, may be ſufficient to ſupply an improving fancy with a fine aſſemblage of the moſt perfect images; ſo it is to be hoped that the World may in the ſame manner be able to collect a great deal of inſtruction from theſe random and undigeſted reflections of it's ſincere admirer, and moſt humble ſervant,

PHILOCOSMOS.

P. S. It may not be improper to tell you, that I have been ſome time engaged in drawing up a ſyſtem of rules for the ladies dreſs, in order to determine how far perſonal beauty, as the work of nature, is capable of being improved by the aſſiſtance of art. In theſe rules I ſhall endeavour to fix the proper ſtandards of decorum, and to circumſcribe the authority of faſhion within the reaſonable limitations of modeſty and diſcretion: and as this attempt is principally calculated to reform the preſent nakedneſs of the ladies, I intend to publiſh it under the title of 'Canons for the Toilet.'

Nº LXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU cannot do a greater ſervice to the world, than by promoting the real happineſs of the beſt part of it, the fair ſex; for whoſe ſake I beg you will publiſh the following animadverſions upon an error in education, which the good ſenſe of the preſent age, with all it's attachment to nature, has not totally eradicated. The error I mean is putting Romances into the hands of young ladies; which being a ſort of writing that abounds in characters no where to be found, can, at beſt, be but a uſeleſs employment, even ſuppoſing the readers of them to have neither reliſh nor underſtanding for ſuperior concerns. But as this is by no means the caſe, and as the happineſs of mankind is deeply intereſted in the ſentiments and conduct of the ladies, why do we contribute to the filling their heads with fancies, which render them incapable either of enjoying or communicating that happineſs? Why do we ſuffer thoſe hearts, which ought to be appropriated to the various affections of ſocial life, to be alienated by the mere creatures of the imagination? In ſhort, why do we ſuffer thoſe who were born for the purpoſe of living in ſociety with men endued with paſſions and frailties like their own, to

to be bred up in daily expectation of living *out* of it with such men as never have existed? Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, (as much the age of nature as this is thought to be) I know several unmarried ladies, who in all probability had been long ago good wives and good mothers, if their imaginations had not been early perverted with the chimerical ideas of romantic love, and themselves cheated out of the Charities, (as Milton calls them) and all the real blessings of those relations, by the hopes of that ideal happiness, which is no where to be found but in Romances.

It is a principle with such ladies, that it matters not if the qualities they ascribe to the heroes of these books be real or imaginary: upon which principle, a footman may as well be the hero as his master; for nothing, it seems, is necessary to dub him such, but the magic power of a lady's fancy, which creates chimeras much faster than nature can produce realities.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this doctrine of ideal happiness is calculated for the meridian of Bedlam, and ought never to be received beyond the limits of Moorfields. For if we should admit that the monarch in his cell is as happy as the monarch on his throne, while both their objects are ambition; yet the happiness of society must depend only on the reasonableness of individuals. A father is by this pernicious doctrine frequently robbed of the comfort he expected in his child; a daughter is deprived of the protection and support she might otherwise have claimed from her father; and society is interrupted in forming it's general system of happiness, which those relations should conuribute to establish.

These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are almost the necessary consequences of reading Romances: and as human nature is apt to be more influenced by example than precept, I shall beg leave to enforce the truth of what I have advanced by, the following history.

Clarinda was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who placed all his happiness in the expectations of her merit and the rewards of it. Nature had encouraged him in that expectation, by giving her a very liberal portion of her favours; and he determined to improve it by every means which the fondness of a parent could suggest to him. But, unfortunately for Clarinda, her father's good intentions were not guided by a judgment equally good: for it happened to her, as it too often does in the education of young women, that his endeavours were rather directed to grace her person than to adorn her mind; and whatever qualifications he might wish the latter to possess, he seemed solicitous only of such as might recommend the former. Dress, dancing, and music, were the whole of her accomplishments; and they so immoderately softened the natural effeminacy of her mind, that she contracted an aversion to every kind of reading which did not represent the same softness of manners. Every hour which was not appropriated to one of these accomplishments, was spent in the ensnaring practice of reading Novels and Romances; of which Clelia was her favourite, and the hero of it continually in her head.

Whilst Clarinda was thus accomplishing herself, the father was studying to reward the merits of his daughter with a husband suitable to her rank and fortune. Nor was he unsuccessful in his care: for Theodore, the son of a neighbouring gentleman in the country, was chosen for this honour. But though all who knew him declared him to be worthy of it, unhappily for Clarinda, she alone thought otherwise: for, notwithstanding he loved her with a sincerity hardly to be equalled, yet, as he did not approach her in heroics, nor first break his passion to her in shady groves, he was not the hero she expected; he neither bowed gracefully, nor spoke majestically, nor sighed pathetically enough to charm a heart which doated on romantic grimace: in short, he was not the hero which Clelia had impressed on Clarinda's imagination. But, what was still more unfortunate, Theodore's valet de chambre was compleatly so. That happy hero was a Frenchman, who, to an imagination little less romantic than Clarinda's, had added all the fantastic levity of his country; which happening first to discover itself in those very shades where she used to meditate on the hero of Clelia, so captivated her heart with Monsieur Antoine the valet, that her imagination instantly annihilated every circumstance of his rank and fortune, and added every enchanting accomplishment to his mind and person.

There is no reſiſting the impetuoſity of romantic love. Like enthuſiaſm, it breaks through all the reſtraints of nature and cuſtom; and enables, as well as animates it's votaries, to execute all it's extravagant ſuggeſtions. A paſſion of this ſublime original could have none of thoſe difficulties in diſcovering itſelf to it's ſubject, which are apt to oppoſe the raſh wills of vulgar mortals; and therefore it was not long before Clarinda gave Antonio (for ſo ſhe choſe to ſoften the unharmonious name of Antoine) to underſtand, that love, like death, levelled all diſtinctions of birth and fortune, and introduced the loweſt and higheſt into Elyſium together.

Antonio, who had been almoſt as converſant with Romances as Clarinda, received the firſt intimations of the lady's paſſion for him with a tranſport that had leſs ſurprize than joy in it; and from the firſt diſcovery of it, there aroſe an intercourſe between them which entirely defeated the pretenſions of Theodore, and confirmed Clarinda's paſſion for his valet.

But as much a hero as Antonio appeared to be both to Clarinda and himſelf during the firſt part of this tender intercourſe, in the progreſs of it he diſcovered that he wanted one principal ingredient in the compoſition of that ideal character: he had not courage enough to be a martyr. For though he doated on Clarinda's perſon, whilſt her fortune was annexed to it, yet he could not bring himſelf to ſtarve with an angel: and this he ſoon perceived muſt be his fate, if he poſſeſſed the one without the other. Such a diſappointment from a hero to a Dido, or to any woman who expected a natural gratification of her paſſion, would have excited reſentment and averſion. This would have been nature, which romantic love has no knowledge of: it never changes any of thoſe ideas with which it firſt captivates a fantaſtic heart; therefore Clarinda, though ſhe moſt pathetically lamented her diſappointment in Antonio, yet charged it all upon her ſtars, and accuſed only them and the gods of cruelty. Her father at the ſame time declared his reſolution to diſinherit her, if ſhe perſiſted in her folly: and the more effectually to prevent it, he bribed Antonio to leave England; which ſo enflamed Clarinda's paſſion, (who conſidered him as baniſhed on her account) that ſhe made a ſolemn vow never to marry any other man.

To conclude; the conſequence of this vow was, that the father ſettled an annuity on his daughter, and entailed his eſtate on his next kindred. This annuity ſhe ſtill lives to enjoy; and in the fifty-fifth year of her age prefers the viſionary happineſs of reading Clelia, and thinking on her Antonio, to the real bleſſings of thoſe ſocial relations, which in all probability ſhe had enjoyed through life, if ſhe had never been a reader of Romances. I am, &c.

N° LXXX. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM the indulgence you have ſo often ſhewn to the productions of female correſpondents, I am encouraged to hope that you will not refuſe this epiſtle a place in your paper.

You muſt know, Sir, that with a tolerable perſon, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humour to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I proteſt, does not ariſe from diſappointed love; but, on the contrary, from my never having ſeen any one man who has been poſſeſſed of thoſe accompliſhments which I think neceſſary for a huſband.

You will imagine, perhaps, that I hardly know myſelf what ſort of a man I would have; but, to convince you of the contrary, I am going to give you a deſcription of one, whom, notwithſtanding my preſent humour, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thouſand pounds. Such a declaration as this, while there are ſo many fortune-hunters, witty ſparks, pretty fellows, and grave widowers, about town, will undoubtedly ſtrike ſome hundreds with a flattering hope that I am eaſily to be carried off; but, to ſilence

silence their pretensions all at once, here follows the description of the only man in the world that I will consent to marry; and whom I shall beg leave to intitle—

THE MAID's HUSBAND.

Notwithstanding it is a fatal maxim among women, To please the eye, though they torment the heart; yet I am so far an advocate for pleasing the eye, that the man I have an idea of must have a person graceful and engaging. The features of his face must be regular; and, though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have seen, having generally observed, that where Nature is most exact, she is least engaging. His eyes must be lively, sparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there must be a clear complexion, health, chearfulness, and sensibility. His stature must be inclining to the tall; his motion easy and genteel; free from the short pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic step of the most solemn fop. His behaviour serious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reserved. His look, his laugh, his speech, and his whole manner, must be just without affectation, and free without levity.

Thus much for his person. I now come to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableness, will avail him nothing. His genius must be fanciful; his knowledge extensive. Men, as well as books, must have been his study. Learning, freedom, and gallantry, must be so blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In conversation he must say nothing with study, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts must flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expression which is necessary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind let me add (if I may be allowed the distinction) the qualities of his soul. He must be generous without prodigality; humane without weakness; just without severity; and fond without folly. To his wife he must be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and Reason must join their powers, and to the openness of the heart add the virtue of œconomy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedness without negligence. With love he must have respect; and by a continued compliance always win upon the inclination. He must take care to retain his conquest by the means he gained it, and eternally look and speak with the same desires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been observed by experienced people, that the soul contracts a sort of blindness by loving; but the man I am speaking of must derive his sentiments from reason; and the passion, which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To these qualities I must add that charm which is to be considered before all the rest, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, Religion. He must be devout without superstition, and pious without melancholy: far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing into their hearts a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek GOD in the horror of solitude: on the contrary, he must think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found amongst men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that Religion must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

With such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeable minute will be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of the Temple, of the University, of the Army, or of the City, who would be glad of a woman of five-and-twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds

in

in her pocket, read this character; and if any one of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely at his service. But I believe, Sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be: I am therefore resigned to my condition; and can think, without repining, of dying a maid, (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of, Sir, your humble servant, reader, and correspondent,

A. B.

Though I doubt not but my fair correspondent is thoroughly deserving of the husband she knows so well how to describe, yet I could have wished, for her own sake, as well as for the sake of some happy man, that she had added a qualifying postscript, to her letter, signifying that she was willing to make some little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houses, it is usual with them either to give up conveniency for a prospect, or prospect for conveniency. In this manner should a lady act in the choice of a husband: if she sets her heart upon a Face, she should have no dislike to a coxcomb; or if she falls in love with a Mind, a slovenly should appear charming; for the odds are against her, that the handsome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

Exclusive of myself, I know of no such character as the lady has described: nor dare I say a word of my own person and accomplishments, being unfortunately near seventy, and a married man. It has also been hinted to me, (for I scorn to deceive any body) that I have a small stoop in my gait, and that I am not quite so well-bred upon all occasions as a young lady might expect me to be.

I am also cautious of recommending any of those gentlemen who are daily advertising for wives in the public papers: for whether it be owing to their extreme modesty, or whether they have really no other accomplishments than they usually set forth to the world, their descriptions of themselves amount to no more, than that they are tall, well made, and very agreeable; that they have healthy constitutions, have had liberal educations, and are of sober morals. But as these descriptions are by no means particular enough, I cannot be certain that the publishers of them will answer exactly the idea of the Maid's Husband. Besides, I have lately received letters from particular ladies, who, either as principals or friends, have examined these gentlemen; which letters assure me that they do not at all come up to the idea given of themselves, even in their own modest advertisements.

But before I take leave of my ingenious correspondent, I promise her to give notice in this paper of the first Maid's Husband that falls within my knowledge; and if she pleases to signify where and when she will be waited on by any such gentleman, her commands shall be executed with the nicest punctuality. 'Or,' as it is very considerately expressed in an advertisement now before me, 'if the lady does not chuse to appear personally for the first time, may 'send any other proper lady of her acquaintance to the place appointed.'

N° LXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

THE following letters need no apology. With regard to the first, it may be proper to observe, that the complaint contained in it is a very just one: of the second I shall say nothing till I have given it to my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Can assure you with great truth, that you are the first man I ever wrote a letter to, or wished to correspond with, except my father and my brother. I am the youngest of three sisters, am not quite twenty-one, love dress, and love fashions, but cannot consent to appear in the public walks like a woman of the town. I am sorry to say it, but it is really my opinion, that if the common prostitutes were to walk in the Park with no other covering than a shift of Paris net, half the young ladies of my acquaintance would come into the fashion.

My

My two ſiſters may take it as they pleaſe, but they are ſo far gone into the mode, that I hardly ever go abroad with them that we are not addreſſed by gentlemen who are utter ſtrangers to us, in the moſt familiar (and ſometimes the moſt indecent) terms imaginable. No longer ago than laſt week we were mobbed in Spring Gardens, from my eldeſt ſiſter's having affronted a couple of gentlemen who would fain have entertained us with a glaſs of wine at the Cardigan. For my own part, I tell them both very frankly, that while they endeavour to look like women of the town, it is a great miſtake in them to be above their buſineſs.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with a World upon this ſubject; for, as the youngeſt ſiſter, my opinion goes for nothing: and, beſides, I want to have them mortified a little; for they neither love nor eſteem me, becauſe I am ſaid to be handſomer than they, and am better received by all our relations and acquaintance. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

SARAH MEANWELL.

SIR,

I Am a very good-hearted, honeſt girl; but, from my ſituation in life, I am afraid people think me otherwiſe: It is my unhappineſs, that from too high a birth, and too low a fortune, I am obliged to live conſtantly with the great; and, to tell you the truth, I am really handſomer than moſt of the women I mix with. From this circumſtance I am looked upon with envy by many of my acquaintance; but indeed, Sir, when you know my heart, you will rather think me an object of pity.

Though I have the beſt ſpirits in the world, and am as gay as innocence will ſuffer me to be, I am called a queer creature by the men, and a prude by the women. And all this for what? Truly, becauſe I have more modeſty than the company I keep. And yet ſo prevailing is example, and ſo neceſſary to a dependent ſtate are good-humour and compliance, that I have not been able at all times to be quite as modeſt as I ſhould be. I do not mean that I have been downright wicked, or that I ever wiſhed to be ſo; but if my grandmother was to riſe from the grave, and to be witneſs to the Sentiments I have drank, and the romps I have played, ſhe would certainly box my ears, and call me by a name too coarſe for me to mention.

If you are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly underſtand me; and as I am a young woman, I dare not come to a particular explanation. But if you will be ſo kind as to convince the people of faſhion that decency is a virtue, it would ſave me from many a rent in my cloaths, and make my evenings at home, as well as my parties abroad, much pleaſanter to me.

I think I may be allowed to ſpeak a little plainer. The privilege of high birth is to do every thing you have a mind to do. It is a maxim with men to attempt every thing, and with the women to refuſe but one thing. The attacks that are made upon a lady's honour are conſidered only as compliments to her beauty; and ſhe is the moſt flattered, who is oftenеſt inſulted. Your correſpondent, Mrs. Shuffle, never ſaid a truer thing in her life, than that 'cards were an aſylum againſt the dangers of men:' and I really grow fond of routs and drums, becauſe their deſigns, at ſuch parties, are only againſt my purſe.

But if women in the moſt elevated ſituations, either from their own levity, or the impudence of men, are liable to theſe faſhionable attacks, how muſt it fare with a poor girl, who has no fortune to awe theſe libertines into reſpect, and no example among her companions to authorize her reſentment? They conſtrue my very complaints into deſign—'The prude would take us in, would ſhe? She had better be one of us, or, 'egad, we'll blow her.' This, with a little plainer ſwearing, and coarſer threatening, has been ſaid of me in my own hearing.

What ſhall I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to live comfortably, and preſerve my reputation? My fortune, which is no more than two thouſand pounds, is hardly ſufficient to maintain me even in the country; and I ſee nothing but ruin before me, if I continue where I am. I have always conſidered the marriage ſtate as a woman's ſureſt happineſs; and I verily believe I have every qualification, except money, to make it eaſy to him who cheſe me. But unleſs I tranſport myſelf to the Eaſt or Weſt Indies for a huſband, I have no hopes of one. I neither expect nor deſire a man of faſhion;

ſhion; for a clergyman I am too poor; a country ſquire would beat me; and an honeſt tradeſman, who knew my education, might imagine I ſhould beat Him. Neither of theſe would be my choice. But if you know of any private gentleman, who has ſeen enough of the world to deſpiſe the follies of it; one who could ſupport me decently, and think himſelf rewarded by love and gratitude; who could ſhare with me in domeſtic pleaſures, or lend me his arm for a viſit to a friend; who at his leiſure hours would be pleaſed with my prattle, and with a look of delight could tell me that he was happy; if you know of ſuch a man, you may honeſtly aſſure him, that though I have lived all my life among the great, I am as clean in my perſon, and as modeſt in my inclinations, as if I had never ſeen good company. You may alſo add, and with equal truth, that, excepting a bubble in my gait, and a ſmall propenſity to talk loud in public, I have not the leaſt tincture of quality about me. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

M. A.

The true ſpirit of irony which ſo plainly appears in this letter, muſt no doubt be highly pleaſing to the polite part of my readers. But as there are many dull people in the world, who have no conceptions beyond the literal meaning of what they read, I ſhall ſubjoin a few remarks of my own, to prevent the aforeſaid dull people from miſtaking a very fine panegyric for an inſolent libel againſt the chaſteſt and moſt valuable part of mankind.

This young lady ſeems to have formed her plan upon the inimitable Doctor Swift, who, of all men that wrote, underſtood irony the beſt; and who had the happieſt art of conveying compliment under the diſguiſe of abuſe. Her whole epiſtle is irony; which (as my ſagacious friend Mr. Nathan Bayley, in his etymological dictionary, defines it) is a figure in rhetoric, by which we ſpeak contrary to what we think. We are therefore to underſtand by the above letter, that the niceſt decorum and the moſt exemplary chaſtity are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of our young men of faſhion; that they live in a conſtant practice of all the virtues; and are the ſhining examples of temperance, modeſty, and true politeneſs. By the Sentiments which are given by the ladies over a glaſs of wine, my correſpondent very genteelly hints, that young women of condition are the only perſons in the world who can be merry and wiſe: that the bottle, which is too apt to intoxicate the vulgar, can inſpire theſe ladies with the moſt refined ideas of men and things; which ideas are poured forth in Sentiments that Plato, Socrates, and all the ſages of antiquity, never thought of.

I ſhall only add, that the notions which mean and ignorant women commonly conceive of matrimony, are finely ridiculed in this letter. The writer very humbrouſly ſuppoſes, that the domeſtic endearments of private life are more eligible than the ſeparate beds and ſeparate pleaſures of people of condition; and, with an archneſs peculiar to herſelf, prefers the huſband who can be the companion of his wife, to the man of rank, who is the companion of all other women.

Nº LXXXII. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is a received opinion among the politicians, that the ſpirit of liberty can never be too active under a conſtitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would deſire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preſerved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and oppoſition to the moſt innocent meaſures of the legiſlature. The clamour againſt the alteration of the ſtyle ſeemed to be one of theſe inſtances. The alarm was given, and the moſt fatal conſequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered ſtrength in it's courſe, and received a tincture from the remains of ſuperſtition ſtill prevailing in the counties moſt remote from town. I know ſeveral worthy gentlemen in the weſt, who lived many months under the

the daily apprehenſion of ſome dreadful viſitation from peſtilence or famine. The vulgar were almoſt every where perſuaded that Nature gave evident tokens of her diſapproving theſe innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing ſtars were ſeen to appear upon this occaſion, or that armies were obſerved to be encountering in the ſkies: people probably concluding, that the great men who pretended to controul the ſun in his courſe, would aſſume equal authority over the inferior conſtellations, and not ſuffer any aerial militia to aſſemble themſelves in oppoſition to miniſterial proceedings.

The objection to this regulation, as favouring a cuſtom eſtabliſhed among Papiſts, was not heard indeed with the ſame regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legiſlature from paſſing a bill of the ſame nature; yet many a preſident of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again at Smithfield before the concluſion of the year. This popular clamour has at laſt happily ſubſided, and ſhared the general fate of thoſe opinions which derive their ſupport from imagination.

In the preſent happy diſpoſition of the nation, the author of the following verſes may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal perſonage, without ſeeming to ſtrengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a ſcandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publiſher of a libel againſt the ſtate. This ideal perſonage is no other than the Old May-Day, the only apparent ſufferer from the preſent regulation. Her ſituation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; ſince the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration tranſferred to a rival, younger than herſelf by at leaſt eleven days. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

E. L.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours,
And vernal airs, up roſe the gentle MAY;
Bluſhing ſhe roſe, and bluſhing roſe the flow'rs
That ſprung ſpontaneous in her genial ray.
Her locks with Heaven's ambroſial dews were bright,
And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breaſt:
With ev'ry ſhifting gleam of morning light
The colours ſhifted of her rainbow veſt.
Imperial enſigns grac'd her ſmiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand ſhe bore;
This charms to peace each ſullen eaſtern ſtorm,
And that unlocks the ſummer's copious ſtore.
Onward in conſcious majeſty ſhe came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taſte:
To gather faireſt wreaths of future fame,
And blend freſh triumphs with her glories paſt.
Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to MAY and LOVE's myſterious rite,
Bruſh the light dew-drops * from the ſpangled lawn.
To her no more AUGUSTA's † wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from POTOSI's mine:
Nor freſh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer offering at her ruſtic ſhrine.
No more the MAYPOLE's verdant height around
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors' ſprightlier ſound
Wake the loud carol, and the ſportive dance.
Sudden in penſive ſadneſs droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the bluſhing crimſon dy'd—
'O chaſte, victorious triumphs! whither fled?
'My maiden honours, whither gone?' ſhe cry'd.
'Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
'The earth and ſmiling ocean ſaw me riſe,
'With time coeval and the ſtar of morn,
'The firſt, the faireſt daughter of the ſkies.
'Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate ſprung
'The radiant beam of new-created day,
'Celeſtial harps, to airs of triumph ſtrung,
'Hail'd the glad dawn, and Angels call'd me MAY.
'Space in her empty regions heard the ſound,
'And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
'The ſun exulted in his glorious round,
'And ſhouting planets in their courſes ſung.

* Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering May-dew.
† The plate-garlands of London.

For ever, then, I led the conſtant year;
Saw YOUTH, and JOY, and LOVE's en-
chanting wiles;
Saw the mild GRACES in my train appear,
And infant BEAUTY brighten in my
ſmiles.

No Winter frown'd. In ſweet embrace al-
ly'd,
Three ſiſter SEASONS danc'd th' eternal
green;
And SPRING's retiring ſoftneſs gently vy'd
With AUTUMN's bluſh, and SUMMER's
lofty mien.

Too ſoon, when man prophan'd the bleſſings
giv'n,
And VENGEANCE arm'd to blot a guilty
age,
With bright ASTREA to my native heav'n
I fled, and flying ſaw the DELUGE rage:

Saw burſting clouds eclipſe the noontide
beams,
While ſounding billows from the moun-
tains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my ſtreams,
My nectar'd ſtreams, that flow'd on ſands
of gold.

Then vaniſh'd many a ſea-girt iſle and grove,
Their foreſts floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from
Jove,
My ATALANTIS* ſunk beneath the
main.

No longer bloom'd primæval EDEN's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' HES-
PERIAN ſteep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits, and
flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in ſylvan ſcenes I deign'd,
Yet oft deſcending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting maſs
ſuſtain'd,
And wak'd her ſlumb'ring atoms into
birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous
vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Shower'd by the MUSES, crown'd my lofty
brows.

But chief in EUROPE, and in EUROPE's
pride,
My ALBION's favour'd realms, I roſe
ador'd,
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes de-
ny'd,
From AMALTHEA's horn with plenty
ſtor'd.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My raviſh'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal ſong.

O ſay what yet unraiſed beauties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, violets ſweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a ſofter ſtrain?

Do morning ſuns in ruddier glory riſe?
Does ev'ning fan her with ſerener gales?
Do clouds drop fatneſs from the wealthier
ſkies,
Or wantons Plenty in her happier vales?

Ah no! the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And CYNTHIA, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wings
her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure ſprings,
Nor mounting juices feed the ſwelling
flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela ſings,
When SILENCE liſtens at the midnight
hour.

Nor wonder, Man, that Nature's baſhful
face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces
fear:
Is ſhe not ſprung from APRIL's wayward
race,
The fickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With ſhow'rs and ſunſhine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow ſmiles proclaiming treach'-
rous peace;
With bluſhes, harb'ring, in their thin diſ-
guiſe,
The blaſts that riot on the SPRING's in-
creaſe?

Is this the fair inveſted with my ſpoil
By EUROPE's laws, and SENATES' ſtern
command?
Ungen'rous EUROPE! let me fly thy ſoil,
And waft my treaſures to a grateful land:

Again revive, on ASIA's drooping ſhore,
My DAPHNE's groves, or LYCIA's an-
cient plain;
Again to AFRIC's ſultry ſands reſtore
Embow'ring ſhades, and LYBIAN AM-
MON's fane:

Or haſte to northern ZEMBLA's ſavage coaſt,
There huſh to ſilence elemental ſtrife;
Brood o'er the regions of eternal froſt,
And ſwell her barren womb with heat and
life.

Then BRITAIN——' Here ſhe ceas'd. In-
dignant grief,
And parting pangs, her falt'ring tongue
ſuppreſt:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, ſhe ſought relief,
And tears, and ſilent anguiſh, told the
reſt.

* See Plato.

N° LXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN the ſtudies of learned and philoſophical men are employed in extending the commerce and improving the manufactures of their country, they cannot be held in too high a degree of eſtimation by a trading people.

The perfection at which our home manufactures are arrived, we impute in a great meaſure to the ingenuity of our ordinary handicrafts, to the induſtry of our merchants, and to the honeſty and integrity of our trading companies. But, in my humble opinion, if our natural philoſophers had not kindly ſtept in to the aſſiſtance of the ſaid handicrafts and others, our manufactures would ſcarcely have been carried to ſo great a degree of excellence above thoſe of the ancient, as well as of the modern world. For by as much as we are before all other countries in the knowledge of natural philoſophy, by juſt ſo much are all other countries behind Us in the goodneſs of their manufactures.

It is by the head of the philoſopher that the hand of the mechanic is put in motion: and though the ancients and a few nations of the moderns may have produced ſome good hands, yet their having made ſo mean a figure in trade, muſt be owing to their want of philoſophical heads.

The manufactures of glaſs-porcelain and cephalic ſnuff were abſolutely unknown to the ancients; and they had very little knowledge in the making thunder and lightening, which our own countrymen, from the ſagacity of our philoſophers, and the help of electrical experiments, are now able to make in very conſiderable quantities, to the great honour and emolument of theſe kingdoms.

I am not afraid of aſſerting, that from this manufacture alone (provided it were under proper regulations, and honoured with a parliamentary encouragement) we might have it in our power to be the moſt potent, the moſt wealthy, and the happieſt people in the whole univerſe. It would enable us to pay off our national debt in ſix months: it would ſecure us from our enemies without the expence either of fleet or army: or we might conquer France, whenever the common people of England ſhould order it to be done, without the aſſiſtance of allies, or paying one penny to the land-tax. Theſe, Mr. Fitz Adam, I think, are conſiderations which deſerve the attention of the public; at leaſt, they are conſiderations which have induced Me to be very particular in my thoughts upon this valuable commodity.

When electrical experiments were firſt exhibited to the curious, I did not hear that the profeſſors propoſed any advantages to mankind, except that with the help of their curious engine, they could give a patient a pretty ſmart blow on the elbow, without the uſe of any other weapon. It is true that a ſmall crab-ſtick might have performed the operation; but then it would have been effected by a method common and vulgar. We were informed, indeed, that the electrical engine had been made uſe of in the cure of ſeveral diſtempers; but I do not recollect to have heard that they had any great ſucceſs in that way, except that ſome very few mean people were made blind, that three or four necks were diſlocated, and that a child of five years old was frightened into fits. But theſe caſes not being ſufficiently atteſted, and the ſame ſort of cures having been tolerably well performed by many regular bred ſurgeons and apothecaries in this town, I was glad to learn that our philoſophers had confined all their experiments to the manufacture above-mentioned; the proceſs of which is ſo clear and eaſy, (all the ingredients being to be found in our own country, and none of them liable to any duty) that I make no doubt of our being able to bring thunder and lightening to market at a much cheaper price than common gunpowder.

I am informed by a friend, who for theſe laſt five years has applied himſelf wholly to electrical experiments, that the moſt effectual and eaſy method of making this commodity is by grinding a certain quantity of air between a glaſs ball and a bag of ſand; and when you have ground it into fire, your lightening

is made; and then you may either bottle it up, or put it into casks, properly seasoned for that purpose, and send it to market. My friend very honestly confesses, that what he has hitherto made is not of a sufficient degree of strength to answer all the purposes of natural lightening; but he assures me that he shall very soon be able to effect it, and that he has already brought it to a very surprizing degree of perfection; insomuch that, in the presence of several of his neighbours, he has produced a clap of thunder which blew out a candle, accompanied with a flash of lightening which made an impression on a pat of butter as it stood upon the table. He also assures me that in warm weather he can shake all the pewter upon his shelf; and that he expects, when his thermometer is at sixty-two degrees and a half, he shall be able to sour all the small-beer in his cellar, and break his largest pier-glass. If he accomplishes the two last, he flatters himself that it will be strong enough to kill a young child; but he is obliged to defer that experiment till his lady is brought to bed.

If these facts are true, which I do not in the least doubt, we may soon see this manufacture in a very flourishing condition. For if from a glass ball of one foot and a half diameter, which is the size of my friend's, we can produce a sufficient quantity of lightening to destroy a child, it follows, that a ball of four times that diameter will kill a man in perfect health and vigour; which must be a great advantage to the public, and save a considerable sum of money which is yearly given to apothecaries and doctors. And if the wheel, thus increased in it's diameter, increases the power; by increasing it still farther, you will make lightening enough to split a church steeple.

As for example. Suppose A, fig. the 1st. to be a glass ball 4672 feet diameter, turned upon the spindle B, being in length 5792 feet, by the handle C, against the sand bag a a a a, which suppose to be fixed to the side of Richmond Hill. The quantity of air ground in an hour will be equal to XX, which will produce of pure lightening, 1,694,753 tons; the force of which being applied to St. Bride's steeple, will make the crack G H, in fig. the 2d. If this should not be intelligible to those who are unacquainted with the mathematics, I will at any time, at a day's notice, attend and explain it to them.

I can think of but one objection to the erecting the machine above described, which is the greatness of the expence, as being too heavy for any private person. But it is to be hoped that some public company will undertake it, or that our governors will favour it with their consideration, and order it to be erected at the public expence. I, who have only the good of my country before me, will most readily agree to inspect the workmen, and see that the money shall be laid out with the strictest oeconomy, without desiring a shilling for my trouble.

But lest some malicious persons should suggest that I am writing merely to recommend a job to myself, I solemnly declare, that a full week before I had any thoughts of addressing the public by means of your paper, I applied myself to a club of Anti-Gallicans, of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member, and proposed in a speech that our laudable society should take this infant manufacture into their guardianship and protection. And as we have lately discovered that nothing excites mankind to good and virtuous actions, so much as honourable pecuniary gratuities, it was unanimously agreed that the society should order premiums to be given out of their public stock, for the encouragement of those who should make experiments for the improvement of this manufacture; and the following advertisement was ordered to be published.

CAT AND FIDDLE LODGE, JULY 21st, 1754.

PRESENT THE VICE-GRAND.

Ordered, That for the encouragement of the making Thunder and Lightening, the following premiums be given by this society, to be paid by their secretary within twelve months after the same shall be respectively adjudged to the several claimants.

To any person or persons who shall, on or before Christmas day next, by a clap of Electrical Thunder, accompanied by a sufficient quantity of Lightening, beat down and destroy the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, 20s.

To ditto for ditto, the Monument on Fish Street Hill, 15s.

Covent Garden church, 7s. 6d.

Westminster Hall, in Term time, 5s.

Westminster

Westminster Bridge, 2s. 6d.

For the first man under forty, and the first woman with child, killed by the said Thunder and Lightening; and for the first hay-rick of thirty load and upwards, burnt and consumed, 1s. each.

When, from the above encouragement, these useful works shall be performed, we may conclude the manufacture brought to perfection: and then there will remain a few queries most humbly to be submitted to the wisdom of the legislature.

I. Whether, when we have got a stock in hand, more than sufficient for our own consumption, we should suffer any to be exported?

II. What market will it be likely to meet with abroad? And

III. Whether it will be most prudent to trust this commodity in private hands, or in the hands of the ministry, the city of London, or the crown?

In regard to the first of these queries, I am of opinion, that we may safely venture to export whatever is more than sufficient for our home consumption, provided it be shipped on board our vessels, and insured by the French.

As to query the second, it is not to be doubted that the commodity will meet with a good foreign market. I have conversed with several merchants upon the subject, and know of two who have already received orders from their correspondents at Jamaica to send twenty tons to Barbadoes, to make a hurricane in that island; and there are orders from Barbadoes to send more than double the quantity to Jamaica. I am also assured that a certain Spanish governor, who is to pass his accounts next spring, has offered ten thousand pounds for a Tornado, provided it can be sent over before Christmas.

The last of these queries is, I own, the most difficult to be answered: I shall therefore submit it to the public, with only observing, that as a good patriot, I am against giving it into the hands of the crown, from an opinion that his present Majesty will forbid the use of it in his own dominions, and command the whole of it to be sent abroad amongst our most inveterate enemies. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, M. D.

N° LXXXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1754.

I Am indebted to a correspondent for the following allegory. The manner in which it is written, and the moral it contains, will be a better recommendation of it than any compliment of mine. I shall therefore lay it before my readers without farther preface.

Prosperity and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But Love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported

transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight; and, in process of time, he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from it's channel and loses itself among the valies, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her hatte to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him; and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranie, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre; and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

'I am sent,' said she, 'by the Gods 'to those alone whom they love: for I 'not only train them up by my severe 'discipline to future glory, but also 'prepare them to receive with a greater 'relish all such moderate enjoyments as 'are not inconsistent with this probation-'ary state. As the spider, when assailed, 'seeks shelter in it's inmost web, so the 'mind which I afflict contracts it's wan-'dering thoughts, and flies for happi-'ness to itself. It was I who raised the 'characters of Cato, Socrates, and Ti-'moleon, to so divine a height, and set 'them up as guides and examples to 'every future age. Prosperity, my 'smiling but treacherous sister, too fre-'quently delivers those whom she has 'seduced, to be scourged by her cruel 'followers, Anguish and Despair: while 'Adversity never fails to lead those who 'will be instructed by her, to the bliss-'ful habitations of Tranquillity and 'Content.'

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing. She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp

and

and splendor; and, in his addresses to the Gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner.

'As gold is purged and refined from 'dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent 'by Providence to try and improve the 'virtue of mortals. The end obtained, 'my task is finished; and I now leave 'you, to go and give an account of my 'charge. Your brother, whose lot was 'Prosperity, and whose condition you 'so much envied, after having experi-'enced the error of his choice, is at last 'released by death from the most wretch-'ed of lives. Happy has it been for 'Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, 'whom, if he remembers as he ought, 'his life will be honourable, and his 'death happy.'

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry; in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honeysuckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription—

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, and VIRTUE, dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What PALACE can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

Nº LXXXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a young country bride of eighteen, (if I may call myself a bride after having been married a month and two days;) and if my husband, who every body says is the handsomest and best-made man in the country, does not flatter me, I am as agreeable as youth, health, good features, a clear skin, and an easy shape, can make me. We both married for love; and I may venture to say that no couple in the world have been happier than we. But, alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, within this week the dear man has appeared to be unusually thoughtful and low-spirited; and the day before yesterday he came booted to me at breakfast, and told me that a sudden and unexpected affair had made it necessary for him to set out that morning for his estate in Berkshire.

As I thought it my duty not to pry into more than he had a mind to tell me, I only wished him a safe journey and a speedy return, and saw him take horse.

I amused myself as well as I could the first day of his absence by looking into family affairs. The second day I was visited by a widow lady in the neighbourhood, who from a vast flow of spirits, and a particular freedom of speech, is thought by our sober country people to be a very odd kind of a lady. 'My dear creature!' said she, running up to me and saluting me, 'I 'heard you were alone, and thought it 'would be a charity to visit the forlaken 'and afflicted.'—'Indeed, Madam,' answered I, with a sigh, 'I am foolishly 'out of spirits.'—'Nay,' says she, 'my 'dear,

'dear, I am far from blaming you; the 'absence of a husband a month after mar-'riage is as bad as his death would be 'some years hence.'—'How, Madam,' interrupted I, 'do you think ——?' 'Nay, nay, no grave faces,' she re-plied; 'I only speak for myself. I 'had not been married to Major 'Machoney three weeks, before he was 'ordered away with his regiment to 'Flanders; and I assure you that the 'news of his death four months after 'did not shock me half so much as our 'first parting.'—'You are not in ear-'nest!' cried I, with astonishment. 'Why not?' said she. 'But I should 'have told you, my dear, that he had 'lost a leg and an arm the week before; 'so that I was quite prepared: and in-'deed it was always a sentiment of 'mine, that a brave man had better be 'dead than disabled. But pray,' con-tinued she, smiling and looking oddly with her eyes, 'where is your husband, 'child?' I told her, business had called him into Berkshire. 'Yes, yes,' says she, 'we all know his business. Have 'you never heard of his having an uncle 'in that country? Depend upon it, my 'dear, he is gone to see his uncle.'

I was greatly surprized at hearing of my husband's uncle, having never re-ceived the least hint from him that he had any such relation; and of this Mrs. Machoney would give me no other in-formation, than by assuring me, that to her certain knowledge he was gone to see his uncle.

A particular friend of my husband's dropt in upon us at this instant, who, upon my enquiring after this uncle, and if he had heard his friend talk of making him a visit, seemed to be of the widow's opinion, though he could not take upon him to assert that he had ever seen him, or so much as knew in what part of Berkshire he lived.

I began now to grow uneasy; for as I had been married in the face of the world, and as none of my own relations were strangers to my husband, I thought it a little odd that any of his should be so to me. But I was soon eased of this perplexity by being thrown into a greater. As I have constantly taken in your pa-pers, it occurred to me all at once, that this uncle whom my husband was gone to visit, was no other than a Welch uncle, who, according to the fifty-sixth number of the World, is one who offi-ciates in genteel families in the capacity of a Hearer. And now it went to my very heart, to think that I had so tired my husband by my talkativeness, as to compel him to take a journey into Berk-shire in search of a Hearer. It is im-possible to tell you what pain it gave me. Yet, surely some allowance should be made for the prattling of a bride, who has a thousand things to say to a husband, which she durst not to her lover. But whatever excuses may be made for me, either from my youth, my sex, my fondness, or my love of talk-ing, it gives me the most piercing con-cern to know that I am the sole cause of his taking this journey; and it is to tell him of this concern, and the amend-ment it has produced, that I trouble you with this letter; which, if it should find him in his retreat, (for the World I am told is in almost every part of Eng-land) may hasten him to his home again, where he shall find me for my whole life to come the most willing of all Hearers.

I assure you, Sir, I am not myself when I think on what I have done. 'Good Heaven!' I cry twenty times an hour, 'that in the very first month of 'our marriage I should have sent the 'dear creature upon a visit to an Uncle!' I would do any thing, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to prevent the frequency of these visits: and that he may know more of my mind than I can have courage to tell him any other way, I beg your immediate publi-cation of this letter; which, as it can-not be an entertainment to your readers, will be a proof of your great good-na-ture, and the highest obligation to, Sir, your most humble servant and admirer,

S. W.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

YOUR attempt in your fifty-seventh paper to relieve Parsons, Authors, and Cuckolds, from the contempt which the generality of mankind are too apt to entertain of them, was extremely gene-rous and praise-worthy. It is in the triple capacity of Parson, Author, and Cuckold, that I write this letter. By the will of my parents I am a Parson; by my own wants I am an Author; and by the wants of my wife I am a Cuckold: so that, were all or either of these pro-fessions in reality contemptible, as I am

neither

neither of them by choice, I ought in juſtice to eſcape the obloquy that attends them.

In regard to my parents, (who are now at reſt in their graves) I acquit them of any evil intention in making me a Parſon. Of myſelf I can truly ſay, that my wants were ſo urgent, I muſt either have ſtarved or turned Author; and as to my wife, every body who knows her will acknowledge her wants to have been equally urgent, by the pains ſhe has taken to get them ſupplied.

But notwithſtanding all theſe circumſtances in my favour, and, what is ſtill more, the honour you have done us by eſpouſing our cauſe, I do not find that I am one jot the better treated. As a Parſon, I am preaching every Sunday to an audience faſt aſleep; as an Author, the ſquire of the pariſh, and all thoſe that hunt with him, are removing their handkerchiefs from the pocket that is next me as often as I ſit down at table with them; and as a Cuckold, the very children in the ſtreets are taught to hold up their fingers to their foreheads, and butt at me as I paſs by them.

No longer ago than yeſterday, I overheard my daughter Jenny, a girl of ſix years old, enquiring of her mother what made papa be ſuch a Cuckold; for that Miſs Maddox, and Miſs Tomlinſon, and all the miſſes at ſchool, ſaid, that to be ſure he muſt be a ſad man to be ſuch a Cuckold. And two days ago my little boy, who is but a year older than his ſiſter, ran crying into the kitchen as I was chiding him for not ſaying his catechiſm, and told the maid that papa had toſſed him with his horns. A neighbour's daughter, indeed, who is juſt entering into her teens, tells me that ſhe ſhould like a Cuckold for a huſband of all things, for that I am ſo pure and good-humoured, nothing can be like it. To ſay the truth, I have hardly a friend in the world, out of my own family, except this girl and an officer of the Blues, whoſe quarters are within a few doors of us, and who often talks to my wife about a living which is in his father's gift, and which, upon the death of the preſent incumbent, he aſſures her ſhall be mine. I know of no obligations that this gentleman is under to me, except that he has been remarkably lucky in horſe-fleſh ſince his coming into theſe parts; and which, it is ſaid, he aſcribes ſolely to his acquaintance in my family. But though I may now and then have given him my opinion, his ſucceſs that way has been more owing to his own ſkill, than to any judgment of mine.

But I am running my letter into length, when I only intended to tell you, that your paper upon the three orders to which I belong, though well intended, has failed of it's effect; and to aſſure you, that in conſideration of the intention, as a Parſon, I ſhall pray for you; as an Author, I ſhall praiſe you; and as a Cuckold, I ſhall be proud of an opportunity of making you acquainted with my wife. I am, Sir, your obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

T. H.

N° LXXXVI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1754.

TUM VIOLARIA, ET
MYRTUS, ET OMNIS COPIA NARIUM,
SPARGENT OLIVETO ODOREM,
FERTILIBUS DOMINO PRIORE. HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WHEN I conſider how remarkably the ſeveral periods, in the riſe and declenſion of ancient ſtates, have been characterized by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an enquiry into the importance of our preſent taſte for flowers would be no very idle and unintereſting ſpeculation. But as I would not willingly foreſtal any abler pen, on a ſubject that deſerves to be conſidered by every patriot philoſopher of the age, I ſhall endeavour to confine my preſent animadverſions upon it within the narrow compaſs of my own private experience, and content myſelf with giving a ſhort account of the motives which induced me to commence a floriſt at firſt, and of the advantages which I

have since derived from the offices of my profeſſion.

It is obſervable, that the laws of decency and politeneſs are, for the moſt part, nothing but mere local inſtitutions, very much limited in their authority, and very arbitrary and fluctuating in their nature; and that no one who offers himſelf a candidate for fame in matters of taſte and faſhion, can ſucceed in his pretenſions at firſt, without accommodating them to the approbation of popular prejudice; or hold his reputation, after he has once procured it, on any ſafer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now, I muſt own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myſelf) that the vegetable virtuoſo's credit was more particularly ſubject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief ſecurity of it's ſupport conſiſted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling purſuit. And it is very probable that I ſhould never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchaſe a ſmall collection of flowers, in order to eſcape the odious imputation of a taſteleſs ſingularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at firſt on no better principle than the fear of ſhame, which has afterwards been proſecuted on a more generous motive; ſo was I brought at length to improve that collection in conſequence of my own thorough conviction of it's great importance, which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

Being rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whiſtle away any of my vacant time, I was not long in diſcovering that the cultivation of flowers had in it a much finer mixture of the *utile dulci* than any other employment whatever. But before I attempt to ſhew in what particular reſpects it is moſtly ſuited to inſtruct and delight, I would willingly remove two very common objections, notwithſtanding (as their abſurdity is almoſt as evident as any thing belonging to them) they may be thought hardly worthy of my notice. Suppoſing, then, that ſuch an inconſiderate and ſuperficial obſerver of things may poſſibly be met with, as ſhall reckon it any diſparagement to the intrinſic value of a flower, that it is expoſed to a great variety of accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and perpetually ſubject to the irregular dominion of the ſolar influence; it will be ſufficient to convince him of his miſtake, if he is not quite incapable of being convinced at all, only juſt to remind him of the uncertain condition of his own proſperity, and admoniſh him to reflect how little ſecure he is of being always preſerved from the oppreſſive ſtorms, or of enjoying the conſtant ſunſhine of fortune. And if that other objection, drawn from the ſuppoſed vanity of regarding any thing of ſuch a ſhort duration as the bloom of a flower, be admitted as concluſive, it muſt unavoidably prove a great deal too much; ſince it will not only hold with equal force againſt every temporal enjoyment, and all worldly ſatisfactions whatever, but (which I muſt confeſs is a very ſhocking conſideration to me) will utterly annihilate all thoſe engaging qualities of the fair ſex, which are moſt eſſentially neceſſary to recommend them to our love and admiration. Let me add moreover, that if there be that real ſimilitude, which the frequency of the alluſion ſeems to make unqueſtionable, between human life and a flower; it follows, that no man can pretend to a right of deſpiſing the one, that would be thought to place any value on the other.

Nothing ought to be reckoned good any farther than as it contributes to our happineſs. The value we put upon any poſſeſſion or enjoyment, is the only ſtandard that can be properly applied to determine it's real worth. Whatever, therefore, is beſt fitted to adminiſter delight to any particular perſon, ought certainly to be regarded, by Him at leaſt, as the chief ingredient of that *ſummum bonum*, which, though it be the common end of all our endeavours, has however been purſued by as many different means as there have been different men. But ſuppoſing that no allowances were to be made in favour of ſingular propenſities; yet he that can enlarge the ſphere of his enjoyments by contracting the extent of his poſſeſſions, ought, in all reaſonable conſtruction, to be deemed a much happier man, than he who, under a fooliſh perſuaſion that he is ſecuring to himſelf an inexhauſtible fund of delight, ſhall take inceſſant pains to augment thoſe riches, and extend thoſe territories, which,

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after all, will as much disqualify him for enjoyment, as an unwieldy corpulency of person would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might easily produce many instances of men, who, by a prudent conversion of such incumbrances into flowers, have received more satisfaction from the produce of a small parterre, than from the income of a large estate; and found themselves as compleatly happy as a Corycius, after they had once reduced their concerns to the easy management of a single acre.

Folly may suggest what it pleases; but that alone ought to be esteemed a trifle, which is of no consequence; whereas there is nothing in Nature unworthy of a wise man's regard, because the most inferior of all her productions may, in some light or another, be made instrumental to his improvement.

Were we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of such objects as may be thought useless and insignificant, when considered only with regard to themselves, we should discover a mediate sort of union between the widest links of that indefinite chain which holds together the constituents of the universe: we should perceive that all those things, which are most dissimilar in every other respect, do however agree in that common destination, whereby they become so many equally important parts of one stupendous whole; and we should find as fit a place for the discovery of truth in every flower-garden, as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

It has been from this school that I have procured the best part of my philosophy; and from this too have I learnt to improve and confirm my morals. The volume of nature is so full of passages above the explication of human learning, that the best proof of our having studied it with uncommon diligence and success, must consist, chiefly, in our being able to produce from it many uncommon instances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I should rather say the modesty, to boast, that I have discovered difficulties enough in one single leaf of it, to clear up my understanding from the stupifying influence of a conceited sufficiency, and to improve my reason into a perfect diffidence of it's utmost force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my possession that is less abounding in moral instruction than in beauty and sweetness. I cannot observe that industrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without considering it as a reproachful admonition to myself: and if I do not collect some useful lesson, that may support me under all the ensuing revolutions of my life, from every flower that such an insect can extract provision from against the future exigencies of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myself guilty of the most unpardonable folly, in suffering Him alone to profit from what, which I assume the absurd privilege of calling my own.

In short, there is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right discipline of the mind, that it is almost impossible for any thoughtful person that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care, which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds, will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices, from the mind, where they will be as sure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixed, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed, which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominant in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

N° LXXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1754.

THERE is no one subject that has given such frequent exercise to e pens of my correspondents as the haviour of servants. Were I to have published all the letters I have received upon it, (not to mention the abuses that have been sent me for refusing to make those letters public) they would almost have

have equalled in number the letters that have been ſent me upon all other ſubjects. *The plague of ſervants* is the phraſe in every body's mouth: yet how fond we are of increaſing this plague, even to the deſtruction of our fortunes, may be ſeen in almoſt every family that has any pretenſions to gentility. But I muſt beg pardon of theſe correſpondents for thinking a little different from them upon this occaſion; or rather, for taking the part of ſervants in oppoſition to their maſters.

Having paſſed the greateſt part of my life in families, and being a ſtrict (though I hope not an impertinent) obſerver of all occurrences that happen in them, I was very early of opinion that the good or bad qualities of ſervants were generally to be aſcribed to the conduct of their maſters; and by repeated experiences ſince, I am become ſo ſanguine in this opinion, that when I have a mind to ſtudy any maſter or miſtreſs thoroughly, I obſerve with circumſpection the particular diſpoſitions and behaviour of their ſervants. If I find chearfulneſs in their countenances, ſobriety in their manners, neatneſs in their perſons, readineſs in their attendance, and harmony among themſelves, I always conclude that the maſter and miſtreſs of ſuch ſervants have hearts which (according to a ſignificant expreſſion in low life) *lie in the right places*. On the contrary, wherever I ſee ſervants with ſullenneſs or ill-nature in their looks, with ſlothfulneſs in their motions, or ſlovenlineſs in their cloaths; or, above all, when I hear them quarrelling among themſelves; I conclude that they are copying the manners of thoſe they ſerve; and that the maſter and miſtreſs of that houſe, whatever characters they may bear in the world, are diſagreeable in themſelves, and a plague to all about them.

By this rule I am generally able to judge with what degree of eſtimation I am received at the ſeveral tea-tables where I viſit. I look only at the ſervant to know if I am a welcome gueſt to his miſtreſs and the family: if he opens the door to me with a look of indifference, or ſeems ſlack in his attendance upon me, I ſhorten the time of my ſtay, and leſſen the number of my viſits at that houſe. But if he ſhews me up ſtairs with a good grace, or looks at me with attention while I am indulging an old man's fondneſs for prattling, I am as well ſatisfied of his miſtreſs's regard for me, as if ſhe had offered me her purſe.

The Spectator, ſpeaking of a family of ſervants, ſays, 'That inſtead of flying from the parts of the houſe through 'which their maſter is paſſing, they induſtriouſly contrive to place themſelves 'in his way'. And I am intimate in a family, where the only unpleaſant hours that ſervants know, are thoſe in which the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe are abſent. I have obſerved with great delight, when my friend and his lady have been ſtepping into the coach for a journey of a few days, that the men and maid-ſervants have been crouding to the door, and with tears in their eyes waiting for the laſt kind nod, as they have driven from the houſe. It has done my heart good, when in the abſence of their maſter and miſtreſs I have looked in upon theſe honeſt people, to ſee with what eagerneſs they have run to me, to enquire, every one at once, if I had heard any news of their benefactors, and at what time they would return. It would be unneceſſary, after what I have ſaid of theſe ſervants, to enter upon the character of the maſter and miſtreſs. I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that if all thoſe who have ſervants were of the ſame diſpoſition with the people I am ſpeaking of, I ſhould hardly have had occaſion to write upon this ſubject.

Seneca ſays of ſervants, 'That they 'are a kind of humble friends.' (Not according to the modern acceptation of humble friends; for by ſuch are meant thoſe who are to be ſtill more dependent on our humours, and who, in return for precarious meat and drink, are to think, ſpeak, and act, exactly as we would have them.) He goes on to obſerve, 'That it is the part of a wiſe and good 'man to deal with his inferior as he 'would have his ſuperior deal with 'him; fortune having no more power 'over ſervants than over their maſters: 'and he that duly conſiders how many 'ſervants have come to be maſters, and 'how many maſters to be ſervants, will 'lay no great ſtreſs of argument either 'upon the one, or upon the other. 'Some uſe their ſervants worſe than 'beaſts, in ſlaviſh attendances between 'their drink and their luſts; as if they 'were not made of the ſame materials

'with

'with their masters, or to breathe the 'same air, or to die under the same 'conditions. It is worthy observation,' continues he 'that the most imperious masters over their own servants, 'are at the same time the most abject 'slaves to the servants of other masters. 'I will not distinguish a servant by his 'office, but by his manners; the one is 'the work of fortune, the other of vir-'tue.'

Thus far says Seneca: and indeed the wretchedness of servitude is altogether owing to the pride of superiority; a pride, which if properly exerted, would appear in making those happy whom fortune has made dependent upon us for favour and support. This indeed would be the pride of Man; and I have always considered it as the principal happiness of every master, that Heaven has placed him in a situation to make life easy and comfortable to those whose lot it is to depend upon him for bread.

For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the master is as much obliged to the servant who acquits himself in his office with diligence and faithfulness, as the servant to the master for his indulgence. But in the common opinion it is otherwise: and the performance of those duties which shall entitle the servant to a reward in heaven, shall be insufficient to procure him either a civil word, or a kind look from his imperious master.

How contrary a behaviour is that of the family above-mentioned! If a servant has done his duty, he is sure to be commended for it: if through incapacity or inadvertency he has committed a fault, it is passed over with good-humour; or if through carelessness or design, the admonitions he receives are the admonitions of a friend, who advises him, for his own sake, to amendment, and encourages him to set about it by gentleness and persuasion. It may be worth the mentioning, that my friend's butler was cured of a violent inclination to sotting, by having the keys of the cellar delivered to his keeping; and that the housekeeper, who is one of the most thoughtful and discreet matrons I know of, was one of the giddiest girls alive, till the affairs of the family were thrown into her hands.

I do not mean to insinuate by these circumstances, that every drunken footman should keep the keys of his master's cellar, or that every madcap of a maid should be intrusted, by way of sobering her, with the management of a family; I only mentioned them to shew that even vices and follies are sometimes to be cured by good usage; and if so, how greatly may good qualities be improved by the same indulgent behaviour!

I have said in a former paper, that people are more likely to be praised into good qualities, than to be railed out of bad ones: and I have always found, that to commend a servant for doing right (and every servant does right sometimes) has had a much better effect than chiding and complaining when he has happened to do wrong. To cherish the desire of pleasing in a servant, you must shew him that you are pleased; for what encouragement is there for his perseverance, unless you tell him at first that he is in the right way?

To conclude this subject; I would have servants considered as reasonable beings; as those, who though they have the frailties of men, have also their virtues, their affections, and feelings: that they can repay good offices with gratitude, and ill ones with neglect; and that they are intitled to our favour, till they have deserved our displeasure. I shall only add, for the information of my correspondents, that I shall pay no regard to the complaints that are sent me against Bad servants, unless I am thoroughly convinced that they come from Good masters.

N° LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM a full conviction that your ears are always open to the afflicted, I presume to send you the story of my distress, which is left to your discretion whether or no it be deserving of public commiseration. Previous, however, to what relates immediately to myself, be so kind as to indulge an elderly man, whose infirmity is to be talkative, and who delights in a long train

train of animadverſions upon every intereſting occurrence.

At the creation of your World, your modeſty ſuggeſted that the advantages accruing from it might enable you in due time to keep a one-horſe chair; and that as ſoon as you were in poſſeſſion of this vehicle, you would invite the reader to a ſeat in it, and occaſionally make the tour of the adjacent villages. But whether you are enabled to ſet up this equipage or not, I would adviſe you, at this ſeaſon of the year, to withdraw your laudable purpoſe of reforming vice in town, and to let your endeavours be directed to confirm virtue militant in the country. Drinking, gaming, atheiſm, and the minor vices, which from time immemorial have more or leſs ſwarmed in our capital, have been combated by the moſt eminent divines, moraliſts, and poets, and all to no purpoſe. For my own part, I cannot help looking upon almoſt every ſpecies of diſſoluteneſs as a kind of plague: and if I was worthy of adviſing the legiſlature, I ſhould propoſe that a line of circumvallation might be made at the diſtance of five miles all round the town, and a guard appointed to prohibit all perſons, betraying the leaſt ſymptom of any of theſe epidemical diſeaſes, from paſſing the line. Provided always, that in caſe a radical cure ſhould be effected on a patient or patients, he, ſhe, or they, on a proper certificate, declaring them free from all infection, may be privileged to quit thoſe noiſome quarters, and retire into the country. I can think of no other method by which the miſerable objects that range under the ſeveral denominations of gameſters, ſwearers, liars, drunkards, coxcombs, faſhion-mongers, &c. in either ſex, may be excluded all communication with thoſe who are untainted.

A conſiderate perſon cannot paſs a coxcomb in his walks, without being ſenſibly hurt at the reflection that ſuch a calamity is incident to human nature. Theſe deplorable creatures are incapacitated from concealing their complaint: a primary ſymptom is a total ſuppreſſion of every reaſonable thought: after which, there can be no wonder, if, when they are become fools, they put on the habit of their order, and continue to fatigue the invention of their tradeſmen, with a view to beguile the tedioufneſs of time.

What, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhall we ſay to thoſe perſons who will ſubject themſelves to infection by a communication with ſuch wretches? I could as ſoon pay a viſit to a man born deaf and dumb, for the ſake of converſation, as deceive myſelf with the idea of improvement with one of theſe coxcombs. The notoriety of the ſymptoms attending this diſeaſe, makes it needleſs to recite them all; a vaſt pomp of dreſs, an habitual contraction of the muſcles to a grin, with a continual incoherent kind of prattle, are ſo many characteriſtics of their diſtemper. And, I fear, the validity of our plea would be rejected, ſhould we urge that we fell inadvertently into their company; ſince they generally carry their heads, like thoſe of poſts on a foot-path, ſufficiently whitened, to deter even the moſt heedleſs from ſtumbling on them in the dark.

Among the ſeveral peſtilences which conſtitute the general plague, no one is of equal fatality with that of Faſhion. Thoſe who are ſeized with this phrenzy, as they are the moſt numerous, ſo are they the moſt extravagant in their actions. The females diſcover their being tainted, by every geſticulation of a Couſin Betty. They wear no cap, and only ſubſtitute in it's room variety of trumpery ribbands, tied up with no other propriety than the preſent fit ſhall happen to direct. Let your eye travel over the whole perſon, and by the diſpoſition of the dreſs, you will no longer heſitate if the imagination is diſturbed. By what means, Mr. Fitz-Adam, except by the effects, ſhall we determine the *mens ſana?* And what judgment ought we to paſs upon thoſe crowds of females, who are every day tottering along the public walks upon peg-heels? Nothing, ſurely, can be more repugnant to common ſenſe, than this contrivance in the ladies to weaken their ſupport, who had before too great an aptitude to fall. If there can be any reaſon aſſigned for ſo ſtrange a conduct, it muſt be this, that they thought it neceſſary to diminiſh the baſe, after they had lightened the capital.

It would be a downright arraignment of your ſagacity to imagine, that the malignant conſequences annexed to this diſtemper are unnoticed by you. An object, whoſe entire maſs of blood is corrupted by Faſhion, becomes not unworthy the cognizance of the higher powers, as the moſt prejudicial Being to a civil ſociety. In order to think as

I do,

I do, you need only to conſider what are the evils conſequential to Faſhion. Are they not thoſe of folly, pride, extravagance, gaming, and diſhoneſty? Perſons afflicted with this malady, are apt to imagine themſelves under no obligation to pay their juſt debts; while thoſe contracted at a gaming-table are to be diſcharged with all the punctuality of honeſty.

Theſe reflections, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are the reſult of a heart-felt concern for the good of my country. The proſperous growth of every kind of iniquity cannot fail, in the end, of endangering her political health. One ſhould be apt to believe, that our own ſoil was not pregnant enough with vice, while we are daily adopting every exotic folly. Our natural enemy, even antecedent to conqueſt, is impoſing upon us, not only her language, but her manners and dreſs. A ſuperficial view of the hiſtory of old Rome will preſent us with every ſimilar circumſtance of corruption.—God forbid a ſimilar fate ſhould overtake us!

I have hitherto ſuppreſſed an inclination to trouble you with my diſapprobation of the times; and nothing leſs than an open violation of all the laws of decency, good ſenſe, and duty, in my own family, could have prompted me to enlarge the liſt of your correſpondents. I am now, Sir, at my paternal eſtate, where I conſtantly reſide, unleſs ſome unavoidable occurrence breaks in upon my retirement, and calls me to town. In the younger part of my days, by virtue of public employments, I was admitted to a pretty large commerce with mankind; but on my father's deceaſe, fatiated with the pleaſures of high life, I withdrew in my forty-firſt year to the place I now write from. I am conſcious of no very material imprudence that I have been guilty of, except my marriage, which has ſhaded my viſionary proſpect of happineſs with the heavieſt diſquietude. Two daughters only are the iſſue of this marriage; who, thanks to the tuition of their mother, are not wanting in any ſingle accompliſhment of modiſh education. They ſpeak French before they underſtand Engliſh, and play at cards for pounds, without knowing the value of a ſhilling; and, in a word, by a patrician diſreliſh of economy, ſpeak themſelves the uncontaſted children of Sir Pope Pedigree's daughter. I forbear to mention the manner in which (with their mother's connivance) they affect to expoſe the obſcurity of my family; becauſe I muſt acknowledge it to have been deſtitute of the honour of a dignified ſpendthrift, or an illuſtrious ſuicide.

Having lived ſo long a voluntary exile from the beau monde, my maxims are exploded as quite obſolete. My wife and daughters are perpetually aſſuring me, that I act in no reſpect like any of my polite neighbours: I will diſpute that they have ſome colour of truth for this aſſertion; for you muſt be ſenſible, Mr. Fitz Adam, that it is no eaſy matter for a man in his grand climacteric to diveſt himſelf of old accuſtomed prejudices; and though I profeſs all imaginable deference to my great neighbours, they muſt excuſe the awkward particularity I have of paying my debts, and of obſtinately perſevering in going now and then to church. Beſides what I have mentioned, I have the peculiar felicity of ſeeing, that nothing which either my anceſtors or I have done, within or without doors, is in the leaſt correſpondent with my family's taſte. The garden is a devoted victim to their caprice: laſt ſummer they erected in it a Chineſe temple, but it proved too cold to be inhabited. In the winter, all my Chriſtmas blocks went to the compoſition of a hermitage, which is only tenanted by my girls, and the female hermits of taſte of their acquaintance. This ſpring I narrowly eſcaped the reputation of building a ruin in my park; but luckily as my workmen were lopping ſome of my trees, they opened, by mere accident, a proſpect to my Lord Killdollar's houſe, the nobleſt, perhaps, and moſt natural ruin extant.

It is impoſſible for you to conceive the inſtances I could enumerate: but, not to tire your patience by a long detail of grievances, I ſhall cloſe my letter with obſerving, that I ſee a ſucceſſion of them before me, while my wife is above polluting the blood of the Pedigrees, by admitting into her compoſition the leaſt tincture of affability; and while my daughters are in a fair way of dying unmarried, by their polite behaviour, and meretricious ſtyle of dreſs. If the reaſonableneſs of my complaint ſhould

should obtain the sanction of your approbation, and be countenanced in the World, it will in some measure alleviate the affliction of, Sir, your constant reader and admirer.

No LXXXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1754.

IT has been the constant practice, ever since I can remember, for people to recommend the particular wares they deal in, by setting forth that they are more essentially necessary at the present time, than they were ever known to be in times past. The doctor, to recommend his *Elixir for the nerves*, addresses you with—'Never were Nervous Decays, &c. so frequent as at present.' The man of learning prefaces his discourse upon occult qualities with—'Never was there so total a decay of literature as at present;' and the divine introduces his volume of sermons with—'Never did sin and folly abound so as at present.'

But though this method may be a very good one, and may have contributed greatly to the increase of trade, I have always considered it as somewhat bordering upon craft, and have therefore rejected it, to pursue a contrary practice. Never was mankind so good as at present, I say again and again: for however unwise or unrighteous the people of these nations may have been two years ago, it is hardly to be conceived how greatly they are improved in their understandings, and amended in their morals, by the extensive circulation of these my lucubrations.

Many persons are of opinion, (I suppose from the effects which they find to have been produced in themselves) that every individual of my readers has been in some respect or other the better for me: but this perhaps may be carrying the matter a little too far; and indeed I have a private reason for thinking that there may be here and there one, who, though a considerable reader of these excellent essays, has received no benefit from them at all. There are people in the world, who, because they pride themselves upon contradicting an established opinion, have suggested in a whisper, that this is not absolutely, and to all intents and purposes, the very best paper that has hitherto been published in any age or country. And, to confess a truth, which will, no doubt, be as surprizing to my readers as it was to me, I have actually received a letter, written in sober sadness, and without the least intention to be witty, insinuating that I am growing dull, and advising me to lay down my paper while I can do it with honour. But as I have hitherto found my wit to be inexhaustible, and as I have now, as much as ever, the good of my country at heart, I am willing to continue these my labours while there are the least gleanings of folly remaining, and till I can have the glory of effecting a thorough reformation.

To follow this great and laudable design, I must beg of my correspondents to be very diligent in their enquiries after what is doing in town, and that they will neglect no opportunity of transmitting me all the intelligence they can get. I should be glad to know, among other matters of consequence, if there is yet any such thing as play going on at White's. I should like also to hear that the proposal for establishing lectures on divinity and moral philosophy next winter in the great room at St. James's Coffee-house, has met with the approbation of the whole club. The repeated assurances which I am daily receiving that fornication and adultery are entirely at a stand in this great metropolis, are highly agreeable to me; as also that the great increase of bloom, which has of late been so very observable on the cheeks of ladies of fashion, is wholly owing to their abhorrence of cards and late hours. I hear with great self-congratulation and delight from the city, that they are hourly increasing in frugality and industry; and that neither hazard, nor any unlawful game at cards, has been so much as thought of at their clubs for this twelvemonth past. But, above all, I am charmed with the accounts which I have from time to time received of the last general election. That inflexible abhorrence of bribery and corruption, which so visibly and universally manifested itself among all ranks and orders of men, constituents as well as candidates, must be an incontestable

testable proof of the consummate virtue of the present times.

From all these happy considerations, I am perfectly of opinion with the late Mr. Whiston, that the Millennium, or the kingdom of the just upon earth, is very near at hand. When that long-expected time arrives, I shall consider the plan of this paper as compleat, and conclude it the Thursday following, with a benediction to my readers.

It has been owing to this general reformation, (which I flatter myself has been principally brought about by these weekly essays) that I have thought fit to suppress certain letters, lately come to hand, which are filled with most unreasonable complaints against the iniquity of the times. One of these letters laments very emphatically the great increase of Popery among us, and begs that I would postpone every amusing speculation, to attack with gravity and argument the doctrine of transubstantiation. The same letter recommends, in a postscript, some necessary alterations to be made in the book of Common Prayer, and desires that my next paper may be an address to the bishops upon that occasion. Another of these letters inveighs bitterly against the universality of skittle-grounds in the gardens of people of fashion, and assures me that it is in vain to hope for a reformation, while gentlemen and ladies, nay, even the clergy themselves, are miss-spending their time in the unchristian-like diversions of porters and draymen. The letter signed Decorus, complaining of Brunetta's nakedness at church, had long ago received a place in these papers, if I could have been convinced that it had less of invention in it than of reality: for I am assured by a particular friend, who is a constant frequenter of all public places, that since my repeated animadversions on that subject, there is not a pair of naked shoulders to be seen either for love or money. He proceeds farther to assure me, that those excellent animadversions have given the ladies such an unconquerable aversion to all kinds of nakedness, that a party of them, going this summer from Richmond to Vauxhall by water, chose rather to see a handsome young fellow go to the bottom, as he was attempting to swim across the Thames, than to take him into their boat: and when the watermen begged for God's sake that they might save the young man's life, the eldest of the ladies protested with great vehemence, that she had rather the whole odious sex should perish, than have her modesty affronted with the sight of a naked man.

But though every reformation of this kind is a sensible pleasure to me, I am very far from attributing the whole merit of it to myself; on the contrary, it is with the utmost pride and satisfaction that I acknowledge the many and great helps which I have received from correspondents, whose names, whenever they come to be mentioned in this undertaking, will reflect an honour upon my own. It is to these gentlemen, more than to myself, that I am to ascribe the reformation above-mentioned: and because, as I said before, in spite of our endeavours to make mankind perfect, there is still perhaps a little sprinkling of folly remaining amongst us; and as the Millennium may possibly be at a much greater distance than Mr. Whiston and I have so sanguinely imagined it to be; and, moreover, considering the comparative weakness of my own abilities, I hereby request and intreat of my correspondents, that they will continue to favour me with their assistance in this work, which will most certainly be brought to a conclusion on the very first Thursday after the said Millennium shall commence.

I cannot shew myself more in earnest upon this occasion, than by closing my paper with the following humble address to one of it's ablest supporters.

ADAM FITZ-ADAM TO THE * OF ***.

WITH grateful heart FITZ-ADAM greets ye,
And in these rhimes, my LORD, intreats ye,
That you once more the WORLD would prop,
Which, but for strength like yours, must drop:
For I, grown weak, and somewhat older,
Feel it too heavy on my shoulder:
And well I may; for bards have sung,
That giant ATLAS, huge and strong,
Oft found his WORLD too great a load,
And ask'd assistance of a God,
Who eas'd his back with little pain,
And set the WORLD to rights again.
So I from You, my great ALCIDES,
(Whose aim my glory and my pride is)
Request, my LORD—You know my drift—
That you would lend me further lift:
Your smallest effort is enough!
The same you use in talking stuff:
You smile, my LORD——indeed 'tis true,
A FINGER and your THUMB will do.

N°

N° XC. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1754.

AN old friend and fellow-ſtudent of mine at the univerſity called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Sympoſion. I laid down my book to receive him; which, after the firſt uſual compliments, he took up, ſaying—'You will give me leave to ſee 'what was the object of your ſtudies.' —'Nothing leſs than the divine Plato,' ſaid I, 'that amiable philoſopher—' 'With whom,' interrupted my friend, 'Cicero declares, that he would rather 'be in the wrong, than in the right with 'any other.'—'I cannot,' replied I, 'carry my veneration for him to that 'degree of enthuſiaſm; but yet, where-'ever I underſtand him, (for I confeſs 'I do not every where) I prefer him to 'all the ancient philoſophers. His Sym-'poſion more particularly engages and 'entertains me, as I ſee there the man-'ners and characters of the moſt emi-'nent men, of the politeſt times, of the 'politeſt city of Greece. And, with 'all due reſpect to the moderns, I much 'queſtion whether an account of a mo-'dern Sympoſion, though written by 'the ableſt hand, could be read with ſo 'much pleaſure and improvement.'—'I 'do not know that,' replied my friend; 'for though I revere the ancients as 'much as you poſſibly can, and look 'upon the moderns as pigmies when 'compared to thoſe giants, yet if we 'come up to, or near them in any 'thing, it is in the elegancy and delicacy 'of our convivial intercourſe.'

I was the more ſurprized at this doubt of my friend's, becauſe I knew that he implicitly ſubſcribed to, and ſuperſti-tiouſly maintained, all the articles of the claſſical faith. I therefore aſked him whether he was ſerious? He an-ſwered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato ſpun out that filly affair of love too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I ſhould at leaſt entertain the ſame doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kindneſs, but added, that in whatever ſociety he was an unworthy member, I ſhould be ſtill a more unworthy gueſt. That more-over my retired and domeſtic turn of life was as inconſiſtent with the engage-ments of a club, as my natural taci-turnity amongſt ſtrangers would be miſ-placed in the midſt of all that feſtal mirth and gaiety. 'You miſtake me,' an-ſwered my friend; 'every member of 'our club has the privilege of bring-'ing one friend along with him, who 'is by no means thereby to become a 'member of it: and as for your taci-'turnity, we have ſome ſilent members, 'who, by the way, are none of our 'worſt. Silent people never ſpoil com-'pany; but, on the contrary, by be-'ing good hearers, encourage good 'ſpeakers.'—'But I have another dif-'ficulty,' anſwered I, 'and That I 'doubt a very ſolid one; which is, that 'I drink nothing but water.'—'So 'much the worſe for you,' replied my friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle moſt academically; 'you will pay for 'the claret you do not drink. We uſe 'no compulſion; every one drinks as 'little as he pleaſes—' 'Which I pre-'ſume,' interrupted I, 'is as much as 'he can.'—'That is juſtas it happens,' ſaid he; 'ſometimes, it is true, we 'make pretty good ſittings; but for my 'own part, I chuſe to go home always 'before eleven: for, take my word for 'it, it is the ſitting up late, and not 'the drink, that deſtroys the conſtitu-'tion.' As I found that my friend would have taken a refuſal ill, I told him, that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club; but deſired him to give me previouſly the outlines of the characters of the ſitting members, that I might know how to behave myſelf pro-perly. 'Your precaution,' ſaid he, 'is 'a prudent one, and I will make you 'ſo well acquainted with them before-'hand, that you ſhall not ſeem a ſtranger 'when among them. You muſt know, 'then, that our club conſiſts of at leaſt 'forty members when compleat. Of 'theſe, many are now in the country; 'and beſides, we have ſome vacancies 'which cannot be filled up till next 'winter. Paſſies and apoplexies have 'of late, I don't know why, been pretty 'riſe among us, and carried off a good 'many. It is not above a week ago, 'that

'that poor Tom Toaſtwell fell on a 'ſudden under the table, as we thought 'only a little in drink, but he was car-'ried home, and never ſpoke more. 'Thoſe whom you will probably meet 'with to-day are, firſt of all, Lord 'Feeble, a nobleman of admirable ſenſe, 'a true fine gentleman, and, for a man 'of quality, a pretty claſſic. He has 'lived rather faſt formerly, and im-'paired his conſtitution by ſitting up 'late, and drinking your thin ſharp 'wines. He is ſtill what you call 'nervous, which makes him a little 'low-ſpirited and reſerved at firſt; but 'he grows very affable and chearful as 'ſoon as he has warmed his ſtomach 'with about a bottle of good claret.

'Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very wor-'thy north-country baronet, of a good 'eſtate, and one who was beforehand 'in the world, till being twice choſen 'knight of the ſhire, and having in con-'ſequence got a pretty employment at 'court, he run out conſiderably. He 'has left off houſe-keeping, and is now 'upon a retrieving ſcheme. He is the 'heartieſt, honeſteſt fellow living; and 'though he is a man of very few words, 'I can aſſure you he does not want 'ſenſe. He had an univerſity educa-'tion, and has a good notion of the 'claſſics. The poor man is confined 'half the year at leaſt with the gout, 'and has beſides an inveterate ſcurvy, 'which I cannot account for: no man 'can live more regularly; he eats no-'thing but plain meat, and very little 'of that; he drinks no thin wines; and 'never ſits up late, for he has his full 'doſe by eleven.

'Colonel Culverin is a brave old ex-'perienced officer, though but a lieute-'nant-colonel of foot. Between you 'and me, he has had great injuſtice 'done him; and is now commanded by 'many who were not born when he 'came firſt into the army. He has 'ſerved in Ireland, Minorca, and Gib-'raltar; and would have been in all the 'late battles in Flanders, had the regi-'ment been ordered there. It is a plea-'ſure to hear him talk of war. He is 'the beſt-natured man alive, but a little 'too jealous of his honour, and too apt 'to be in a paſſion; but that is ſoon 'over, and then he is ſorry for it. I fear 'he is dropſical, which I impute to his 'drinking your Champaigns and Bur-'gundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

'Sir George Plyant is well born, has 'a genteel fortune, keeps the very beſt 'company, and is to be ſure one of the 'beſt-bred men alive: he is ſo good-na-'tured, that he ſeems to have no will of 'his own. He will drink as little or as 'much as you pleaſe, and no matter of 'what. He has been a mighty man 'with the ladies formerly, and loves the 'crack of the whip ſtill. He is our 'news-monger; for, being a member of 'the privy chamber, he goes to court 'every day, and conſequently knows 'pretty well what is going forward 'there. Poor gentleman! I fear we 'ſhall not keep him long; for he ſeems 'far gone in a conſumption, though the 'doctors ſay it is only a nervous atro-'phy.

'Will Sitfaſt is the beſt-natured fel-'low living, and an excellent compa-'nion, though he ſeldom ſpeaks; but 'he is no flincher, and ſits every man's 'hand out at the club. He is a very 'good ſcholar, and can write very pret-'ty Latin verſes. I doubt he is in a 'declining way; for a paralytical ſtroke 'has lately twitched up one ſide of his 'mouth ſo, that he is now obliged to 'take his wine diagonally. However, 'he keeps up his ſpirits bravely, and 'never ſhams his glaſs.

'Doctor Carbuncle is an honeſt, 'jolly, merry parſon, well affected to 'the government, and much of a gen-'tleman. He is the life of our club, 'inſtead of being the leaſt reſtraint up-'on it. He is an admirable ſcholar, 'and I really believe has all Horace by 'heart; I know he has him always in 'his pocket. His red face, enflamed 'noſe, and ſwelled legs, make him ge-'nerally thought a hard drinker by 'thoſe who do not know him; but I 'muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that I 'never ſaw him diſguiſed with liquor in 'my life. It is true, he is a very large 'man, and can hold a great deal, which 'makes the colonel call him, pleaſantly 'enough, a veſſel of election.

'The laſt and leaſt,' concluded my friend, 'is your humble ſervant, ſuch 'as I am; and if you pleaſe, we will go 'and walk in the park till dinner time.' I agreed, and we ſet out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I ſhould let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the ſame year of St. John's College in Cam-bridge: he was a younger brother of a

good family, was bred to the church, and had juſt got a fellowſhip in the college, when his elder brother dying, he ſucceeded to an eaſy fortune, and reſolved to make himſelf eaſy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had reſided long in college, he had contracted all the habits, prejudices, the lazineſs, the ſoaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloyſter, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He conſidered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words, as the utmoſt effort of the human underſtanding; and a glaſs of good wine in good company, as the higheſt pitch of human felicity. Accordingly, he paſſes his mornings in reading the claſſics, moſt of which he has long had by heart; and his evenings in drinking his glaſs of good wine, which by frequent filling, amounts at leaſt to two, and often to three bottles a day. I muſt not omit mentioning, that my friend is tormented with the ſtone; which misfortune he imputes to having once drank water for a month, by the preſcription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at leaſt two quarts of claret a day, for theſe laſt thirty years. To return to my friend—'I am very much miſtaken,' ſaid he, as we were walking in the park, 'if you do not thank me for procuring 'this day's entertainment: for a ſet of 'worthier gentlemen to be ſure never 'lived.'—'I make no doubt of it,' ſaid I, 'and am therefore the more con-'cerned when I reflect, that this club 'of worthy gentlemen might, by your 'own account, be not improperly called 'an hoſpital of incurables, as there is 'not one among them who does not la-'bour under ſome chronical and mortal 'diſtemper.'—'I ſee what you would 'be at,' anſwered my friend; 'you 'would inſinuate, that it is all owing to 'wine: but let me aſſure you, Mr. 'Fitz-Adam, *that wine, eſpecially claret, if neat and good, can hurt no man.*' I did not reply to this aphoriſm of my friend's, which I knew would draw on too long a diſcuſſion; eſpecially as we were juſt going into the club-room, where I took it for granted, that it was one of the great conſtitutional principles. The account of this modern Sympoſion ſhall be the ſubject of my next paper.

N° XCI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1754.

MY friend preſented me to the company, in what he thought the moſt obliging manner; but which, I confeſs, put me a little out of countenance. 'Give me leave, gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'to preſent to you my old 'friend, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious 'author of the World.' The word Author inſtantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themſelves, have a ſtrange curioſity to ſee a Live Author. The gentlemen received me in common with thoſe geſtures that intimate welcome; and I on my part reſpectfully muttered ſome of thoſe nothings, which ſtand inſtead of the ſomething one ſhould ſay, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreſhing themſelves before dinner with what they called a cool tankard; in which they ſucceſſively drank to Me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I ſurprized, when, upon the firſt taſte, I diſcovered that this cooling and refreſhing draught was compoſed of the ſtrongeſt mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again by a quantity of thoſe comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with ſome impatience, was at laſt brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the maſter and all the waiters of the houſe, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We ſat down without ceremony; and we were no ſooner ſat down, than every body (except myſelf) drank every body's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noiſe. I obſerved, with ſurprize, that the common quantity of wine was put into glaſſes of an immenſe ſize and weight; but my ſurprize ceaſed, when I ſaw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I ſuppoſed they were intended as ballaſt. But even this precaution did not protect the noſe of Doctor Carbuncle from a ſevere ſhock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel,

lonel, who obſerved this accident, cried out pleaſantly—'Why, Doctor, I find 'you are but a bad engineer. While 'you aim at your mouth, you will ne-'ver hit it, take my word for it. A 'floating battery, to hit the mark, muſt 'be pointed ſomething above, or below 'it. If you would hit your mouth, di-'rect your four-pounder at your fore-'head, or your chin.' The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promiſed him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had ſeen many a good glaſs of port ſpilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almoſt ſmiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, ſome how or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But, alas! things ſoon took a leſs pleaſant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled ſalt beef, which had ſucceeded the ſoup, proved not to be ſufficiently corned for Sir Tunbelly, who had beſpoke it; and, at the ſame time, Lord Feeble took a diſlike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the ſame which they had drank the day before; it had no *ſilkineſs, went rough off the tongue*, and his lordſhip ſhrewdly ſuſpected that it was mixed with *Benecarlo, or ſome of thoſe black wines*. This was a common cauſe, and excited univerſal attention. The whole company taſted it ſeriouſly, and every one found a different fault with it. The maſter of the houſe was immediately ſent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freſhneſs of the beef, while, at the ſame time, all the others fell upon him for the badneſs of his wine; telling him, that it was not fit uſage for ſuch good cuſtomers as they were; and, in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to ſome other houſe. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promiſed to turn away; and atteſted heaven and earth, that the wine was the very ſame which they had all approved of the day before; and, as he had a ſoul to be ſaved, was true Chateau Margoux—'Chateau devil,' ſaid the colonel with warmth; 'it is your d—d rough *Chaos* 'wine.' Will Sitfaſt, who thought himſelf obliged to articulate upon this occaſion, ſaid, He was not ſure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*.—'If that is all,' interrupted the doctor, 'let us e'en drink it *up* then. 'Or, if that won't do, ſince we cannot 'have the true *Falernum*, let us take up 'for once with the *vile Sabinum*.'—What ſay you, gentlemen, to good honeſt 'Port, which I am convinced is a much 'wholeſomer ſtomach wine?' My friend, who in his heart loves Port better than any other wine in the world, willingly ſeconded the doctor's motion, and ſpoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this ſome was immediately brought up, which I obſerved my friend and the doctor ſtuck to the whole evening. I could not help aſking the doctor if he really preferred Port to lighter wines? To which he anſwered—'You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, 'that uſe is ſecond nature; and Port is 'in a manner mother's milk to me; for 'it is what my Alma Mater ſuckles all 'her numerous progeny with.' I ſilently aſſented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadverſions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were ſtill continued, though at the ſame time they continued to drink it. I hinted my ſurprize at this to Sir Tunbelly, who gravely anſwered me, and in a moving way—'*Why, what can 'we do?*'—'Not drink it,' replied I, 'ſince it is not good.'—'But what will 'you have us do? and how ſhall we 'paſs the evening?' rejoined the baronet. 'One cannot go home at five 'o'clock.'—'That depends upon a 'great deal of uſe,' ſaid I. 'It may 'be ſo, to a certain degree,' ſaid the doctor. 'But give me leave to aſk you, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, who drink no-'thing but water, and live much at 'home, how do you keep up your ſpi-'rits?'—'Why, Doctor,' ſaid I, 'as I 'never lowered my ſpirits by ſtrong li-'quor, I do not want to raiſe them.' Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raiſing his voice and indignation againſt the Burgundy and Champaign; ſwearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without ſome ſuſpicion of cyder and ſugar-candy; notwithſtanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, confuſion to the town of Briſtol and the Bottle-act. It was a ſhame, he ſaid, that gentlemen could have no good Burgundies and Champaigns, for the ſake of ſome increaſe of the revenue, the manufacture of glaſs bottles,

bottles, and such sort of stuff. Sir George confirmed the same, adding, that it was *scandalous*; and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal so absurd an act the very first session; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions to that purpose from their constituents—'To be sure,' said the colonel. 'What a d—d rout they made about 'the repeal of the Jew bill, for which 'nobody cared one farthing! But, by 'the way,' continued he, 'I think 'every body has done eating, and there-'fore had not we better have the din-'ner taken away, and the wine set 'upon the table?' To this the company gave an unanimous 'Aye.' While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprized at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, 'No;' but asked him, in my turn, if he was dry? To which he also answered, 'No.'—'Then, 'pray,' replied I, 'why not as well eat 'without being hungry, as drink with-'out being dry?' My friend was so stunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment, as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-clouts, put upon the table; when Will Sitfast, who I found was a perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the king's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman as to *day-light*. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that health in wine: I begged to be excused, and told him, that I never drank his majesty's health at all, though no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did. That hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the least relation between the wine I drank, and the king's state of health; and that, till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his service, if he could ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal; and though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company; and I overheard the colonel whisper to Lord Feeble—'*This author is a very 'odd dog.*'

My friend was ashamed of me; but, however, to help me off as well as he could, he said to me aloud—'Mr. Fitz-'Adam, this is one of those singulari-'ties which you have contracted by liv-'ing so much alone.' From this moment the company gave me up to my oddnesses, and took no farther notice of me. I leaned silently upon the table, waiting for (though, to say the truth, without expecting) some of that festal gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promised so large a share. Instead of all which, the conversation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former atchievements in love and wine; the colonel complained, though with dignity, of hardships and injustice; Sir George hinted at some important discoveries which he had made that day at court, but cautiously avoided naming names; Sir Tunbelly slept between glass and glass; the doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy president applied himself wholly to business, never speaking but to order; as—'Sir, the bottle 'stands with you—Sir, you are to name 'a toast—That has been drank already '—Here, more claret! &c.' In the height of all this convivial pleasantry, which I plainly saw was come to it's zenith, I stole away at about nine o'clock, and went home, where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crouded into my mind, and may perhaps be the subject of some future paper.

N° XCII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

THE entertainment (I do not say the diversion) which I mentioned in my last paper, tumbled my imagination to such a degree, and suggested such a variety of indistinct ideas to my mind, that, notwithstanding all the pains I took to sort and digest, I could not reduce them to method. I shall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and just as they occurred to me.

When I considered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow-subjects passed two parts in three of their lives in the very same manner in which the worthy members of my friend's club passed theirs, I was at a loss to discover that attractive, irresistible, and invisible charm, (for I confess I saw none) to which they so deliberately and assiduously sacrificed their time, their health, and their reason; till dipping accidentally into Monsieur Pascal, I read upon the subject of hunting the following passage. *What, unless to drown thought,* (says that excellent writer) *can make men throw away so much time upon a silly animal, which they might buy much cheaper in the market? It hinders us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear.* That this is often one motive, and sometimes the only one of hunting, I can easily believe. But then it must be allowed too, that if the jolly sportsman, who thus vigorously runs away from himself, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at least, by his exercise. But what other motive can possibly be assigned for the Soaker's daily and seriously swallowing his own destruction, except that of *drowning thought, and hindering him from looking into himself, which is a view he cannot bear?*

Unhappy the man who cannot willingly and frequently converse with himself; but miserable in the highest degree is the man who dares not. In one of these predicaments must that man be who soaks and sleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himself for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himself for fear of the most tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt to the company of his fellow-sufferers, and to the intoxication of strong liquors.

Archbishop Tillotson asserts, and very truly, that no man can plead in defence of swearing, that he was born of a swearing constitution. I believe the same thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural, vice. The child, when he first tastes strong liquors, rejects them with evident signs of disgust; but is insensibly brought first to bear, and then perhaps to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promise them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

When the coroner's inquest examines the body of one of those unhappy wretches who drown themselves in a pond or river, with commonly a provision of lead in their pockets to make the work the surer, the verdict is either *felo de se*, or *lunatic*. Is it then the water, or the suddenness of the plunge, that constitutes either the madness or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine suicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never so deliberate and premeditated as the latter. The Soaker jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as sure and certain destruction; and, as a proof of his intention, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot alledge, in his defence, that he has not warning, since he daily sees, in the chronical distempers of all his fellow Soakers, the fatal effects of that slow poison which he so greedily guzzles: for I defy all those Honest Gentlemen, that is, all the hard drinkers in England, (a numerous body I doubt) to produce me one single instance of a Soaker, whose health and faculties are not visibly impaired by drinking. Some, indeed, born much stronger than others, hold it out longer, and are absurdly quoted as living proofs even of the salutary effects of drinking: but though they have not yet any of the most distinguished characteristics of their profession about them, though they have not yet lost one half of themselves by a hemiplegia, nor the use of all their limbs by the gout; though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropsy may not yet appear; I will

venture

venture to affirm, that the health they boaſt of is at beſt but an aukward ſtate between ſickneſs and health: if they are not actually ſick, they are not actively well; and you will always find ſome complaint or other, inadvertently drop from the triumphant Soaker, within half an hour after he has aſſured you that he is neither *ſick nor ſorry*. My wife, who is a little ſuperſtitious, and perhaps too apt to point out and interpret judgments, (otherwiſe an excellent woman) firmly believes, that the dropſy, of which moſt Soakers finally die, is a manifeſt and juſt judgment upon them; the wine they ſo much loved being turned into water, and themſelves drowned at laſt in the element they ſo much abhorred.

A rational and ſober man, invited by the wit and gaiety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of ſpirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then theſe fallies will be ſhort, and not frequent. Whereas the Soaker is an utter ſtranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either. His buſineſs is ſerious, and he applies himſelf ſeriouſly to it; he ſteadily purſues the numbing, ſtupifying, and petrifying, not the animating and exhilarating qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nepenthe would be loſt upon him. The more he drinks, the duller he grows; his politics become more obſcure, and his narratives more tedious and leſs intelligible; till at laſt *maudlin*, he employs what little articulation he has left in relating his doleful tale to an inſenſible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, ſince a very old and eminent French hiſtorian, ſpeaking of the Engliſh, who were then in poſſeſſion of Aquitain, the promiſed land of claret, ſays—*Ils ſe jaoulerent grandement, et ſe divertirent moult triſtement a la mode de leur pais.*

A very ſkilful ſurgeon of my acquaintance aſſured me, that having opened the body of a Soaker, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and veſſels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had ſwallowed, ſo as to render the circulation of the blood abſolutely impoſſible; and the folds of the ſtomach ſo thickened with it, that it could not perform it's functions. He compared the body of the deceaſed to a ſyphon ſo choaked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which ſeemed to me a juſt one: and I ſhall for the future typify the Soaker by the ſiphon, ſuction being equally the only buſineſs of both.

An object, viewed at once, and in it's full extent, will ſometimes ſtrike the mind, when the ſeveral parts and gradations of it, ſeparately ſeen, would be but little attended to. I ſhall therefore here preſent the ſociety of Siphons with a calculation, of which they cannot diſpute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet perhaps they will be ſurprized when they ſee the groſs ſums of the wine they ſuck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they loſe in the courſe of ſeven years only.

I reckon that I put a ſtaunch Siphon very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one day with another. This in ſeven years amounts to four thouſand four hundred and ten bottles, which make twenty hogſheads and ſeventy bottles.

Suppoſing this quantity to coſt only four ſhillings a bottle, which I take to be the loweſt price of claret, the ſum amounts to eight hundred and eighty-two pounds.

Allowing every Siphon but ſix hours a day to ſuck his two bottles in, which is a ſhort allowance, that time amounts to ſix hundred and thirty-eight days, eighteen hours; one full quarter of his life, for the above-mentioned ſeven years. Can any rational being coolly conſider theſe three groſs ſums, of wine, and conſequently diſtempers, ſwallowed, of money laviſhed, and time loſt, without ſhame, regret, and a reſolution of reformation?

I am well aware that the numerous ſociety of Siphons will ſay, like Sir Tunbelly—' What would this fellow have ' us do?' To which I am at no loſs for an anſwer—' Do any thing elſe. Pre' ſerve and improve that reaſon which ' was given you to be your guide through ' this world, and to a better. Attend ' to, and diſcharge your religious, your ' moral, and your ſocial duties. Theſe ' are occupations worthy of a rational ' being; they will agreeably and uſe' fully employ your time, and will ' baniſh from your breaſts that tire' ſome liſtleſſneſs, or thoſe tormenting ' thoughts, from which you endeavour,

' though

'though in vain, to fly. Is your re-'troſpect uncomfortable? Exert your-'ſelves in time to make your proſpect 'better; and let the former ſerve as a 'back-ground to the latter. Cultivate 'and improve your minds with reading 'according to your ſeveral educations 'and capacities. There are ſeveral uſe-'ful books ſuited to them all. True reli-'gion and virtue give a chearful and hap-'py turn to the mind, admit of all true 'pleaſures, and even procure the trueſt.'

Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keeneſt ſportſman, and with almoſt equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear; the latter, his body in health. It is not from himſelf that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a ſynonymous term for his friends. Internally ſafe, he ſeeks no ſanctuary from himſelf, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him diſcover and divert himſelf with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expoſe with the trueſt ridicule, though always without perſonal offence. Chearful abroad, becauſe happy at home; and thus happy, becauſe virtuous.

*** I am obliged to many correſpondents for letters, which, though hitherto unnoticed, will be publiſhed with all convenient ſpeed.

Nº XCIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1754.

IT is a very true, though a very trite principle, 'that the point of perfec-'tion is at a middle diſtance between 'the two extremes:' and whoever is the leaſt converſant with the world, will have frequent opportunities of convincing himſelf of it's importance, whether he applies it to the morals, manners, or other objects of human action.

I ſhall make it the ſubject of this day's paper to particularize the danger of paſſing too precipitately from one extreme to the other, in an inſtance which I conceive to be of very material conſequence to the entertainment, inſtruction, and virtue of mankind.

The diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the laſt age was Pedantry. Every man appeared ſo ſenſibly convinced of the dignity and uſefulneſs of his own profeſſion, that he conſidered it as the only one meriting the attention of reaſonable creatures; and, wherever he was admitted, introduced it as ſuch, without the leaſt regard to times, perſons, or places. It was impoſſible to ſit half an hour with the man of learning, without diſcovering his contempt for every kind of diſcourſe that was not tinctured, like his own, with the ſentiments of Ariſtotle or Plato. Divines were apt but too often to perplex the heads of young ladies at tea-tables with ſchool-diſtinctions, and the depths of metaphyſics; and ſuch jargon terms as capias's, certiorari's, and premunire facias's, were more frequently the expreſſions of lawyers in the ſame company, than love and adoration, the natural language of the place. A military man no ſooner entered a room, than you aſſociated the diſcharge of artillery with his appearance. The authority of his voice ſilenced every milder ſubject of converſation, and the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, ſo fatal to the enemy, were fought over again in very turbulent deſcription, to the no ſmall terror of his peaceable countrymen.

The wits of thoſe times very finely rallied this foible: and it has indeed ſuffered ſuch diſcouragement in our days, that an abſurdity, the very reverſe, though leſs to be juſtified, has ſucceeded in it's place; I mean, a vicious affectation, in the preſent age, of avoiding that Pedantry which ſo diſtinguiſhed the preceding one.

This affectation has been purſued to ſuch lengths, that a perſon is eſteemed very deficient in good-breeding, who ventures to explain himſelf on any ſubject, however naturally it may ariſe in company, which genius, education, and his particular profeſſion, have qualified him to ſupport. As a man of the world, he will divert the diſcourſe to any other ſubject, which, being entirely unacquainted with, he is ſecure of treating in a manner altogether removed from Pedantry. It is principally from this cauſe, that converſation, which formerly was the means of communicating knowledge

with the freedom and delicacy peculiar to it, and which rendered the groves of Academus, the porches of Lyceum, and the walks of Tuſculum, famous to poſterity, is degenerating into an uſeleſs and inſipid intercourſe: while the moſt trifling amuſements that relieve us from the anxiety of it, receive all our encouragement.

It is indeed no wonder that clubs and other ancient meetings for ſociety are grown out of faſhion, when punctilio not only obliges you to be ſilent on thoſe topics, which you are inclined, from your knowledge of them, to enter upon with freedom; but ſubjects you to the mortification of hearing them diſcuſſed by perſons who never talked or thought of them till the preſent moment. The ſituation of the ſpeaker too, in ſuch aſſemblies, can be no very deſirable one, while he is voluntarily impoſing the neceſſity on himſelf of attempting a ſubject, when unprovided with materials for it.

This cuſtom is in no ſort confined to mixed companies, where poſſibly ſome faint excuſes might be offered for it; but operates equally where men of the ſame profeſſion are collected; who, to avoid ſeeming Pedants in the eyes of each other, prefer obſcenity, impertinence, or abſurdity, to a converſation calculated to reflect mutual light on thoſe ſtudies, which, either in ſpeculation or practice, are the employment of their lives.

A very underſtanding friend of mine, who, till within this month, has not viſited London for five-and-twenty years, was lamenting to me ſeriouſly the declenſion of knowledge in this kingdom, and ſeemed apprehenſive that a country ſo diſtinguiſhed for many ages was relapſing into it's ancient barbarity. I was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the peculiarity of his ſentiments, but did not remain long unacquainted with the cauſe of them. It ſeems my friend had ſpent the greateſt part of that week in very different ſets of company. He had dined, in the beginning of it at a viſitation, where the Britiſh herring-fiſhery and ſome propoſals reſpecting the public debt, had very warmly intereſted the upper part of the table. He was the leſs in humour to reliſh this diſpute, as he had been kept up till three that very morning, in the neighbourhood of the Exchange, as moderator in a controverſy on fore-knowledge and free-will. The next day, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, he was not a little perplexed with the variety of opinions on the circulation of the blood, the production of chyle, and the powers of digeſtion. It was his fortune afterwards to be preſent at Batſon's coffee-houſe, when the diſpoſition of the German army at the battle of Crotſka, and the laſt ſiege of Coni, were ſeverally arraigned; and to liſten at the Tilt-yard to many objections againſt a decree in chancery, and to a diſcourſe employed to aſcertain the provinces of reaſon, law, and equity. His greateſt mortification was in an admittance that morning to a junto of ſtateſmen near Whitehall, from whom nothing tranſpired, after two hours attention to them, except ſome injudicious, though modeſt conjectures, on the future ſport of Newmarket races.

It was eaſy for me, after this explanation, to account for the indifferent opinion my friend had conceived of the divinity, law, and phyſic; the politics, military knowledge, and trade, of the preſent times: and yet, from my acquaintance with the characters he had ſeen, I may venture to aſſert, what in another age might have the appearance of a paradox, that he had been converſing with the moſt eminent divines, lawyers, and phyſicians; with the ableſt ſtateſmen, ſkilfulleſt commanders, and moſt intelligent traders of any age or country.

This humour, it is to be feared, will by degrees infect the pen as well as the tongue; and that we ſhall have apothecaries advertiſing comments on Machiavel's art of war, and ſerjeants at law taking in ſubſcriptions for ſyſtems of chymiſtry, and diſſertations on midwifery. Every man's experience will probably inform him that it has already extended itſelf to epiſtolary writing. I have a late diſagreeable inſtance of it in my own family: it is in a young gentleman, who left England with the higheſt reputation, about a twelvemonth ſince, to make what is called the tour of Europe. He parted from me with a promiſe of writing from Rome, where he propoſed to continue ſome time, after viſiting France, and the principal cities of Italy. As I had formed very agreeable expectations from this correſpondence, I muſt confeſs my diſappointment when his letter arrived. He never mentioned France, but to condemn the poſt-horſes; nor took notice of any circumſtance in his

his paſſage over the Alps, except the loſs of his hat and periwig. One would have concluded him a cheeſemonger, from his deſcription of Parma. His obſervations on Florence were confined ſolely to it's wines: and though he was profoundly ſilent on the conſtitution of Lucca, he talked very particularly of the olives it produced. He had occaſionally interſperſed ſome anecdotes of himſelf: as, that he had drank a little too frequently at Genoa with Lord A. that he had broke the weſt window of the great church at Milan, in a frolic with Sir Thomas B. that he had been plundered of his gold watch and ſnuff-box by a courtezan of Venice; and that he had attempted, in revenge, to ſink a gondola belonging to the Doge. Theſe ſingular contents really gave me pain, as I had a ſincere affection for my couſin and his family; and I began to moralize on the vanity and miſapplication of travelling into foreign countries. A packet of letters, which reached me ſoon after, from other correſpondents at that time in Italy, threw me into perplexities: for they all concurred in repreſenting my relation as doing honour to his country by his genius and learning. They ſpoke of him as diſtinguiſhed for his knowledge of the religion, government, and antiquities, of the ſtates he had viſited; and deſcribed him as little leſs remarkable for his chaſtity, ſobriety, and gentleneſs of manners. A diſagreement ſo viſible between the letter from himſelf, and thoſe which ſucceeded it, was at firſt, indeed, not eaſily reconciled. Being ſatisfied, however, that my intelligence from the latter might be relied on as certain, I at length made a diſcovery, that my couſin had departed from his veracity on this occaſion; and that he aſſumed a character compounded of folly, ignorance, and debauchery, to which he had no pretenſions; preferring it to that of a gentleman, a ſcholar, and a man of virtue, which really belonged to him, from a ſtudious affectation of appearing to his friend in any other light than the unfaſhionable one of a Pedant.

*** In anſwer to Hillaria and her couſin, I am ſorry to ſay, that it is not my good fortune to be the gentleman who has attracted their notice.

N° XCIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1754.

IN my paper of laſt Thurſday, I took notice how much converſation had ſuffered from the ſingular diſpoſition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to conſider Pedantry as reflecting more diſgrace on the perſons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (univerſal as it is) to be the only obſtruction to rational ſociety: other cauſes, diſtinct in themſelves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conſpired to reduce converſation to the ſtate we lament it in at preſent. I ſhall mention the moſt remarkable of theſe cauſes in the order they occur to me.

One great abuſe of converſation has viſibly ariſen from our miſtaking it's end, which is, the mutual entertainment and inſtruction of each other by a friendly communication of ſentiments. It is ſeriouſly to be wiſhed that this end were purſued, and that every one would contribute, with freedom and good-manners, to the general improvement, from his particular diſcoveries. On the contrary, we are apt to conſider ſociety in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of diſplaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accompliſhment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement; and to dazzle our companions with our own brightneſs, rather than to receive light by reflection from them. I knew, indeed, an inſtance, the very oppoſite to this, in a late perſon of diſtinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a moſt agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he ſupported this character by any aſſumed ſuperiority over his company: it was his ſingular faculty to diſcover the genius of other men; no latent merit eſcaped his penetration, though the proprietor ſeemed induſtrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himſelf. With this advantage, he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular ſubject which

he was capable of maintaining with eaſe to himſelf, and benefit to ſociety. He himſelf, at the ſame time, pretended to no more than a common part in that converſation, which derived it's merit entirely from his addreſs. The tendency of ſuch behaviour to enlarge knowledge, as well as to procure eſteem, cannot fail of appearing very evident to my readers.

There is another defect, very cloſely connected with the abuſe above-mentioned, which has proved equally pernicious to converſation: I mean, the peremptorineſs and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed, whether we write or converſe, the haughty manner, the ſelf-ſufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent, that we mix with our arguments, have conſiderably prevented the advancement of truth, and conviction of error. Modern diſputants by this method have ſubjected their cauſe, though perhaps founded in demonſtration, to great diſadvantages, ſince they have not only the prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently intereſted their paſſions too againſt them. In debates, perhaps purely ſpeculative, a perſon is obliged not only to defend the point in controverſy, but even his underſtanding and moral character, which are united to the queſtion by the management of his adverſary. Sir Iſaac Newton and Mr. Locke, ornaments to their country, their age, and human nature, have been frequently repreſented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by perſons eſteeming themſelves nothing leſs than philoſophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and coheſion have any viſible connection with ethics; that an attempt to aſcertain the powers of the underſtanding has a tendency to undermine Revelation; or that theſe writers deſerved to be conſidered in any other light than as ingenious enthuſiaſts, if reaſon and univerſal experience had not confirmed their enquiries to be as true as they were beautiful. I have often thought that the reception of the Platonic philoſophy in the world may be attributed more to the manner of it's delivery, than to the ſuperior excellence of it. If we except the moral part, which is divinely treated, it's diſcoveries in phyſics, and other branches of ſcience, did not entitle it to be advanced above that of other ſects, particularly the Ariſtotelian. The difference was, that the *ipſe dixits* and dogmatical poſitions of the one, made it unpalatable; while modeſty, politeneſs, and deference, to the reaſon and dignity of mankind, rendered the other lovely even to it's adverſaries. They were induced by the addreſs of it to purſue the conſequences of their own opinions till they led them to abſurdity, and were not aſhamed of a concluſion which ſeemed to be the effect of their own examination. The ſame management inclined them to adopt with chearfulneſs thoſe principles which were eſtabliſhed on the ruins of their favourite prejudices. It is a little extraordinary that the ſucceſs of this milder method of diſputation ſhould have had no greater influence on ſucceeding ages; eſpecially ſince the Divine Founder of Chriſtianity has, by his own example, ſo eminently recommended the ſame practice. The errors of mankind were treated by him with the tenderneſs of a parent; and even divine truths introduced into the mind by perſuaſion rather than authority. The delivery of them in parables was excellently calculated to diveſt men of prejudices and paſſions, and to exclude the conſideration of ſelf-intereſt from the queſtion; at the ſame time that it ſhewed an indulgence to the underſtanding, by propoſing chiefly general truths, and leaving their particular application to ourſelves.

The fatal influence of politics on ſociety, in a country divided into parties like our own, has been too often mentioned to require illuſtration. I ſhall obſerve only, that it has been the occaſion of excluding a variety of uſeful knowledge from converſation, even with the men of the moſt moderate principles. They have been cautious of engaging on any ſubject which might accidentally lead to that of politics; and from the natural relation of one ſcience to another, have by this means precluded themſelves from almoſt every branch of inſtructive converſation. It was obſervable at the table of a late great man, that obſcenity was too often the ſubject of diſcourſe, which he himſelf appeared not ſufficiently to diſcountenance. To ſome ſerious perſons, who took offence at his conduct, he made the following apology. 'I have attempted,' ſays he, 'in vain, to ſtart other ſubjects, and at 'the ſame time to preſerve the harmony 'of my company. If, for inſtance, I 'introduce

'introduce the ſtate of ancient and modern learning, we enter very ſoon into a compariſon of the governments they have flouriſhed under, to the diſadvantage of the preſent one, and the perſons that conduct it. If the ſubject has been philoſophy, I have ſometimes apprehended that it would conclude with laying hands on the hilts of ſwords, from diviſions on toleration, and occaſional conformity. I am therefore under the neceſſity of conniving at a ſubject, in which alone Whig and Tory, churchman and diſſenter, miniſterial and anti-miniſterial man, unite together, with any degree of chearfulneſs.'

Another impediment to the revival of converſation may be aſcribed to our notion of it's being intended as a relaxation from every thing ſerious, uſeful, or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is ſometimes unbent to preſerve it's elaſticity; and, becauſe the bow is uſeleſs in a ſtate of remiſſion, we make the ſame concluſion of the human mind: whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of eaſe; it may loſe indeed it's vigour by being employed too intenſely on particular ſubjects, but recovers itſelf again, rather by varying it's application, than by continuing inactive. Hiſtory, poetry, and the lighter parts of ſcience, more agreeably relieve us from abſtracted ſtudies, than a total indolence and diſſipation. It is this continued, though varied exerciſe of the mind, in the hours of leiſure as well as of buſineſs, that ſeems to have given the ancients that ſuperiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge than to enquire into the reaſon of. Even Tully himſelf, if he had dedicated his retirement to thoſe amuſements that employ the modern world, might have been delivered to poſterity with no greater reputation than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of converſation, that he exhauſted thoſe ſubjects of reaſon and philoſophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind. I was engaged lately in converſation with ſome friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the eaſe of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as ſtiff and unnatural. I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as much a ſatire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, becauſe the ſcenes, the perſons, and the ſubjects it aſſociates, are ſeldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to repreſent Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. diſcuſſing ſubjects of the utmoſt importance to mankind in porticoes or gardens, becauſe the great men of Rome frequently ſpent their retirement in this manner. It would ſeem the very reverſe to introduce in our days Sir Thomas requeſting my Lord Duke to reſume his arguments for the immateriality of the ſoul under the ſhade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the receſſes of the wood, that he may purſue without interruption his enquiry into the foundation of morality. The reaſon is, that diſquiſitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men: or, if they really think of them, they appropriate thinking to the particular apartments they call their ſtudies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in purſuit of game, not of truth. The converſation in gardens is not of an elevated kind; and the circular ſeats round ſpreading trees uſually inſpire other thoughts than abſtracted ideas.

I ſhall cloſe this ſubject with lamenting the injury done to ſociety by our unnatural excluſion of the ſofter ſex from every converſation either ſerious or inſtructive. The moſt enlightened ages of the world entertained juſter notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wiſdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learnt eloquence from Aſpaſia. I may add of the ſex, that they derive ſome advantage over us from the very defects of their education: their minds operate with more freedom, and with the genuine ſimplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like ours, by principles and ſyſtems, nor confined to the particular modes of thinking that prevail in colleges and ſchools. The liveline's, too, of their imagination, entitles them to a place in the graveſt, as well as the moſt chearful company; I will not even except the Sympoſia of philoſophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonſtration itſelf may appear principally to depend on the judgment, yet the diſcovery of intermediate ideas, neceſſary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

N° XCV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1754.

——MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS. OVID.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE golden mean, or middle track of life, has always been eſteemed the beſt, becauſe it is the happieſt; and I believe, upon enquiry, it will be found to be the happieſt, becauſe the people ſo ſituated are the wiſeſt part of mankind; and being the wiſeſt, are beſt able to ſubdue thoſe turbulent paſſions which are the greateſt enemies to happineſs.

But has not a man of the firſt rank and fortune a greater opportunity, in proportion to that fortune, to acquire knowledge, than a man in middling circumſtances? Moſt certainly he has; and I make no doubt but that perſons of the firſt quality would be perſons of the firſt underſtanding, if it was not for one very material obſtacle, I mean Faſhion. There are no two characters ſo entirely incompatible as a man of ſenſe and a man of faſhion. A man of faſhion muſt devote his whole life to the faſhionable pleaſures: among the firſt of theſe may be reckoned gaming, in the purſuit of which we cannot allow him leſs than a third part of the twenty-four hours; and the other ſixteen (allowing for a little ſleep) are to be ſpent in amuſements, perhaps leſs vicious, but not more agreeable.

I would not here be underſtood to mean, that every man of quality is a man of faſhion; on the contrary, I know ſeveral whoſe titles ſerve to make their merits more conſpicuous: but I cannot help obſerving, that the noble lord, who holds the firſt place amongſt the men of wit and genius, has not been known to alter the cock of his little hat for above theſe twenty years.

If we conſider the loweſt claſs of life but for a moment, we ſhall not be at a loſs to account for their ignorance. They have little more time from their labour than what is neceſſary for refreſhment. They work to ſupply their own neceſſities, and the luxuries of the great. Let us examine how far theſe two extremes of life reſemble each other in their recreations and diverſions. John Slaughter, the butcher, trots his gooſe-rumped mare twelve miles within the hour for twenty guineas. My Lord rides his own horſe a match for five hundred. Two bricklayers labourers play at all-fours in an ale-houſe on a Saturday night for their week's wages. His Grace and Count Baſſet are doing the ſame thing at White's for all they are worth in the world. My Lord, having been unfortunate in an amour, ſends to the doctor at Whitehall. Tom Errand, in the ſame dilemma, runs away to the licentiate upon Ludgate Hill. In their taſte too they are the ſame. It is common in our theatres for the plaudit to come at one and the ſame time from the boxes and the upper gallery. In their plurality of wives and miſtreſſes, in their non-obſervance of religious ceremonies, and in many other particulars, which I ſhall forbear to mention, they ſeem entirely to agree.

For my own part, I imbibed early the love of mediocrity; and I find it growing upon me as I increaſe in years; inſomuch that my diſcourſe, let the ſubject be what it will, is general'y tinctured with it. Nay, I am even afraid, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when I tell you ſome little anecdotes of my life, that you will accuſe me of running into the Extreme, by adhering too cloſely and circumſtantially to the Medium. For example: I gave more for my chambers than I need to have done, becauſe I would have them in the Middle Temple, a ſituation very agreeable to me, as lying in the midway between the city and the court. I have never thought myſelf ſo happy at the play-houſe ſince Burton's box was taken down, though I always ſit in the centre of the middle gallery: and, to tell you the truth, I have often wiſhed myſelf ſhorter, becauſe I am ſomewhat above the middle ſtature.

This particular way of thinking very frequently ſubjects me to little rudeneſſes and affronts. It was but t'other night that a young gentleman of our inn, who aſpires at being lord-chancellor, wiſhed me in the middle of a horſe-pond,

pond, for dwelling perhaps a little too long on the happineſs of a middle ſtate; and it is no new thing to me at Nando's, to overhear the ſmarts, at my entrance into that coffee-houſe, crying out—'Here comes Old Medium.'

Theſe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are diſagreeable things; but then I have the ſelf-ſatisfaction of knowing that I am in the right. But I treſpaſs on your patience; and, beſides, have made my letter longer than I intended: I ſhall therefore conclude abruptly with that excellent wiſh of Agur's—'Give me 'neither poverty nor riches.'

I am, &c.

By way of ſupplement to the above, and to illuſtrate by example the abſurdity of running into extremes, I ſhall preſent my readers with another letter, which I received ſome time ago from a female correſpondent.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am an humble couſin to two ſiſters; who, though they are good-humoured, good ſort of people, and (all things conſidered) behave to me tolerably well; yet their manners and diſpoſitions are ſo extremely oppoſite, that the taſk of pleaſing them is rendered very difficult and troubleſome. The eldeſt of my couſins is a very jolly, free-hearted girl, and ſo great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you ſeldom ſee her with ſo much as a pin in her gown; while the youngeſt, who thinks in her heart that her ſiſter is no better than a Slattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in every thing ſhe does, an abſolute Fidfad. She takes up almoſt as much time to put on a gown, as her ſiſter does to dirty one. The eldeſt is too thoughtleſs to remember what ſhe is to do, and the youngeſt is ſo tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapſed in which it was neceſſary for it to be done. If you ſend any thing to the eldeſt, you are ſure to have it loſt; or if you would borrow any thing of the youngeſt, it is odds but ſhe refuſes it, from an opinion that you will be leſs careful of it than herſelf. Whatever work is done by one ſiſter, is too ſlight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finiſhed.

As they are conſtantly bed-fellows, the firſt ſleep of the eldeſt is ſure to be broke by the youngeſt, whoſe uſual time for undreſſing and folding up her cloaths is at leaſt an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occaſioned by her elder ſiſter's things, which lie ſcattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I know exactly how it would be: the eldeſt would loſe her's by ſaying Yes too ſoon, and the youngeſt by ſaying No too often. If they were wives, the one would be too haſty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleaſing: or were they mothers, the daughters of the eldeſt would be playing at taw with the boys, and the ſons of the youngeſt dreſſing dolls with the miſſes.

I wiſh, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that you would be ſo kind to theſe couſins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have told you already, that they are both good-humoured; and if you could prevail upon the eldeſt to borrow from the youngeſt a little thought and neatneſs; and upon the youngeſt to add to her exactneſs a little of the careleſs freedom of the eldeſt; you would make them very amiable women, and me the happieſt of all humble couſins. I am, Sir, your conſtant reader, and moſt humble ſervant,

M. A.

Nº XCVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1754.

I Was not a little ſurprized the other day at receiving a letter by the penny-poſt, acquainting me, that notwithſtanding all I had ſaid in a former paper concerning the general reformation that had taken place by means of theſe eſſays, there were people amongſt us who were taking pains to undo all I had done; and that, unleſs I exerted myſelf notably on a new occaſion, my labours for the good of mankind would fall ſhort of their intention. The writer of this letter proceeds to inform me, that he has lately obtained a ſight of a dramatic

matic manuscript, (taken, as he supposes, from a history in Machiavel) called 'Belphegor, or the Married 'Devil;' which manuscript, he is credibly assured, is intended to be offered at one of the theatres this very season. My correspondent inveighs greatly against the evil tendency of this piece, of which he has sent me a short transcript, intreating my publication of it, as a warning to the managers against consenting to it's exhibition. The transcript, which consists only of one short scene, together with the introduction, is exactly as follows.

Belphegor, a Heathen devil, in the disguise of Christian flesh and blood, makes his entrance upon the stage; where, after a clap of thunder, and several flashes of lightening, another devil of a smaller size, dressed like a lacquey, in a flame-coloured livery, trimmed with black and stuck round with fireworks, rises from a trap-door, delivers a letter to Belphegor, and, making a very low bow, descends in thunder and lightening as he rose. Belphegor then comes forward, and reads the letter, which contains these words—

FORASMUCH as our true and trusty devil and cousin, Belphegor, hath, in obedience to our commands, submitted himself to the torments of the married state for one whole year upon earth, thereby to instruct us in the nature of wives, and to get remission of punishment for all husbands in this our realms; and We, well knowing the many miseries he hath endured in this his state of flesh, and being graciously pleased to release him from his bondage, have ordered that the earth do open at six in the evening of this present day, to re-admit him to our dominions. Given at our palace, &c.

PLUTO.

Belphegor expresses great joy at reading the letter; and while he is thanking Pluto for his clemency, and congratulating himself that his deliverance is near at hand, Harlequin enters at the back of the stage, looking very disconsolately, and bowing to Belphegor, who, after surveying him with wonder, exclaims as follows.

BEL. Hey-day! Who, in the name of Proserpine, have we here? Some other devil upon a frolic, too, I suppose! He looks plaguy discontented. If thou art a devil, speak to me. *(Harlequin shakes his head.)* A Frenchman, I presume; but then he would have found his tongue sooner. Are you married, friend?

HAR. A very miserable fellow, Sir.

BEL. Why, ay; that sounds a little like matrimony. But who are you? For, by the knave's look, and the fool's coat, you should be some extraordinary personage.

HAR. I could eat a little, Sir.

BEL. Very likely, friend. But who are you, I say?

HAR. A poor Harlequin, Sir; married yesterday, and now running away from my wife.

BEL. A Harlequin! what's that?

HAR. Were you never at the play-house, Sir? A Harlequin is a man of wit without words; his business is to convey moral sentiments with a nod of the head, or a shake of the nether parts —I'll shew you after dinner, if you please, Sir.

(Belphegor waves his hand, and a table rises with provision and wine.)

HAR. Sir, your most humble servant. If it was not for hunger, now, I should beg leave to ask, Sir, if you are not the devil? *(Sits down and eats.)*

BEL. A devil that will do you no harm, friend.

HAR. But are you really the devil, Sir?

BEL. Have you any objection, Mr. Harlequin?

HAR. None in the least, Sir; it is not my way to object to trifles. Sir, my humble duty to you. *(Drinks.)* Yes, yes, Sir, you must be the devil, or some such great person. And pray, Sir, if one may make bold to ask, how go matters below, Sir? I suppose you have a world of fine company there. But I am afraid, Sir, the place is a little too smoaky for the ladies?

BEL. To those who had not been used to town, indeed——

HAR. To be sure, Sir, the town is a very natural preparation. You live pretty much as we do, I suppose?

BEL. Pretty much so, as to the pleasures of the place; rather less scandal among us.

HAR. And more sinning, perhaps?

BEL. Very little difference as to that;

that: hypocriſy we have none of; people of faſhion, you know, are above hypocriſy; and we are chiefly people of faſhion.

HAR. No doubt, Sir. A good many new-comers, I reckon, from England?

BEL. A good many, friend; we are particularly fond of the Engliſh.

HAR. You have them of all profeſſions, I preſume?

BEL. Lawyers we do not admit. They are good ſort of people in general, and take great pains to come among us; but I don't know how it is, we are apt to be jealous of them, I think—and ſo they go a little lower down.

HAR. Divines of all religions, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Rather of No religion, friend: of thoſe we have abundance; and very much reſpected they are, indeed.

HAR. Phyſicians too, no doubt?

BEL. And that's a little odd; for we have no deaths among us; and yet there is no country under Heaven, I believe, ſo ſtocked with phyſicians as ours.

HAR. And traders, pray?

BEL. A world of them, of the better ſort. The induſtry and wealth of thoſe gentlemen will always ſecure them a warm place with Us.

HAR. Atheiſts, I ſuppoſe, in plenty?

BEL. Atheiſts! Not that I remember. We have abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never heard that they profeſſed atheiſm below.

HAR. And pray, Sir, do any of the players make you a viſit?

BEL. I never heard that they went any where elſe. They are a little unmanageable, indeed; but we have them all, from Roſcius of Rome, to Joe Miller of Drury Lane: and a fine company they are. Beſides, we have all the wits that ever wrote; and then we have no licencer to be a check upon their fancies; though I don't remember that lewdneſs has been carried a degree farther than with you.

HAR. Very likely, Sir. But pray, Sir, if I may be indulged, who are your favourite ladies at preſent?

BEL. Why, indeed, among ſo large a number, it is hard to ſay which. The nuns of all nations are reckoned mighty good ſort of women; but a devil of true taſte will tell you that a thorough-bred Engliſh woman of quality will go beyond them.

HAR. You are pleaſed to compliment the Engliſh ladies, Sir. And what extraordinary buſineſs, if I may have leave to aſk, may have been the occaſion of this viſit?

BEL. Curioſity and a wife: the very two things that ſend you gentlemen upon a viſit to us.

HAR. May be ſo. And pray, Sir, what ſtay do you intend to make?

BEL. Only this evening.

HAR. Can I do you any ſervice, Sir?

BEL. Ay; you ſhall make love to my wife.

HAR. Her ladyſhip is from hell too, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Going thither as faſt as ſhe can, Mr. Harlequin——But I hear her coming; walk this way, and I'll inſtruct you. [*Exeunt.*

Thus ends the ſcene; which my correſpondent inveighs againſt with ſo much bitterneſs, that when I conſider it throughout, I am almoſt of opinion that (in the faſhionable phraſe) he is *taking me in*, and that he has deſired my publication of it in order to excite curioſity, and to get the piece talked of before it's appearance upon the ſtage. And indeed this method of Puffing by Abuſe is frequently the moſt ſucceſsful of any; for as in theſe very reformed times a wicked book is ſo rare to be met with, people will be tempted to read it, out of mere curioſity.

I remember a very ſceptical pamphlet, that was no where to be ſeen but in the bookſeller's ſhop, till the author bethought himſelf of ſelecting the moſt offenſive paſſages of it, and by printing them in the Daily Advertiſer, and calling upon the clergy to confute, and the magiſtrate to ſuppreſs, ſo pernicious a performance, he carried it through three impreſſions in leſs than a fortnight. If my preſent correſpondent has adopted this plan, I ſhall take care to countermork his deſign, by giving it as my opinion, that the above ſcene (however it may be objected to by people of a particular turn) is perfectly harmleſs.

No. XCVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1754.

THE following letter is written with such an air of truth, that though it comes from one of those unhappy creatures who have always a ſtory to tell in palliation of their infamy, I cannot refuſe giving it a place in this paper. If the artifice that undid this poor girl be a common one, it may poſſibly be leſs practiſed by being more known. All I ſhall farther ſay is, that I have made no other alteration in the letter, than to correct falſe ſpellings and a few errors in the Engliſh.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am the daughter of very honeſt and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my ſtory, I ſhall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of ſeventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of ſome diſtinction to town, having lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever ſince I was a child.

At our arrival in town, we were viſited by a great deal of company; and among the reſt, by a young gentleman of fortune, who ſeldom paſſed a day without ſeeing us. As this gentleman's family, and that of my friends, had been long acquainted, his admiſſion to us was without the leaſt ceremony; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myſelf rather as a brother than a viſitor. I had often obſerved, and I confeſs with a ſecret ſatisfaction, that his behaviour to Me, eſpecially when alone, was ſomewhat more particular than to any of my companions; and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me, that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuſe and entertain us.

One afternoon, having been troubled with the head-ach in the morning, and having therefore excuſed myſelf from dining and ſupping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to aſk us to the play. I expreſſed my concern at the ladies being from home; but fooliſhly ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to go alone with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him than to think him capable of aſking me to do any improper thing.

When the play was over, we took coach to return home; but the coachman, having no doubt received his leſſon, ſtopped juſt at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I ſuffered myſelf to be handed into the tavern, while another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion obſerved to me, ſmiling, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would not ſup at home, I ſhould be his gueſt that evening; and, without waiting for a reply, ordered ſupper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonſtrated againſt this propoſal; he knew, he ſaid, that my friends would not return till twelve; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken, and drinking a glaſs of wine where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiſcreet enough to conſent. His behaviour to me all the time was the moſt reſpectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by ſome intereſting diſcourſe; aſſuring me, as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that, till a coach could be had, it was to no purpoſe to attempt going.

I very freely confeſs, that being extremely heated at the play-houſe, I was tempted to drink a glaſs or two of wine more than I was accuſtomed to, which flurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to Him who was entertaining me, the time paſſed away almoſt imperceptibly. However, recollecting myſelf at laſt, I inſiſted peremptorily upon going; when, ſeeing me in earneſt, he pulled out his watch, and, as if violently ſurprized, declared it was paſt two o'clock; adding, in the greateſt ſeeming conſternation, that it would be impoſſible for me

to

to go home that night, and curſing his own folly for the miſchief he had brought upon me.

I will not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to deſcribe the confuſion I was in. Yet ſtill I inſiſted upon going home; which he endeavoured to diſſuade me from, by ſaying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whoſe houſe I lived to think of carrying me thither at ſo late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who ſhould wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuſe for my lying out. I anſwered him, that I would lie no where but at home; that I deteſted myſelf for going out with him, and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. 'Let 'us go, firſt of all,' replied he, 'to the 'lady's, where I will leave you but for 'a moment, and ſee if the family are 'ſitting up for you; for to knock at the 'door, and be refuſed admittance, would 'ruin your reputation in the opinion 'of all the neighbourhood.' I ſtill inſiſted upon going home, and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but, inſtead of carrying me to my friends, it ſtopped at a houſe in another ſtreet. Here I was forced, againſt my will, to alight. The miſtreſs of it was up; a circumſtance which I ſhould have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almoſt to death, and incapable of thinking, ſpeaking, or knowing what I did.

The wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the diſtreſs he had brought me into, left me in great haſte, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a ſhort time; and, with the greateſt ſeeming concern in his countenance, told me, that he had learnt from one of the ſervants that the family had ſupped at home; that they were exaſperated againſt me beyond forgiveneſs; that they concluded me undone; and that they had ſworn never to admit me into their doors again.

I was quite thunderſtruck at this intelligence, and accuſed the wretch who brought it me as the vileſt of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any deſign in what was done, and vowing to ſacrifice his life and fortune to reinſtate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myſelf under his protection; but refuſed going to bed, though preſſed to it by the lady of the houſe, who called herſelf his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous againſt me, and abſolutely determined never to ſee me again. I wrote to them in the moſt moving manner that my heart could indite, and gave the letter to the care of this falſe friend. I wrote alſo to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a ſyllable from them in return; ſo that I now looked upon myſelf as compleatly undone. The anxiety I ſuffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever ſtirred from my bed-ſide, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was ſoon indeed reſtored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began fooliſhly to regard him as one that had ſuffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He ſaw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him; and at length, (for why ſhould I dwell minutely on what I wiſh for ever to forget?) by a thouſand ſtratagems on his ſide, and by a fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

From that very day his affection began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that, in order to get rid of me, and to make our ſeparation my own act, he conteſted to me the whole ſcheme he had laid to get me; ſhewed me advertiſements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my diſcovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I ſtood aſtoniſhed at his villainy, and abhorred him in my ſoul. But, alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was ſurprized at ſeeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her viſit, and very frankly told me, that from diſtant hints which ſhe had that day received from the miſtreſs of the houſe, ſhe apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, ſhe would be glad to aſſiſt me to the utmoſt of her power. She ſpoke this with ſo much affection and good-nature, that I made no ſcruple of telling her my whole ſtory,

which so extremely affected her, that she shed tears while I spoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations against the villainy of men. At the conclusion she offered that moment to take me away, assuring me that her house, her purse, and her sincerest friendship, should always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but she prevented me; and, ordering a coach to be called, she conveyed me that very evening to her country-house.

I staid there a week, and met with the most kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of some changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her house in town; where, in less than four-and-twenty hours, she told me, without the least ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpose she had taken me; and that, as I could have no pretensions to modesty, she hoped my behaviour would be such as should give her no occasion to repent of her kindness to me. I desired to understand her; and was informed (though not in plain words) that my benefactress was a bawd, and that she had taken me into her family for the most infamous of purposes. I trembled with amazement, and insisted on leaving the house that instant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do so; but that first I must pay her for my lodging and clothes. She spoke this with great ease and carelessness, and then left me to myself. I ran down stairs with precipitation; but, alas! scarce was I out of the street before I was stopt and brought back by a bailiff, who had a writ against me. I requested that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken; for, bad as he was, I said, he would not utterly desert me. I was permitted to write, as I desired; and the wretch indeed answered my letter; but it was only to tell me that, as I had thought proper to run away from him, he should have nothing farther to say to me; and that, in short, I must either submit to conditions, or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a prison, and hoping that my story might move compassion in those to whom I was to be introduced, I consented to do as they would have me; but alas, Sir! I was mistaken; they listened indeed to my story; but, instead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they said, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a prostitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a second escape, and to fly to the hands of justice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a spunging-house; where, after remaining two days, a gentleman, who had been admitted to me at that vile woman's, came to see me in my confinement, paid off the debt for which I was arrested, and took me to be his mistress.

But though the life I now lead is in some degree more supportable than that which I have escaped from, yet, to one who hopes that she has still some remains of principle left, it is terrible and shocking. My friends know what I am, and what I have been; but they reject and hate me: and I have not the least glimmering of hope ever to recover from the situation I am in, unless my story should merit the compassion of Him to whom I now send it, and find a place in the World. Vile as I am, I would be otherwise, if I might. I am not old in wickedness, though I have gone such lengths in it; being now, really and truly, but just turned of eighteen, and having left my father's house no more than fifteen months ago, two of which months I have lived in innocence and reputation with the most worthy of families.

As to him who has brought upon me all this weight of misery, and who serenely and unconcernedly can reflect upon what he has done, (for so I am sure he does) I have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope. I can, therefore, have but one inducement to desire your publication of this letter; which is, that my friends may know that I have gained that credit with a stranger which they have refused to give me; and that I am, really and truly, an object of compassion. I am, Sir, (though lost to myself) your most faithful humble servant.

No. XCVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1754.

IT gives me great pleaſure that I am able in this day's paper to congratulate the polite part of my fellow ſubjects of both ſexes, upon the ſplendid revival of that moſt rational entertainment an Italian opera. Of late years it had ſeemed to ſicken; ſo that I greatly feared that the unſucceſsful efforts which it made, from time to time, were it's convulſive and expiring pangs. But it now appears, and indeed much to the honour of this country, that we have ſtill too many protectors and protectreſſes of the liberal arts, to ſuffer that of muſic, the moſt liberal of them all, to ſink for want of due encouragement.

I am ſenſible that Italian operas have frequently been the objects of the ridicule of many of our greateſt wits; and, viewed in one light only, perhaps not without ſome reaſon. But as I conſider all public diverſions ſingly with regard to the effects which they may have upon the morals and manners of the public, I confeſs I reſpect the Italian operas as the moſt innocent of any.

The ſevere Monſieur Boileau juſtly condemns the French operas, the morals of which he calls

——Morale lubrique
Que Lulli rechauffa des ſons de ſa muſique.

But then it muſt be conſidered that French operas are always in French, and conſequently may be underſtood by many French people; and that they are fine dramatic tragedies, adorned with all the graces of poetry and harmony of ſounds, and may probably inſpire too tender, if not voluptuous ſentiments. Can that Italian opera be accuſed of any thing of this kind? Certainly not. Were what is called the poetry of it intelligible in itſelf, it would not be underſtood by one in fifty of a Britiſh audience: but I believe that even an Italian of common candour will confeſs, that he does not underſtand one word of it. It is not the intention of the thing: for ſhould the ingenious author of the words, by miſtake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the compoſer of the muſic, who perhaps might think himſelf obliged to adapt his ſounds to the ſenſe: whereas now he is at liberty to ſcatter indiſcriminately among the kings, queens, heroes, and heroines, his Adagio's, his Allegro's, his Pathetics, his Chromatics, and his Jiggs. It would alſo have been a reſtraint upon the actors and actreſſes, who might poſſibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but ſeem, by turns, to be angry and ſorry in the two firſt acts, and very merry in the laſt ſcene of the laſt, they are ſure to meet with their deſerved applauſe.

Signor Metaſtaſio attempted ſome time ago a very dangerous innovation. He tried gently to throw ſome ſenſe into his operas; but it did not take: the conſequences were obvious, and nobody knew where they would ſtop.

The whole ſkill and judgment of the poet now conſiſts in ſelecting about a hundred words (for the opera vocabulary does not exceed that number) that terminate in liquids and vowels, and rhyme to each other. Theſe words excite ideas in the hearer, though they were not the reſult of any in the poet. Thus the word *tortorella*, ſtretched out to a quaver of a quarter of an hour, excites in us the ideas of tender and faithful love; but if it is ſucceeded by *navicella*, that ſoothing idea gives way to the boiſterous and horrid one of a ſkiff (that is, a heart) toſſed by the winds and waves upon the main of love. The handcuffs and fetters in which the hero commonly appears at the end of the ſecond, or the beginning of the third act, indicate captivity; and, when properly ſingled to a pathetic piece of recitativo upon *queſti ceppi*, are really very moving, and inſpire a love of liberty. Can any thing be more innocent or more moral than this muſical pantomime, in which there is not one indecent word or action; but where, on the contrary, the moſt generous ſentiments are (however imperfectly) pointed out and inculcated?

I was once indeed afraid that the licentiouſneſs of the times had infected even the opera: for in that of Alexander, the hero going into the heroine's apartment, found her taking a nap in an eaſy-chair. Tempted by ſo much beauty,

beauty, and invited by so favourable an opportunity, he gently approached, and *stole a pair of gloves*. I confess, I dreaded the consequences of this bold step; and the more so, as it was taken by the celebrated Signor Senesino. But all went off very well; for the hero contented himself with giving the good company a song, in which he declared, that the lips he had just kissed were a couple of rubies.

Another good effect of the Italian operas is, that they contribute extremely to the keeping of good hours; the whole audience (though passionately fond of music) being so tired before they are half, and so sleepy before they are quite done, that they make the best of their way home, too drowsy to enter upon fresh pleasures that night.

Having thus rescued these excellent musical dramas from the unjust ridicule which some people of vulgar and illiberal tastes have endeavoured to throw upon them, I must proceed, and do justice to the Virtuosos and Virtuosas who perform them. But I believe it will be necessary for me to premise, for the sake of many of my English readers, that Virtù, among the modern Italians, signifies nothing less than what Virtus did among the ancient ones, or what Virtue signifies among us; on the contrary, I might say, that it signifies almost every thing else. Consequently, those respectable titles of Virtuoso and Virtuosa have not the least relation to the moral characters of the parties. They mean only that those persons (endowed, some by nature, and some by art, with good voices) have from their infancy devoted their time and labour to the various combinations of seven notes: a study that must unquestionably have formed their minds, enlarged their notions, and have rendered them most agreeable and instructive companions; and as such, I observe that they are justly solicited, received, and cherished, by people of the first distinction.

As these illustrious personages come over here with no sordid view of profit, but merely *per far piacer a la nobilita Ingleſe*; that is, to oblige the English nobility; they are exceedingly good and condescending to such of the said English nobility, and even gentry, as are desirous to contract an intimacy with them. They will, for a word's speaking, dine, sup, or pass the whole day, with people of a certain condition, and perhaps sing or play, if civilly requested. Nay, I have known many of them so good as to pass two or three months of the summer at the country-seats of some of their noble friends, and thereby mitigate the horrors of the country and the mansion-house to my lady and her daughters. I have been assured, by many of their chief patrons and patronesses, that they are all *the best creatures in the world*; and from the time of Signor Cavaliero Nicolini down to this day, I have constantly heard the several great performers, such as Farinelli, Carestini, Monticelli, Gaffarielli, as well as the Signore Cuzzoni, Faustina, &c. much more praised for their affability, the gentleness of their manners, and all the good qualities of the head and heart, than for either their musical skill or execution. I have even known these their social virtues lay their protectors and protectresses under great difficulties how to reward such distinguished merit. But benefit-nights luckily came to their assistance, and gave them an opportunity of insinuating, with all due regard, into the hand of the performer, in lieu of a ticket, a considerable bank-bill, a gold snuff-box, a diamond ring, or some such trifle. It is to be hoped, that the illustrious Signor Farinelli has not yet forgot the many instances he experienced of British munificence: for it is certain, that many private families *still remember them*.

All this is very well; and I greatly approve of it, as I am of tolerating and naturalizing principles. But, however, as the best things may admit of improvement by certain modifications, I shall now suggest two; the one of a public, the other of a private nature. I would by all means welcome these respectable guests, but I would by no means part with them, as is too soon and too often the case. Some of them, when they have got ten or fifteen thousand pounds here, unkindly withdraw themselves, and purchase estates in land in their own countries; and others are seduced from us, by the pressing invitations of some great potentate to come over to superintend his pleasures, and to take a share in his counsels. This is not only a great loss to their particular friends, the nobility and gentry, but to the nation in general, by turning the balance of our musical commerce considerably against us. I would,

would, therefore, humbly propose that, immediately upon the arrival of these valuable strangers, a writ of *ne exeat regnum* should be issued to keep them here. The other modification, which I beg leave to hint at only, it being of a private nature, is, that no Virtuoso, whose voice is below a *contralto*, shall be taken to the country-seat of any family whatsoever; much less any strapping fiddler, bassoon, or bass-viol, who does not even pretend to sing, or if he does, sings a rough tenor, or a tremendous bass. The consequences may be serious; but, at least, the appearances are not edifying.

N° XCIX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

PRUDENS FUTURI TEMPORIS EXITUM
CALIGINOSA NOCTE PREMIT DEUS;
RIDETQUE, SI MORTALIS ULTRA
FAS TREPIDAT. QUOD ADEST, MEMENTO
COMPONERE ÆQUUS. HOR.

IT requires very little experience of the world to discover that mankind seldom enjoy the present hour, but are almost continually employing their thoughts about the future. This disposition may indeed serve to delude some people into a happiness which otherwise they would never know; and we sometimes see men engaging in prospects apparently disadvantageous to themselves, that they may enjoy the comfortable thought of having benefited their families. But, unfortunately, this is not the general turn of mankind; and, I am afraid, still less so of my countrymen than of any others: they are constantly looking towards the dark side of the prospect, fearing every thing, and hoping nothing.

This unhappy disposition seems to spread its baleful influence more fatally in this month than in any other of the whole year: for, besides the colds, vapours, and nervous disorders, with which individuals are afflicted, the State always suffers exceedingly during this month. I myself remember This Country Undone every November for these forty years. The truth is, that, to make amends for that levity and dissipation of thought which horse-racing and rural sports have occasioned in the summer, every zealous Englishman sits down at this season seriously to consider the state of the nation; and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are so bad, that the business of government cannot possibly be carried on through another session. The products of the press, either proceeding from persons really affected by the season, or cunningly designed to suit the gloomy disposition of the buyer, all tend to increase this disorder of the mind. *Serious Considerations*, *The Tears of Trade*, *The Groans of the Plantations*, and the like, are the titles that spread the sale of pamphlets at this season of the year; while *The Cordial for low Spirits*, and *The Pills to purge Melancholy*, have no chance for a vent, till the Spring has given a turn to the blood, and put the spirits into a disposition to be pleased.

There are indeed many recreations and amusements in this metropolis, that are designed as so many antidotes to the general gloom; but, though we have had this year the greatest importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city, who are at present so totally possessed with the spleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, singers, mimics, and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution which is constantly brought about by the Christmas holidays, and the lengthening of the days. Those who seemed so lately to be lost in despair, grow into spirits on a sudden; and plays, operas, balls, pantomimes, and burlettas, diffuse an universal ecstasy.

But even in the midst of this highest tide of spirits, I am sorry to say it, the most groundless suppositions of what may possibly happen shall spread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an invasion, a comet, or an earthquake, shall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In short, every apprehension shall, in it's turn, make an impression on our imaginations, except that of a Future State.

That

That this great event ſhould not occupy thoſe minds which are totally engroſſed by the Preſent, is not much to be wondered at; but that it ſhould be the only view towards which theſe Lookers Forward never turn their eyes, is an inconſiſtency altogether unaccountable.

When Falſtaff's wench is ſitting upon his knee, her hint ſeems to be a little ill-timed, when ſhe adviſes him 'to 'patch up his old body for Heaven;' and his reply is ſuitable to the place and occaſion—'Peace, good Doll; do not 'ſpeak like a death's-head; do not bid 'me remember mine end.' Mrs. Quickly was no leſs blameable on the other ſide, when, finding him ſo near his end that he began to cry out, ſhe ſays—'Now I, to Comfort him, bid him he 'ſhould not think of God.'

I avoid entering ſeriouſly and particularly into this ſubject, that I may not give my paper the air of a ſermon: and inſtead of uſing arguments of a religious caſt, I deſire only to recommend a propriety and conſiſtency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would adviſe my readers either to throw aſide, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curioſity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the Preſent; or if, of neceſſity, they muſt direct their whole attention to the Future, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend upon with the utmoſt certainty, which will afford the moſt profitable exerciſe for their inquiſitive thoughts, and which will be the only inſtance where an anxious concern for the Future can poſſibly be of ſervice to them.

I have been principally led into this train of thinking, by a letter which I received yeſterday by the penny-poſt, and which I ſhall here communicate to my readers, as a proper concluſion to this paper.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am juſt returned from a ſhort viſit to ſome relations of mine, who live in a large old manſion-houſe in the country. The gloomy aſpect of the place, the unpleaſing appearance of nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of the weather with the change of the ſeaſon, made me acquieſce in the received opinion, that there is really ſomething dreadful in the influence of this month of November; which, however, we who live in London have no ſuch apparent reaſon to be affected with.

The melancholy impreſſion which I received from this place, was greatly increaſed by the turn of it's inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are bleſſed with a competent fortune, and two fine children; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other; their whole attention being engroſſed by objects which, in their eſtimation, are of much greater conſequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France; and my aunt is no leſs occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millennium.

A younger brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been buſied many years in calculations, which, he aſſerts, are of the utmoſt importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehenſive that, from Sir Iſaac Newton's ſyſtem, the time will come when this earth, round as it was at firſt created, will be as flat as a pancake; but, long before this event can happen, it muſt ſuffer a moſt palpable inconvenience. He has made a diſcovery, that the conſumption of man conſumes faſter than the earth produces. Vaſt fleets and enormous buildings, have waſted almoſt all our oak; and the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. 'What ſhall we do,' he ſays, 'when the coal, ſalt, iron, and lead-'mines, are exhauſted? And beſides, may 'it not happen before theſe events take 'place, that ſuch vaſt excavations, in-'conſiderately made, may give a re-'mici-'ous inequality to the balance of the 'globe?' Theſe arguments are ſlighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they evince the neceſſity of a renewal, and tend to haſten, as well as prove, the eſtabliſhment of the Millennium.

A farther account of the anxieties of this family may poſſibly be the ſubject of another letter: I ſhall, however, conclude this with diſcovering to you my own. I am in great pain leſt the young ſquire ſhould turn out a vulgar and imperious

perfious blockhead, from having been left all his life to ſervants; and I am ſorry to ſay, that the event which my uncle and aunt have moſt immediate reaſon to apprehend, is my couſin Mary's running away with the butler. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

A. Z.

Nº C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1754.

I Heard the other day with great pleaſure from my worthy friend Mr. Dodſley, that Mr. Johnſon's Engliſh Dictionary, with a grammar and hiſtory of our language prefixed, will be publiſhed this winter, in two large volumes in folio.

I had long lamented that we had no lawful ſtandard of our language ſet up, for thoſe to repair to who might chuſe to ſpeak and write it grammatically and correctly: and I have as long wiſhed, that either ſome one perſon of diſtinguiſhed abilities would undertake the work ſingly, or that a certain number of gentlemen would form themſelves, or be formed by the government, into a ſociety for that purpoſe. The late ingenious Dr. Swift propoſed a plan of this nature to his friend (as he thought him) the lord treaſurer of Oxford, but without ſucceſs; preciſion and perſpicuity not being in general the favourite objects of miniſters, and perhaps ſtill leſs ſo of that miniſter than any other.

Many people have imagined, that ſo extenſive a work would have been beſt performed by a number of perſons, who ſhould have taken their ſeveral departments of examining, ſifting, winnowing, (I borrow this image from the Italian *crusca*) purifying, and finally fixing our language, by incorporating their reſpective funds into one joint ſtock. But whether this opinion be true or falſe, I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular, greatly obliged to Mr. Johnſon, for having undertaken and executed ſo great and deſirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Mr. Johnſon already publiſhed, we have good reaſon to believe that he will bring this as near to perfection as any one man could do. The plan of it, which he publiſhed ſome years ago, ſeems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expreſſed. I therefore recommend the previous peruſal of it to all thoſe who intend to buy the dictionary, and who, I ſuppoſe, are all thoſe who can afford it.

The celebrated dictionaries of the Florentine and French academies owe their preſent ſize and perfection to very ſmall beginnings. Some private gentlemen of Florence, and ſome at Paris, had met at each other's houſes to talk over and conſider their reſpective languages: upon which they publiſhed ſome ſhort eſſays, which eſſays were the embryos of thoſe perfect productions that now do ſo much honour to the two nations. Even Spain, which ſeems not to be the ſoil where, of late at leaſt, letters have either proſpered, or been cultivated, has produced a dictionary, and a good one too, of the Spaniſh language, in ſix large volumes in folio.

I cannot help thinking it a ſort of diſgrace to our nation, that hitherto we have had no ſuch ſtandard of our language; our dictionaries at preſent being more properly what our neighbours the Dutch and the Germans call theirs, Word-books, than dictionaries in the ſuperior ſenſe of that title. All words, good and bad, are there jumbled indiſcriminately together, inſomuch, that the injudicious reader may ſpeak and write as inelegantly, improperly, and vulgarly, as he pleaſes, by and with the authority of one or other of our Word-books.

It muſt be owned, that our language is at preſent in a ſtate of anarchy; and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worſe for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expreſſions have been imported, adopted, and naturalized, from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it ſtill preſerve what real ſtrength and beauty it may have borrowed from others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and cruſhed by unneceſſary foreign ornaments. The time for diſcrimination ſeems to be now come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization, have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now ne-

ceſſary. But where ſhall we find them, and, at the ſame time, the obedience due to them? We muſt have recourſe to the old Roman expedient in times of confuſion, and chuſe a dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnſon to fill that great and arduous poſt. And I hereby declare, that I make a total ſurrender of all my rights and privileges in the Engliſh language, as a free-born Britiſh ſubject, to the ſaid Mr. Johnſon, during the term of his dictatorſhip. Nay, more; I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair, but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I preſume, that obedience can never be expected, when there is neither terror to enforce, nor intereſt to invite it.

I confeſs that I have ſo much honeſt Engliſh pride, or perhaps prejudice, about me, as to think myſelf more conſiderable for whatever contributes to the honour, the advantage, or the ornament, of my native country. I have therefore a ſenſible pleaſure in reflecting upon the rapid progreſs which our language has lately made, and ſtill continues to make, all over Europe. It is frequently ſpoken, and almoſt univerſally underſtood, in Holland; it is kindly entertained as a relation in the moſt civilized parts of Germany; and it is ſtudied as a learned language, though yet little ſpoke, by all thoſe in France and Italy, who either have, or pretend to have, any learning.

The ſpreading the French language over moſt parts of Europe, to the degree of making it almoſt an univerſal one, was always reckoned among the glories of the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth. But be it remembered, that the ſucceſs of his arms firſt opened the way to it; though at the ſame time it muſt be owned, that a great number of moſt excellent authors who flouriſhed in his time, added ſtrength and velocity to it's progreſs. Whereas our language has made it's way ſingly by it's own weight and merit, under the conduct of thoſe leaders, Shakeſpeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, Swift, Pope, Addiſon, &c. A nobler ſort of conqueſt, and a far more glorious triumph, ſince graced by none but willing captives!

Theſe authors, though for the moſt part but indifferently tranſlated into foreign languages, gave other nations a ſample of the Britiſh genius. The copies, imperfect as they were, pleaſed, and excited a general deſire of ſeeing the originals; and both our authors and our language ſoon became claſſical.

But a grammar, a dictionary, and a hiſtory, of our language, through it's ſeveral ſtages, were ſtill wanting at home, and importunately called for from abroad. Mr. Johnſon's labours will now, and, I dare ſay, very fully, ſupply that want, and greatly contribute to the farther ſpreading of our language in other countries. Learners were diſcouraged by finding no ſtandard to reſort to, and conſequently thought it incapable of any. They will now be undeceived and encouraged.

There are many hints and conſiderations relative to our language, which I ſhould have taken the liberty of ſuggeſting to Mr. Johnſon, had I not been convinced that they have equally occurred to him: but there is one, and a very material one it is, to which perhaps he may not have given all the neceſſary attention; I mean, the genteeler part of our language, which owes both it's riſe and progreſs to my fair country-women, whoſe natural turn is more to the copiouſneſs than to the correction of diction. I would not adviſe him to be raſh enough to proſcribe any of thoſe happy redundancies and luxuriancies of expreſſion with which they have enriched our language. They willingly inflict fetters, but very unwillingly ſubmit to wear them. In this caſe his work will be ſo difficult, that I deſign, as a common friend, to propoſe in ſome future paper the means which appear to me the moſt likely to reconcile matters.

P. S. I hope that none of my courteous readers will upon this occaſion be ſo uncourteous as to ſuſpect me of being a hired and intereſted puff of this work; for I moſt ſolemnly proteſt, that neither Mr. Johnſon, nor any perſon employed by him, nor any bookſeller or bookſellers concerned in the ſucceſs of it, have ever offered me the uſual compliment of a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine; nor has even Mr. Dodſley, though my publiſher, and, as I am informed, deeply intereſted in the ſale of this dictionary, ſo much as invited me to take a bit of mutton with him.

N°.

N° CI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1754.

WHEN I intimated in my laſt paper ſome diſtruſt of Mr. Johnſon's complaiſance to the fairer part of his readers, it was becauſe I had a greater opinion of his impartiality and ſeverity as a judge, than of his gallantry as a fine gentleman: and, indeed, I am well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, if he attempted to reconcile the polite with the grammatical part of our language. Should he, by an act of power, baniſh and attaint many of the favourite words and expreſſions with which the ladies have ſo profuſely enriched our language, he would excite the indignation of the moſt formidable, becauſe the moſt lovely part of his readers: his dictionary would be condemned as a ſyſtem of tyranny; and he himſelf, like the laſt Tarquin, run the riſque of being depoſed. So popular and ſo powerful is the female cauſe! On the other hand, ſhould he, by an act of grace, admit, legitimate, and incorporate, into our language thoſe words and expreſſions, which, haſtily begot, owe their birth to the incontinency of female eloquence; what ſevere cenſures might he not juſtly apprehend from the learned part of his readers, who do not underſtand complaiſances of that nature?

For my own part, as I am always inclined to plead the cauſe of my fair fellow-ſubjects, I ſhall now take the liberty of laying before Mr. Johnſon thoſe arguments which upon this occaſion may be urged in their favour, as introductory to the compromiſe which I ſhall humbly offer, and conclude with.

Language is indiſputably the more immediate province of the fair ſex: there they ſhine, there they excel. The torrents of their eloquence, eſpecially in the vituperative way, ſtun all oppoſition, and bear away, in one promiſcuous heap, nouns, pronouns, verbs, moods, and tenſes. If words are wanting, (which indeed happens but ſeldom) indignation inſtantly makes new ones; and I have often known four or five ſyllables that never met one another before, haſtily and fortuitouſly jumbled into ſome word of mighty import.

Nor is the tender part of our language leſs obliged to that ſoft and amiable ſex; their love being at leaſt as productive as their indignation. Should they lament, in an involuntary retirement, the abſence of the adored object, they give new murmurs to the brook, new ſounds to the echo, and new notes to the plaintive Philomela. But when this happy copiouſneſs flows, as it often does, into gentle numbers, good Gods! how is the poetical diction enriched, and the poetical licence extended! Even in common converſation, I never ſee a pretty mouth opening to ſpeak, but I expect, and am ſeldom diſappointed, ſome new improvement of our language. I remember many expreſſive words coined in that fair mint. I aſſiſted at the birth of that moſt ſignificant word Flirtation, which dropped from the moſt beautiful mouth in the world, and which has ſince received the ſanction of our moſt accurate Laureat in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiſcerning people have, I know, taken it to be a term ſynonymous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnſon, that Flirtation is ſhort of coquetry, and intimates only the firſt hints of approximation, which ſubſequent coquetry may reduce to thoſe preliminary articles that commonly end in a definitive treaty.

I was alſo a witneſs to the riſe and progreſs of that moſt important verb, To Fuzz; which, if not of legitimate birth, is at leaſt of fair extraction. As I am not ſure that it has yet made it's way into Mr. Johnſon's literary retirement, I think myſelf obliged to inform him that it is at preſent the moſt uſeful, and the moſt uſed word in our language; ſince it means no leſs than dealing twice together with the ſame pack of cards, for luck's ſake, at Whiſt.

Not contented with enriching our language by words abſolutely new, my fair country-women have gone ſtill farther, and improved it by the application and extenſion of old ones to various and very different ſignifications. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into ſhillings for pocket money, to be employed in the ſeveral occaſional purpoſes of the day. For inſtance, the adjective Vaſt, and it's adverb Vaſtly, mean any

thing, and are the fashionable words of the most fashionable people. A fine woman (under this head I comprehend all fine gentlemen too, not knowing in truth where to place them properly) is Vastly obliged, or Vastly offended, Vastly glad, or Vastly sorry. Large objects are Vastly great, small ones are Vastly little; and I had lately the pleasure to hear a fine woman pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very small gold snuff-box that was produced in company to be Vastly pretty, because it was Vastly little. Mr. Johnson will do well to consider seriously to what degree he will restrain the various and extensive significations of this great word.

Another very material point still remains to be considered; I mean, the orthography of our language, which is at present very various and unsettled.

We have at present two very different orthographies, the Pedantic, and the Polite; the one founded upon certain dry crabbed rules of etymology and grammar, the other singly upon the justness and delicacy of the ear. I am thoroughly persuaded that Mr. Johnson will endeavour to establish the former; and I perfectly agree with him, provided it can be quietly brought about. Spelling, as well as music, is better performed by book, than merely by the ear, which may be variously affected by the same sounds. I therefore most earnestly recommend to my fair country-women, and to their faithful, or faithless servants, the fine gentlemen of this realm, to surrender, as well for their own private, as for the public utility, all their natural rights and privileges of mis-spelling, which they have so long enjoyed, and so vigorously exerted. I have really known very fatal consequences attend that loose and uncertain practice of Auricular Orthography; of which I shall produce two instances as a sufficient warning.

A very fine gentleman wrote a very harmless innocent letter to a very fine lady, giving her an account of some trifling commissions which he had executed according to her orders. This letter, though directed to the lady, was, by the mistake of a servant, delivered to, and opened by the husband; who finding all his attempts to understand it unsuccessful, took it for granted that it was a concerted cypher, under which a criminal correspondence, not much to his own honour or advantage, was secretly carried on. With the letter in his hand, and rage in his heart, he went immediately to his wife, and reproached her in the most injurious terms with her supposed infidelity. The lady, conscious of her own innocence, calmly requested to see the grounds of so unjust an accusation; and being accustomed to the Auricular Orthography, made shift to read to her incensed husband the most inoffensive letter that ever was written. The husband was undeceived, or at least wise enough to seem so; for in such nice cases one must not peremptorily decide. However, as sudden impressions are generally pretty strong, he has been observed to be more suspicious ever since.

The other accident had much worse consequences. Matters were happily brought, between a fine gentleman and a fine lady, to the decisive period of an appointment at a third place. *The place where* is always the lover's business, *the time when* the lady's. Accordingly, an impatient and rapturous letter from the lover signified to the lady the house and street *where*; to which a tender answer from the lady assented, and appointed the time *when*. But unfortunately, from the uncertainty of the lover's Auricular Orthography, the lady mistook both hour and street, was conveyed in a hackney chair to a wrong one, and in the hurry and agitation which ladies are sometimes in upon those occasions, rushed into a house where she happened to be known, and her intentions consequently discovered. In the mean time the lover passed three or four hours at the right place, in the alternate agonies of impatient and disappointed love, tender fear, and anxious jealousy.

Such examples really make one tremble; and will, I am convinced, determine my fair fellow-subjects, and their adherents, to adopt, and scrupulously conform to Mr. Johnson's rules of true Orthography by book. In return to this concession, I seriously advise him to publish, by way of appendix to his great work, a genteel Neological Dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical words and phrases, commonly used, and sometimes understood, by the Beau Monde. By such an act of toleration, who knows but he may, in time, bring them within the pale of the English language? The best Latin dictionaries have commonly a short

short supplemental one annexed, of the obsolete and barbarous Latin words, which pedants sometimes borrow, to shew their erudition. Surely, then, my country-women, the enrichers, the patronesses, and the harmonizers, of our language, deserve greater indulgence. I must also hint to Mr. Johnson, that such a small supplemental dictionary will contribute infinitely to the sale of the great one; and I make no question but that, under the protection of that little work, the great one will be received in the genteelest houses. We shall frequently meet with it in ladies dressing-rooms, lying upon the harpsichord, together with the knotting-bag, and Signor Di-Giardino's incomparable concertos; and even, sometimes, in the powder-rooms of our young nobility, upon the same shelf with their German-flute, their powder-mask, and their four-horse whip.

Nº CII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1754.

PROFERET IN LUCEM SPECIOSA VOCABULA RERUM. HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AS an Englishman, I gratefully applaud the zeal you shew for ascertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge the use and even the necessity of the Neological dictionary, mentioned in your last paper. I must, however, beg leave so far to dissent from you, as to doubt the propriety of joining to the fixed and permanent standard of our language, a vocabulary of words which perish and are forgot within the compass of the year.

That we are obliged to the ladies for most of these ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it must also be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to suppose they would delight in perpetuity of any thing whose loss they can so easily supply. It would be no less an error to imagine that they wanted a repository for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wished for a wardrobe to preserve their cast-off fashions. Novelty is their pleasure: singularity, and the love of being before-hand, is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence arises the prudent taste for planting, and the pleasure the ladies take in shewing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what respectful pleasure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths troll out the Toxicodendron, Chrysanthemum, Orchis, Tragopogon, Hypericum, and the like?

From hence only can we account for that jargon which the French call the *Bon ton*, which they are obliged to change continually, as soon as they find it prophaned by any other company but one step lower than themselves in their degrees of politeness. A lady, armed with a new word, exults with a conscious superiority, and exercises a tyranny over those who do not understand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *Capias*, *Latitat*, and *Venire facias*: but a word which has been a month upon the town loses it's force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into English.

In order, therefore, to interpret every new word, and what is still more important, to give the different acceptations of the same words, according to the various senses in which they are received and understood in the different parts of this extensive metropolis, I would recommend a small portable vocabulary to be annually published and bound up with the almanack. It is of great consequence that a work of this nature should be duly and carefully executed, because, though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or misled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuse of turning old words from their former signification to a sense not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to say, a new sound, which had no sense previously affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puzzling for a while the understanding and memory; but what shall we say to the turn which the present age has taken of giving an entire new sense to words and expressions, and that in so delicate a case as the characters of men? I remember when a certain person informed a large company

company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a Good Man was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a bill at sight, the whole assembly shook their heads, and thought it was a strange perversion of language. And yet these very persons are not aware that the phrases they commonly use would appear equally strange on the other side Temple Bar. A Silly Fellow, for instance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been so often imposed upon that he was not worth a groat; instead of that, it is the most common term for one who possesses the very fortune, talent, mistress, or preferment, which his deserver wishes to have. In like manner, a Silly Woman implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy, and good-natured, than the rest of her female acquaintance. Odd Man is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the streets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no Odd People, she means all decent, grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her husband's.

Besides those words which owe their rise to caprice or accident, there are many which, having been long confined to particular professions, offices, districts, climates, &c. are brought into public use by fashion, or the reigning topic on which conversation has happened to dwell for any considerable time. During the great rebellion they talked universally the language of the Scriptures. 'To your tents, O Israel,' was the well-known cry of faction in the streets. They beat the enemy 'from Dan even 'unto Beersheba;' and expressed themselves in a manner which must have been totally unintelligible, except in those extraordinary times, when people of all sorts happened to read the Bible. To these succeeded the Wits of Charles's days; to understand whom it was necessary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry, as they generally began or concluded their discourse with a couplet. In our own memory, the late war, which began at sea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the size of our swords and hats, but of our words also. The peace taught us the language of the secretary's office. Our country squires made *treaties* about their game, and ladies *negociated* the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been used *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the state of our *finances*. To spend a week in the country or town is a *measure*; and if we dislike the *measure*, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chinese, we adopted also for a while their language. A doll of that country we called a josh, and a slight building, a pagoda. For that year we talked of nothing but palanquins, nabobs, mandarins, junks, sepoys, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the East-Indies?

I would therefore farther propose, in order to render this work compleat, that a supplement be added to it, which shall be an explanation of the words, figures, and forms of speech of the country, that will most probably be the subject of conversation for the ensuing year. For instance: whoever considers the destination of our present expedition, must think it high time to publish an interpretation of West India phrases, which will soon become so current among us, that no man will be fit to appear in company who shall not be able to ornament his discourse with those jewels. For my part, I wish such a work had been published time enough to have assisted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

—'The *Chippaways* and *Orundaks* 'are still very troublesome. Last week 'they *scalped* one of our *Indians*: but 'the *Six nations* continue firm; and at 'a meeting of *Sachems* it was determined *to take up the hatchet*, and *make the* 'great *war-kettle boil*. The French desired 'to *smoak the calumet of peace*; but the 'half-king would not consent. They 'offered the *speech-belt*, but it was refused. Our governor has received an 'account of their proceedings, together 'with *a string of wampum*, and *a* 'bundle of skins to brighten the chain.'

A work of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that A Guide *to the* New English *tongue* must have as great a sale as the British Peerage, Baronetage, Register of Races, List of the Houses, and other such-like nomenclators, which constitute the useful part of the modern library. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

C. D.

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N° CIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1754.

I Am never better pleased than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country; at the same time, I would not endeavour to defend it preposterously, nor to contradict the eyes, the senses, of mankind, out of stark good patriotism. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world necessarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate so powerfully on constitutions, as to preserve the same character perpetually to the same nations. I do not doubt but in some age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimsical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour islanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the precision with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are so bigotted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on Old England, they would cram their composition with encomiums on our good-nature, our bravery, and our hospitality. This, indeed, might be a panegyric on Old England, but would have very little resemblance to the modern characteristics of the nation. Our good-nature was necessarily soured by the spirit of party, our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that restrained prize fighting; and hospitality is totally impracticable, since a much more laudable custom has been introduced, and prevailed universally, of paying the servants of other people much more than their master's dinner cost. Yet we shall always have virtues sufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics; and if some of our more heroic qualities are grown obsolete, others of a gentler cast, and better calculated for the help of society, have grown up and diffused themselves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite; while we feasted half a dozen wapentakes with sirloins of beef, and sheep roasted whole, we could not attend to the mechanism of a plate no bigger than a crown-piece, *loaded* with the legs of Canary birds, dressed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody start at my calling this a polite nation. It shall be the business of this paper to prove that we are the most polite nation in Europe; and that France must yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring instance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeness, the impertinent spirit of her parliaments, which, though couched in very civil-worded remonstrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and crossed his clergy, in a manner not to be defended by a people who piqued themselves upon complaisance and attentions.—But I abominate politics: and when I am writing in defence of politeness, shall certainly not blend so coarse a subject with so civil a theme.

It is not virtue that constitutes the politeness of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a system that does not shock society. Politeness (as I understand the word) *is an universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one's intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by acquiescence without sincerity.* A clergyman who puts his patron into a sweat by driving him round the room, till he has found the coolest place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while she should perform the refreshing office in next room, I should think she is not polite. When Boncœur shivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet professes that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season, he is not polite; he is more, he is kind. When Sophia is really pleased with the stench of a kennel, because her husband likes that she should go and look at a favourite litter, she must not pretend to politeness; she is only a good wife. If this definition, and these instances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the most extensive

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renown for politeneſs, had any pretenſions to it. The Greeks called all the reſt of the world barbarians: the Romans went ſtill farther, and treated them as ſuch. Alexander, the beſt-bred hero amongſt the former, I muſt own, was polite, and ſhewed great Attentions for Darius's family; but a queſtion, if he had not extended his Attentions a little farther to the Princeſs Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. As to the Romans, ſo far were they from having any notion of treating foreigners with regard, that there is not one claſſic author that mentions a ſingle ball or maſquerade given to any ſtranger of diſtinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the firſt faſhion of other countries, in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their ſhop-keepers and apprentices: a practice that we ſhould look upon with horror! What would the Examiner have ſaid, if the Duke of Marlborough had hauled Marſhal Tallard to St. Paul's, or the Royal Exchange, behind his chariot? How deſervedly would the French have called us Savages, if we had made Marſhal Belliſle pace along the kennel in Fleet Street, or up Holborn, while ſome of our miniſters or generals called it an ovation?

The French, who attempt to ſucceed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have ſucceeded them in politeneſs, have adopted the ſame way of thinking, though ſo contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Engliſhman or a German ever ſees a ſuit of cloaths till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a ſoupe at London; and are ſo confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that, with the greateſt complaiſance in the world, they affirm to you, that they ſuppoſe your dukes and ducheſſes live in caves, with only the property of wider forefts than ordinary, and that *les mi lords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw fleſh, and ride races without breeches or ſaddles. At their houſes they receive you with wonder that ſhocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themſelves to the torture of converſing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dreſs like a ſenſible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourſelf like a Chriſtian. How different are our Attentions to foreigners! How open our houſes to their nobility, our purſes to their tradeſmen! But, without drawing antitheſes between our politeneſs and their ill-breeding, I ſhall produce an inſtance in which we have puſhed our refinements *on the duties of ſociety* beyond what the moſt civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in common intercourſe, but our very crimes are tranſacted with ſuch a ſoftneſs of manners, that, though they may *injure*, they are ſure never to *affront* our neighbour. The inſtance I mean, is the extreme good-breeding that has been introduced into the ſcience of robbery; which (conſidering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuiſance to ſociety, if the profeſſors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which have already got an eſtabliſhed footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a Brute, a Monſter, if he had not all manner of attention not *to frighten the ladies*: and none of the great Mr. Naſh's laws are more ſacred, than that of reſtoring any favourite bauble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth has leſs of the *bienvoiſance* than their banditti. No Tartar has leſs *douceur* in his manner, than a French highwayman. He takes your money without making you a bow, and your life, without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guet, a ſevere police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troubleſome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that ſome of our lateſt imported young gentlemen affirm, that the Sieur Martineau, the terror of the eaſtern provinces, learned to dance of Marſeille himſelf, and has frequently ſupped with the incomparable Jelliot. But, till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I ſhall forbear to rank him with the *petit-maitres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the *politeſſe* of the latter! Mrs. Chenevix has not more inſinuation when ſhe ſells a ſnuff-box of *papier maché*, or a backgammot

gamot tooth-pick-case, than a highwayman, when he begs to know if you have no rings or bank-bills.

An acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near shot through the head by the going off of a pistol of the accomplished Mr. M'Lean; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good-breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse *this way*, because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no sooner returned to his lodgings, than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the postscript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchase again* any trifles he had lost; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be construed, by ill-natured people, into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the satisfaction in his power for having *unluckily* been near shooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the English, who seem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have often wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to understand robbing on the highway, should at the same time have been so barbarous as to esteem poverty, black broth, and virtue! We had no highwaymen that were men of fashion till we had exploded plumb-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road who have *conformed* to the manners of the Great World, none seem to me to have carried True Politeness so far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the title of the Visiting Highwayman. This refined person made it a rule to rob none but *people he visited*; and, whenever he designed an impromptu of that kind, dressed himself in a rich suit, went to the lady's house, asked for her, and, not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after enquiring which way she was gone. He then followed, or met her on her return home, *proposed* his demands, which were generally for some favourite ring or snuff-box that he had seen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her sake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without scampering away, as *other* men of fashion do from a visit, with really the appearance of having stolen something.

As I do not doubt but such of my fair readers as propose *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to send this charming smuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their assemblies, I am sorry to tell them that he was hanged last week.

N° CIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

SERIA CUM POSSIM, QUOD DELECTANTIA MALIM
SCRIBERE, TU CAUSA ES, LECTOR. —— MART.

THIS being the day after the festival of Christmas, as also the last Thursday of the old year, I feel myself in a manner called upon for a paper suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. But, upon reflection, I find it necessary to reject any such consideration, for the same reason that I have hitherto declined giving too serious a turn to the generality of these essays. Papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing and most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing serious; but I cannot help observing, that the demand for moral essays (and the present times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merits.

The world has always considered amusement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that some useful moral be inculcated, yet, unless he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compositions will be useless;

his readers will ſleep over his unenlivened inſtructions, or be diſguſted at his too frequently overhauling old worn-out ſubjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

Innocent mirth and levity are more apparently the province of ſuch an undertaking as this; but whether they are really ſo or not, while mankind agree to think ſo, the writer who ſhall happen to be of a different opinion, muſt ſoon find himſelf obliged either to lay aſide his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be ſuppoſed in the preſent times, when every general topic is exhauſted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by repreſenting the manners as faſt as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, leſt the habit of levity ſhould tend to the admiſſion of any thing contrary to the deſign of ſuch a work. To this I can only ſay, that the greateſt care has been taken in the courſe of theſe papers to weigh and conſider the tendency of every ſentiment and expreſſion; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly aſſert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which is ſo inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may ſeem to thoſe who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their moſt particular friends.

In writings of humour, figures are ſometimes uſed of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſhall often happen that ſome people will ſee things in a direct contrary ſenſe to what the author and the majority of readers underſtand them. To ſuch, the moſt innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedneſs. But, in the miſapprehenſion of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may ſeem very clear to the writer, which may not be ſo properly managed as to be ſafely truſted to the various capacities and apprehenſions of all ſorts of readers. In ſuch caſes, the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of cenſure, though in reality nothing can be proved againſt him but want of judgment.

Having given my general reaſons againſt the too frequent writing of ſerious papers, it may not be improper to ſpeak more particularly of the ſeaſon which gave riſe to theſe reflections, and to ſhew that, as matters ſtand at preſent, it would not even be a ſanction for ſuch kind of compoſitions. Our anceſtors conſidered Chriſtmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a chearful feſtival; and accordingly diſtinguiſhed it by devotion, by vacation from buſineſs, by merriment and hoſpitality. They ſeemed eagerly bent to make themſelves and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wiſh one another *a merry Chriſtmas?* and what an omiſſion would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without *the compliments of the ſeaſon?* The great hall reſounded with the tumultuous joys of ſervants and tenants, and the gambols they played ſerved as amuſement to the lord of the manſion and his family, who, by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to ſoften the rigour of the ſeaſon, and to mitigate the influence of winter. What a ſund of delight was the chuſing King and Queen upon Twelfth-night? and how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mincepies, which, beſides the idea of merry-making inſeparable from them, were always conſidered as the teſt of ſchiſmatics! How zealouſly were they ſwallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confuſion of all fanatical recuſants! If any country gentleman ſhould be ſo unfortunate in this age as to lie under a ſuſpicion of hereſy, where will he find ſo eaſy a method of acquitting himſelf, as by the ordeal of plumb-porridge?

To account for a revolution which has rendered this ſeaſon (ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed formerly) now ſo little different from the reſt of the year, will be no difficult taſk. The ſhare which devotion had in the ſolemnization of Chriſtmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected, that thoſe who have no religion at any other time of the year, ſhould ſuddenly bring their minds from a habit of diſſipation to a temper not very eaſy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from buſineſs and feſtal mirth have had in the celebration of the holidays, they can have no particular effect in the preſent times,

times, when almoſt every day is ſpent like an anniverſary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feaſt, the very taſting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and roſemary, and the bellman's verſes.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feaſt called the Saturnalia. During theſe holidays every ſervant had the liberty of ſaying what he pleaſed to his maſter with impunity.

———*Age libertate Decembri,*
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.———

I wiſh with all my heart that the ſame indulgence was allowed to ſervants in theſe times, provided that it would be a reſtraint upon their licentiouſneſs through the reſt of the year.

The moſt fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this ſeaſon, is the too general deſertion of the country, the great ſcene of hoſpitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the leaſt to be accounted for, how ſmall a part of ſuch as throng to London in the winter, are thoſe who either go upon the plea of buſineſs, or to amuſe themſelves with what were formerly called the pleaſures of the place. There are the theatres, muſic, and I may add many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis: but it is really a faſt that three parts in four of thoſe who croud the houſes which are already built, and who are now taking leaſes of foundations which are to be houſes as faſt as hands can make them, come to town with the ſole view of paſſing their time over a card-table.

To what this is owing I am at a loſs to conceive; but I have at leaſt the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly; nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in ſuch glowing and irreſiſtible colours, as to have cauſed this forcible attraction. I have not ſo much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which ſeem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleaſures of the town in competition with thoſe of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be, my care, during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and faſhions of a town-life ſo truly and impartially, as rather to ſatisfy than excite the curioſity of a country reader, who may be deſirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I ſhould allow the metropolis it's due praiſes, as being the great mart for arts, ſciences, and erudition, I ought not to be accuſed of influencing thoſe perſons who pay their viſits to it upon very different conſiderations: nor can any thing I ſhall ſay, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuſe for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

P. S. It would be dealing ungratefully by my correſpondents, if at the cloſe of this ſecond year I forgot to acknowledge the many obligations I owe them. It may alſo be neceſſary to add, that ſeveral letters are come to hand, which are not rejected, but poſtponed.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

TO

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

SIR,

AS you have been ſo partial to theſe papers, as to think them in ſome degree ſerviceable to morality, or at leaſt to thoſe inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*; and as you have ſhewn the ſincerity of this opinion by the ſupport you have given to them, I beg leave to prefix your name to this third volume, and to ſubſcribe myſelf,

SIR,

Your obliged

And moſt faithful

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE

WORLD.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Nº CV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1755.

AS I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this paper to the service of my fair countrywomen, for whom I have so tender a concern, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand, whenever, for their sakes, I may think it necessary. I will not, as far as in me lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrace those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently and quietly allow the affectation and abuse of their persons to reflect contempt and ridicule upon their understandings.

Native, artless beauty, has long been the peculiar distinction of my fair fellow-subjects. Our poets have long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and our painters have long endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful Nature mocked all their art. But I am now informed, by persons of unquestioned truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but too many instances of it myself, that a great number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things, give the lye to their poets, and servilely copy their painters; degrading and disguising themselves into worse copies of bad copies of themselves. It is even whispered about town of that excellent artist, Mr. Liotard, that he lately refused a fine woman to draw her picture; alledging, that he never copied any body's works but his own and God Almighty's.

I have taken great pains to inform myself of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of *self-painting*, (I had almost given it a harder name) and I am sorry to say, that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The present state of it, in it's several degrees, appears to be this.

The inferior class of women, who always ape their betters, make use of a sort of rough-cast, little superior to the common lath and plaster, which comes very cheap, and can be afforded out of the casual profits of the evening.

The class immediately above these, paint occasionally, either in size or oil; which, at sixpence per foot square, comes within a moderate weekly allowance.

The generality of women of fashion make use of a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with some slight occasional repairs, last as long as their curls, and stand a pretty strong collision.

As for the transcendent and divine pearl-powder, with an exquisite varnish, superinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but is reserved for ladies not only of the first rank, but of the most considerable fortunes; it being so very costly, that few pin-moneys can keep a face in it, as a face of condition ought to be kept. Perhaps the same number of pearls *whole*, might be more acceptable to some lovers, than in powder upon the lady's face.

I would now fain undeceive my fair countrywomen of an error which, gross

as

as it is, they too fondly entertain. They flatter themselves, that this artificial is not discoverable or distinguishable from native white. But I beg leave to assure them, that however well prepared the colour may be, or however skilful the hand that lays it on, it is immediately discovered by the eye at a considerable distance, and by the nose upon a nearer approach; and I over-heard the other day at the coffee-house Captain Phelim M'Manus complaining, that when warm upon the face it had the most nauseous taste imaginable. Thus offensive to three of the senses, it is not, probably, very inviting to a fourth.

Talking upon this subject lately with a friend, he said, that in his opinion a woman who painted white, gave the public a pledge of her chastity, by fortifying it with a wall, which she must be sure that no man would desire either to batter or scale. But I confess I did not agree with him as to the motive, though I did as to the consequences; which are, I believe, in general, that they lose both *operam et oleum*. I have observed, that many of the sagacious landlords of this great metropolis, who let lodgings, do at the beginning of the winter new vamp, paint, and stucco, the fronts of their houses, in order to catch the eyes of passengers, and engage lodgers. Now, to say the truth, I cannot help suspecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair countrywomen, when they thus incrust themselves. But, alas! those outward repairs will never tempt people to *enquire within*. The cases are greatly different; in the former, they both adorn and preserve; in the latter, they disgust and destroy.

In order, therefore, to put an effectual stop to this enormity, and save, as far as I am able, the native carnations, the eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the reputations, of my beautiful fellow-subjects, I here give notice, that if, after one kalendar month from the date hereof, (I allow that time for the consumption of stock in hand) I shall receive any authentic testimonies (and I have my spies abroad) of this sophistication and adulteration of the fairest works of Nature, I am resolved to publish at full length the names of the delinquents. This may perhaps, at first sight, seem a bold measure, and actions of scandal and defamation may be thought of: but I go upon safe ground; for before I took this resolution, I was determined to know all the worst possible consequences of it to myself, and therefore consulted one of the most eminent council in England, an old acquaintance and friend of mine, whose opinion I shall here most faithfully relate.

When I had stated my case to him as clearly as I was able, he stroaked his chin for some time, picked his nose, and hemmed thrice, in order to give me his very best opinion. 'By publishing the 'names at full length in your paper, I 'humbly conceive,' said he, 'that you 'avoid all the troublesome consequences 'of *innuendo's*. But the present question, if I apprehend it aright, seems 'to be, whether you may thereby be 'liable to any other action, or actions, 'which, for brevity sake, I will not 'here enumerate. Now, by what occurs to me off-hand, and without consulting my books, I humbly apprehend that no action will lie against 'you; but, on the contrary, I do conceive, and indeed take upon me to affirm, that you may proceed against 'these criminals, for such I will be bold 'to call them, either by action or indictment; the crime being of a public 'and a heinous nature. Here it is not 'only the *suppressio veri*, which is 'highly penal, but the *crimen falsi* too. 'An *action popular*, or of *qui tam*, 'would certainly lie; but, however, I 'should certainly prefer an indictment 'upon the statutes of forgery, 2 Geo. II. 'cap. 25. and 7 Geo. II. cap. 22. 'for forgery I maintain it, it is. The 'fact, as you well know, will be tried 'by a jury, of whom one moiety will 'doubtless be plasterers; so that it will 'unquestionably be found.' Here my council paused for some time, and hemmed pretty often; however, I remained silent, observing plainly by his countenance that he had not finished, but was thinking on. In a little time he resumed his discourse, and said—'All things 'considered, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would 'advise you to bring your indictment 'upon the *Black Act*, 9 Geo. I. cap. '22. which is a very fine penal statute.' I confess, I could not check the sudden impulse of surprize which this occasioned in me; and, interrupting him, perhaps too hastily—'What, Sir,' said I, 'indict a woman upon the *Black Act* 'for *painting White?*' Here my council, interrupting me in his turn, said, with

with some warmth—'Mr. Fitz-Adam, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like too many 'others, have not sufficiently considered 'all the beauty, good sense, and solid 'reasoning of the law. The law, Sir, 'let me tell you, abhors all refinements, 'subtleties and quibblings upon words. 'What is black or white to the law? 'Do you imagine that the law views 'colours by the rule of optics? No, 'God forbid it should. The law makes 'black white, or white black, accord-'ing to the rules of justice. The law 'considers the meaning, the intention, 'the *quo animo* of all actions, not their 'external modes. Here a woman dis-'guises her face with white, as the 'Waltham people did with black, and 'with the same fraudulent and felони-'ous intention. Though the colour be 'different, the guilt is the same in the 'intendment of the law. It is felony 'without benefit of clergy, and the 'punishment is death.' As I perceived that my friend had now done, I asked his pardon for the improper interruption I had given him, owned myself convinced, and offered him a fee, which he took by habit, but soon returned, by reflection upon our long acquaintance and friendship.

This I hope will be sufficient to make such of my fair countrywomen as are conscious of their guilt, seriously consider their danger; though perhaps, from my natural lenity, I shall not proceed against them with the utmost rigour of the law, nor follow the example of the ingenious author of our last musical drama, who strings up a whole row of Penelope's maids of honour. I shall therefore content myself with publishing the names of the delinquents as abovementioned; but others may possibly not have the same indulgence, and the law is open for all.

I shall conclude this paper with a word or two of serious advice to all my readers of all sorts and sexes. Let us follow nature, our honest and faithful guide, and be upon our guard against the flattering delusions of art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct opposition to her, are attended with ridicule; many with guilt. The woman to whom nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by art; as the man to whom nature has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the affectation of it: they both defeat their own purposes; and are in the case of the valetudinarian, who creates or increases his distempers by his remedies, and dies of his immoderate desire to live.

N° CVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

SATIS ELOQUENTIÆ——— SALLUST.

HAVING received a letter of a very extraordinary nature, I think myself obliged to give it to the public, though I am afraid many of my readers may object to the terms of art, of which I cannot divest it: but I shall make no apology for what may any way tend to the advancement of a science, which is now become so fashionable, popular, and flourishing.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AS all sorts of persons are at this present juncture desirous of becoming speakers; and as many of them, through the neglect of parents or otherwise, have been totally ungrounded in the first principles or rudiments of rhetoric, I have with great pains and judgment selected such particulars as may most immediately, and without such rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that science, and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to speak in public in so compleat a manner, that neither they nor their audience shall discover the want of an earlier application.

I do not address myself to you like those who correspond with the daily papers, in order to puff off my expeditious method, by referring you to the many persons of quality whom I have taught in four-and-twenty hours; I chuse openly and fairly to submit my plan to your inspection, which will shew you that I teach rather how to handle antagonists than arguments.

I distinguish what kind of man to cut with a syllogism, and whom to overwhelm with the sorites; whom to ensnare

with the crocodile, and whom to hamper in the horns of the dilemma. Againſt the pert, young, bold aſſertor, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. This is frequently the moſt decisive argument that can be uſed in a popular aſſembly. If, for inſtance, a forward talker ſhould advance that ſuch an ancient poet is dull, you put him at once both to ſilence and ſhame, by ſaying, that Ariſtotle has commended him. If the diſpute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be inelegant, and never uſed by any author of credit, you confound him by telling him it is in Ariſtophanes; and you need not diſcover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, (which appears to be of the leaſt uſe, becauſe it is only to be employed againſt a *modeſt man*) let us ſuppoſe a perſon ſpeaking with diffidence of ſome tranſaction on the continent: you may aſk him with a ſneer—'Pray, Sir, '*were you ever abroad?*' If he has related a fact from one of our American iſlands, you may aſſert he can know nothing of the affairs of that iſland, *for you were born there*; and, to prove his ignorance, aſk him *what latitude it is in*.

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occaſions for uſing my *argumentum ad hominem*; and the minute particulars into which men are led by egotiſm, will give you great advantages in preſſing them with conſequences drawn from their ſuppoſed principles. You may alſo take away the force of a man's argument, by concluding from ſome equivocal expreſſion, that he is a Jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodiſt, a freethinker, or a Jew. You may fling at his country, or profeſſion: he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a taylor. This argument might be of great uſe at the bar in examining witneſſes, if the lawyers would not think it inconſiſtent with the dignity and politeneſs of their profeſſion.

By this ſketch of my plan, you may ſee that my pupils may moſt properly be ſaid to ſtudy men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge, is, the art of diſcovering the different ſtrength of their competitors, ſo as to know when to anſwer, and when to lie by. And as I entirely throw out of my ſyſtem the *argumentum ad judicium*, which, according to Mr. Locke, 'is the uſing of proofs 'drawn from any of the foundations '*of knowledge*,' there will be nothing in my academy that will have the leaſt appearance of a ſchool, and of conſequence nothing to make a gentleman either afraid or aſhamed of attending it.

Enquire for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford Coffee-houſe.

As the foregoing letter ſo fully explains itſelf, I ſhall take no other notice of it; but, in complaiſance to my correſpondent, ſhall throw together a few looſe obſervations on our preſent numerous ſocieties for the propagation of eloquence. And here I cannot but pleaſe myſelf with the reflection, that as dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which thoſe who cannot *ſtudy* may learn arts and ſciences; here is now found a method of teaching them to thoſe who cannot *read*.

Theſe foundations are inſtituted in the very ſpirit of Lycurgus, who diſcountenanced all written laws, and eſtabliſhed in their ſtead a ſyſtem of policy called Rhetra, from it's being ſpoken which he ordered to be the daily ſubject of diſcourſe, and ordained mixed aſſemblies for that end, where the young might be taught by attending to the converſation of the old.

In Turkey, where the majority of the inhabitants can neither write nor read, the charitable care of that conſiderate people has provided a method of compenſating the want of thoſe arts, and even the uſe of the preſs, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a ſtool in every coffee-houſe, to ſupply the office of news-papers and pamphlets to the Turkiſh quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the reſt of the creation, we may conſider eloquence as the talent which gives him the moſt diſtinguiſhed pre-eminence over his own ſpecies: and yet Juvenal makes no ſcruple to declare, that it would have been better for Cicero to have been a mere poetaſter, and for Demoſthenes to have worked under his father as a blackſmith, than to have frequented the ſchools of rhetoric.

Diis ille adverſis genitus fatoque finiſtro,
Quem pater, ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus,
A fornace et forcipibus, gladioſque parante
Incude, ac luteo vulcano, ad Rhetora miſit.

I am

I am glad to find that our blackſmiths and other artiſans have a nobler way of thinking, and the ſpirit to do for themſelves what the father of Demoſthenes did for him. And I ſee this with the greater pleaſure, as I hope I may conſider the ſeminaries which are daily inſtituted, as riſing up in ſupport of truth, virtue and religion, againſt the libels of the preſs. It is not to be doubted but that we are ſafe on the ſide of oral argumentation, as no man can have the face to utter before witneſſes ſuch ſhameful doctrines as have too frequently appeared in anonymous pamphlets. If it ſhould ever be objected that the frequency of ſuch aſſemblies may poſſibly, in time, produce ſophiſtry, quibbling, immorality, and ſcepticiſm, becauſe this was the caſe at Athens, ſo famous for it's numerous ſchools of philoſophy, where, as Milton ſays—

Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none:
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate:——

I anſwer, that theſe falſe doctrines of God and the ſoul were thus bandied about by a parcel of heathens, blind and ignorant at beſt, but for the greateſt part the moſt uſeleſs, idle, and profligate members of the ſtate; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended, in this enlightened age, that men of ſober lives, and profitable profeſſions, will run after ſophiſts, to waſte their time, and unhinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverſeneſs of human nature is ſtrange and unaccountable, if I ſhould find theſe modern ſchools in any way to contribute to the growth of infidelity or libertiniſm, I hereby give notice that I ſhall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithſtanding all my preposſeſſions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is written with all the ſpleen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myſelf obliged, from the impartiality I obſerve to all my correſpondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

AS all intruders and interlopers are ever diſagreeable to eſtabliſhed profeſſions, I am ſo incenſed againſt ſome late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my diſpleaſure *ex cathedrâ*, I now apply to you for a more extenſive proclamation of my reſentment.

I have been for many years an Orator of the Stage Itinerant; and from my earlieſt youth was bred under the auſpices of Apollo, to thoſe two beloved arts of that deity, Phyſic and Eloquence: not like theſe pretenders, who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but alſo a moſt manifeſt want of generoſity; a virtue, which our profeſſors have ever boaſted. Univerſal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raiſe no poll-tax on our hearers: our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealouſy of theſe mercenary ſpirits: my audiences have only been led aſide by novelty; they will ſoon grow weary of ſuch extortioners, and return to the old ſtage. But the miſfortune is, that theſe innovations have turned the head of a moſt neceſſary ſervant of mine, commonly known by the name of Merry Andrew: and I muſt confeſs it gives me a real uneaſineſs, when one of his wit and parts talks of ſetting up againſt me.

Yours,

CIRCUMFORANEUS.

N° CVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

——QUICQUID GRÆCIA MENDAX
AUDET IN HISTORIA—— JUV.

AS the French have lately introduced an entire new method of writing hiſtory, and as it is to be preſumed we ſhall be as ready to ape them in this as in all other faſhions, I ſhall lay before the public a looſe ſketch of ſuch rules as I have been able haſtily to throw together for preſent uſe, till ſome great and diſtinguiſhed critic may have leiſure to collect his ideas, and publiſh a more compleat and regular ſyſtem of the modern art of writing hiſtory.

For the ſake of brevity, I ſhall enter at once upon my ſubject, and addreſs my inſtruction to the future hiſtorian.

Remember to prefix a long preface to your hiſtory, in which you will have a right to ſay whatever comes into your head: for all that relates to your hiſtory may with propriety be admitted, and all that is foreign to the purpoſe may claim a place in it, becauſe it is a preface. It will be ſufficient therefore if I give you only a hint upon the occaſion, which if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will ſtand you in great ſtead.

Be ſure you ſeize every opportunity of introducing the moſt extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of diſcovering that you have *only* heard of them. The ſafeſt way will be to keep to the old cuſtom of abuſing all other hiſtorians, and vilifying them in compariſon of him. But in the execution of this, let me entreat you to do a little violence to your modeſty, by avoiding every inſinuation that may ſet him an inch above yourſelf.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be neceſſary to diveſt yourſelf entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice may perhaps coſt you ſome pains; but, till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themſelves to thwart your deſign of writing an entertaining hiſtory in the modern taſte.

The next thing is to find out ſome ſhrewd reaſon for rejecting all ſuch authentic papers as are come to light ſince the period you are writing of was laſt conſidered: for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make uſe of them; and then your performance may be called dull and dry; which is a cenſure you ought as carefully to avoid, as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the hiſtory of Charles the Twelfth, by his moſt illuſtrious patron, who is himſelf an hiſtorian, *Plus beau que la verité.*

I am aware of the maxim of Polybius, 'That hiſtory, void of truth, is an 'empty ſhadow.' But the motto of this paper may ſerve to convict that dogmatiſt of ſingularity, by ſhewing that his own countrymen diſavowed his pretended axiom even to a proverb. Though we may allow truth to the firſt hiſtorian of any particular æra, the nature of things requires that truth muſt gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the ſame period; or elſe the laſt hand would be abſolutely precluded from every advantage of novelty. It is fit, therefore, that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by ſubſtituting the word Wit in the place of Truth: but as all writers are not bleſſed with a ready ſtore of wit, it may be neceſſary to lay down ſome other rules for the compiling of hiſtory, in which it is expedient that we avail ourſelves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be, made uſe of, to ſurprize, charm, ſadden, or confound the mind of the reader.

In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no ſuch thing as abſolute novelty; therefore the only method to be taken in ſuch caſes, is to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the ſide of Philip of Macedon againſt Demoſthenes and the obſtinate republicans; and you will have many inſtances to ſhew how wantonly whole ſeas of blood have been ſhed for the ſake of thoſe two infatuating ſounds, Liberty and Religion. It was a lucky hit of an Engliſh biographer, that of writing the vindication and panegyric of Richard the Third: and I would adviſe you to attempt ſomething of the ſame nature. For inſtance: you may undertake to ſhew the unreaſonableneſs of our high opinion of Queen Elizabeth, and our falſe notions of the happineſs of her government. For as to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to obſerve; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view; and never allow to any great perſonage a virtue which you either feel the want of, or a notorious diſregard for. You may queſtion the moral character of Socrates, the chaſtity of Cyrus, the conſtancy of the martyrs, the piety and ſincerity of the reformers, the bravery of Cromwell, and the military talents of King William: and you need never fear the finding authorities to ſupport you in any detraction, among the writers of anecdotes; ſince Dion Caſſius, a grave hiſtorian, has confidently aſſerted that Cicero proſtituted his

his wife, trained up his ſon in drunkenneſs, committed inceſt with his daughter, and lived in adultery with Cerellia.

I come next to ornaments; under which head I conſider ſentences, prodigies, digreſſions, and deſcriptions. On the two firſt I ſhall not detain you, as it will be ſufficient to recommend a free uſe of them, and to be new, if you can. Of digreſſions you may make the greateſt uſe, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to ſwell your hiſtory to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo, (ſuppoſe, for example, it were the ſtory of Alexander) you may enter into an enquiry of what that adventurer would have done if he had not been poiſoned; whether his conqueſts, or Kouly Khan's, were the moſt extraordinary: what would have been the conſequence of his marching weſtward; and whether he would have beat the Duke of Marlborough. You may alſo introduce in this place a diſſertation upon fire-arms, or the art of fortification. In deſcriptions you muſt not be ſparing, but out-go every thing that has been attempted before you. Let your battles be the moſt bloody, your ſieges the moſt obſtinate, your caſtles the moſt impregnable, your commanders the moſt conſummate, and their ſoldiers the moſt intrepid. In deſcribing a ſea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the moſt numerous, and their ſhips the largeſt, that ever were known. Do not ſcruple to burn a thouſand ſhips, and turn their crews half-ſcorched into the ſea; there let them ſurvive a while by ſwimming, that you may have an opportunity of jamming them between their own and the enemy's veſſels: and when you have gone through the dreadful diſtreſſes of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ſhip, and ſcattering officers of great birth and bravery in the air. In the ſacking of a town, murder all the old men and young children in the cruelleſt manner, and in the moſt ſacred retreats. Deviſe ſome ingenious inſults on the modeſty of matrons: raviſh a great number of virgins; and ſee that they are all in the height of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all the houſes, and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exerciſe all manner of barbarity on the dead bodies: and, that you may extend the ſcene of miſery, let ſome eſcape, but all naked. Tear their uncovered limbs; cut their feet for want of ſhoes; harden the hearts of the peaſants againſt them, and arm the elements with unuſual rigour for their perſecution: drench them with rain, benumb them with froſt, and terrify them with thunder and lightening.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occaſion to ſend meſſengers through an uninhabited country, do not be overtender or ſcrupulous how you treat them. You may ſtop them at rivers, and drown all their ſervants and horſes: infeſt them with fleas, lice, and muſquitos; and when they have been eaten ſufficiently with theſe vermin, you may ſtarve them to a deſire of eating one another; and if you think it will be an ornament to your hiſtory, even caſt the lots, and ſet them to dinner. But if you do this, you muſt take care that the Savage chief to whom they are ſent does not treat them with man's fleſh, becauſe it will be no novelty: I would rather adviſe you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rhinoceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of courſe be drinking out of human ſkulls; but what ſort of liquor you can fill them with, to ſurprize an European, I muſt own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and cuſtoms, you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies and ſuperſtitions; which will give you a fair opportunity of ſaying ſomething ſmart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot dwell too long; it is a pleaſing ſubject, and always, in thoſe countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occaſions for reflections moral and entertaining. When your meſſengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the buſineſs they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeneſs in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promiſe you much ſucceſs in the ſpeeches of your ſavages, unleſs it were poſſible to hit upon ſome bolder figures and metaphors than thoſe which have been ſo frequently uſed. In the ſpeeches of a civilized people, inſert whatever may ſerve to diſplay your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a reſtraint on the

the advantages of your education. If in an harangue of Wat Tyler, a quotation from the claſſics ſhould come in pat, or in a ſpeech of Muley Moluch a ſentence from Mr. Locke, let no conſideration deprive your hiſtory of ſuch ornaments.

To conclude; I would adviſe you in general not to be ſparing of your ſpeeches, either in number or length: and if you alſo take care to add a proper quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reaſoning ſocieties, and other talkative aſſemblies of this moſt eloquent metropolis.

Nº CVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

HOC EST ROMA DECEDERE? QUOS EGO HOMINES EFFUGI, CUM IN HOS INCIDI?
CICERO AD ATTICUM.

I Have generally obſerved, when a man is talking of his country-houſe, that the firſt queſtion uſually aſked him is—'Are you in a good neighbour-'hood?' From the frequency of this enquiry, one would be apt to imagine that the principal happineſs of a country life was generally underſtood to reſult from the neighbourhood: yet, whoever attends to the anſwer commonly made to this queſtion, will be of a contrary opinion. Aſk it of a lady, and you will be ſure to hear her exclaim—'Thank 'God! we have no neighbours!' which may ſerve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in ſuppoſing that a woman of faſhion can endure the inſipid converſation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune conſiders every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his ſport; and quarrels with him for killing that game with which his very ſervants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of conſequence more averſe to him, as being in perpetual conteſt with him as a rival. His ſenſe of a ſuperior may be learnt from thoſe repeated advertiſements, which every body muſt have obſerved in the public papers, recommending a houſe upon ſale, for being ten miles diſtance from a lord. The humouriſt hides himſelf from his neighbour; the man of arrogance deſpiſes him; the modeſt man is afraid of him; and the penurious conſiders a length of uninhabited fen as the beſt ſecurity for his beef and ale.

If we trace this ſpirit to it's ſource, we ſhall find it to proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly from the high opinion that men are apt to entertain of their own little clans or ſocieties, which the living in large cities tends greatly to increaſe, and which is always accompanied with a contempt for thoſe who happen to be ſtrangers to ſuch ſocieties; and, conſequently, a general prejudice againſt the Unknown. The truth of the matter is, that perſons Unknown are, for that very reaſon, perſons that we have no deſire to Know.

A man of a ſociable diſpoſition, upon coming into an inn, enquires of the landlord what company he has in the houſe: the landlord tells him—'There 'is a fellow of a college, a lieutenant 'of a man of war, a lawyer, a mer-'chant, and the captain in quarters;' to which he never fails to add, 'and I 'dare ſay, Sir, that any of them will 'be very glad of your company:' knowing that men drink more together than when alone. 'Have you nobody 'elſe?' ſays the gueſt, ſullenly. 'We 'have nobody elſe, Sir.'—'Then get 'me my ſupper as faſt as you can, and 'I'll go to bed.' The ſame behaviour is practiſed by each of theſe gentlemen in his turn; and for no other reaſon, than that none of the company happen to be either of his profeſſion or acquaintance.

But if we look with the leaſt degree of wonder at the manner in which the greateſt part of mankind behave to ſtrangers, it ſhould aſtoniſh us to ſee how they treat thoſe whom they are intimately acquainted with, and whom they rank under the ſacred titles of neighbours and friends. Yet ſuch is the malignity of human nature, that the ſmalleſt foible, the moſt venial inadvertency, or the ſlighteſt infirmity, ſhall generally occaſion contempt, hatred, or ridicule, in thoſe very perſons who ought to be the foremoſt to conceal or palliate ſuch failings. Death, accident, robbery,

robbery, and ruin, instead of exciting compassion, are only considered as the great sources of amusement to a neighbourhood. Does any disgrace befal a family? The tongues and pens of all their acquaintance are instantly employed to disperse it through the kingdom. Nor is their alacrity in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour at all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are sure to ascribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But these are slight instances of malevolence; your true neighbour's spleen is never effectually roused but by prosperity. An unexpected succession to a large fortune; the discovery of a mine upon your estate; a prize in the lottery; but, most of all, a fortunate marriage, shall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

Envy is ingenious, and will sometimes find out the prettiest conceits imaginable to serve her purposes: yet it is observable that she delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, she pronounces at once that you have no taste; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, she is sure you are unhappy; if in affluence or splendor, she knows that you are a beggar. It must indeed be confessed, that envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and considerable, than they really are: but, on the other hand, were they to take equal care to avoid such appearances, they would not be able absolutely to escape her rancour.

I was entertained last summer by a friend in the country, who seemed to have formed very just ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a considerable estate left him, which he had little reason to expect; and having no particular passion to gratify, it was indifferent to him how he disposed of this large addition to his income. He had no desire of popularity, but had a very great dislike to an ill name; which made him altogether as anxious to screen himself from detraction, as others are to acquire applause. Some weeks passed away in that common dilemma into which an increase of fortune throws every thinking man, who knows that by hoarding up he must become the aversion, and by squandering, the contempt of all his neighbours. But disliking the appearance of parsimony more than extravagancy, he proposed laying out a considerable sum all at once upon rebuilding his house: but that design was soon over-ruled by the consideration that it would be said he had destroyed a very convenient mansion, for the sake of erecting a showy outside. He next determined to new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he should oblige all sorts of people, by affording bread to the industrious, and pleasant walks to the idle: but recollecting, that in the natural beauties of his grounds he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he must become the object of their spleen and abuse, he laid aside also that invidious design. In the same manner he was obliged to reject every proposal of expence that might in any way be considered as a monument of superiority; therefore, to avoid the other censure of penuriousness, he resolved at last to procure the best cook that could be had for money. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himself and his attendants in the plainest manner, keeping religiously to the sole expence of a constant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing else, whatever has the least appearance of ostentation. Thus has he made himself inoffensively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, escaped detraction, except-ing only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally housekeeper to her late husband, takes occasion frequently to declare she does not care to dine with him, because the dishes are so ill served up, and so tasteless, that she can never make a dinner.

I know not how to close this subject more properly than by sketching out the characters of what are called Good and Bad Neighbours.

A Good Neighbour is one who, having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to dispose of it to any of his acquaintance, who desire him to hunt, shoot, dance, drink, or play at cards, with them: who thinks the civilities he receives in one house no restriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himself welcome by exposing the foibles

or misfortunes of those he last visited, and lives in a constant round of betraying and lessening one family or another.

A Bad Neighbour is he who retires into the country from having been fatigued with business, or tired with crowds; who, from a punctilio in good-breeding, does not shew himself forward in accepting of the visits of all about him, conscious of his love of quiet, and fearing lest he should be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His desire of being alone with his family procures him the character of reserved and morose; and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of contradictory and disagreeable. Thus vindicating every one behind his back, and consequently offending every one to his face, he subjects himself to the personal dislike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If after this it be asked, What are the duties of neighbourhood? I answer, in the words of Mr. Addison, in that incomparable essay of his on the employment of time—'To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.'

I have always considered the ninety-third Spectator, from whence the foregoing passage is taken, as the most valuable lesson of that eminent moralist; because a due observance of the excellent plan of life, which he has there delineated, can never fail to make men Happy and Good Neighbours.

Nº CIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A London gentleman and his lady, who are distant relations, as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to spend some days with us last summer in the country. We took the usual methods to make their time pass agreeably; carried them to all the Gothic and Chinese houses in the neighbourhood; and embraced all opportunities of procuring venison, fish, and game, for them: which last, by the way, it has been no easy matter to come in for since the association.

At their leaving us, they were so obliging as to say their visit had gone off very pleasantly, and hoped we would return it by coming to see them in town. Accordingly, the mornings growing foggy, the evenings long, and this invitation running in our heads, we resolved to accept it: and arriving in town about the middle of November last, we fixed ourselves in lodgings near our friends, intending to breakfast, dine, and sup, with them, for the most part, during our stay in town. But, will you believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam? we never were more surprized in all our lives, than at receiving a card the morning after our arrival, (which I think was the 18th of November) from the lady of the family we came to visit, inviting us to play at cards with her on the 28th of next March. We thought at first that it must be a mistake for the 28th of November; but upon consulting our landlady, she informed us that such invitations were very usual; and that, as we were well acquainted with the family, the lady had probably appointed the first day she was disengaged.

As my wife and I seldom play at cards, except at Christmas, we thought it scarce worth our while to wait for a game till almost Whitsuntide, and therefore very prudently set out the next day for the country; from whence I believe we shall be in no great haste to pay a second visit to our friends in town. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

HUMPHREY GUBBINS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Live so much in the world, and so entirely for the world, that the very name of your Paper secured me for one of your constant readers. But really if your periodical World continues to contradict the *beau monde* as much as it has done in two or three essays relating to

us

us women, I shall think your sentiments fitter for the man of the Moon than the man of the World.

A little while ago you were pleased to be extremely out of humour at the nakedness of our necks; and now in your paper N° 105, you are equally offended at our covering our faces. What a capricious man you are! I apprehend, Sir, that a certain quantity of nakedness has always been allowed us; and I know of no law that confines it to any particular part of our persons. If therefore we chuse to stucco over our faces, you ought in reason to allow us to exhibit a little more of our necks and shoulders.

Her sagacious majesty, Queen Elizabeth, conscious of a bad complexion, and fearing that a brown neck, though right royal, might excite less admiration than the undignified alabaster of the meanest of her subjects, chose that they should conceal what herself could not equal under innumerable folds of lawn and point: a piece of envious cruelty, which (notwithstanding your sex have been pleased to celebrate her as the guardian of English liberty) must make her appear to ours little better than a tyrant, for having imprisoned so much British beauty in a dungeon where not the smallest spark of light could break in upon any part of it. The face indeed was still left visible by that envious queen, which is at present almost the only part of our attractions that we have thought proper to cover. You ought therefore to consider, when you find fault with our open necks, that our faces are plastered over; and instead of complaints against our covered faces, you should rest satisfied with the ample amends we make you by our other discoveries. I am, Sir, your true friend, and faithful counsellor,

FARDILLA.

SIR,

I Have with great seriousness and attention read over the World of the 2d of this month, which shews me my complexion in so very different a light from that in which my looking-glass has represented it, that I should instantly lay aside the roses and lilies I have purchased, and content myself with the skin wherewith nature has thought fit to cover me, if it were not for a very material consideration. The truth is, that I am to be married in a few days to a gentleman, whose fortune is above any hopes I could have conceived, while in my natural allowness; and who I find has been principally attracted by the splendor of my complexion. But you may depend on my resigning it all after the first month of my marriage. You cannot, surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so cruel as to deny a bride the happiness of the honey-moon: by that time, perhaps, my husband may be pretty indifferent whether I am brown or fair; if not, a change of complexion is no cause for a divorce, either by the ancient canons, or the late marriage-act; so you know, Sir, his approbation is of no great consequence to your constant reader,

MATILDA.

SIR,

TO persuade your sex that black is white has been the darling wish and constant endeavour of ours; but we have never succeeded literally in this art, till we knew how to paint ourselves: I am therefore as much surprized that a man of your sense should expect to make us give up so desirable a power, as that you should wish to do it.

Have not your sex in all ages, both in prose and verse, lamented the short duration of the lilies and roses that bloom on a fair skin? I have seen it set forth in such affecting strains, as have drawn tears from me when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterness of prophetic sadness. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which substitutes so durable a bloom in the place of those transient colours, which fade almost as fast as the flower to which they are compared? This eternal spring of beauty is surely the peculiar blessing of the present age. A man might now reflect without terror on an antediluvian marriage, since his wife, after five or six hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal day. Time is the greatest enemy to the pleasures of us mortals: how glorious then is the victory, when we can baffle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his most cruel tyranny!

I suppose your next attack will be upon the new lustre that our necks have acquired by the same art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whitest necks had such an odious clearness in their skins, that you might almost see the

blood circulate through their veins; an amusing spectacle indeed for a philosopher, and such perhaps as might give Doctor Harvey the first hint of the discoveries he afterwards made: but, surely, it could be no very agreeable sight to a person of any delicacy, when compared with the present resplendent white which every neck exhibits. Good flesh and blood is a phrase very well suited to a milkmaid; but I fancy a woman of fashion would chuse to excite sublimer ideas: and indeed our sex could never so properly assume the title of goddesses, as now that we have laid aside so much of the rustic appearance of mere mortal women. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

BELINDA.

SIR,

I Like the intention of your paper upon face-painting so well, that I shall readily comply with it, and return to the complexion that nature has bestowed upon me, (which you must know is an olive) if you can persuade others to do the same. But who could bear to be the shade to an assembly, dazzling bright with borrowed lilies, to look like the corner of the moon in an eclipse? Indeed, it is impossible for me to bring myself to such an excess of fortitude. An olive is a good sort of complexion for a wit, but a vile one for a beauty, the title for which we women universally long; while that of wit is only the last resource of our vanity, when nature or age denies us all pretensions to the other.

Go on and prosper, Mr. Fitz-Adam; reduce us again to our natural colour, and you shall find I will not be the last, though I cannot bear to be the first that shall comply.

Your most devoted,

OLIVIA BLANCHE.

No CX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1755.

——UNO AVULSO NON DEFICIT ALTER
AUREUS, ET SIMILI FRONDESCIT VIRGA METALLO. VIRG.

THOUGH I have studied the ways of men with the strictest application for many years, I must ingenuously confess my inability to dive into the secrets of one particular society, the members of which, by their superior capacities, have hitherto enveloped themselves in an impenetrable cloud of mystery. Every body must have observed, that in all public places in this kingdom there are swarms of adventurers, who neither derive any possessions from provident ancestors, nor are of any profession, yet who figure most splendidly both in the great and small world, to the amazement of all who know them. The only answer I could ever obtain, when I have enquired how Mr. Such-a-one, a member of this society, lived, was—'The Lord knows.' Which answer, one would think, should imply, that 'He who feedeth the ravens, and 'cloatheth the lilies of the field,' had thus plentifully provided for them, imperceptible to the eyes of other mortals. But as the lives of these gentlemen seem to claim no such indulgence from Heaven, I should have entertained a very complaisant opinion of them, if the legislature, by the repeal of the witch-act, had not taught me to believe that our intercourse with the devil was at an end. In the midst of my doubts, the following letter gave me perfect satisfaction.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ABOUT ten years ago the public was entertained with a very fanciful performance, entituled, 'Hermippus 'Redivivus, or The Sage's Triumph 'over Old Age and the Grave.' Though the ingenious author modestly sets out with shewing the possibility of a man's extending the span of life to a longer space than he generally now enjoys, by inhaling the salubrious breath of unpolluted virgins; yet, by degrees almost imperceptible to the reader, he slides into the Hermetic philosophy, of which he is an enthusiastic admirer, and becomes, before the conclusion of his book, as thorough a believer in the power of the Stone and Universal Elixir, as if he had been personally present when an adept had made projection. He introduces several most surprizing stories

ries concerning philoſophers, who being ſkilful in the arcanum, lived for three or four centuries in the moſt unimpaired vigour both of mind and body. But as the moſt enviable ſtate of human felicity is imperfect, though theſe ſages were maſters of that omnipotent metal which can make knaves honeſt, blockheads wits, and cowards heroes; which yields in the eſtabliſhed commerce of the world all the neceſſaries, emoluments, and luxuries of life, and almoſt deifies it's poſſeſſors, they were frequently neceſſitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to ſkulk from the obſervation of mankind in the darkeſt ſhades of obſcurity.

Among many other ſurprizing ſtories, he gives an account of a ſtranger who ſome time ago reſided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he ſays, that this man, though he lived in the utmoſt affluence and ſplendor, was unacquainted with any perſon belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or merchandize; that he had no property in the common funds of the ſtate; nor ever received any remittance from abroad; yet abounded in wealth, till an accident, which he relates, drove him from Italy, from whence he ſuddenly diſappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went.

If this man was an Hermetic philoſopher, in poſſeſſion of the great ſecret, as the author inſinuates, I am inclined to think, from a ſimilarity of circumſtances, that we have at this very time a great number of that ſect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleaſure. I have had the happineſs of an acquaintance with ſeveral of theſe great men, who, without any viſible means of livelihood, have ſhone forth with uncommon luſtre for a time, and then, to the regret of crowds of taylors, woollen-drapers, lacemen, mercers, milliners, &c. have ſuddenly diſappeared, and nobody ever knew the place of their retirement. This ſpeedy retreat I attribute to their fears leſt the ſtate ſhould diſcover from what ſource their wealth aroſe, and force them by it's power to proſtitute ſo ſacred and ineſtimable a ſcience to the deſtructive views of ambition.

It has been obſerved of ſeveral of theſe philoſophers, that they have pretended to be of ſome lucrative profeſſion or employment, in order, as is ſuppoſed, to ſhelter themſelves from the prying eyes of certain individuals, who are apt, from I know not what old-faſhioned notion, to regard very coolly thoſe perſons, who being in poſſeſſion of no lands or chattels by inheritance, are unconnected with ſociety, and do not lend a helping hand in ſupplying ſomething to the real or imaginary wants of mankind. Many have affected to be thought the heirs of rich uncles or aunts in the country, from whom they were ſupplied with the comfortable ſufficiencies for genteel life; while others have inſinuated by their friends, that Somebody has left them Something Somewhere; and ſo feigned that they lived (as honeſt people phraſe it) *by their means*. But before enquiry could be made into thoſe means, (if I may have leave to borrow a Scripture expreſſion) *they went hence, and were no more ſeen*.

I remember a few years ago, there was a particular coffee-houſe about Covent Garden, much frequented by theſe adepts, which a friend of mine, a man of wit and humour, uſed ludicrouſly to call the Annual Coffee-houſe, as the ſame face was ſeldom obſerved to Blow there a ſecond time. But of late they have been cautious of raiſing any ſuſpicion by aſſembling in too great numbers together, and are therefore diſperſed through all the coffee-houſes in this idle and genteel part of this city.

I would not be underſtood, from any thing I have ſaid, to infer, that none of this reſpectable ſect ever take up their fixed reſidence in town; for I have known ſeveral and their families who have conſtantly dwelt here, and who, to the aſtoniſhment of the whole circle of their acquaintance, have lived for twenty years together in great ſplendor and luxury, ſpent every year as much as their original principal fortune amounted to, and ſtill flouriſh on in the ſame manner.

Every one in high life muſt, I dare ſay, have obſerved, that no people live ſo well as thoſe whom the world pronounces to be Ruined. I have known many of thoſe Ruined perſons, both peers and commoners, riot in every luxury and extravagance, while the haughty owners of thouſands of unmortgaged acres have repined and ſickened at their ſuperior enjoyments. In ſhort, ſuch has been my aſſociation of ideas of late, that when I hear any man

pronounced Ruined, I immediately conclude, by that expreſſion, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the ineſtimable ſecret of the Hermetic philoſophy.

But however deſirous the poſſeſſors of this Firſt Science may be of appearing to draw their ſubſiſtence from the common and vulgar ſupplies of land, trade, ſtocks, or profeſſions, rather than have it ſuſpected from whence their myſterious finances ariſe; yet ſuch numbers now abound of all ranks and conditions, that the government, I am told, begins to entertain an idea, or, as the vulgar phraſe it, to have an *inkling* of the matter. Indeed, I am greatly ſurprized that the affair was not found out ſooner; for it is mathematically demonſtrable that, if Great Britain and Ireland were large enough to hold all the boaſted poſſeſſions of theſe nominal land-owners, the dominions of his preſent majeſty would exceed the bluſter of a Spaniſh title, and be larger than the four quarters of the globe joined together. But here let me ſtop, and not endeavour to reveal more of that ſcience, which is deſtined by fate to remain a ſecret from all but the truly initiated; leſt, by farther profane babbling, the preſent ſons of Hermes ſhould take umbrage, and transfer the unſpeakable advantages that accrue to ſociety from their preſence to lands of more faith and leſs curioſity. I could wiſh, therefore, that the adminiſtration would ſuppreſs farther enquiries about theſe affairs, and be contented, like honeſt plain tradeſmen, who grow rich they cannot tell how, to receive that inundation of wealth, which flows ſo unaccountably into the kingdom, without troubling their repoſe by an overgreat ſolicitude to know the ſource it ſprings from; for fear, like fairy favours, the bleſſings ſhould be ſnatched from the land, for the unpardonable crime of endeavouring to ſatisfy a prohibited curioſity. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. Z.

N° CXI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1755.

IT is very well known, that religion and politics are perfectly underſtood by every body, as they require neither ſtudy nor experience. All people, therefore, decide peremptorily, though often variouſly, upon both.

All ſects, ſeverally ſure of being in the right, intimate, at leaſt, if not denounce, damnation to thoſe who differ from them in points ſo clear, ſo plain, and ſo obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not leſs an enthuſiaſt than any of them, (though upon his own principles he cannot damn, becauſe he knows to demonſtration that there is no future ſtate) would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics, the ſects are as various and as warm: and what ſeems very extraordinary, is, that thoſe who have ſtudied them the moſt, and experienced them the longeſt, always know them the leaſt. Every adminiſtration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and ſecret of buſineſs in their hands; and not leſs than ſix millions of their fellow-ſubjects (for I only except very young children) are willing and able to diſcover, cenſure, reform, and correct, their errors, and put them in the right way.

Theſe conſiderations, among many others, determined me originally not to meddle with religion or politics, in which I could not inſtruct, and upon which I thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone muſt be the object of an humble weekly author of a ſheet and a half. A certain degree of bulk is abſolutely neceſſary for a certain degree of dignity either in man or book. A ſyſtem of ethics, to be reſpected as it ought, requires at leaſt a quarto; and even moral eſſays cannot decently, and with utility, appear in leſs than a thick octavo. But ſhould I, in my ignoble ſtate of a fugitive ſheet and a half, preſume with a grave face to cenſure folly, or with an angry one to laſh vice, the porter of every well-bred family in town would have orders to deny me; and I ſhould forfeit my place at the breakfaſt-table, where now, to my great honour and emolument, I am pretty generally ſerved up. But if, by the introduction of that wit and humour, which I believe even my enemies muſt allow me, I can, without offence to the politer part of my readers, ſlide in any uſeful moral, I will

not

not neglect the opportunity; for I will be witty whenever I can, and inſtructive whenever I dare; and when my ſcattered leaves ſhall, like the Sybils, come to be collected, I believe I may without vanity aſſert, that they will be, at leaſt, as good oracles.

But in this deſign too I am aware of difficulties, little inferior to thoſe which diſcouraged me from meddling with religion and politics: for every body has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or at leaſt their friends, know what to do with. As they are gifts of nature not to be acquired by art, who is there that thinks himſelf ſo diſinherited by nature as not to have ſome ſhare of them? Nay, thoſe (if ſuch there are) who are modeſt enough to think themſelves cut off with a ſhilling, huſband that twelve-pence with care, and frugally ſpend their penny upon occaſion, as fly wags, and dry jokers.

In this univerſal profuſion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help diſtruſting a little the ſucceſs, though by no means the merit, of my own: for I have interior conviction, that no man in England has ſo much. But taſtes are various, and the market is glutted. However, I ſhould hope that my candid readers will have the ſame regard for my opinion which they have for moſt of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon truſt, eſpecially as they have it *from the gentleman's own mouth*.

The better to take my meaſures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progreſs and reception of my paper, through the ſeveral claſſes of it's readers.

In families of condition, it is firſt received by the porter, who yawning, juſt caſts his half-open eyes upon it; for it comes out ſo early as between ten and eleven; but finding neither the politics nor the caſualties of the week in it, throws it aſide, and takes up in it's ſtead a daily news-paper, in which all thoſe matters are related with truth and perſpicuity.

From thence it is ſent up to Mrs. Betty, to lay upon the breakfaſt-table. She receives it in pretty much the ſame manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the Daily Advertiſer, where ſhe turns with impatience to the advertiſements, to ſee what invitations are thrown out by ſingle gentlemen of undoubted characters, to agreeable young women of unblemiſhed reputations, to become either their wives or their companions: and, by a prudent forecaſt, ſhe particularly attends to the premiums ſo frequently offered for a fine wholeſome breaſt of milk.

When it is introduced into my lady's dreſſing-room, it undergoes a ſeverer examination: for if my lord and lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngeſt, probably, of the young ladies, is appointed to read it aloud, to uſe her to read at ſight. If my lord, who is a judge of wit, as well as of property in the laſt reſort, gives a favourable nod, and ſays, '*It is well enough to-day*,' my lady, who does not care to contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charming*. But if unfortunately my lord, with an air of diſtaſte, calls it *poor ſtuff*, my lady diſcovers it to be *horribly ſtupid*. The young family are unanimouſly of opinion, that the name of Adam Fitz-Adam is a very comical one, and enquire into the meaning of the globe in the frontiſpiece; by which (if any body could tell them) they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior claſs, I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable trial. My merits and demerits are freely diſcuſſed. Some think me too grave, others trifling. The miſtreſs of the houſe, though ſhe deteſts ſcandal, wiſhes, for example's ſake only, that I would draw the characters, and expoſe the intrigues, of the fine folks. The maſter wonders that I do not give the miniſters a rap; and concludes that I receive huſh-money. But all agree in ſaying, facetiouſly and pleaſantly enough, that the World does not inform them how the World goes. This is followed by many other *bon mots*, equally ingenious, alluding to the title of my paper, and worth at leaſt the two-pence a week that it coſts.

In the city (for my paper has made it's way to that end of the town, upon the ſuppoſition of it's being a faſhionable one in this) I am received and conſidered in a different light. All my general reflections upon the vices or the follies of the age, are, by the ladies, ſuppoſed to be levelled at particular perſons, or at leaſt diſcovered to be very applicable to ſuch and ſuch of the Quality. They are alſo thought to be *very pat* to ſeveral of their own neighbours and acquaintance; and ſhrewd hints of the kind

kind greatly embellish the conversation of the evening. The graver and more frugal part of that opulent metropolis, who do not themselves buy, but borrow my paper of those who do, complain that, though there is generally room sufficient at the end of the last page, I never insert the price of stocks, nor of goods at Bear Key. And they are every one of them astonished how certain transactions of the court of aldermen on one hand, and of the common-council on the other, can possibly escape my animadversion, since it is impossible that they can have escaped my knowledge.

Such are the censures and difficulties to which a poor weekly author is exposed. However, I have the pleasure, and something more than the pleasure, of finding that two thousand of my papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds the largest that was ever printed even of the Spectators, which in no other respect do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary success would be sufficient to flatter the vanity of a good author, and to turn the head of a bad one. But I prudently check and stifle those growing sentiments in my own breast, by reflecting upon other circumstances that tend to my humiliation. I must confess, that the present fashion of curling the hair has proved exceeding favourable to me: and perhaps the quality of my paper, as it happens to be peculiarly adapted to that purpose, may contribute, more than it's merit, to the sale of it. A head that has taken a right French turn, requires, as I am assured, fourscore curls in distinct papers; and those curls must be renewed as often as the head is combed, which is perhaps once a month. Four of my papers are sufficient for that purpose, and amount only to eight-pence, which is very little more than what the same quantity of plain paper would cost. Taking it, therefore, all together, it seems not inconsistent with good œconomy to purchase it at so small a price. This reflection might mortify me as an author; but, on the other hand, self-love, which is ingenious in availing itself of the slightest favourable circumstances, comforts me with the thought that, of the prodigious number of daily and weekly papers that are now published, mine is perhaps the only one that is ultimately applied to the head.

N° CXII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1755.

A late noble author has most justly and elegantly defined Custom to be—'The result of the passions and 'prejudices of many, and of the designs of a few; the ape of reason, who 'usurps her seat, exercises her power, 'and is obeyed by mankind in her 'stead.'

This definition enables us to account for the various absurd and wicked customs which have severally and successively prevailed in all ages and countries, and also for those which unfortunately prevail in this: for they may all be traced up to 'the passions and prejudices of the many, and the designs 'of a few.'

It is certain, however, that there has not been a time when the prerogative of human reason was more freely asserted, nor errors and prejudices more ably attacked and exposed by the best writers, than now. But may not the principle of enquiry and detection be carried too far, or at least made too general? And should not a prudent discrimination of cases be attended to?

A prejudice is by no means necessarily (though generally thought so) an error: on the contrary, it may be a most unquestioned truth, though it be still a prejudice in those who, without any examination, take it upon trust, and entertain it by habit.

There are even some prejudices, founded upon error, which ought to be connived at, or perhaps encouraged; their effects being more beneficial to society than their detection can possibly be.

Human reason, even when improved by knowledge, and undisturbed by the passions, is not an infallible, though it is our best guide: but unimproved by knowledge, and adulterated by passion, it becomes the most dangerous one: constituting obstinate wrong-headedness, and dignifying, nay, almost sanctifying error.

The bulk of mankind have neither leisure

leisure nor knowledge sufficient to reason right: why then should they be taught to reason at all? Will not honest instinct prompt, and wholesome prejudices guide them, much better than half reasoning?

The power of the magistrate to punish bad, and the authority of those of superior rank to set good examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffusive advantage to society than the most learned theological, philosophical, moral, and casuistical dissertations. As for instance.

An honest cobler in his stall, thinks and calls himself a good honest Protestant; and, if he lives at the city end of the town, probably goes to his parish-church on Sundays. Would it be honest, would it be wise, to say to this cobler—'Friend, you only think yourself a member of the church of England; but in reality you are not one, since you are only so from habit and prejudice, not from examination and reflection. But study the ableſt controverſial writers of the popiſh and reformed churches; read Bellarmine, Chillingworth, and Stillingfleet, and then you may juſtly call yourſelf what in truth you are not now, a Proteſtant?'

Should our mender of ſhoes follow this advice, (which I hope he would not) a uſeful cobler would moſt certainly be loſt, in a uſeleſs polemic, and a ſcurvy logician.

It would be juſt the ſame thing in morals. Our cobler received from his parents that beſt and ſhorteſt of all the moral precepts, *Do as you would be done by*: he adopted it without much examination, and ſcrupulouſly practiſed it in general, though with ſome few exceptions perhaps in his own trade. But ſhould ſome philoſopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, aſſure this cobler—'That his honeſty was mere prejudice and habit, becauſe he had never ſufficiently conſidered the relation and fitneſs of things, nor contemplated the beauty of virtue; but that if he would carefully ſtudy the Characteriſtics, the Moral Philoſopher, and thirty or forty volumes more upon that ſubject, he might then, and not till then, juſtly call himſelf an honeſt man;' what would become of the honeſty of the cobler after this uſeful diſcovery, I do not know; but this I very well know, that he ſhould no longer be My cobler.

I ſhall borrow him in two inſtances more, and then leave him to his honeſt, uſeful, home-ſpun prejudices, which half-knowledge, and leſs reaſoning, will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aſide.

My cobler is alſo a politician. He reads the firſt news-papers he can get, deſirous to be informed of the ſtate of affairs in Europe, and of the ſtreet-robberies in London. He has not, I preſume, analyſed the intereſts of the reſpective countries of Europe, nor deeply conſidered thoſe of his own: ſtill leſs is he ſyſtematically informed of the political duties of a citizen and a ſubject. But his heart and his habits ſupply thoſe defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and proſperity of old England; he will fight for it, if there be occaſion; and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wiſhed that there were in this country ſix millions of ſuch honeſt and zealous, though uninformed citizens?

All theſe unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobler, though prejudices in him, are in themſelves undoubted and demonſtrable truths, and ought therefore to be cheriſhed even in their coarſeſt dreſs. But I ſhall now give an inſtance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the reſult of error, and which yet I believe no man in his ſenſes would deſire ſhould be expoſed or removed.

Our honeſt cobler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Engliſhman can beat three Frenchmen; and, in that perſuaſion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, deduced from phyſical principles, I am apt to believe that one Engliſhman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal ſtrength and ſize with himſelf, I ſhould however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that uſeful and ſanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the fields of Poictiers and Crecy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from theſe; prejudices not only founded on original error, but that gave birth and ſanction to the moſt abſurd, extravagant, impious, and immoral cuſtoms.

Honour,

Honour, that ſacred name, which ought to mean the ſpirit, the ſupererogation of virtue, is, by cuſtom, profaned, reduced, and ſhrunk to mean only a readineſs to fight a duel upon either a real or an imaginary affront, and not to cheat at play. No vices nor immoralities whatſoever blaſt this faſhionable character; but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what ſhould baniſh a man from all ſociety, recommends him in general to the beſt. He may, with great honour, ſtarve the tradeſmen, who by their induſtry ſupply not only his wants, but his luxury. He may debauch his friend's wife, daughter, or ſiſter; he may, in ſhort, undoubtedly gratify every appetite, paſſion, and intereſt, and ſcatter deſolation round him, if he be but ready for ſingle combat, and a ſcrupulous obſerver of all the moral obligations of a gameſter.

Theſe are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for ſatire to laſh, for the rigour of the law to puniſh, and (which would be the moſt effectual of all) for faſhion to diſcountenance and proſcribe. And theſe ſhall in their turns be the ſubjects of ſome future papers.

N° CXIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

THE cuſtom of Duelling is moſt evidently *the reſult of the paſſions of the many, and of the deſigns of a few:* but here the definition ſtops; ſince, far from being *the ape of reaſon,* it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifeſt offspring of barbarity and folly, a monſtrous birth, and diſtinguiſhed by the moſt ſhocking and ridiculous marks of both it's parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my beſt cuſtomers, and therefore I will not ſo much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to ſhew how repugnant it is to inſtinct, reaſon, and every moral and ſocial obligation, even to the faſhionable *fitneſs of things.* Viewed on the criminal ſide, it excites horror; on the abſurd ſide, it is an inexhauſtible fund of ridicule. The Guilt has been conſidered and expoſed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be cenſured with more dignity than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I ſhall therefore content myſelf with ridiculing the Folly of it.

The ancients moſt certainly have had very imperfect notions of Honour, for they had none of Duelling. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by intereſt or revenge, and performed without the leaſt Attic politeneſs, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were ſent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may obſerve that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the moſt profligate of men, the moſt dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of deſtroying him.

This delicacy of ſentiment, this refinement of manners, was reſerved for the politer Goths, Viſigoths, Oſtrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and eſtabliſh. I muſt confeſs, that they have generally been conſidered as barbarous nations; and to be ſure there are ſome circumſtances which ſeem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon Learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and ſciences. But then it muſt be owned, on the other hand, that upon thoſe ruins they eſtabliſhed the honourable and noble ſcience of Homicide; dignified, exalted, and aſcertained True Honour; worſhipped it as their deity, and ſacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In thoſe happy days, Honour, that is, ſingle combat, was the great and unerring teſt of civil rights, moral actions, and ſound doctrines. It was ſanctified by the church; and the churchmen were occaſionally allowed the honour and pleaſure of it; for we read of many inſtances of Duels between Men and Prieſts. Nay, it was, without appeal, the infallible teſt of female chaſtity. If a princeſs, or any lady of diſtinction, was ſuſpected of a little incontinency, ſome brave champion, who was commonly privy to, or perhaps the author of it, ſtood forth in her defence, and

and asserted her innocence with the point of his sword or lance. If by his activity, skill, strength, and courage, he murdered the accuser, the lady was spotless; but if her champion fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I presume, occasioned that association of ideas (otherwise seemingly unrelative to each other) of the Brave and the Fair: for indeed, *in those days*, it behoved a lady, who had the least regard for her reputation, to chuse a lover of uncommon activity, strength, and courage. This notion, as I am well assured, still prevails in many reputable families about Covent Garden, where the Brave in the kitchen are always within call of the Fair in the first or second floor.

By this summary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays, and the expence of the law, were avoided, and the troublesome shackles of the Gospel knocked off; Honour ruling in their stead. To prove the utility and justice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary Duel between a man of distinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in presence of King Charles the Fifth of France. Both the relation and the print of this Duel are to be found in Father Montfaucon.

A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour, (though, by the way, he really had murdered the man) he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences, revived in Europe, the science of Homicide was farther cultivated and improved. If, on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of it's jurisdiction; on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, *della cavalleresca*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of Honour were considered and stated; two-and-thirty different sorts of lyes were distinguished; and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour (though not so painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick shoe; and, in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of Honour.

In the present degenerate age, these fundamental laws of Honour are exploded and ridiculed; and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust, decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations; but I would humbly ask, why? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing whatsoever, as it is of veracity, the case to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; because I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want, courage. But if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will, I hope, pardon me, when I say, that my future enquiries and researches after truth shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

There is one reason, indeed, which makes me suspect that a Duel may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the Institutes of Honour.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great Honour, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lessons of Homicide from a murder-master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice Honour likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of Homicide. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde Park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now, upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of Honour, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

SIR,

I Find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe that I have the true notions of honour that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet upon very unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present, I unfortunately weigh four-and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but, besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that from this day forwards, we severally endeavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of, Sir, your very humble servant.

P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other, from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease towards the desired medium, in which I presume two or three pounds more or less on either side ought not to be considered.

This, among many other cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity of restoring, reviving, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules, and statutes of single-combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant, that it would probably make the common law useless; but little, trifling, and private interests, ought not to stand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.

N° CXIV. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

THE notion of Birth, as it is commonly called and established by custom, is also the manifest result *of the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few.* It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love. It is surely the strongest instance, and the weakest prop, of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the least share is that Fly which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, Custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature, are daily sacrificed.

The vulgar distinction between people of Birth and people of No Birth will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when, in their judicious or laborious researches into the customs and manners of these present times, they shall have reason to suppose, that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some Born, but the much greater number Unborn. The fact will appear so *incredible*; that it will certainly be *believed*; the only difficulty

difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men will doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of Great Birth, Noble Birth, Birth, and No Birth At All.

Great and illustrious Birth is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll; and, when unrolled, discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blaunches and Mauds, before the Conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the authentic records of the Heralds-office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this Great Birth is graced with a peerage, so much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

Noble Birth implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

Birth, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot positively say how far, but negatively, it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not Born, or at least in so mean a way as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and squires, have the honour of being Born.

I must confess, that before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between Birth and No Birth; and having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy, strong constitution, joined to a good heart and a good understanding. But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information, to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of nature. She, with that frankness and humanity which were natural to her, assured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themselves; but that, in truth, she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference she imputed to certain causes which I shall not here specify. This natural (and, I dare say, to the best of her observation, true) account confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious Birth, and descended *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a going upon it; insomuch, that upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner.

'I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you 'are not (for nobody is) ignorant of 'the antiquity of my family, which by 'authentic records I can trace up to 'King Alfred, some of whose blood 'runs at this moment in my veins; and 'I will not conceal from you that I find 'infinite inward comfort and satisfac-

'tion in that reflection. Let people of 'No Birth laugh as much as they pleafe 'at thefe notions; they are not imagi-'nary; they are real; they are folid; 'and whoever is Well-Born, is glad 'that he is fo: A merchant, a tradef-'man, a yeoman, a farmer, and fuch 'fort of people, may perhaps have com-'mon honefty and vulgar virtues; but, 'take my word for it, the more refined 'and generous fentiments of honour, 'courage, and magnanimity, can only 'flow in ancient and noble blood. 'What fhall animate a tradefman or 'mean-born man to any great and he-'roic virtues? Shall it be the examples 'of his anceftors? He has none. Or 'fhall it be that impure blood that 'rather ftagnates than circulates in his 'veins? No; Ancient Birth and No-'ble Blood are the only true fources of 'great virtues. This truth appears even 'among brutes, who we obferve never 'degenerate, except in cafes of mif-'alliances with their inferiors. Are not 'the pedigrees of horfes, cocks, dogs, '&c. carefully preferved, as the never-'failing proofs of their fwiftnefs and 'courage? I repeat it again, Birth is 'an ineftimable advantage, not to be 'adequately underftood but by thofe 'who have it.'

My friend was going on, and, to fay the truth, growing dull; when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the felf-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unfpeakable advantages of Illuftrious Birth; and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in confequence of my being lineally defcended from the firft man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and feemed rather difpleafed; whether from a fufpicion that I was jefting, or upon an apprehenfion that I meant to *out-defcend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himfelf with faying—'That is not a 'neceffary confequence neither, Mr. 'Fitz-Adam, fince I have read fome-'where or other of Pre-Adamites, which 'opinion did not feem to me an abfurd 'one.'

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the aftonifhing powers of felf-love, that can extract comfort and pleafure from fuch groundlefs, abfurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other refpects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational fubject. But fuch is the inconfiftency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one muft not form a general judgment of either from one glaring error, or one fhining excellence.

N° CXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

THOUGH it is a general obfervation, that the actions of mankind commonly begin and end in Self, yet to an impartial perfon, who reads over with attention the advertifements in our public papers, it will appear that there are inftances of public-fpiritednefs in the prefent times, that put to fhame every record that can be produced in favour of times paft: and though I am forry to fay that thefe inftances are confined to one particular profeffion of men, yet the benefits that accrue from them are general and univerfal. Not to keep my readers in fufpence, the public-fpirited gentlemen I mean, are the *gentlemen of the faculty*, or, as they more modeftly call themfelves, *the practitioners in phyfic*. The difinterefted zeal with which thefe gentlemen devote their labours to the good of mankind, ought, I confefs, to be celebrated by much abler pens than mine: and happy indeed is it that they themfelves feem to think fo; and have therefore done that juftice to their own merits, which their warmeft advocates muft have defpaired of doing for them.

The moft illuftrious Doctor De Corteſe, phyfician of the moft ſerene republic of Venice, has abandoned his native country and friends, and with the no leſs illuſtrious Doctor Toſcano, his colleague, has generouſly taken up his reſidence in this metropolis, where diſeaſes and death fly before him.

A phyſician of our own nation challenges the regard of his countrymen, by politely and elegantly ſetting forth in the daily papers, that—'As nothing is more 'repugnant to humanity than denying 'relief to a fellow-creature in miſery,

'applauſe

'applauſe ſurely is moſt due to thoſe 'who, by long ſtudy and great appli-'cation, have extracted a medicine 'from the vegetable and mineral crea-'tion, that infallibly cures, &c.'

The truly diſintereſted proprietor of *the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and it's Salts*, condeſcends to do himſelf the juſtice to acknowledge his great benevolence to mankind, by prefacing his addreſs to the public in the following words—'That the Unhappy may know where 'to apply for relief, is the full end of 'this advertiſement.'

The *gentleman of much experience in phyſic*, who has diſcovered the celebrated Lotion or waſh that makes every body beautiful, tells us—'*That for the* CONVENIENCY *of perſons of diſtinction, and the* GENERAL GOOD *of mankind*, 'it is ſold at Mr. Foy's china-ſhop, 'oppoſite St. James's Palace.'

Who is there that can read that does not look with admiration and aſtoniſhment on the diſintereſted benevolence of theſe truly great perſons? But when we conſider a ſtill greater inſtance of public-ſpiritedneſs; when we think of that juſtly celebrated great man and phyſician, the incomparable Doctor Taylor; who, not ſatisfied with reſtoring the invaluable bleſſing of ſight to every individual of his blind countrymen, pays his charitable viſits to every part of Europe, dealing light and comfort to all nations; where ſhall we find words to expreſs the ideas we are filled with? It is with great pleaſure that I embrace this opportunity of congratulating his holineſs the Pope, and their eminences the Cardinals, on the arrival of that illuſtrious perſon at Rome, of which the Daily Advertiſer thus particularly informs us.

'Rome, December the 27th. The 'Chevalier Taylor, celebrated medi-'cine-oculiſt to their Imperial Majeſties, 'to the kings of Great Britain, Po-'land, Sweden, Denmark, and to all 'the ſovereign princes in Europe, ar-'rived a few weeks ſince in this capital 'from Muſcovy, and the morning af-'ter his arrival was preſented to his ho-'lineſs. From the reputation he has 'acquired here by the ſucceſs he had 'with the Princeſſes of Rufpuly, Juſ-'tiniana, and with many other illuſtri-'ous perſonages, together with a num-'ber extraordinary of the ſubjects of 'this country, the Pope has not only 'been pleaſed to grant him three dif-'ferent audiences, but has declared 'him, by patent, medicine-oculiſt to 'his perſon and court: and, to give him 'yet a greater mark of his favour, has 'cauſed him to be made Chevalier of his 'court, to be received as a member of 'the Roman ſenate, and fellow of the 'Roman univerſity. The patents of 'theſe dignities, together with all the 'others he has received from the courts 'and univerſities abroad, are in the 'hands of his ſon in London. By a 'liſt it appears, that the Chevalier is 'now phyſician-oculiſt (by patent) to 'ſix crowned heads; to near twenty ſo-'vereign princes; member of almoſt all 'the univerſities, academies, and ſo-'cieties, of the learned in Europe; that 'he is the author of twenty-four dif-'ferent works that he has wrote himſelf 'in different languages, three of which 'are publiſhed in Italian: and, to com-'pleat all, he was received as a member 'of the univerſity of Padua, by order 'of the ſenate of Venice, with diſtinct 'approbation from the famous profeſſor 'Morganni; and this crowned by the 'dignities he has received from the 'court and ſenate of Rome. The Che-'valier will direct his courſe through 'Italy, where he will end his tour 'through all Europe.'

I have tranſcribed the whole of this advertiſement, (which poſſibly may not appear to be quite as accurately worded as if drawn up by the doctor himſelf) becauſe I am deſirous of reſcuing from a periſhable news-paper the authentic records of the dignities and honours of the Chevalier Taylor. I cannot conceal from my readers that I have one melancholy thought upon this occaſion: it is, that as moſt of theſe high honours have been conferred upon the Chevalier by the Catholic princes, and particularly by his holineſs the Pope, it is greatly to be feared that, from a principle of gratitude, the Chevalier may poſſibly have made them a compliment of his Proteſtant faith. If my apprehenſions of this event are groundleſs, how ought we to rejoice that ſuch diſtinguiſhed titles are beſtowed, even by the enemies of our religion, upon one of our own countrymen!

Indeed, as the principal bleſſing of life is health, it is no wonder that princes and great men are ſo ready to reward with honours all thoſe who are the inſurers of it: and it is with no ſmall ſatisfaction that

that I see those eminent physicians, Doctor Rock, Doctor West, together with a long *et cætera* of doctors, who content themselves with publishing their merits without their names, offering their several specifics to the public under a patent from the crown.

But it is the disinterested spirit of these great persons, and not their honours, that I am at present celebrating: and I take shame to myself, that as an author, and consequently a physician of the mind, I have been less careful in setting forth either the excellency of my labours, or in extending them as I ought to have done to all sorts of people. I had never considered till very lately that the paper of the World, though it cost no more than two-pence, and is published but once a week, yet, when continued to a hundred thousand numbers, or perhaps to the end of time, (for I have taken care that the secret of writing it shall not die with me) must be too heavy a tax on the generations of the poor. From a due consideration of this weighty affair, and influenced thereto by the noble and disinterested spirit of my brethren, the doctors, I have directed my good friend Mr. Dodsley to bind up in three neat pocket volumes the aggregate of these my labours, for the years one thousand seven hundred fifty-three, and one thousand seven hundred fifty-four; and to distribute the said volumes among all the booksellers of this great metropolis, to be sold by them to-morrow, and for ever, at so small a price as three shillings a volume. And I have the pleasure of declaring, with equal truth with the proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and it's Salts, *that to relieve the* UNHAPPY *is the full end of this publication.*

For the great utility of these incomparable volumes, I might refer the reader to the praises I have almost every where bestowed upon them in the volumes themselves, though, I confess, not altogether in so ample a manner as their merits required. I might also have presented him with a list of attestations sent me under the hands and seals of most of the principal nobility of these kingdoms, setting forth their marvellous effects on their morals and understandings: but as these attestations would have made a much larger work than the volumes themselves, I thought it prudent to omit them. In fact, nothing need be said of these books, but that they are an easy, pleasant, and infallible cure for every disorder of the human mind.

I had written thus far, when I received a visit from my friend; who, upon my acquainting him with the public-spirited scheme which I have laid before my readers, shook his head, and told me, that an author of his acquaintance had greatly out-done me in generosity; of which he could convince me in an hour's time. He then left me abruptly, without so much as waiting for an answer, and in less than the time proposed, sent me the following advertisement, cut out of a news-paper. 'This day was 'published, Nurse Truelove's New-'year's Gift, or the Book of Books 'for Children, adorned with cuts, and 'designed as a present for every little 'boy who would become a great man, 'and ride upon a fine horse; and to 'every little girl who would become a 'great woman, and ride in a lord-'mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the 'author, who has ordered these books 'to be given Gratis to all little good 'boys and girls, at the Bible and 'Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard, 'they paying for the binding, which 'is only two-pence each book.'

I confess very freely that the generosity of this advertisement put me a little out of countenance; but as I pique myself upon nothing so much as my benevolence to mankind, I soon came to a resolution not to be out-done by this public-spirited gentleman; and I hereby give notice, that the above-mentioned three volumes of the World, together with a very elaborate index to each, (all of which were, I confess, intended to be Sold) will now be given Gratis at every bookseller's shop in town, to all sorts of persons, *they only paying* NINE SHILLINGS *for the* BINDING.

Plate XII.

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N° CXVI. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

PERSONAM, THYRSUMQUE TENENT, ET SUBLIGAR ACCI. JUV.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am left guardian to three young ladies, whose father was my intimate acquaintance at the time he made his addresses to their late mother: and I very well remember he could not obtain admittance till he had first procured himself the ornament of a ſtar and ribband, and would never have gained the lady, but from the happy thought of adding another lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that his ſucceſs was owing to theſe exteriors, I conceived no great opinion of the good ſenſe of his lady; but as ſhe made my friend a good wife, I reflected that ſhe might juſtly be influenced by the ribband, as it marked the conſequence of her lover, and by the additional lace, as it ſeemed to beſpeak his riches. It is, however, ſtill a doubt with me, whether ſhe ever felt a ſincere paſſion for the man ſhe married; and what increaſes this doubt, is, that I could never diſcover, in either of her daughters, any ſymptoms of what I can properly call love. The eldeſt, who reads romances, is continually profeſſing a ſincere diſpoſition to requite (after a proper time) the pains of one who ſhall enterprize, fight, ſtarve, or catch cold, for her. The ſecond would be happy with a ſcarecrow, who, with the dignity of a title, ſhould diſcover what ſhe calls a Taſte, in tricking out his perſon with embroidery, laces, jewels, and trinkets. The third, would never deſire to *ſee* the object of her paſſion; provided ſhe might receive reams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and ſuch miſſive weapons, which do moſt execution from a diſtance. Laſt week my three wards came into my room, deſiring leave to go to the next maſquerade. I gave a haſty conſent, imagining there could be no danger for ladies whom I knew to be ſafe on the ſide of love; but ſince I have recollected my thoughts, I am apprehenſive that the eldeſt may be caught by ſome *avanturier*, with ſounding language and a romantic habit; the ſecond, by a Turkiſh emperor not worth ten chequins; and the youngeſt, by a ſmooth-tongued, flattering poet, who, when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a ſhepherd, has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be ſurprized, after this repreſentation, to hear me complain of the diſtreſs my promiſe has brought upon me; but as I never break my word with them, I muſt for once truſt them to their fate. But I cannot forbear intreating you, while the impreſſion is ſtrong in my raſh mind, to write a paper on the dangerous conſequences which theſe fantaſtic diverſions may bring upon young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my conſent has already produced. This morning I found the eldeſt of my young ladies dreſſed out, as ſhe told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a ſuit of Perſian armour of her own contrivance. The ſecond, who is of a large ſize, and has contracted a remarkable unwieldineſs by the ſtate ſhe obſerves in never moving off her couch, was at the ſame time under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which ſhe wears herſelf in one of her ſerious dances. The youngeſt was a muſe, and expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that ſhe had not *ſettled her head*. I could not help ſaying I was ſorry I had contributed my part to the *unſettling it*. This was very ill received; which indeed I might have foreſeen, as well from the oppoſition which it implied to her diverſion, as becauſe the muſe, of all things in the world, deteſts a pun.

This, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beginning of an affair, which I am afraid will have a worſe end. If it be attended with any of the conſequences which I apprehend, you ſhall hear farther from me; in the mean time, I hope to hear from You on the ſubject, and am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

PRUDENTIO.

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correſpondent, and as it is now near a month ſince this letter came

came to hand, I am apt to think that none of those dreadful consequences have happened which he so greatly apprehended, and that the three ladies escaped without any other accident than now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I must confess I am one of those who think a masquerade an innocent amusement, and that people have long since left off going to it without any design either good or bad: not that the vices objected to it are left off, but that they are carried on with less difficulty in other places, and without the suspicion that would attend them there. And I may venture to say, if people will keep from the dangers of the gaming-table, they will run no other hazard at the masquerade, than that of making themselves ridiculous. I will go still farther, by protesting against the injustice of charging this diversion in particular with the mischiefs of play, or the affected follies mentioned in my correspondent's letter, by supposing that the men game higher, or that the women dress more fantastically in the Haymarket, than elsewhere. That it is an unprofitable amusement, and not worthy the anxiety and pains that are usually bestowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge; but have nothing farther to say against it.

And here I cannot help observing, for the information of the declaimer against the present times, that our ancestors bestowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind, than their posterity have done since; and that they were sometimes attended with more dangerous consequences. Witness the famous *Balet des Ardens*, where Charles the Sixth of France, and several young gentlemen of his court, in order to represent savages, endeavoured to imitate hair by sticking flax upon their close jackets of canvas, which were besmeared for that purpose with pitch and other inflammable matter; and all, excepting the king, chained themselves together so fast, that a spark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dresses burnt two of them to death before they could be separated, and scorched the others so, that the greatest part of them died in a few days.

Henry the Eighth was the first who brought these diversions into England; and as they were very amusing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great success. It is perhaps to a building erected by that monarch for an occasional masquerade, that the first idea of Ranelagh owes it's birth. It will not, I believe, be denied that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a description of which, together with the disaster that befel it, is thus particularly set forth by the historian of those times.

'The king caused to be builded a 'banqueting-house, eight hundred feet 'in compass, like a theatre, after a 'goodly device, builded in such a manner as (I think) was never seen. And 'in the midst of the same banqueting-house was set up a great pillar of timber, made of eight great masts, bound 'together with iron bands, for to hold 'them together: for it was a hundred 'and thirty-four feet in length, and 'cost six pounds thirteen shillings and 'four-pence, to set it upright. The 'banqueting-house was covered over 'with canvas, fastened with ropes and 'iron as fast as might be devised; and 'within the said house was painted the 'heavens, with stars, sun, moon, and 'clouds, with divers other things made 'above over men's heads. And about 'the high pillar of timber that stood 'upright in the midst, was made stages 'of timber for organs and other instruments to stand upon, and men to play 'on them. But in the morning of the 'same day, wherein the building was 'accomplished, the wind began to rise, 'and at night blew off the canvas and 'all the elements, with the stars, sun, 'moon, and clouds; and all the king's 'seats that were made with great riches, 'besides all other things, were all dashed 'and lost.'

Thus fell the first Ranelagh, though built (according to this historian) as strong as could be devised. The modern Ranelagh has proved itself to be a stronger building, having as yet been affected by no storms but those of the legislature: and (if our magistrates had thought proper) we might still have challenged all Europe to shew us the diversion of a masquerade in the perfection with which it was there exhibited, either for the spaciousness of the room, the beauty of the ladies, the splendor of their jewels, or the elegance of their habits. That the choice of the latter may no longer be a torture to the invention, or occasion the same hurry, embarrassment,

ment, and disappointment, that I am told have happened on some late occasions, it may be proper to take notice that my ingenious and accurate friend, Mr. Jefferys, of St. Martin's Lane, is now engraving select representations of the most approved modes of dress of all those nations who have discovered either taste or fancy in that science. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquithimself as well to the polite world, as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has bestowed in ascertaining the geography of those parts of the globe with which this country is most particularly connected, and which may sometimes furnish topics for conversation to the full as entertaining as the most earnest preparations for a subscription masquerade.

N° CXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS. OVID.

THERE is perhaps no passion which more strongly marks the general character of mankind, which operates more forcibly, or actuates more universally, than the desire of Novelty. It's effects appear conspicuous in proportion as every age or nation is advanced in those refinements which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealthy, security, and ease, under the lenity of a free government.

The Athenians, the most polished nation in all antiquity, and who enjoyed these advantages in the highest degree, were, if we may trust their own writers, as passionately fond of the Something New as my own countrymen can possibly be; nay, far exceeded them: for however great may be the expence to which we have pushed our invention of fresh objects for the public amusement, yet we must yield the superiority, no less in extravagance, than we do in taste, to a people who expended the treasure which was destined to clothe and feed an army, or to man a fleet, on diversions and entertainments at home. It may surprize some of our gayest moderns, to inform them that, without ridottos, masquerades, and operas, the charge only of acting three tragedies of Sophocles amounted to the sum total of the supplies raised for the service of the republic in a general war.

The passion for novelty, as it acts on different subjects, has very different consequences. When religion or government are it's objects, it is the source of most terrible evils. New men and new models have been the dread of the wisest politicians; and when things are tolerably well, to maintain them upon the old footing, has been generally thought the safest maxim for the happiness of the community. Too great a desire of novelty, either in the governed, or in the governing, has often disturbed the peace of kingdoms. When it goes no further than to decide the dress of the person, or the ornaments of our equipage, all is safe; it's highest degree of excess will then only afford a subject of ridicule. A smart-cocked hat, or embroidered sleeve, a short petticoat, or well-fancied furbelow, will neither endanger the church, nor embroil the state. The pursuit indeed of such kind of novelties may rather occasion many advantages to the public; while that vanity which is absurd in the particular, is useful in the general. Novelty and fashion are the source and support of trade, by constantly supplying matter for the employment of industry. By increasing the wants, they increase the connections of mankind; and so long as they do not, by too great an extravagance, defeat their own end, in disabling the rich from paying the reward of that industry to the poor, they answer excellent purposes to society.

Not only the improvements of every invention for the convenience and ease of life, but even of those which constitute it's real ornament, are owing to this desire of novelty. Yet here too we may grow wanton; and nature seems to have set us bounds, which we cannot pass without running into absurdities: for the very principle which has contributed to the perfection of the finer arts, may become the cause of their degeneracy and corruption. The search of the Something New has, step by step, conducted mankind to the discovery of

all that is truly beautiful in thoſe arts; and the ſame ſearch (for the deſire of novelty never ſtops) already begins to urge us beyond that point to which a juſt taſte ſhould always confine itſelf.

Hence it is that muſical compoſition ceaſes to be admired merely for touching the paſſions, and for changing the emotions of the heart from the ſoft to the ſtrong, from the amorous to the fierce, or from the gay to the melancholy; and only ſeems to be then conſidered as highly excellent, when it impreſſes us with the idea of difficulty in the execution.

Images unnatural and unconnected, and a ſtyle quaint and embarraſſed with it's own pomp, but void of meaning and ſentiment, will always be the conſequence of endeavouring, in the ſame way, to introduce a new taſte into poetry. Hence it will become vehement without ſtrength, and ornamented without beauty; and the native, warm, and ſoft winning language of that amiable miſtreſs, will ceaſe to pleaſe her more judicious lovers by an affectation of pleaſing only in a new manner.

Strange as it may appear that this ſhould find admirers, yet it is not any more to be wondered at than the applauſe which is ſo fondly given to Chineſe decorations, or to the barbarous productions of a Gothic genius, which ſeems once more to threaten the ruin of that ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhed the Greek and Roman arts as eternally ſuperior to thoſe of every other nation.

Few men are endued with a juſt taſte; that is, with an aptitude to diſcover what is proper, fit, and right, and conſequently beautiful, in the ſeveral objects which offer themſelves to their view. Though beauty in theſe external objects, like truth in thoſe of the underſtanding, is ſelf-evident and immutable; yet, like truth, it may be ſeen perverſely, or not at all, becauſe not conſidered. Now all men are equally ſtruck with the novelty of an appearance; but few, after this firſt emotion, call in their judgment to correct the deciſion of their eye, and to tell them whether the pleaſure they feel has any other cauſe than mere novelty. It is certain that a frequent review and compariſon of the ſame objects together would greatly improve an indifferent taſte; and that hardly any one would be unable to determine, when once accuſtomed to ſuch an attention, whether the proportions of architecture taken from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, or from the Emperor of China's palace at Pekin, produced the moſt agreeable forms.

The preſent vogue of Chineſe and Gothic architecture has, beſides it's novelty, another cauſe of it's good reception; which is, that there is no difficulty in being merely Whimſical. A ſpirit capable of entering into all the beauties of antique ſimplicity, is the portion of minds uſed to reflection, and the reſult of a corrected judgment: but here all men are equal. A manner confined to no rules cannot fail of having the crowd of imitators in it's party, where novelty is the ſole criterion of elegance. It is no objection, that the very end of all building is forgot; that all reference to uſe and climate, all relation of one proportion to another, of the thing ſupporting to the thing ſupported, of the acceſſory to the principal, and of the parts to the whole, is often entirely ſubverted.

The paintings which, like the architecture, continually revolt againſt the truth of things, as little ſurely deſerve the name of elegant. Falſe lights, falſe ſhadows, falſe perſpective and proportions, gay colours, without that gradation of tints, that mutual variety of enlightened and darkened objects which relieve and give force to each other, at the ſame time that they give repoſe to the eye; in ſhort, every incoherent combination of forms in nature, without expreſſion and without meaning, are the eſſentials of Chineſe painting.

As this Chineſe and Gothic ſpirit has begun to deform ſome of the fineſt ſtreets in this capital, whenever an academy ſhall be founded for the promoting the arts of ſculpture, painting, and architecture, ſome ſcheme ſhould be thought of at the ſame time to diſcourage the encroachment of this pretended elegance; and an Anti-Chineſe ſociety will be a much more important inſtitution in the world of arts, than an Anti-Gallican in that of politics. A correſpondent of mine, I dare ſay, would be glad to be a member of it, if we may be allowed to judge of his ſentiments from the following letter.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am married to a lady of great fortune, of which, as I had little or none myſelf, ſhe has reſerved the ſole diſpoſition

tion to her own management by the marriage-articles. She is paſſionately fond of novelty, and changes her dreſs and furniture as often almoſt as ſhe does her temper. In ſhort, every thing about her is a proof of her mutability. She has not more new head-dreſſes in a year, than new words, which ſhe is perpetually coining, becauſe ſhe would paſs for a wit. The unintelligibility of her dialect occaſions ſometimes great confuſion in the family; and her acquaintance no ſooner begin to underſtand her, than ſhe changes her phraſeology, and they are puzzled again by a new mode of expreſſion. She came home the other morning from a viſit, in raptures with Lady Fiddlefaddle's Chineſe dreſſing-room; ſince which we have had moſt terrible revolutions. Her grandfather, who left her every thing, was a man celebrated for his taſte; but his fine collection of pictures by the beſt Italian maſters is now converted into Indian paintings; and the beautiful vaſes, buſts, and ſtatues, which he brought from Italy, are flung into the garret as lumber, to make room for great-bellied Chineſe pagods, red dragons, and the repreſentation of the ugliſt monſters that ever, or rather never exiſted. This extravagance is not confined within doors: the garden is filled with whimſical buildings, at a prodigious expence; with ſummer-houſes without ſhade, and with temples that ſeem to be dedicated to no other deities than the winds. If by reading your paper ſhe ſhould be perſuaded to leave off every Chineſe faſhion, but that of pinched feet and not ſtirring abroad, I ſhould think myſelf a happy man, and very much. Mr. Fitz-Adam, your obliged humble ſervant.

N° CXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

VICINAS URBES ALIT. HOR.

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, ſenſe, converſation, all private and public affections, are totally ſwallowed up by the ſingle predominant paſſion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally uſeful, than thoſe of preceding ages. I am particularly pleaſed with conſidering the progreſs which a juſt taſte and real good ſenſe have made in the modern mode of gardening. This ſcience is at preſent founded on ſuch noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives more advantages from the embelliſhments he rides by, than the viſitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

The modern art of *laying out ground* (for ſo we muſt call it, till a new name be adopted to expreſs ſo complicated an idea) has ſpread ſo widely, and it's province is become ſo extenſive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity, we ſhall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of rural ſcenery in Virgil, hardly to correſpond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The villas of Cicero and Pliny, which they have ſo affectionately deſcribed, do not raiſe our admiration. A favourable aſpect, variety of porticos and ſhades of plane-trees, ſeem to be their greateſt merit. Their ſucceſſors in that happy climate have made their gardens repoſitories for ſtatues, bas reliefs, urns, and whatever is by them intitled *virtù*; the diſpoſition of which ornaments, together with ſome ſtraight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, compleat their ſyſtem.

In France, the genius of *Le Nautre* would probably have ſhewn itſelf in more beautiful productions than the Tuilleries and Verſailles, had it not been ſhackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taſte been overlaid by magnificence.

This forced taſte, aggravated by ſome Dutch acquiſitions, for more than half a century deformed the ſcenery of nature in this country, though ſeveral of our beſt writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for thoſe improvements which have ſince followed. Sir William Temple, in his Gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleaſure on that at

More Park in Hertfordshire; yet, after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for use, beauty, and magnificence, he rises to nobler images, and in a kind of prophetic spirit points out a higher style, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the spot; and it seems to have been the peculiar destiny of that delightful place to have passed through all the transformations and modes of taste, having exercised the genius of the most eminent artists successively, and serving as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundless imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of Paradise Loft, ftruck out a plan of a garden, which I would propofe for the entertainment and inftruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects, and ambition, of modern designing.

It is the peculiar happinefs of this age to fee thefe juft and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity baniflied, profpects opened, the country called in, nature refcued and improved, and Art decently concealing herfelf under her own perfections.

I enlarge upon this fubject, becaufe I would do juftice to our nobility and men of fortune, who, by a feafonable employment of the poor, have made this their private amufement a national good. It is notorious that, in the feafon of the harveft, the fcarcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth is fo great, that few of our farmers can find men to do their work for three months, unlefs they can keep them in employment the other nine. Here the new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the aflifance of the labourer; and as it conflits chiefly in the removal of earth, the whole coft goes directly to his fupport.

It has been the conftant cry of all politicians and writers on trade, that taxes fhould be laid on luxury. How happy is it that luxury fhould take fo large a fhare in the payment of that tax which lies moft heavy on the prefent times! I mean the poor's rate. Our manufactures, it muft be granted, are of the greateft national benefit; inafmuch as they maintain multitudes of families, which all the private fortunes in a country would be influfficient to fupport. But the fact is, that in the harveft feafon there is always the greateft fcarcity of huftbandmen in thofe countries where manufactures are moft known to flourifh; and it is alfo a fact, that our manufactures afford no fupport to the huftbandman in the other feafons: fo that I know of nothing that can procure to him the neceffaries of life in the winter, but the judicious allotment of that uncomfortable feafon to the works above-mentioned, which are now carrying on with vigour in almoft every part of England.

I muft alfo do our men of tafte the juftice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the firft embellifhers of the gardens in the prefent mode, was the fame nobleman who eftablifhed the looms for carpets at Wilton. In the north, whole countries have been civilized, induftry encouraged, and variety of manufactures inftituted, by the magnificent charity of the noble perfon, who among the leaft of his perfections muft be allowed to be the beft planter in Europe. And if ever this country fhould boaft the eftablifhment of the art of weaving tapeftry, fhe will be beholden to the fame Royal hand to which fhe owes (if I may name it after the exalted bleffings of Liberty and Peace) the adorning Windfor Park.

Whatever may have been reported, whether truly or falfely, of the Chinefe gardens, it is certain that we are the firft of the Europeans who have founded this tafte; and we have been fo fortunate in the genius of thofe who have had the direction of fome of our fineft fpots of ground, that we may now boaft a fuccefs equal to that profufion of expence which has been deftined to promote the rapid progrefs of this happy enthufiafm. Our gardens are already the aftonifhment of foreigners; and, in proportion as they accuftom themfelves to conlider and underftand them, will become their admiration. And as the good tafte of our writers has lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to vifit us, this other tafte will greatly contribute to make the growing fafhion of travelling to England more general; and by this means we may hope to fee part of thofe fums brought back again, which this country has been from year to year fo unprofitably drained of.

But, to fet this fcience in the ftrongeft light of a political benefit, let us conlider what pains have been unfuccefsfully taken for many years paft by the beft patriots of Spain, to introduce, not only

only manufactures, but even agriculture itſelf, among the ſtarving inhabitants. Theſe conceited Quixotes, who pleaſe themſelves with boaſting that the ſun is continually enlightening ſome part of their dominions, are ſo ſatisfied with this important reflection, that they ſeem to deſire no other advantage from his beams. Uſtariz, their lateſt and beſt writer on commerce, has beſtowed whole pages in deſcribing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the preſent race uſeleſs, the growing hope cut off, and all this becauſe the inhabitants cannot be perſuaded to uſe the moſt obvious means for their ſuſtenance and preſervation, the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudeſt Spaniard to apply himſelf earneſtly to the cultivation of his country; I mean, by the force of example. If the grandees would make it a faſhion; if they would talk, as one may frequently hear the firſt men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themſelves upon their ſucceſs in huſbandry, the imitative pride of the yeoman might be uſefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious of having his fields as green as thoſe of his neighbour; he would then take his ſtately ſtrides at the tail of his plough, and (as Addiſon ſays of Virgil) 'throw about his dung 'with an air of majeſty.' He would then find a nobler uſe for the breed of cattle than the romantic purpoſe of a bull-feaſt; and his vanity, thus properly directed, would in a few years make his country the fineſt garden in the univerſe.

If the noble duke who cloathed the ſands of Claremont with ſuch exquiſite verdure, had made the ſame glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no leſs riches, and much more happineſs, to that nation, than the conqueſts of Philip, or the diſcoveries of Columbus.

N° CXIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

SANCTIUS HIS ANIMAL, MENTISQUE CAPACIUS ALTÆ
DEERAT ADHUC, ET QUOD DOMINARI IN CÆTERA POSSIT.
OVID.

IT has been hinted to me ſince the publication of my laſt week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging the merit of the Great in making that ſcience uſeful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of thoſe liberal geniuſes, under whoſe immediate direction all theſe improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other ſervices to their country in it's capital. And as I am never backward in doing juſtice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extenſive and various talents, which the almoſt omniſcient profeſſors of gardening may ſo juſtly boaſt.

The good old Engliſh nobleman or country ſquire, whoſe delight was a garden, uſed to take from the tail of the plough a ſet of animals whom he conſidered as beings of the ſame order with thoſe who drew it; and ſetting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore, leaving them to lean over their ſpades, and ſettle their ſeveral plans for poaching, wood-ſtealing, ſkittle-playing, and pſalm-ſinging, he went and enjoyed himſelf with his dogs and horſes. But ſince we have laid aſide that plain and eaſy direction—'Follow 'the ſtraight line,' and have in it's ſtead ſubſtituted that exceeding difficult one—'Follow nature,' the above-mentioned animals have never been truſted a moment to themſelves, but have had a creature of a ſuperior kind ſet over them, whoſe office is beſt explained by the ſcolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their courſe, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

This office is of late grown ſo reſpectable, that the true adept in it may juſtly be ſtiled the high-prieſt of nature. But it is not nature alone that he ſtudies; all arts are inveſtigated by his comprehenſive genius. He muſt be well acquainted with optics, hydroſtatics, mechanics,

chanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c. and since it has been thought neceſſary to embelliſh rural ſcenes with all the varieties of architecture, from ſingle pillars and obeliſks, to bridges, ruins, pavilions, and even caſtles and churches, it is not enough for our profeſſor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the ſpecies of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyſſop on the wall; he muſt alſo rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio viſus* to advantage. Hydroſtatics are moſt immediately neceſſary, ſince it is decreed that every place muſt have a piece of water; and as every piece of water muſt have a boat of a particular contrivance, mechanics come in to his aſſiſtance; and he is carried over the glaſſy ſurface by ſnakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever elſe he pleaſes. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if your gardens continue to increaſe in extent, in the ſame proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be ſoon called in, to meaſure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But ſuch extenſion of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejectments, and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are ſiſter arts; but our general lover has poſſeſſed them both, in ſpite of their conſanguinity. And as for Poetry, though he knows her to be the greateſt jilt in the univerſe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad ſtem and a ſmooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inſcription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuſcan, and Perſic, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune, who has ſuch a director to influence and guide his taſte, as the demon of Socrates is ſaid to have continually accompanied that philoſopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourouſly deſcribes a man, who, without having the inward call, was deſirous of being thought as religious as the reſt of his neighbours of thoſe times: 'This man,' ſays he, 'finds himſelf [illegible] ſome factor, to whoſe 'care and credit he may commit the 'whole managing of his religious af-'fairs; ſome divine of note and eſti-'mation; and makes the perſon of that 'man his religion. He entertains him, 'lodges him: his religion comes home 'at night, prays, is liberally ſupped, 'and ſumptuouſly laid aſleep; riſes, is 'ſaluted, and after being well break-'faſted, his religion walks abroad, and 'leaves his kind entertainer in the ſhop, 'trading all day *without his religion.*' Juſt in this manner does the mere man of faſhion in theſe times think it neceſſary to have a Taſte; but though he does not commonly carry his Taſte about him, he is ſeldom ſo imprudent as to take any ſteps in his garden *without his* Taſte.

In an age ſo liberal of new names, it ſeems extraordinary that theſe univerſal connoiſſeurs have as yet obtained no title of honour or diſtinction. This may help me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modeſty; for to that alone muſt we attribute their having ſo long been without one; eſpecially as they might as eaſily have immortalized their own names, as any of the ancient ſages, who called their profeſſion after themſelves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean philoſophy. Nor have they ſhewn leſs modeſty in their expectation of returns for their ineſtimable ſervice, as will appear upon a compariſon of their rewards with thoſe of the ancient artiſts.

Mandrocles, who built the famous bridge over the Boſphorus, at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the coſt of that expenſive undertaking: whereas a tenth of the expence is reckoned a modern job; and no artiſt in our memory has aſpired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of, was the canal of Mount Athos; for which it was impoſſible that the director ſhould receive any other than an honorary reward, becauſe he died as ſoon as it was finiſhed. His name was Artachæus; he was in ſtature the talleſt of all the Perſians, and his voice ſtronger than that of any other man; two very uſeful accompliſhments in an overſeer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly ſenſible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a ſumptuous monument to his memory, and by direction of an oracle, honoured him

him as a hero with ſacrifices and invocations.

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman, Captain Perry! A genius whoſe remembrance muſt make this nation both proud and aſhamed. His performances are ſufficient to give credit to the works above-mentioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largeſt veſſels in a few hours? But rather let me aſk, what was his reward for that national work at home, the ſtopping Daggenham breach? I am ſorry to anſwer, that he was perſecuted and ſuffered to ſtarve, for the debts he had contracted in accompliſhing an undertaking ſo eſſential to the commerce of this kingdom, and the exiſtence of it's metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more generous returns to thoſe who adminiſter ſo eſſentially to their pleaſures: and I would have them diſtinguiſh between thoſe dull mechanical rogues, whoſe thoughts never wander beyond the ſphere of gain, and the generous ſpirit who is warmed by his profeſſion, and who thinks himſelf paid by the exquiſite ſcenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypreſs ſhall alone, of all his various plantations, accompany him to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the moſt conſpicuous part of his gardens, erect a temple to his memory, and inſcribe it with propriety and truth—'GENIO LOCI.'

Nº CXX. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

MOST people complain of Fortune; few of Nature: and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injuſtice of the former.

'Why have not I the riches, the 'rank, the power, of ſuch and ſuch?' is the common expoſtulation with Fortune: but—'Why have not I the merit, the 'talents, the wit, or the beauty, of ſuch 'and ſuch others?' is a reproach rarely or never made to Nature.

The truth is, that Nature, ſeldom profuſe, and ſeldom niggardly, has diſtributed her gifts more equally than ſhe is generally ſuppoſed to have done. Education and ſituation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occaſions elicit natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially (if I may uſe that pedantic word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæſars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the ſoil muſt be cultivated, and the ſeaſons favourable, for the fruit to have all it's ſpirit and flavour.

If ſometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the ſcales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoiſe of vanity, which never fails to ſet all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reſerve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus ſatisfied with the diſpenſations of Nature, how few liſten to her voice! How few follow her as a guide! In vain ſhe points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and faſhion, aſſume her ſhape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

Theſe deviations from nature are often attended by ſerious conſequences, and always by ridiculous ones: for there is nothing truer than the trite obſervation, That people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not. Affectation is the only ſource, and, at the ſame time, the only juſtifiable object of ridicule. No man whatſoever, be his pretenſions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous: it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without ſome induſtry; which perhaps is the reaſon why ſo many people are ſo jealous and tenacious of it.

Even ſome people's Vices are not their own, but affected and adopted, (though at the ſame time unenjoyed) in hopes of ſhining in thoſe faſhionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives luſtre. In theſe caſes, the execution is commonly as awkward as the deſign is abſurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of, what he called, a Rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the Libertine Destroyed, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the Libertine *Destroyed*. A discreet friend of his, who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the Libertine *Destroyed*, seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the Libertine, and *Destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that, for my own part, I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that people should have no vices but *their own*.

The blockhead who affects wisdom because nature has given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon every thing, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits, necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

The septuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be esteemed and respected in the several relations of domestic life, which at his age nature points out to him; but he will most ridiculously spin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dresses, languishes, ogles, as he did at five-and-twenty; and modestly intimates, that he is not without a *bonne fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at last appears to be the prostitute he had long kept, (not to himself) whom he marries and owns, because *the poor girl was so fond of him, and so desirous to be made an honest woman.*

The sexagenary widow remembers that she was handsome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago; and thinks herself so, or at least very *likeable*, still. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty unpardonably continue, increase even with her years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy glittering parts of dress, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in it's bloom, now expose to the highest and justest ridicule her shrivelled or her overgrown carcase. She totters or sweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries, and brocades; which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or leer desire: their language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the half-pay captain understands it. He addresses his vows to her vanity, which assures her they are sincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every social duty. He tenderly prefers her (though not without some hesitation) to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of self-love, and resembles it no more than is absolutely necessary to heighten the ridicule. Like other flatterers, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed, where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur De La Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was Wisdom; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and exclusively of the gods.

gods. The prize was Folly. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of Wisdom was neither regretted nor remembered; Folly supplied it's place; and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

N° CXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

POST MEDIAM NOCTEM——CUM SOMNIA VERA.
HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AMONG the many visions related by your predecessors and cotemporaries, the writers of periodical essays, I remember few but what have been in the Oriental stile and character. For my own part, I am neither Dervise nor Brachman, but a poet and true Christian, though given now and then to be a little *heathenish* in my expressions: and as I apprehend that no one set of people will claim the sole property and privilege of dreaming to themselves, since I am apt to nod as well as my betters, I beg that the following dream may find a place in your paper.

I imagined myself to be walking on a road: it was wide and well beaten. An elderly gentleman, with whom I joined company, informed me it was the road to Parnassus, and very obligingly offered me his services. The first groupe of figures which attracted my attention were pale and thin with study. They were shaking ivory letters in a hat, and then throwing them on the ground. I supposed that they were performing some mystery of the Cabala; but, on my nearer approach, learnt that they were the editors and commentators of the ancient poets; and that this was only a scheme of assisting conjecture.

Being now startled with a great noise, I turned suddenly about, and perceived just behind me a set of Lyric poets, with one or two Dithyrambics. Their conversation was so little connected, and their motions so irregular, that I concluded them to be drunk; and apprehensive of mischief in so furious a company, quickened my pace.

The road now winded through the most beautiful fields, whose very bushes were all in bloom, and intermingled with shrubs, that afforded the most agreeable scents. The wild notes of the birds, joining with the tinkling of numerous rills that gushed from natural or artificial rocks, or with a deeper echo of some larger flood that fell at a distance, made a concert that charmed me. A party were here entertaining themselves with the gaiety of the situation: they had stepped out of the road to gather flowers; and were so delighted with wandering about the meadows, that they seemed entirely to have forgot their journey. They appeared to have been educated in Italy; their hair was curled and powdered, their linen laced, and their habits so covered with fringe and embroidery, that it was almost impossible to discover any cloth. I was so much in raptures with their company, and with the beauties of this romantic scene, that I would have stopped there myself, and proceeded no farther; but my guide hinted to me that the place was enchanted, and pressed me to go forwards.

I could not help laughing to see next a great crowd of Bombastics: a set of fat, pursy fellows, so asthmatic, that they could hardly move, and yet were eternally straining and attempting to run races; as were several dwarfs in enormous jack-boots, to overtake two horsemen, (who rode very swift at a distance, and were said to be Milton and Shakespeare) but tumbled at every four or five steps, to the great diversion of the spectators.

A troop of modern Latin poets had halted; and, having lost their way, were enquiring it of a man who carried a phrase-book, and a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, in his hand; and seemed always to be in a terrible uncertainty when the authority of their guide either failed or deceived them.

They were followed by some very genteel shepherds, who wore red stockings and large shoulder-knots, fluttering to the breath of the zephyrs. Crooks, glittering with tinsel, were in their hands, and embroidered pouches dangled at their sides. They talked much about

their flocks and Amaryllis; but I saw neither the one nor the other; and was surprized, as some of them pretended to music, to hear an air of the Italian opera played upon the bag-pipe. The gentlemen of their aspects served to render more formidable, by the contrast, the countenances of a company that now overtook me. It was a legion of critics. They were very liberal of their censures upon every one that passed, especially if he made a tolerable figure. Diction, Harmony, and Taste, were the general terms, which they threw out with great vehemence. They frowned on me as I passed: my looks discovering my fear, the alarm was given; and, at the very first sound of their catcalls, terrified to the last degree, I pulled my guide by the coat, and took to my heels.

We at last arrived at the foot of the mountain. There was an inconceivable crowd, who, not being admitted at the entrance, were endeavouring to crawl up the sides: but as the precipice was very steep, they continually tumbled back again. There was but one way of access, which was so extremely narrow, that it was almost impossible for two persons to go abreast, without one justling against the other. The gates were opened and shut by three amiable virgins, Genius, Good Sense, and Good Education. They examined all that passed. Some few, however, pushed forward by a vast crowd of friends, forced their way in; but had generally the mortification of being brought back again, and turned out by the centinels.

By the interest of my guide we were permitted to visit what part of Parnassus we pleased; and having mounted the hill, we entered a large garden, and were soon lost in the paths of a very intricate grove. It was in some places so exceedingly dark, that we had great difficulty to find our way out. This Labyrinth of Allegory, as it was called, was held by the ancients in a kind of superstitious reverence. The gloom of it was often so great, that we were ready to tumble at every step; but wherever the shade was softened by a twilight sufficient for us just to discover our way, there was something very delightful, as well as venerable, in the scene.

In other parts of the garden we saw beds of the most beautiful flowers, and a great number of Bay-trees; but not a single Fruit-tree. Among the shrubs, in many rivulets of different breadth and depth, ran the Heliconian stream. The lesser rills, on account of the vast multitude of people continually dabbling in them, were very muddy; but the fountain-head, though extremely deep, was as clear as crystal. The water had sometimes this peculiar quality, that whoever looked into it, saw his own face reflected with great beauty, though never so deformed; insomuch, that several were known to pine away there in a violent affection for their own persons. At the end of the garden were several courts of judicature, where causes were then hearing. The lesser court, which was that of criticism, was prodigiously crouded: for (as we observed afterwards) all those who had lost their causes as poets defendant in the principal court, turned in hither, and became plaintiffs in their turn, on pretence of little trespasses. In the principal court many actions were brought on the statute of maiming, chiefly by the ancients, and some celebrated moderns, against their editors and amenders, and for torts and wrongs against their interpreters and commentators. Not a few indictments were brought for petty larceny, and those chiefly by the Roman poets against the modern Latin ones.

Not far from these was the stable, or *ecurie* of his poetic majesty. I was greatly surprized to see more than one Pegasus. The grooms were just then going to water them, which gave me an opportunity of taking more particular notice.

The first was the Epic Pegasus. It was a very fine large horse, had been taught the *manége*, and moved with great statelineſs. The Pindaric was the only one who had wings: his motions were irregular, sudden, and unequal. The Elegiac was a gelding, exceedingly delicate in it's shape, and much gentler than any of the rest, particularly than another steed, which foamed, and pulled with such violence, that it was with great difficulty the rider held him in. As I attempted to stroak him, he clapped his ears back, and struck out his heels with great vehemence, that made me cautious of putting myself in the way of the Satiric Pegasus for the future. The Epigrammatic was a little pert pony, which every six or seven paces kicked up, and very much resembled the former, size only excepted. Besides these, there were several others, which did not

properly

properly belong to Apollo's ſtudd, and which were employed in many uſeful but laborious offices, as ſubſervient to the reſt.

It was impoſſible to paſs by the ſtables without making ſome enquiry after the original Pegaſus, ſo much celebrated, and the fire from whom all the laſt-mentioned drew their pedigree. A four-looking fellow of a critic, whoſe province it was to curry him, informed me with great expreſſions of ſorrow—'That 'the old horſe was really quite worn 'out; having been rode through all 'ſorts of roads, on all ſorts of errands: 'for that there was ſcarce a pedant living or dead, or even a boy who had 'been five years at ſchool, but had been 'upon him, either with leave or without: that he had long ago loſt his 'ſhoes, broke his knees, and ſlipped his 'ſhoulder; and that therefore Apollo, 'in pity to the poor beaſt, and to prevent 'ſuch barbarity for the future, had ordered an edict to be fixed on the door 'of the ſtable, that no perſon or perſons 'within his realms ſhould for the future 'ride or drive him, without firſt producing his proper licence and qualification.'

At length we arrived at the higheſt part of the mountain, where the temple was ſituated. It was a large building of marble, of one colour, and built all in the ſame order. The ſtatues and bas-reliefs which adorned it, repreſented ſome well-known part of poetic hiſtory. The whole appeared at once ſolid and elegant, without that profuſion of decorations, which fixes the eye to parts. The inſide of the hall was painted with ſeveral ſubjects taken out of the Iliad, the Æneid, and Paradiſe Loſt. Thoſe of the Iliad had the paſſions and manners ſtrongly characterized, with great ſimplicity of colouring, by the hand of Raphael. The beautiful tints and ſoftneſs of the Venetian ſchool correſponded with the genius of Virgil. The Paradiſe Loſt, as partaking of the fine colouring of the one, and of the force of the other, with ſomething more expreſſive in the language and images, greatly reſembled the ſtyle of Rubens; while ſome of it's more horrid ſcenes of embattled or tortured demons, recalled to my mind the wild imagination and fierce ſpirit of a Michael Angelo.

At the upper-end of the hall Apollo was ſeated on a moſt magnificent throne of folio's richly gilt, and was ſurrounded by a great number of poets, both ancient and modern. Before him flamed an altar, which a prieſteſs of a very ſleepy countenance continually ſupplied with the fuel of ſuch productions, as are the daily ſacrifice which Dulneſs is conſtantly offering to the preſident of literature.

Being now at leiſure to conſider the place more attentively, I ſaw, inſcribed on ſeveral pillars, names of great repute in both the paſt and preſent age. Some indeed of the latter, though but lately engraven, were nearly worn out; while others of an elder date, increaſed in clearneſs the longer they ſtood; and by being more attentively viewed, augmented their force, as the former became fainter. A particular part of the temple was aſſigned for the inſcriptions of thoſe perſons, who, adding to their exalted rank in life a merit which might have diſtinguiſhed them without the advantages of birth, claim a double right to have their names preſerved to futurity among the monuments of ſo auguſt an edifice.

At the view of ſo many objects, capable of inſpiring the moſt inſenſible with emulation, I found myſelf touched with an ambition which little became me, and could not help enquiring what method I ſhould purſue to attain ſuch an honour. But while I was deeply meditating upon the project, and vain enough to hope ſharing to myſelf ſome little obſcure corner in the temple, a ſudden noiſe awaked me, and I found every thing to have been merely the effect of my imagination.

N° CXXII. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

BLACK-BOY ALLEY, APRIL 28.

SIR,

I Am one of that numerous tribe of men, who (as you lately obſerved) live *the Lord knows how*. I have not the honour to be known to you, even in perſon, for I ſeldom go abroad: but you ſeem, by your writings, to be of a compaſſionate turn; and therefore I take the liberty to put myſelf under your protection.

I am the ſon of an honeſt tradeſman in Cheapſide; and was born in a houſe that has deſcended in the family, from father to ſon, through ſeveral generations. I had my education at a grammar-ſchool in London, not far from the ſtreet where my father lived, and where he uſed frequently to call as he paſſed by, to remind my maſter, that he hoped I ſhould ſoon *go into Greek*. I verily believe the good man perſuaded himſelf, that whenever this happened, it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

When I was about ſixteen years old, my father obſerved to me one day, as I was ſitting with him in the little back ſhop, that it was now high time for me to determine what ſcheme of life to purſue; and though I knew that my grandfather, a little before his death, had expreſſed his deſire of having me ſettled in the old trade, where he ſaid I ſhould be ſure of *good will*, yet I anſwered my father, without heſitation, that ſince he gave me leave to chuſe for myſelf, I was inclined to ſtudy phyſic. My father, who was in raptures at hearing me make choice of a learned profeſſion, went that very day, and talked over the matter with an old friend of his at Greſham-College; and the reſult of their conference was, that I ſhould be ſent to ſtudy under the celebrated Doctor Herman Boerhaave. I was equipped very decently upon the occaſion, and in a very few days arrived ſafely at Leyden, where I ſpent my time in reading the beſt books on the ſubject, and in a conſtant attendance on my maſter's lectures, who expreſſed himſelf ſo pleaſed with my indefatigable application, as to tell me at parting, that I ſhould be an honour to the profeſſion. But I am ſorry to tell you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that notwithſtanding this great man's remarkable ſagacity, he knew nothing of deſtiny: for ſince my return to England, I have lived ſeven years in London, undiſtinguiſhed in a narrow court, without any opportunity of doing either good or hurt in my calling. And what moſt mortifies me is, to ſee two or three of my fellow-ſtudents, who were eſteemed very dull fellows at the doctor's, lolling at their eaſe in warm chariots upon ſprings, while I am doomed to walk humbly through the dirt, in a threadbare coat and darned ſtockings, a decayed tye-periwig, a braſs-hilted ſword by my ſide, and a hat, entirely void of ſhape and colour, under my arm; which I aſſure you I do not carry there for ornament, nor for fear of damaging my wig, but to point out to thoſe who paſs by that I am a phyſician. You may wonder perhaps at hearing nothing of my father; but, alas! the good man had the misfortune to die inſolvent ſoon after my return, and I had no friend to apply to for aſſiſtance.

One day, as I walked through a narrow paſſage near St. Martin's Lane, I ſaw a crowd of people gathered together, and, in the midſt of them, a large fat woman upon the ground, in a fit. I ſoon brought her to herſelf; and as I was conducting her home, ſhe kindly aſked me to dine with her. I found, upon entering her door, that ſhe kept a chop-houſe; and, as I was going away after a hearty meal, ſhe gave me a general invitation, in return for the good office I had done her, to ſtep in and taſte her mutton whenever I came that way. I was by no means backward to accept the offer, and took frequent opportunities of viſiting my patient. But, alas! thoſe days of plenty were ſoon over; for it happened unfortunately, not long after, that her favourite daughter died under my care, at a time when I aſſured the mother that ſhe was quite out of danger. The manner in which ſhe accoſted me upon this occaſion, made it clear that I muſt once more return to a courſe of faſting.

As I was muſing one morning, in a moſt diſconſolate mood, with my leg in my

my landlady's lap, while she darned one of my stockings, it came into my head to collect from various books, together with my own experience and observations, plain and wholesome rules on the subject of Diet; and then publish them in a neat pocket volume; for I was always well inclined to do good to the world, however ungratefully it used Me. I doubt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly forbear smiling, to hear a man, who was almost starved, talk gravely of compiling observations on Diet. The moment I had finished my volume, I ran with it to an eminent bookseller, near the Mansion House: he was just set down to dinner; but upon hearing that there was a gentleman in the shop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, he courteously invited me into the parlour, and desired me *to do as He did*. As soon as the cloth was taken away, I produced my manuscript, and the bookseller put on his spectacles; but to my no small mortification, after glancing his eye over the title-page, he looked stedfastly upon me for near a minute, in a kind of amazement which I could not account for, and then broke out in the following manner —'My dear Sir! you are come to the 'very worst place in the world for the 'sale of such a performance as this. 'Why, you might as soon expect the 'court of aldermen's permission to de-'dicate to them the life of Lewis Cor-'naro, as to think of preaching upon 'the subject of *lean and fallow absti-'nence* between the Royal Exchange 'and Temple Bar.' He added, indeed, in a milder tone, that he was acquainted with an honest man of the trade, who lived near Soho, and who would probably venture to print for me upon reasonable terms; and that, if I pleased, he would recommend me to him by a letter; which (through the violent agitation of my spirits) I refused.

I walked back to my lodging with a very heavy heart; and with the most gloomy prospect before my eyes, put my favourite work into a hat-box, which stands upon the head of my bed, and there it has remained ever since.

Now the favour I have to beg of you, worthy Sir, is, to recommend to the world, in one of your papers, such proposals as I will bring to you next Sunday morning, or any dark evening this week, for publishing by subscription the result of my laborious enquiries, that I may be able to procure a decent maintenance. If I should fail in this attempt, my affairs are at so low an ebb, that I must submit, for the safety of my person, to the confinement of the Fleet, or pass the rest of my days, perhaps, under the same roof with the unfortunate Theodore, whose *kingdom* (I doubt) *is not of this world*.

In the mean time, you will oblige me by publishing this account, that others may take warning by my sad example. That the idle vanity of fathers, when they read this story, may be restrained within proper bounds; and young men not venture to engage in a learned profession, without the assistance of a private fortune, or the interest of great friends. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is much more to the purpose of a physician to have the countenance of a man or woman of quality, than the sagacity even of a Boerhaave; for let him have what share of learning he pleases, if he has nothing better to recommend him to public favour, he must be content to hunger and thirst in a garret up four pair of stairs. I am, Sir, with all possible respect,

The unfortunate

T. M.

N° CXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

——DAPIBUS, SUPREMI
GRATA TESTUDO JOVIS.—— HOR.

IF there be truth in the common maxim—'That He deserves best of 'his country, who can make two blades 'of grass grow where only one grew be-'fore;' how truly commendable must it be (since it is so great a merit to provide for the beasts of the field) to add to the sustenance of man! and what praises are due to the inventor of a new dish! By a new dish, I do not mean the confounding, hashing, and disguising, of an old one: I cannot give that name to the French method of transposing the bodies of animals; serving up flesh in skins

skins of fish, or the essence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the English way of macerating substances, and reducing all things to one uniform consistency and taste, which a good housewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, that Louis the fourteenth would not have given the reward he promised for the invention of a sixth order of architecture, to the man who should have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as through neglect or caprice, we have lost some eatables, which our ancestors held in high esteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the swan; it should seem requisite, in the ordinary revolution of things, to replace what has been laid aside, by the introduction of some eatable which was not known to our predecessors. But though invention may claim the first praise, great honour is due to the restorer of lost arts: wherefore, if the earth does not really furnish a sufficient variety of untasted animals, I could wish that gentlemen of leisure and easy fortunes would apply themselves to recover the secret of fattening and preparing for the table, such creatures as from disuse we do not at present know how to treat; and I should think it would be a noble employment for the lovers of antiquity, to study to restore those infallible resources of luxury, the salt-water stews of the Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen, there are none that can bear a comparison with the introduction of Turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for several others, to the generous spirit and benevolent zeal of the West Indians. The profusion of luxury, with which the Creolian in England covers his board, is intended only as a foil to the more exquisite dainties of America. His pride is to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to serve you from the vast shell, which smokes under his face, and occasions him a toil almost as intolerable as that of his slaves in his plantations. But he would die in the service, rather than see his guests, for want of a regular supply, eat a morsel of any food which had not crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeness, and though I cannot compliment my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I shall here give my readers a most faithful account of the only turtle-feast I ever had the honour to be present at.

Towards the latter end of last summer, I called upon a friend in the city, who, though no West Indian, is a great importer of Turtle for his own eating. Upon my entrance at the great gates, my eyes were caught with the shells of that animal, which were disposed in great order along the walls; and I stopt so long in astonishment at their size and number, that I did not perceive my friend's approach, who had traversed the court to receive me. However, I could find he was not displeased to see my attention so deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury.—'Come,' says he, 'if you love turtle, I'll shew 'you a fight;' and, bidding me follow him, he opened a door, and discovered six turtles swimming about in a vast cistern, round which there hung twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were just two days provision for the turtles; for that each of them consumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the house, and shewing me some blankets of a peculiar sort—'These,' says he, 'are what the turtle 'lie in o'nights; they are particularly 'adapted to this use: I have established 'a manufacture of them in the West 'Indies. But since you are curious in 'these matters,' continued he, 'I will 'shew you some more of my inventions.' Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine saws, chissels, and instruments of different contrivances, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomist. One was destined to start a rib; another to scrape the callipash; the third to disjoint the vertebræ of the back-bone; with many others, for purposes which I could not remember. The next scene of wonder was the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been rebuilt with a mouth of a most uncommon capacity, on purpose for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be dreft that very day, and which my friend insisted I should stay to partake of. I would gladly have been excused; but he would not be denied; proposing a particular pleasure in entertaining a new beginner; and assuring me, that if I should not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding something to make out a dinner; for that his wife, though

though she knew it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taste a single morsel of turtle. He then carried me to the fish, which was to be the feast of the day, and bid me observe, that though it had been cut in two full twenty hours, it was still alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly observe a tremulous motion almost continually agitating it, with now and then more distinguishable throbbings. While I was examining these faint indications of sensibility, a jolly negro wench, observing me, came up with a handful of salt, which she sprinkled all over the creature. This instantly produced such violent convulsions, that I was no longer able to look upon a scene of so much horror, and ran shuddering out of the kitchen. My friend endeavoured to satisfy me, by saying, that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the whole was that instant to be plunged in boiling water: but it required some reflection, and more, or perhaps less philosophy than I am master of, to reconcile such appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the discourse, by asking what news? He answered—'There is a fleet arrived 'from the West Indies.' He then shook his head, and looked serious; and after a suspence, which gave room for melancholy apprehensions, lamented that they had been very unfortunate the last voyage, and lost the greatest part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy state; for that the common way had been found to waste the fat, which was the most estimable part: and he spoke with great concern of the miscarriage of a vessel, framed like a well-boat, which had dashed them against each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehension, took up the greatest part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock strike, he rung his bell, and asked if his turtle-cloaths were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confess, unable to divine what it could mean, the servant brought in a coat and waistcoat, which my friend slipped on, and, folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared that, though they then hung so loose about him, by that time *he had spoke with the turtle*, he should stretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the first rap at the door, there entered a whole shoal of guests; for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almost said, a sociable animal: and I thought it remarkable, that in so large a number, there should not be one who was a whole minute later than the time: nay, the very cook was punctual; and the lady of the house appeared, on this extraordinary day, the moment the dinner was served upon the table. Upon her first entrance, she ordered the shell to be moved from the upper end of the table, declaring, she could not bear the smell or sight of it so near her. It was immediately changed for a couple of boiled chickens, to the great regret of all who sat in her neighbourhood, who followed it with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they should never taste one of the good bits. In vain did they send their plates, and solicit their share; the plunderers, who were now in possession of both the shells, were sensible to no call but that of their own appetites, and, till they had satisfied them, there was not one that would listen to any thing else. The eagerness, however, and dispatch of their rapacity, having soon shrunk the choice pieces, they vouchsafed to help their friends to the coarser parts, as thereby they cleared their way for the search after other delicacies; boasting aloud all the while, that they had not sent one good bit to the other end of the table.

When the meat was all made away with, and nothing remained but what adhered to the shell, our landlord, who during the whole time had taken care of nobody but himself, began to exercise his various instruments; and amidst his efforts to procure himself more, broke out in praise of the superior flavour of the spinal marrow, which he was then helping himself to, and for the goodness of which the company had his word.

The guests having now drank up all the gravy, and scraped the shells quite clean, the cloth was taken away, and the wine brought upon the table. But this change produced nothing new in the conversation. No hunters were ever more loud in the posthumous fame of the hero of their sport, than our epicures in memory of the turtle. To give some little variety to the discourse, I asked if they

they had never tried any other creature which might poſſibly reſemble this exquiſite food; and propoſed the experiment of an alligator, whoſe ſcales ſeemed to be intended by Nature for the protection of green fat. I was ſtopt ſhort in my reaſoning by a gentleman, who told me, that upon trial of the alligator, there had been found ſo ſtrong a perfume in his fleſh, that the ſtomach naufeated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of muſk, which is always diſcovered in the head of that animal. I had, however, the ſatisfaction to perceive, that my queſtion did me no diſcredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no leſs than twelve invitations to turtle for the enſuing ſummer. Beſides the honour herein deſigned me, I conſider theſe invitations as having more real value than ſo many ſhares in any of the bubbles of the famous South Sea year; and I make no doubt but that, by the time they become due, they will be marketable in Change Alley. For, as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the ſurplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furniſh a hint to the Alley, where it will ſoon be as common to transfer ſhares in turtle, as in any other kind of ſtock.

Nº CXXIV. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1755.

MY correſpondent of to-day will, I hope, forgive me, for ſo long delaying the publication of his letter. All I can ſay to this gentleman, and to thoſe whoſe letters have lain by me almoſt an equal length of time, is, that no partiality to any performance of my own has occaſioned ſuch delay.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

MY higheſt ambition is to appear in the cauſe of the fair ſex; nor would any thing flatter my vanity ſo much, as the honour of ſtanding, in this degenerate age, the ſingle champion of thoſe whom all mankind are bound to defend. No time ſeems more proper for this kind of gallantry than the preſent; now, when the graver ſort of men are continually throwing out ſarcaſtic hints, at leaſt, if not open invectives, againſt their lovely countrywomen; and the younger and more ſprightly are, from I know not what cauſe, leſs forward than ever in their defence. Though my abilities are by no means equal to my inclinations for their ſervice, give me leave to offer to you, and your polite readers, a few thoughts on this intereſting ſubject.

The malice of wits has, from time immemorial, attacked theſe injured beauties with the charge of levity and inconſtancy; a charge, applicable indeed to the frailty of human nature in general, but by no means to be admitted to the particular prejudice of the moſt amiable part of the ſpecies. Hiſtory and experience inform us, that every different country produces a different race of people: the diſpoſition of the inhabitants, as well as the complexion, receive a colour from the clime in which they are born. Yet the ſame ſentiments do not always ſpring from the ſame ſoil. Some ſtrong particularity of genius diſtinguiſhes every æra of a nation. From hence ariſes what, in the language of the polite world, we call Faſhion; as variable with regard to principles as dreſs. It would be, in theſe days, as uncommon and ridiculous, to profeſs the maxims of an old Engliſhman, as to ſtrut about in a ſhort cloak and trunk hoſe. The ſame viciſſitude of character takes place among the ladies: their conduct, however, has been ſtill conſiſtent and irreproachable; for they have always acted up to the dictates of Faſhion.

The matrons of ancient Rome, though as remarkable for public ſpirit as thoſe of Great Britain, were by no means ſo fond of public diverſions. It appears from a hint which Horace has left us, that they were with difficulty prevailed on even to dance upon holidays. In this, we may obſerve, they widely differed from thoſe Sabine dames from whom they derived their boaſted extraction: for ſo ſtrongly did they think themſelves bound by the reſtrictions of Faſhion, that they refuſed to imitate their illuſtrious anceſtors in that very circumſtance to which their empire owed it's original.

We need not look back ſo far into antiquity

antiquity for inſtances of this kind; our own times may better ſupply us. Cruelty, if we may believe the lovers of the laſt century, was the reigning paſſion of thoſe tyrants, to whom they devoted their hearts, their labours, and their underſtandings. No man, I preſume, will caſt ſuch an imputation on the preſent race of beauties: their influence is more benign; their glory is of a more exalted nature; mercy is their characteriſtic. It would be a piece of impudence to aſſert, that they do not in every reſpect excel their relentleſs great grandmothers. Beauty, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the peculiar perfection of our fair cotemporaries. To what, then, but the amiable compaſſion of theſe gentle creatures, can be aſcribed a kind of miracle, a ſeeming change in the conſtitution of nature? Till poetry and romance are forgotten, the miſeries of love will be remembered. Authors of the higheſt reputation have not ſcrupled to aſſure us, that the lovers of their days did very frequently forget to eat and drink; nay, that they ſometimes proceeded ſo far as to hang or drown themſelves for the ſake of the cruel nymphs they adored. Whence comes it, then, that in an age, to which ſuicide is not unknown, no inſtances are to be met with of this diſintereſted conduct? In the ſpace of many years, I do not remember above one, and that one occaſioned by the lady's tenderneſs, not of heart, but of conſcience. Matter of fact, therefore, proves the truth of my aſſertion: our goddeſſes have laid aſide the bloody diſpoſition of Pagan idols; inſomuch, that ſcarce any man living has ſeen a lover's bier covered with cypreſs, or indeed with ſo much as a willow garland.

It were ingratitude not to acknowledge to whom we are indebted for ſo great a bleſſing. The celebrated inventors of modern romance, together with the judicious writers of the ſtage, have the honour of being the deliverers of their countrymen. So ardently have they pleaded the public cauſe, that the ladies are at laſt content to throw up the reins, to accept unmeaning flattery inſtead of tender ſighs, and admit innocent freedom in the place of diſtant adoration. They have learnt to indulge their admirers with frequent opportunities of gazing on their charms, and are grown too generous to conceal from them even the little failings of their tempers. Nor is this all: while the perſuaſive eloquence of theſe gentlemen has found the way to ſoften the rigour of the fair ſex, they have animated the reſolution of others; for by them are we inſtructed in the winning art of modeſt aſſurance, and furniſhed with the *dernier reſort* of indifference.

You will not be ſurprized, Sir, that I ſpeak ſo warmly on this ſubject, when you are informed how great a ſhare of the public felicity falls to my lot. Had the faſhionable polity of this kingdom continued in the ſame ſituation in which it ſtood a hundred years ago, I had been, perhaps, the moſt unfortunate man in the world. No heart is more ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions than mine, nor is my reſolution ſtrong enough to hold out againſt the ſlighteſt attacks of a pair of bright eyes. Love, weak as he is, has often made me his captive; but I can never be too laviſh of my applauſe to thoſe generous beauties who have been the authors of my pains: ſo far have they ever been from glorying in their power, or inſulting the miſeries they occaſioned, that they have conſtantly employed the moſt effectual methods to free me from their fetters. By their indulgence it is, that I have arrived at the fifty-third year of my life, without the incumbrance of a wife or legitimate children; that I can now look back with pleaſure on the dangers I have eſcaped, and forward with comfort on the peace and quiet laid up for my old age. This, Sir, is my caſe: gratitude prompts me to publiſh the obligations I owe; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of paying my debt of honour, and at the ſame time of ſubſcribing myſelf, your conſtant reader, admirer, and very humble ſervant.

No CXXV. THURSDAY MAY, 22, 1755.

HAD the many wiſe philoſophers of antiquity, who have ſo often and ſo juſtly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the preſent times, they would have ſeen the propriety of that ſimile greatly augmented: for if we

obſerve the behaviour of the polite part of this nation, (that is, of *all* the nation) we ſhall ſee that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to diſtance all behind him, and to overtake, or paſs by, all who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors in purſuit of his ſuperiors, who fly from him with equal alacrity.

Were not the conſequences of this ridiculous pride of the moſt deſtructive nature to the public, the ſcene would be really entertaining. Every tradeſman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobleſs. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generoſorum*: we have no ſuch thing as common people among us; between vanity and gin, the ſpecies is utterly deſtroyed. The ſons of our loweſt mechanics, acquiring with the learning at charity-ſchools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, deſpiſe their paternal occupations, and are all ſoliciting for the honourable employments of tide-waiters and exciſemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or ladies women; or preſumptuouſly exerciſe that genteel profeſſion, which uſed to be peculiarly reſerved for the well-educated daughters of deceaſed clergymen. Attorneys clerks and city prentices dreſs like cornets of dragoons, keep their miſtreſſes and their hunters, criticiſe at the play, and toaſt at the tavern. The merchant leaves his counting-houſe for St. James's; and the country gentleman his own affairs for thoſe of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of diſtinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dreſs, equipage, and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themſelves into debt and dependence to preſerve their rank, and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful purſuers.

The ſame fooliſh vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our ſuperiors, induces us alſo to be, or to pretend to be, their inſeparable companions; or, as the phraſe is, to keep the *beſt company*; by which is always to be underſtood, ſuch company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and conſequently deſpiſe and avoid us, in the ſame manner as we ourſelves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleaſures of ſocial life, and all the advantages of friendly converſe, utterly deſtroyed. We chuſe not our companions for their wit or learning, their good-humour or good-ſenſe, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatneſs was communicable, like the powers of the load-ſtone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to deſtroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his underſtanding, at a gaming-houſe with the *beſt company*, than to improve them all in the converſation of the moſt ingenious and entertaining of his equals: and every ſelf-conceited girl, in faſhionable life, chuſes rather to endure the affected ſilence and inſolent head-ach of my Lady Ducheſs for a whole evening, than to paſs it in mirth and jollity with the moſt amiable of her acquaintance. For ſince it is poſſible that ſome of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *beſt company*, ſhould imagine that amongſt ſuch there is ever the beſt converſation, the moſt lively wit, the moſt profound judgment, the moſt engaging affability and politeneſs; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the caſe; but that frequently, in ſuch company, little is ſaid, and leſs attended to; no diſpoſition appears either to pleaſe others, or to be pleaſed themſelves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's underſtandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleaſant to obſerve how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has ſubſiſted for half a century laſt paſt; in which the former have been perpetually purſued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their reſources for ſuperior diſtinction; out of innumerable faſhions in dreſs, and variety of diverſions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as ſoon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themſelves with lace and embroidery, and entrenched themſelves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourſe to full-bottomed periwigs and roupees; to high-heads, and low-heads, and no heads at all; trade has beſtowed riches

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on the competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteelly on one side of Temple Bar, as on the other; and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grosvenor Square and Hill Street.

With as little success have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expensive diversions, been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence; and, like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this stratagem has in some measure been obviated by the prudence of the *very best company*, who, for this, and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his majesty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's; which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides; except that on Twelfth night the *bad company* never fail to assemble to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined that they could neither be imitated nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

But though it may be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, so visible in a mixture of *fierté* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long-deserted forts of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several countries; and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of those kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity unmolested, for half a century to come.

N° CXXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

I Am favoured by a correspondent with the following little instructive piece, which he calls

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it may be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so in a good measure it is; yet sometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by

culture. Almoft every object that attracts our notice has it's bright and it's dark fide: he that habituates himfelf to look at the difpleafing fide, will lofe his difpofition, and confequently impair his happinefs; while he who conftantly beholds it on the bright fide, infenfibly meliorates his temper, and in conſequence of it improves his own happinefs, and the happinefs of all about him.

Arachne and Meliffa are two friends: they are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplifhments. They are originally alike in temper too; but by different management are grown the reverfe of each other. Arachne has accuftomed herfelf to look only on the dark fide of every object. If a new poem or a play makes it's appearance, with a thoufand brilliancies, and but one or two blemifhes, fhe flightly fkims over the paffages that fhould give her pleafure, and dwells upon thofe only that fill her with diflike. If you fhew her a very excellent portrait, fhe looks at fome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or a finger that has been left unfinifhed. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatnefs and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, fhe talks to you of nothing but blights and ftorms, of fnails and caterpillars, and how impoffible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-cafts. If you fit down in one of her temples to enjoy a delightful profpect, fhe obferves to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too funny, or too gloomy; that it is fultry, or windy; and finifhes with a long harangue upon the wretchednefs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little chearful converfation, fhe caffs a gloom over all, by giving you the hiftory of her own bad health, or fome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus fhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her, and at laſt diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Meliſſa is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual cheerfulneſs in herſelf, which by a kind of happy contagion ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to Providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of his acquaintance. She opens every book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation it is a rule with her never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom, the other a continual ſunſhine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt inciſents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of it's good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe *minutiæ* of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the days, the increaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever

ever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens his harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from ſuch a ſhower.

Thus does good manners, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and beſt-bred woman living; and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that eaſy benevolence of temper, which the world calls good-nature, and the Scripture charity, whoſe natural and never-failing fruit is Happineſs.

I cannot better conclude this paper than with the following Ode, which I received from another correſpondent, and which ſeems to be written in the ſame ſpirit of chearfulneſs with the above eſſay.

ODE to MORNING.

THE ſprightly meſſenger of day,
To heav'n aſcending, tunes the lay
That wakes the bluſhing morn:
Cheer'd with th' inſpiring notes, I riſe,
And hail the Pow'r whoſe glad ſupplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O NIGHT! thy praiſe,
Majeſtic queen! in nobler lays
Already has been ſung:
When thine own ſpheres expire, thy name,
Secure from Time, ſhall riſe in fame,
Immortaliz'd by YOUNG.

See, while I ſpeak, AURORA ſheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The ſpringing valleys ſmile:
With chearful haſte, the village-ſwain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th' accuſtom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bleſs the year!
Wing'd ZEPHYRS wanton round his car,
Along th' æthereal road;
PLENTY and HEALTH attend his beams,
And TRUTH, divinely bright, proclaims
The viſit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my ſoul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, that bade theſpheres
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the ſable-mantled night,
Unſeen ALMIGHTY! and the light
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And echo ſpreads the ſtrain;
The ſtreams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks ſalute the ſun,
And muſic glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms diſplays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
That op'ning flow'rs diffuſe;
TEMP'RANCE and INNOCENCE attend,
Theſe are your haunts, your influence lend,
Aſſociates of the MUSE!

RIOT, and GUILT, and waſting CARE,
And fell REVENGE, and black DESPAIR,
Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the ſun, nor blooms the roſe,
Their reſtleſs paſſions to compoſe,
Who VIRTUE's dictates flight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
The Goddeſs walks conteſt;
She gives the landſcape pow'r to charm,
The ſun his genial heat, to warm
The wiſe and generous breaſt.

Happy the man! whoſe tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole ſurveys;
For him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening ſhades reward the toils
That meaſure out his days.

The varying year may ſhift the ſcene,
The ſounding tempeſt laſh the main,
And Heav'n's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the burſting ſtorm,
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
The morning of his ſoul.

C. B.

Nº CXXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

QUIS NOVUS HIC NOSTRIS SUCCESSIT SEDIBUS HOSPES?
QUEM SESE ORE FERENS?—— VIRG.

ALTHOUGH I profess myself a zealous advocate for modern fashion, and have countenanced some of it's boldest innovations, yet I cannot but recal my approbation, when I see it making some very irregular and unjustifiable sallies, in opposition to true policy and reasons of state. In testimony of the perfect quietism I have hitherto observed in this respect, I defy any one to convict me of having uttered one syllable in praise of the good roast beef of Old England, since the conspiracy set on foot by the Cretian epicures totally to banish it our island. On the other hand, it is well known I have been lately present at a turtle feast in person, and have at this very hour several engagements upon my hands. I have acquiesced likewise with great and sudden revolutions in dress, as well as taste: I have submitted, in opposition to the clamours of a numerous party, to dismantling the intrenchments of the hoop, on a tacit promise from my fair countrywomen (in compliance to the application of the young men) that they would leave the small of the leg at least as visible as before. I have made no objection to their wearing the cardinal, though it be a habit of popish etymology, and was, I am afraid, first invented to hide the sluttishness of French dishabille. Nay, I have even connived at the importation of *rouge*, upon serious conviction that a fine woman has an incontestable right to be mistress of her own complexion; neither do I know that we have any pretence to subject her to the necessity of telling us on the morrow, the late hours she was under engagement to keep the night before; a grievance which, through the extreme delicacy of her natural complexion, could no otherwise be remedied.

My absolute compliance in so many important instances, will I hope secure me from any imputation of prejudice against the dominion of fashion, which I am at last under the necessity of opposing, as it has introduced under it's sanction one of the most dangerous and impolitic customs that was ever admitted into a commonwealth, which is the unnatural and unconstitutional practice of Inoculation. The evil tendency of this practice I have such unanswerable arguments to evince, as I doubt not will banish it our island, and send it back to the confines of Circassia, from whence one could hardly suspect a lady of quality would have been so wicked as to have imported it.

I must first premise, which is not greatly to it's credit, that it is of Turkish extraction; and (to speak as a *man*) I profess I dread lest it should be a means of introducing, in these *opera days*, some more alarming practices of the seraglio.

It seems likewise, by the bye, to strike at the belief of *absolute predestination*; for (as a zealous Calvinist gravely remarked) is it not very presumptuous for a young lady to attempt securing not above twenty spots in her face, when perhaps it is *absolutely decreed* she shall have two hundred, or none at all?

But to my first argument. The world in general (for I pay no regard to what the author of the Persian Letters asserts to the contrary) is certainly much over-peopled; and the proofs of it in this metropolis we cannot but visibly remark in the constant labour of builders, masons, &c. to fit up habitations for the encreasing supernumeraries. This inconvenience had in a great measure been prevented, by the proper number of people who were daily removed by the small-pox in the natural way; *one* at least in *seven* dying, to the great ease and convenience of the survivors; whereas, since Inoculation has prevailed, all hopes of thinning our people that way are entirely at an end; not above *one* in *three hundred* being taken off, to the great incumbrance of society. So that, unless we should speedily have a war upon the Continent, we shall be in danger of being eaten up with famine at home, through the multiplicity of our people, whom we have taken this unnatural method of keeping alive.

My second argument was suggested to

to me by a very worthy country gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I met this morning taking some fresh air in the Park. I accosted him with the free impertinence of a friend at the first interview—'What brought you to town, 'Sir?'—'My wife, Sir,' says he, in a very melancholy tone, 'my wife. It 'had pleased her, the first four years of 'our marriage, to live peaceably in the 'country, and to employ herself in setting out her table, visiting her neighbours, or attending her nursery; and 'if ever a wish broke out after the diversions of the town, it was easily 'soothed down again, by my saying 'with accents of tenderness—"My dear, "we would certainly see London this "spring, but my last letters tell me, the "small-pox is very much there." But 'no sooner had she heard the fatal success of Inoculation, than she insisted 'on the trial of it; has succeeded; and 'having baffled my old valuable argument to keep her in the country, has 'hurried me to town, and is now most 'industriously making up her four years 'loss of time at the Abbey, by entering 'with the most courageous spirit into 'every party of pleasure she can possibly 'partake of.'

The inference I would make from my friend's story, is, not that the nation is deprived hereby of a convenient bugbear to confine ladies to the country; an abuse I would by no means countenance; but to shew only to our sagacious politicians, who are searching for more important reasons, that it is undoubtedly owing to the increase of Inoculation, together with the number of convenient turnpikes, that so many of our worthy country gentlemen have evacuated their hospitable seats, and roll away with safety and tranquillity to town, to the great diminution of country neighbourhood, and the insufferable incumbrance of all public places in this metropolis.

Another ill consequence of this practice I have remarked more than once, in walking round the circle at Ranelagh. Beauties are naturally disposed to be a little insolent; and a consciousness of superior charms, where the possession is confirmed to the party, is very apt to break out into little triumphant airs and sallies of haughtiness towards those of avowed inferiority in that respect. Hence that air of defiance, so visible in the looks of our finest women, which in the last age was softened and corrected with some small traits of meekness and timidity; while the unhappy groupe of plain women, who bear about them those honourable scars for which they ought to be revered, can scarcely meet with a beauty who will drop them a curtsey, or a beau who will lead them to their chariots.

Neither do I think it for the advantage of a commonwealth to be overstocked with beauties. They are undoubtedly the most suitable furniture for public places, very proper objects to embellish an assembly-room, and the prettiest points of view in the Park: but it is believed by some, that your plain women, whose understandings are not perverted by admiration, make the discreetest wives, and the best mothers: so that, to secure a constant supply of fit and ugly women to act in these necessary capacities, this modern invention for the preservation of pretty faces ought no doubt to be abolished; since, on a just computation, ten fine women *per annum* (which we can never want in England) will be sufficient to entertain the *beau monde* for a whole season, and compleatly furnish all the public places every night, if properly disposed.

I had some thoughts of laying these arguments against Inoculation before the legislature, in hopes that they would strengthen them with their authority, and give them the sanction of a law against so pernicious an invention: but I was discouraged by a friend, who convinced me, that however just I might be in my opinion, that our people were growing too numerous, and in the cause to which I imputed it, the pernicious success of Inoculation; yet it might be impolitic to attempt reducing them at this critical season, when the legislature may have occasion to dispose of them some other way. He proposed to me, as the most effectual means of suppressing this growing evil, that it should be recommended to some zealous and fashionable preacher to denounce his anathemas against it, which would not fail to deter all ladies of quality from the practice of it. But I would rather propose, that a golden medal should be given by the College of Physicians to the ablest of the profession, who should publish the compleatest treatise to prove (as undoubtedly might be proved)

—'That

—'That whatever diſtemper any per-
'ſon ſhall die of at *ſeventy years of age*,
'muſt infallibly be owing to his hav-
'ing been Inoculated at *ſeven*: and
'that every perſon who has had the
'ſmall-pox by Inoculation, may have
'it afterwards *ten times* in the natural
'way.'

N° CXXVIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his country, much troubled with the gout, who being adviſed by his phyſicians to abſtain from ſalt meats, aſked what elſe they would give him to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagined, curſing one minute the Bologna ſauſages, and another the dried tongues he had eaten, was ſome mitigation of his pain.

If all men, when they are either out of health, or out of humour, would vent their rage after the manner of this Frenchman, the world wou'd be a much quieter one than we ſee it at preſent. But dried tongues and ſauſages have no feeling of our diſpleaſure; therefore we reſerve it for one another: and he that can wound his neighbour in his fame, or ſow the ſeeds of diſcord in his family, derives happineſs to himſelf.

I once knew a huſband and wife, who without having the leaſt tincture of affection for each other, or any ſingle accompliſhment of mind or perſon, made a ſhift to live comfortably enough, by contributing equally to the abuſe of their acquaintance. The conſideration of one another's uneaſineſs, or what was ſtill better, that it was in their power to inflict it, kept pain, ſickneſs, and misfortune, from touching them too nearly. They collected ſeparately the ſcandal of the day, and made themſelves company for one another, by conſulting how they might diſperſe it with additions and improvements. I have known the wife to have been cured of a fit of the cholic, by the huſband's telling her that a young lady of her acquaintance was run off with her father's footman; and I once ſaw the huſband ſit with a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon my bringing him the news that a very particular friend of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their loſſes at cards were what chiefly tormented them; not ſo much from a principle of avarice, as from the conſideration that what They had loſt, others had won; and upon theſe occaſions the family peace has been ſometimes diſturbed. But a freſh piece of ſcandal, or a new misfortune befalling any of the neighbourhood, has immediately ſet matters right, and made them the happieſt people in the world.

I think it is an obſervation of the witty and ingenious author of Tom Jones, (I forget his words) that the only unhappy ſituation in marriage is a ſtate of indifference. 'Where people love one ano-
'ther,' ſays he, 'they have great pleaſure
'in obliging; and where they hate one
'another, they have equal pleaſure in
'tormenting. But where they have nei-
'ther love nor hatred, and of conſe-
'quence, no deſire either to pleaſe or
'plague, there can be no ſuch thing as
'happineſs.' That this obſervation may be true in general, I very readily allow; yet I have inſtanced a couple who, though as indifferent to each other as it was poſſible for man and wife to be, have yet contrived to be happy through the misfortunes of their friends.

But it is nevertheleſs true of happineſs, that it is principally to be found at home; and therefore it is that in moſt families one viſits, one ſees the huſband and wife (inſtead of contenting themſelves with the miſeries of their neighbours) mutually plaguing one another: and after a ſucceſſion of diſputes, contradictions, mortifications, ſneers, pouts, abuſes, and ſometimes blows, they retreat ſeparately into company, and are the eaſieſt and pleaſanteſt people alive.

That this is to be mutually happy, I believe few married couples will deny; eſpecially if they have lived together a fortnight, and of courſe are grown tired of obliging. 'But it has been very luckily diſcovered, that as our ſorrows are leſſened by participation, ſo alſo are our joys; and that unleſs the pleaſure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, the happineſs of either can by no means be perfect. The wife therefore of a meek and tender diſpoſition, who makes it the ſtudy of her life to pleaſe and oblige her huſband, and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys,

enjoys, is the fitteſt object of his tyranny and averſion. Upon ſuch a wife he may exert himſelf nobly, and have all the pleaſure to himſelf; but I would adviſe him to enjoy it with ſome little caution, becauſe (though the weekly bills take no notice of it) there is really ſuch a diſeaſe as a broken heart; and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife.

Happy is the huſband of ſuch a woman: for unleſs a man goes into company with the conſcious pleaſure of having left his wife miſerable at home, his temper may not be proof againſt every accident he may meet with abroad; but having firſt of all diſcharged his ſpleen and ill-humour upon his own family, he goes into company prepared to be pleaſed and happy with every thing that occurs; or if croſſes and diſappointments ſhould unavoidably happen, he has a wife to repair to, on whom he can beſtow with intereſt every vexation he has received. Thus it was honeſtly and wiſely ſaid by the old ſerjeant of ſeventy, who, when his officer aſked him how he came to marry at ſo great an age, anſwered—'Why, and pleaſe your honour, they teaze and put me out of 'humour abroad, and ſo I go home and 'beat my wife.' And, indeed, happy is it for ſociety that men have commonly ſuch repoſitories for their ill-humours; for I can truly aſſert, that the eaſieſt, the beſt-natured, and the moſt entertaining man I know out of his own houſe, is the moſt tyrannical maſter, brother, huſband, and father, in the whole world; and who, if he had no family to make miſerable at home, would be the conſtant diſturber of every party abroad.

But I am far from limiting this particular privilege to a huſband: the wife has it ſometimes in her power to enjoy equal happineſs. For inſtance, when a woman of family and ſpirit condeſcends to marry for a maintenance a wealthy citizen, whoſe delight is in peace, quietneſs and domeſtic endearments; ſuch a woman may continually fill his houſe with routs and hurricanes; ſhe may rave and fret him with her ſuperiority of birth; ſhe may torment his heart with jealouſy, and waſte his ſubſtance in rioting and gaming. She will have one advantage too over the male tyrant, inaſmuch as ſhe may carry her triumph beyond the grave, by making the children of her huſband's footmen the inheritors of his fortune.

Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have entered into a particular diſquiſition of it's principal comforts; and that no motives may be wanting to induce men to engage in it, I have endeavoured to ſhew that it is next to an impoſſibility for a couple to miſcarry, ſince hatred as well as love, and indifference as well as either, (I mean, if people have ſenſe enough to make a right uſe of their friends misfortunes) is ſufficient for happineſs. Indeed, it is hard to gueſs, when one reads in the public papers that a treaty of marriage is on foot between the Right Honourable Lord Somebody, and Lady Betty Such-a-one, whether his lordſhip's and the lady's paſſion be love or hatred: and, to ſay truth, it is of very little conſequence to which of theſe paſſions their deſire of coming together is firſt owing; it being at leaſt ſix to four, that in the compaſs of a month, they hate one another heartily. But let not this deter any of my readers from entering into the ſtate of matrimony; ſince the pleaſure of *obliging* the object of our *deſires*, is at leaſt equalled by the pleaſure of *tormenting* the object of our *averſion*.

Nº CXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

I Shall make no apology for the following miſcellaneous letters, unleſs it be to the writers of them, for ſo long delaying their publication.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE late Earl Marſhal applying to a bookſeller at Paris for ſome Engliſh books, was anſwered by the Frenchman that he had none in his ſhop, except *une petite bagatelle*, called the Bible. Your readers will be informed, that this *petite bagatelle*, as the bookſeller termed it, contains, among other matters, ſome little treatiſes of Eaſtern wiſdom, and particularly certain maxims collected by one King Solomon, of whom mention is made in Prior's poems. Solomon was, as Captain Bluff ſays of Scipio, a pretty fellow in his day, though moſt of his maxims have been confuted by experi-

ence. But I only make mention of him, to shew how exactly the *virtuous woman* of that monarch corresponds with the *fine lady* of the present times.

'Who can find a virtuous woman?' says Solomon. By the way, he must have kept sad company, or else *virtuous women* were extremely scarce in those days: for it will be no boast to say that five thousand *virtuous women* may be assembled at any time in this metropolis, on a *night's* warning. Solomon describes the character so that it is not easy to mistake it. 'She bringeth her food 'from afar.' That is to say, the tea-table of the *virtuous woman* is supplied with sugar and cordials from Barbadoes, and with tea from China; the bread and butter and scandal only being the produce of her native country. 'She riseth 'whilst it is yet night.' This cannot literally be said of our modern *virtuous women*; but one may venture to assert, that if to rise *while it is yet night*, be the characteristic of virtue, to *sit up the whole night*, and thereby have no occasion for rising at all, must imply no ordinary measure of goodness. 'She 'strengtheneth her arms.' This is a circumstance of some delicacy: such mysteries suit not the vulgar ear. The husband of the *virtuous woman* may say, as the poet says of friendship with the great, *expertus metuit*. 'She maketh 'herself coverings of tapestry; her 'cloathing is silk and purple.' This plainly indicates that no lady can be consummately *virtuous*, unless she wear brocaded silks, and robings of French embroidery. To these Solomon, with all the accuracy of a tire-woman, adds purple ribbands. This passage is liable to misapplication; but the words *she* Maketh *herself coverings*, mean not that a *virtuous woman* must of necessity be a work-woman; *to make*, signifies *to occasion the making of any thing*: thus a person is said to *make interest*, when, in truth, it is not he, but his money, that makes the interest. Thus Augustus fought battles by proxy; and thus many respectable personages beget children. So that a *virtuous woman* need not embroider in person; let her *pay* for the work she bespeaks, and no more is required. 'Her husband is known in 'the gates.' More universally known by his relation to his wife, than by his own name. Thus you are told at public places—That is Mrs. Such-a-one's husband, or he that married Lady Such-a-one.' 'He sitteth among the 'elders of the land.' At White's, where the elders of the land assemble themselves.

Let me add one more instance of the similitude between a *fine lady* and the *virtuous woman* of Solomon, and I have done. When a lady returns home, at five in the morning, from the nocturnal mysteries of bragg, how must the heart of her husband exult, when he sees her flambeaux rivalling the light of the sun! May he not cry out in the words of the Eastern Monarch—'Blessed 'is the virtuous woman; her candle 'goeth not out by night!' I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Have had the honour of sitting in the three last parliaments: for as it was always my opinion that an honest man should sacrifice every private consideration to the service of his country, I spared no expence at my elections, nor afterwards to support an interest in my borough, by giving annuities to half the corporation, building a town-hall, a market-house, a new steeple to the church, together with a present of a ring of bells, that used to stun me with their noise. To defray all these expences, I was obliged to mortgage my estate to it's full value, excepting only two thousand pounds, which sum I took up against the last general election, and went down to my borough, where I was told there would be an opposition. What I heard was true; an absolute stranger had declared himself a candidate; and though I spent every farthing of my two thousand pounds, and was promised the votes and interest of the mayor and corporation, they every man of them went against me, and I lost my election.

As I have now no opportunity of serving my country, and have a wife and seven small children to maintain, I have been at last concerting measures how I might do a small service to myself: and as there are many worthy gentlemen at present in the same unfortunate situation, I cannot think of a better expedient, than to recommend to the parliament, at their next meeting, the passing an act for raising a fund towards the building and endowing an hospital for the relief and support of decayed members. I mention it thus early, because I would give the

the legislature time to deliberate upon such a proposal. And surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if the loss of a limb shall be sufficient to entitle the meanest soldier or sailor in the service to this privilege, how much more worthy of relief is the disabled patriot, who has sacrificed his family and fortune to the interest of his country!

Your inserting this letter will greatly oblige, Sir, your very humble servant,

B. D.

P. S. All gentlemen residing in town, who have lost their fortunes by former parliaments, and their elections in this, are desired to meet on Saturday the 21st of this instant June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Cat and Bagpipe in St. Giles's, to consider of the above proposal, or of any other ways and means for their immediate support. N. B. A dinner will be provided at nine-pence a head.

SIR,

THE prostitution of characters, given in behalf of bad servants, has been long a grievance, demanding the attention of the public. Give me leave to awaken it, by a specimen from my own experience.

Some time since, an old servant left me upon short notice. I had another recommended, as *very honest*, by a neighbouring family, whom he had served. As I was pressed for time, I took him upon that single qualification, in lieu of all the rest; and relying upon the repeated assurance of his integrity, reposed an entire confidence in him. In some little time, however, finding an increase of expence in the articles under his particular management, I discovered, upon observation, that the perquisites, or rather plunder of his province, had been nearly doubled. His dismission, you may imagine, ensued, and complaint to the persons who had recommended him. The answer was, that they knew him to be a sad fellow, by the tricks he had played them; but that they would not say a word of it, because they thought it *wicked* to hinder him of a place.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I conceive it to be but a *wicked world*, when gentlemen will help thieves and robbers to get into peoples houses; and I shall take for the future a bare acquittal at the Old Bailey, as a better recommendation than that of such a friend. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A. B.

The abuse complained of by this correspondent is of too serious a nature to be passed over slightly. It is to this mistaken compassion that the disorderly behaviour of servants is, perhaps, principally owing: for if the punishment of dishonesty be only a change of place, (which may be a reward, instead of a punishment) it ceases to be a servant's interest to be true to his trust.

This prostitution of characters (as my correspondent calls it) is grown so common, that a servant, after he has committed the most palpable robbery, for which you are turning him out of doors, and which would go near to hang him at the Old Bailey, looks composedly in your face, and very modestly hopes that you will not refuse him a character, *for that you are too worthy a gentleman to be the ruin of a poor servant, who has nothing but his character to depend upon for his bread.* So away he goes; and you are really so *very worthy a gentleman*, as to assure the first person who enquires about him, that he is a sober, diligent, and *faithful* servant. Thus are you accessary to the next robbery he commits, and ought, in my humble opinion, to be deemed little less than an accessary by the law: for the servant who opens the door of his master's house to the thief that plunders it, differs from you only in the motive; the consequences are the same.

I have said, in a former paper, that the behaviour of servants depends in a great measure on that of their masters and mistresses. In this instance, I am sure it does: I shall therefore conclude this paper with advising all heads of families to give *honest* characters before they allow themselves to exclaim against *dishonest* servants.

N° CXXX. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN your firſt World made it's appearance, I was juſt entering into what is called Polite Life, and was mightily pleaſed at your promiſing young maids how to get huſbands. I was then juſt eighteen; not diſagreeable in my perſon; and, by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been inſtructed in all the neceſſary accompliſhments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a ſincere friend. I reſolved to keep ſtrictly to all the rules you ſhould preſcribe, and did not doubt but by the time I was twenty, I ſhould have choice of admirers, or very probably be married. But, would you believe it? I have not ſo much as one man who makes any ſort of pretenſions to me. I am at a loſs to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of thoſe errors which you and all ſober men exclaim ſo much againſt: I hate routs, ſeldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myſelf. Plays are the only public amuſements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company. Don't think by good company I mean quality: for I aſſure you, I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptionable character. My complexion is of the olive kind; yet I have the aſſurance to ſhew my bare face, though I have been often told it is very indecent. However, to atone in ſome meaſure for this neglect, I never am ſeen without a handkerchief, nor with my petticoats above my ſhoes.

Though my fortune is rather beyond what is called genteel, I never run into any extravagancy in dreſs; and, to avoid particularity, am never the firſt nor the laſt in a faſhion. I am an utter enemy to ſcandal, and never go out of a morning either to auctions or the Park. If by chance I am alone a whole afternoon, I am never at a loſs how to ſpend my time, being fond of reading. I have an averſion to coquetry, yet am the chearfulleſt creature living, and never better pleaſed than when joining in a country-dance, which I can do for a whole night together, without either falling in love with my partner, if agreeable, or quarrelling with him if awkward.

Girls may pretend to deny it, but certainly the whole tenor of their actions leads to the diſpoſing of themſelves advantageouſly in the world. Some ſet about it one way, and ſome another; all of them chuſing what they think the moſt likely method to ſucceed. Now I am ſure, when they purſue a wrong one, that nine times in ten it is owing to the men; for were they to admire women for virtue, prudence, good humour, and good ſenſe, as well as beauty, we ſhould ſeek no other ornaments. The men ought to ſet the example, and then reward thoſe who follow it, by making them good huſbands. But, inſtead of this, they make it their buſineſs to turn the heads of all the girls they meet; which when they have effectually done, they exclaim againſt the folly of the whole ſex, and either cheat us of our fortunes by marrying our grandmothers, or die batchelors.

Now, pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as this is the caſe, what encouragement has a young woman to ſet about improving her mind? I am ſure, in the ſmall circle of my acquaintance, I have known ſeveral women who have reached their thirtieth year unnoticed, whoſe good qualities are ſuch as would make it difficult to find men to deſerve them.

In public places, the coquet with a ſmall ſhare of beauty, and that perhaps artificial, ſhall with the moſt trifling converſation in the world engroſs the attention of a whole circle; while the woman of modeſty and ſenſe is forced to be ſilent, becauſe ſhe cannot be heard. Thus, when we find that it is not merit which recommends us to the notice of the men, can it be wondered at, that, while we are deſirous of changing our conditions, we try every innocent artifice to accompliſh our deſigns?

As to myſelf, I have a great reſpect for the married ſtate; but if I cannot meet with a man that will take me juſt as Nature has formed me, I will live ſingle for ever: for it has been always a rule with me, never to expect the leaſt advantage from the poſſeſſion of any thing

thing which is not to be attained but at the expence of truth.

I am not so vain, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to imagine this letter will merit a place in your paper; all I desire is, that you will oblige me so far as to write a World upon the subject: and, might I advise, let the women alone, and apply yourself entirely to the reformation of the men; for when once they begin to cherish any thing valuable and praise-worthy in themselves, you will soon find the women to follow their example. I am, Sir, your constant reader and admirer,

M. S.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

YOU have often animadverted on the present fashionable indecencies of female dress: but I wish you would please now and then to look a little at home, and bestow some of your charitable advice upon your own sex.

You are to know, Sir, that I am one of three old maids, who, though no relations, have resolved to live and die together. Our fortunes, which singly are but small, enable us, when put together, to live genteelly, and to keep two maids and a footman. Patrick has lived with us now going on of six years, and, to do him justice, is a sober, cleanly, and diligent servant: indeed, by studying our tempers, and paying a silent obedience to all our whims, (for we do not pretend to be without whims) he has made himself so useful that there is no doing without him. We give him no livery, but allow him a handsome sum yearly for cloaths; and, to say the truth, till within this last week, he has dressed with great propriety and decency; when all at once, to our great confusion and distress, he has had the assurance to appear at the sideboard in a pair of filthy Nankin breeches, and those made to fit so extremely tight, that a less curious observer might have mistaken them for no breeches at all. The shame and confusion so visible in all our faces, one would think, should suggest to him the odiousness of his dress; but the fellow seems to have thrown off every appearance of decency; for at tea-table, before company, as well as at meals, we are forced to endure him in this abominable Nankin, our modesty all the time struggling with nature to efface the ideas it conveys.

For the first two days, though we could think of nothing else, shame kept it silent even to one another: but we could hold out no longer; yet what to determine neither of us knew. Patrick, as I told you before, was a good servant; and to turn him away for a single fault, when that fault would in all probability be remedied by a word's speaking, seemed to be carrying the matter a little too far. But which of us was to speak to him was the grand question. The word Breeches (though I am prevailed upon to write it) was too coarse to be pronounced; and to say—'Patrick, we don't like that dress,' or—'Pray, Patrick, dress in another manner,' was laying us under a necessity of pointing at his breeches, to make ourselves understood. Nor did it seem at all advisable to set either Betty or Hannah upon doing it, as it might possibly draw them into explanations that might be attended with very puzzling, if not dangerous, consequences.

After having deliberated some days upon this cruel exigence, and not knowing which way to look whenever Patrick was in the room, nor daring to shut our eyes, or turn our backs upon him, for fear of his discovering the cause; it occurred to me, that if I could muster up courage to inform Mr. Fitz-Adam of our distresses, (for we constantly take in the World, of which Patrick is also a reader) it might be a means of relieving us from this perpetual blushing and confusion. If you walk abroad in the morning, or are a frequenter of auctions, you cannot but take notice of this odious fashion. But I should like it better, if you were to pass your censure upon Nankin breeches in general, than to have those of our Patrick taken notice of particularly: however, I leave it entirely to your own choice; and whatever method you may take to discountenance the wearing of them, will be perfectly agreeable to, Sir, your most humble servant,

PRISCILLA CROSS-STITCH.

The case of this lady and her companions is so exceeding critical, that, for fear Patrick should be backward at taking the hint, I have thought it the wisest way to publish her letter just as I received it: and if, after this day, Patrick should again presume to appear before his ladies cased in Nankin, I hereby authorize Mrs. Betty or Mrs. Hannah

Hannah to burn his breeches wherever they can find them.

To be ſerious upon this occaſion: I have often looked upon this piece of naked drapery as a very improper part of dreſs; and as ſuch I hereby declare, that, after this preſent 26th day of June, it ſhall be a capital offence againſt decency and modeſty, for any perſon whatſoever to be ſeen to wear it.

N. B. All canvas or linen breeches come within the act.

N° CXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

THE converſation happening a few evenings ago to turn upon the different employments of mankind, we fell into the conſideration how ill the various parts of life are generally ſuited to the perſons who appear in them. This was attributed either to their own ambition, which tempts them to undertake a character they have not abilities to perform with credit, or to ſome accidental circumſtance, which throws them into profeſſions contrary, perhaps, both to their genius and inclination. All were unanimous in blaming thoſe parents, who force their children to enter into a way of life contrary to their natural bent, which generally points out the employment that is beſt adapted to their capacities. To this we in a great meaſure aſcribed the ſlow progreſs of arts and ſciences, the frequent failures and miſcarriages of life, and many of thoſe deſperate acts which are often the conſequences of them.

This converſation carried us through the greateſt part of the evening, till the company broke up and retired to reſt. But the weather being hot, and my ſenſes perfectly awake, I found it impoſſible to give way to ſleep, ſo that my thoughts ſoon returned to the late ſubject of the evening's entertainment. I recollected many inſtances of this miſapplication of parts, and compaſſionated the unhappy effects of it. I reflected, that as all men have different ideas of pleaſures and honours; different views, inclinations, and capacities; yet all concur in a deſire of pleaſing and excelling: if that principle were applied to the proper point, and every one employed himſelf agreeably to his genius, what a wonderful effect would it ſoon have in the world! With how ſwift a progreſs would arts and ſciences grow up to perfection! And to what an amazing height would all kind of knowledge ſoon be carried! Men would no longer drudge on with diſtaſte and murmuring in a ſtudy they abhor; but every one would purſue with chearfulneſs his proper calling; buſineſs would become the higheſt pleaſure; diligence would be too univerſal to be eſteemed a virtue; and no man would be aſhamed of an employment in which he appeared to advantage.

While my mind hung upon theſe reflections, I imperceptibly dropt aſleep. But my imagination ſurviving my reaſon, I ſoon entered into a dream, which (though mixed with wild flights and abſurdities) bore ſome analogy to my waking thoughts.

I fancied myſelf ſtill reflecting on the ſame ſubject; when I was ſuddenly ſnatched up into the air, and preſently found myſelf on the poets Olympus, at the right-hand of Jupiter, who told me that he approved my thoughts, and would make an immediate experiment of the change I had been wiſhing for.

He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than I perceived a ſtrange hurry and confuſion in the lower world; all mankind was in motion, preparing to obey the tremendous nod.

Multitudes of the nobility began to ſtrip themſelves of their robes and coronets, and to act in the different capacities of horſe-jockies, coachmen, taylors, fiddlers, and merry-andrews. I diſtinguiſhed two or three great perſonages, who had dreſſed themſelves in white waiſtcoats, and with napkins wrapped about their heads, and aprons tucked round their waiſts, were buſied in ſeveral great kitchens, making conſiderable improvements in the noble art of cookery. A few of this illuſtrious rank, without quitting their honourable diſtinctions, applied themſelves to enlarging the diſcoveries, enlightening the underſtandings, rectifying the judgments, refining the taſtes, poliſhing the manners, improving the hearts, and by all poſſible methods promoting the intereſt of their fellow-creatures.

I ſaw reverend prelates, who, tearing off

off their lawn, put themſelves into red coats, and ſoon obtained triumphs and ovations; while others dwindled into pariſh-clerks, and village pedagogues. But I obſerved with pleaſure ſeveral of that ſacred order in my own country, who appeared calm and unchanged amidſt the general buſtle, and ſeemed deſigned originally to do honour to their exalted ſtations.

There were ſeveral grave old men, who threw off their ſcarlet robes, and retired to religious houſes. I ſaw with wonder ſome of theſe deſerted robes put on by private gentlemen, who, loſt in retirement and reſerve, were little imagined to be qualified for ſuch important poſts. But what more aſtoniſhed me, was to ſee men of military rank throwing away their regimentals, and appearing with a much better grace in longer ſuits of ſcarlet. Some gentlemen of the robe, whom I had always regarded with reſpect and reverence, ſeemed now more awful and reſpectable than ever: one, in particular, greatly ſurprized me, by quitting the ſeat of judgment, which he had long filled with univerſal applauſe, till I ſaw him entering a more auguſt aſſembly, and afterwards paſſing to the cabinet of his prince, from whence he returned to the great hall where firſt I obſerved him, and convinced me of the extent of his abilities, by appearing equally capable in all his employments.

I ſaw in a public aſſembly a junto of patriots, who, while they were haranguing on the corruption and iniquity of the times, broke off in the middle, and turned ſtock-jobbers, and pawnbrokers. A group of critics at the Bedford Coffee-houſe were in an inſtant converted into haberdaſhers of ſmallware in Cheapſide. Tranſlators, commentators, and polemic divines, made, for the moſt part, very good coblers, gold-finders, and rat-catchers. The chariot of a very eminent phyſician was transformed all at once into a cart, and the doctor to an executioner, faſtening a halter round the neck of a criminal. I ſaw two very noted ſurgeons of my acquaintance, in blue ſleeves and aprons, exerting themſelves notably in a ſlaughter-houſe near the Victualling-Office. A reverend divine, who was preaching in the fields to a numerous audience, recollected himſelf on a ſudden, and producing a ſet of cups and balls, performed ſeveral very dextrous tricks by ſlight of hand. The pretty gentlemen were every where uſefully employed in knotting, pickling, and making conſerves. The fine ladies remained as they were; for it was beyond even the omnipotence of Jupiter (without entirely changing their natures) to aſſign an office in which they could be beneficial to mankind.

Several princes and potentates now relieved themſelves from the load of crowns and ſceptres, and entered with a good grace into private ſtations. Others put themſelves at the head of companies of banditti, formed of lawyers, public officers, and exciſemen. Their prime miniſters had generally the honour of being their firſt lieutenants, and ſometimes enjoyed the ſole command; while the courtiers ranged themſelves under them in rank and file. But with what a heart-felt pleaſure did I obſerve an auguſt and venerable monarch, ſurrounded by a youthful band, with the moſt amiable countenances I had ever beheld! He wore a triple crown upon his head, which an angel held on, and over it a ſcroll, with this inſcription—'For a 'Grateful and Affectionate People.'

The ſhops now began to be filled with people of diſtinction; and many a man ſtept with a genteel air from behind a counter into a great eſtate, or a poſt of honour.

The nobility were almoſt all changed throughout the world; for no man dared to anſwer to a title of ſuperiority, who was not conſcious of ſuperior excellence and virtue.

In the midſt of all this buſtle, I was ſtruck with the appearance of a large bevy of beauties, and women of the firſt faſhion, who, with all the perfect confidence of good-breeding, enſhrined themſelves in the ſeveral temples dedicated to the Cyprian Venus, ſecure of the univerſal adorations and proſtrations of mankind. Others, of inferior rank and fame, very unconcernedly purſued their domeſtic affairs, and the occupations of the needle or the toilette. But it was with a ſecret pride that I obſerved a few of my dear countrywomen quit their dreſſing-rooms and card-aſſemblies, and venture into the public, as candidates for fame and honours. One lady in particular, forced by the ſacred impulſe, I ſaw marching with modeſt compoſure to take poſſeſſion of the warden's lodgings in one of our colleges; but obſerving ſome

ſome young ſtudents at the gate, who began to titter as ſhe approached, ſhe bluſhed, turned from them with an air of pity unmixed with contempt, and retiring to her beloved retreat, contented herſelf with doing all the good that was poſſible in a private ſtation.

The face of affairs began now to be very much altered: all the great offices of ſtate were filled with able men, who were equal to the glorious load, which they accepted for the good of their country, not for their own private emolument. Bribery and corruption were at length happily baniſhed from all commonwealths; for as no man could be prevailed on to accept of an employment, for which he was not every way qualified, merit was the only claim to promotion.

Univerſal peace and tranquillity ſoon enſued; arts and ſciences daily received aſtoniſhing improvements; all men were alike emulous to excel in ſomething; and no part was diſhonourable to one who acted well. In ſhort, the golden age of the poets ſeemed to be reſtored.

But while I was reflecting with joy and admiration on theſe glorious revolutions, the tumult of a midnight broil awaked me; and I found myſelf in a world as full of folly and abſurdity as ever it was.

N° CXXXII. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1755.

IT has been a perpetual objection of declaimers againſt Providence in all ages, that good and evil are very irregularly diſtributed among mankind; that the former is too often the portion of the vicious, and the latter of the virtuous. Numberleſs hypotheſes have been framed to reconcile theſe appearances to the idea of a moral Supreme Being. I ſhall mention only two at the preſent, as they have been employed by writers of a very different turn.

Some of theſe writers aſſent to the truth of the fact, but endeavour to invalidate the concluſions raiſed on it, by arguments from reaſon and revelation, for the proof of a future ſtate; in which the ſeeming and real inconſiſtencies of this life will be adjuſted agreeably to our ideas of a moral governor. Now objectors will anſwer, and indeed have anſwered, that arguments from reaſon to ſupport this doctrine are extremely inconcluſive. They may allow it is agreeable to the rules of juſt analogy, to preſume that the attributes of the Supreme Being, which are imperfectly known in the preſent life, will be manifeſted more clearly to our apprehenſions in a future one; but they will call it an inverſion of all reaſonable arguments, to conclude from thence, that the moral attributes will be diſcoverable in another ſtate of being, when, by a confeſſion of the fact, that good and evil are ſo irregularly diſtributed, no appearances of theſe attributes are ſuppoſed to exiſt in the preſent ſyſtem, that book of Nature, from which alone we collect that the author of it is good as well as wiſe. As little will theſe objectors be influenced by arguments from revelation. To prove natural religion by revelation, (which can itſelf be erected on no other principle) they will call but fantaſtic reaſoning in a circle. Revelation, they will ſay, preſuppoſes the following truths, and depends upon their certainty, that there is a God, and that ſuch evidences of his goodneſs and other attributes are diſcovered from his works, as in reaſon ſhould induce us to rely with confidence on thoſe oracles delivered to us as his word.

Other writers, who have undertaken a defence of Providence, attempt it in a different manner. They affirm, it is vain preſumption to imagine Man the final end of the creation, who may be formed ſubſerviently to nobler orders and ſyſtems of being: and that God governs by general, not particular laws; laws that reſpect our happineſs as a community, not as individuals. But the ſame objectors will again reply, that it is inconſiſtent with our idea of a Being infinitely good, to conceive him determining any creature to miſery, however inferior in the order of general nature, or however formed relative to ſuperior beings and ſyſtems. They will think it not more reconcileable with our idea of a Being infinitely wiſe, to imagine him incapable of accommodating laws, however general, to the intereſt of every particular. They will deſire an explanation

nation how laws can reſpect the happineſs of any ſyſtem, which are ſuppoſed too generally to be productive of miſery, even to the moſt valuable individuals that compoſe it.

This argument, drawn from the government of God by general, not particular laws, ſeems by no means to have been attended with the ſucceſs it was entitled to: and it appears to have failed of this end, not from a defect in the argument itſelf, but either becauſe it has been ill underſtood, or not purſued to it's full extent. When unbelievers declaim againſt the ſuppoſed unequal diſtribution of things, they in conſequence condemn the general laws from which they proceed. To reply then that God governs by general, not particular laws, is a repetition only of the foundation of their complaints, not an anſwer to them. There is another miſtake in the management of this argument. In the conſideration of the excellence of human laws, we are not content with viewing them intrinſically in themſelves; but compare them with the particular country, temper, manners, and other circumſtances, of that people for whom they are intended. Now, in the conſideration of divine laws, we have not purſued the ſame method; and for this reaſon, among others, unbelievers have triumphed in the imagined weakneſs of one of the nobleſt arguments that has ever been employed in the nobleſt of cauſes, a defence of Providence.

God governs by general, not particular laws, becauſe the former alone are adapted to the condition of human kind. In this imperfect ſtate we are entirely unacquainted with the real nature of thoſe beings which ſurround us. We are ignorant from what principle or internal conſtitution they derive a power of operating on other beings, or in what manner the operation is performed. We have no knowledge of cauſes but in their effects, and in thoſe effects alone, which are groſsly viſible to our material organs. We ſuppoſe the ſame effects invariably produced from the ſame cauſes, except where a miraculous power interpoſes, and ſuperſedes for a moment the general courſe of nature, which reſumes it's former conſtancy, when the ſuperior influence that controuled it is removed. Such rare exceptions do not perplex our conduct, which is regulated by the general rule: but, to deſtroy this general order as frequently as the imagined intereſt of individuals ſeems to us to require it, is to confound human knowledge, and, in conſequence, human action. The huſbandman commits his ſeed to the ground, with a preſumption that the earth retains all thoſe powers which promote vegetation. He concludes that the ſeaſons will return in their ſtated order; that the ſun will warm and invigorate, where it ſhines, and ſhowers cool and refreſh, where they fall, as in ancient times. Certain eſtabliſhed properties in matter, and certain eſtabliſhed laws of motion, are preſumed in the meaneſt mechanical operation, nay, in the leaſt conſiderable actions of our lives.

Let us repreſent to ourſelves ſuch a ſyſtem of things exiſting, as, in the opinion of an objector to the preſent, would juſtify our conceptions of a moral Supreme Being. Let us imagine every element and power of nature, in the minuteſt as well as the greateſt inſtances, operating to the preſervation and advantage of the good; and on the contrary, concurring to produce miſery and deſtruction to the wicked. The good man inhabits a houſe with great ſecurity, whoſe walls decline near two feet from the perpendicular. He falls aſleep with a lighted candle at the bed-ſide, and the flame it produces, though ſufficient to conſume the dwelling of the wicked, plays but as a lambent vapour on his curtains. He drinks a glaſs of aqua-fortis, by miſtake, for the ſame quantity of champagne, and finds it only an innocent enlivener of his ſpirits. The heats of ſummer, and the froſts of winter, occaſion the ſame agreeable ſenſations. Rich wines and poignant ſauces attenuate his juices, and reſtify the ſcorbutic habit of his body. The bad man, on the other hand, experiences very oppoſite effects. He ſits frozen with cold over that fire which communicates warmth to the reſt of the company at the extremity of the room. At another time he ſcalds his fingers by dipping them into cold water. A baſon of broth, or rice-milk, intoxicates his brain. He acquires the ſtone and a complication of diſtempers from a vegetable diet: and at laſt concludes a miſerable being, by paſſing under an arch of ſolid ſtone, which his own iniquities drew down upon his head.

Let us reſt a moment to expreſs our admiration of ſuch a ſyſtem, and then

enquire how the bulk of mankind, neither perfect saints nor desperate sinners, but partaking generally of the qualities of both, shall regulate their conduct in conformity to it. From a confidence in their integrity, shall they inhabit houses that are nodding to their ruin; or, from a distrust of their virtues, be afraid to venture themselves under the dome of St. Paul's? Shall they practise regularity and exercise, as wholesome rules of life; or, indulging themselves in indolence, swallow every day gallons of claret as the grand elixir? Shall they remain undetermined whether the centre of an ice-house, or the chimney-corner, is the more comfortable situation in the Christmas holidays? And shall they retreat in the dog-days to cool shades and running streams; or, covering themselves with surtouts, hurry away to the sweating-rooms at bagnios?

To such inconvenient conclusions are the persons reduced, whose narrow views, and narrower prejudices, furnish them with complaints against the prevailing system; which is wisest and best, because fittest for mankind, to whose wants it is accommodated, and to whose faculties it is proportioned.

N° CXXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1755.

THERE is nothing in this world that a man places so high a value upon, or that he parts with so reluctantly, as the idea of his own Consequence. Amidst care, sickness, and misfortune; amidst dangers, disappointments, and death itself; he holds fast this idea, and yields it up but with his last breath.

Happy indeed would it be, if virtue, wisdom, and superior abilities of doing good, were the basis of our Consequence; but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in those very qualities for which the thinking part of mankind either hate or despise us. The man of pleasure derives his Consequence from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country squire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not understand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not understand himself; my lady's woman, by dressing like a woman of quality; and my lady herself, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her house-maids.

Those, who in their own situations, are unfortunately of no Consequence, are catching at every opportunity that offers itself to acquire it. Thus the blockhead of fortune flies from the company that would improve him, to be a man of Consequence among the vulgar; while the independent citizen gives up the ease and enjoyment which he would find in the company and conversation of his equals, to be mortified by the pride and arrogance of his superiors at the other end of the town, in order to be a man of Consequence at his return.

I remember an Anabaptist taylor in the city, who, to make himself a man of consequence, used to boast to his customers, that however silent history had been upon a certain affair, he could affirm upon his credit, that the man in the mask who cut off King Charles's head, was his own grandfather. I knew also a shoe-boy at Cambridge, when I was a student at St. John's, who was afterwards transported for picking pockets, but who having at his return commenced gamester, and of course made himself company for gentlemen, used always to preface what he had to say with—'I 'remember when I was *abroad*,' or 'when I was at *college*.' But even a more ridiculous instance than this, is in an old gentlewoman, who has lately taken a garret at my barber's: this lady (whose father, it seems, was a justice of the quorum) constantly sits three whole hours every evening over a halfpenny roll and a farthing's worth of cheese, because it was the custom of her family, she says, to dine late, and sit a long while. This kind of Consequence was very happily ridiculed by Tom Slaughter the butcher, at Newmarket. Every body knows that Tom's father was a gentleman who ran through a very good estate by cocking and horse-racing. Tom being asked, last meeting, by one who had known him in his prosperity, how he could descend so so low a calling as that of a butcher, answered—'Why, 'you know, Sir, our family always 'took a pride in killing their own mut-'ton.'

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That this affectation of Conſequence is the moſt ridiculous of all vanities, every body will allow. But where men of real worth in all other reſpects are poſſeſſed of it, or where perſons in great and honourable ſtations render themſelves and their employments contemptible by ſuch affectation, it is then ſeriouſly to be lamented.

Our anceſtors derived their Conſequence from their independency; and ſupported it by their integrity and hoſpitality. They reſided upon their ſeveral eſtates, and kept open houſes for their neighbours and tenants. They exerted themſelves in deeds of hardineſs and activity; and their wives and daughters were modeſt and good houſewives.

There is an epitaph in Peck's collection of curious hiſtorical pieces, which (as that book is but in a few hands, and as I do not remember to have ſeen it in any other collection) I ſhall here tranſcribe, that our gentry of the preſent times may be inſtructed in the art of making themſelves perſons of real Conſequence. This epitaph (which, for it's natural beauty and ſimplicity, is equal to any thing of the kind) was written in Queen Elizabeth's time, upon that noble and famous knight, Sir Thomas Scot, of Scot's Hall, in the county of Kent, who died on the 30th day of December 1594, and was buried at Bradborn church. His mother was the daughter of Sir William Kempe. He ſerved in many parliaments as knight of the ſhire for that county. In the memorable year 1588, upon the council's ſending him a letter on the Wedneſday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spaniſh Armada, he ſent four thouſand armed men to Dover on the Thurſday. The inhabitants of Aſhford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corpſe might have been buried in their church.

EPITAPH.

I.

HERE lies Sir Thomas Scot by name;
Ok hapie Kempe that bore him!
Sir Raynold, with four knights of fame,
Lyv'd lyneally before him.

II.

His wiefes were Raker, Heyman, Beere;
His love to them unfayned.
He lyved nyne and fifty yeare;
And ſeventeen ſowles he gayned.

III.

His firſt wief bore them everie one;
The world might not have myſt her!
She was a verie paragon,
The ladie Buckerst's ſyſter.

IV.

His widowe lyves in ſober ſorte;
No matron more diſcreter.
She ſtill reteynes a good reporte,
And is a great howſekeper.

V.

He (being call'd to ſpecial place)
Did what might beſt behove him.
The Queene of England gave him grace;
The King of Heav'n did love him.

VI.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,
His kinn and cuntrie cried!
Both younge and old in Kent may ſaye,
Woe woorth the daye he died.

VII.

He made his porter ſhut his gates
To ſycophants and briebors;
And ope them wide to greate eſtates,
And alſoe to his neighbors.

VIII.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,
Whoſe bred and beef was redie.
It was a verie hoſpitall,
And refuge for the needie.

IX.

From whence he never ſtept aſide,
In winter nor in ſommer.
In Chriſtmas time he did provide
Good cheer for everie comer.

X.

When any ſervis ſhould be donn,
He lyeked not to lyngar;
The rich would ride, the poor would runn,
If he held up his fingar.

XI.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
He did indite moſt finelye;
He us'd few words, but cold diſcours
Both wiſely and dyvinelye.

XII.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,
His daughters well beſtowed;
Although that he were leſte in debt,
In fine he nothing owed;

XIII.

But died in rich and hapie ſtate,
Belov'd of man and woman;
And (which is yeat much more than that)
He was envy'd of no man.

XIV.

In juſtice he dyd much excell,
In law he never wrangled;
He lov'd relligion wondrous well,
But he was not new fangled.

XV.

Let ROMNEY marsh, and DOVER say,
Ask NORTHERN camp at leyster,
If he were woont to make delaye,
To doe his cuntrie pleasure.

XVI.

But ASHFORD's proffer passeth all,
It was both rare and gentle;
They wold have pay'd his funerall,
T' have tomb'd him in their temple.

XVII.

Ambition he did not regard,
No boaster, nor no bragger;
He spent, and lookt for no reward,
He cold not play the bagger.

Nº CXXXIV. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

IN a former paper I attempted to prove that the laws must be general, not particular, which God employs in the government of mankind. Let us now examine a little particularly the nature of the complaints which these laws occasion, and consider how far the existence of a Providence is rendered precarious by them.

We lament that happiness and misery are very irregularly distributed among the good and bad: and yet, as it has been well observed, are by no means determined in questions, very necessary to be precisely settled, before we form this conclusion; as, what is the final and proper happiness of man? And who are the good, and who are the bad, that deserve to partake of it, or to be excluded from it? He is not a good man at Rome, who is a good man at London: nay, in the same country, this sect adores him as a saint, whom another proclaims a minister of darkness. The patriot of one party is the rebel of the opposite one. The happiness, then, or misery, of such a person, becomes very frequently, at the same time, and in the very same place, both an argument in the belief and rejection of a Providence.

Again, the greatest part of the misfortunes which afflict us, are concluded to arise from the action of general laws; when, in reality, they proceed from our own wilful opposition to them, and refusal to accept them as the measure of our conduct. Obscure and limited as human reason is, it is sufficient to discover to us certain desirable ends, and certain means fitted to produce them: ends not to be procured by the application of different means, and means not adapted to procure different ends. Physical causes produce physical, and moral causes moral effects. It is surely unreasonable to invert this order, and expect moral effects from physical causes, and physical effects from moral causes. It is unreasonable to expect, that the virtues of a saint or martyr will secure us from the dangers of a well or precipice, if we advance to them with a bandage over our eyes. We should smile at the country gentleman's simplicity, who disbelieved a Providence, because fox-hunting, port, and tobacco, were incapable of inspiring him with the genius of Milton, or because he was unfurnished with the sagacity and penetration of Locke, after a dozen years attendance to every debate at the quarter-sessions. The epicure would be entitled to as little serious treatment, who embraced the same atheistical tenet, because his stream did not flow with burgundy and champagne, or because haunches of venison, turtles and turbots, did not rise as spontaneous from his hot-beds as mushrooms. We should treat such characters with ridicule; but are others less ridiculous, who expect effects as disproportionate to their causes as those just described? Should the wise and good complain, that they are not rich and robust like particular wicked men; the reply is obvious: the means that procure wisdom and virtue are very different from those that procure health and riches. Do they lament that they are not in possession of those external advantages, when they have neglected the natural methods of acquiring them, which persons less valuable have pursued with success? It is no objection against a Providence, that men do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles; they have reason to be satisfied, while it is in their power to receive them from the plants proper to their production.

Let it be allowed, that on some occasions, with all our precaution, the order of nature may operate to our disadvantage: the torrent may overwhelm, the flame consume, or the earthquake swallow us; but are general laws

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to be condemned, becauſe in particular inſtances they give us tranſient pain, or even determine our preſent ſtate of being, which they have contributed to preſerve in every period of it, and on which not only our happineſs, but our very exiſtence, has depended? It is a neceſſary condition of a compound ſubſtance, like the material part of man, to be ſubject to diſſolution, from cauſes exterior to it, or united with it's conſtitution. Does a more convincing argument ariſe againſt a Providence from it's diſſolution at one ſeaſon rather than another? or from it's diſſolution by an external, rather than an internal cauſe, which is as effectual to the end, though leſs precipitate in the means?

Some few caſes (much fewer than are generally imagined) may poſſibly be ſtated, where, in the preſent life, the moment of miſery to a faultleſs creature may exceedingly overbalance the moment of it's happineſs; as when it is introduced into being with infirmities or body, too obſtinate for temperance and diſcipline to correct, and which render it inſenſible to every enjoyment. But to ſolve theſe appearances, a well-ſupported revelation, that inſtructs us in the doctrine of a future ſtate, may fitly be applied: for though revelation cannot ſerve as a baſis to natural religion, on which it is only a ſuperſtructure, yet it may be extremely uſeful to reconcile the ſeeming inconſiſtencies of a ſyſtem, diſcovered to be good by arguments of another kind; and reaſon will acquieſce in the truths it teaches, as agreeable to it's own dictates.

After premiſing theſe reflections, I may venture to make public the following letter from a very learned female correſpondent.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IT has been ſome ſurprize to me, that in a paper which ſeems deſigned to correct our judgments, and reduce the influence of faſhion, folly, prejudice, and paſſion, you have never confuted a principle, which is a compoſition of them all; I mean the belief of a Providence. It anſwers indeed no individual purpoſe, except to countenance the inſolence of our perſons, who maintain it in defiance of the wiſdom of their ſuperiors. I was early initiated in that *firſt philoſophy*, which explained the creation by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms. An infinite number of particles, varied in ſhape, ſize, and colour, and embracing each other in all poſſible poſitions, opened a ſcene as entertaining to my fancy as it was intelligible to my underſtanding. My brother was an able advocate for this opinion; and his ſituation in a gaol, under the preſſure of ill-health, loſs of fortune, reputation, and friends, furniſhed him with copious arguments to ſupport it. A maiden aunt, indeed, who had the management of my education, was perpetually repreſenting his principles as impious, and his arguments for them as abſurd. That loſs of reputation and friends was the natural conſequence of a want of common honeſty; loſs of fortune, of extravagance; and loſs of health, of debauchery. I am aſhamed to confeſs, that theſe childiſh reaſons had too much weight with me, and that I continued too long in a fluctuating ſtate between truth and error. I thank God, however, that my own misfortunes have taken off the partial bias from my mind, and opened it to conviction and the reaſon of things. My beauty impaired, if not loſt, by the ſmall-pox, the death of a favourite child, the ſcantineſs of my circumſtances, and the brutality of my huſband, have proved beyond exception that no moral Being preſides over us. I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of the ſame nonſenſe employed againſt me, as before againſt my brother, by the ſame ancient lady. She concluded with obſerving, that complaints of circumſtances, and the brutality of a huſband, came with an indifferent grace from a perſon who, after rejecting ſo many advantageous offers, eſcaped from a window with a ſtranger ſhe had ſcarcely ſeen. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that my judgment on this occaſion was regulated more by my own feelings than the eloquence of my aunt. My ſatisfaction is, that the good lady, inſenſibly to herſelf, ſeems now becoming a convert to thoſe opinions which half her life has been employed to confute. Some late circumſtances have indeed ſtaggered her orthodoxy. She has made a new diſcovery, that ſhe is conſiderably turned of ſeventy, and feels the infirmities which accompany that ſeaſon making haſty advances to her. Her father confeſſor, and ancient admirer, the vicar of the pariſh, broke his leg not long ſince, and received other contuſions,

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not yet made public, by a fall from a vicious horſe: and a lady in the neighbourhood, whom ſhe has never forgiven the inſult of diſputing formerly the precedence at church, is placed in a rank very ſuperior to her own, by the acceſſion of her huſband to an eſtate and title, to which he has been preſumptive heir for above theſe twenty years. I am, &c.

N° CXXXV. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE are few things which contribute more to miſlead our judgments, and pervert our morals, than the confuſion of our ideas ariſing from the abuſe of words. Hence it hourly happens, that virtues and vices are ſo blended and diſguiſed, by taking each other's names, that almoſt the worſt actions a man can be guilty of ſhall be attributed to an elevated and laudable ſpirit. Thus the moſt extravagant fellow living, who, to keep up an oſtentatious figure by all kinds of expence, ſets his country and conſcience to ſale, ſhall be extolled by all about him as a noble generous ſoul, above the low conſideration of dirty money. The high-mettled blood, who debauches his friend's wife or daughter; who withholds a tradeſman's juſt debt, that he may be punctual with a ſharper; in ſhort, who dares do any injury, and run the man through the body who ſhall reſent it, calls himſelf, and is called by the world, a man of gallantry and honour. Oeconomy is put out of countenance by the odious word Avarice; and the moſt rapacious covetouſneſs takes ſhelter under the terms Prudence and Diſcretion. An eaſy thoughtleſſneſs of temper, which betrays the owner to recommend a ſcoundrel; to lend to, or be bound for, a ſpendthrift; to conform with all the gallant ſchemes of a profligate; to heap favours on a pimp or ſharper, even to the neglect of meritorious friends, and frequently to the diſtreſſing a wife and children; in fine, that eaſy diſpoſition of mind which cannot reſiſt importunity, be the ſolicitor ever ſo unworthy, is dignified with the moſt amiable of all epithets, Good-nature; and ſo the thing itſelf brought into diſgrace by the miſapplication of the word.

The bare mention of theſe abuſes is ſufficient to lead every thinking reader into a larger catalogue of the like kind. Hence it is that falſehood uſurps the place of truth, and ignominy of merit; and though this may have been the complaint of all ages and nations of the civilized world, yet ſtill the cheaters and the cheated are as numerous as ever.

I have been led into theſe reflections by the ſuperficial and miſtaken opinions which are almoſt univerſally received of two gentlemen in a neighbouring county, at whoſe houſes I have been lately entertained, and whoſe characters I ſhall here delineate, concealing their real names under the fictitious ones of Sombrinus and Hilarius.

Sombrinus is a younger brother of a noble family, whoſe intrinſic worth having been deſcried and valued by a man of ſolid ſenſe in the neighbourhood, procured him the happineſs of his only daughter in marriage, with a fortune of a thouſand pounds *per annum*. Sombrinus is a man of extraordinary natural parts, cultivated by much reading and obſervation: of nice honour; ſincere in his friendſhips, which are but few; and univerſally humane. A warm lover of his religion and country; and an excellent juſtice of the peace, in which capacity he takes infinite pains to allay bitterneſs and compoſe quarrels. Pious himſelf, a regularity of devotion is kept up in his family. His numerous iſſue (to which he is rather eſſentially affectionate than fond) obliges him to œconomy, though his natural inclination is ſtronger towards diſpenſing riches than hoarding them. His equipage and table are rather neat and ſufficient than ſumptuous. Reaſonable people are always welcome to him; but the riotous find their account neither in his temperance, nor his converſation. With all theſe good qualities, his too great avidity for book-knowledge, his penetration into men and manners, combining with a ſickly habit of body, render him apt to be ſplenetic or ſilent, upon occaſions wherein his delicacy is groſsly offended. Hence the much-injured Sombrinus lies under

under the calumny of a very *ill-natured man*, among all those who have a slight acquaintance of him; while even his intimates, who see him at all hours, and in every mood, though convinced of the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his intentions, are yet obliged, when contending in his favour, to grant that he has often the appearance of an *ill-humoured man*.

Hilarius is a downright country gentleman; a *bon vivant*; an indefatigable sportsman. He can drink his gallon at a sitting, and will tell you he was never *sick nor sorry* in his life. He married a most disagreeable woman with a vast fortune, whom, however, he contents himself with slighting, merely because he cannot take the trouble of using her ill. For the same reason he is seldom seen to be angry, unless his favourite horse should happen to be lamed, or the game-act infringed. Having an estate of above five thousand a year, his strong beer, ale, and wine-cellar, are always well stored; to either of which, as also to his table, abounding in plenty of good victuals, ill-sorted and ill-dressed, every voter and fox-hunter claims a kind of right. He roars for the church, which he never visits, and is eternally cracking his coarse jests, and talking smut to the parsons; whom, if he can make fuddled, and expose to contempt, it is the highest pleasure he can enjoy. As for his lay friends, nothing is more frequent with him than to set them and their servants dead drunk upon their horses, to whose sagacity it is left to find the way home in a dark winter's night; and should any of them happen to be found half smothered in a ditch the next morning, it affords him excellent diversion for a twelvemonth after. His sons are loobies, and his daughters hoydens: not that he is covetous, but careless in their educations. Through the same indolence, his bastards, of which he has not a few, are left to the parish; and his men and maid servants run riot without controul for want of discipline in the family. He has a mortal aversion to any interruption in his mirth. Tell him of a calamity that has befallen any of his acquaintance, he asks where stands the bottle? Propose to him the assisting at a quarter-sessions, he is engaged at a cock-match; or should he, through curiosity, make his appearance there, ever jovial and facetious, and equally free from the disturbance of passion and compassion, he will crack his joke from the bench with the vagrant whom he sentences to be whipt through the county, or with the felon whom he condemns to the gallows. Such is his condescension, that he makes no scruple to take his pipe and pot at an alehouse with the very dregs of the people. As for the parliament, (though his seat in it costs him very dear in housekeeping) if the fate of the nation depended upon his attendance there, he would not be prevailed on to quit the country in the shooting or hunting season, unless forced up by a call of the house. In fine, it is an invariable maxim with him, let what will happen, never to give himself one moment's concern. Are you in health and prosperity? No one is readier to club a laugh with you; but he has no ear to the voice of distress or complaint. The business of his life is (what he calls) pleasure; to promote this, he annually consumes his large income, which, without any design of his, may happen indeed to do some good,

And wander, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.

With these endowments, there are at least nine in ten who give the preference to Hilarius, and lavish on him the epithets of the worthiest, the noblest, and the best-natured creature alive; while Sombrinus is ridiculed as a *deadly* wise man, a milksop, stingy, proud, sullen, and ill-natured. Yet Sombrinus is the man to whom every one flies, whenever there is a demand for justice, good sense, wholesome counsel, or real charity: to Hilarius, when the belly only is to be consulted, or the time dispated.

Thus are the thousand good qualities of Sombrinus eclipsed by a too reserved and serious turn of mind; while Hilarius, on the false credit of generosity and good-humour, without one single virtue in his composition, swims triumphantly with the stream of applause, and is esteemed by every one of his acquaintance for having only the abilities of a compleat voluptuary.

I cannot dismiss this letter without lamenting the mistaken opinions usually received of characters like these, as a woeful instance of the depravity of our hearts as well as heads. A man may with equal propriety aver, that the giant who

who shewed himself for a shilling last winter at Charing Cross, was in every respect a much greater man than Mr. Pope, who had the misfortune of being low, crooked, and afflicted with the head-ach. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

W. M.

N° CXXXVI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS it is incumbent on an historian, who writes the history of his own times, to take notice of public and remarkable events; so I apprehend it to be the business of writers of essays for entertainment and instruction, to mark the passions as they rise, and to treat of those especially, which appear to influence the manners of the age they live in.

The love of noise, though a passion observable in all times and countries, has yet been so predominant of late years, and given rise to so many of our modern customs, that I cannot think it unworthy of one of your speculations.

In many instances this passion is subordinate to, and proceeds from another, which is no less universal, and no less commendable; I mean, the love of fame. Noise, or sound in general, has been considered as a means whereby thousands have rendered themselves famous in their generation; and this is the reason why to be famous, and to make a noise in the world, are commonly understood as equivalent expressions. Hence also the trumpet, because one of the most noble instruments of sound, was anciently made sacred to the heathen goddess of Fame: so that even at this day, when the world is too backward in doing justice to a man's merit, and he is constrained to do it himself, he is very properly said to sound his own praises, or trumpet out his fame.

The great utility and advantages which may be obtained from noise, in several other respects, are very apparent. In the pulpit, the preacher who declaims in the loudest manner, is sure to gain the greatest number of followers. He has also the satisfaction of knowing that the devotion of a great part of his audience depends more upon the soundness of his lungs, than the soundness of his doctrine.

At the bar, every one knows the great influence of sound: and, indeed, where people accustom themselves to talk much, and mean little, it behoves them to substitute noise in the place of eloquence. It is also a very just remark, that scurrility and abuse require an elevation of the voice.

In the senate it is often seen that the noise and thunder with which the patriot shakes the house, has redounded more to the good of his country, than all the knowledge of the history and laws of it, locked up in the breasts of profound politicians, who have wanted voices to make themselves heard.

From a conviction that noise in general can be made subservient to so many good purposes, we may easily imagine that a great fondness must be often shewn for it, even where it's usefulness or tendency is not immediately discernible: for from the very force of habit, the means will often be pursued, where the end is not perhaps attainable.

At a coffee-house which I frequent at the St. James's end of the town, I meet with two sets of young men, commonly distinguished by the name of Beaux and Bloods, who are perpetually interrupting the conversation of the company, either with whistling of tunes, lisping of new-fashioned oaths, trolling out affected speeches and short sentences; or else with recitals of bold adventures past, and much bolder which they are about to engage in. But as noise is more becoming a Blood than a Beau, I am generally diverted with the one, and always tired with the other.

This has led me to reflect on the wisdom which has been shewn in the institution of certain clubs and nocturnal meetings for men, into which no persons can be admitted as members, but those who are disposed to make that particular noise only which is agreeable to the tastes and talents of their respective societies. Thus the members of one club vent their noise in politics; those of another in critical dissertations on eating and drinking; a third perhaps in story-telling; and a fourth in a constant rotation

tion of merry songs. In moſt of theſe clubs there are preſidents choſen and inveſted with authority to be as noiſy as they pleaſe themſelves, and to inflict penalties on all thoſe who open out of time.

The ladies indeed are ſomewhat more limited in their topics for noiſe, though their meetings for venting it are more numerous than thoſe of the men. They alſo lie under the diſadvantage of having voices of a tone too ſoft and delicate to be heard at a great diſtance: but they ſeem in ſome meaſure to have obviated theſe diſadvantages by agreeing to talk all together; by which means, and as the ſubject is generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with the men, even at the moſt vociferous of their clubs.

Again; thoſe diverſions, in which noiſe moſt abounds, have been always held in the higheſt eſteem. The true and original country ſquire, who is actuated by this generous paſſion for noiſe, prefers the diverſion of hunting to all other enjoyments upon earth. He can entertain his companions for hours together with talking of his hounds, and extolling the divine muſic and harmony of their tongues; and ſcarce ever goes to bed without winding the horn, and having the full cry in his parlour. Horſe-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and the like, are ſports which fill the hearts of the common people with the moſt extravagant delight; while their voices are employed in the loudeſt ſhouts and exclamations. In the opinion of our Engliſh ſailors, no entertainment can be compleat where the all-cheering huzza is wanting; by the force of which they are inſpired with ſuch courage and reſolution, that even fighting itſelf becomes their diverſion.

In London, where many of theſe ſports cannot be enjoyed, the paſſion for noiſe has appeared in various other ſhapes. It has, within the memory of moſt men, given riſe to routs, drums, and hurricanes; which in all probability would have been improved into cannonades, thunders, and earthquakes, before this time, had it not been for the late panics on account of ſome conculſions in the air, very much reſembling thoſe of a real earthquake. However, as a proof that the names already given to thoſe polite aſſemblies are extremely proper for them, I need only to remark that they are uſually compoſed of what is called the beſt company, who from time immemorial have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other inſtances of the effects of this paſſion in high life, I ſhall only take notice of one more; which is an ingenious method (unknown to our forefathers) of making a thundering noiſe at people's doors; by which you are generally given to underſtand, that ſome perſon of conſequence does you the honour to ſuppoſe you are in the land of the living.

Some may think that it will bear a diſpute, whether ſuch a violent hammering at people's doors may not be looked upon, in the eye of the law, as an attempt of a *forcible entry*: but it is my humble opinion, that it can only be conſtrued to an action of *aſſault* and *battery*; ſince it may be proved that the generality of thoſe who are guilty of this miſdemeanor have really no intention of making any entry at all; for when doors are opened to them, they ſecure their retreat as faſt as they can, flying from the face of thoſe whom they count their enemies when at home, and viſit as their friends when abroad.

I have now by me a certain curious book of memoirs, wherein the ſentiments of a wealthy old lady in the city, with regard to the uſefulneſs of noiſe, ſeem very nearly to correſpond with the obſervations I have here made upon that ſubject. I ſhall tranſcribe a ſhort paſſage from the character of this lady, and conclude my letter.

'Towards the decline of her days 'ſhe took lodgings on Ludgate Hill, 'in order to be amuſed with the noiſes 'in the ſtreet, and to be conſtantly ſup'plied with objects of contemplation: 'for ſhe thought it of great uſe to a 'mind that had a turn for meditation, 'to obſerve what was paſſing in the 'world. As ſhe had alſo a very reli'gious diſpoſition, ſhe uſed often to ſay 'it was a grievous ſhame that ſuch a 'thing as ſilent meetings, among ſome 'of the diſſenting brethren, ſhould be 'ſuffered in a Chriſtian country. And 'when ſhe died, ſhe left five hundred 'pounds towards the erecting fifty new '*ſounding-boards*, to aid the lungs of 'the aged clergy, in divers churches 'within the bills of mortality.'

I am, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant,

R. L.

N° CXXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1755.

MY correſpondent of to-day will, I hope, excuſe me for not publiſhing his letter ſooner. To confeſs the truth, I had ſome thoughts of making an apology to him for not publiſhing it at all; having conceived an opinion that it might tend to leſſen thoſe exalted ideas which the world has always entertained of us men of learning. But though upon re-conſideration I have changed my mind, I muſt take the liberty of obſerving, by way of introduction, that as I modeſtly preſume no man living has more learning than myſelf, ſo no man values himſelf more upon it, or has a greater veneration for all thoſe who poſſeſs it, even though they ſhould poſſeſs nothing elſe. I remember to have ſeen it under my grandmother's own hand, in the new primer ſhe gave me at my firſt going to ſchool, that 'learning 'is better than houſe and land:' and though I cannot ſay that I have ever been in a ſituation to make the proper compariſon between Learning and Houſe and Land; yet my grandmother was a wiſe woman, and I had never reaſon to call in queſtion the truth of any of her ſayings.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is with pleaſure I obſerve, that you commonly avoid the ridiculous oſtentation of prefixing a ſcrap of antiquity to your lucubrations. Your practice confirms me in my opinion, that a line or two of Greek and Latin is neither uſeful nor ornamental to a paper intended for the benefit of all ſorts of readers.

It was excuſable in your predeceſſors, the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian; for in their time we had fine gentlemen, one out of twenty of whom could, perhaps, make a ſhift to pick out the meaning of a Latin couplet. But now-a-days the caſe is altered; it is pedantry to know any other language, or, at leaſt, to ſeem to know any, but the faſhionable modern ones. For my own part, I by no means approve of mottos, which I doubt not are often thought of after the piece is written; and if not, muſt confine the writer too cloſely to the ſenſe of them. The ſame objection I have to numerous quotations from the ancients; for why ſhould we ſpeak in a leſs intelligible language, what may be as pertinently and juſtly expreſſed in our own? It is with reaſon, then, that in our days a man is no more reputed a ſcholar for quoting Homer and Virgil, than he would be eſteemed a man of morals for reading Tully and Seneca; and a Greek motto is thought as unneceſſary to a good eſſay, as a head of Otho or Galba would be to a learned man, if it was ſlung round his ſhoulders. Indeed, to ſpeak my mind, if the uſe of a language is to arrive at the ſenſe, wit, and arts, conveyed by it, I ſee no reaſon why our own ſhould yield to any other, ancient or modern. It is copious and manly, though not regular; and has books in every branch of the arts and ſciences, written with a ſpirit and judgment not to be exceeded. Notwithſtanding which, a man verſed in Greek and Latin, and nothing elſe, ſhall be called arned; while another, leſs knowing than theſe, who has imbibed the ſenſe, ſpirit, and knowledge, of all the beſt authors in our own language, is denied that honourable title.

I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that he who would lay in a ſtore of prudent and judicious maxims, for the direction of his conduct in life, can do it no where more effectually than from the invaluable works of antiquity. But is it abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould do this from the very languages in which they were written? I am myſelf what is called a good Greek and Latin ſcholar; and yet I believe I might be maſter of as much true knowledge if I underſtood neither. There are many good reaſons to be given why the ſtudy of theſe languages ought to be cultivated: but I think this purſuit may be carried too far, and that much of the time ſpent in acquiring a critical knowledge of them, might be employed to more advantage. I ſpeak in general; for there are ſome, who have a genius particularly ſuited to the ſtudy of words, that would never make any figure in the ſtudy of things.

There is hardly any thing truly valuable in the dead languages, that may not be read with equal advantage and ſatisfaction

ſatisfaction in the living, and more particularly in our own; for if I may rely upon my own judgment, and the report of learned men, many of the beſt ancient authors have loſt little by their tranſlation into our ſoil. I am charmed with the Greek of Thucydides and Longinus; but I am likewiſe delighted with the French dreſs of the laſt, and Mr. Smith's Engliſh of both. I can diſtinguiſh the gentility and eaſe of Cicero, and the ſpirit and neatneſs of Pliny, in their epiſtles, as they are tranſlated by Mr. Melmoth. Will any man that has ſeen Mr. Pope's Homer, lament that he has not read him in the original? And will not every man of a true taſte admire the gaiety and good ſenſe of Horace, the gallantry and genteel careleſſneſs of Ovid, the fire and energy of Juvenal, and the paſſion of Tibullus, in paraphraſes and tranſlations of Donne, Dryden, Garth, Congreve, and Hammond? I inſtance theſe, as their beauties are with more difficulty tranſlated into a foreign language.

It would be endleſs to enumerate the Engliſh poems that perhaps equal any thing in Greek or Latin. The Paradiſe Loſt will be thought little inferior to the Iliad or Æneid in judgment, majeſty, and true poetic fire. The Eſſay on Criticiſm, I need not ſcruple to compare with the Epiſtle to the Piſo's; nor to prefer the Dunciad, Eſſay on Man, and the Ethic Epiſtles, to any of the productions of antiquity. And will you not join with me in preferring Alexander's Feaſt to all the extravagance of Pindar, in point of harmony, and power of expreſſion and numbers? The poets, it is true, had different views; but, notwithſtanding, there may be a compariſon.

To enlarge farther would carry me beyond the limits I propoſe to myſelf; I ſhall therefore conclude my remarks on this kind of writing, with obſerving, that if we fall ſhort of the ancients in any part of polite writing, it is in the method of dialogue, in which ſome of them, as Xenophon, Plato, and Tully, had moſt excellent talents: and yet I know not whether the Dialogue on Medals, and the Minute Philoſopher, may not rival any thing they have left behind them: for as to their political writings, no man will think them equal to the Letters on Patriotiſm, and the Idea of a Patriot King. In hiſtory we are certainly deficient, though Raleigh, Clarendon, and a few others, are excellent in their kinds; but we as certainly make it up in mathematics, natural philoſophy, phyſic, and the many excellent treatiſes we have in morality, politics, and civil prudence.

It is not my intention to reſume a ſubject that has already employed much abler pens, and to raiſe a diſpute about the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns; nor would I by any means diſcourage the ſtudy of the ancient languages; for I think the time I ſpent in acquiring them extremely well employed: but I would willingly perſuade ſuch as are not maſters of them, that they may become ſcholars and learned men with no other aſſiſtance than their own native Engliſh. I am ſure I think the man more deſerving of thoſe names, who is converſant with Bacon, Boyle, Locke, and Newton, than he who is unacquainted with theſe great philoſophers, though he ſhould have read Plato, Ariſtotle, and all the orators and poets of antiquity.

You will now, no doubt, be curious to know who I am, that decide ſo magiſterially in a point ſo long given up, and of ſo much conſequence to the republic of letters. Time, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may bring that to light: at preſent it is neceſſary I ſhould ſcreen myſelf from the indignation of pedants, who would overwhelm me with heaps of ancient rubbiſh. My view in this letter is to convince the ladies, that many of them poſſeſs more real learning than a fellow of a college, who has for twenty years pored upon remnants. I have indeed often wondered that the author of the World has not been favoured with a much greater ſhare of the productions of female correſpondents than any of his predeceſſors, as he has ſet at naught Greek and Latin for their ſakes. But perhaps it may be for that very reaſon: for ſo capricious are the ſex, that though they hate a pedant, they deſpiſe the man who is not *homo multarum literarum*. I have heard a lady declare, that ſhe could no more love a man whoſe learning was not ſuperior to her own, than him who took all occaſions of ſhewing her that it was. If you approve of me as a correſpondent, I may be ſometimes at your ſervice; in which caſe, to ſhew my learning, my ſtile ſhall now and then be enriched with a little Greek and Latin. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

A. C.

N° CXXXVIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1755.

FOR ſeveral weeks paſt, I have been conſidering with myſelf how I might extend the uſe and entertainment of theſe my labours: for though thouſands of my countrymen have experienced and are ready to atteſt their ſalutary effects, yet it cannot be denied but there are ſtill people to be met with, who are by no means as wiſe and as good as they ought to be. General nature, as I have formerly obſerved, is what few people care to apply to themſelves; and though I have hitherto been averſe to particular and perſonal abuſe, I am at laſt willing to try it's effect, well knowing, that if the good which may accrue from it be but in the proportion of one million to the entertainment it gives, I ſhall have reaſon to bleſs myſelf for thus quarrelling with the world. I am ſenſible alſo, that by adopting this method, I am increaſing the number of my correſpondents, as every one will be for trying his hand on ſo delightful a ſubject as the failings of his friends; eſpecially when I ſhall have given him my honour that he need be under no apprehenſions for his ſafety, and that I will take every quarrel upon myſelf. I therefore hereby invite all perſons whatſoever to tranſmit to me forthwith all the ſcandal they can either collect or invent. Names, and particularly great ones, will be very acceptable; or, in default of ſuch names, minute deſcriptions of perſons, their alliances and connections, or the ſtreets they live in, will be equally agreeable. Great regard will be paid to the letters of female correſpondents; but it is humbly hoped that they will not ſuffer the copiouſneſs and enticement of the ſubject to hurry them into lengths that may exceed the bounds of this paper.

I am ſenſible that a great deal of courage, and an equal degree of dexterity at ſingle rapier, will be neceſſary on this occaſion; but, as I ſaid before, I am contented to take the whole upon myſelf, rather than lay my correſpondents under any reſtraint. My name is Adam Fitz-Adam; I am to be heard of every morning at the Tilt Yard Coffee-houſe; and, though an old man, ſhall be ready to give any gentleman ſatisfaction who chuſes to call upon me in a hackney-coach, and frank me to Hyde Park, or Montague Houſe.

To extend the uſefulneſs of this paper ſtill farther, it is my intention (notwithſtanding any former declaration to the contrary) to mix politics with ſlander. I am in a manner compelled to make this ſecond alteration in my plan, from a thorough conviction that no man in theſe kingdoms is ſuch a maſter of politics as myſelf; and as a war with France ſeems now to be inevitable, I ſhall from time to time inſtruct our miniſters in what manner to conduct it, and ſhall hope for an exact compliance with every plan I ſhall lay before them. This will be ſaving a great deal of trouble and perplexity to the common people of England, who, though always ready to inſtruct an adminiſtration, are ſometimes ſo divided in their opinions, that the ſaid adminiſtration are forced to purſue their own meaſures, for want of plain and punctual inſtructions from their friends.

The better to carry on this laudable deſign, I ſhall direct what bills are proper to be brought into parliament, and what acts I would have repealed. I ſhall alſo devote three mornings in every week to the private inſtruction of all ſuch miniſters and members of parliament, as are deſirous of conferring with me at my lodgings up two pair of ſtairs at the Trunk-maker's in St. Martin's Lane. I ſhall likewiſe be ready to anſwer all queſtions in politics to ſuch gentlemen and ladies as would willingly inveſtigate that ſcience without ſtudy or application. This will tend greatly to the edification of all juſtices of the peace, nurſes, midwives, country curates, and pariſh clerks, whoſe ideas ſeem at preſent to be a little confuſed, for want of a thorough knowledge of the intereſts and connections of the ſeveral ſtates of Europe, and how the balance of power is to be maintained. I ſhall keep a watchful eye over the king of France and his miniſters; and ſhall give timely notice of any intended invaſions, and direct meaſures to defeat ſuch invaſions in proper time. I ſhall find means of inſtructing the other powers of Europe in their true and natural intereſts,

tereſts, and will communicate in this paper the intelligence I ſhall from time to time receive from the ſaid powers; ſo that the public ſhall always be apprized beforehand of the meaſures they intend to take.

When I conſider the vaſt utility of this my undertaking, I cannot be too thankful for the abilities I am bleſſed with for carrying it on to the univerſal ſatisfaction of all parties. My humanity is, I confeſs, a little hurt, by reflecting, that while I am thus making a monopoly of politics and ſlander, I am doing an injury to thoſe of my brother authors, who have long lived by dealing out their occaſional portions of thoſe commodities. But I am comforted, upon ſecond thoughts, that as this paper is publiſhed once a week, they will have continued opportunities of enriching their own larger compoſitions with the moſt ſhining parts of it: and this they ſhall have free leave to do, provided that they add no conjectures of their own, or pretend to doubt the ſuperiority of my abilities, whereby diſputes may be raiſed upon any of thoſe facts which I ſhall think proper to advance. The ſame indulgence is hereby given to all writers or compilers of country newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland: for as I have only the good of my country at heart, I am deſirous of extending theſe my labours to the remoteſt parts of his majeſty's dominions. I ſhall alſo have this farther ſatisfaction, that the general complaint of the country's being deſerted of inhabitants every winter may ceaſe; as by means of this circulation every private gentleman may reſide conſtantly at his ſeat, and every clergyman at his living, without being obliged once a year to pay a viſit to London, in order to ſtudy politics, and inſtruct the adminiſtration.

But a much greater advantage than any yet mentioned remains ſtill to be told. The circulation of this paper will not be confined to Great Britain and Ireland; it will doubtleſs be demanded in all the courts, cities, and large towns, of Europe; by which means our enemies on the Continent, finding the ſuperiority of our wiſdom, and knowing by whom our counſellors are counſelled, will ſue to us for peace upon our own terms. In the mean time, as we are entering into a war not of our own ſeeking, but merely in defence of our commerce, and for the protection and ſupport of our undoubted rights, I ſhall direct the adminiſtration how to raiſe ſuch ſupplies as may enable us to carry it on with vigour and ſucceſs; and this I hope to effect to every body's ſatisfaction, which, I humbly apprehend, has not always been the caſe.

I am well aware that there are certain ſuperficial perſons in the world, who may fancy that they have not diſcovered in my writings hitherto theſe marvellous abilities to which I am now laying claim. To all ſuch I ſhall only anſwer, let the event decide: for I have always thought it beneath me to boaſt of talents ſuperior to other men, till the neceſſity of the times compel me to produce them. Thoſe who know me, will ſay of me what modeſty forbids I ſhould ſay of myſelf: indeed, it has been owing to a very uncommon degree of that ſheepiſh quality, that I have not let my readers into many ſecrets of myſelf, that would have amazed and confounded them.

I have undertaken politics and ſlander at the ſame time, from a conſtant obſervation that there is a certain connection between thoſe ſciences, which it is difficult to break through. But I intend to vary from the common method, and ſhall ſometimes write politics without abuſe, and abuſe without politics. It may be feared, perhaps, that as I have hitherto received no reward for the great candour with which I have treated the adminiſtration during the courſe of this paper, I may incline to direct wrong meaſures out of pure ſpite; but I can aſſure my readers that ſuch fears are groundleſs: I have nothing at heart but the public good, and ſhall propoſe no meaſures but ſuch as are moſt apparently conducive to the honour and glory of my native country. In treating of theſe meaſures, I ſhall build nothing upon hypotheſis, but will go mathematically to work, and reduce every thing to a demonſtration. For inſtance, if the war is only to be a naval one, I would inſtruct our miniſter (as a certain ingenious painter is ſaid to draw) by the triangle. As thus: the end of the war is an advantageous peace. Now, ſuppoſe any triangle, equilateral or otherwiſe, where A ſhall ſignify the Engliſh fleet, B the French fleet, and C the above peace; the ſolution then will be no more than this, let the fleet A take the fleet B, and you produce the peace C. The ſame ſolution will do in a land war, where A and B may ſtand for armies inſtead of fleets.

Havin'

Having now sufficiently explained myself upon this important occasion, I shall take leave of my readers till next Thursday; at which time, unless I should see reason to the contrary, I shall present them with a paper either of scandal or politics, which shall be to all their satisfactions.

N° CXXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1755.

I Have judged it proper to postpone politics to another week, that I may oblige my readers with a piece of scandal, or whatever else they may please to call it, which has but just transpired, and which will quickly engage the conversation of all the best families in town and country. Those who are unacquainted with the parties concerned, will I hope excuse me for publishing only the initial letters of their names, or sometimes no letters at all; their high rank, and the honourable offices they bear, demanding from me a little more complaisance than I may probably shew to meaner persons. At the same time, I should be sorry to have it thought, that my tenderness upon this occasion arose from any selfish considerations of the consequences that might ensue: the sword of a man of quality is no longer than that of another man; nor, for any thing I have observed, is he a jot more dexterous at drawing a trigger. My moderation proceeds from the great respect which is due from persons in humble situations to men of high and illustrious birth: though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that one or two stories more of the same nature with what I am now going to relate, will entirely cancel my regards, and incline me to treat them with the freedom of an equal.

Every body knows, at least every body in genteel life, that the match between Lord *** and Miss G—— was brought about by the old earl and the young lady's aunt; at whose house my lord unfortunately saw, and fell desperately in love with Miss L——, who was a distant relation of the aunt, and who happened to be there upon a visit, at the time of his lordship's courtship to the niece. The character of Miss L—— is too notorious to require a place in this narrative; though I must do her the justice to own, that I believe every art to undo a woman was practised upon her, before she was prevailed upon to give up her honour to a man whom she knew to be the destined husband of her most intimate friend.

Those who knew of the affair between my Lord and Miss L——, endeavoured by every possible method to dissuade Miss G—— from the match; and, indeed, if that unfortunate young lady had not preferred a title to happiness, she had treated his lordship as he deserved, from a thorough conviction that he had already bestowed his affections upon Miss L——. But an union of hearts is by no means necessary in the marriages of the great. My lord and the old earl saw a thousand charms in Miss G——'s large fortune; and the young lady and her aunt saw every thing in a title that could be wished for in the married state. The ceremony was performed soon after at the earl's house; and the young couple, though perfectly indifferent to each other, conducted themselves so prudently in all companies, that those who did not know them intimately, believed them to be very happy people.

The old earl dying soon after, my lord succeeded to the estate and title of ***, and lived with his lady in all the magnificence and splendour which his large income could afford. His lordship had a considerable mortgage on the estate of Sir O—— S——; and it was under pretence of settling some affairs with that gentleman, at his brother's seat near St. Alban's, that he set out the beginning of this month upon the expedition which has unhappily turned out so fatal to his peace. Colonel ***, a gentleman too well known for his gallantries among the ladies to need the initial letters of his name, was to be of his lordship's party; and though my lord had two sets of horses of his own, yet, for certain reasons, which may hereafter be guessed at, he hired a coach and six at Tubbs's, and set out on the Tuesday for St. Alban's, with intention, as was given out, to return on the Thursday following.

I should have informed my readers, that Lady ***, and the young Viscountess D——, who was said to have a *tender*

dre for the colonel, were to meet them in the viſcounteſs's coach at Barnet, on their return home, and that they were all to dine together at the Green Man. It was ſaid, I know, that Doctor ***, who is a man of family, was of the ladies party: he had been an intimate acquaintance, and ſome ſay a lover of Miſs G——, before her marriage with Lord ***. The doctor is a man much more famous for his wit and addreſs than his practice; and is thought to be the author of a late extraordinary performance, which, however celebrated, in my humble opinion, reflects more honour on his invention, than either on his knowledge in politics, or his character as a moral man. But I will avoid circumſtances, and be as ſhort as I can.

Doctor ***, though he lives at St. James's end of the town, had been ſeveral times in that week at Batſon's and Child's coffee-houſes, and had drank chocolate with Sir E—— H—— the very Thurſday that Lord *** and the colonel were to return from St. Alban's to meet Lady *** and the viſcounteſs at the Green Man at Barnet. Many people are of opinion, that the doctor was not of the party, but that he received his intelligence from one H—y, who had formerly been a ſteward of Lord ***. But H—y denies the fact, and lays the whole miſchief on Lady ***'s woman, who it ſeems had been houſekeeper to the doctor when he lived in the ſquare. There are ſtrange reports of the doctor and this woman; but whether ſhe or H—y was the contriver of this villainy, will appear hereafter. H—y is a man of a very indifferent character, and (I am not afraid of ſaying it) capable of undertaking any miſchief whatſoever.

Lady *** and the viſcounteſs, according to agreement, ſet out on Thurſday at one o'clock for Barnet, and came to the Green Man, which was the place appointed for dining. My lord and the colonel not being arrived, the viſcounteſs recollected that ſhe had an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, at about two miles diſtance, whom ſhe propoſed viſiting in a poſt-chaiſe, under pretence of ſaving her own horſes. As this acquaintance of the viſcounteſs was a ſtranger to Lady ***, her ladyſhip declined going with her friend, and agreed to amuſe herſelf with a book of novels till her return, or till the arrival of my lord and the colonel, which was every moment expected. The viſcounteſs ſtept immediately into the poſt-chaiſe; and ſoon after, as Lady *** was looking out at the window of the inn, ſhe ſaw a coach and ſix drive by very haſtily towards London; and the landlord declares that he ſaw Lord ***, and the colonel, and two ladies in the coach, muffled up in cloaks. He alſo declares, that Lady *** called out three times for the coach to ſtop, but that no one anſwered, and the coachman drove out of ſight in a few minutes.

I ſhould have taken notice before, that as ſoon as the viſcounteſs was gone upon her viſit, as Lady *** was ſitting at the window next the road, the captain in quarters took great notice of her, and ſaid to the chambermaid, in her ladyſhip's hearing, that he would give up a whole year's pay to paſs the afternoon with ſo fine a creature: upon which Lady *** frowned upon him very ſeverely, and began a ſmart converſation with him on his boldneſs and preſumption.

The viſcounteſs, to the great ſurprize of Lady ***, did not return till near ſix in the evening, and ſeemed in great confuſion while ſhe endeavoured to apologize for her abſence. But as Lady *** was convinced that her lord was in the coach that drove ſo haſtily towards London, ſhe declared poſitively that ſhe would not ſtir a ſtep from the inn till he returned to fetch her; and inſiſted on the viſcounteſs's going immediately to inform him of her reſolution. The viſcounteſs accordingly ſet out; and the captain was ſeen going up ſtairs ſoon after. But whether Lord *** returned that night, or whether it was really his lordſhip's coach that paſſed by, is uncertain: however, Lady *** has been miſſing ever ſince; and yeſterday a lady was found drowned in Roſamond's Pond, who is ſuſpected to be her; for though Lady *** was a thin woman, and wore a chintz gown that day, and the perſon taken out of the pond appeared to be fat, and was dreſſed in white, yet it is thought that by lying a long time under water, the body may be very much ſwelled, and the colours of the linen entirely diſcharged. One thing is certain, that Lord *** is like a man diſtracted: the doctor, the ſteward, and my lady's woman, are taken into cuſtody; and the colonel and the viſcounteſs are fled nobody knows whither.

I ſhall leave my readers to make their own comments on this unhappy affair; which

which I have brought into as short a compass as I was able, with truth and perspicuity. I am sensible, that where names occur so often, and those only marked with asterisks or initial letters, it is a very difficult matter to avoid confusion: and indeed I should hardly have thought myself perfectly clear, if I had not communicated my narrative to a country acquaintance of mine, a man totally ignorant of the whole affair, who was pleased to assure me, that he never met with any thing so plain and intelligible. I have been the more circumstantial upon this occasion, from a desire of pointing out in the most perspicuous manner the leading steps of this fatal catastrophe: for I am not satisfied with entertaining my readers with the frailties and misfortunes of persons of quality, unless I can warn them by their example against falling into the like errors.

Nº CXL. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1755.

THE report of the King of France's having lately forbidden the coffee-houses at Paris to take in any English newspapers, was no more than I expected, after having in the World of last Thursday was se'nnight so plainly and openly declared my intentions of making all men politicians. But though his Most Christian Majesty has thought proper to keep his subjects in the dark as to the science of politics, yet I hear with pleasure, that his emissaries in this city are buying up large numbers of these my lucubrations, for the private perusal of that monarch and his ministers, and that a council is ordered to attend the reading of them as soon as they arrive. But, for very good reasons, I have thought proper to change my intentions, and not meddle with matters of state; at least for the present. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have lately received full conviction that, great as my knowledge is in politics, there are those at the head of affairs that know to the full as much as myself. Success is not always in our power; but if we are really to enter into a war with France, I have the pleasure of assuring the common people of England, that they may depend upon it's being as well conducted, as if they had the entire management of it in their own hands, or even if I myself was to preside at all their meetings for settling plans and operations.

This and other reasons have inclined me for the present to lay aside politics, and to go on in the old way, mending hearts instead of heads, or furnishing such amusements as may fix the attention of the idle, or divert the schemes of the vicious, for at least five minutes every week. Of this kind is the following little piece, which I received some time since from a very ingenious correspondent, who entitles it—

A MEDITATION AMONG THE BOOKS.

FROM every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exercised their genius, or tortured their fancy. An author, who meant to be serious, has meditated on *the mystery of weaving*; an author, who never meant to be serious, has meditated on a *broomstick*: let me also meditate; and a *library of books* shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged, different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance; in what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness, into the service; and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party-favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye Books! as a herd of courtiers and strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No; let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet expresses himself—

> Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,
> And beef, and broth, and apple-pye,
> Most slovenly assemble.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They

They are *law books, ſtatutes, and commentaries on ſtatutes.* Theſe are *acts of parliament*, whom all men muſt obey, and yet few only can purchaſe. Like the Sphynx of antiquity, they ſpeak in ænigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

Theſe are *commentaries on ſtatutes:* for the peruſing of them, the longeſt life of man would prove inſufficient; for the underſtanding of them, the utmoſt ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the neceſſity and the impoſſibility of underſtanding; yet are we not left utterly deſtitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, *an abridgement of law and equity!* It conſiſts not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folios; yet, as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive ſubſtance of a ſtalled ox, ſo may this compendium contain the eſſential gravy of many a report and ar-judged caſe.

The ſages of the law recommend this abridgement to our peruſal. Let us with all thankfulneſs of heart receive their counſel. Much are we beholden to phyſicians, who only preſcribe the bark of the *Quinquina*, when they might oblige their patients to ſwallow the whole tree.

From theſe volumes I turn my eyes on a deep embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable: they are *controverſial divines*; ſo has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the cuſtom of mankind join words, that reaſon has put aſunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of deviliſh handſome, and the like: and thus *controverſial* and *divine* have been aſſociated.

Theſe controverſial divines have changed the rule of life into a ſtandard of diſputation. They have employed the temple of the Moſt High as a fencing-ſchool, where the gymnaſtic exerciſes are daily exhibited, and where victory ſerves only to excite conteſts. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who beſtowed religion on mankind had ſecured it, they have encompaſſed it with various minute outworks, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next in order to them are the redoubtable antagoniſts of common ſenſe; the gentlemen who cloſe up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for perſons having occaſion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manners nothing diſſimilar. Let me review them as they ſtand arranged. Theſe are *Epicurean orators*, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unſpeakable comfort of highwaymen and ſtock-jobbers. Theſe are *enquirers after truth*, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their reſearches. Theſe are *ſceptics*, who labour earneſtly to argue themſelves out of their own exiſtence; herein reſembling that choice ſpirit, who endeavoured ſo artfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be detected by himſelf. Laſt of all, are the compoſers of *rhapſodies, fragments*, and (ſtrange to ſay it) *thoughts*.

Amidſt this army of anti-martyrs, I diſcern a volume of peculiar appearance: it's meagre aſpect, and the dirty gaudineſs of it's habit, make it bear a perfect reſemblance of a decayed gentleman. The wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the Second; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did it's parent exult at it's birth! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged it's credulous father to diſplay it's excellencies to the whole world! Induced by their ſolicitations, the father arrayed his child in ſcarlet and gold, ſubmitted it to the public eye, and called it, *Poems by a Perſon of Honour*. While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold reſpect due to the rank and fortune of it's parent: but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the pariſh: it was kicked from ſtall to ſtall, like a deſpiſed proſtitute; and, after various calamities, was reſcued out of the hands of a vender of Scotch ſnuff, and ſafely placed as a penſioner in the band of free-thinkers.

Thou firſt, thou greateſt vice of the human mind, Ambition! all theſe authors were originally thy votaries! They promiſed to themſelves a fame more durable than the calf-ſkin that covered their works: the calf-ſkin (as the dealer ſpeaks) is in excellent condition, while the books themſelves remain the prey of that ſilent critic the worm.

Compleat cooks and conveyancers; bodies of ſchool divinity and Tommy

Thumb; little ſtory-books, ſyſtems of philoſophy, and memoirs of women of pleaſure; apologies for the lives of players and prime miniſters, are all conſigned to one common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends to a little reputation, and by a ſtrange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be uſeful for ſome months only is the whole of it's ambition; and though every day that paſſes confeſſedly diminiſhes it's utility, yet it is ſought for and purchaſed by all: ſuch is the deſerved and unenvied character of that excellent treatiſe of practical aſtronomy, the Almanack.

Nº CXLI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1755.

THE following letter was miſlaid; which is the reaſon of it's not having appeared earlier in this paper. The excuſe, perhaps, is leſs pardonable than the fault; but it is the only one I can make with truth; and I hope the author will receive it with candour.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF ever you take the trouble of looking into any of the public papers beſides your own, you cannot help obſerving the many curious experiments, which of late years have been made through all parts of this kingdom, in *running*, *riding*, *leaping*, *driving*, *fire-eating*, *wire-dancing*, and various other uſeful arts, by perſons of all ranks and fortunes.

I am willing to give credit to theſe extraordinary atchievements, though many of them, I own, far exceed the bounds of probability, becauſe of the honour they do to our age and country: and it is not without high indignation againſt the ingratitude of the preſent times, that I have been hitherto diſappointed in my expectations of ſeeing public honours and rewards beſtowed on theſe illuſtrious perſonages, who by ſuch experiments have ſhewn us what great things the powers of nature are capable of, when properly directed. Newton was knighted, and both he and Mr. Locke had very conſiderable places under the government; and yet what mighty matters did theſe philoſophers do, in compariſon of our new experiment-makers? They contented themſelves with looking into the laws of nature, and went no farther. The mind orders it's ideas juſt as it uſed to do, before the *Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding* had baniſhed from the world the doctrine of *innate principles* and *ſubſtantial forms*: and Newton, after he had demoliſhed the vortices of Deſcartes, left the planets juſt as he found them. They have rolled round the ſun preciſely in the ſame time, and at the ſame diſtance, before and ſince his diſcoveries. But our wonder-workers have found the ſecret of controuling the laws of nature; and have actually accompliſhed what in the walls of Bedlam, and the laboratories of Logada, it would have been thought madneſs to attempt.

I am ſenſible it may be objected to me, that the things I compare are totally different; and inſtead of theſe modern chiefs in philoſophy, I ſhould rather have turned my eyes to the renowned heroes of antiquity, whoſe exploits have been the admiration of ſo many ages. Be it ſo. We own the reſemblance, and have no reaſon to be afraid of the compariſon: for beſides that many of theſe exploits are looked upon as fabulous, if it be conſidered that ſome of them were only the effects of brute force, and that the merit of others is to be divided among multitudes, who all had a ſhare in their production; no doubt can be made, on a fair eſtimate between the merit of ancient and modern worthies, on whoſe ſide the balance will be found to turn. I am no enemy to the fame of antiquity; but I own it grieves me, that when ancient exploits have been celebrated over and over by the choiceſt poets and hiſtorians, thoſe of our own times, no leſs extraordinary, ſhould be left to paſs down to poſterity, on no better authority than the doubtful teſtimony of a common news-paper.

Mr. Fitz Adam, you profeſs yourſelf a citizen of the world, an equal judge between all the children of our firſt parents; act up then to this character, and do juſtice: ſuffer not exploits to drop into oblivion, at which the Gymnaſia of Greece and Italy would have ſtood aghaſt; which would have been honoured with ſtatues and crowns

of

of olive at Olympia; with a place in the Prytaneum at Athens; and an ovation, if not a triumph, at Rome. Suffer not ingratitude to fix a ſtain upon our country, which it would never be able to wipe off.

I pretend not to enumerate, or even to be ſenſible, of all the advantages with which theſe ſingular efforts of genius will be attended: but in natural philoſophy and religion their uſes are apparent at the firſt glance.

Experiments, it is now agreed on all hands, are the only ſolid baſis of natural ſcience. In theſe Bacon and Newton led the way; but their followers have ennobled them; they have transferred them from heavy *inert matter*, to the very *quinteſſence of ſpirit*, their horſes and themſelves. What before was only fit for recluſe pedants, they have made the amuſement and the buſineſs of fine gentlemen.

And here I beg leave, by the way, to propoſe a problem to the lovers of theſe noble arts, which I hope will not be thought altogether unworthy of their attention.

Suppoſe a *gentleman* is able to drive a wheel-carriage any number of miles in an hour, when the motion of his horſes is progreſſive, or according to the natural courſe of their limbs; how much time ought he to be allowed to do it in when his horſes move retrograde, or tails foremoſt?

But to come to religion. Theſe new experiments ſerve to ſhew how little we underſtand of the bounds of credibility. Had ſuch experiments been properly attended to, a certain gentleman, that ſhall be nameleſs, might have ſpared his haughty challenge to the defenders of the Chriſtian faith. Our brave youths will ſoon make him ſenſible of his error, and turn the edge of that formidable broad-ſword of his upon himſelf, with which he has threatened to depopulate the Chriſtian world. Will he any longer pretend to ſay, that no teſtimony can make a thing credible that is contrary to experience, when I defy him to match, in the annals of any age or country, the feats which he is forced to believe on the credit of a common newspaper?

I could run through all the arts and ſciences, and in each of them ſhew the wonderful advantage of theſe new experiments; but this is a taſk that deſerves an abler hand: I therefore propoſe, when his Majeſty ſhall have incorporated the authors of them into a new Royal Society, which I hope will be ſoon, that one of our moſt eminent pens be appointed, after the example of Biſhop Sprat, to write the hiſtory of the ſociety; and another, after the example of Fontenelle, to make eulogies on it's particular members. And I deſire that you will immediately look out for two ſuch perſons amongſt your correſpondents, which I ſhould imagine can be no great difficulty to one who has the honour to reckon in that number the prime wits of the age. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WALKING the other day through Wapping, to ſee the humours of the place, I happened to caſt my eyes upon the windows of an alehouſe, where I ſaw written in large capitals, 'Roman Purl.' I had the curioſity to aſk of a man who was walking near me, why it might not as well have been called Britiſh Purl, as Roman Purl? 'O Sir,' ſaid he, 'the landlord has had 'twenty times the cuſtom ſince he gave 'his liquor that outlandiſh name!' I ſoon found that my ſagacious informer was a maker of leather breeches, by ſeeing him enter, and ſet himſelf to work in a ſhop, over the door of which was written upon a bit of paper—'The 'True Italian Leather-breeches Balls, 'ſold here by the Maker.' I confeſs I was a little ſurprized to find the faſhion of admiring every thing foreign had extended itſelf to ſo great a diſtance from St. James's, having conceived an opinion that none but our betters at the polite end of the town were the deſpiſers and diſcouragers of our home manufactures.

As I ſee no ſolid reaſon for this univerſal diſlike to every thing that is Engliſh, I ſhould be glad of your ſentiments on the ſubject, which will greatly oblige, Sir, your conſtant reader and admirer,

C. D.

I ſhall forbear making any remarks upon this letter, that I may oblige a very witty correſpondent, whoſe letter I received a few days ago by the ge-

neral poſt. But I muſt entreat the favour of this gentleman, and of all others who may incline to write to me in ſo laconic a ſtile, to chuſe another method of conveyance, for fear their letters ſhould ſometimes happen to miſcarry.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

PRAY be ſo kind as to inſert this in your next. Yours,

W. B.

N° CXLII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1755.

SINCE the publication of my correſpondent's letter on the ſubject of noiſe, I have received the two following, which I ſhall lay before my readers for the entertainment of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR paper which treats of the paſſion for noiſe has in one reſpect given me ſome pleaſure; the obſervations in it being ſuch as I have often made myſelf, and the ridicule intended by them what many perſons in the world very juſtly obſerve. At the ſame time, I could not help feeling ſome uneaſineſs, on being led by thoſe obſervations to reflect ſeriouſly and deliberately upon my own misfortunes.

Till I was about forty years old, I had lived a batchelor in London; at which time, having acquired a conſiderable fortune in the mercantile way, I retired into the country; and hoping to paſs the reſt of my days in peace, and to be happy in a ſocial companion, I married a wife. She has always been, for any thing that I know to the contrary, what is called a virtuous woman; a *notable* one I am ſure ſhe is: but though chaſtity and notableneſs may be very valuable qualities in a woman, yet if they are to be nurſed and cheriſhed at the expence of meekneſs, forbearance, and all the other virtues, in my humble opinion, ſhe had better be without them. I called at your friend Dodſley's, the laſt time I was in town, to look in Mr. Johnſon's Dictionary for the meaning of the word *notable*; but could find no ſuch epithet applied to a wife. I wiſh with all my heart that he had given us a definition of that character, as alſo of a *good woman*, which, according to ſome alehouſe ſigns in the country, is a woman without a head.

I have long been of opinion, that as the principal virtue of a man is *courage*, ſo the principal virtue of a woman is *ſilence*: my wife, indeed, is of a contrary way of thinking with regard to this female virtue; but, till I am ſtark deaf, I ſhall never be prevailed upon to alter my opinion. Dumb creatures were always my delight, and particularly a cat, the dumbeſt of all; but my wife, who has a natural antipathy to that animal, has hung up a parrot in my parlour, and filled my hen-yard and garden with maccaws and peacocks.

Beſides the domeſtic noiſes with which I am perpetually tormented, I am unfortunately ſituated near the church, and in the hearing of ten diſmal bells, which our pariſhioners have ſet up, in the room of one ſingle bell, by which, for many years before, the proper notice for church-time, and other parochial matters, had been uſually given. And leſt the advantage of the ſound of theſe bells ſhould ever be loſt, one of our wealthy yeomen has bequeathed by will a conſiderable ſum of money to the ringers of the pariſh, for a certain number of peals five or ſix times a week for ever. About the time of this deſireable acquiſition, the new method of pſalmody was introduced into our church, by a ſet of fellows who call themſelves the Singers: ſo that our good old tunes being rejected, I am obliged to ſit and hear their terrible bawling and diſcord, having never been taught to ſing in treble time, or to find any thing ſolemn in the airs of a jigg.

It happens alſo that our pariſh is famous for delighting in what is called *rough muſic*, conſiſting of performances on cow-horns, ſalt-boxes, warming-pans, ſheep-bells, &c. intermixed with hooting, hallooing, and all ſorts of hideous noiſes, with which the young wags of the village ſerenade their neighbours on ſeveral occaſions, particularly thoſe families, in which (as the phraſe is) the grey mare is the better horſe.

Being thus accuſtomed to noiſe in the day-time, I am frequently awaked out of my ſleep (though in the abſence of my wife) by dreaming of them in the night;

right; so that in almoſt all my hours of retirement, in my ſlumbers, and even in my devotions, I am conſtantly tormented with noiſes, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but in the grave.

This being my caſe, I would adviſe you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by all poſſible means, to diſcourage this raging paſſion for noiſe. If you are a married man, and have a *notable* wife, (though from the freedom and ſpirit with which you write, I ſhould gueſs you to be a batchelor) you will need neither my example nor entreaties to let about this work in ſober ſadneſs. I am firmly perſuaded, that if you can put an end to all unreaſonable noiſes, you will then accompliſh that univerſal reformation of ſentiments and manners for which your paper was intended. The women will be diſcreet and lovely, and the men rational companions for their wives and one another.

After what I have here ſaid of myſelf, I dare not let you know the firſt ſyllable of my name, or of the village where I live; but I deſire, nevertheleſs, to be eſteemed as your very good friend, and, though unknown, your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that I have three fine girls, who, though extremely well inclined, are whipt every hour in the day, and made to pierce my ears with their cries, for not being women before their time, and as *notable* as their mamma. It had like to have eſcaped me too, that though my wife is reckoned to have the beſt times of any woman in the pariſh, it is the jeſt of the whole neighbourhood, upon hearing any violent or unuſual ſcreaming, that Mrs. *** is in labour.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

FINDING by a late paper of yours, that you are an advocate for peace and quietneſs, I am encouraged, though a woman, to make known my caſe to you. I have been a ſufferer by noiſe all my life long. When I was young, I had a tender, though not a ſickly conſtitution; and was reckoned by all my acquaintance a girl of a mild and gentle diſpoſition, with abundance of good-nature. The temper of my father was unfortunately the very reverſe of mine; and though I was ready to obey the leaſt notice of his will, yet his commands were always given in ſo loud and harſh a tone of voice, that they terrified me like thunder. I have a thouſand times ſtarted from my chair, and ſtood with my knees knocking together, upon his beginning to aſk me a common queſtion. My mother, he uſed to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleneſs. Indeed, ſhe was as indulgent to me as I could wiſh, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unleſs forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which on various other occaſions was frequently in danger of being broken.

At the boarding-ſchool, which I was ſent to at the uſual age, I met with a governeſs who was hatty and paſſionate; and as in her cooler hours ſhe was frequently making conceſſions to her ſcholars for the unguarded things ſhe had ſaid in her anger, ſhe loſt all her authority: ſo that having no one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noiſy and quarrelſome all the day long.

After this I had the unhappineſs to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the city. The room we lived in was directly over the ſhop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noiſe of hammers, and the clattering of plates and diſhes. Our country-houſe (where we uſually paſſed three or four months every ſummer) was built cloſe to ſome iron-mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our ſtay at his houſe, I need not tell you how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noiſe which proceeded from theſe mills.

At laſt I was ſent to board with a diſtant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who having married a rich widow, had given up his commiſſion, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain ſtill retained a paſſion for firing a great gun; and had mounted on a little fortification, that was thrown up againſt the front of his houſe, eleven nine pounders, which were conſtantly diſcharged ten or a dozen times over, on the arrival of viſitors, and on all holidays and rejoicings. The noiſe of theſe cannon was more terrible to me than all the reſt, and would have rendered my continuance there intolerable, if a young gentleman, a relation of the captain's, had not held me by the heart-ſtrings, and ſoftened by the

moſt tender courtſhip in the world, the horrors of theſe firings. In ſhort, I ſtaid at the captain's till my fortune was in my own power, and then gave it to a huſband.

But, alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am wedded to noiſe and contention as long as I live. This tendereſt of lovers is the moſt tyrannical of huſbands. The hammering of pewter, the iron-mills, and the cannon, which ſo much diſturbed me, are but lulling ſounds, when compared to the raging of his voice, whenever he throws himſelf into one of his furies. It is the ſtudy of my life to oblige and pleaſe him, yet I offend and diſguſt him by every thing I do. If I am ſilent to his upbraidings, I am ſullen; if I anſwer, though with the utmoſt mildneſs, I am either inſolent or impertinent. How muſt I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to reclaim or bear with him? Whatever I was by nature, I am at preſent ſo humbled, that I can ſubmit to any thing. I have laid my caſe before you for your advice; being well convinced, by your ſpeculations in general, that you are a warm advocate for the ſex, though you ſometimes take the liberty of telling us our own. It is not ſo much at the croſſneſs of my huſband, as at the loudneſs of his voice, that I complain: for I could ſubmit with ſome kind of patience to be beat, pinched, ſcratched, or any thing, ſo that the drum of my ear was not entirely in danger of being broken. If I was deaf, I could defy the utmoſt of his malice; but till that happy time arrives, I am the moſt miſerable of women, though much Mr. Fitz-Adam's admirer, and humble ſervant.

N° CXLIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1755.

I Ought hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praiſe to the Creator of my being, for having formed me of a diſpoſition that throws off every particle of ſpleen, and either directs my attention to objects of chearfulneſs and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on ſhades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happineſs of conſtitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked, extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the bleſſings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miſeries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a paſſage in that truly original poem, called the Spleen, which pleaſes me more than almoſt any thing I have read. The paſſage is this—

> Happy the man, who, innocent,
> Grieves not at ills, he can't prevent;
> His ſkiff does with the current glide,
> Not puſhing pull'd againſt the tide:
> He, paddling by the ſcuffling crowd,
> Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;
> And when he can't prevent foul play,
> Enjoys the follies of the fray.

The laughing philoſopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one: but before I ſit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enliſted myſelf in their ſervice, it becomes me to adminiſter every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpoſe I ſhall here lay before my readers ſome looſe hints on a ſubject, which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart thoſe malignant and ſullen humours which deſtroy the harmony of ſocial life.

If we make obſervations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourſelves, or ſee in others, we ſhall perceive that almoſt all the uneaſineſſes of mankind owe their riſe to inactivity or idleneſs of body or mind. A free and briſk circulation of the blood is abſolutely neceſſary towards the creating eaſineſs and good humour; and is the only means of ſecuring us from a reſtleſs train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthenſome to ourſelves, and diſſatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wiſely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to uſe that labour, which not only procures them the neceſſaries of life, but peace and health to enjoy them with delight. Nay, farther, we

we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour which the narrowness of their circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who, by all the advantages of wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury, or sleeping in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himself, or the happiness of others? And how many do we meet with, who, for their abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain?

Whoever seriously considers this point, will discover that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the Creator passed on man for his disobedience—'By the sweat of thy face thalt 'thou eat thy bread;' for to the punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first paradise was forfeited for his transgression, yet by the penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we daily see produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience, yet is that curse so ordered, as to be the punishment, chiefly and almost solely, of those who, by intemperance or sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the wants and weaknesses of mankind are the bands of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man of himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute toward the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing which every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true, that those persons are the happiest who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under the necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave of party and faction. Or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have frequently the mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed; and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our enquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of a king, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

The happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be found in those stations which neither totally subject men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of disquietude, ambition of disappointment, and riches of disease.

I will conclude these reflections with the following fable:

'Labour,

'Labour, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage, by the side of a hill, at a great distance from any town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: but having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went foremost along the road with Health on her right-hand, who by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of chearfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good-humour increasing the vivacity of her sister.

'In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour; she suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at last died in child-birth of Disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after: while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by Lassitude in her way, and died in misery.'

N° CXLIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1755.

THE following letter is of so interesting a nature, that I have put my printer to no small inconvenience in getting it ready at a very short warning for this day's publication. If the contents of it are genuine, I hardly know of a punishment which the author of such complicated ruin does not deserve. The unavoidable miseries of mankind are sufficient in themselves for human nature to bear; but when shame and dishonour are added to poverty and want, the lot of life is only to be endured by the consideration that there is a final state of retribution, in which the sufferings of the innocent will be abundantly recompensed, and temporary sorrows be crowned with endless joys.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF your breast has any feeling for the distresses of a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give my most unhappy story a place in your next paper. It may possibly come time enough to prevent a catastrophe which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter distraction a poor helpless family, who have more misery already than they are able to bear.

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission; and from a state of ease and plenty has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children—Alas! that I should live to say it! happy would it have been for us, if one of them had never been born!—The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was in the eyes of a fond father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas, Mr. Fitz-Adam! she was too lovely. The times I have watered her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form! She lived with us till she was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country, (who had lately buried his lady) to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous, to suffer us to hesitate long about parting with a child whom, dear to us as she was, we were not able to

to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation; and till within a very few months, it was our happineſs and joy that we had provided for her ſo fortunately. She lived in the eſteem and friendſhip of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable perſons; and ſuch was their father's ſeeming indulgence to us, that he advanced my huſband a ſum of money upon his bond, to free him from ſome ſmall debts, which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how ſhall I tell you, Sir, that this ſeeming benefactor has been the cruelleſt of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing leſs frequently from our daughter than we uſed to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was ſhort, and conſtrained, and ſometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that ſhould occaſion any concern. It is now upwards of two months ſince we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her ſilence, we received a letter from the eldeſt of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity, which can neither be deſcribed nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained theſe words—

MADAM,

FOR reaſons that you will too ſoon be acquainted with, I muſt deſire that your daughter may be a ſtranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity for her as I would, leſt it ſhould lead me to think too hardly of one, whom I am bound in duty to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, with which I deſire you will immediately hire a poſt-chaiſe, and take away your daughter. My father is from home, and knows nothing of this letter; but aſſure yourſelf it is meant to ſerve you; and that I am, Madam, your very ſincere friend, and humble ſervant.

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no heſitation of complying with it's contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not, inform me of a ſyllable that I wanted to know. My huſband, indeed, had a fatal gueſs at it's meaning; and in a fury of rage, inſiſted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myſelf that the young ladies were apprehenſive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I ſoothed him into patience, and ſet out alone.

I travelled all night, and early the next morning ſaw myſelf at the end of my journey. O, Sir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a ſituation the moſt ſhocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been ſeduced by her benefactor, and was viſibly with child. I will not detain you with the ſwoonings and confuſion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own diſtraction at what I ſaw and heard. In ſhort, I learnt from the eldeſt of the young ladies, that ſhe had long ſuſpected ſome unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that, finding in her altered ſhape and appearance a confirmation of her ſuſpicions, ſhe had queſtioned her ſeverely upon the ſubject, and brought her to a full confeſſion of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town, to provide lodgings for the approaching neceſſity, and that my poor deluded girl had conſented to live with him afterwards in London, in the character of a miſtreſs.

I need not tell you, Sir, the horror I felt at this diſmal tale. Let it ſuffice, that I returned with my unhappy child with all the haſte I was able. Nor is it needful that I ſhould tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond diſtracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I ſuppoſe reached the ears of this crueleſt of men, who eight days ago cauſed him to be arreſted upon his bond, and hurried to a priſon.

But if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been the utmoſt of my miſery, cruel as it is, I had ſpared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my boſom. Alas! Sir, I have another concern, that is more inſupportable to me than all I have told you. My diſtracted huſband, in the anguiſh of his ſoul, has written to my ſon, and given him the moſt agravated detail of his daughter's ſhame and his own impriſonment; conjuring him (as he has confeſſed to me this morning) by the honour of a ſoldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to loſe not a moment in doing juſtice with his ſword upon this deſtroyer of his family. The fatal letter was ſent laſt week, and has left me in the utmoſt horror at the thought of what may happen. I dread every thing from the raſhneſs and impetuoſity of my

fon, whofe notions of honour and juftice are thofe of a young foldier, who, in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cauſe, and the avenger of injuries, which Heaven only ſhould puniſh.

I have written to him upon this occaſion, in all the agony of a fond mother's diſtreſſes. But, O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will come too late. What is this honour, and what this juſtice, that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable raſhneſs? As forcibly as I was able in this diſtracted condition, I have ſet his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own ſoul's ſake, and for the ſake of thoſe he moſt tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family whoſe diſtreſſes already are near ſinking them to the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me, is the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may poſſibly be the means of preſerving to me the life of a ſon, after worſe than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige, Sir, your greatly diſtreſſed, but moſt faithful humble ſervant.

N° CXLV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is with great pleaſure that I ſee you frequently doing juſtice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice that the preſent times are worſe than the paſt. We are certainly better in every reſpect than our forefathers; and it is right we ſhould be told ſo, to encourage us in our progreſs towards the ſummit of perfection. I could give a thouſand inſtances of the virtues of theſe times; but ſhall at preſent content myſelf with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto ſo much as touched upon. It is the extreme conſtancy and diſintereſtedneſs of the men in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth, in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public juſtice to the moſt conſtant and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year ſince I received the addreſſes of this gentleman. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his perſon; witty and engaging in his converſation; with a heart the moſt tender, and manners the moſt ſoft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have deſcribed him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmoſt impatience to be united to him for ever.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want, that of intending *my* happineſs only, and of raiſing me to a rank which neither my perſon nor fortune gave me any pretenſions to: on the contrary, I was young and handſome, and in the opinion of the world, one whoſe alliance could bring as much honour into my lover's family, as he could reflect on mine. Nor, indeed, did I ever wiſh that there ſhould be any ſuch obligation on either ſide; having generally obſerved, that the moſt equal matches are the moſt productive of happineſs. But I only mention this circumſtance, as it may ſerve to do honour to his behaviour ſince.

The time was now approaching which was to make us inſeparably one. What his ſentiments were upon the occaſion may be ſeen by the following letter, which, among a thouſand of the ſame kind, I ſhall here tranſcribe.

IT is as impoſſible for me to riſe, and not write to my angel, as to lie down and not think of her. I am too happy. Pray uſe me a little ill, that I may come to a right ſtate of mind; for at preſent I can neither eat nor ſleep: yet I am more good-humoured than all the world; and then ſo compaſſionate, that I pity every man I ſee. My deareſt loves only me, and all other men muſt be miſerable. I wonder that any body can laugh beſides myſelf: if it be a man, he makes me jealous; I fancy that he entertains hopes of

my

my charmer; for the world has nothing else in it to make him chearful.

And now, my life! I have done with all my doubts; the time approaches that will change them into happiness. I know of nothing (sickness and death excepted) that can possibly prevent it. Our pleasures will lie in so narrow a compass, that we shall always be within reach of them. To oblige and be obliged will be all we want: and how sweet it is to think, that the business of our lives, and the delight of our hearts, will be the same thing! I mean, the making each other happy. But I am doomed to be more obliged than I have power to oblige. What a wife am I to have! Indeed, my love, I shall think myself the worst, if I am not the very best of all husbands. Adieu!

Upon my making a visit of a few days to a friend near town, where I desired him not to come, he wrote me as follows—

THIS lazy penny-post, how I hate it! It is two tedious days that I must wait for an answer to what I write. I will set up a post of my own, that shall go and come every two hours; and then, upon condition that I hear from you by every return of it, I will obey your commands, and not think of seeing you. I wonder you have not taken it into your head to bid me live without breathing. But take care, my love, that you never give up the power you have over me: for if ever it comes to my turn to reign, I will be revenged on you without mercy. I will load you so with love and kind offices, that your little heart shall almost break in struggling how to be grateful. I will be tormenting you every day, and all day long. I will prevent your very wishes. Even the poor comfort of hope shall be denied you; for you shall know, that none of your to-morrows shall be happier to you than your yesterdays. Your pride too shall be mortified; for I will out-love you, and be kinder to you than you can possibly be to me. All these miseries you shall suffer, and yet never be able to wish for death to relieve you from them. So, if you have a mind to avoid my cruelties, resolve not to marry me; for I am a tyrant in my nature, and will execute all I have threatened.

How tender and obliging were these expressions! I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I answered them all in an equal strain of fondness. But, in the midst of this sweet intercourse, he was unhappily taken ill of the small-pox. The moment he was sensible of his distemper, he conjured me, in a letter, not to come near him, lest his apprehensions for me (as I had never had it) should prove more fatal to him than the disease. It was indeed of the most dangerous kind; but how was it possible for me to keep from him? I flew to him when he was at the worst, and would not leave him till they took me away by force. The consequence of this visit was, that I caught the infection, and sickened next day. My distemper was of the confluent sort, and much worse than my lover's, who in less than three weeks was in a condition to return my visit. He had sent almost every hour in the day to enquire how I did; and when he saw me out of danger (though totally altered from my former self) his transports were not to be told or imagined. I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the letter that he sent me at his return home that evening—

WHAT language shall I invent to tell the charmer of my soul how happy this visit has made me! To see you restored to health was my heart's only wish; nor can my eyes behold a change in that face (if they can be sensible of any change) that will not endear it to me beyond the power of beauty. Every trace of that cruel distemper will be considered by me as a love-mark, that will for ever revive in my soul the ideas of that kindness by which it came. Lament not a change, then, that makes you lovelier to me than ever: for, till your soul changes, (which can never happen) I will be only and all

Yours.

This letter, and a thousand repetitions of the same engaging language, made me look upon the loss of my beauty as a trivial loss. But the time was not yet come, that was to shew me this generous and disinterested lover in the most amiable of all lights. My father, whose only child I was, and who had engaged to give me a large fortune at my marriage, and the whole of his estate at his death, fell ill soon after; and, to the surprize of all the world, died greatly involved, and left me without a shilling to my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed, I had no doubt of his generosity; but how like a divinity he appeared to me, when, by the return of the post, he sent me the following letter!—

THINK not, my soul, that any external accident can occasion the least change in my affections. I rather rejoice that an opportunity is at last given me of proving to my dearest creature that I loved her only for herself. I have fortune enough for both; or, if I had not, love would be sufficient to supply all our wants. This cruel business, how angry it makes me! But a very few days, my life, shall bring me to your arms. O! how I love you! Those are my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die with them; or, if I should have the misery to out-live you, they will be only changed to—'O! how I loved her!' But the HOW, my dear, is not to be told; your own heart must teach it you. When is it that I shall love you best of all? Why, the last day of my life, after having lived many, many years, your obliged, and happy husband.

How truly noble was this letter! But you will think me dwelling too long upon my own happiness; I shall therefore only add, that it is now a week since he wrote it; and that yesterday I received the undoubted intelligence that my lover was married the very next day to a fat widow of five-and-fifty, with a large jointure, a fine house, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, at her own disposal. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

M. B.

N° CXLVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1755.

I Have so tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I most heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I consider (and I believe they do so too) as the general gaol-delivery of the several counties of the united kingdom.

That beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares; they still share them. I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the highest rank and fashion torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of the metropolis; hurried by a merciless husband into country captivity, and there exposed to the incursions of the neighbouring knights, squires, and parsons, their wives, sons, daughters, dogs, and horses? The metropolis was at once the seat of her empire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from thence, how great the fall! how dreadful the prison! Methinks I see her sitting in her dressing-room at the mansion-seat, sublimely sullen, like a dethroned eastern monarch; some few books scattered up and down, seem to imply that she finds no consolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag speaks her painful leisure. Insensible to the proffered endearments of her tender infants, they are sent away for being so *abominably noisy*. Her dress is ever neglected, and her complexion laid by. I am not ashamed to own my weakness, if it be one; for I confess, that this image struck me so strongly, and dwelt upon my mind so long, that it drew tears from my eyes.

The prorogation of the parliament last spring was the fatal forerunner of this summer captivity. I was well aware of it, and had some thoughts of preparing a short treatise of consolation, which I would have presented to my fair country-women, in two or three weekly papers, to have accompanied them in their exile: but I must own that I found the attempt greatly above my strength; and an inadequate consolation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in the mind the cause of it. Thus at a loss, I searched (as every modest modern should do) the ancients, in order to say in English whatever they had said in Latin or Greek upon the like occasion; but far from finding any case in point, I could not find one in any degree like it. I particularly consulted Cicero upon that exile which he bore so very indifferently himself; but, to my great surprize, could not meet with one single word of consolation, addressed or adapted to the fair

and

E.F. Burney del. Gaugain sculp.

Plate V. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and Co. Dec.r 30, 1786.

and tender part of his species. To say the truth, that philosopher seems to have had either a contempt for, or an aversion to the fair sex: for it is very observable, that even in his essay upon old age, there is not one single period addressed directly and exclusively to them; whereas I humbly presume that an old woman wants at least as much, if not more comfort, than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined stoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, because the exiled persons can always carry their *virtue* along with them, if they please.

However, though I could administer no adequate comfort to my fair fellow-subjects under their country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them some advice upon their approaching liberty.

As there must have been during this suspension (I will not say only of pleasure, but, in a manner, of existence) a considerable saving in the article of pin-money, I earnestly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to town, to apply that sinking fund to the discharge of debts already incurred, and not divert it to the current service of the ensuing year. I would not be misunderstood; I mean only the payment of debts of honour contracted at Commerce, Bragg, or Faro; as they are apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women of sentiment, and even to affect their countenances, upon the approach of a creditor. As for shop-debts to mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars, and such like, it is no great matter whether they are paid or not; somehow or other those people will shift for themselves, or at worst, fall ultimately upon the husband.

I will also advise those fine women, who, by an unfortunate concurrence of odious circumstances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their husbands and children in the country, not to break it off entirely in town; but on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; since a time may come when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow-subjects were always famous for their public spirit and love of their country, I hope they will, upon the present emergency of the war with France, distinguish themselves by unequivocal proofs of patriotism. I flatter myself that they will, at their first appearance in town, publicly renounce those French fashions, which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in question. And therefore I exhort them to disband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket-handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I insist upon their laying aside that shameful piratical practice of hoisting false colours upon their top-gallant, in the mistaken notion of captivating and enslaving their countrymen. This they may the more easily do at first, since it is to be presumed, that during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted rest. Mercury and vermilion have made no depredations these six months; good air and good hours may perhaps have restored, to a certain degree at least, their natural carnation: but at worst, I will venture to assure them, that such of their lovers who may know them again in that state of native artless beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaister and stucco removed. Be it known to them, that there is not a man in England, who does not infinitely prefer the browneſt natural, to the whiteſt artificial skin; and I have received numberless letters from men of the first fashion, not only requesting, but requiring me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publish their names; which however I declined; but if I thought it could be of any use, I could easily present them with a round robin to that effect, of above a thousand of the most respectable names. One of my correspondents, a member of the Royal Society, illustrates his indignation at glazed faces, by an apt and well-known physical experiment. 'The shining glass 'tube,' says he, 'when warmed by 'friction, attracts a feather (probably 'a white one) to close contact; but the 'same feather, from the moment that it 'is taken off the tube, flies it with more 'velocity than it approached it with 'before.' I make no application; but, avert the omen, my dear country-women!

Another, who seems to have some knowledge of chemistry, has sent me a receipt for a most excellent wash, which he desires me to publish, by way of

succedaneum

succedaneum to the various greasy, glutinous, and pernicious applications so much used of late. It is as follows:

'Take of fair clear water *quantum sufficit*; put it into a clean earthen or china bason; then take a clean linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to the face night and morning, or oftener, as occasion may require.'

I own, the simplicity and purity of this admirable lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage me to recommend it to my fair country-women. It is free from all the inconveniencies and nastiness of all other preparations of art whatsoever. It does not stink, as all others do; it does not corrode the skin, as all others do; it does not destroy the eyes, nor rot the teeth, as all others do; and it does not communicate itself by collision, nor betray the transactions of a *tête-a tête*, as most others do.

Having thus paid my tribute of grief to my lovely countrywomen during their captivity, and my tribute of congratulations upon their approaching liberty, I heartily wish them a good journey to London. May they soon enter, in joyful triumph, that metropolis, which six months ago they quitted with tears.

N° CXLVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1755.

I Am favoured with the following letter by a correspondent, who (if I am not mistaken in the hand) has once obliged me before. I cannot better testify my approbation of what he writes, than by desiring a repetition of his favours, as often as he has leisure and inclination to oblige me. It is chiefly owing to the assistance of such correspondents that this paper has extended it's date beyond the usual period of such kind of productions; and (if I may be allowed to say it) they have given it a variety, which could hardly have been accomplished by one single hand. Whether it be modesty or vanity that compels me to this confession, I shall leave the reader to determine, after telling him, that it is to the full as pleasing to me, not to have been thought unworthy of the assistance I have received, as it would to have been myself the composer of the most approved pieces in this collection.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IN this land of liberty, he who can procure a printer, commences author, and instructs the public. Far be it from me to censure this spirit of advising, so prevalent among my honoured countrymen; for to this we owe treatises of divinity by tallow-chandlers, and declamations on politics by apothecaries.

You must no doubt have observed, that every man who is in possession of a diamond, arrogates to himself this privilege of instructing others: hence it is that the panes of windows in all places of public resort are so amply furnished with miscellaneous observations by various authors.

One advice may be given to all writers, whether in paper or on glass; and it is comprehended in the single word, Think. My purpose at present is to illustrate this maxim, in as far as it respects the latter sort of authors.

I divide the authors who exercise the diamond into four classes; the *politicians*, the *historians*, the *lovers*, and the *satyrists*.

The mystery, or art of politics, is the business of every one, who either has nothing to do, or who cares not to do any thing; as a broken merchant is often made a tide-waiter. Hence so many *politicians* make their appearance on glass. It is there that controversies of a political nature are daily agitated: in them the established laws of controversy are observed: some one asserts the truth of a proposition; another contradicts him; rogue and rascal are immediately dealt about, and the matter originally in dispute is no more heard of.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if these gentlemen would be but pleased to Think, and keep their temper, how might the world be edified! One might acquire as much useful knowledge by travelling post through England, as ever the philosophers of Athens did by lounging in their porticoes; and our great turnpike-roads would afford as compleat a system of politics, as that which Plato picked up in his Egyptian rambles. In a word, the

the debates on the windows at the George, or the Bell, might prove no leſs inſtructing than the debates of the political club, or the ſociety at the Robin Hood.

Were this propoſed reformation to take place, the contractors for the magazines of Knowledge and Pleaſure might forage ſucceſsfully on window glaſs. But I need not inſiſt farther on theſe conſiderations; their zeal for the public ſervice is well known: with the view of amuſing and inſtructing, they have not only ranſacked the records of parry-ſchools, and the manuſcript collections of good houſe-wives for receipts in cookery, but they have conſulted the monuments of the dead, for delightful blunders, and merry epitaphs.

The *hiſtorians* on glaſs are of various ſorts: ſome are *chronologers*, and content themſelves with informing us that they were at ſuch a place, on ſuch a day, in their way to this or that town or country. Others are *chorographers*, and minutely deſcribe the nature and condition of the highways, and the landladies. A third ſort may be termed *annaliſts*, who imagine that a fact deſerves to be recorded, merely becauſe it is fact; and on this account, gravely tell the world that on ſuch a day they fell in love, or got drunk, or did ſome other thing of equal inſignificancy.

A little thought would abridge the labour of theſe *hiſtorians*. Let them reflect on the nothingneſs of ſuch incidents, and ſurely they will abſtain from recording them. In common life, minute relations of trifles are neceſſary: man is a ſociable and talkative animal; and as the bulk of mankind cannot communicate to others what they have *thought*, they muſt content themſelves with relating what they have *ſeen*. On this principle are moſt coffee-houſe ſocieties eſtabliſhed. But why muſt a man be dull and narrative on window-glaſs? Let him reſerve his dulneſs for the club-night; and, as Dogberry in the play ſays, beſtow all his tediouſneſs on his own companions.

I now proceed to the moſt numerous tribe of all, the *lovers*; and ſhall only hint at ſome enormities in their conduct. And firſt of all, as to their cuſtom of writing the names of their miſtreſſes with *anno domini* at the end of them; as if the chronicles of love were to be as exactly kept as a pariſh regiſter. To what good purpoſe can this ſerve? To inſcribe the names of fair ladies on glaſs, may, indeed, convey a pretty, moral ſignification; ſince female charms are properly enough recorded on tablets of a frail nature: but when the year of admiration is added, what elderly woman is there who can pretend to youthfulneſs? Her waiting-maid may extol her good looks; her mirror may deceive her; powder of pearl and Spaniſh wool may favour the illuſion; but pretty Miſs Such-a-one 1730, is an argument of antiquity, which neither flattery nor paint can refute.

The *lovers* alſo deſerve cenſure for their humour of writing in verſe. Becauſe all poets are ſaid to be lovers, theſe gentlemen ſagely conclude that all lovers are poets; and on the faith of this inverted aphoriſm they commence rhymers. He who cannot compoſe a ſermon, does well to read the works of another. This example ought to be imitated by the herd of lovers. Prior and Hammond are at their ſervice; their only care ought to be in the application. And yet this caution, ſimple as it is, has been neglected by many lovers, who have condeſcended to ſteal. Hence it is that the wealth of the eaſt is frequently declared inſufficient for the purchaſe of a girl, who would be dear at half a crown; and Milton's deſcription of the mother of human kind perverted to the praiſe of ſome little milliner.

The *ſatyriſts* come now to be conſidered. Theſe men are certainly of a ſtrange diſpoſition. While dinner is getting ready, they amuſe themſelves in making out a liſt of the faults, real or imaginary, which may be imputed to any of their acquaintance. Incapable of reflection, they know not how to employ their time, and therefore wound and murder the fame of men better and wiſer than themſelves. If I am not miſtaken, a defamation is no leſs puniſhable when inſcribed on glaſs, than when committed to paper. This conſideration may prevent fools from ſcattering arrows and death, although reaſon and humanity cannot.

But the chief of all *ſatyriſts* are they who ſcribble obſcenity on windows. Every word which they write is a ſevere reflection on themſelves, and, in the judg-

ment of foreigners, on their country. What opinion muſt foreigners entertain of a nation, where infamous ribaldry meets the eye on every window? an enormity, peculiar, in a great meaſure, to Great Britain. Do theſe writers, indeed, believe themſelves to be wits? Let them but ſtep into the ſmoaking parlours, or the low rooms where their footmen have their reſidence, and they will perceive that their ſerving-men equal their maſters in this ſpecies of wit. Vainly do people of faſhion attempt to monopolize illiberality, ignorance, and indecency, when, if they and their footmen apply themſelves to the ſame ſtudies, the latter will probably be the beſt proficients.

Be wiſe, therefore, O ye ſcribblers! and Think. I am, &c.

N° CXLVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

CIVILITY and Good-breeding are generally thought, and often uſed, as ſynonymous terms, but are by no means ſo.

Good-breeding neceſſarily implies Civility; but Civility does not reciprocally imply Good-breeding. The former has it's intrinſic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles by it's workmanſhip.

To ſacrifice one's own ſelf-love to other people's, is a ſhort, but, I believe, a true definition of Civility: to do it with eaſe, propriety, and grace, is Good-breeding. The one is the reſult of good-nature; the other of good-ſenſe, joined to experience, obſervation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good-ſenſe.

Flattery is the diſgrace of Good-breeding, as brutality often is of truth and ſincerity. Good-breeding is the middle point between thoſe two odious extremes.

Ceremony is the ſuperſtition of Good-breeding, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, ſhould not be abſolutely demoliſhed. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though deſpiſed by thoſe who think, becauſe admired and reſpected by thoſe who do not.

The moſt perfect degree of Good-breeding, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the beſt company. It is not the object of mere ſpeculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it conſiſts in a fitneſs, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of perſons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a ſubſtance: for what is Good-breeding at St. James's, would paſs for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the home-ſpun Civility of that village would be conſidered as brutality at court.

A cloyſtered pedant may form true notions of Civility; but if amidſt the cob-webs of his cell he pretends to ſpin a ſpeculative ſyſtem of Good-breeding, he will not be leſs abſurd than his predeceſſor, who judiciouſly undertook to inſtruct Hannibal in the art of war. The moſt ridiculous and moſt aukward of men are, therefore, the ſpeculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all profeſſions.

Good-breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, ſupplies the want of ſome virtues. In the common intercourſe of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within thoſe bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to tranſgreſs, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unqueſtionably the ſeats of Good-breeding; and muſt neceſſarily be ſo; otherwiſe they would be the ſeats of violence and deſolation. There all the paſſions are in their higheſt ſtate of fermentation. All purſue what but few can obtain, and many ſeek what but one can enjoy. Good-breeding alone reſtrains their exceſſes. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would ſtab. There, ſmiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual ſervices are profeſſed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the ſerpent ſimulates the gentleneſs of the dove: all this, it is true,

true, at the expence of sincerity; but, upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend Good-breeding, thus profaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of Good-breeding must adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falshood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect Good-breeding, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere Civility, as far as Civility is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of L'Esprit de Loix accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. 'If my countrymen,' says he, 'are the best-bred people in the 'world, it is only because they are the 'vainest.' It is certain that their Good-breeding and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce, usually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium, to make up the balance.

It were to be wished that Good-breeding were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies, that take up a great deal of time, to very little purpose; or at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours, that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in stables. Surely those who by their rank and fortune are called to adorn courts, ought at least not to disgrace them by their manners.

But I observe, with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes to brand Good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in it's stead an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorize familiarity; but then Good-breeding must mark out it's bounds, and say—'Thus far shalt thou 'go, and no farther;' for I have known many a passion and many a friendship degraded, weakened, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly *flattered* away, by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is Good breeding less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects, it endears, and at the same time that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but Good-breeding alone can make him be loved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my countrywomen, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquest, of beauty; or in some degree atones for the want of it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though Good-breeding cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.

N° CXLIX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

CANTANTES LICET USQUE (MINUS VIA LÆDET) RAMES.
VIRGIL.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Do not know that you, or any of your predecessors, have ever paid your compliments to a most useful branch of this community; I mean, the ancient and reputable society of Ballad-singers. These harmonious itinerants do not cheat the country people with idle tales of being taken by the Turks, or maimed by the

Algerines, but earn an honeſt livelihood by a proper exertion of thoſe talents with which nature has endowed them. For if a brawny-ſhouldered porter may live by turning prize-fighter, or a gentleman of the ſame make, by turning petticoat-penſioner, I do not ſee why a perſon endued with the gift of a melodious voice, is not equally entitled to all the advantages which can poſſibly ariſe from it.

With regard to the antiquity of this profeſſion, in all probability, we owe the invention of it to old Homer himſelf, who hawked his Iliad about the ſtreets for an obolus a book. But as the trade was not then brought into any repute, and as his poetry wanted the refinement of modern times, he could ſcarce earn bread for himſelf and his family. Theſpis, the Athenian, made a great improvement in the art; he harneſſed Pegaſus to a cart, from which he diſperſed his ballads; and by keeping all the public fairs, made ſhift to pick up a tolerable maintenance. This improvement our Engliſh Ballad-ſingers have neglected: whether they think there is any thing really ominous in mounting a cart, or whether the ſneers of the populace, who are always throwing out their inſolent jeſts on their ſuperiors, have prevented them from making uſe of that vehicle, I will not pretend to determine.

Among the Romans too this practice was preſerved. Virgil makes one of his ſhepherds ſay to another, by way of reproach—

——Non tu in triviis, indocte, ſolebas,
Stridenti miſerum ſtipulâ diſperdere carmen?

But this was becauſe, as Milton tranſlates it, 'his lean and flaſhy ſongs grated 'on his ſcrannel pipe of wretched ſtraw.' But this never can be objected to my fair countrywomen, whoſe melodious voices give every ſyllable (not of a lean and flaſhy, but of a fat and plump ſong) it's juſt emphaſis, to the delight and inſtruction of the attentive audience. By the way, I ſuſpect that Virgil was a hawker himſelf; for he ſays—

Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen;

which in plain Engliſh is no more than this—

I ſing my Ballads through the ſtreets of Rome.

Were it not for this muſical ſociety, the country people would never know how the world of letters goes on. Party ſongs might come out, and the parſon never ſee them; jovial ſongs, and the ſquire never hear them; or love ſongs, and his daughter never ſigh over them. I would have a Ballad-ſinger well furniſhed with all theſe before ſhe ſets out on her travels; then bloody murders for ſchool-boys and apprentices, conundrums and conjuring-books for footmen and maid-ſervants, hiſtories and ſtory-books for young maſters and miſſes, will turn to an excellent account. And as the trades of ballad-ſinging and fortune-telling generally go together in the country, like ſurgeon and apothecary, I think it would not be amiſs if their friends, the poets, would furniſh them with rhymes ſuited to the occaſion, that their predictions may wear the true maſk of oracles, and, like thoſe of the Sibyls, be given out in metre. And to come ſtill nearer to the original, a joint-ſtool would make an excellent tripod.

Uſeleſs as this profeſſion may ſeem, it ſerves to ſupport two others; I mean the worſhipful and numerous companies of printers who have no buſineſs, and poets who have no genius. A good ſong, that is, a very good ſong—I love Sue, for inſtance, or Colin and Phœbe, will run you through fifty editions: but let it be never ſo good, it will always give way to a newer; ſo that the printer has by this means conſtant employment for his preſs, which would otherwiſe be idle; and the poet a conſtant market for his wit, which would otherwiſe live and die with it's author in obſcurity.

As I have a great regard for theſe itinerant ſyrens, not ariſing from any perſonal favours that I have received from them, nor founded on whim and fancy, but from a well-weighed conſideration of their ſervice to the public, I have thought of a ſcheme, which will at once both ennoble their profeſſion, and render their lives infinitely more comfortable. It is this: many profeſſors of muſic, whoſe talents have ſhamefully been neglected in town, (for in theſe degenerate days, men of merit are but little regarded) condeſcend, for the amuſement of the country people, to enliven the humours of the wake with violins, dulcimores, harpinets, &c. With theſe ingenious gentlemen I would perſuade our fair

fair Ballad-singers to incorporate. Some few misfortunes they have indeed met with, which I think myself obliged in honour to reveal; and those are, the loss of eyes, legs, and other trifles, which a prudent, thinking woman, would disregard, when over-balanced by such excellent qualifications. The expence of children may possibly be urged as an objection to this scheme; but I answer, that children will of necessity come, whether our ballad-singing ladies are married or not: and while the parents are mutually travelling with the youngest at their backs, the elder will, in all probability, be able to walk; so that they may get a reputable livelihood, by the lawful profession of begging, till such time as they are of a proper age to learn the rudiments of music under the tuition of their father. But pilfering I would by all means have them avoid; it hurts the credit of the profession.

Now what a comfortable life must this be! A perpetual concert of vocal and instrumental music! And if Orpheus, with only his lyre, drew after him beasts and trees, (by which people are apt to imagine that nothing more is meant than the country bumpkins) what will not the melodious fiddle of one of these professors do, when in union with the voice of his beautiful helpmate?

As for the marriage-act, and guardians consent, and such new-fangled stuff, I would by no means have them pay any regard to it. For as the ladies, when in town for the winter season, are generally resident about Fleet Ditch, a certain public-spirited clergyman, who lodges in that neighbourhood, and whom I would by all means recommend, will tack together half a dozen couple at a minute's warning, and the parliament be never the wiser. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. D.

WHEREAS two letters, signed A. Z. have been lately sent to Mr. Fitz-Adam; the first containing a very witty, but wanton abuse of a lady of great worth and distinction; the second full of scurrilous resentment against Mr. Fitz-Adam, for not publishing the said letter; this is to acquaint the writer of it, that, till his manners bear some little proportion to his wit, he cannot be admitted a correspondent in this paper.

N° CL. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

HAVING observed of late years, that our young gentlemen are endeavouring to rival the ladies in all the refinements and delicacies of dress, and are ornamenting the bosoms of their shirts with jewels; I have for the good of my country, and the emolument of my own sex, been contriving a method of rendering jewels of use, as well as ornament, to the male part of the human species. It was an ancient custom in several of the Eastern countries, and is the practice of some few nations at this very day, for women to wear jewels in their noses; but I am of opinion, that as affairs now stand, it would not be improper to have this elegant piece of finery transferred from the ladies to the gentlemen.

It must indeed be acknowledged, that this custom of ornamenting the nose has no where prevailed but in those heathenish and barbarous nations where the women are kept in constant subjection to their husbands; and therefore I suppose it took it's origin from the tyrannical institution of the men, who put a Ring in the wife's nose, as an emblem of her slavery. I apprehend also, that the wife, when she found she was to be *rung*, very wisely made a virtue of necessity, and added jewels to the Ring, which served two purposes at once, that of making it costly to the husband, and rendering it ornamental to herself. But as, in these politer and more Christian countries, the barbarous institution of obedience from wives to husbands has been entirely laid aside, the ladies have judged it proper to throw off this badge of their subjection. And as in many instances our young ladies and young gentlemen seem inclinable to invert the order of nature, and to recommend manly airs to the female sex, and effeminate behaviour to the men, I think it adviseable to comply with the just sentiments of the present generation, and,

as I said before, to transfer this ornamental part of dress from the noses of the ladies to the noses of the men.

I find myself indeed inclinable to carry this institution of the Ring a little farther; and would have every man whatsoever, whether married or unmarried, if he be of a right non-resisting and passively-obedient disposition, to be well *rung*. And for this use I would have a particular sort of *nose-jewel* invented, and established by public authority, which by the emblem, or device, that was engraven upon it, should express the kind of subjection to which the wearer was inclined to submit. And when these passive gentry were all enrolled under their proper banners, they might annually chuse some one person of distinguished merit, who should be stiled, for the time being, Grand Master of the most honourable order of the Ring.

There was a time, when the laity of the whole Christian world ought to have worn Rings in their noses; and if the device had been a *triple-crown*, it would not have been unexpressive.

The gentlemen of the army have sometimes taken it into their heads to *ring* every body about them; and we have had instances how able they have been, by the help of these Rings, to lead both houses of parliament by the nose. The device engraved on those *nose-jewels* was, *The Protector*. At present, indeed, it is thought that the gentlemen of the law have a great superiority over the gentlemen of the army, and that they are preparing Rings for all the noses in these kingdoms, under the well-conceived device of *Liberty and Property*.

It has been a maxim of long standing among statesmen, never to employ any person whatsoever who will not bear being *rung*; and as this very much depends on the shape of the nose, which ought to be of such a disposition as not to be refractory to a perforation, I would in a particular manner recommend it to all leaders of parties, to make the knowledge of the human nose a principal object of their study; since it is manifest that many of them have found themselves grievously disappointed, when they have presumed to count noses, without a sufficient investigation of this useful science.

As I have for many years taken much pains in the study of physiognomy, I shall, for the good of my country, communicate, through the channel of your paper, some of those many observations which I have made on that remarkable feature called the Nose: for as this is the most prominent part of the face, it seems to be erected as a sign, on which was to be represented the particular kind of ware that was to be disposed of within doors. Hence it was, that amongst the old Romans, very little regard was paid to a man without a nose; not only as there was no judgment to be made of the sentiments of such a person, but as in their public assemblies, when they came to reckon noses, he must of consequence be always omitted out of the account.

Among these ancient Romans the great offices of state were all elective, which obliged them to be very observant of the shape of the noses of those persons to whom they were to apply for votes. Horace tells us, that the *sharp nose* was looked upon as an indication of satyrical wit and humour: for when speaking of his friend Virgil, though he says, 'At *est bonus, ut melior non alius quis-*'*quam*,' yet he allows that he was no joker, and not a fit match at the *sneer* for those of his companions who had *sharper noses* than his own. 'Minus 'aptus (says he) *acutis* NASIBUS *ho-*'*rum hominum*.' They also looked upon the *short noses*, with a little inflection at the end tending upwards, as a mark of the owner's being addicted to *jibing*: for the same author, talking of Mecænas, says, that though he was born of an ancient family, yet he was not apt to turn persons of low birth into ridicule, which he expresses by saying that he had not a *turn-up* nose. *Nec* NASO *suspendis adunco*. Martial, in one of his epigrams, calls this kind of nose the rhinocerotic nose, and says that every one in his time affected this kind of snout, as an indication of his being master of the talent of *humour*. But a good statesman will hardly think it worth his while to spend *nose-jewels* upon such persons, unless it be to serve them as you do swine, when you *ring* them only to keep them from *rooting*.

The Greeks had a very bad opinion of the *flat nose*. The remarkable story of Socrates and the physiognomist is too well known to be particularly repeated: but I cannot help observing that the most particular feature in the face of Socrates was his nose, which being very flat, with a little

a little inflection upwards towards the end, caused the physiognomist to denounce him a drunken, impudent, and lustful person; which the philosopher acknowledged to be a true character of him, in his natural state.

The Hebrews looked upon this kind of nose to be so great a blemish in a man's character, that, though of the lineage of Aaron, his having a *flat nose* was by the express command of Moses an absolute exclusion from the sacerdotal office. On the other hand, they held *long nose* in the highest esteem, as the certain inuication of a meek and patient mind. Hence it is that, in the book of Proverbs, the original words which literally signify *he that has a long nose*, are in our English translation, and by all interpreters, rendered, *he that is slow to wrath*: and the words which signify *he that has a short nose*, are always translated, *he that is soon angry, or hasty of spirit*. I shall only remark upon this, that the Welch, who are by no means the *slowest to anger*, have generally *short noses*.

The elephant is of all animals the most docible and servile; and every body knows how remarkable that creature is for the length of his snout; though sometimes it happens that he is not altogether so patient of injuries as might be wished. Hamilton, in his Travels to the East Indies, tells us of an elephant of Surat, that was passing with his keeper to his watering-place through the streets of that city, who seeing the window open of a taylor's shop, and thrusting in his trunk in search of provision, received an affront from the needle of the taylor, as he was sitting at his work. The story adds, that the elephant went soberly on to water, and after drinking his usual draught, drew up a great quantity of mud into his trunk, and returning by the window of the taylor, discharged an inundation of it on his work-board. This was, I own, an unlucky trick; but we ought not to have a worse opinion of *long noses* in general for the sake of one such story, the like of which may not probably happen again in a whole century.

I have many more curious observations to make on the various kinds of noses, which, for fear of exceeding the bounds of your paper, I shall reserve to another opportunity, when I intend to descant at large on the method of *ringing* them: for some men are of such untoward and restiff dispositions, that they are like the Leviathan mentioned by Job, into whose nose there is no putting a *hook*, as our translators render it, but the original word signifies a RING. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

Nº CLI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

I Was lately subpœnaed by a card to a general assembly at Lady Townly's, where I went so awkwardly early, that I found nobody but the five or six people who had dined there, and who, for want of hands enough for play, were reduced to the cruel necessity of conversing till something better should offer. Lady Townly observed, with concern and impatience, that people of fashion now came intolerably late, and in a glut at once, which laid the lady of the house under great difficulties to make the parties properly. 'That, no 'doubt,' said Manly, 'is to be lamented; and the more so, as it seems to 'give your ladyship some concern: but 'in the mean time, for want of something better to do, I should be glad 'to know the true meaning of a term 'that you have just made use of, *people of fashion*: I confess I have never yet 'had a precise and clear idea of it; and 'I am sure I cannot apply more properly for information, than to this 'company, which is most unquestionably composed of *people of fashion*, 'whatever *people of fashion* may be. I 'therefore beg to know the meaning of 'that term: what are they, who are 'they, and what constitutes, I had almost said, anoints them, *people of fashion?*' These questions, instead of receiving immediate answers, occasioned a general silence of above a minute, which perhaps was the result of the whole company's having discovered, for the first time, that they had long and often made use of a term which they had never understood: for a little reflection frequently produces those discoveries. Belinda first broke this silence, by saying—'One 'knows well enough who are meant by '*people of fashion*, though one does not

'just

'just know how to describe them: they 'are those that one generally lives with; 'they are people of a certain sort.'— 'They certainly are so,' interrupted Manly; 'but the point is, of what sort? 'If you mean, by people of a certain 'sort, yourself, which is commonly the 'meaning of those who make use of 'that expression, you are indisputably 'in the right, as you have all the qua-'lifications that can, or, at least, ought 'to constitute and adorn a *woman of fashion*. But, pray, must all *women of fashion* have all your accomplishments? 'If so, the myriads of them which I 'had imagined from what I heard every 'day, and every where, will dwindle 'into a handful.'—'Without having 'those accomplishments which you so 'partially allow me,' answered Belinda, 'I still pretend to be a *woman of fashion*; 'a character, which I cannot think re-'quires an uncommon share of talents 'or merit.'—'That is the very point,' replied Manly, 'which I want to come 'at; and therefore give me leave to 'question you a little more particularly. 'You have some advantages, which 'even your modesty will not allow you 'to disclaim, such as your birth and 'fortune: do they constitute you a *wo-man of fashion?*' As Belinda was going to answer, Bellair pertly interposed, and said—'Neither, to be sure, Mr. 'Manly: if birth constituted *fashion*, 'we must look for it in that inestimable 'treasure of useful knowledge, the 'Peerage of England; or if wealth, we 'should find the very best at the Bank, 'and at Garraway's.'—'Well, then, 'Bellair,' said Manly, 'since you have 'taken upon you to be Belinda's spon-'sor, let me ask you two or three ques-'tions, which You can more properly 'answer than She could. Is it her 'beauty?'—'By no means, neither,' replied Bellair; 'for, at that rate, there 'might perhaps be a *woman of fashion* 'with a gold chain about her neck in the 'city, or with a fat amber necklace in 'the country; prodigies, as yet unheard 'of and unseen.'—'Is it then her wit 'and good breeding?' continued Manly. 'Each contributes,' answered Bellair; 'but both would not be sufficient, 'without a certain *je ne-sçay quoy*, a 'something or other that I feel better 'than I can explain.' Here Dorimant, who had sat all this time silent, but look-ed mischievous, said—'I could say 'something.'—'Aye, and something 'very impertinent, according to cus-'tom,' answered Belinda; 'so hold 'your tongue, I charge you.'—'You 'are singularly charitable, Belinda,' re-plied Dorimant, 'in being so sure that 'I was going to be impertinent, only 'because I was going to speak. Why 'this suspicion of me?'—'Why! be-'cause I know you to be an odious, 'abominable creature, upon all sub-'jects of this kind.' This amicable quarrel was put an end to by Harriet, who, on a sudden, and with her usual vivacity, cried out—'I am sure I have 'it now, and can tell you exactly what 'people of fashion are: they are just the 'reverse of your *odd people*.'—'Very 'possible, Madam,' answered Manly; 'and therefore I could wish that you 'would give yourself the trouble of de-'fining *odd people*; and so by the rule 'of contraries, help us to a true notion 'of *people of fashion*.'—'Aye, that I can 'very easily do,' said Harriet. 'In 'the first place, your *odd people* are those 'that one never lets in, unless one is at 'home to the whole town.'—'A little 'more particular, dear Harriet,' inter-rupted Manly. 'So I will,' said Har-riet, 'for I hate them all. There are 'several sorts of them. Your prudes, 'for instance, who respect and value 'themselves upon the unblemished pu-rity of their characters; who rail at 'the indecency of the times, censure the 'most innocent freedoms, and suspect 'the Lord knows what, if they do but 'observe a close and familiar whisper 'between a man and a woman, in a re-'mote corner of the room. There are, 'besides, a sober, formal, sort of mar-ried women, insipid creatures, who lead 'domestic lives, and who can be merry, 'as they think, at home, with their own 'and their husband's relations, parti-cularly at Christmas. Like turtles, 'they are true and tender to their law-ful mates, and breed like rabbits, to 'beggar and perpetuate their families. 'These are very *odd women*, to be sure; 'but deliver me from your severe and 'august dowagers, who are the scourges 'of *people of fashion*, by infesting all 'public places, in order to make their 'spiteful remarks. One meets them 'every where, and they seem to have 'the secret of multiplying themselves 'into ten different places at once. Their 'poor horses, like those of the sun, go 'round

'round the world every day, baiting 'only at eleven in the morning, and fix 'in the evening, at their parish churches. 'They speak as movingly of their *poor late lords*, as if they had ever cared for 'one another; and, to do them honour, 'repeat some of the many silly things 'they used to say. Lastly, there are 'your maiden ladies of riper years, or- 'phans of distinction, who live together 'by two's and three's, who club their 'stocks for a neat little house, a light- 'bodied coach, and a foot-boy—'A-d,' added Bellair, 'quarrel every day about 'the dividend.'—'True,' said Harriet, 'they are not the sweeteſt-tempered 'creatures in the world; but, after all, 'one must forgive them some malignity, 'in conſideration of their diſappoint- 'ments. Well, have I now deſcribed 'odd *people* to your ſatisfaction?'—'Ad- 'mirably!' anſwered Manly; 'and ſo 'well, that one can, to a great degree 'at leaſt, judge of their antipodes, the '*people of faſhion*. But ſtill there ſeems 'ſomething wanting; for the preſent 'account, by the rule of contraries, 'ſtands only thus: that *women of fa- 'ſhion* muſt not care for their huſbands, 'muſt not go to church, and muſt not 'have unblemiſhed, or, at leaſt, unſuſ- 'pected reputations. Now, though 'all theſe are very commendable quali- 'fications, it muſt be owned they are 'but negative ones, and conſequently 'there muſt be ſome poſitive ones neceſ- 'ſary to compleat ſo amiable a charac- 'ter.'—'I was going to add,' inter- rupted Harriet, 'which, by the way, 'was more than I engaged for, that '*people of faſhion* were properly thoſe 'who ſet the faſhions, and who gave 'the *ton* of dreſs, language, manners, 'and pleaſures, to the town.'—'I ad- 'mit it,' ſaid Manly; 'but what I 'want ſtill to know is, who gave them 'that power, or did they uſurp it? For, 'by the nature of that power, it does 'not ſeem to me to admit of a ſucceſſion 'by hereditary and divine right.'—'Were I allowed to ſpeak,' ſaid Dori- 'mant, 'perhaps I could both ſhorten 'and clear up this caſe. But I dare 'not, unleſs Belinda, to whom I pro- 'feſs implicit obedience, gives me leave.' —'E'en let him ſpeak, Belinda,' ſaid Harriet; 'I know he will abuſe us; 'but we are uſed to him.'—'Well, 'ſay your ſay then,' ſaid Belinda. 'See 'what an impertinent ſneer he has al- 'ready.' Upon this, Dorimant, addreſ- ſing himſelf more particularly to Belinda, and ſmiling, ſaid—

> 'Then think
> 'That he, who thus commanded, dares to
> 'ſpeak,
> 'Unleſs commanded, would have dy'd in
> 'ſilence.'

'O, your ſervant, Sir,' ſaid Belinda; 'that ſit of humility will, I am ſure, 'not laſt long; but, however, go on.'— 'I will, to anſwer Manly's queſtion,' ſaid Dorimant, 'which, by the way, 'has ſomething the air of a catechiſm.'— "Who made theſe *people of faſhion?*" 'I give this ſhort and plain anſwer— 'They made one another. The men, 'by their attentions and credit, make 'the *women of faſhion*; and the women, 'by either their ſuppoſed or real fa- 'vours, make the *men* ſuch. They are 'mutually neceſſary to each other.'— 'Impertinent enough, of all conſci- ence,' ſaid Belinda. 'So, without 'the aſſiſtance of you faſhionable men, 'what ſhould we poor women be?'— 'Why, faith,' replied Dorimant, 'but '*odd women*, I doubt; as we ſhould be 'but odd fellows without your friendly 'aid to faſhion us. In one word, a fre- 'quent and reciprocal colliſion of the two 'ſexes is abſolutely neceſſary to give 'each that high poliſh which is pro- 'perly called *faſhion*.'—'Mr. Dori- 'mant has, I own,' ſaid Manly, 'open- 'ed new and important matter; and my 'ſcattered and confuſed notions ſeem 'now to take ſome form, and tend to 'a point. But, as examples always beſt 'clear up abſtruſe matters, let us now 'propoſe ſome examples of both ſorts, 'and take the opinions of the company 'upon them. For inſtance, I will offer 'one to your conſideration—Is Beryn- 'thia a *woman of faſhion* or not?' The whole company readily, and almoſt at once, anſwered—'Doubtleſs ſhe is.'— 'That may be,' ſaid Manly; 'but 'why? For ſhe has neither birth nor 'fortune, and but ſmall remains of 'beauty.'—'All that is true, I con- 'feſs,' ſaid Belinda; 'but ſhe is well- 'dreſt, well-bred, good-humoured, and 'always ready to go with one any 'where.'—'Might I preſume,' ſaid Dorimant, 'to add a title, and per- 'haps the beſt to her claims of *faſhion*, 'I ſhould ſay that ſhe was of Belville's

'honour

'honour of that sort. He dignified her 'by his addresses; and those who have 'the good fortune to share his reputa-'tion.'—' Have,' said Belinda, with some warmth, 'the misfortune to lose 'their own.—I told you,' turning to Harriet, 'what would happen if we allowed him to speak; and just so it has happened; for the gentleman has almost in plain terms asserted, that a 'woman cannot be a *woman of fashion* 'till she has lost her reputation.'—' Fye, 'Belinda, how you wrong me!' replied Dorimant. 'Lost her reputation! Such 'a thought never entered into my head; 'I only meant, mislaid it. With a very 'little care she will find it again.'—' There you are in the right,' said Bellair; 'for it is most certain, that the 'reputation of a *woman of fashion* 'should not be too muddy.'—' True,' replied Dorimant, 'nor too limpid neither; it must not be mere rock-water, 'cold and clear, it should sparkle a little.'—' Well,' said Harriet, 'now 'that Berynthia is unanimously voted 'a *woman of fashion*, what think you 'of Loveit? Is she, or is she not, 'one?'—' If she is one,' answered Dorimant, 'I am very much mistaken if 'it is not of Mirabel's creation.'—' By '*writ*, I believe,' said Bellair; 'for I 'saw him give her a letter one night at 'the opera.'—' But she has other good 'claims, too,' added Dorimant. 'Her 'fortune, though not large, is easy, 'and nobody fears certain applications 'from her. She has a small house of 'her own, which she has fitted up very 'prettily, and is often *at home*, not to 'crowds indeed, but to people of the 'best fashion, from twenty, occasionally 'down to two; and let me tell you, 'that nothing makes a woman of Love-'it's sort better received abroad, than 'being often *at home*.'—' I own,' said Bellair, 'that I looked upon her rather 'as a genteel led-captain, a postscript 'to *women of fashion*.'—' Perhaps, too, 'sometimes the cover,' answered Dorimant; 'and if so, an equal. You 'may joke as much as you please upon 'poor Loveit, but she is the best-'humoured creature in the world; and 'I maintain her to be a *woman of fa-'shion*; for, in short, we all roll with 'her, as the soldiers say.'—' I want to 'know,' said Belinda, 'what you will 'determine upon a character very dif-'ferent from the two last—I mean, 'Lady Loveless: is she a *woman of 'fashion?*'—' Dear Belinda,' answered Harriet hastily, 'how could she possi-'bly come into your head?'—' Very 'naturally,' said Belinda; 'she has 'birth, beauty, and fortune; she is 'well-bred.'—' I own it,' said Harriet; 'but still she is handsome without 'meaning, well-shaped without air, 'genteel without graces, and well-'dress without taste. She is such an 'insipid creature, she seldom comes 'abroad, but lives at home with her 'lord; and so domesticly tame, that she 'eats out of his hand, and teaches her 'young ones to peck out of her own. 'Odd, very odd, take my word for 'it!'—' Aye, mere rock-water,' said Dorimant; 'and, as I told you an hour 'ago, that will not do.'—' No, most 'certainly,' added Bellair, 'all that re-'serve, simplicity, and coldness, can 'never do. It seems to me rather, that 'the true composition of *people of fa-'shion*, like that of Venice treacle, consists of an infinite number of fine in-'gredients, but all of the warm kind.' —' Truce with your filthy treacle,' said Harriet; 'and since the conversa-'tion has hitherto chiefly turned upon 'we poor women, I think we have a 'right to insist upon the definition of 'you *men of fashion*.'—' No doubt 'on't,' said Dorimant; 'nothing is 'more just, and nothing more easy. 'Allowing some small difference for 'modes and habits, the *men* and the '*women of fashion* are, in truth, the 'counterparts of each other: they fit 'like tallies, are made of the same 'wood, and are cut out for one an-'other.' As Dorimant was going on, probably to illustrate his assertion, a valet de chambre proclaimed, in a solemn manner, the arrival of the Duchess Dowager of Mattadore, and her three daughters, who were immediately followed by Lord Formal, Sir Peter Plausible, and divers others of both sexes, and of equal importance. The lady of the house, with infinite skill and indefatigable pains, soon peopled the several card-tables, with the greatest propriety, and to universal satisfaction; and the night concluded with slams, honours, best-games, pairs, pair-royals, and all other such rational demonstrations of joy.

For my own part, I made my escape as soon as I possibly could, with my

head

head full of that moſt extraordinary converſation which I had juſt heard, and which, from having taken no part in it, I had attended to the more, and retained the better. I went ſtraight home, and immediately reduced it into writing, as I here offer it for the preſent edification of my readers. But as it has furniſhed me with great and new lights, I propoſe, as ſoon as poſſible, to give the public a new and compleat ſyſtem of ethics, founded upon theſe principles of *people of faſhion*; as, in my opinion, they are better calculated, than any others, for the uſe and inſtruction of all private families.

N° CLII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 28, 1755.

FLORIFERIS UT APES IN SALTIBUS OMNIA LIBANT,
OMNIA NOS ITIDEM DEPASCIMUR AUREA DICTA.
LUCRET.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR, OXFORD, NOV. 11, 1755.

I Have, for a long time paſt, had a ſtrong inclination upon me to become one of your correſpondents; but, from the habits contracted from this place of my education and reſidence, I have felt a certain timidity in my conſtitution, which has hitherto reſtrained me (pardon the expreſſion) from venturing into the world. However, when I reflect that Oxford, as well as her ſiſter Cambridge, has always been diſtinguiſhed with the title of one of the Eyes of England, I cannot ſuppoſe that you will pay ſo little reſpect to ſo valuable a part of the microcoſm, as to reject my letter with diſdain, merely becauſe it comes dated to you from this ancient ſeat of learning; eſpecially as I aſſure you, you ſhall ſee nothing in it that ſhall ſavour at all of that narrow and unſociable ſpirit which was heretofore the characteriſtic of the productions of the college.

No, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though learning itſelf be my ſubject, I will not treat of it in a manner that ſhall diſguſt the politeſt of your readers; and though I write from a place which, within the memory of many now living, enjoyed in ſome ſort the monopoly of it, yet I will not lament the loſs of that privilege, but am, with Moſes, thoroughly contented that all the Lord's people ſhould be prophets.

Indeed, the main buſineſs I am upon is to congratulate the great world on that diffuſion of ſcience and literature, which for ſome years has been ſpreading itſelf abroad upon the face of it. A revolution this, in the kingdom of learning, which has introduced the levelling principle, with much better ſucceſs than ever it met with in politics. The old fences have been happily broken down, the trade has been laid open, and the old repoſitories, or ſtorehouſes, are now no longer neceſſary or uſeful for the purpoſe of managing and conducting it. They have had their day; and very good cuſtom and encouragement they had, while that day laſted: but ſurely our ſons, or, at fartheſt, our grand-ſons, will be much ſurprized, when they are told for what purpoſes they were built and endowed by our anceſtors, and at how vaſt an expence the journeymen and factors belonging to them were maintained by the public, merely to ſupply us with what may now be had from every coffee-houſe, and Robin Hood aſſembly. In ſhort, it has fared with learning as with our pine-apples. At their firſt introduction amongſt us, the manner of raiſing them was a very great ſecret, and little leſs than a myſtery. The expences of compoſt, hot-houſes, and attendance, were prodigious; and at laſt, at a great price, they were introduced to the tables of a few of the nobility and gentry. But how common are they grown of late! Every gardener, that uſed to pride himſelf in an early cucumber, can now raiſe a pine-apple; and one need not deſpair of ſeeing them ſold at ſix a penny in Covent Garden, and become the common treat of taylors and hackney-coachmen.

The univerſity of London, it is agreed, ought to be allowed the chief merit of this general diſſemination of learning and knowledge. The ſtudents of that

ample body, as they are leſs ſtraitened by rules and ſtatutes, have been much more communicative than thoſe of other learned ſocieties. It ſeems, indeed, to be their eſtabliſhed principle to let nothing ſtay long by them. Whatever they collect, in the ſeveral courſes of their ſtudies, they immediately give up again for the ſervice of the public. Hence that profuſion of hiſtorians, politicians, and philoſophers, with whoſe works we are daily amuſed and inſtructed. I am told, there is not a bookſeller within a mile of Temple Bar, who has not one or two of theſe authors conſtantly in his pay, who are ready, at the word of command, to write a book of any ſize, upon any ſubject. And yet I never heard that any of theſe gentlemen ever drank, in a regular manner, of the waters of Helicon, or endeavoured to trace out that ſpring by the ſtreams of Cam or Iſis.

But it is not merely the regular book, or legitimate treatiſe, which has thus abounded with learning and ſcience; but our looſe papers and pamphlets, periodical as well as occaſional, are, for the bulk, equally profuſe of inſtruction. Monthly magazines, which ſome years ſince were nothing more than collections to amuſe and entertain, are now become the magazines of univerſal knowledge. Aſtronomy, hiſtory, mathematics, antiquities, and the whole myſtery of inſcriptions and medals, may now be had, freſh and freſh, at the moſt eaſy rates, from the repoſitories of any of theſe general undertakers. What an advantage is this to the modern ſtudent, to have his meſs of learning thus carved out for him, at proper ſeaſons and intervals, in quantities that will not overcloy his ſtomach, or be too expenſive to his pocket! How greatly preferable, both for cheapneſs and utility, is this method of ſtudy, to that of propoſing a whole ſyſtem to his view, in all the horrid formalities of a quarto or folio! Much praiſe and honour are undoubtedly due to the celebrated Mr. Amos Wenman, for reducing the price of punch, and ſuiting it to the capacities and circumſtances of all his Majeſty's ſubjects; and ſhall not that ſelf-taught philoſopher, Mr. Benjamin Martin, the great retailer of the ſciences, come in for ſome ſhare of our acknowledgment and commendation?

I expect to be told, for indeed the objection is obvious enough, that ſince the ſtreams of learning have been thus generally diffuſive, they have, in conſequence of that diffuſion, been proportionably ſhallow. Now, notwithſtanding the prejudice which may ſtill prevail with a few grave and ſolid mortals againſt the ſhallowneſs of our modern learning, I ſhould be glad to know what good purpoſe was ever ſerved by all that profundity of ſcience, which they and our anceſtors ſeem ſo fond of. It was, as is allowed on all hands, confined to a very few of the candidates for literary reputation; and the many, who aimed at a ſhare of it, waded out of their depths, and became a ſacrifice to their own uſeleſs ambition. On the contrary, no one, that I know of, ever had his head turned, or his ſenſes drowned, in the philoſophy of a magazine, or the critique of a newſpaper. And thus the ſtream, which lay uſeleſs when confined within it's banks, or was often dangerous to thoſe who endeavoured to fathom the bottom of it, has, by being drained off into the ſmaller rills and channels, both fertilized and adorned the whole face of the country. And hence, Mr. Fitz-Adam, have riſen thoſe exuberant crops of readers, as well as writers. The idea of being a reader, or a man given to books, had heretofore ſomething very ſolemn and frightful in it. It conveyed the notion of ſeverity, moroſeneſs, and unacquaintance with the world. But this is not the caſe at preſent. The very deepeſt of our learning may be read, if not underſtood, by the men of dreſs and faſhion; and the ladies themſelves may converſe with the abſtruſeſt of our philoſophy with great eaſe, and much to their inſtruction.

To ſay the truth, the men of this generation have diſcovered, that what their fathers called ſolid learning is a uſeleſs and cumberſome accompliſhment, incommodious to the man who is poſſeſſed of it, and diſguſtful to all who approach him. Something, however, of the ſort, that ſits light and eaſy upon us, we are willing to attain to: but ſurely, for this, there is no need of going to the expence of maſſy bullion, when our own leaf-gold, or a little foreign lacquer, will anſwer the purpoſe full as well, and make a better figure in the world.

Give me leave, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to conclude with my congratulations to this place of academical education, on ſome

ſome happy ſymptoms I have lately obſerved, from whence it ſhould appear, that the manufacture of modern learning may, one day, be able to gain ſome footing amongſt us. The diſadvantages it lies under, from ancient forms and eſtabliſhments, are, it is true, very great: the general inclination, I own, is ſtill againſt it; and the geniuſes of our governors are, perhaps, as deep and as ſolid as ever; but yet, I hope, we have a ſet of young gentlemen now riſing, who will be able to overcome all difficulties, and give a politer turn to the diſcipline and ſtudies of the univerſity. I can already aſſure you, that the ſtudents of this new ſect, amongſt us, have advanced ſo far as to make the coffee-houſes the chief and only places of application to their ſtudies. The productions of your London authors are here taken in, as we call it, by ſubſcription; and, by this means, the deepeſt learning of the age may be dived into, at the ſmall price of two or three ſhillings by the year. Thus the expences of univerſity education are reduced, and the pockets of the young men are no longer picked by thoſe harpies the book-ſellers.

I can ſee but one reaſon to ſuſpect the probability of their not gaining a ſure and certain ſettlement amongſt us; and that is, the great ſhyneſs which is obſerved in all theſe gentlemanly ſtudents, with regard to the old-faſhioned languages of Greek and Latin. The avenues to our foundations are hitherto ſecured by guards detached from the ancients. Our friends, therefore, cannot very ſafely enter into the competitions at college elections, where theſe are always retained againſt them. But who knows what time may bring forth? Fellows of colleges themſelves may reform, and become mere moderns in their learning, as well as in their dreſs, and other accompliſhments. I could even now point out ſome of theſe who are better acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Guarini, and Metaſtaſio, than with thoſe of Homer and Horace; and know more of Copernicus and Sir Iſaac Newton, from the accounts given of them by Fontengle, Voltaire, and Pemberton, than from the original works of thoſe two philoſophers. But I ſhall ſay no more at preſent, for fear of betraying that intereſt which it is the *ſincere* purpoſe of this letter to improve and advance. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

NEO-ACADEMICUS.

N° CLIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755.

HAVING been frequently preſſed by Sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, poſſeſſed of a fine eſtate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to paſs a few weeks with him in the country, I determined laſt autumn to accept his invitation, propoſing to myſelf the higheſt pleaſure, from changing the noiſe and hurry of this buſtling metropolis for the agreeable ſilence and ſoothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly ſet out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, ſituated in a moſt delicious and romantic ſpot, which (the owner having fortunately no Taſte) is not yet defaced with Improvements. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the towering hills, and fertile vales, the winding ſtreams, the ſtately woods, and ſpacious lawns, which, gilded by the ſunſhine of a beautiful morning, on every ſide afforded a moſt enchanting proſpect; and I pleaſed myſelf with the thoughts of the happy hours I ſhould ſpend amidſt theſe paſtoral ſcenes, in reading, in meditation, or in ſoft repoſe, inſpired by the lowing of diſtant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many ſhakes of the hand, by my old friend, whom I had not ſeen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a proſecution in the King's Bench, for miſunderſtanding the ſenſe of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonſenſe. He is an honeſt gentleman of a middle age, a hale conſtitution, good natural parts, and abundant ſpirits; a keen ſportſman, an active magiſtrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without ſome ambition of acquiring a ſeat in parliament by his intereſt in a neighbouring borough: ſo that, between his purſuits of game, of juſtice and popularity, beſides the management of a large quantity of land,

which he keeps in his own hand, as he terms it, for amuſement, every moment of his time is ſufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the ſame age, and has been handſome; but though years have ſomewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the leaſt her reliſh for company, cards, balls, and all other manner of public diverſions.

On my arrival, I was firſt conducted into the breakfaſt-room, which, with ſome ſurprize, I ſaw quite filled with genteel perſons of both ſexes, in diſhabille, with their hair in papers; the cauſe of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanneſs of the apartment ſhe was obliged to allot me—By reaſon the houſe was ſo crouded with company, during the time of their races, which, ſhe ſaid, began that very day for the whole week, and for which they were immediately preparing. I was inſtantly attacked by all preſent with one voice, or rather with many voices at the ſame time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no oppoſition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itſelf.

As ſoon as the ladies and equipages were ready, we iſſued forth in a moſt magnificent cavalcade; and, after travelling five or ſix miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, juſt as the ordinary was making it's appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this ſumptuous entertainment, which conſiſted of cold fiſh, lean chickens, ruſty hams, raw veniſon, ſtale game, green fruit, and grapeleſs wines, deſtroyed at leaſt two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and ſuits of cloaths, by the unfortunate effuſion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race-ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but that, amongſt much diſorder and drunkenneſs, few limbs and no necks were broken: and from theſe Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pickpockets, laſted till it was dark, we galloped back to the town through a ſoaking ſhower, to dreſs for the aſſembly. But this I found no eaſy taſk; nor could I poſſibly accompliſh it, before my cloaths were quite dried upon my back; my ſervant ſtaying behind to ſettle his betts, and having ſtowed my portmanteau into the boot of ſome coach, which he could not find, to ſave himſelf both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

Being at laſt equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the ſmell of a ſtable over which it was built, the ſavour of a neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow-candles, rum-punch, and tobacco, diſperſed over the whole houſe, and the balſamic effluvias from many ſweet creatures who were dancing, with almoſt equal ſtrength contended for ſuperiority. The company was numerous and well-dreſt, and differed not in any reſpect from that of the moſt brilliant aſſembly in London, but in ſeeming better pleaſed, and more deſirous of pleaſing; that is, happier in themſelves, and civiller to each other. I obſerved the door was blocked up the whole night by a few faſhionable young men, whoſe faces I remembered to have ſeen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor ſpeak to any one, except now and then in whiſpers to a young lady, who ſat in ſilence at the upper-end of the room, in a hat and negligeé, with her back againſt the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thruſt out, a ſneer on her lips, a ſcowl on her forehead, and an invincible aſſurance in her eyes. This lady I had alſo frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have ſince learnt, that ſhe had been toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too cloſe and preſumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted moſt of the company, yet obtained the deſired effect: for I overheard ſeveral of the country ladies ſay—'It was pity they 'were ſo proud; for to be ſure they were 'prodigious well-bred people, and had 'an immenſe deal of wit:' a miſtake they could never have fallen into, had theſe patterns of politeneſs condeſcended to have entered into any converſation. Dancing and cards, with the refreſhment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day-break; when our coaches being ready, with much ſolicitation, and more ſqueezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than ſix had before artificially ſeated themſelves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived ſafely at home.

It was now the middle of harveſt, which

which had not a little ſuffered by our coach-diverſions; and therefore our coach-horſes were immediately degraded to a cart; and having reſted during our fatigues, by a juſt diſtribution of things, were now obliged to labour, while We were at reſt. I mean not in this number to include myſelf; for, though I hurried immediately to bed, no reſt could I obtain for ſome time, for the rumbling of carts, and the converſation of their drivers, juſt under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obſtacles, and I fell aſleep; but I had ſcarce cloſed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noiſe, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, ſetting out to meet my friend, and ſome choice ſpirits, whom he had juſt left behind at the aſſembly, and who cloſe this manner of refreſhment after a night's debauch, rather than the more uſual and inglorious one of going to bed. Theſe ſounds dying away by their diſtance, I again compoſed myſelf to reſt; but was preſently again rouſed by more diſcordant tongues, uttering all the groſſneſs of Drury Lane, and ſcurrility of Billingſgate. I now waked indeed with ſomewhat more ſatisfaction, at firſt thinking by this unpaſtoral dialogue, that I was once more returned ſafe to London; but I ſoon found my miſtake, and underſtood that theſe were ſome innocent and honeſt neighbours of Sir John's, who were come to determine their gentle diſputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were reſolved to make all poſſible uſe of this ſuſpenſion of juſtice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of ſleep, and it was well I did; for I was preſently alarmed by a confuſion of voices, as loud, though ſomewhat ſweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidſt much giggling, laughing, ſqueaking, and ſcreaming, I could diſtinguiſh only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Frieſland hen—rouge—Red Lion at Brentford—ſtays-padded—ram's-horn—ſaucy minx—impertinent coxcomb.* I ſtarted up, dreſſed me, and went down, where I found the ſame polite company who breakfaſted there the day before, in the ſame attitude, diſcourſing of their friends, with whom they had ſo agreeably ſpent the laſt night, and to whom they were again haſtening with the utmoſt impatience. I was ſaluted with a How-d'ye from them all at the ſame inſtant, and again preſſed into the ſervice of the day.

In this manner I went through the perſecutions of the whole week, with the ſufferings and reſolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the laſt: for at the concluſion of it, Sir John obligingly requeſted me to make my ſtay with him as long as I poſſibly could, aſſuring me, that though the races were now over, I ſhould not want diverſions; for that next week he expected Lord Rattle, Sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full-moon, they ſhould pay and receive all their neighbouring viſits, and ſpend their evenings very ſociably together; by which is ſignified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added, with a ſmile, and much delight in her eyes, that ſhe believed they ſhould not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that ſhe hoped I ſhould not think the country ſo dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information, I reſolved to leave it immediately, and told them I was extremely ſorry that I was hindered by particular buſineſs from any longer enjoying ſo much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter which made it neceſſary for me to be in town. My friend ſaid he was no leſs concerned; but that I muſt not poſitively go till after to-morrow, for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, ſome of whom were facetious companions, and ſung well. This determined me to ſet out that very evening; which I did with much ſatisfaction; and made all poſſible haſte, in ſearch of ſilence and ſolitude, to my lodgings, next door to a brazier's at Charing Croſs.

N° CLIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1755.

STEPPING into a coffee-houſe in the Strand the other day, I ſaw a ſet of young fellows laughing very heartily over an old ſeſſions-paper. The gravity of my appearance would not permit me to make any enquiry about what they were reading: I therefore waited with ſome impatience for their departure; and, as ſoon as they were gone, took up the paper as it lay open, and found the ſubject of their mirth to have been the trial of a young lad of ſeventeen, for robbing a ſervant-maid of her pockets in St. Paul's Church-yard. The evidence of the maid was in the following words—

'And pleaſe you, my lord, I had 'been with another maid-ſervant at 'Drury Lane playhouſe, to ſee the 'Country Wife. A baddiſh ſort of a 'play to be ſure it turned out; and I 'wiſh it did not put ſome wicked 'thoughts into the head of my fellow-'ſervant; for ſhe gave me the ſlip in the 'playhouſe paſſage, and did not come 'home all night. So, walking all alone 'by myſelf through St. Paul's Church-'yard, the priſoner overtook me, and 'would needs have a kiſs of me. "Oho, "young ſpark!" thought I to myſelf, "we have all been at the play, I believe; "but if a kiſs will content you, why "e'en take it, and go about your buſi-"neſs; for you ſhall have nothing more "from me, I promiſe you." This I ſaid 'to myſelf, my lord, while the young 'man was kiſſing me; but, my lord, he 'went on to be quite audacious; ſo I 'ſtood ſtock-ſtill againſt the wall, with-'out ſo much as ſpeaking a word; for I 'had a mind to ſee how far his impu-'dence would carry him. But all at 'once, and pleaſe you, when I was 'thinking of no ſuch thing, crack went 'my pocket-ſtrings, and away ran the 'young man with the pockets in his 'hand. And then I thought it was high 'time to cry out; ſo I roared out "Mur-"der!" and "Stop thief!" till the watch-'man took hold of him, and carried us 'both before the conſtable. And pleaſe 'you, my lord, I was never in ſuch a 'flurry in my life; for who would have 'thought of any ſuch thing from ſo 'good-looking a young man? So I 'ſtood ſtock-ſtill, as I told you before, 'without ſo much as ſtirring a finger; 'for, as he was ſo young a man, I had 'a great curioſity to ſee how far his im-'pudence would carry him.'

The extreme honeſty of this evidence pleaſed me not a little; and I could not help thinking that it might afford a very excellent leſſon to thoſe of my fair readers, who are ſometimes for indulging their curioſity upon occaſions where it would be prudence to ſuppreſs it, and for holding their tongues when they ſhould be moſt ready to cry out.

Many a female in genteeler life, has, I believe, indulged the ſame curioſity with this poor girl, without coming off ſo well; though the thief has never been brought to the Old Bailey for the robbery he has committed: indeed, the watchmen are uſually aſleep that ſhould ſeize upon ſuch thieves, unleſs it be now-and-then a huſband or a father; but the plunder is never to be reſtored.

To ſay the truth, the great deſtroyer of female honour is curioſity. It was the frailty of our firſt mother, and has deſcended in a double portion to almoſt every individual of her daughters. There are two kinds of it that I would particularly caution my fair countrywomen againſt: one is the curioſity above-mentioned, that of trying how far a man's impudence will carry him; and the other, that of knowing exactly their own ſtrength, and how far they may ſuffer themſelves to be tempted, and retreat with honour. I would alſo adviſe them to guard their pockets, as well as their perſons, againſt the treachery of men: for, in this age of play, it may be an undetermined point, whether their deſigns are moſt upon a lady's purſe or her honour; nor, indeed, is it eaſy to ſay, when the attack is made upon the purſe, whether it may not be a prelude to a more dangerous theft.

It uſed formerly to be the practice, when a man had deſigns upon the virtue of a woman, to inſinuate himſelf into her good graces, by taking every opportunity of loſing his money to her at cards. But the policy of the times has inverted this practice; and the way now to make ſure of a woman, is to ſtrip her of

of her money, and run her deeply in debt: for loſſes at cards are to be paid one way or other, or there is no poſſibility of appearing in company; and of what value is a lady's virtue, if ſhe is always to ſtay at home with it?

A very gay young fellow of my acquaintance was complaining to me the other day of his extreme ill fortune at picquet. He told me, that he had a very narrow miſs of compleatly undreſſing one of the fineſt women about St. James's, but that an unfortunate repique had diſappointed him of his hopes. The lady, it ſeems, had played with him at her own houſe, till all her ready-money was gone; and, upon his refuſing to proceed with her upon credit, ſhe conſented to his ſetting a ſmall ſum againſt her cap, which he won and put into his pocket, and afterwards her handkerchief; but that, ſtaking both cap and handkerchief, and all his winnings, againſt her tucker, he was moſt cruelly repiqued, when he wanted but two points of the game, and obliged to leave the lady as well dreſſed as he found her.

This was indeed a very critical turn of fortune for the lady: for if ſhe had gone on loſing from top to bottom, what the laſt ſtake might have been I dare tremble to think. I am apprehenſive that my friend's impudence would have carried him to greater lengths than the pick-pocket's in the trial, and that he would hardly have contented himſelf with running off with her clothes: and beſides, what modeſt woman, in ſuch a ſituation, would object to any conceſſions, by which ſhe might have recovered her clothes, and put herſelf into a condition to be ſeen?

Since my friend's telling me this ſtory, I have been led into two or three miſtakes in walking through the ſtreets and ſquares of the politer part of this metropolis: for as I am naturally ſhort-ſighted, I have miſtaken a well-dreſſed woman's taylor, whom I have ſeen coming out of a genteel houſe with a bundle under his arm, for a gentleman who has had the good fortune to ſtrip the lady of her clothes, and was moving off in triumph with his winnings.

To what lengths this new kind of gaming might have been carried, no one can tell, if the ladies had not taken up in time, and put a ſtop to beginnings. A prudent man, who knows he is not proof againſt the temptations of play, will either keep away from maſquerades and ridottos, or lock up his purſe in his eſcritore. But as, among the ladies, the ſtaying at home is an impracticable thing, they have adopted the other caution, and very prudently leave their clothes behind them. Hence it is that caps, handkerchiefs, tippets, and tuckers, are rarely to be met with upon the young and handſome: for as they know their own weakneſs, and that the men are not always complaiſant enough to play with them upon credit, they throw off at their toilettes all thoſe coverings which they are in any immediate danger of loſing at a *tête-à-tête*.

The ladies will, I hope, think me entitled to their thanks at leaſt, for aſcribing to their prudence that nakedneſs of dreſs, which inconſiderate and ignorant perſons have conſtantly miſtaken for wantonneſs or indiſcretion. At the ſame time, I would recommend it to all young ladies, who are known to be no gameſters, either to wear a covering on their necks, or to throw a cloak over their ſhoulders, in all public places, leſt it ſhould be thought that, by diſplaying their beauties to attract the eyes of the men, they have a *curioſity*, like the maid-ſervant in the trial, *to ſee how far their impudence will carry them.*

To conclude a little ſeriouſly, I would entreat my fair readers to leave gaming to the men, and the indelicacies of dreſs to the women of the town. The vigils of the card-table will ſully thoſe beauties which they are ſo deſirous of exhibiting; and the want of concealment render them too familiar to be admired. Theſe are common obſervations, I confeſs; but it is now the ſeaſon for repeating and for enforcing them. Loſs of time and fortune are the uſual miſchiefs of play: but the ruin does not always end there; for, however great may be the paradox, many a woman has been driven to ſell her Honour to redeem her credit. But I hope my country women will be warned in time; and that they will ſtudy to deſerve a better eulogy than was once given in a funeral oration, of a lady who died at a hundred and five, 'that towards the latter part 'of her life ſhe was exemplary for her 'chaſtity.'

N° CLV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have the honour to ſit at the feet of a Gamaliel in this city, in the capacity of a pariſh-clerk, which office I hold in commendam with the employment of an undertaker. The injuries I have ſuffered are ſo little cognizable by the laws of the land, (till it ſhall pleaſe God to teach our ſenators ſo much wiſdom as to amend them in this particular) that I have none to whom I can appeal but the World; to whom I beg that you would pleaſe to preſent this my humble remonſtrance and propoſal.

I hope you will excuſe the trouble I now give you, not only becauſe I chuſe to ſubmit myſelf to the judgment of your court, but as I have reaſon to believe that the news-writers would not be faithful enough to lay this complaint before the public; theſe gentlemen being the parties concerned, and againſt whom it is to be lodged.

My caſe, Sir, is this. As I was one morning furniſhing my head with the news of the day, to my great ſurprize I read a paragraph, which informed me that a very rich gentleman of our pariſh died the day before. This ſtartled me, as I had never heard of his illneſs, and therefore had employed nobody to watch him in his laſt moments, and to bring me the earlieſt intelligence of his death, that I might not be wanting in my reſpects to the family by my condolence, and the offers of my ſervice in paying my laſt duties to ſo worthy a maſter. I was apprehenſive too, leſt ſome ſharper looker-out might be before-hand with me, and run away with the jobb. I therefore whipt on my black coat and white perriwig, as faſt as I could, to wait on the diſconſolate widow. I rung gently at the door for fear of diſturbing her; and to the footman who opened it delivered my duty and condolence to his lady, and begged, if ſhe was not provided with an undertaker, that I might have the honour to bury Mr. Deputy.

The ſervant gaped and ſtared, and from the great concern he was under for the loſs of his maſter (as I apprehended) was rendered ſo ſtupid, that he ſeemed not readily to underſtand what I ſaid. Before I could new-frame my meſſage, to put it, if poſſible, into more intelligible words, I was myſelf ſeized with the utmoſt horror and confuſion, at ſeeing the apparition of the deceaſed ſtalk out of the compting-houſe, which opened into the paſſage where I ſtood. I obſerved a redneſs in his countenance more than was uſual in *dead people*, and, indeed, more than he himſelf was wont to wear when he was alive: and there was a ſternneſs and ſeverity in his features, beyond what I had ever ſeen in him before. Straight a voice more dreadful than thunder burſt out, and in the language of hell, ſwearing, curſing, calling me a thouſand names, and telling me he would teach me to play tricks with him, he dealt me half a ſcore ſuch ſubſtantial blows as preſently convinced me they could proceed from no ghoſt. I retreated with as much precipitation as I could, for fear of falling myſelf into the pit which I hoped to have dug for him.

Thus, Sir, the wantonneſs of the news-papers diſappointed me of furniſhing out a funeral, deprived me of my dues as clerk, got me well thraſhed, and will probably loſe me the gentleman's cuſtom for ever: for, perhaps, next time he dies, he will order another undertaker to be employed.

Now, Sir, is it not a ſhame, that people ſhould thus die daily, and not a ſingle fee come to the clerk of the pariſh for a burial? And that the news-writers, without commiſſion from his Majeſty, or licence from Warwick Lane, ſhould kill whom they pleaſe, and we not get a ſhilling to comfort us in the midſt of ſuch mortality?

There are other inconveniencies, though of an inferior conſideration, which may attend this dying in print. A young heir at Oxford, juſt come of age, reads that his father was carried off by an apoplectic fit ſuch a day: catching the lucky minute, he marries that divine creature, his taylor's daughter, before the news can be contradicted. When it is, fear of the old gentleman's diſpleaſure, makes him bribe his

his new relations to fecrecy for a while. In procefs of time, he marries a lady of fortune and family by his father's directions: Tatterrella raves with all the fpirit and dignity of a lady of the Britifh fifhery; proves her prior marriage; not only calls, but records Lady Mary a whore; baftardizes the children of the fecond venter; and old Snip's grandfon runs away with the eftate.

How often have thefe difturbing papers whirled up expectants of places to town in their poft-chaifes, to whirl back again, with the old Squeeze, and 'I 'fhall not forget you WHEN the place 'is vacant?' How often has even the reverend divine fuffered the violent concuffions of a hard-trotting horfe for above threefcore miles together, to wait on a patron of a benefice vacated by the Evening Poft; where he has met with the mortification of fmoaking a pipe with the incumbent? Perhaps a lady too, whofe tendernefs and fenfibility could not permit her to attend her fick hufband to Bath, reads an account of his death in the papers. What fhrieks, what faintings, what tears, what inexpreffible grief afflicts the poor relict! And when fhe has mourned in half a week, as much as any reafonable widow would do in a whole year, and (having paid the legacy of forrow to his memory in three days, which by the courtefy of England fhe might have taken a twelvemonth for) begins to think of a *new hufband*, home comes the *old one*, and talks in rapture of the virtues of Bath-water. While all the fatisfaction the news-writers give this unfeignedly afflicted poor lady, is—'The death of 'A. B. Efq. mentioned in thefe papers 'laft week, proves a miftake.'

I know but one inftance where any regard to us parifh-clerks has been had, or our intereffs in the leaft taken care of in thefe temporary and occafional deaths; and that was a gentleman of rank, who was generally reported and allowed for dead. His heirs at law, not caring to bury the real body, for reafons beft known to themfelves, (though one of thofe reafons might be becaufe it was alive) yet convinced of the reafonablenefs that a funeral fhould follow a demife, dug up a poor drowned failor out of a hole on the fhore, into which he had been tumbled, and with great folemnity interred the *departed* knight by proxy. There was juftice in this; every man had his due. It was acting with the wifdom of an old Athenian.

A practice of the Athenians may ferve as an anfwer to fuch (if any fuch there are) who from modern prejudices object to the funerals of people not really dead. Our doctor told us in one of his fermons upon regeneration, that among thefe Athenians, if one who was living were reported to be dead, and funeral obfequies performed for him—(which plainly implies their cuftom of celebrating funerals for perfons who were dead in their news-papers, though they were not fo in reality)—if afterwards he appeared, and pretended to be alive, he was looked upon as a profane and unlucky perfon, and no one would keep him company. One who fell under this misfortune (it matters not for his name, though I think the doctor called him Harry Stonehoufe *, or fomething like it) confulted the oracle how he might be re-admitted among the living: the oracle commanded him to be regenerated, or new-chriftened; which was accordingly done, and grew to be the eftablifhed method of receiving fuch perfons into community again.

And here in England, before the Reformation, as I am informed, it was ufual, when a rich perfon died, to celebrate yearly and daily maffes, obits, and commemorations, for him; fo that one who died but once fhould be as good as buried a thoufand times over: but among us it is juft the reverfe; a man may die here a thoufand times, and be buried but once.

However, I hate popery, and would not wifh the reftoration of it; yet, as I hope a Chriftian country will not come behind hand with a heathen one in wifdom and juftice, permit me to recommend the practice of the Athenians before-mentioned, and petition the World immediately to pafs it into a fafhion, and ordain, that hereafter every man living, who has been killed in the news-papers, fhall account to the clerk of the parifh where fuch deceafe is reported to have happened; or, if no place is fpecified, to the clerk of the parifh where the perfon has refided for the greater part of the month preceding, for a burial fee; and alfo, before he is admitted to

* Ariftinus.

any ball, rout, assembly, tavern, church, drum, or coffee-house, that he account to the said clerk for his regeneration, or new-christening fee; and in case the report was made without the privity and consent of the party, and he shall be found not guilty of his own death, that then he shall have a fashionable demand upon the publishers for the recovery of both fees to reimburse himself.

This, Sir, might put some stop to this very alarming practice, so grievously to the disappointment of widows, heirs, and expectants; or at least do some justice to that very respectable, but greatly injured body of parish-clerks, to which I have the honour to belong. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS BASSOON.

Nº CLVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1755.

AN IDEO TANTUM VENIS, UT EXIRES? MART.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS I find you are a person who make the reformation of mankind your care, and stand forth like another Hercules to correct the irregularities and indiscretions which folly, vice, or that unmeaning, fickle thing, called Fashion, give birth to; I take the liberty of troubling you with my thoughts upon a species of animals, which at present are very numerous, and to be found in all places of public amusement. But though I am going to give you my remarks upon this race of beings, I must confess that I have never yet heard of any appellation by which they are distinguished. The futility, indeed, of the age, has occasioned many ridiculous and contemptible persons to rise up among us, who, without aiming at any laudable purpose, or acting under the dictates of any principle, have formed themselves into clubs and societies, and assumed names and titles as innocent of sense and meaning as are the persons themselves who bear them. Such are the Bucks, Stags, Bloods, and many more with which the news-papers have from time to time made me acquainted. But the animals which I would now place under your notice are of a very different kind; they are, in short, a species of young men, who from a certain blind impulse are always rambling up and down in this town, and never fail to be present at all places of diversion, without having a taste or capacity to enjoy any.

Upon my going lately to a capital play, I saw several of them sitting indeed with great order and decorum, but so inattentive, so indifferent, and unmoved, through the whole performance, whilst the rest of the audience were all eye and ear, that they appeared to me to be so many statues. Their behaviour surprized me extremely, and led me at the same time to ask myself, for what purpose those young sparks come to a play? and if, like Cato of old, it was 'only to go away again?' For if they never attend to what passes before them; if they are not susceptible of those emotions which a well-wrought scene raises in every feeling breast; if they do not [illegible] the actor through all the sweet delusion of his art; in short, if they do not as other people do, 'laugh with 'those that laugh, and weep with those 'that weep,' what business have they there?

To judge indeed by their appearance, one would imagine nothing could make them quit their looking-glass. And yet, Sir, no public place is free from them; though, as far as I can judge, the opera-house is their favourite haunt. To reconcile this seeming contradiction, I must inform you, that I have studied and examined them with great attention, and find their whole composition to consist of two ingredients only; these are *self-admiration* and *insensibility*; and to these two causes, operating jointly and separately, all their actions must be referred. Hence it is, that they are always to be found in public places, where they go, not to *see*, but to be *seen*; not to *hear*, but to be *heard*. Hence it is, that they are so devoted to the opera; and here indeed they seem to be peculiarly directed by that power called *instinct*, which always prompts every creature to pursue what is best and fittest for it. Now the opera is to them, if I may use

uſe the expreſſion, a very nurſing mother, which feeds them with the pap of it's own ſoft nonſenſe, and lulls and rocks them to their deſired repoſe. This is indeed their proper element; and, as if inſpired by the genius of the place, I have ſometimes ſeen them brighten up and appear with an air of joy and ſatisfaction.

The mind, as well as the ſtomach, muſt have food fitted and prepared to it's taſte and humour, or it will reject and loath it. Now the opera is ſo good a cook, and knows ſo well to pleaſe the palates of theſe her gueſts, that it is wonderful to ſee with what an appetite they devour whatever ſhe ſets before them: nay, ſo great is their partiality, that the ſame food dreſt by another hand ſhall have no reliſh; but minced and frittered by this their favourite, ſhall be delicious. The plain beef and muſtard of Shakeſpeare (though ſerved up by very good cooks) turn their ſtomachs, while the maccaroni of Rolli is, in their opinion, a diſh fit for the gods. Thus Julius Cæſar, killed by the conſpirators, never touches them: but *Julio Cheſare*, killing himſelf, and ſinging and ſtabbing, and ſtabbing and ſinging, till, ſwan-like, he expires, is *caro caro divino*. Scipio, the great conqueror of Afric, is with them a mighty ſilly fellow; but *Shippione* is a charming creature. It is evident, then, that the food muſt be ſuited to the taſte, as the taſte to the food; and as the waters of a certain fountain of Theſſaly, from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof an aſs, ſo can this languid and diſjointed compoſition find no admittance but in ſuch heads as are expreſsly formed to receive it. Thus their inſenſibility appears as well in what they like as in what they reject; and, like a faithful companion, attends them at all times, and in all places: for I have remarked that, wherever they are, they bring a *mind not to be changed by time or place*. However, as a play is the very touchſtone of the paſſions, the neutrality which they ſo ſtrictly obſerve is no where ſo conſpicuous as at the theatres. There they are to be ſeen, one while when tears are flowing all around them, another when the very benches are cracking with peals of laughter, ſitting as calm and ſerene as if they had nothing but their own innocent thoughts to converſe with.

Upon conſidering their character and temper, as far as they can be gueſſed at by their actions, and obſerving the apathy in which they ſeem to be wrapt, I once was inclined to think that they might be a ſect of philoſophers, who had adopted the maxims of the Stoics of old: but when I recollected that a thirſt after knowledge, contempt of pain, and whatever is called evil, together with an inflexible rectitude in all their actions, were the characteriſtics of thoſe ſages, I ſoon perceived my miſtake; for I cannot ſay that I ever found that theſe philoſophers practiſe any of thoſe virtues. To ſpeak the truth, it is very difficult to know in what claſs to place them, and under what denomination they ought to paſs. Were I to decide, I ſhould at once pronounce them to belong to the vegetable world, and place them among the beings of ſtill-life; for they ſeem too much under the ſtandard of their ſpecies to be allowed to rank with the reſt of mankind. To be ſerious, is it not ſtrange that their heads and hearts ſhould be impenetrable to all the paſſions that affect the reſt of the world; nay, even more ſo than age itſelf, whoſe feelings Time, with his icy hand, has chilled, and almoſt extinguiſhed? And yet age, with all it's infirmities, is more quick, more alive, and ſuſceptible of the finer paſſions, than theſe ſons of indifference in their prime and vigour of youth.

An old woman, whom I found at my ſide in the pit the other night, gave me an inſtance of the truth of this aſſertion. She did juſtice both to the poet and the actors, and beſtowed her applauſe plentifully, though never but where it was due. At the ſame time, I ſaw ſeveral of theſe inanimate bodies ſitting as unconcerned as if they had not known the language, or could not hear what was ſaid upon the ſtage.

It is a proverbial expreſſion, (though perhaps a little injurious) to call an inſipid and ſenſeleſs perſon of the male ſex an *old woman*. For my part, I was ſo charmed with mine, that I will make no diſreſpectful compariſons: but yet, Sir, how contemptible muſt theſe triflers be, who can be out-done by a toothleſs old woman, in quickneſs, ſpirit, and the exertion of their faculties? From a regard then to that agreeable and ſenſible matron, I will not liken theſe *inſenſibles* to thoſe grave perſonages; but yet I can-

not forbear thinking that they approach very near to what is moſt like old women, *old men*; and that they reſemble the picture of thoſe crazy beings in the laſt ſtage of life, as drawn by that inimitable painter of human nature, Shakeſpeare: for theſe young men, like his old men, are *ſans eyes, ſans ears, ſans taſte, ſans every thing*. I am, Sir, your faithful, humble ſervant,

PHILONOUS.

P. S. The verſes underneath, upon the ſame ſubject as the letter, I venture to tack to it, (like a bit of embroidery to a plain cloth;) and if you think either or both deſerving any notice, you may preſent them with my ſervice to the gentle reader.

THE INSENSIBLE.

WHILE crouded theatres attentive ſit,
And loud applauſes echo through the pit;
Unconſcious of the cunning of the ſcene,
Sits ſmiling FLORIO with inſipid mien.
Fix'd like a ſtanding lake, in dull repoſe,
No grief—no joy, his GENTLE boſom knows;
NATURE and GARRICK no attention gain,
And hapleſs WIT darts all her ſtings in vain.
Thus on the Alps eternal froſts appear,
Which mock the changes of the various year;
Intenſeſt ſuns unheeded roll away,
'And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play.'

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CORKE.

MY LORD,

IT is usual in churches, when an organ, an altar-piece, or some other valuable ornament, is given by the bounty of any particular person, to set forth in very conspicuous characters the name of the benefactor. In imitation of this custom, I take the liberty of prefixing your Lordship's name to a volume of the WORLD, that I may signify to the public by whose bounty it has been ornamented.

But your Lordship is not the only one of your family to whom the WORLD has been indebted; and it is with great pleasure that I embrace this occasion of making my acknowledgments to the EARL OF CORKE, as it gives me an opportunity at the same time of confessing my obligations to Mr. BOYLE.

I will not offend your Lordship with the common flattery of dedications, having always observed that praise is least pleasing where it is most due: a consideration that obliges me to add no more, than that I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's obliged,

Most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS FOR TRADE AND PLANTATIONS.

SIR,

TO promote the circulation of these small volumes, by limiting their number to no more than six, it was thought adviseable to put a stop to the paper of the World, at a time when the demand for it greatly exceeded my expectation, and while it was the only fashionable vehicle in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public. To extend this circulation, (for I confess myself a very self-interested person) I have separately addressed the first five volumes to those of my correspondents whose pieces are the most numerous, and whose names and characters do me the greatest honour. It will not, therefore, I hope, displease you, if among these favourite names you should happen to discover your own; it being impossible for me to say any thing more to the advantage of this work, than that many of the essays in it were written by Mr. Jenyns.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

TO

MR. MOORE.

DEAR SIR,

IN the list of those whom I am proud to call my assistants in this work, and to the principal of whom, as far as they are come to my knowledge, I have dedicated the former volumes of it, to have omitted you, my best and sincerest friend, would have been strange and unpardonable. It would have been strange, as you are sensible how high a regard I have always paid to whatever came from your hand; and unpardonable, as I am convinced you never sat down to write me a paper but from motives of pure love and affection. It is true, and I scorn to flatter even in a dedication, I have not always regarded your papers with that degree of admiration which some other of my correspondents commanded from me; yet, so partial have I been to your talents and abilities, that you must own I have never, through the whole course of the work, refused any one of your lucubrations: insomuch that I greatly fear my readers may now-and-then have reason to reproach me with having suffered my friendship to blind my judgment.

But let Malice and Envy say their pleasure, I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the favour of your assistance in the long contention I have had with the vices and follies of the world; and that it was frequently owing to your ironical smile, that I have been enabled to raise the laugh of raillery in favour of virtue and good manners. I confess indeed, and you will not be angry that to yourself I avow it, the immortality I have reason to hope for, arises from the conjunction of many higher names than yours, which I have had the honour to associate with me in this favoured undertaking. And here I feel my vanity struggling to get loose, and indulge itself in the pleasing theme. The name of FITZ-ADAM shall be carried down to latest posterity with those of his age, the most admired for their genius, their learning, their wit, and humour. But I check myself.—I dare not engage in the task of saying what ought to be said on this occasion, and therefore beg leave to hide my inability in silence.

You will pardon, Sir, this short digression, though not made in your favour; and be assured, notwithstanding all I have said, and whatever I may think of you as a writer, as a man I bear you a true affection, take a very interested part in all your concerns; and shoud you ever meet with that reward from the public which I think your merits have long deserved, I hope you are satisfied that no one will more truly rejoice in your good fortune than,

Dear SIR,

Your most affectionate Friend,

And humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE

WORLD.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

N° CLVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1756.

ONE can ſcarce paſs an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently aſſerted, that the preſent generation of ſervants in this country are the proudeſt, and the larieſt, the moſt profligate, inſolent, and extravagant ſet of mortals, any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indiſputable truth I always readily give my aſſent, with but one ſingle exception, which is that of their maſters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous ſmiles of many a wiſe face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I ſhall here venture to ſhew, that the pride and lazineſs of our ſervants, from whence their profligacy, inſolence, and extravagance, muſt unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the ſame imperfections in ourſelves.

In the firſt place, then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is moſt honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies; and all, who are really ſuch by birth or education, having alſo too much of the ſame pride, however neceſſitous, to ſubmit to any ſervitude, however eaſy, we are obliged to take the loweſt of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel perſonages we think proper ſhould attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and ſilver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be diſtinguiſhed from his maſter, but by being better dreſt: and Joan, who uſed to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d'hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the leaſt genteel part of the company. Their diverſions, too, are no leſs polite than their appearance: in the country they are ſportſmen; in town they frequent plays, operas, and taverns; and at home have their routs and their gaming-tables.

But leſt thus exalting our ſervants to an equality with ourſelves ſhould not ſufficiently augment their pride, and deſtroy all ſubordination, we take another method more effectually to compleat the work; which is, debaſing ourſelves to their meanneſs, by a ridiculous imitation of their dreſſes and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long ſtaff, and buckſkin breeches: hence, among the ladies, the round-eared cap, the ſtuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather ſhoe; and hence many perſons of the higheſt rank daily employ themſelves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domeſtics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of theſe honourable offices. Since, then, we make uſe of ſo much art to corrupt our ſervants, have we reaſon to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take ſo much pains to inform them of

their superiority, and our weakneſs, can we be ſurprized that they deſpiſe us, or be diſpleaſed with their inſolence and impertinence?

As the pride of ſervants thus proceeds from the pride, ſo does their lazineſs from the lazineſs of their maſters: and indeed, if there is any characteriſtic peculiar to the young people of faſhion of the preſent age, it is their lazineſs, or an extreme unwillingneſs to attend to any thing that can give them the leaſt trouble or diſquietude; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the diſpoſitions of Providence and the nature of things. They would have great eſtates, without any management; great expences, without any accounts; and great families, without any diſcipline or œconomy: in ſhort, they are fit only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the Child's Geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs ready roaſted. From this principle, when the pride they have infuſed into their ſervants has produced a proportionable degree of lazineſs, their own lazineſs is too prevalent to ſuffer them to ſtruggle with that of their ſervants; and they rather chuſe that all buſineſs ſhould be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it; and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to ſupport it: from whence it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domeſtics are very numerous, they will not ſo much as wait upon themſelves; and was it not for the friendly aſſiſtance of chairwomen, porters, chairmen, and ſhoe-blacks, procured by a generous diſtribution of coals, candles, and proviſions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In ſuch it is often as difficult to procure conveniencies as in a deſart iſland; and one frequently wants neceſſaries in the midſt of profuſeneſs and extravagance. In ſuch families, I have ſometimes been ſhut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the uſe of fire and water for half a day; and though, during my impriſonment, I have ſeen numberleſs ſervants continually paſſing by, the utmoſt I could procure of them was, that they would ſend ſomebody to relieve my neceſſities, which they never performed. In ſuch I have ſeen, when a favourite dog has diſcharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all entreated to depute ſome one to remove the nuiſance with the utmoſt expedition; but no one has been found in ſuch a houſe mean enough to undertake ſuch an employment; and ſo it has lain ſmoaking under the noſes of the illuſtrious company during the whole evening.

I could produce innumerable inſtances minute indeed and unobſerved, but well worthy obſervation, of the encroachments of our ſervants on our eaſineſs and indolence, in the introduction of moſt of the faſhions that have prevailed for ſeveral years paſt, in our equipages and domeſtic œconomy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleaſure, eaſe, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneaſy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmoſt rapidity, for their own amuſement. Glaſſes before are laid aſide, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inſpection, but be drunk or aſleep without any obſervation. Family liveries are diſcarded, becauſe badges of ſervility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addreſſed for their enormities. By their careleſſneſs and idleneſs they have obliged us to hire all our horſes, and ſo have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impoſitions on the road, they have forced us into poſt-chaiſes; by which means they are at liberty to travel by themſelves, as it beſt ſuits their own eaſe and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor reſolution to redreſs, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourſelves; by which means they have ſhaken off the trouble and condeſcenſion of attending us. By their profuſion and miſmanagement in houſekeeping, they have compelled us to allow them board-wages; by which means they have obtained a conſtant excuſe to loiter at public-houſes, and money in their pockets to ſquander there in gaming, drunkenneſs, and extravagance. The laſt of theſe is an evil of ſo gigantic a ſize, ſo conducive to the univerſal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and ſo entirely deſtructive of all family order, decency, and œconomy, that it well deſerves

deſerves the conſideration of a legiſlature, who are not themſelves under the influence of their ſervants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

From what has been ſaid, it plainly appears that every man in this country is ill-ſerved, in proportion to the number and dignity of his ſervants: the parſon, or the tradeſman, who keeps but two maids, and a boy not exceeding twelve years old, is uſually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worſe; but perſons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own ſetting up, are neglected, abuſed, and impoveriſhed, by their dependents: the king himſelf, as is due to his exalted ſtation, is more impoſed on, and worſe attended, than any one of his ſubjects.

N° CLVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1756.

DURING the courſe of theſe my labours, there is nothing that I have applied myſelf to with more diligence and attention, or that I have hoped for with greater pleaſure and delight, than the reformation of the fair ſex. Their dreſſing, gaming, and painting, have been from time to time the ſubjects of my animadverſions. Happy indeed ſhould I have been, if my ſucceſs had borne any proportion to my zeal: but, as my philoſophy has taught me to bear with patience thoſe evils which I cannot redreſs, I am contented, under certain limitations, to wink at thoſe enormities which I wanted to have removed. In regard to dreſs, I conſent that the faſhion ſhall continue as it now is; but I enter my proteſt againſt abſolute nakedneſs; for while I am conniving at low ſtays and ſhort petticoats, I will permit no lady whatſoever (as a brother eſſayiſt very wittily has it) *to make both ends meet*. I conſent alſo to the preſent faſhion of curling the hair, ſo that it may ſtand a month without combing; though I muſt confeſs, (and I believe moſt huſbands and lovers are of my opinion) that I think a fortnight or three weeks might be a ſufficient time: but I bar any application to thoſe foreign artiſts, who advertiſe in the public papers that they have the ſecret of making up a lady's head for a compleat quarter of a year. As to gaming, I permit it to go on as it does, provided that the ladies will content themſelves with injuring their huſbands in no other reſpect than ruining their fortunes. Painting likewiſe I ſubmit to; and, indeed, as cards and late hours have ſo totally deſtroyed the natural complexion, it is not unreaſonable that a little art ſhould be introduced to repair it. But, to make this art as little hurtful as poſſible to the health, the breath, the teeth, and the ſkin, of thoſe who practiſe it, I have conſulted almoſt every author, both ancient and modern, who has written on the ſubject. The moſt ſatisfactory of theſe is Jo. Paul Lomatius, a painter of Milan. His works were tranſlated by Richard Haydock, of New College, Oxford, in the year 1598. In the third book of which are the following obſervations, which the author calls '*A 'Diſcourſe of the Artificial Beauty of 'Women.*'

'HAVING treated of ſo many and divers things, I could not but ſay ſomething of ſuch matters as women uſe ordinarily in beautifying and embelliſhing their faces: a thing well worth the knowledge; inſomuch, as many women are ſo poſſeſſed with a deſire of helping their complexions by ſome artificial means, that they will by no means be diſſuaded from the ſame.

'Now the things which they uſe are theſe, viz. ointments of divers ſorts, powders, ſatts, waters, and the like: whereof Jo. Modoneſe, doctor of phyſic, hath written at large, in his book intituled 'The Ornaments of Women;' wherein he teacheth the whole order of beautifying the face.

'Now my intention this treatiſe is only to diſcover the natures of certain things which are in daily uſe for this purpoſe; becauſe it often falleth out, that inſtead of beautifying, they do moſt vilely diſfigure themſelves. The reaſon whereof is, becauſe they are ignorant of the natures and qualities of the ingredients. Howbeit, partly by my directions, and partly by Modoneſe's book, I hope to content and ſatisfy them in all ſuch ſort, that they ſhall have juſt cauſe to thank us both: and, in truth, for their ſakes have I ſpe-

cially undertaken this paines, by teaching them to understand the natures of the minerals, vegetables, and animals, which are most applied to this use. So that, if any shall henceforth fall into the inconvenience after specified, their own perril be it. And first, concerning sublimate.

OF SUBLIMATE, AND THE BAD EFFECTS THEREOF.

'Divers women use Sublimate diversly prepared for encrease of their beauty. Some bray it with quicksilver, in a marble mortar, with a wooden pestle, and this they call *argentatum*; others boyl it in water, and therewith wash their face; some grind it with pomatum, and sundry other waies; but this is sure, that which way soever it be used, it is very offensive to man's flesh, and that not only to the face, but unto all the other parts of the body besides; for proof whereof, Sublimate is called *dead fier*, because of it's malignant and biting nature: the composition whereof is of *salte*, *quicksilver*, and *vitriol*, distilled together in a glasse vessell.

'This the chirurgions call a corrosive, because if it be put upon man's flesh, it burneth it in a short space, mortifying the place, not without great pain to the patient. Wherefore, such women as use it about their face, have always black teeth standing far out of their gums, like a Spanish mule, an offensive breath, with a face half scorched, and an unclean complexion; all which proceed from the nature of Sublimate: so that simple women, thinking to grow more beautiful, become disfigured, hastening old age before the time, and giving occasion to their husbands to seek strangers instead of their wives, with divers other inconveniencies.

OF CERUSSE, AND THE EFFECTS THEREOF.

'The Ceruse, or white lead, which women use to better their complexion, is made of lead and vinegar, which mixture is naturally a great drier; so that those women which use it about their faces, doe quickly become withered and grey-headed, because this doth so mightily dry up the natural moysture of their flesh: and if any give not credit to my report, let them but observe such as have used it, and I doubt not but they will easily be satisfied.

OF PLUME ALUME.

'This Alume is a kind of stone, which seemeth as it were made of tow, and is of so hot and dry a nature, that if you make the wicke of a candle therewith, it is thought it will burn continually without going out; a very strange matter, and beyond credit. With this stone used to rub the skin off their face, to make it seem red, by reason of the inflammation it procureth; but, questionlesse, it hath divers inconveniencies, and therefore to be avoided.

OF THE JUICE OF LEMONS.

'Some use the Juice of Lemons about their face, not knowing the evil qualities thereof: for it is so forcible, that it dissolveth the hardest stones into water, and there is nothing which sooner dissolveth pearl than it. Now, if it can dissolve stones in this manner, what think you will it do upon man's flesh? Wherefore I exhort all women to eschewe this, and the like fretting and wearing medicines.

OF THE OYL OF TARTARIE.

'There is no greater fretter and eater than the Oyl of Tartarie, which in a very short time mortifieth a wound, as well as any other caustic or corrosive; and being so strong a fretter, it will take any stain or spot out of linen or woollen cloth: wherefore we may easily think, that if it be used about the face, it will work the like effects on the same, by scorching and hardening it so, that in many days it will not return to the former state.

OF THE ROCKE ALUME.

'Rocke Alume doth likewise hurt the face, insomuch as it is a very piercing and drying mineral, and is used in strong water for the dissolving of metals, which water is made only of Rocke Alume and sal nitrum distilled, and is found to be of that strength, that one drop thereof being put on the skin, burneth, shriveleth, and parcheth it, with divers other inconveniencies, as loosing the teeth, &c.

OF

OF CAMPHIRE.

'Camphire is so hot and drie, that coming any-thing neere the fier, it suddenly taketh fier, and burneth most vehemently. This being applied to the face, scaldeth it exceedingly, causing a great alteration, by parching of the skinne, and procuring a flushing in the face; and in this the women are very much deceaved.

OF ALL SUCH THINGS AS ARE ENEMIES TO THE HEALTH, AND HURTFUL TO THE COMPLEXION.

'All those paintings and embellishings which are made with minerals and corrosives, are very dangerous; for being laid upon the flesh, especially upon the face of a woman, which is very tender and delicate by nature, (besides the harm they doe to the natural beauty) doe much prejudice the health of the body: for it is very certain that all paintings and colourings made of minerals or half minerals, as iron, brass, lead, tinn, sublimate, cerusse, camphire, juice of lemons, plume alume, salt peeter, vitriol, and all manner of saltes, and sortes of alumes, (as hath bin declared) are very offensive to the complexion of the face; wherefore if there be no remedy, but women will be meddling with this arte of polishing, let them insteede of those mineral stuffes, use the remedies following.

OF SUCHE HELPES OF BEAUTY AS MAY SAFELY BE USED WITHOUT DANGER.

'There is nothing in the world which doth more beautifie and adorne a woman, than cheerfulnes and contentment: for it is not the red and white which giveth the gratious perfection of beauty, but certain sparkling notes and touches of amiable cheerfulnesse accompanying the same; the trueth whereof may appear in a discontented woman, otherwise exceeding faire, who at that instant will seem yl favoured and unlovely: as contrariewise, an hard-favoured and browne woman, being merry, pleasant and jocond, will seem sufficiently beautiful.

'Secondly, honesty: because though a woman be fair and merry, and yet be dishoneſt, she must needs seem most ougly to an ingenuous and honest mind.

'Thirdly, wisdome: for a foolish, vain, giggling dame, cannot be reputed fair, insomuch as she hath an impure and polluted mind.

'But hereof sufficient, till a further oportunitie be administered. Mean while, if any be desirous to be more satisfied in this point, I referre them to an oration or treatise of Nazianzen's concerning this matter.'

Thus far Lomatius; and as I have not been able to procure the treatise he refers to, I could wish with all my heart that the ladies would lay aside their paint for a few weeks, and make trial of his receipt. It will indeed cost them some trouble, and may possibly require a little alteration in their manner of living: but I will venture to assert, that the united toilettes of a hundred women of fashion cannot furnish a composition that will be half so efficacious.

Nº CLIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1756.

OLD as I am, my curiosity carried me the other night to see the new dramatic satire, called 'The Apprentice;' which, considering the present epidemic madness for theatrical employments raging through the lower ranks of people, will, I hope, be as serviceable to cure the English mob of that idle disorder, as the immortal work of Cervantes was to exorcise from the breasts of the Spanish nobility the demon of knight-errantry. The piece is new and entertaining, and has received no inconsiderable advantages from the masterly performance of a principal comedian, who, with a true genius for the stage, has very naturally represented the contemptible insufficiency of a pert pretension to it. At my return to my lodgings, I found the following letter on my table—

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many benevolent designs which have adorned the present well-disposed age, I remember to have read one a few years ago, in a periodical pamphlet, intituled 'A Proposal for building an Hospital for *Decayed Authors*;'

'*Authors*;' which gave me, and many other charitable people, much ſatisfaction. If the aged, the lame, and the blind, are proper objects of compaſſion, how much more ſo are thoſe who (if I may uſe the expreſſion) have mutilated their underſtandings by an application to an art which incapacitates it's profeſſors for all other purſuits! How many ſublime geniuſes have we daily ſeen, who, ſcorning the mechanic drudgeries to which they have been deſtined by their muck-worm parents, have ſo feaſted their minds with Pierian delicacies, as to leave their bodies to periſh through nakedneſs and hunger!

Having heard that the author of that eſſay made an impreſſion not only upon thoſe who ſhed often the tears of pity, but even upon uſurers, attornies, and ſober tradeſmen, I have ventured, by the conveyance of your paper, to lay my thoughts before the public, in compaſſion to the diſtreſſes of another order of men, who, in a ſubordinate degree, are connected with the ſublime race of authors, and, as retainers to the Muſes, claim mine and your aſſiſtance. The perſons I mean are ſuch as, either from the want of ambition or capacity, are prevented from ſoaring high enough to oblige mankind with their own conceptions; and yet having a taſte or inclination above handling a yard, or engroſſing parchment, entertain and inſtruct the reſt of their ſpecies by retailing the thoughts of others, and animating their own carcaſes with the ever-living ſentiments of heroes, heroines, wits, and legiſlators. Theſe gentlemen and ladies, whilſt they are reſident in London, are called, in plain Engliſh, Actors; but when they condeſcend to exhibit their illuſtrious perſonages in the country, the common people diſtinguiſh them by the name of Stage-Players, the rural gentry by the uncivil appellation of Strollers, and a more unmannerly act of parliament by the names of Vagrants and Vagabonds. Such, Sir, is the preſent ill-bred dialect of our common ſtatute law.

I muſt confeſs it has grieved me not a little, when I have beheld a theatrical veteran, who has ſerved all the campaigns of Alexander, Julius Cæſar, and Henry the Fifth, caſt off by cruel fate, or the caprice of a manager, and condemned (in the tragic words of a celebrated poet)—

— — to beg his bitter bread
Through realms his valour ſav'd.

But judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what muſt have been my anxiety, when I have heard that a truly Chriſtian actor, (which is no ſmall miracle in our days) who has inoffenſively trod the ſtage many years without ever moleſting our paſſions, or breaking the commandment by repreſenting *the likeneſs of any thing upon the earth*, ſhould be diſcarded merely upon the account of this his quiet deportment, and ſent to eat the unmuſe-like bread of induſtry behind the entrenchment of a counter! Shall a man, born with a ſoul aſpiring to imitate the rapine of a Bajazet, or a woman with a heart burning to emulate the whoredoms of a Cleopatra, be ſent, the one to weigh out ſugar and ſpices to dirty mechanics, and the other to be cruelly fettered in the bonds of matrimony, among a phlegmatic race of creatures, where chaſtity is reckoned a virtue? Indeed, Sir, when you come ſeriouſly to think of theſe things, I dare ſay you will lament with me, that in all this hoſpital-erecting town there is no charitable aſylum yet founded for theſe unfortunate repreſentatives of the greateſt perſonages that ever trod the ſtage of earth.

We are told by Hamlet, that it is not impoſſible to trace Alexander's carcaſe, after his world-conquering ſpirit had left it, to the ſtopping of a bung-hole: but methinks it would not be decent for ſo civilized a nation as our own, to ſuffer any *living* hero to be ſo reduced by fortune, as to ſtop that place which the *dead* Macedonian monarch was ſuppoſed to perform the office of clay to. In plain Engliſh, would it not be ſhocking to ſee a fine perriwig-pated emperor, whom we have beheld aſcend the Capitol as Julius Cæſar, degraded to fill ſmall-beer barrels at Hockley in the Hole?

To what baſe uſes may we turn?

But that ſuch heart-breaking anticipations may not weigh upon the ſpirits of theſe theatrical geniuſes, while they are bringing the ſtately perſonages of antiquity before our eyes; and that our Pyrrhuſſes, Tamerlanes, and Marc Antonies, even though itinerant, may not ſneak into the ſheepiſh look of taylors, by foreboding that the cruel lot of fate may ere long deſtine thoſe legs, which are now adorned with the regal buſkin,

to

to croſs one another again upon an obſcure ſhop-board in a garret; I ſay, that we may drive miſery from the minds of theſe worthies, when ſhe puts on ſuch horrid ſhapes, I would propoſe to the nobility and gentry of this metropolis a ſubſcription for raiſing an hoſpital for decayed actors and actreſſes, that our performers may conſtantly be cheriſhed with the aſſurance that meagre want ſhall never grin at their royal heels; and that whenever age, accident, or the caprice of the town, deprives thoſe of their heroic callings, who fortunately have eſcaped violent deaths, (for theſe repreſentatives of heroes are ſometimes known to imitate their originals, and, as the poet ſings—

——— Ere Nature bids them die,
Fate takes them early to the pitying ſky)

they will be ſupported whilſt alive; and, *when the ſiſters three ſhall ſit the fatal thread*, they may be enabled to make an exit as they have lived, in mimetic grandeur, and have the inſignia of their honours carried before them *to the grave's lightleſs manſion*.

If I find the generality of your readers are inclined to encourage this uſeful charity, I will take the liberty to offer to them a plan for the building ſuch an hoſpital; a ſcheme for the raiſing a fund for it's ſupport; to point out what qualifications are neceſſary to entitle a candidate to a place in it; and, laſt of all, to recapitulate the many advantages that muſt neceſſarily be derived to ſociety from ſo laudable an undertaking.

But that no well-diſpoſed perſons may be influenced by the uncharitable inſinuation that I have ſome ſelfiſh views in the erecting this hoſpital, I think it abſolutely neceſſary to declare, that I am neither an unemployed phyſician, an unpractiſed ſurgeon, nor a drugleſs apothecary; nor do I any other way expect either emolument or pleaſure from the inſtitution, than in that ſweeteſt of ſenſations which the heart feels in having contributed to the relief of others, which always riſes in proportion to the object. What then, and how great muſt be mine, to have contributed to the comfort of ſo illuſtrious a race of worthies! I am, with very ſincere eſteem, Sir, your moſt humble faithful ſervant,

A. Z.

N° CLX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I Think, Sir, more than three years are paſt, ſince you began to beſtow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great ſucceſs that has attended your endeavours; but ſurely, Mr. Fitz Adam, you deceive yourſelf. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, ſince you commenced author? or have fewer French follies been purchaſed or propagated by thoſe who never were in France? Do not women, dreſſed French, ſtill iſſue from houſes dreſſed Chineſe, to theatres dreſſed Italian, in ſpite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear leſs claret, or the beauties leſs *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of faſhion, who uſed to fling for a thouſand pounds a throw, now caſt only for five hundred? or if they ſhould, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, Sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the diſcourſes of the divine Socrates, or the ſermons of the affecting Tillotſon. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis Alcibiades, as ſoon as his philoſophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocoſe, ſatyric, ſevere, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the ſimplicity of manners of our anceſtors, while there are no ſumptuary laws to reſtrain luxury, no eccleſiaſtical cenſures to caſtigate vice. I ſhall offer to your readers an inſtance or two, to elucidate the monſtrous diſproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then

then produce one of the wholesome censures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impose on persons of the first rank, who contravened the established rules of sobriety and decorum.'

How would our progenitors have been astonished at reading the very first article in the late will of a grocer! 'Imprimis, I give to my dear wife *one hundred thousand pounds*.' A sum exceeding a benevolence, or two subsidies, some ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the personal estate of the above-mentioned tradesman, on whom I am far from designing to reflect; he raised his fortune honestly and industriously: but I hope some future antiquarian, struck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much sugar and plums have been wasted weekly in one inconsiderable parish in London, or even in one or two streets in that parish, before a single shopkeeper could have raised four hundred thousand pounds by retailing those and such-like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we shall find no less a person than the incomparable and virtuous Lady Joan, Princess Dowager of Wales, by her last will and testament, bequeathing the following simple moveables; and we may well believe they were the most valuable of her possessions, as she divided them between her son the king and her other children. To her son King Richard she gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Also to her son Thomas, Earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other son, one bed of red camak. These particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale, Vol. II. p. 94. an instance of simplicity and moderation in so great and illustrious a princess, which I fear I should in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true representative of her fortune and excellence.

I come now, Sir, to those proper checks upon licentiousness, which, though calculated to serve the views of a popish clergy, were undoubtedly great restraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that such sober institutions were abolished with the real abuses of Popery. Our ecclesiastic superiors had power to lay such fines and mulcts upon wantonness as might raise a revenue to the church and poor, and at the same time leave the lordly transgressors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and the other amusements of people of fashion, if would have been in vain to subject to corporal punishments. To ridicule those vices, and laugh them out of date, by Tatlers, Spectators, and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confessors, who at best only knew how to wrap up very coarse terms in very bald Latin and jingling verses. The clergy steered a third course, and assumed a province, which I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your censorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almost wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent supplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wisest exercise that I meet recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the same grave author from whom I copied the will above-mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the case of a very exalted personage, and shews how little the highest birth could exempt from the severe inspection of those judges of manners. The Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet, Earl of Kent, uncle of the Princess Joan above-mentioned, having, on the death of the earl her husband, retired to the monastery of Waverley, did (I suppose immediately) make a vow of chastity, and was solemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, Bishop of Winchester. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, sister Elizabeth of Waverley became enamoured of a goodly knight, called Sir Eustace Dawbridgecourt, smitten (as tradition says she affirmed) by his extreme resemblance to her late lord; though, as other credible writers affirm, he was considerably younger: and notwithstanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conscience, and in spite of her confinement, which was not strong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, she was clandestinely married to

to her paramour in a certain chapel of the manſion-houſe of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence from the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, by one Sir John Ireland, a prieſt, before the ſun-riſing, upon Michaelmas-day, in the 34th of Edward the Third.

Notwithſtanding the great ſcandal ſuch an indecorum muſt have given, it is evident from the ſubſervience of two prieſts to her deſires, that her rank of princeſs of the blood ſet her above all apprehenſion of puniſhment for the breach of her monaſtic vows; yet it is evident, from the ſequel of the ſtory, that her dignity could not exempt her from ſuch proper cenſures and penalties as might deter others from commiſſion of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expoſe the lady herſelf to bluſhes for her miſcarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their ſuperiors: a ſort of comfort which, to do them juſtice, the poor are apt to take as kindly as the relief of their own wants.

My author ſays, Vol. II. page 95, That the Lady Dowager and her young huſband being perſonally convened before the Archbiſhop of Canterbury for the ſaid tranſgreſſion, at his manor-houſe of Haghfeld, upon the ſeventh ides of April, the archbiſhop, for their penance, enjoined them to find a prieſt to celebrate divine ſervice daily for Them, the ſaid Sir Euſtace and Elizabeth; and for Him, the archbiſhop; beſides a large quantity of penitential pſalms, paternoſters, and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the prieſts and the tranſgreſſors. His Grace moreover ordered the Lady Elizabeth (whom for ſome reaſons, beſt known to himſelf, I ſuppoſe he regarded as the ſeducer) to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to faſt on bread and drink, and a meſs of pottage, wearing no ſmock, eſpecially in the abſence of her huſband; a penance that muſt appear whimſical to us, and not a little partial to Sir Euſtace, whom the archbiſhop ſeems in more reſpects than one to have conſidered rather as diſobedient to the canons, than guilty of much voluptuouſneſs by his wedlock. But the moſt remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbiſhop appointed the ſaid Sir Euſtace and the Lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their tranſgreſſion had paſſed between them, they ſhould competently relieve ſix poor people, and both of them that day to abſtain from ſome diſh of fleſh or fiſh whereof they did moſt deſire to eat.

Such was the ſimplicity of our anceſtors. Such were the wholeſome ſeverities to which the greateſt dames and moſt licentious young lords were ſubject in theſe well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of ſuch corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of ſuch power might be ſafely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not ſo bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and cuſtoms. Paternoſters and aves might be ſupplied by prayers and litanies of a more proteſtant complexion. Inſtead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be ſevere enough for the delicacy of modern conſtitutions. For the article of leaving off a ſhift, conſidering that the upper half is already laid aſide, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole ſhift, might be thought a ſufficient puniſhment; for wife legiſlators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and ſeaſons. What moſt offends me, and which is by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that preſcribes charity to the poor, and reſtriction from eating of a favourite diſh, after the performance of certain myſteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the Lady Elizabeth aſhamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wiſe one; for as devotion and charity are obſerved to increaſe with increaſe of years, the biſhop's injunction tended to nothing but to leſſen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largeſs.

One can ſcarce reflect without a ſmile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at Sir Euſtace's gate, till he and his lady aroſe, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One muſt not word, but one cannot help

imagining, the ſtile of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfaſt by his maſter and lady to go and ſend away the beggars, for they were to have nothing that morning. One might even ſuppoſe the good lady pouting a little as ſhe gave him the meſſage. But were ſuch a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of faſhion invited to dine with two illuſtrious penitents under this circumſtance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the ſubject is inexhauſtible; and as the ideas on ſuch an occaſion muſt be a little corporeal, what *bon mots*, wrapped up indeed, but ſtill intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French diſh, which Sir Euſtace or my Lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taſte!—But I fear I have tranſgreſſed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who ſway the cenſorial rod with the greateſt lenity, and who would bluſh to put your fair penitents to the bluſh, might be ſafely truſted with the powers I recommend. Human weakneſſes, and human ſollies, are very different: continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might reſiſt wearing pink; a matron who cannot reſiſt the proweſs of Sir Euſtace Dawbridgcourt, is not a topic for ſatire but compaſſion; as you, who are the beſt natured writer of the age, will I am ſure agree to think with, Sir, your conſtant reader and humble ſervant,

THOMAS HEARNE, JUN.

N° CLXI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

BY a very tender letter, in one of your papers, from an officer's wife, we have ſeen the diſtreſſes of a father and mother, and the miſconduct of a daughter, whoſe meekneſs and gentleneſs of temper have drawn upon herſelf and family the utmoſt miſery and diſtreſs. Give me leave to lay before you a character of another kind, the too great gentleneſs and weakneſs of a ſon.

In the forty-ſecond year of my age, I was left a widower with an only ſon of ſeven years old, who was ſo exact a likeneſs of his mother, both in perſon and diſpoſition, that from that circumſtance alone I could never prevail upon myſelf to marry again. The image of the excellent woman I had loſt was perpetually before my eyes, and recalled to my memory the many endearing ſcenes of love and affection that had paſt between us. I heard her voice, I ſaw her mien, and I beheld her ſmiles, in my ſon. I reſolved therefore to cultivate this tender plant with more than common care; and I endeavoured to take ſuch proper advantages of his puerile age and hopeful temper as might engage him to me, not more from moral duty, than from real inclination and attachment. My point was to make him my friend; and I ſo far ſucceeded in that point, that till he was ſeventeen years old, he conſtantly choſe my company preferable to any other.

I ſhould have told you, that I placed him early at a great ſchool: and, to avoid the miſchiefs that ſometimes ariſe from boarding at a diſtance from parents, I took a houſe near the ſchool, and kept him under my own eye, inviting conſtantly ſuch of his ſchool-fellows to amuſe him, as were pointed out to me by the maſter, or were choſen by my own diſcernment, in conſequence of my ſon's recommendation. All things went on in the moſt promiſing train; but ſtill I ſaw in him a certain eaſineſs of temper, and an exceſs of what is falſely called *good-nature*, but is real *weakneſs*, which I feared muſt prove of dreadful conſequence to him, whenever he ſhould tread the ſtage of the great world. However, it now grew time to advance him to the univerſity; and he want thither, I can with truth ſay it, as free from vice, and as full of virtue, as the fondeſt parent could deſire. What added farther to my hopes was his ſtrength of body, and the natural abhorrence which he had to wine, even almoſt to a degree of loathing.

When he was ſettled at college, I inſiſted upon his writing to me once a week; and I conſtantly anſwered his letters in the ſtyle and manner which I thought moſt conducible to the improvement of his knowledge, and the extenſion and freedom of his thoughts. During

that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico; that Turpin, the highwayman, is several times a day spurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that Lord * * *, and Sir Harry * * * *, are now actually roasting for a city feast. I question not but that Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar, have died many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the Twelfth is at this instant a curate's wife in some remote village with a numerous and increasing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from parish to parish, in the person of a big-bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

Lastly, the probability of this system appears from the difficulty of accounting for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it: for if we look round us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberless animals subjected, by their own natures, to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more; incapable of deserving them; called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of others less meritorious than themselves, without any possibility of preventing, deserving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of the present life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all these difficulties, and reconciles these seemingly unjust dispensations with the strictest justice: it informs us, that these their sufferings may be by no means undeserved, but the just punishments of their former misbehaviour in a state, where, by means of their very vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us that the pursued and persecuted fox was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased by his ill-acquired wealth that safety, which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor: and the widowed turtle, pining away for the loss of her mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill usage had occasioned.

Never can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of massacred Indians. Never can I repose myself with any satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once must undoubtedly have existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I very well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves both just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned, and courageous, to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider how wretched will be her condition, if, after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after wasting his estate, his health, and his life, in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors.

N° CLXIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1756.

I Have set apart this day's paper for the miscellaneous productions of various correspondents.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a citizen of no mean city; however, in respect to the metropolis, we are deemed the country, and must therefore be prescribed to by London, from whence, as I am told, we receive all our fashions. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, some things which I have seen of late are too absurd to have come from thence for our imitation, and can only have been unhappy *necessities* in some person of vogue, which others have mistaken for choice and fashion.

A few days ago, I saw a young lady in our neighbourhood, who after some considerable absence from home, returned with her hair all off, except as much as might grow in a fortnight after close shaving; and that too standing thin and staring. I asked my wife, when I came home, if she knew where Miss Giddycrown had been; for that I was sadly afraid she had been confined in some mad-house; for her head had been shaved and blistered, her hair was but just coming on to grow again, and she had, I observed, a particular shy and wild look. As this was the first instance of the kind ever seen here, my wife knew no more than myself what to make of it: she hoped indeed that it might possibly not be so bad; that it might be only some external disorder of her head: or, had Miss been married, she should have thought that her hair might possibly have fallen off in a lying-in.

But alas, Sir! this disorder of the head has proved contagious; and being given out as the fashion, is prodigiously spread. Now, if this be only a hum (as I suppose it is) upon our country apes, it being blown in the World will put an end to it; but if it be a real fashion, pray be so good as to set the World against it. I am sure I should be rejoiced to find any remedy in the World for this falling off of the hair; for indeed it is a very unseemly and frightful disorder. I am, Sir, yours,

T. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am infested by a swarm of country cousins, that are come up to town for the winter, as they call it, a whole family of them. They ferret me out from every place I go to, and it is impossible to stand the ridicule of being seen in their company.

At their first coming to town, I was in a manner obliged to gallant them to the play; where having seated the mother with much ado, I offered my hand to the eldest of my five young cousins; but as she was not dextrous enough to manage a great hoop with one hand only, she refused my offer, and at the first step fell all along. It was with great difficulty I got her up again; but imagine, Sir, my situation! I sat like a mope all the night, not daring to look up, for fear of catching the eyes of my acquaintance, who would have laughed me out of countenance.

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I contrived all manner of means to get off from any future engagements with my cousins; but it has unfortunately so happened, that we have met almost every where. No longer ago than last night I was going in to a rout, and moving towards the lady of the house to pay my devoirs to her, what should I hear but one of the hoydens, who had not seen me for two or three days, bawling out—'O law! there's 'my cousin!' I advised the mother to take the young lady immediately back into the country; for that I feared the same violence of joy which discovered itself in her voice and looks, at only seeing me as a relation, might carry her greater lengths where the affection was stronger.

My acquaintance see how I am mortified at all public places; and it is a standing jest with them, wherever they meet me, to put on the appearance of the profoundest respect, and to ask—'Pray, Sir, how do your cousins do?'

This leads me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to propose something for the relief of all those, whose country cousins, like mine, expect they should introduce them into the world; by which means we shall avoid appearing in a very ridiculous light: for whoever sees the dancing bears

bears, muſt include the man who ſhews them in the ſubject for laughter. I would therefore ſet up a perſon, who ſhould be known by the name of Town Uſher. His buſineſs ſhould be to attend cloſely all young ladies who never were in town before; to teach them to walk into the playhouſe without falling over the benches; to ſhew them the tombs, and the lions, and the wax-work, and the giant; and inſtruct them how to wonder, and ſhut their mouths at the ſame time: for I really meet with ſo many gapers every day in the ſtreets, that I am continually yawning all the way I walk.

I ſhall only detain you to make one reflection upon theſe journies to London. It appears very odd to me, that people ſhould chuſe to leave their home for two or three months, to make themſelves unhappy in it the reſt of their lives. My good couſin, the mother, thinks ſhe has acted right in ſhewing her children the world; and, fully convinced that they have a thorough knowledge of it, carries them back into the country, where they deſpiſe thoſe with whom they formerly lived in intimacy and friendſhip, becauſe they have not ſeen London. Miſs walks with leſs pleaſure about the fields ſince her fan is the playhouſe; and her ſiſters are pouting all day long, becauſe the country can afford them no ſuch ſights as they ſaw in town. I am, Sir, your great admirer,

A. W.

SIR,

I Have the honour to be a member of a certain club in the city, where it is a ſtanding order, 'That the paper called 'The World be conſtantly brought up 'on the table, with clean glaſſes, pipes, 'and tobacco, every Thurſday after 'dinner.' In conſequence of this order, a letter, or rather a petition, from one of your correſpondents, was lately read, praying that you would eſtabliſh it as a law, that healths ſhould be *eaten* as well as *drank*. There appeared ſomething ſo new and national in *eating the proſperity of our king and country*, that the whole club, with a vivacity unknown in that place before, roſe up to applaud it; and, after many wiſe and learned debates upon the ſubject, agreed to the following orders and reſolutions—

Ordered, That in this club, the word Toaſt in drinking, be changed to Mouthful in eating; and that every member, after naming the Mouthful he propoſes, do fill his mouth as full as poſſible, in honour of the perſon or cauſe ſo named.

Ordered, That the chairman be always Mouthful Maſter.

Ordered, That the Mouthful Maſter do demand the Mouthfuls regularly from the members over the right thumb, and do cauſe them to be eaten regularly over his left.

Reſolved, That all the members of the club be obliged, upon every club day, to eat a large ſlice of roaſt beef, as a bumper health to Old England.

Reſolved, That the city of London, and the trade thereof, be eaten in turtle.

Reſolved, Always to eat proſperity to Ireland in boiled beef, and to North Britain in Scotch collops.

Reſolved, To eat the adminiſtration in Britiſh herrings.

Reſolved, To eat ſucceſs to our fleet in pork and peaſe.

Reſolved, As the greateſt inſtance that this club can poſſibly ſhew of their reſpect and devotion, that the healths of Lady ***, and the Dutcheſs of ***, be eaten by every member in mouthfuls of minced chicken.

Reſolved, That Mr. Fitz-Adam, or any of his friends, be permitted to eat the members of this club as often as they pleaſe, provided they do not knowingly and wittingly ſuffer any Frenchman whatſoever to eat the ſaid members dead or alive.

Thus, Sir, you ſee that you are continually in our thoughts; and therefore, as a member of a ſociety ſo warmly attached to you, you will believe me, when I aſſure you that I am your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

E. P.

N° CLXV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1756.

THERE are few things by which a man diſcovers the weakneſs of his judgment more, than by retailing ſcraps of common-place ſentiment on the trite and thread-bare topic, the degeneracy of the times. We are told very ſeriouſly, in almoſt every company, that the courage we received from our anceſtors is evaporated; that our trade is ruined; that religion is but a badge to diſtinguiſh parties; and that the Muſes, kicked out of doors, have carried off with them truth, honour, juſtice, and all the moral virtues.

But, to our comfort, this reflection is not confined to the preſent age; it extends itſelf equally to all. A touch on the times is a piece of ſatire that almoſt runs parallel with the foundation of every ſtate. How many authors do we hear bewailing the degeneracy of their contemporaries, and prognoſticating the farther corruption of their poſterity! Our very ſtature is diminiſhed. Even in Homer's time, men were ſtrangely decreaſed in their ſize ſince the Trojan war. Virgil ſays, that Turnus threw a ſtone at Æneas, which a dozen Romans could not have lifted; ſo that, had men decreaſed ſince the days of Virgil in the ſame proportion, we ſhould long before now have dwindled into a race of atoms.

Livy, who flouriſhed in the golden age of Auguſtus, tells us, that above three hundred years before, a ſpirit of equity and moderation animated the whole body of the people, which was not to be found then in one individual. Cicero is for ever declaiming againſt the degeneracy of his own times; and Juvenal ſays, that in his, vice was arrived to ſuch a height, that poſterity, however willing, would not be able to add any thing to it. Yet conſult the authors who have written ſince, and you will imagine that every former age was an age of virtue.

From all theſe paſſages, and many others, it is evident that this complaint is by no means applicable to our times only. And really it is a great breach of good-manners, that modern fine gentlemen cannot put a little *rouge* on their faces, but the ſaucy quill of ſome impertinent author immediately rubs it off: but neither is it their own invention, nor imported from France; for Juvenal informs us, that the Roman beaux did the ſame.

There is but one reaſon that I know of, why a man may declaim with impunity againſt the degeneracy of the times; it is, becauſe the reflection is only general, and that he is as much the object of his own ſatire as any other man. But let a foreigner, in a company of Engliſhmen, preſume to ſay that they have degenerated from their forefathers, and not a Briton amongſt them but will reſent the indignity; or let the reflection become more particular ſtill, and one man lay an act of degeneracy to the charge of another, and the conſequence is too obvious.

To lament the loſs of religion, and abuſe it's profeſſors; to cenſure the conſtitution of a ſtate, and it's conſtituents, are quite different things. And though a man may prefer the army with which Henry the Fifth beat the French at Agincourt to our preſent ſoldiery, yet examine them one by one, and there is ſcarce a ſerjeant in the ſervice that does not think himſelf equal to the moſt valiant commander, from Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, down to brave old Hendrick, Sachem of the Mohawk Indians. So that, if conſidered ſeparately, we are more wiſe, more valiant, and more religious, than our anceſtors; if collectively, we are a ſet of fools, cowards, and infidels.

An ingenious correſpondent of mine has carried his compliments on the preſent times farther than I have done. I ſhall conclude this paper with his letter and verſes.

SIR,

A Conqueſt over the affections and paſſions has been the higheſt boaſt of the philoſophers of every age; and in proportion as they have attained this victory, future writers have celebrated their characters as the moſt exalted patterns of wiſdom and prudence. But though a veneration for the ruſt of antiquity, or a fondneſs for every thing which

which happened before the memory of our grandfathers, may lead some to celebrate former ages; yet we may boast it among the felicities of the times in which we live, that the most important concerns of life are entered into only under the directions of reason and philosophy. To instance only in one particular; marriage is the effect of mere prudence and forecast, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion which has now no being but in play-books and romances.

In former ages, Love was supposed to keep the door of Hymen's temple; but now, as the knowledge of the world may have been somewhat expensive in acquiring, and as our modern philosophers have spent that fortune on their youth, which it had been ridiculous to have reserved for the debility of old age; just before the last spark of vigour is extinguished, some rich heiress is won, who conduces both to the perpetuating a name, and to the providing a fortune for that posterity, which is to continue the family honours. Happy expedient! by which the weight of numerous young children, the almost constant burthen of former times, is most judiciously avoided.

That I may present your readers with a striking contrast between the follies of our ancestors and the solid prudence of the present generation, I shall here subjoin a couple of short odes, which are written in the character of an Old Englishman, and a Modern one, on the day before their marriage.

THE

OLD ENGLISHMAN.

I.

I'LL tell you why I love my love;
Because her thousand graces prove
Her worth is very high:
She's very fair, and very good,
And not unwilling to be woo'd
By one so plain as I.

II.

Wherever muse has sigh'd the strain,
On British or on Tuscan plain,
Delighted has she rov'd;
Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage
That animates the story'd page,
By British bosoms lov'd.

III.

Oft has she sought, with careful feet,
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
And trac'd with thought profound
Each precept of the wise and good;
That ev'ry wish has she subdu'd
To wisdom's narrow bound.

IV.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to shun,
Where folly's fickle votaries run,
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare:
Has learn'd that food, and cloaths, and fire,
Are only nature's plain desire,
Nor forms for more her pray'r.

V.

Content with these, my GERALDINE
Has promis'd to be ever mine,
For well she knows my heart;
She knows it honest and sincere,
And much too open to appear
Beneath the veil of art.

VI.

She knows it pants for her alone,
That not the splendor of a throne
From her coy steps could lure:
To-morrow gives to these fond arms
My GERALDINE in all her charms,
And makes my bliss secure.

THE

MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

I.

NO, no; by all the pow'rs above,
My heart's as little touch'd by love
As ever in my life.
Full well, dear HAL, to thee is known
Whom fortune to my lot has thrown,
To be my wedded wife.

II.

But why I wed? should any ask,
To answer is an easy task,
Want, want! my honest HARRY:
What can a man, whose fortune's spent,
Who's mortgag'd to his utmost rent,
But drown, or shoot, or marry?

III.

Of these the best is sure the bride;
For when once plung'd beneath the tide,
Adieu to all our figure.
Full sudden is the pistol's fate;
When once 'tis touch'd, alas! too late
We wish undrawn the trigger.

IV.

'Tis thus resolv'd, then, honest boy,
To-morrow thou may'st wish me joy,
Joy will I buy by wiving:
Soon to her mansion, far from town,
Six rapid bays shall whirl us down,
As if the devil were driving.

V.

There shall the brisk capacious bowl
Drown ev'ry care that haunts the soul,
And rouse me to new life:
And, HAL, for all that she can say,
Some blooming village queen of May
Shall—wait upon my wife.

VI.

When all the tedious farce is o'er,
And spouse has crown'd me with her dow'r,
Should sudden ruin meet her,
Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,
Unmov'd I'd stand amidst the wreck,
Nor swear at heedless PETER.

N° CLXVI. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756.

FALSUS HONOR JUVAT, ET MENDAX INFAMIA TERRET,
QUEM, NISI MENDACEM, ET MENDOSUM?

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the prostitutions of language, so justly observed by many celebrated writers, I know of none more to be lamented, than those which rob Virtue of her true title, and usurp her name and character.

It may be observed, that in all countries and states, the farther they have gone from their original purity and simplicity, the greater have their advances been in this respect. The Romans, whose poverty only kept them within the bounds of virtue, when they had quitted their humble station for scenes of ambition and glory, not only changed their manners, but lost the sense of those words which were in high estimation with their ancestors. The words *frugal*, *temperate*, and *modest*, were no longer held in any degree of reverence, when riches, and a licentious enjoyment of them, were the only things in vogue.

We have gone beyond them in this respect, and quite reversed the meaning of words. *Knave* and *villain*, formerly the denominations of laudable industry, are now the marks of the greatest reproach. Our manners have adulterated our words; and for fear they should reproach us with our conduct, we disfranchise and condemn them to infamy, that their testimony may be invalid, and their evidence of no credit.

There are many instances in modern times, where a false and blind zeal has heightened the signification of words o very little meaning to an unaccountable degree of veneration; as, on the contrary, a loose and libertine way of thinking has debased and sullied those of the highest dignity.

I am not a little pleased with a saying of King Theodorick, who being advised by his courtiers to debase the coin, declared, That nothing which bore his image should ever lie. Are we not all accessary to the propagation of falshood, when we suffer any thing that carries the image and representation of our minds, to be guilty of an untruth, and when we enter into a combination to support words in a signification foreign to their meaning, and quite different from the ideas those sounds ought to form in our minds?

Custom is the tyrant of the language; it can alter, adjust, and new model, but it cannot annihilate. It can settle new phrases, introduce a whole colony of fashionable nonsense from foreign parts, and render old words obsolete; but it cannot erase idea from language. It can do more than an absolute prince; because it can create new words; a privilege which was not allowed to the Roman Emperor Tiberius, who having coined a word in the senate, his flatterers desired it might be adopted into their language, as a compliment to the emperor; but an old senator, not quite degenerated from the honest sincerity of his ancestors, made this memorable reply—'You may give, Sir, the freedom of the city to *men*, but not to '*words*.'

There is no word of greater import and dignity than Honour. It is virtue, adorned with every decoration, that can make it amiable and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure. It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life, because it is every man's security, and every man's interest. But, to it's great misfortune, it's

C. F. Bunney del.

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it's own virtues have undone it. It's excellent character has of late years recommended it so much to the patronage of the great, that they have appropriated it to their own use, and communicated to it a part of their own privileges, that of being accessible only to a few. It now no longer retains it's former good qualities; it's real dignity is lost, and it is become rather the ornament than the foundation of a character: it is a kind of polish, that implies a finished character, and too often conceals a very imperfect one.

Thus has Honour got an imaginary title, instead of a real one. It has lost by it's acquisitions; and by being the particular idol of a few, is no longer of use to the many. It's new-acquired trophies are the spoils of it's former greatness; and the remembrance of what it was, serves only to heighten the melancholy idea of what it now is. It formerly constantly attended merit, as a friend and guardian; it now accompanies greatness, as a flatterer and parasite.

It is a compliment to the taste of the present age, to alledge that Honour is it's darling attribute. It is in itself a composition of every thing that is valuable and worthy of commendation; and even in it's degenerate state, it is in a degree the picture of Virtue: it is finely drawn, but the lines are not just, and the colours too glaring. The endeavours of the artists to let it off to advantage, have made it more like a piece of gaudy pageantry than a true copy of nature.

To justify the truth of what I assert, I appeal to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam; and beg leave to ask you, what are your ideas of a man, when you hear him particularly recommended as a man of Honour? Are your notions at all enlarged, in respect to his moral character? Would you give him the preference in your vote, as a representative in parliament? Or should you conceive him to have a more than ordinary zeal for the true religion of his country? Would you trust him the sooner? Or could you with more safety admit him into your family, to an intimacy with your wife and daughters? You would undoubtedly rather game with him, because he will not cheat; and you would be sure to receive your money, if you gained any advantage, however his more just creditors might suffer. You would certainly shew him more respect, because you dare not affront him; Honour being a thing of so very delicate a nature, that the least indignity endangers it's destruction: having lost it's true essence, it can only be supported by the courage and zeal of those who will not suffer it's title to be disputed.

What is become of poor Honesty? Is she confined to the habitations of Mark and Mincing Lane? Dare she not appear in the polite world? I make no doubt she is as frequent in her visits there, as in any other place; but, for want of a proper dress, she is obliged to be incog. She is not a little afraid of the pert raillery of Honour, whom she would be sure to meet in her travels to those parts of the town; and as the latter is a burlesque on her character, she chuses always to avoid her.

Her name seems to be quite banished to the unbred world; and is so much out of vogue at present, that an Honest Man as certainly means a tradesman, as a Man of Honour does a gentleman.

The word is fairly worn out: it has been so long in mercantile hands, that it is no longer fit for gentlemen. They have laid it aside by universal consent, and bestowed it, with their old cloaths, on their servants and dependants.

The ladies, who form the most considerable part of the fashionable world, have a peculiar sort of Honour of their own. They entrench not upon that, already appropriated to the other sex, but take it where the men leave it. Conscious of their own frailties and infirmities, they are not ashamed to invoke it's aid and assistance, to guard them in a part where they are most liable to surprize. No other branch of their conduct comes within the jurisdiction of Honour; for Honour, at present, is no more than what the world expects from you; they are at free liberty in every other article; and, like our original parents, have but one thing prohibited.

The different value and credit of particular virtues, at several periods of time, would form a very entertaining and useful history; and by looking back into former times, and observing the different faces and changes that virtue has appeared in, we might reduce it to a degree of calculation, and form a tolerable

lerable conjecture when any particular species of it would again come into fashion. The present rage for liberty will not easily admit of many articles of belief; they are a degree of servitude of the mind which we disdain: but as it is very proper to observe some appearance of religion, we voluntarily give up the freedom of the body to preserve that of the mind; and admit of some regulations and restrictions, which custom has established as indispensably necessary to maintain the connections of social life.

But the body is full as rebellious as the mind, and has as strong an aversion to restraint; for which reason it has been found expedient to grant some degree of indulgence, to moderate between pleasure and strict virtue, and to make a compromise between the several duties and most prevailing passions.

To form this alliance, and strengthen it by the firmest tie, the word Honour was introduced; a word very much the favourite of Virtue, and so enchanting in it's sound, that Vice could make no objection. She consented; but on these conditions, that she should have a due proportion of advantage; and if it was allowed to heighten many virtues, it should likewise be permitted to cover almost an equal degree of vice. Thus it is made to serve both as a cordial and palliative: it exalts the character of virtue, and takes off from the deformity of vice. But the mixture is so unnatural, that the poison gets the better of the medicine; and if some strong antidote is not speedily applied, all the humours will be vitiated, and the whole mass corrupted.

No person who is any ways conversant in antiquity can be ignorant of the allegorical situation of the temples of Virtue and Honour at Rome. They were so placed, that there was no entrance into the latter, but through the former; which has given rise to a very beautiful thought in Cicero's first oration against Verres. Both these temples were built by Marcellus, whose original design was to have placed the two goddesses in one temple: but the priests, who are always for extending the plan of ceremonial religion, would not permit it; which obliged him to alter his first intention. But he pursued the meaning of it, by building two temples contiguous to each other, and in such a situation, that the only avenue to the temple of Honour should be through the temple of Virtue; leaving by this emblem a very elegant and useful lesson to posterity, that Virtue is the only direct road to Honour.

It is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict Honour; but then let him prove his right to this title by the whole tenor of his actions. Let him not hold some doctrines in high estimation, and reject others of equal importance: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct, from fashion or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions, and a just praise and approbation will be their due reward.

Nº CLXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE want of happiness has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the present times; and, at the rate they still go on, it is absolutely impossible that the complaint should cease. Happiness is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themselve the trouble to gather it. It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It solicits them in every shape, yet they reject it's offers. Ignorance and indolence are it's constant enemies.

Most people have parts and application sufficient to learn the easy rules of Whist, Cribbage, and Chess; and as soon as they are informed (what they little suspect, and will be delighted to hear) that Happiness is a Game, and a much greater and deeper one than even Pharo or Hazard, I make no doubt that men, women, and children, will immediately set themselves to learn the rules and finesses of this important Play.

When they are satisfied it is a game that will be universally used in all companies

companies in town and country, what mortal will be ſo ſtupid as not to learn it in ſome degree of perfection? For who, without the greateſt gratitude, can reflect upon the benevolence of nature, that has introduced felicity into the world, in the welcome and ever-faſhionable guiſe of deep play, and high gaming?

This divine attainment could not have been annexed to books and learning; head-achs, perpetual reaſonings, and fierce diſputations, would have embarraſſed every ſtep: neither could it have been coupled to riches, which are ever attended with care and anxiety. If poverty and contentment had been the vehicles appropriated to convey it, a ſickly calm would have ſtagnated all activity. Had it been given to political purſuits, how could it have been reconciled to the deſultory ſentiments of majorities and minorities? Therefore bountiful nature has annexed it to Cards, and ſeaſoned it to the palates of mankind, by the ſpirit of gaming, which ſhe has almoſt equally infuſed into all her rational children.

Now, as I have always profeſſed myſelf a great friend and admirer of Play, I ſhall endeavour to lay down a few of the moſt certain rules, by which all perſons may be inſtructed in the art of playing at this Royal Game of Happineſs: and I am the more willing to promote the knowledge of this Game, as it depends rather upon ſkill and addreſs than chance and fortune. It is not played with ever-dangerous dice, like Backgammon or Trick-track; nor like Bragg, by auſacity of countenance and polite cozenage: and though, like Picquet, there is much putting out and taking in, yet every card is playable.

I am elated with pleaſure, when I conſider that I am going to teach miſerable mortals this great Game: which, without vanity I may ſay, is making them a preſent of more than a ſixth ſenſe, and enabling them to exerciſe their five primary ones in the moſt delightful manner. I need not here expatiate upon the pleaſures of Play, the firſt paſtime of infancy, and the ultimate amuſement of decrepid age; the faculty which moſt diſtinguiſhes the rational from the brute creation; that levels the lacquey with the prince, and the humble cinderwench with the ſtately dutcheſs; the cement of all true ſociety, which, by diſcarding volumes of words, confines all wit, ſenſe, and language, within the limits of half a ſcore ſhort and ſignificant ſentences. How admirable is the ſagacity of the adepts! or, in other words, the people of faſhion! who are perpetually taking into their hands, and dealing about moſt liberally, all that is deſirable in the world! For though the uneducated claſs of mortals may think a club is but a club, and a ſpade a ſpade, theſe exalted and illumined characters thoroughly comprehend, that clubs denote power, diamonds riches, ſpades induſtry, and hearts popularity and affections of every ſort. From this conſideration, I never enter a great apartment without being ſtruck with ſolemnity and awe. I look upon the different contenders at each table, as ſo many mighty giants, toſſing about with ſtupendous ſtrength theſe glorious ſymbols of every thing valuable in the creation.

What giggling Miſs ſhall hereafter preſume to diſturb theſe rites with more than female levity? What puny ſenator ſhall dare here to recollect the politics of either houſe, the partial intereſt of inſignificant iſlands and nations, whoſe comparative greatneſs is loſt in ſuch a ſcene; where every motion decides the fates of kings and queens, and every ordinary trick includes as much wiſdom and addreſs as would ſet up a moderate politician, ſtateſman, or miniſter? I conſider theſe aſſemblies as the great academies of education; and obſerve with pleaſure that all parents, guardians, and huſbands, are bringing their families to town, for at leaſt ſix months in the year, to take the advantage of theſe noble ſchools and well-inſtituted ſeminaries.

What ideas muſt we form of the hoſpitable inhabitants of a great capital, where the houſes and heads of the moſt reſpectable families are night after night devoted to public benefit and inſtruction! How much ſuperior are theſe to the porticoes, gardens, and philoſophic ſchools, that rendered the names of Athens and Rome ſo greatly celebrated! Here our daughters are capacitated to marry the firſt prince that may happen to aſk them, inſtead of falling the unhappy victims of the narrow domeſtic views of ſome neighbouring country gentleman. And here the married ladies are taught to paſs the winter evenings without a yawn, even in the abſence

fence of their husbands. Here they collect that treasure of masculine knowledge, those elegant ideas and reflections, that wonderfully alleviate the solitude of the old family mansion, where, amidst the cawing of rooks, the murmuring of streams, and fragrant walks of flowering shrubs, they wait the return of winter with a philosophic composure.

But I am wandering from my purpose, and expatiating upon general Play, when I intended only to teach my new and great Game of Happiness, which will render the whole universe like one grand assembly or rout.

Know then, ye hence happy mortals! that the game called Happiness is played with packs of cards, each pack consisting of three hundred and sixty-five different cards; the backs of which, instead of being white, are of a dusky sooty colour. Every seventh card is equivalent to a court card, of which there are fifty-two in each pack; and upon playing properly these court cards, the fortunate event of the game is thought greatly to depend.

It is played from one to any number of players. The game of one is the least entertaining: the game of two is much applauded by lookers on; but as a greater number must naturally give more variety to the game, a party of ten or a dozen is the most desirable set, though the players may be subject to many revokes. Great lovers of the game are indeed fond of sitting down to a crouded table; but it is generally observed, that an inattentive and slovenly manner of playing is too often the consequence. One pack of cards will last a considerable time, as may be conjectured from their sooty backs; inasmuch as the greatest players are seldom known to pay for more than threescore and ten packs during the whole course of their lives.

They that have the most tricks win the largest division of the stake; but every player gets something, besides the great pleasure of playing, which is thought to be superlative.

This great Game partakes of the excellencies of all other games. You are often piqued and repiqued, as at Piquet. You are sometimes beasted, as at Quadrille; often checked, as at Chess; put back, as at the game of Goose; and subject to nicks, after the manner of Hazard. It differs in one particular from all other games, viz. that the sharper is always sure to be over-matched by the fair player.

It would fill a large volume, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to recount all the varieties of this truly Royal Game; and already I am afraid of having transgressed the bounds of your paper. I shall therefore defer the rules I promised at the beginning of this letter to another opportunity, at which time I shall take care to make the meaneſt of your readers an adept at Happiness. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

L. T.

N° CLXVIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY disquisition that tends to remove the prejudices and enlighten the understandings of mankind, though it may chance to come from an obscure hand, will not be without it's admirers and advocates, in this learned and truly philosophical age. It is needless then to make an apology for desiring you to print this.

I set out in life with a good share of medical skill, botany, chymistry, anatomy, and natural philosophy; in the last of which especially I excelled, seldom failing to investigate the efficient cause of any phænomenon: and being sensible of my own superior abilities, I never was so mean-spirited as to give up a disputed point. But from two or three failures in practice, when the medicines had not the effect I intended, and indeed once when they had, in relieving a nymph at six months end, from a disorder which would have lasted nine, my business and my fees began to fall short.

I must confess myself shocked to find merit so disregarded, and determined to search out what faculty there might be in the mind of man, that could induce him to treat with contempt and ingratitude any person who professed a design of serving him. This led me into moral enquiries, in which I soon made sufficient

sufficient progress: and being persuaded that it was incumbent upon every rational member of society to communicate happiness, as far as his influence may extend, I kept not the result of my enquiries secret, but formed a club of the thinking part of my acquaintance, to whom with the greatest freedom I imparted my speculations; and, in spite of prejudice, inculcated many important truths. These I once thought of making more public from the press; but there is no necessity for it, seeing the noble and better sort of philosophers are confessedly of my opinion, and discard with one voice all that metaphysical jargon, which would persuade us to believe the immateriality of the soul and a future state. Our sentiments are calculated universally to promote human felicity, as they free the mind from any terrors and disagreeable apprehensions. It certainly then becomes the duty of every one who would be deemed benevolent, to propagate, as far as possible, principles of such manifest utility. But we must expect opposition to this salutary design, from those who make a gain of the prejudices of the world. They will never be so disinterested as easily to forego the great emoluments arising thence. And perhaps some thinking men (since moral virtues are indispensably necessary to the well-being of the community) may judge it not quite so proper to loose the vulgar at once from all ties, except such as arise from the inherent rectitude or depravity of actions.

I have a scheme to obviate this, to which no rational objection can be made. I acknowledge myself indebted to an ingenious Spanish author for the first hint; but, as he did not pursue his reasoning so far, either for want of abilities, or through fear of the inquisition, I may justly assume to myself the merit of the invention. This author tells us—'Physicians, seeing the great power the 'temperament of the brain hath in making a man wise and prudent, have invented a certain medicine, composed in 'such a manner, and replete with such 'qualities, that, being taken in proper 'doses, it renders a man capable of reasoning better than he could before. 'They call it the confection of wisdom.' Now, if there is a medical composition known (as from this authority we have sufficient reason to believe) that will improve the rational faculties, and illumine the understanding, we may with equal truth assert, there are to be found medicines which will curb the passions, those great obstacles to moral virtue, and make men live according to the fitness of things.

The thinking part of man being allowed to be a modification of matter, it must be supposed to be a part of the body; at least, it is so strictly united and adherent to it, that in all things it suffers with, and cannot by any arguments of reason be proved capable of existing without it. Hence it will indisputably follow, that all the powers of the mind, even the moral faculties, are inseparably connected with the temperament and habit of that body of which she is part. Insomuch, that prudence (the foundation of all morality) as well as justice, fortitude, and temperance, (the other cardinal virtues) and their opposites, entirely depend upon the constitution. It will therefore become the province of the physician to extirpate the vicious habits of mankind, and introduce the contrary; to suppress luxury, and create chastity; to make the foolish prudent, the proud humble, the avaricious liberal, and the coward valiant. And all this is easy to be done, by the assistance of alterative medicines, and by a proper adapted regimen, that shall be perfective of each virtue, and repugnant to each vice.

In confirmation of my sentiments, I could quote the fathers of physic, Hippocrates and Galen, as well as Plato and Aristotle, the chief of philosophers. But an example will be of more real authority than a multiplication of quotations. Man will be impelled to act by those appetites, good or bad, which arise from the habit of his constitution: the physician, then, who can alter his constitution, may make the vicious become virtuous. And moral philosophers greatly err, when they do not avail themselves of the science of medicine, which only by changing the temperament of the body, will force the mind to relish virtue and distaste vice. If a moralist undertakes to reform a luxurious person, who gives himself up to high living and lascivious indulgences, by treating him according to the rules of his art, what means would he use to instil the principles of temperance and chastity, that they should take such deep root in the mind, as constantly and uniformly to influence his conduct?

He will set out by shewing him the deformity of intemperance and debauchery, and enumerating all that train of evils which proceed from such courses: and if the patient has not entirely got over the prejudices of a superstitious education, he will endeavour to affright him by a terrible detail of those inexpressible miseries his soul is in danger of suffering hereafter, if death should surprize him without giving him time to repent and forsake his debaucheries. After this, he will advise him to fast and pray, sleep little, and avoid the company of women; and perhaps to wear hair-cloth, to macerate his body by rigorous austerities, and keep it under by bloody discipline. These methods, if he continues long to practise them, will render him pallid and feeble, and so far different from what he was, that instead of running after women, and placing his *summum bonum* in good eating and drinking, he will scarce bear to hear a female mentioned, and nauseate the very thoughts of a sumptuous entertainment. The moralist, seeing the man so changed, will be apt to impute the whole to his art, and suppose the habits of temperance and chastity come from I know not whence, and are the effect of his ratiocination. The physician knows the contrary, and is fully sensible they proceed from the languid and debilitated state of the body: for, if this be restored to it's pristine vigour, the patient will soon return to his old practices of excess and riot. Daily experience must convince us of this. What we have proved of luxury and chastity, will in the same manner hold good with regard to all other vices and virtues; because each has it's proper temperament of body peculiarly adapted to it. Bleeding, then, and blistering, cupping, and purging, may be usefully administered in mental as well as corporeal disorders. A brisk salivation may cure the mind and body both of a venereal taint; and a strong emetic may have a more salutiferous effect than barely cleansing the stomach of an epicure.

I could add many more instances, but have already said enough to evince the rationality and practicability of my scheme; and being determined not to lose the honour of my inventions, I do not care to discover too much, lest some paltry plagiary should, with some little variation, obtrude them upon the world as his own. I have with great labour and thought reduced the whole to a compleat system; and am compiling a didactic treatise of all the vices incident to human nature, and their different degrees, with the symptoms prognostic and diagnostic, the curatory indications, and a proper dietetic regimen to be observed in all cases. The whole will be comprized in ten volumes folio: and when the work is quite ready for the press, I may perhaps venture to publish proposals more at large, with a specimen annexed. But as your paper is generally well received by good company, I thought this would be no improper method of communicating the first hint of my design, that I might judge, from what the intelligent say of this, how they will relish the larger work of, Sir, your humble servant,

ACADEMICUS.

Nº CLXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

THE following letters have lain by me some time. The writers of them will, I hope, excuse me for the delay, and for the few alterations which I judged it necessary to make in them.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IN a late paper you have declared absolutely against total nakedness in our sex, and by others you have given us to understand that we are very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that, while we are leaving little or nothing for imagination to exercise itself upon, or for curiosity to desire, we are certainly losing our hold upon the men. But I cannot say, that since I have *undressed* myself to the utmost extent of the fashion, I have fewer *admirers* than when I appeared like a modest woman; though, to confess the truth, I have had but one since, that has not plainly discovered a thorough aversion to marriage; and him I imprudently lost, by granting to his importunity the full display of my whole person: indeed, the argument he used was so extremely reasonable, that I knew

knew not how to object to it; and whilst he pleaded with the utmost tenderness, that what he requested as a tribute to love, was but *a very little more* than what I daily lavished indiscriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards compleat nakedness, that as the summer comes on, they will incline to throw off all covering whatsoever, I have thought proper to set before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to discover. I can assure them, as an important truth, that if they have a desire to retain even any admirers, they must stop where they are, and uncover no farther; or, if they aim at getting husbands, they will do wisely to conceal, and reserve among the acquisitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal which they now shew, to no other purpose than the defeating their own schemes.

Give me leave, Sir, to conclude this letter with a short transcript from an author, who I believe is not unknown to you, and who has taken some pains to instruct the ladies in this particular point—

The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, whilst she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and FANCY draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for FANCY's aid;
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.
When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

S. B.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IN this free and communicative age, in which business of almost all kinds is transacted by advertisements, it is not uncommon to see wives and milch-asses, stolen horses and strayed hearts, promiscuously advertised in one and the same paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley. But amidst all the remarkable advertisements I have lately seen, I think the following by far the most curious; and for that reason, I desire it may be made still more public than it is already, by appearing in the World.

WANTED,

A Curate at Beccles in Suffolk. Enquire farther of Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, who inns at the Crown, the corner of Jesus Lane, Cambridge.

N. B. To be spoke with from Friday noon to Saturday morning nine o'clock.

I have transcribed this from a newspaper, Mr. Fitz-Adam, *verbatim et literatim*, and must confess I look upon it as a curiosity. It would certainly be entertaining to hear the conversation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who offers himself. Questionless, Mr. Strutt has his orders to enquire into the young candidate's qualifications, and to make his report to the advertising rector, before he agrees upon terms with him. But what principally deserves our observation is, the propriety of referring us to a person who traffics constantly to that great mart of young divines, Cambridge. The advertiser might there expect numbers to flock to the person he employed, who (by the way) might have been somebody more like a gentleman (no disparagement to Mr. Strutt, I know him not) than a Yarmouth carrier. It is pleasant, too, to observe the N. B. at the end of the advertisement; it carries with it an air of significance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might possibly have been so bold as to have put himself on an equal footing with this negotiator, if he had not known that he was only to be spoke with at stated hours.

There are some of us laymen (you, I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among the rest) who are old-fashioned enough to have some respect for the clergy; it does not therefore give us any pleasure to see them thus advertised like barbers journeymen.

But why did not the advertiser mention expressly the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have saved much trouble and altercation between the prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however, with this particular advertisement, and leave the whole to your animadversion; only desiring that you would order, under

your own hand, that from henceforth all advertisements for curates should be worded in the following manner—

WANTED,

A Curate at ***. He must be one that can play at Back-gammon, and will be willing to receive five-and-twenty pounds a year for doing the whole duty of a parish, while his rector receives two hundred for doing none of it. He must keep what company, and preach what doctrine, his rector pleases, &c. &c. &c. Whoever will comply with these reasonable terms, may apply to ***, inn-keeper, at ***, for full information. I am, Sir, yours,

L. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IT is with pleasure that I see you less addicted to dreaming than most of your predecessors: to say the truth, I have seldom found you in a line to nod; though, without any disparagement to you, your betters and elders have sometimes slept in a much shorter work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my school-master, when he whipt me for sleeping over my book.

Life has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of some old Grecians, who used to be always in doubt whether they were asleep or awake. Indeed the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themselves in this metropolis, is inconceivable; even the pulpit is not free from them. The first time I ever heard the character of a dreamer given to a preacher, was on the following occasion. A reader to a country cure took a printed sermon of an eminent divine into the pulpit with him to preach; unfortunately it happened to be a farewel sermon. The young gentleman began with acquainting the people that he was then going to leave them. As they had never received the least hint of this before, they were a good deal surprized; but when he concluded with telling them that he had been exhorting them with all diligence for sixteen years, (when he had hardly been with them as many weeks) and talked of his high dignity in the church, some of the congregation said he was mad, most of them that he was dreaming,

I could wish, indeed, that these dreamers in the pulpit would contrive to dream their own dreams, or that they would take care not to convert the serious thoughts of others into something more absurd than dreams, for want of reading beforehand what they would be supposed to deliver as their own compositions. It is by way of hint to such dreamers that I have told this story, which being the principal purpose of my letter, I shall add no more than that, I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

A. S.

N° CLXX. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

POST MORTEM NOBILITARI VOLUNT. CICERO.

TAKING my walk of observation the other day, as is often my custom, I was led by the course of my tour into one of our famous hospitals. The magnificence of the building, the order and regularity of the household, the multitude that were received, and their several accommodations, threw me naturally into a very pleasing contemplation on the extensive charity of my good countrymen. From one of these endowed habitations I was carried on to another, till I believe I made myself acquainted with all the public edifices of this nature that this large and opulent city abounds with. Some of them I found of royal and very ample foundation, others raised and maintained by a single and munificent family, others by a joint act of the whole people; all, however, noble in their purposes, and admirably adapted for the particular uses to which they were distinctly appropriated. I admired throughout the number of inhabitants thus perfectly provided for in every stage of their conditions, together with the continual increase of the fund which must support such an addition of charges, as I observed by the augmentation of apartments, and decorations of more cost, perhaps, than utility. 'Charity,' thought I, 'works in secret; and these matters are 'of course hidden from me.' But happening to turn myself on one side of the chamber, I discovered two or three long tablets,

tablets, with several names inscribed in large golden characters, which in my simplicity I took for the votive histories of the poor, who had felt the efficacy of relief under these merciful mansions: but, upon a nearer inspection, I found them to be no other than an enumeration of the very worthy and pious persons, of both sexes, who annually or occasionally afforded what it pleased them in their liberality to bestow.

I was resolved, since chance had thrown so much information in my way, to pursue, against my custom, the accounts of other families; which practice, however, I thought the less impertinent, as I could perceive no other end in their being placed there. Here I discovered a contribution that did honour indeed to the names that were annexed to it, and would have done so to the greatest. The immense sums notwithstanding that were adjoined to the names of several private persons, larger than I could have suspected to be within their power, raised my curiosity enough to make a farther enquiry into the history of some of these very liberal donors. Two of them I accordingly pitched upon to be the subject of my investigation, as they stood upon the list; the one a maiden lady, who bequeathed at her death five thousand pounds to the poor of this house: the other, an old gentleman, who had settled, after his decease, his whole estate upon them for ever.

The good lady's story cannot be better known than by a letter which I received, in the course of my enquiry, from her nephew, who with three sisters had retired in sorrow at their aunt's death to a country village, in the northern parts of this kingdom: it is written with such plainness and simplicity, and is so much suited to the circumstances of the writer, that I own myself much captivated with my rural correspondent. The letter is this.

SIR,

IT is neither our inclination, nor I am sure our interest, to conceal any thing from you, who have taken so much generous pains in our service. Your offers are received by us all most thankfully; but you are misinformed as to the hundred pounds: for my late aunt has left every shilling to the hospital, after her funeral expences were discharged, which amounted to a good deal, as she was whimsical in many articles that related to her burial. How she passed us by in this manner, is still a matter of wonder and perplexity to us, as she continued to the very day of her death to declare that she had nobody to look upon, this side of heaven, but her dear nephew and nieces. She was accounted always a vain woman; but we thought her very religious, especially as she began to decline. For some months before she died, she never missed morning or evening service throughout the week, besides her private devotion in her own house, at which none of the family were suffered to be present. The minister and she would sometimes stay two or three hours together. She used often to discourse upon charity, and said she loved the poor, though I do not remember to have seen her bestow any alms whilst I lived with her; which surprized us the more that she should leave all to them at her death. She has given them her picture too, with orders that it should be hung over the great door of the chapel. Remember, Sir, it is by your own desire I collect these trifling particulars, that concern ourselves only, and the memory of so fantastical and unjust a woman; for such I must call her, notwithstanding I assure you I am perfectly and contentedly resigned to my lot. I am, &c.

It was with great difficulty I could learn any thing relating to the old gentleman who is mentioned to have disposed of his whole estate in this manner. Those of his blood and nearest kindred had betaken themselves to the lowest supports which employment affords to the miserable, and were either dispersed in the navy, or in such stations, that all enquiries of this sort were fruitless. The very name was obliterated every where, except where it pointed out the disposal of a very considerable fortune. All I could gather of him was, that he had increased a very good paternal inheritance by every art of thriving in trade, that is safely practicable; that he was always called in the city a hard money-getting man; and that he had left his brothers, sisters, and grand-children, to make their way without the least provision or assistance.

There

There was a ſtatue erecting for him, I found by his own orders, in the hoſpital.

Thus ended my purſuit, which I quitted with as much eagerneſs as it was undertaken. I was diſpleaſed over and over with myſelf at my ſearch, and wiſhed for that tranquillity of mind which is always the portion of happy ignorance. The ſtream, as I viewed it, was clear; and it is certain I went out of my way to look at the fountain. The generoſity I at firſt contemplated with rapture, was now exchanged for the diſguſt I felt at pride and injuſtice. Were ſtrokes, indeed, of this nature not ſo ſevere in their effect, there is ſomething ſo ridiculous in theſe oſtentatious charities, and ſuch an abſurdity in appropriations of this ſort, under the circumſtances I have deſcribed, that I confeſs I could indulge a leſs ſerious reflection at the examination of them.

The two originals above have many counterparts in this nation; perſons who are frequently ſo very charitable as to reduce their whole families to beggary. The raiſing a church, or endowing an hoſpital, are the two main objects of an elderly ſinner's piety; and no matter by what means, ſo that the end be but accompliſhed. This is ſuch a compendious way of diſcharging all the duties of life at once, and at the expence only of what there is no poſſibility of retaining any longer, that no wonder theſe ſponges of charity are in ſo much uſe at ſome certain periods, and at ſuch alone.

I would not dwell upon errors which I thought incorrigible, or endeavour to diſcover cauſes without hopes of amending the effects; but I am really of opinion that the grievances here ſet forth owe their birth chiefly to a few miſtakes, which my acceptation of the word Charity inclines me very much to rectify, for the ſervice eſpecially of theſe pious and liberal benefactors, for ſuch I make no queſtion many of them are; only, as I have ſaid before, they are unfortunate enough to lie under ſome miſtakes. In the firſt place, therefore, I ſhall venture to lay it down as a maxim, that there is no ſuch thing as poſthumous charity. There may be equity, and there may be propriety, in a laſt deſignation of earthly goods; but real or intrinſic generoſity or benevolence there can be none.

—Quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes.

It is a modern ſuppoſition, nouriſhed by hope and weakneſs, that leads people to reckon upon an act that does not take place whilſt they are alive. I do not remember that any one of the apoſtles, the preachers and examples of every ſocial obligation, ever enforced the duty of teſtamentary acts of goodneſs: nor did David ſet apart a charge upon the revenue his ſon was to enjoy after him, towards building a temple, which he found was not to be the glory of his own reign.

Another error, which I hope to ſet right, ariſes from the general idea of poverty, which ſeems not to be very well ſettled. The poor under your eye, and the poor unborn, ſtand in a very diffe nt relation of indigence together. Thus a crippled pennyleſs ſifter, or an infirm couſin, are thought by no means equal objects of bounty with the future offspring of a future beggar. All that I have to ſay to a perſuaſion of this ſort is, that I will affirm, a relation or dependant left to ſtarve, is in every article as true a beggar as any between St. Paul's and St. Peter's. Upon the whole, ſince money has no currency on the other ſide of the grave, and no real value but in it's application on this, I could wiſh the laſt diſpoſition of it were a little better conſidered. It is but reaſonable, ſurely, to expect that thoſe who do no good with it whilſt they live, ſhould do leſs miſchief with it when they die.

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N° CLXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL, 8, 1756.

THERE is no privilege of which an Engliſhman is ſo jealous, nor for which he ſo highly values the conſtitution of his country, as the liberty that is allowed him, not only of thinking as he pleaſes, but of generouſly communicating his thoughts to the public. This glorious charter, limited as it is, and ought to be, by wholeſome laws, has infinite advantages derived from its par-

ticularly

ticularly as it tends to cultivate the liberal arts, and helps to carry on the great work of ſcience. But whether it is always for the improvement of our taſte, any more than our morals, that we ſhould be allowed to realize our ſentiments, eſpecially where the object falls immediately under the public eye, is a queſtion that may perhaps admit of a debate.

Thus, for inſtance, if an ingenious gentleman, for the greater embelliſhment of his private library, ſhould think proper to erect the head, or even the entire figure of a ſhaking Mandarine, between the buſts of Tully and Demoſthenes, or to exalt the divinities of Pekin to the ſame degree of honour in his gallery that he has already paid to the Grecian Venus and Apollo, it would be an infringement upon Britiſh liberty to check his devotion. But if the ſame innovating taſte ſhould intrude upon the Muſes ſhrine in our public ſeats of learning, I ſhould wiſh for ſome authority to ſtop ſo ſacrilegious an attempt.

The ſame care ſhould extend even to our amuſements: I do not mean to debar any of them from their right of appearing as often as their patrons pleaſe to call for them; I would only aſſign them the proper limits of time and place, and prevent their bringing any confuſion upon themſelves and others. It is certainly juſt that Harlequin ſhould flouriſh with his dagger of lath, and invert the order of nature, whenever he finds it neceſſary; but though I am delighted with the ingenuity of my party-coloured friend, it would grieve me to ſee him ſo far miſtake his talents, as to introduce himſelf very familiarly into the company of Shakeſpeare and Johnſon.

To carry this obſervation a little higher, I think any one of our public entertainments, that more peculiarly belongs to the refined part of the world, ſhould be preſerved from any alloying mixture that may ſink and debaſe it's value, or make us look upon it's ſtandard below the original worth that it pretends to claim. It is upon this account that I cannot enough lament the preſent ſtate of our Italian opera, which ſeems to be continually declining, without any friendly hand to interpoſe, which might reſtore it to it's native purity, or preſerve it from total decay. But before this kind reformer can be met with, or if any ſuch ſhould appear, before his endeavours could hope for any ſucceſs, it will be proper to examine our own taſte, to find whether it will ſtand the trial, and whether we ſhould not think his care very impertinent and ill applied.

At preſent our attention ſeems to be ſo entirely fixed upon Air, that we think nothing enhances the value of an opera ſo much as allowing the performers to introduce their own favourite ſongs at pleaſure; and this elegant aſſortment, ſelected from dramas of oppoſite ſubjects, written by poets of irreconcileable geniuſes, and ſet to muſic by compoſers of contrary feelings, is ſerved up, to our inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, and eagerly devoured under the modiſh title of a Paſticcio.

If I may be permitted to enter into a ſerious diſquiſition of this entertainment, after what I have ſaid of it in a former paper, I muſt beg leave to obſerve that the Italian opera carries much more meaning in it than one part of it's audience is poſſibly aware of, and many of the other part are willing to allow; but it is therefore neceſſary to chuſe Metaſtaſio for the poet, upon whoſe ſingle merit this ſpecies of drama muſt ſtand or fall.

And here, notwithſtanding the laudable partiality which directs us to give the palm to our own countrymen, it muſt be confeſſed that this foreigner has at leaſt as good a title to it as any Engliſh tragedian of this century; and if (like them too) he has not the advantage of ſtriking out much that is new, he has the happineſs of throwing an air of novelty upon the ſentiments which he adopts, by the agreeable dreſs he gives them, and the advantageous point of view in which they are placed.

It would be exceeding the bounds of this paper to dwell upon every peculiar excellency; but it is no more than juſtice to ente into a fair examination; and, without any invidious compariſon, to enquire whether his thoughts are not as pure and as claſſical, his language as expreſſive and poetical, his characters as diſtinctly marked, as ſtrongly ſupported, and as judiciouſly finiſhed, his conduct of the drama as well carried on, and leading as clearly to the grand cataſtrophe, as thoſe among the moſt admired of our modern writers. In the laſt circumſtance he has a difficulty in his way, which the ableſt hand would ſometimes

be

be at a loſs to remove. As the nature of this work requires every thing to be brought to a happy concluſion, it cannot but be obſerved with how maſterly a ſtep he deviates from the true to the feigned event, without confuſion, or ſwerving from the intention of his original plan.

But it is not ſufficient to examine Metaſtaſio's pretenſions by the common rules of criticiſm; there is much more required of him than of the ordinary tragic poet; not only as he is confined to the meaſure of three acts, but even thoſe muſt be conciſely managed, to avoid the drowſineſs of a weary recitative. His dialogue, therefore, and even his narration, is ſhort as it is clear; a ſignificant expreſſion, ſometimes a ſingle word, conveys a whole ſentiment, and that without leaving room for doubt, or throwing the leaſt obſcurity. His ſoliloquies, where the compoſer has an opportunity of introducing the accompanied recitative, perhaps the moſt noble part of an opera, are not only diſtinguiſhed by the fineſt touches of poetry, but abound in all that variety and tranſition of paſſions, which naturally work in the human mind, when it is wrought up to the height of it's diſtreſs. His ſongs and choruſes, where all the powers of muſic ought to combine, are made up of ſentiment; theſe indeed are ſo nicely imagined, and finiſhed with ſo happy an elegance, that perhaps they would not ſuffer even by appearing among the ancient Lyric writers.

If this be true of our poet, (and ſurely it is but juſtice to allow him this) let us bring him upon the ſtage, attended as he ought. And here it is not enough that the compoſer be thoroughly ſkilled in all the art of muſic, and feel the whole force of it, but he muſt partake of the poet's ſpirit, catch the flame through every ſcene, and be ſo far wrapt in the genius of his author, as to preſerve the ſame caſt of ſentiment through the whole work. This indeed is ſo neceſſary an attention to his character, that a ſingle compoſer, though but of the ſecond claſs, who ſhall follow him with affection, and enter into a ſocial feeling with him as far as he is capable, will do him more juſtice than a ſuite of the ableſt maſters at his heels, who perform their alternate ſervices, and conſider his ideas ſeparately, without having regard to the union and harmony of the whole.

But let the poet and his attendant harmoniſt be ever ſo happily united, there is ſtill a reaſoning, but perhaps not the more feeling part of mankind, who will by no means allow the opera any dramatic merit, and conſequently deprive it at once of it's diſtinguiſhing worth. Their judgment, it ſeems, is irreparably hurt, in finding heroes conquering, rivals contending, lovers deſpairing, to the ſound of muſic; and they cannot reconcile it to their rules, that people who ſeem diſcourſing upon very intereſting ſubjects ſhould be obliged to do it by time and meaſure. The learned among theſe will probably meet with an apology, from ſomething ſimilar upon the Grecian ſtage; and the others will do well to conſider whether they are not literal critics in muſic, as grammarians are in learning: perhaps they cannot ſeparate from harmony the idea of the fiddle-ſtrings and pipes, any more than theſe can from language the invariable chime of adverb, conjunction, and preposition; whereas the muſic we are ſpeaking of is the voice of nature, in her various accents of joy, grief, rage, lamentation, pity, or deſpair. The notes indeed are diveſted of their wildneſs, have their temperaments, cadences, and limits; but they ſeem to be no other than the laws which nature has ſet them, and their bounds are too nicely concealed to have the appearance of borrowing any thing from art.

A diſtinguiſhing ear, or rather a feeling heart, that yields to the impreſſion which a noble accompaniment carries with it, will be ſo far from calling off his attention from the principal part, or conſidering the additional harmony as the effect of mechanic art, that it will more intimately ſtrike him as a ſympathetic ſenſe, which ariſes in the mind itſelf, unconnected and independent of any aſſiſtance from without. Even thoſe whoſe ideas are leſs abſtracted, but who have ſouls prepared for the reception of harmony, when they hear from the orcheſtra the animating ſtrains, or dying falls, as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it, will, without any critical reflections, conſider them as having the ſame effect upon the ear, as a well-painted ſcene upon the eye, where that man would ſurely wrong his imagination much, who, inſtead of indulging it in the ſuppoſed reality of rocks, woods, and rivers, ſhould check his feeling at once, and

conſider

consider every thing before him merely as canvas and colours.

If these observations are at all founded upon truth, an opera, well conducted, must be one of the noblest representations that lies within the reach of mimic art, and consequently there cannot be too much care and attention employed to produce it with every advantage. How this will best be effected, may perhaps be worth the enquiry; but it can only be so upon a supposition that the thing itself has really a great share of that merit which it pretends to assume. There cannot indeed be a stronger ridicule than to give an air of importance to amusements, if they are in themselves contemptible and void of real taste; but if they are the object and care of the judicious and polite, and really deserve that distinction, the conduct of them is certainly of consequence, as that alone will determine the public approbation, and by that only their patrons can preside over them with dignity.

Nº CLXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE impatience of the public to be further instructed in the Royal Game of Happiness has no doubt been very great, since your publication of my letter on that subject the 11th of last month: for where the stake is so considerable, the desire of playing the game to the best advantage must needs be excessive; and where the cards are so numerous, (though the generality of players think them too few) the address required must be almost infinite.

Had it not been for this truly entertaining game, Adam and Eve, with all their innocence, had passed their hours but dully even in paradise. Before the fall they played the game in it's original purity, and with the utmost skill; afterwards indeed they were guilty of many revokes and oversights, as were their immediate descendants, though they consumed an immense quantity of packs of cards. Methuselah spent more time at the game than any man; but with no success is not absolutely certain. Tradition, with tolerable exactness, handed down the rules of play from father to son, to the death of Solomon, who in his younger years was a great lover of this game: it afterwards became various and uncertain, by the novelties and innovations that were every where introduced into it. In France one method of play has obtained; in England another; in Japan it is played very different from what it is in Peru.

From the corruption of this Royal Game of Happiness are derived all our modern games: and so fond are we of these inventions, that the true old game is almost imperceptibly forgotten. Happy is it therefore for the world and me, that neither the splendid honours of the bar, the reverend dignities of the church, the profound researches of physic, nor the aerial castles of politics, have diverted my attention from the more honourable and useful investigation of the long-lost rules of this Royal Game of Happiness.

When I considered that every science has it's mystery, that chymistry has it's philosopher's-stone, geometry it's quadrature of the circle, astronomy it's longitude, mechanics it's perpetual motion, and natural philosophy it's gravitation; it soon occurred to me that social life must likewise have it's occult mystery, which, like a key-stone in architecture, sustains and supports the whole edifice. When I considered the various and general principles of animated life, I plainly perceived that Pluy was the great pervading power, from the leviathan that sporteth in the waters, to the microscopic insect that wantons invisibly in the air. When I considered that the mighty fabric of the great universe might only be a Great Game played at by superior existences, I was led to think that it was agreeable to the most reverential ideas of nature, to suppose that life was nothing else than Play. And when I likewise considered that the passion for gaming was universally predominant in mankind, that it was the natural remedy for all cares, and the only amusement of the irksome hours, I readily discovered that life was indeed nothing more than a certain term allotted to play at the Royal Game of Happiness.

As the great secret of this Game de-

pends principally upon the playing well the court cards, as soon as I shall have procured a patent for the sole and exclusive privilege of teaching, (which I make no doubt of obtaining, by the favour of some great men, my particular friends, who have more than once pulled off their hats to me; and one in particular, who was so graciously condescending as to ask me one day what o'clock it was) I shall then take care to appoint under-teachers in every parish, to instruct the good people in the country in the best and properest manner of playing the seventh cards, which when they are thorough masters of, they will soon become perfect in playing the other cards.

Having in my former letter touched upon the general properties of the game, in compliance with my promise, I here subjoin the most necessary rules and directions for attaining a thorough knowledge of this Royal Game.

RULES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING AT THE ROYAL GAME OF HAPPINESS.

WHEN you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

When you have well considered the card you are about to play, play it with steadiness and composure; and be sure not to betray any suspicion of your own ignorance.

When you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any suspicion of deceit.

If you have won a large share of the stake, by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any single card in the same deal, unless you play a forced game.

Whether you play a small or a great game, exert your best skill; and take care not to discover the badness of your hand by pervishness or fretting.

Observe the play of others, and draw consequences from it for the improvement of your own game.

If you play at court, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the finesses of the place. If you play your cards well there, you may conclude yourself a tolerable master of the game.

When you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants; they generally play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

Avoid the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better at it than yourself.

If you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty afterwards to find fault with her game.

Whoever drops a card, loses it; and one card lost is of very bad consequence in the game.

When a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

Seldom play from your own hand; you win most by playing into the hands of other people.

Teach your children to play the game early, and be sure to put money in their card-purses: for if they wait for it till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

Good humour is a more necessary requisite at this game than good sense; but where both are joined, success is almost certain.

The greatest proficients in all other games are the most ignorant at this: the best players are those that practise most in their own families.

Kings and princes are generally strangers to the game, and their ministers want time to learn it.

Great dignitaries in the church, and most beneficed clergymen, are too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a sufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

Poets and authors have sometimes struck a bold stroke in the game; but of all men living they are the most liable to mistakes; and it is generally observable that the whole table is a [illegible].

Most new-married couples are successful at first setting out; but before the whole pack is played, they commonly lose all attention to the game.

It is remarkable that young people play better than old; for avarice is the bane of the game.

I should be tempted, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to continue these my rules and observations, if I did not find myself running into length; and as it is my intention to publish very shortly a volume upon the subject, I shall trouble you no more at this time, than to assure you, that I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

I. T.

N°

N° CLXXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

IT was the advice of an old friend of mine upon his death-bed to his son, who had been guilty of some enormous offences which he wished to keep concealed, that he should take care how he offered himself as a candidate for a seat in parliament; for then the opposition would be like Doctor's day to him, when all his sins would be remembered and brought to light. This is generally the case at elections; the most secret actions of the candidates themselves are not only revealed, but the ashes of their ancestors are ransacked in the grave, to supply matter for scandal and defamation.

Common as this observation may be, it will enable us to account for all the malice and uncharitableness which we meet with in the world. We are all candidates for wealth, honour, or fame, and cannot bear that another should succeed in what ourselves have failed.

But why the spirit of defamation should be so frequently exerted against the dead, is a matter somewhat puzzling. Death, by putting an end to rivalship, should, one would think, put an end to all the animosities which arose from that rivalship; and the grave, that buries the man, should bury also his failings. But, according to Shakespeare—

> THE EVIL that men do, lives after them;
> The GOOD is oft interred with their bones.

It is indeed very hard, that death, which pays all other debts, should be able to make no composition with envy: yet so it is; and, excepting a late memorable instance, where the virtues of a great man were too glaring in his life to be forgotten at his death, I have scarcely known it to be otherwise. The ladies, indeed, whom I am always ambitious of honouring, have too much gentleness and good-humour to defame the dead, especially their dead husbands. After burying the very worst in the world, it is usual with them, on a second marriage with the best, to put them daily in mind of the complying dispositions and other virtues of their *poor dear first husband*.

Happy is it that the works of men of wit, learning, and genius, have justice done them after their deaths; though I am apt to believe the merit we ascribe to them then has it's foundation in ill-nature; as by admiring the productions of [illegible], we are enabled, by the comparison, to condemn those of the living. We read the works of the former with a desire to find out beauties, and of the latter to discover faults. Our acquaintance with an author is another circumstance against him. We are too apt to connect the foibles of his life with what he writes; and if he has unfortunately wanted talents to shine in conversation, we are generally blind to the wit of his writings. The reasoning of an atheist in proof of a first cause, or of a libertine for morality, is sure to be laughed at by those who know them; and it is only when a man's writings can be separated from his life, that they will be read with candour and impartiality. It may be observed farther, that in a country like ours, where party is apt to influence every thing, a man that professes himself openly on one side of the question, will never be allowed the least degree of merit by those on the other. Of this the immortal Milton is a witness, whose attachments to Cromwell had thrown such a cloud over his abilities at the Restoration, that the copy of the noblest poem in the world was not only sold for a mere trifle, but many years elapsed before it was discovered to be a work worth reading. Even Addison, whose Spectators and other essays are deservedly the admiration of all who read them, and by comparison with which it is a kind of fashion to condemn all other writings of the same kind, gives us to understand in his Spectator, Number DXLII. and elsewhere in that work, that he met with as many cavillers as any of his successors.

I have been led by these reflections seriously to consider what method an author ought to take to secure to his writings the approbation of the public while he is still alive. It was the saying of Doctor Radcliff to a young physician, who asked him what he should do to get practice—'Turn atheist, and make yourself talked of.' But though many a young physician may have availed himself of this advice, there are other practices that may succeed better with an

author. Perſonal ſlander has always been eſteemed a very excellent method, and ſo indeed has wantonneſs; but where both are happily blended in the ſame work, as one ſometimes ſees them in very modern performances, they ſeldom fail of drawing the attention of the public. I have known naſtineſs attended with very happy effects, inaſmuch as it frequently ſupplies the want of wit, and is ſure of exciting the laugh in the genteeleſt companies. That the ladies are not diſpleaſed at it, is eaſy to be accounted for; naſtineſs is a ſtranger to them, and therefore entitled to their reſpect.

But if an author unfortunately wants talents for this kind of writing, there is nothing left for him that I know of, but to die as faſt as he can, that his works may ſurvive him. But the diſadvantage even in this caſe is, that common and natural deaths are ſo very little talked of; ſo that a man may give up the ghoſt to no manner of purpoſe: it is therefore moſt earneſtly to be recommended to all authors who are ambitious of ſudden and laſting fame, that they ſet about ſome device to get themſelves hanged. The ſeſſions-paper is more univerſally read than any other of the papers, and the deaths it records are more authentic and intereſting. A good dying-ſpeech would be an excellent preface to an author's works, and make every body purchaſers. An advertiſement like the following could never fail of exciting curioſity—

THIS day are publiſhed, the Political, Moral, and Entertaining Works of Thomas Crambo, Eſq. now under ſentence of death in Newgate, for a rape and murder.

Under theſe circumſtances, indeed, an author may taſte of fame before death, and take his leap from the cart, with this comfortable aſſurance, that he has embraced the only opportunity in his power of making a proviſion for his family.

If it ſhould be aſked, why the having committed a rape or a murder ſhould raiſe the curioſity of the public to peruſe the author's works? the anſwer is, that people who do ſpirited things, are ſuppoſed to write in a ſpirited manner. It is for this reaſon that we are ſo fond of the hiſtories of warriors and great men, who, though they have happened to eſcape the gallows, have done ſomething every day to ſhew that they deſerved it.

It is indeed as much to be wondered at as lamented, that while every author knows how eſſential it is both to his fame and the ſupport of his family, to get himſelf hanged, that we not ſee the words 'Executed at Tyburn,' always ſubjoined to his name in the title-page of his works. I hope it is not that authors have leſs regard for their families than other men, that this is not uſually the caſe: for as to the love of life, we cannot ſuppoſe them to be poſſeſſed of it in an equal degree with other people; nor can they poſſibly be ignorant, that the world will have a particular ſatisfaction in hearing that they have made ſo deſirable an end.

As for myſelf, I am an old man, and have not ſpirit enough to engage in any of thoſe enterprizes that would entitle my works to univerſal eſteem. It was expected, indeed, that when I declared in my firſt paper againſt meddling with religion, I would avow myſelf an atheiſt in the ſecond; but this is a diſcovery that I have not hitherto thought proper to make: nor have I, by any ſtrokes of perſonal abuſe, lewdneſs, or naſtineſs, endeavoured to introduce my papers into every family. And, to confeſs the truth, I have at preſent no deſigns of committing any capital offence; being, as I ſaid before, too old to raviſh, and having too tender a diſpoſition to commit a murder. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with going on in the old way, and leave my writings to ſhift for themſelves, without deputing the Ordinary of Newgate to publiſh an account of the birth, parentage, and education, the trial, confeſſion, condemnation, and execution, of the author, together with a catalogue of the works he has left behind him.

N° CLXXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

THE following letter has so genuine and natural an air, that I cannot doubt of it's coming from a correspondent who has experienced every circumstance he has described: I shall therefore lay it before my readers without the alteration of a single word.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the variety of subjects with which you have entertained and instructed the public, I do not remember that you have any where touched upon the folly and madness of ambition; which, for the benefit of those who are dissatisfied with their present situations, I beg leave to illustrate by giving the history of my own life.

I am the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learnt Latin and Greek; from whence I went to the university, where I learnt—— not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time as most young gentlemen do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to square my wishes to my circumstances. In this endeavour I succeeded so well, that except a few private hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now-and-then a sigh when a coach-and-six happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great straights and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation, than I have ever done since in more enviable circumstances. We were sometimes, indeed, a little in debt; but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than an equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I had a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been spoilt by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution; but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to those who have nothing else to think of are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us than to persons in easier circumstances: for it is a certain truth, however your readers may please to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself; losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

These are the reflections that I have made since: for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year; and I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyments. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave my boy, made me so

anxious

anxious to preserve him, that, instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others; but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in the unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent: for as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly encreased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed; insomuch, that we found ourselves in a short space of time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell, the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it advisable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation at a great distance from our acquaintance.

But, unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when, by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties: but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all manner of relish for them; and I discovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by satiety, a perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

But the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me, that I was compelled to live more for others than myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures; and, as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the country, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side: but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in, would disgrace me; and to go greater lengths in it, would undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves; and the agents we entrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night, when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on [illegible] of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

This, Sir, is my history; and if you give it a place in your paper, it may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness, and absolute want, are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life, and he that aspires

aſpires to greatneſs, in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himſelf into a furnace, to avoid the ſhivering of an ague.

The only ſatisfaction I can enjoy in my preſent ſituation is, that it has not pleaſed Heaven in it's wrath to make me a king. I am, Sir, your conſtant reader, and moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

Nº CLXXV. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU muſt have frequently obſerved upon the face of that uſeful piece of machinery, a clock, the minute and hour-hands, in their revolutions through the twelve diviſions of the day, to be not only ſhifting continually from one figure to another, but to ſtand at times in a quite oppoſite direction to their former bearings, and to each other. Now, I conceive this to be pretty much the caſe with that complicated piece of Mechaniſm, a modern female, or young woman of faſhion: for as ſuch I was accuſtomed to conſider that part of the ſpecies, as having no power to determine their own motions and appearances, but as acted upon by the mode, and *ſet* to any point, which the party who took the lead, or (to ſpeak more properly) it's Regulator, pleaſed. But it has ſo happened in the circumrotation of modes and faſhions, that the preſent ſet are not only moving on continually from one pretty fancy and conceit to another, but have departed quite aſide from their former principles; dividing from each other in a circumſtance wherein they were always accuſtomed to unite, and uniting where there was ever wont to be a diſtinction or difference.

I do not know whether I make myſelf ſufficiently underſtood; but you will eaſily comprehend my drift, when I tell you that the prevailing mode, in reſpect of dreſs, is at preſent to have no mode at all. There is now no ſuch thing as an *uniform* among the ladies, no dutiful conformity to the pattern, or ſtandard, as heretofore: but the mode is *laid open*, and there appears the ſame ſpirit againſt a *concluſive faſhion*, as againſt an *excluſive trade*. The pride now is to get as far away as poſſible, not only from the vulgar, but from one another, and that too as well in the firſt principles of dreſs, as in it's ſubordinate decorations: ſo that it's fluctuating humour is perpetually ſhewing itſelf in ſome new and particular ſort of cap, flounce, knot, or tippet; and every woman that you meet, affects independency, and to ſet up for herſelf.

Now, as I profeſs myſelf to be a ſtickler for liberty, and againſt all invidious limitations, as well as a lover of variety, and an encourager of invention, I am therefore not diſpleaſed with theſe fair independents for this notable attempt of theirs to vindicate the honour and freedom of their own fancies and judgments upon this occaſion. But as they have wandered away from each other in the ſeveral articles of dreſs, ſo have they united altogether as happily in a point which cannot fail of recommending itſelf to ſuch as have a critical ear, and are apt to be offended with any diſagreement of ſounds, namely, in Voice and Elocution, in which they maintain a ſurprizing uniformity. A friend of mine, whoſe ear (as you will perceive from what I am going to relate of him) is not turned for our modern oratory, was introducing the other day ſome uncourtly obſervations upon this head, which I ſhall take the freedom to ſet down at full length.

'The beauty and power of ſpeech,' ſays he, 'was wont to be the reſult of 'clearneſs and perſpicuity; of a diſtinct 'and harmonious elocution; of a juſt 'and proper cadence; together with a 'natural and eaſy diverſity of manner 'and phraſe, growing out of the ſubject, 'and congenial with it. Converſation 'is never ſo pleaſing, as when it is 'compoſed of a well-ordered variety of 'perſons and characters, tempering and 'recommending each other; where the 'forward and importunate are qualified 'and reſtrained by the diffident and the 'modeſt; the bold and peremptory, by 'the more ſupple and complaiſant; 'where the ſpirited with the meek, the 'lively with the ſedate, make a happy 'mixture, and all together go into the 'compoſition of an agreeable ſociety.

'Whereas

'Whereas the converſation of the female world,' continues my friend, 'is at preſent all out of the ſame piece: all diſtinctions are taken away, and the ſeveral ranks and orders among them laid into one. There is one line of ſentiment, air, manner, tone, and phraſe, running through the whole; and no diſcerning, for a few ſeconds, a young woman with ſix or eight hundred pounds to her fortune, from a dutcheſs, eſpecially if ſhe happens to have been allowed to keep company with her betters. I know ſeveral of theſe humble companions, who, with no leſs impropriety than impotence, are ever ſtraining themſelves and their throats in company, to get upon a level with their quality-friends; and at all other times you ſhall ſee them affecting to ſpeak (as the Latins well expreſs it) *ore rotundo*, full and ſonorous, round and peremptory, with a very deciſive emphaſis, as if there could be no appeal from their ſentence; taking a larger ſcope for utterance, by opening their mouths to a diſproportionate width; inſomuch that I have looked upon myſelf, while in their company, as ſitting in the midſt of half a ſcore hautboys, a ſort of muſic that, when attempted by unſkilful hands, has ſomething in it mightily overbearing; though they tell me, when exerciſed by ſuch as are qualified for it, and mixed with other inſtruments, it will anſwer very well. Such is the pomp of utterance of our preſent women of faſhion; which, though it may tend to ſpoil many a pretty mouth, can never recommend an indifferent one. And hence it is that there is ſo great a ſcarcity of originals, and that the ear is ſuch a daily ſufferer from an identity of phraſe; whether it be *vaſtly*, *horridly*, *abominably*, *immenſely*, or *exceſſively*; which, with three or four more calculated for the ſame Swiſs-like ſervice, make up the whole ſcale or gamut of modern female converſation.

'There are many cauſes aſſigned,' continues he, 'why ſo many of the males live ſingle; and it has been principally aſcribed to the cheap and eaſy opportunities of gratification which fall in their way. Now this may in a great meaſure be true; but our fine ladies forget, that while they are daily making ſome new revelation of their perſons, and are ſo ſtudious to furniſh out a variety of entertainment to the eye, they have neglected to make a ſuitable proviſion for the ear; and that, ſhould love chance to ſtraggle in at the former, he may yet find his way out at the latter. And I have frequently remarked, that when a female of this turn, with her ſails and ſtreamers out, has begun to *bear down*, in hopes of a prize, the object of the chaſe has frequently ſheered off, and left her to complain of her ill ſucceſs to thoſe more fitter companions, the winds and waves.

'Now, the manners of this claſs are the moſt conſiderable in point of numbers; but when, upon my retiring from ſome of theſe, and betaking myſelf to a diſtant and more peaceable quarter of the room, I have fallen in with others, whoſe converſation has been of a more moderate caſt, and more under the wind, yet I have ſtill obſerved the ſame monotony to prevail, the ſame conformity of manner and phraſe, and that their pipes were all tuned to the ſame quality note. For, as in the former inſtance, the generality of thoſe in high life are ever raiſing their voices to a proportionable elevation above the ordinary level, and diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a round and ſonorous elocution; ſo there are others of the ſame claſs, who, ſeeing nature has not furniſhed them with an adequate ſtrength of lungs, or with organs framed for a more bold and voluble utterance, have therefore a good deal of what Tully calls, the *concinnum ac minutum*; a laconic, mincing kind of ſpeech, extremely quick and peremptory, equally emphatical and deciſive, and generally enforced with a ſhort dictatorial bridle and nod of the head, as an inconteſtable ratification of what they are pleaſed to affirm or deny. And theſe, as well as the above-mentioned, have multitudes of inferior admirers and copyiſts in their train, preſſing cloſe behind, and treading upon their heels.

'It is true, I am an enemy, for the moſt part, to that reigning practice of making the perſon, who laſt left the company, a ſubject for general canvas; by thoſe that remain: yet, whenever any of theſe non-originals (whom we cannot ſo properly pronounce to be *full of themſelves*, as *full of other peo-*

'ple)

'*ple*) shall have taken her leave, and 'got the door upon her back, the 'company, in my opinion, should have 'free scope and licence to go into an im-'mediate enquiry, who she is, what for-'tune she has, what her education has 'been, whether handsome, tolerable, or, '&c. and so on through the usual course 'of particulars. In short——'

My friend was going on in the same strain, when I interposed, and began to expostulate with him upon some of the above particulars. 'Nay, nay,' says he, 'do not think me so ill neither; I may 'perhaps give them their revenge upon 'our sex at some future opportunity;' and so left me.

Upon the whole, I very much suspect (as I said before) that my friend's ear is none of the best; but at the same time I must do him the justice to observe, that I myself am at times somewhat deaf, and that he is generally allowed to be a very sensible, well-judging man.

I am, Mr. Fitz-Adam, &c.

My honest correspondent appears to be in some pain, lest the freedom and simplicity of his friend's argument may not happen to square with that delicacy and complaisance which have been hitherto maintained by the World towards the beautiful part of our species: but however that be, I must confess that I have fallen of late myself into somewhat of the same train of thinking.

It is certain, there is a distinction and subordination of *style*, as well as of *rank*, and a gradation to be preserved in point of *phraseology*, as well as of *precedency*. Any encroachment in the one case being altogether as unseemly as in the other. An affectation of *talking* above our level, is as bad as *dressing* above it, and that which is current within the precinct of St. James's, will hardly pass any where else. Here the originals are to be found; all the rest are counterfeits, and are easily discovered. Nay, though people of quality have the unquestionable privilege of breaking the peace, and violating the laws of grace and harmony, there ought nevertheless to be a due proportion observed even among these. Thus a dutchess may be twice as loud and overbearing as a countess; a countess as a simple baroness, and so downward: but such a pompousness of elocution, phrase, and manner, (as my correspondent's acquaintance seems to point at) such *great swelling words*, must, one would think, sit as ill upon one of a moderate face, rank, or fortune, as a great swelling hoop is found to do upon another not five feet high.

N° CLXXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

GOING to visit an old friend at his country-seat last week, I found him at back-gammon with the vicar of the parish. My friend received me with the heartiest welcome, and introduced the doctor to my acquaintance. This gentleman, who seemed to be about fifty, and of a florid and healthy constitution, surveyed me all over with great attention, and after a slight nod of the head, sat himself down without opening his mouth. I was a little hurt at the supercilious behaviour of this divine; which my friend observing, told me very pleasantly, that I was rather too old to be entitled to the doctor's complaisance; for that he seldom bestowed it but upon the young and vigorous: 'But,' says he, 'you will 'know him better soon, and may pro-'bably think it worth your while to *book* 'him in the World; for you will find 'him altogether as odd a character as he 'is a worthy one.' The doctor made no reply to this raillery, but continued some time with his eyes fixed upon me; and at last, shaking his head, and turning to my friend, asked if he would play out the other bit? My friend excused himself from engaging any more that evening, and ordered a bottle of wine, with pipes and tobacco, to be set on the table. The vicar filled his pipe, and drank very cordially to my friend, still eyeing me with a seeming dislike, and neither drinking my health, nor speaking a single word to me. As I have long accustomed myself to drink nothing but water, I called for a bottle of it, and drank glass for glass with them; which upon the doctor's observing, he shook his head at my friend, and in a whisper, loud enough for me to hear, said—'Poor man! it is 'all over with him, I see.' My friend smiled, and answered in the same audible whisper—'No, no, doctor, Mr. Fitz-'Adam intends to live as long as either

'of us.' He then addreſſed himſelf to me on the occurrences of the town, and drew me into a very chearful converſation, which laſted till I withdrew to reſt; at which time the doctor roſe from his chair, drank a bumper to my health, and giving me a hearty ſhake by the hand, told me I was a very jolly old gentleman, and that he wiſhed to be better acquainted with me during my ſtay in the country.

I roſe early in the morning, and found the doctor in the breakfaſt-room. He ſaluted me with great civility, and told me he had left his bed and home ſooner than uſual, to have the pleaſure of taking a walk with me. 'Your friend,' ſays he, 'is but lately recovered from an attack 'of the gout, and will hardly be ſtirring 'till we have gone over his improve-'ments.' I accepted of the propoſal; and we walked through a very elegant garden into the moſt beautiful fields that can be imagined; which as I ſtopped to admire, the doctor began thus—'Theſe 'are indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, very de-'lightful grounds; and I with with all 'my heart that the owner of them was 'leſs troubled with the gout, that I might 'hold him in more reſpect.'—'Reſpect, 'doctor!' ſaid I, interrupting him, 'does 'a painful diſtemper, acquired by no act 'of intemperance, leſſen your reſpect?'—'It does, indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam; and 'I wiſh, in this inſtance, I could help it, 'for I am under many obligations to 'your friend. There is another very 'worthy gentleman in the neighbour-'hood, who preſented me to his vicar-'age; but he has the misfortune to la-'bour under an inveterate ſcurvy, which 'by ſubjecting him to continual head-'aches, muſt of courſe ſhorten his days; 'and ſo I never go near him.'

I was going to interrupt the doctor again, when a coach-and-ſix drove by us along the road, and in it a gentleman, who let down the glaſs, and made the doctor a very reſpectful bow; which inſtead of returning, he paſſed by him with a ſtarely air, and took no notice of him. This inſtance of his behaviour, together with the converſation that had paſſed between us, raiſed my curioſity to a very high degree, and ſet me upon aſking him who the gentleman was. 'Sir,' ſays he, 'that unfortunate object is a man of 'eight thouſand a year eſtate; and from 'that conſideration he expects the return 'of a bow from every man he meets. 'But I, who know him, know alſo that 'he is dying of an aſthma; and as (bleſſed 'be God for it!) I am in perfect health, 'I do not chuſe to put myſelf on a level 'with ſuch a perſon. Health, Mr. Fitz-'Adam, is the only valuable thing on 'earth; and while I am in poſſeſſion of 'that, I look upon myſelf as a much 'greater man than he. With all his for-'tune, he would rejoice to be the poor 'vicar of ***, with my conſtitution. I 'pull off my hat to no ſuch perſons. 'Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, he has 'not many months to live.'

I made no reply to this converſation of the vicar; and went on thus—'You 'are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and 'I believe were a little fatigued with 'your journey laſt night, which I miſ-'took for infirm health, and therefore 'wanting in the civilities that I ſhould 'otherwiſe have ſhewn you; but your converſation afterwards proved you to 'be a very hearty man, and I ſaw you 'reſolved to continue ſo by your tem-'perance; for which I honour you; 'and, as I told you then, ſhall be glad 'of your acquaintance. It is true, you 'are an old man, and therefore my in-'ferior; but you are healthy and tem-'perate, and not beneath the notice of 'much younger men.'

In this manner we walked on, till we came to a hedge, where ſome labouring men were repairing the fences. My companion acoſted them with the utmoſt complaiſance and good-nature—'Ay,' ſays he, turning to me, 'theſe 'are men worth mixing with. You ſee 'their riches in their looks. Have you 'any of your lords in town, Mr. Fitz-'Adam, that have ſuch poſſeſſions? 'I know none of theſe lords,' ſays he, 'myſelf, but I am told they are all ſo 'ſickly and diſeaſed, that a man in 'health would ſcorn to pull off his hat 'to them.' He then entered into a familiar converſation with the men; and, after throwing them ſixpence to drink, paſſed on.

There now overtook us in the lane a company of ſportſmen ſetting out for the chace. Moſt of them ſaluted the doctor as they paſſed. But he took no notice of any of them but one, whom he ſhook hands with over the hedge, and told him he intended taking a dinner with him the next day. 'That gen-'tleman,' ſays he, 'is worth as much 'health as any man in England; he 'hunts

'hunts only by way of exercise, and 'never takes a leap where there is the 'least danger. But as for the rest, they 'are flying over every hedge and gate in 'their way, and if they escape broken 'necks in the morning, they are de-'stroying themselves more effectually 'by intemperance in the evening. No, 'no, Mr. Fitz-Adam, these are no 'companions for me; I hope, with the 'blessing of Heaven, to outlive a score 'of them.'

We came soon after to a little neat house upon the road, where the doctor told me lived a very agreeable widow lady, to whom he had formerly paid his addresses—'She had at that time,' says he, 'as large a fortune of her own 'as any woman in the country; but she has 'since mortgaged it to the apothecary 'for slops, and I have taken my leave 'of her. She was determined to be a 'widow, and so married an officer, who 'had his head knocked off at Fonte-'noy. Those are a sort of men that I 'make no acquaintance with; they hold 'their lives on too precarious a tenure.' —'But they are useful members of so-'ciety,' said I, 'and command our 'esteem.'—'That may be, Sir,' returned the doctor; 'and so are miners 'in our coal-pits, who are every hour 'in danger of being buried alive. But 'there is a subordination of degree, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam, which ought strict-'ly to be observed; and a man in ill 'health, or of a dangerous profession, 'should not think himself on a level 'with people of sound constitutions 'and less hazardous employments.'

I was determined to interrupt the doctor no more; and he went on thus —'Mr. Fitz-Adam, you may possibly 'think me an odd kind of a man; but 'I am no enemy to people of bad con-'stitutions, nor ever withhold my boun-'ty from them, when their necessities 'demand it; but though I am doing 'them all the services in my power, I 'cannot consent to lower myself so far 'as to make them my companions. It 'is more in the power of the physician 'to confer rank than the king; for the 'gifts of fortune are nothing; health 'is the only riches that a man ought to 'set a value on; and, without it, all 'men are poor, let their estates be what 'they will. If I differ from the com-'mon opinion in this particular, I do 'also in another. The tradesman or 'mechanic, who has acquired an estate 'by his industry, is seldom reckoned a 'gentleman; but it was always my sen-'timent, that a man who makes his 'own constitution, has more merit in 'him than he that was born with it; 'the one is the work of chance, the 'other of design: and it is for this rea-'son that I am seen so often with your 'friend; for though the gout is gene-'rally an impoverishing distemper, yet 'temperance and regularity may in time 'subdue it: whereas the gentleman 'who drove by us with six horses, has 'an incurable asthma, which renders 'him, with his large estate, as poor as 'the beggar who is dying under a 'hedge. The more you think of these 'things, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the more 'you will be of my opinion. A poor 'man in health, is a companion for a 'king; but a lord without it, is a poor 'man indeed; and why should he ex-'pect the homage of other people, when 'the very meanest of his domestics 'would refuse to change places with 'him?'

My companion was stopped short in his harangue by our arrival at my friend's house. We found him in good health and spirits, which greatly height-ened the vicar's complaisance; and as I took care to conceal from him the com-plaints and infirmities of old age, I pas-sed a very agreeable week, and was so much in his good graces, that at my departure he presented me with some Turlington's balsam, and a paper of Dr. James's powder—'There,' says he, 'they may rob you of your money, 'if they please; but for bruises and 'fevers, you may set them at defiance.'

On my return home, I made many serious reflections on this whimsical character; and, in the end, could not help wishing, that, under certain limi-tations, the sentiments of the vicar were a little more in fashion. Health is cer-tainly the riches of life; and if men were to derive their rank from that alone, it would in all probability make them more careful to preserve it. Society might be benefited by it in another re-spect, as it would tend to keep com-plaining people at home, who are the perpetual disturbers of all companies abroad.

Nº CLXXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

THE two following letters are so whimsically contrasted, and the young people who are the subjects of them so particularly adapted to each other, that though I have never professed myself an advocate for the trade of match-making, I cannot help wishing that by means of this paper they may grow acquainted with each other. It is for this reason that I have taken the very first opportunity of publishing the letters of their parents.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS you have undertaken the social office of redressing grievances, I shall lay one before you, which I am sure must have often occurred to you, though I do not remember that you have hitherto animadverted upon it. The grievance I am speaking of has so fatal a tendency, that wit, parts, learning, education, knowledge, reading, and travel, are rendered utterly useless by it; and by which the most illiterate dunce, who has never been at school, nor opened a book besides the Fairy Tales, provided his outside be properly ornamented, is exactly upon a level with the most accomplished gentleman. This grievance, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is no other than the pernicious custom of card-playing, which has of late so universally prevailed in all private families as well as public assemblies.

I am not considering this custom in it's necessary consequences of destroying fortunes and constitutions, ruffling tempers, promoting quarrels, and occasioning almost infinite distresses and disquietudes; for if taken singly in this point of view, it is only hurtful to those who are the promoters of it, and is of little or no consequence to the rest of mankind, who are not thavers in the evil.

I must inform you, Sir, that I am the father of an only son, to whom (as I have a large estate to leave him) I have given the most perfect education that this country can afford: and it is the highest satisfaction to me that none of my care has been thrown away upon him. When he had finished his studies at the university, and perfected himself in town in all the necessary accomplishments of a young man of fashion, I sent him, under the direction of a very excellent tutor, on his travels through France, Italy, and Germany; from which latter an absence of four years, he returned last winter, improved beyond my utmost hopes.

But, alas, Sir, when I expected to see him the admiration of all companies, and to have been every where congratulated on the happiness of having such a son, I found, from his universal attention to cards, that his acquirements were totally unnoticed, and that all the cost and trouble I had been at in his education, answered no other purpose than to make him company for himself, and a few unfashionable friends who have no commerce with the world.

If this insatiable passion continues, it were as well if our public schools and universities were abolished, and that travel and all other means of acquiring knowledge and refinement were at once prohibited; and, in their places, other seminaries erected in this metropolis, and proper masters appointed to instruct our children in the rudiments of Brag, Cribbage, and Lanspquenet, till they were of a proper age to study Whist, and the other games of skill, at the academy of Mr. Hoyle. By such a method our children would be trained up to make a figure in the world, and their parents saved the trouble and expence of a useless education.

I wish, Mr. Fitz Adam, you would give us your thoughts upon this matter, which will certainly be agreeable to the serious part of your readers, and a great obligation to, Sir, your most humble servant,

C. Y.

P. S. Since my writing the above, I have been looking over the first volume of the World, and am sorry to find Mr. Fitz-Adam himself so very fashionable a man, as to countenance and recommend with his pen the grievances I have been complaining of. In Number VII. of your papers, you are pleased to express yourself in the following words—'I look upon Cards as an innocent and 'useful

'useful amusement, calculated to interrupt the formal conversations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man something to do, who has nothing to say.' If I had been your adviser, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the passage should have stood thus—'I look upon Cards as a senseless and pernicious amusement, calculated to interrupt the improving conversations and enlivening sallies of wit companies, and to level men of genius and understanding with fops and coxcombs.' This is really the truth of the matter: and if you consider it as you ought you will, I hope, retract your opinion as publicly as you have given it.

Your's, &c.

The other letter is from a mother, complaining of the untoward disposition of an only daughter.

SIR,

I Am a widow of five-and-thirty, with a handsome jointure; and have refused many good offers for the sake of an only child, whom I have endeavoured to bring up in the most fashionable manner I was able. She will have twelve thousand pounds to her fortune when she comes of age, and I have supported her at my own expence, that the interest of her portion may be added to the principal. I assure you, Sir, that I am not like other mothers of my youth and complexion, who, in order to appear younger than they really are, confine their grown-up daughters at home, for fear of being rivalled by them in public assemblies. I thank Heaven, I have no need of such arts: for as often as I go abroad with mine, I am taken for her sister; and I have the pleasure of observing, that I have more civil things said to me by the men, than my daughter can ever hope for. Not that the girl is either ugly or awkward; she is as tall too as her mother, and has been of a marriageable age this year or two, being compleat fifteen the 12th of last March; but, as a colonel in the guards was pleased to tell me a few nights ago at Ranelagh, I have a certain air and manner, that my daughter must quite despair of imitating.

I mention these trifles, Sir, to convince you that I have not the motive of other mothers for locking up my daughter whenever I go abroad; on the contrary, I have carried her, at times, to all the polite assemblies in town: but alas, Sir! I cannot make her company for people of fashion. She will neither play at cards with them, nor enter into the spirit of their conversation. She even pretends to blush at (what she calls) the liberties I allow the men to take with me. She would not toast a sentiment for the world; and for those delicate double entendres, that so enliven all private companies, I cannot for the life of me teach her to understand them. To be sure the girl has not so white a skin as her mother, nor can she value herself upon that beautiful fall of shoulders, and elegance of neck, for which (I may say it without vanity) I was always admired. But then, Mr. Fitz-Adam, those parts of her person are not absolutely odious; though by pinning her handkerchief constantly under her chin, she would make every body believe so.

I have taken immense pains in her education to fit her for the world; but it is my misfortune to see, that from an unaccountable perverseness of mind, she had rather shut herself up in her closet, poring upon the Spectators, (which to my knowledge she has read twenty times over) than sit down to a card-table with the first company in England. And yet the girl does not want understanding neither; nay, her uncle in the country, who is a clergyman and an archdeacon, will have it that she is the most accomplished young lady this day in England. But what can a country parson know of accomplishments? We who live in the polite circle, are certainly the best judges of those matters. She plays well upon the music indeed, and has an immense pretty voice; but the misfortune is, that when she should be dressing for a rout, she is either practising a lesson, or singing a song; so that I must be forced to go without her, or stay till the card-tables are all full. A fig for her accomplishments! I am sure they have almost broken my heart; and I verily believe I shall be tempted to marry again, that I may have other children of more towardly dispositions. It was but last Sunday, after spending the evening at cards, at the politest assembly in town, (where I would gladly have taken her) that at my return home, I found her in her dressing-room, reading a sermon to her maid. I am by no means against sermons, Mr. Fitz-Adam; they do well enough

enough at church; and when they are enlivened by good company, I can endure them as well as any body; but the morning is the time for those sort of things, and they ought never to interfere with more agreeable amusements.

The girl has another whim too. You must know she is naturally of a pale complexion; and, for all that I can say or do, I cannot prevail upon her to lay on a little red, even though she sees every day how becoming it is to Me, who do not need it so much: so that she goes into company like a mere ghost; but of what sex, if it were not for her petticoats, would be hard to determine, for she is absolutely covered from head to foot. She had the sauciness to tell me the other day, that I wanted her to dress and look like a woman of the town. 'I would have you dress and look like 'a woman of the world, Miss,' says I; 'but, to your shame be it spoken, there 'are women of the town who are capable of improving you. One may 'look like a woman of the town, though 'one would scorn to act like one.'

In this manner, Mr. Fitz-Adam, she talks and behaves. I have threatened her often to expose her in the World; but my immense tenderness for her has prevailed over my resentment: and, to confess the truth, I had no other intention when I drew up this letter, than only to read it to her, and frighten her out of her follies; but her behaviour upon the occasion determined me to send it, and to desire your publication of it. 'Lord, mamma!' said she, 'Mr. Fitz-'Adam will think you ridiculing Your-'self, and complimenting Me: for if I 'am really this kind of girl, I shall be 'quite in love with myself. Pray, 'Madam, give me the letter, and I'll 'carry it to Mr. Dodsley's with my 'own hands.'—'No, Miss,' says I, 'a servant will be more punctual I believe: and since you are so far in love 'with your own character, it shall go 'this minute.'

Favour me so far, Sir, as to give it a place in your next Thursday's paper; and if you will tell her of her absurdity, and how ill-suited her behaviour is both to her education and her fortune, you will immediately oblige, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

M. C.

N° CLXXVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

NOT long since, I met at St. James's Coffee-house an old acquaintance of mine, Sir Harry Prigg; who having been long rusticated, and much altered, I should never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the usual civilities had passed between us, amongst many other questions, he asked me when I had seen our old school-fellow, Sir John Jolly* ? I answered, that I had last summer spent some days with him at his country-seat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a person of a more fashionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing from it's excess of gaiety and hospitality, which, according to my unpolite taste, were by no means consistent with the soft and serious pleasures of a rural retirement. He said, he perfectly agreed with me in my sentiments, and passed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was sure, would exactly suit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment; adding, that he should go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not so much out of inclination, as curiosity to see a new scene of country life, formed on principles so opposite to what I had before experienced, and promised to attend him at the time appointed.

But first it will be proper to give some account of the birth, parentage, and education, of my friend. He came young to his title and a small estate, and was soon after sent to the university, where his title absurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and his estate, though small, an allowance sufficient to support that rank at that place, he there contracted an affectation of grandeur, and a pert kind of self-importance, which he has ever since retained, and which neither

* See Number CLIII.

poverty

poverty nor solitude has been yet able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the usual advantages of that sort of education, such as the arts of sporting, toasting, billiards, and coachmanship, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had address and qualifications sufficient to introduce himself into what he still calls the best company; that is, the company of smarts, bucks, jockeys, and gamesters. Nor was he deficient in point of gallantry; for he soon commenced an intrigue with the sister of one of these his friends. Whether his intentions were at first honourable, is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them so, being acquainted that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that he must either fight or marry; the latter of which he courageously chose, as being the most daring action of the two. This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than understanding, more understanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-shaped, carried her head very high, and being the younger daughter of the younger son of the first cousin of an Irish baron, looked upon herself as a woman of quality. In a little time Sir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry, and she no less despised him for being compelled; so that, finding little happiness at home, they were obliged to seek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming-tables, at no small expence. This could not continue long; so that before one winter was at an end, they discovered that the town air would not agree with them, and so retired to their country-seat, about forty miles from London; whither I shall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed, I attended early at their lodgings in town; where I found the post-chariot at the door, and my friend standing by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to mount the box; saying at the same time, that coachmen were such insolent and expensive rascals, there was no keeping them, and that therefore he always chose to be his own. In the parlour sat my lady, and Colonel Macshean, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with Sir Harry, and not less so with her ladyship; and in the passage stood her French-woman, in a sack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no sooner disposed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myself, with her woman on a low stool at our feet, were stuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a sniveling footboy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their baggage, and myself into the bargain, were conveyed without the expence of either a stage-coach or a waggon.

Nothing passed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyship spoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill state of health; to which, having no expectation of a fee, I paid little attention. They both declared that nobody but a carrier could dine at an inn, therefore they never stopped on the road; so with the assistance of a fresh pair of horses, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about sunset we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode post: for Sir Harry frequently declared to us both, that though his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horses; that it was not the fashion of that country; neither my Lord **, nor the Duke of ***, nor himself, did it.

It was not long before the dinner made it's appearance; which was so very genteel, that had it not been rendered uneatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half sufficient, after so many miles travelling, and so long fasting. At the conclusion we had mead, which passed for Tokay; and elder wine, which Sir Harry swore was the best Burgundy in England, and that he himself had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glass of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us, that when the smoke of London, and the bad hours incident to keeping good company, would no longer agree with his own or his wife's constitution, he had determined to seek health and quiet in an elegant retirement. He had been offered indeed a seat in parliament, and a considerable employment; but his crazy constitution would not permit him to accept of the one, nor his sound principles of the other. Retirement was their object; therefore all they dreaded was the horrible irruptions of a country neighbourhood; but this they had happily

pily prevented. That indeed, on their first coming, every family within ten miles round tormented them with their impertinent visits; but they returned none, affronted them all, and so got rid of them. 'Don't you think we did right, my dear?' turning to his wife. 'I think,' answered she, in a surly and dejected voice, 'that it is better to forget the use of one's tongue, than to converse with squires wives and parsons daughters.'—'You are right, 'Madam,' added the colonel, with an oath and a loud laugh; 'for what can 'one learn in such damned company?' 'To-morrow,' says my friend, addressing himself to me, 'you shall see that 'we want no company, and that we can 'sufficiently amuse ourselves with building and planting, with improvements 'and alterations, which I dare say will 'be honoured with your approbation.'

Accordingly, the next morning, as soon as breakfast was finished, my lady and the colonel retired into her dressing-room to cribbage, and Sir Harry and myself to reconnoitre the place. The house stands at the end of a dirty village, and close by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water; and before it a goose-common, on which he bestows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable æra of English architecture, which introduced high doors, long windows, small rooms, and corner chimnies; and of gardening, which projected gravel-walks, clipt yews, and strait lined avenues, with a profusion of brick walls, iron pallisadoes, and leaden images. But all these defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taste. His doors are so reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows so contracted, that you have scarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midst of the front, one large bow-window is stuck on, resembling a piece of whited-brown paper plaistered on a broken nose; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear still less: but having never yet been finished, for want both of cash and credit, it remains at present only a repository of broken china, a pair of back-gammon tables, and the childrens play-things. His brick walls are converted into chimnies and ovens; and his yew-trees supply them with faggots: his iron-work is sold to the blacksmiths; and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious use of covering the parish-church: his gravel-walks are sown with grass; and he frequently repeats that frugal, yet genteel maxim, That sheep are the best gardeners. His horse-pond being made serpentine, is become useless, let it should be trod up; and his fences, being all Chinese, are no fences at all, the horses leaping over, and the hogs walking under them, at their pleasure. The transplanted avenue is expiring in leafless platoons; the kitchen-garden, for conveniency, is removed two furlongs from the house; and the kitchen itself unjustly turned out of doors, for smelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

When our survey was finished, our amusements were all at an end; for within doors the pleasures both of society and solitude were equally wanting. Of our conversation I have given a specimen; and books there were none, except a small one containing tunes for the French-horn, belonging to Sir Harry, and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a Methodist prayer-book, the property of her ladyship. I began now to wish for a little of my friend Sir John's hospitality, of which there was not here the least appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and insults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though usually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the small, though nobody at home could drink it, was not suffered to be given away. The servants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradesmen who brought their bills, were paid only by a wrangle, or a draught on some tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near, except the parson of the parish, and Alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchased a considerable part of it from Sir Harry. With these they lived in a state of perpetual hostilities: they quarrelled with the alderman for presuming to buy an estate which they wanted to sell; and the parson quarrelling with them, because he was in possession of the only living in the gift of Sir Harry, and the alderman had

had a much better to diſpoſe of. By the encouragement of theſe good neighbours, and their own ill-conduct, conſiſting of a ſtrange mixture of inſolence and avarice, of meanneſs and magnificence, they were deſpiſed, perſecuted, and affronted, by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poiſoned, their game deſtroyed, their hedges broke, and their hay-ſtacks ſet on fire. They were hiſſed and hooted at; and now-and-then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an inſult at which they were highly enraged; but the meaning of which neither Sir Harry, nor my lady, not even with the aſſiſtance of the colonel, could ever gueſs at.

I ſoon grew weary of this land of contention and uneaſineſs; and having recourſe to the old excuſe of urgent buſineſs, I took my leave, and went poſt to town; reflecting all the way with ſurpize on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themſelves at once miſerable and ridiculous; and lamenting that the happineſs and innocence of rural life are now ſcarce any where to be found but in paſtorals and romances.

N° CLXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1756.

I Am never better pleaſed than when I can oblige a group of correſpondents at once. This I am enabled to do in my paper of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE expediency of people's ſetting up bills at their doors, who have houſes or lodgings to let, is ſo very apparent, that, as often as I walk the ſtreets of this metropolis, I wonder that the ſame practice has not prevailed in other inſtances, and that we do not ſee it written at every door, as often as there is occaſion, Wanted a coachman, butler, cook, chambermaid, &c. By ſuch a method the expence of public advertiſements would be ſaved, and every-body accommodated in the moſt expeditious manner.

But I would by no means confine theſe bills to lodgers and ſervants; there are other wants which are at leaſt equally preſſing, and which it might be proper to ſignify in the ſame manner. Thus, for inſtance, at the door of an attorney, or ſolicitor, it would not be amiſs if we were to read in large letters, 'Wanted 'Honeſty.' At the door of a new beneficed parſon, 'Wanted Humility.' At the garret-window of a poet or author, 'Wanted a Dinner.' At the door of a man of quality, 'Wanted Credit.' At the door of a patriot, 'Wanted a Place.' At the door of a biſhop, 'Wanted a 'Houſe at Lambeth.' And at the doors of all great men, 'Wanted Sincerity.'

By this method, the wants of all mankind would be known, and in all probability be relieved more expeditiouſly than by any other means.

If you give this propoſal a place in your paper, you will oblige the public in general, and in particular, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

C. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

THE following advertiſement has lately fallen into my hands; and, I believe, with a few of your obſervations upon it, it might furniſh ſome entertainment for the public; as you have already made ſome very juſt remarks upon ſervants, in your paper of the firſt of January laſt. I am, Sir, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE grooms of the chambers, butlers, and other ſervants, of perſons of quality, concerned in card-money, are deſired to meet at the ſociety's quarterly meeting-place, St. James's, on Friday the 12th of this inſtant March, at nine in the morning, to take under conſideration the further duty ſaid to be intended to be laid on cards.

Note, It is deſired, that no gentleman, &c. belonging to noblemen or others, will enter into any agreement with their ladies, as to card-money, &c. till after this meeting. The ſervants of citizens and tradeſmen, whoſe miſtreſſes keep routs, may attend, if they think proper.

The beſt of teas, French rolls and butter, will be provided on the occaſion.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE WORLD.

SIR,

I Am married to a haberdasher of small-wares, at the court-end of the town; and with Heaven's help and my own, my husband has been able to lay up a few hundreds for our two girls, who are all the children we have. They both serve in the shop every day in the week but Thursday; when I have a little assembly in the dining-room, where we amuse ourselves with a pack of cards.

Now, you must know, Sir, that my husband is very much offended at this; and is telling me, twenty times a day, that his customers are neglected, and the business of the shop standing still, from my fooleries, as he calls them. I do not deny, Sir, that these assemblies on a week-day are a little inconvenient to us; and therefore I have some thoughts of changing them to Sunday. To be sure, a Sunday's assembly would be perfectly agreeable on many accounts. In the first place, it would interfere with no sort of business. Secondly, it would be much genteeler. Thirdly, I should see a great deal more company. And, fourthly, my husband and the prentice would then be at leisure to attend the tea-table. But I have one doubt about the matter; which is, that there are envious people in the world, who might possibly give out that I am setting up for a person of fashion; for it is a notion they have got, that none but people of fashion should have routs on a Sunday. At present I am undetermined in this affair, and am resolved to continue so, till I have Your opinion; which I beg you would give me as soon as possible; and I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

MARY TAPE.

In answer to Mrs. Tape, I freely confess that she has more substantial reasons for having her rout on a Sunday than any lady I know; and, whenever I give my assent to card-meetings on that day, she shall certainly be indulged.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Have lately made a discovery, which, for the good of mankind, I hope you will permit me to make public by the means of your paper.

I must inform you, that by the death of an aunt, I am lately come to the possession of a fine old manor-house in the country; which, on my going thither with my family to reside, I found so over-run with rats, that we were in danger of being devoured by them. You may be sure I left nothing untried to rid the house of them; but they baffled the attempts of the rat-catchers, and continued to increase rather than diminish; till all at once they vanished of their own accord, and never visited me afterwards. I was very much puzzled to account for this strange desertion; and it was not till near a fortnight had elapsed that I was let into the secret by a very uncommon and offensive smell, that proceeded from the door of an old lumber-room. I immediately entered it, and saw a multitude of rats lying dead upon the floor. On examining into the cause, I cast my eyes upon a little drawer, which I remembered to have left open in my search after some papers of my aunt's; and that it was filled with various sorts of quack medicines, such as pills, powders, ointments, and other things, for which she had the highest veneration. This drawer, which was quite full when I opened it, was now almost empty; which sufficiently convinced me that I was indebted for my deliverance to these medicines; but I was cautious of asserting it, till I had tried the experiment. For this purpose, I procured of a rat-catcher half a dozen live rats; to each of which I gave a different medicine. In half an hour and three minutes two of my patients died in convulsions; the rest were thrown into profuse sweats, vomiting and purging to so violent a degree, that they survived their companions but three quarters of an hour, and then gave up the ghost in the same convulsions.

I was highly pleased with this experiment, as it taught me the real use of these excellent medicines; and it is with great pleasure that I take this opportunity of recommending them to all captains of ships, maltsters, meal-men, and farmers, and to those gentlemen and ladies who live in old houses. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and humble servant,

G. H.

P. S. By a second experiment, I have discovered that one of these pills, pounded or crumbled, will destroy twenty mice. They may also be of excellent

lent use in thinning a poor family of young children, being thus pounded or bruised, and spread in small quantities upon their bread and butter.

I shall conclude this paper with a very ingenious little piece, which is just now communicated to me by my good friend Mr. Dodsley, and which shews what an agreeable and elegant use a man of taste and memory may make of his reading. It was thrown together by a member of a society of gentlemen, who meet once a year to celebrate the birth-day of Shakespeare, and is as follows—

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF

SHAKESPEARE,

A CENTO.

TAKEN FROM HIS WORKS.

Naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari.

CICERO.

———Peace to this meeting,
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes.
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met,
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal SHAKESPEARE to this favour'd isle;
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divineſt Nature! how thyself thou blazon'ſt
In this thy fon! form'd in thy prodigality,
Too hold thy mirror up, and give the time
It's very form and preſſure! When he ſpeaks,
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So voluble is his diſcourſe—Gentle
As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging it's ſweet head—Yet as rough,
(His noble blood enchaff'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour, untaught;
Civility, not ſeen in another; knowledge,
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! Infinite in reaſon!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal.
Heav'n has him now—Yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still ſanctify his relicks; and this day
Stand aye diſtinguiſh'd in the kalendar
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time:
For if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er ſhall look upon his like again.

N° CLXXX. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU have reading and experience enough to know, that ſome of the greateſt ornaments and conveniencies of life owe their riſe to inconſiderable beginnings; and, on the contrary, that little abuſes and miſtakes, by continual repetitions and aggravations, have grown into calamities, which have ſeverely exerciſed, as well the wiſdom, as the patience, of mankind. In this light it is hoped the following petition will be conſidered. It was not drawn up barely to amuſe your readers for five or ſix minutes, but with a view to very important conſequences that may poſſibly be derived from it. Your labours ſufficiently intimate that you conſider your ſpecies as one great family, of which you are a member, and conſequently under an obligation to countenance every thing that has a tendency to it's advancement. It is for that reaſon application is made to you. I am, Sir, your conſtant reader and humble ſervant.

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF ALL THE

LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET,

EXCEPT E AND O.

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners cannot, without great violence to their modeſty, inſiſt upon any thing that may reflect honour upon themſelves; but the neceſſity of the caſe will plead their excuſe, and therefore they beg leave moſt humbly

bly to repreſent, that, in conjunction with E and O, they have been for many ages, in a great part of the world, the only ſupport of the whole intercourſe of human life. By them men have been enabled to converſe when they meet, and to communicate their thoughts to each other at any diſtance. By them the ſocial virtues exiſt, are multiplied and improved, to a degree not eaſily conceived by thoſe who, either from ignorance, or a too conſtant familiarity, are apt to contract a ſort of contempt for objects of the greateſt uſe.

The body which your petitioners almoſt entirely compoſe, is known to conſiſt of but few individuals; and the buſineſs they are employed in is infinite: yet no tranſaction has ever ſuffered from any defect in them. Under proper direction, they never fail to execute what is intended; though, in the courſe of their ſervice, circumſtances frequently occur of the niceſt and moſt delicate nature. By their intervention contending princes diſpute their claims of empire. Upon them depend divines, ſtateſmen, lawyers, and phyſicians; all profeſſions, all trades; and with their aſſiſtance the beggar aſks his alms. An influence more extenſive, more univerſal, is hardly to be imagined: ſo many and ſo great are the purpoſes anſwered by your petitioners; a ſociety that does more honour to the ſpecies than all others put together.

But the utility and importance of your petitioners have, for their foundation, a perfect harmony and good underſtanding among themſelves; inaſmuch, as the leaſt diſſention may prove of fatal conſequence: for ſhould any one of them withdraw his aſſiſtance from the reſt, their activity, which qualifies them for all employments, would in a moment ceaſe, and they muſt become, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the words, dead letters.

Nevertheleſs, ſo it is, that certain perſons, either through folly or perverſeneſs, have opened a door to Diſcord, an enemy ever upon the watch, and that muſt inevitably prevail, if a ſpeedy and effectual ſtop be not put to a practice, which has for many years had it's favourers in the greateſt and moſt polite aſſembly of this metropolis. A thouſand witneſſes might be produced to prove, that at every Ridotto part of the company is ſeated at a round table, which has a hollow moveable circle in the middle, with a declivity from the centre, and it's circumference divided into little ſeparate cavities or cells, diſtinguiſhed by the letters E and O, placed over them alternately: the hollow circle is put in motion, and a ſmall ivory ball thrown upon it in a contrary direction; after ſeveral turns, the inclination of the ſurface carries the ball down towards the cavities prepared for it's reception; in one of which, having rebounded ſeveral times, it at laſt reſts, and the parties concerned in this intereſting event ſucceed or fail, as they chance to have choſen, or not, the letter under which the ball happens to ſettle.

Now, Sir, the grievance complained of by your petitioners is, that the game ſhould be wholly and abſolutely governed by E and O, and derive it's name from thoſe letters alone. All impartial judges will acknowledge the preference to be an undue one; ſince all your petitioners are equally qualified for the ſervice, ready to undertake it, and have ſpirit enough to claim a ſhare in the honour.

There is, indeed, and there muſt of neceſſity be, a precedence in the order of the alphabet; but this has never yet been underſtood to denote any ſuperior excellence; and granting it did, the two aſſociates in power cannot avail themſelves of that circumſtance, becauſe all who know their letters, and are capable of counting not quite twenty, will find the former of them in the fifth, and the latter in the fourteenth place. Like other favourites, therefore, they have been advanced, not for their merit, but altogether from caprice.

The diſadvantages of this practice are evident to all. The few who are well eſtabliſhed in reading, by a perpetual and cloſe attention to E and O only, may entirely forget your petitioners, and by that means loſe all the advantages of a learned education. As to the many, who have every thing to learn, the danger is, that not one of them will be prevailed on to go a ſtep beyond O; which muſt abſolutely defeat thoſe expectations which the public may have formed from the riſing generation.

The remedy for theſe evils is, however, eaſy and certain: it is only to have the letters over the cavities made to ſlide on and off, and to provide a compleat alphabet of them; then, beginning with

A and

A and B, let them govern for a certain time; next, C and D are to preside; and in this manner a regular rotation is to take place. The use of this contrivance must be obvious to every body; as a thousand things might be taught in this way, which it would be hopeless to attempt in any other whatsoever.

Your petitioners, submitting the premises to your consideration, humbly pray such relief, as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

A. B. C. D.
E. G. H. I.
K. L. M. N.
P. Q. R. S.
T. U. W. X.
Y. Z.

N° CLXXXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

IT has been remarked by certain wise philosophers, that men are strangely apt to err in their notions of good and evil, virtue and vice. They tell us, that we have no adequate idea of those words, but are continually mistaking and confounding them; calling good evil, and evil good; virtue vice, and vice virtue. One of these philosophers has very lately discovered, that the contentions, misfortunes, and miseries, of mankind, are wholly owing to government and laws; and that a state of anarchy and confusion, where the weak are at the mercy of the strong, and the simple of the cunning, is the only state of concord, security, and happiness.

Another of these philosophers, who seems rather inclined to new-model governments, than totally to subvert them, has proved, to the satisfaction of multitudes, that fraud, luxury, corruption, and all the catalogue of vices, (as men are mistakenly pleased to call them) are the only means to make a community great, flourishing, and happy; and, on the contrary, that frugality, temperance, continence, and the like, which are vulgarly termed virtues, tend finally to it's destruction.

For my own part, I was not philosopher enough in my youth to investigate these deep truths; and now I am old, I find myself so bigotted to former opinions, as not easily to perceive that rapes, murders, and adulteries, are beneficial to society; or that a state of nature is better calculated for the preservation of property, or the ease, peace, and happiness of mankind, than government and laws. But lest it should be said of me, that from the peevishness and obstinacy of age, I am shutting my eyes against the light, I will freely confess that I am lately become a convert to some other opinions, which I formerly held in equal disesteem. I had long accustomed myself to look on Gaming as a vice; and as such I have frequently treated it in the course of these papers: but I am now fully convinced of my error, and that I ought to have considered it as a national virtue, and productive of more advantages to society than any other whatsoever. That my readers may entertain the same opinion, I shall here present them with a letter which I have lately received from a very ingenious correspondent, whose reasons upon this subject is too conclusive to be opposed.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Hope you will not think it inconsistent with the manner in which you have proposed to conduct your paper, to lay before the public the complaints of your correspondents, relating to that part of the world you more immediately preside over; especially as you have declared your design to interpose whenever the critical emergencies of your country shall require your assistance.

You, who are acquainted with public proceedings, must have taken notice of the additional taxes that have been laid upon cards and dice; by which it is justly apprehended, that the profits arising from the honourable occupations dependent thereon will be greatly impeded. Whatever satisfaction gloomy and splenetic minds (always disposed to anticipate the ruin of the kingdom) may express, I assure you I cannot help considering this affair with the most painful concern; and I doubt not my reasons will be equally convincing to you.

At a time when the perfidious enemies of our country have rendered all foreign trade precarious and uncertain, to what happier resources can we fly than the commerce of game? By what means

means is the circulation of money, the life and ſpirit of trade, more ſpeedily promoted? What other buſineſs can boaſt of ſuch large returns? and (with honour be it mentioned) what debts in any other kind of commerce are more punctually diſcharged? How ſtrongly do the various fluctuations of fortune inculcate fortitude, courage, reſignation, and a noble contempt of death! virtues for which the proficients in this ſcience have been greatly renowned. What better method could be found out for humbling the grandeur, and diminiſhing the over-grown revenues of our nobility and gentry, than by blending their manners and fortunes with the loweſt of their fellow-creatures? Nor is it the leaſt praiſe of this profeſſion, that the fair ſex are qualified to make a figure in it, and to exert thoſe ſtriking talents which we ſeem ſo ſolicitous to exclude from many of the arts of life. By a conſtant applicat on to gaming, they gradually wear off the killing brightneſs of thoſe eyes, and the overpowering ſplendour of thoſe charms, which would otherwiſe be deſtructive to many thouſands of mankind. Hence they are taught kindneſs and condeſcenſion, and rendered graciouſly acceſſible to the company and careſſes of every adoring ſwain. I might obſerve farther, that while the merchant and tradeſman are contracting a narrow avaricious turn of mind, a haughty contempt, and a ſuperciliou's air, the gallant ſpirits who have eſpouſed this genteel commerce, acquire an engaging freedom of converſation, a boundleſs generoſity of nature, and an inimitable politeneſs of manners.

If the political advantages of gaming are demanded of me, I anſwer, that it ſecures our money in the kingdom, and keeps it in perpetual circulation. Can there be a more convincing demonſtration of the dangerous conſequences of foreign trade, than that the riches of the kingdom are exhauſted by it, and the national current wealth, according to the opinion of ſome wiſe calculators, reduced from forty millions to twelve? not to mention the importation of the various follies, faſhions, and poiſons, which expoſe, infatuate, and deſtroy, ſo many of our deluded countrymen. Can any other argument be neceſſary to procure an unlimited indulgence to a commerce, from whence ſo many advantages ſpring, and which is ſo evidently conducive to the public good?

If it ſhould be objected, that many perſons of plentiful incomes are reduced to poverty by gaming, I ſhould be glad to know what employments in life are totally exempted from misfortune; and how many bankrupts are recorded in our public chronicles, who deſpairing to riſe in the world by the vulgar method of trade, have had recourſe to this genteel profeſſion, and quickly retrieved their fortunes.

It would be eaſy to mention many more circumſtances in praiſe of ſo noble a commerce, if it was in the leaſt neceſſary: I doubt not of the concurrence of all men of genius and ſpirit in theſe my ſentiments; I hope the legiſlature will henceforward look with favour on an art, in which the politeneſs, the morals, the conſtitution, and the riches, of this kingdom are ſo greatly concerned; and inſtead of diſcouraging it with ſevere taxes, and heavy burthens, will contribute every thing to it's advancement. To this end I cannot preſent you with a better propoſal, than That all thoſe who can bring ſufficient proof of their having loſt from one thouſand to one hundred thouſand pounds, ſhall be maintained at the public expence, and rewarded for their patriotiſm, in ſacrificing their fortune ſo diſintereſtedly for the good of their country.

If you ſhall pleaſe to communicate theſe thoughts to the public, and recommend them by ſome arguments of your own, I ſhall think you that friend of the world you pretend to be, and may poſſibly give you ſome future advices which may not be unworthy your notice. I am Sir, your ſincere friend, and hearty admirer,

JACK LOVEBOX.

N° CLXXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

A Very facetious friend of mine was obſerving the other day, that he could always diſcover with great certainty the ſhape, height, and complexion, of any man's wife in company, by calling for his toaſt. If he gives you a lean woman—

woman—'Depend upon it,' says he, 'his wife is a fat one;' or if he drinks his bumper to a beauty of fine height and complexion, you may safely conclude that the lady at home is little and swarthy, and so on—'For,' continues he, 'I have ever found it to be true, 'that when a man has been married a 'full half year, he will be the constant 'admirer of all other women, in pro-'portion as they differ from his own 'wife.'

I wish with all my heart there was no colour of truth in this remark; but I am afraid that the wives of the generality of men, like their other possessions, are apt to pall a little upon their hands. Fine fortunes, fine houses, fine gardens, and fine equipages, bring but little enjoyment to their owners; insomuch that we are every day breaking the tenth commandment, by *coveting our neighbour's house, our neighbour's wife, or any thing that is our neighbour's.*

Whence this perverseness of mankind arises, I will not take upon me to determine. My friend, who never thinks enough to perplex himself, lays the fault upon human nature. He asserts that men are in every respect just what they were intended to be, and that we have the same reason to be angry with a bear for not being a man, as with a man for having the imperfections of one.

That we are frail by nature is too certain a truth; but the comfort is, that He who made us so does not expect perfection from us, and will pardon errors that do not proceed from wilful corruption, and obstinate disobedience.

There is a humourous fable of the ancients upon the general frailty of mankind, which, as I have never seen in English, I have ventured to modernize and translate for the entertainment of my readers.

'Jupiter, after he had seized the throne of Saturn, conquered the Titans, and made the universe his own, left the government of this lower world, and the affairs of mankind, to the inferior deities. Each had his separate votaries, and no one was to interfere in the department of another. Mars was captain-general of the soldiery of all nations, Neptune was lord high admiral, Bacchus presided over clubs and festivals, Mercury over trade, Apollo over wit and physic, Minerva over learning, Venus and the Graces over beauty, Juno over marriage, Diana over chastity, and so on.

'In the first ages of the world the affairs of men seemed to be in a very flourishing condition; but the face of things began gradually to change, till at last a general depravity prevailed over the face of the whole earth. The gods, finding themselves unequal to the task imposed upon them, and angry with mankind, petitioned Jupiter to take the government of them into his own hands; but he frowned at their request, commanding them to proceed as they had begun, and leave the consequences to himself. The deities, perplexed at their repulse, convened a council among themselves, in which it was agreed that they should draw up a second petition to Jupiter, that for the better understanding the nature of mankind, they should have leave to pay a visit to the world, and to take upon them for a time the several natures of their votaries. Jupiter laughed, and consented to their petition; but with this particular limitation, that they should be entirely divested of supernatural powers; and that, as they were to personate mortals, they should be subject to their frailties.

'The deities consented to the will of Jupiter; and having deliberated on the several parts they were to act, made their descent upon the earth. Mars bought himself a pair of colours in the guards; and being a gay, handsome young fellow, and a great favourite of the ladies, was quickly advanced to the command of a company. His equipage was the most splendid that could be imagined; he dressed, danced, gamed, and swore, to the utmost perfection; he knocked down watchmen and constables, drew his sword upon chairmen and waiters, laughed at the parsons, bilked whores and hackney-coachmen, cheated taylors and lacemen, stormed towns at every tavern, and saluted at the head of his company with inimitable grace. But having unfortunately seduced the wife of his friend, and being called out on the occasion, he chose to decline fighting, and was broke for cowardice.

'Neptune was a hardy rough tar, and got early the command of a sixty-gun ship. He attacked the trade of the enemy with great intrepidity, and took prizes of immense value. His prudence

was equal to his courage; inasmuch as his ship was never known to suffer by the enemy's shot, or a man to die on board her of a violent death. But as Neptune was now no more than a man, and therefore liable to error, he had the misfortune to mistake his admiral's signal to attack, for a signal to sheer off; and happening to have no interest at court, was disabled from service, and sent to live upon his fortune.

'Bacchus was a country squire, and a great sportsman; he got drunk every day, and debauched all the wives and daughters of his tenants and neighbours; till being reduced by his extravagance, and driven to various shifts, he at last drew beer in a night-cellar to hackney-coachmen and street-walkers.

'Mercury was a linen-draper in the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune by being three times a bankrupt; but happening to be discovered in a fourth attempt, he was stript of all his wealth, and very narrowly escaped hanging. He was afterwards captain of a gang of thieves, and at last recalled to heaven from the condemned hold in Newgate.

'Apollo commenced mortal in the character of a physician, and so peopled the shades of Pluto with souls, that the boat of Charon became crazy by their weight. Jupiter grew incensed at his murders, and commanded him to begin the world again in a more innocent calling. Apollo obeyed, and became a wit. He composed loose sonnets and plays; he libelled the good, flattered the bad, blasphemed the gods, and was patronized by the great: but unhappily standing in need of their assistance, they withdrew their favours, and left him to starve in a garret on the bounty of booksellers.

'Minerva was a lady of fine parts and learning, but a great flattern. She never stuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them till they wore out. Her linen was stained with ink, her hair uncombed, her petticoats falling off, her stockings full of holes, and her feet slipshod. She talked in syllogisms, wrote in heroics, and married her footman.

'Venus, who while a goddess had always a hankering after mortal flesh and blood, was highly pleased with this descent upon earth. She assumed the form of a beautiful girl of fourteen, took lodgings in Covent-garden, and dealt out her favours liberally to all visitors. Her state of mortality was so suited to her inclinations, that Heaven and the goddess were never thought of, till the loss of her nose made her sigh for immortality.

'Diana was a great prude all day; but had her Endymions by moon-light. It has been reported of her, that she was eleven times brought to bed, without being once able to give the least probable guess at the father of the child.

'Of Juno it is only said, that she scolded seven husbands to death, and of the Graces, that they were exceeding neat girls till they were married, and sluts afterwards.

'Having staid the limited time upon earth, they were all summoned to heaven in their human forms and habits, to make their appearance before the throne of Jupiter. Mars and Neptune made a tolerable figure, but looked a little shy. Bacchus had a blue apron on, and a string of pewter pots thrown across his shoulder. Mercury appeared fettered and hand-cuffed; he had a woollen cap upon his head, a nosegay in his hand, and a halter about his neck. Apollo was full dress in a suit of rusty black, a tye-wig, a silver-hilted sword, roll-up stockings, deep ruffles, but no shirt: his features were begrimed with snuff, and his mouth crammed with tobacco. As Minerva approached to make her curtsey, Jupiter held his nose, and beckoned her to keep aloof, telling her that for the future he would have no learned ladies upon earth. Venus held her fan before her face, till Jupiter commanded her to uncover. He then enquired after her nose, and asked if the gin she had drank that morning was right Holland's. Diana complained much of a dropsy; upon which Jupiter laughed, and promised to send Lucina to cure her; adding, that he hoped she had had good times. Juno looked angry at not being first taken notice of; which, upon Jupiter's observing, he gave her a gracious nod, and assured her that every one of her husbands was quiet in Elysium. The Graces would have apologized for their dishabille, but Jupiter prevented them, and told them with a smile that he would have no marriages in heaven. He then restored them all to their divinities; and after ridiculing and rebuking them for their murmurings and curiosity, dismissed them to their several charges,

F. Bunning del. Walker sculp.

Plate VII.

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charges, telling them that they were now enabled to make allowances for the frailties and imperfections of human nature, having experienced in their own perſons, that he had peopled the world with Men, and not Gods.'

N° CLXXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

IT was with great ſatisfaction that I attended to the declaration of war againſt France, having for above a twelvemonth paſt been ſenſibly hurt in my own private property by the people of that nation. Yet, injured as I was, I concealed my reſentment while there was the leaſt expectation of peace, that it might not be ſaid of me, I had contributed, by any complaints of my own, to the involving my country in a hazardous and expenſive war.

Every body knows, that till within theſe two years, or thereabouts, it was a general faſhion for the ladies to wear hair upon their heads; and I had piqued myſelf not a little on the thoughts that theſe my papers had been of conſiderable ſervice towards curling the ſaid hair. I had indeed long ago diſcovered, that very few ladies of condition could ſpare time and attention enough from the various avocations of dreſs, viſiting, aſſemblies, plays, operas, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, to read over a paper that contained no leſs than ſix pages in folio; but as the demand for the World was ſtill very conſiderable, I contented myſelf with knowing that I was every week adorning their heads, though I could not be permitted to improve their underſtandings; and it was a particular pleaſure to me, in all public aſſemblies, to think that the fineſt faces there were indebted to the goodneſs of my paper for ſetting them off. So long as the faſhion of hair continued, (and, to ſay truth, I never ſo much as dreamed that it was ſo ſoon to change) I depended on the cuſtom of the fair and polite; but by the inſtigation of French hair-cutters, whom the miniſters of their monarque have ſent to this metropolis in pure ſpite to me, the ladies have been prevailed on to cut their hair cloſe to their temples, to the great diminution of the ſale of theſe papers.

It was formerly a very agreeable amuſement to me to look in at Mr. Dodſley's on a Thurſday morning, and obſerve the great demand for theſe my lucubrations; but though the ſame demand continues among the men, I have frequently the mortification of hearing a ſmart footman delivering a meſſage in the ſhop, That his lady deſires Mr. Dodſley will ſend her in no more Worlds, for that ſhe has cut off her hair, and ſhall have no occaſion for them any longer.

Nobody will, I believe, make the leaſt doubt that my principal view in this work was to amend the morals and improve the underſtandings of my fellow-ſubjects; but I will honeſtly confeſs, that ever ſince the commencement of it, I have entertained ſome diſtant hopes of laying up a fortune ſufficient to ſupport me in my old age: and as money is at ſo low an intereſt, I intended making a ſmall purchaſe in ſome retired and pleaſant part of England, that I might have devoted my labours to the cultivation of land, after having weeded men's minds of whatever choaked the growth of virtue and good manners. This I do not yet deſpair of effecting, as I am not without hopes, that while we are at open war with France, the ladies will conceive ſuch a diſlike to the faſhions of their enemies, as to let their hair grow again. If this cannot ſpeedily be brought about, I muſt be forced to apply to the miniſters for ſome lucrative employment, in return for that indulgence and complaiſance which I have at all times ſhewn them. It is impoſſible for me to conceive that my merits have been overlooked, though they have been hitherto unrewarded; and I make no kind of doubt that I need only preſent myſelf at their levees, to be aſked what poſt I would chuſe. They do not want to be aſſured that I am as willing as able to aſſiſt them in all emergencies; or, which is ſtill better, to vindicate their conduct againſt all oppoſers, to ſtifle clamours in their birth, to convert fears to hopes, complaints to approbation, and faction to concord.

But as I do not at preſent recollect any particular poſt of honour and profit that would better ſuit me than another, and

knowing that the abuſers of an adminiſtration are firſt to be provided for, I am willing to accept of a handſome ſum of money, till ſomething elſe may be done: or if a ſeat in parliament, with a proper qualification, be thought neceſſary for me, I entirely acquieſce, as my eloquence in the houſe muſt be of ſignal ſervice in all critical conjunctures. It would alſo be perfectly agreeable to me if the government were to take off weekly twenty or thirty thouſand of my papers, and circulate them among their friends; or if they object to ſuch an expence, and ſhould diſcover no inclination to oblige me in any of the particulars above-mentioned, I humbly intreat, that in lieu of the depredations made upon me by the French hair-cutters, and in conſideration of my firm attachment to his Majeſty's family and government, orders be immediately iſſued from the Lord Steward's office, the Board of Greencloth, or elſewhere, that henceforward all the tarts, pyes, paſtry, and confectionary of all kinds whatſoever, appertaining to his Majeſty's houſehold, be conſtantly baked upon theſe papers. This would be making me ſufficient amends, and greatly encourage me to continue this uſeful work, till a perfect library might be made of it, which otherwiſe muſt have an end before an hundred volumes can be compleated.

That the miniſtry may entertain juſt notions of the efficacy of my good work, I ſhall here preſent them with ſome few of thoſe offers which are almoſt daily made me by private perſons.

A lady, who has lately opened a new bagnio in Covent Garden, aſſures me in a letter, that if I will do her the favour to recommend her in the World, I ſhall not only have the run of her houſe, but every one of her young ladies ſhall be obliged to take in my paper as long as it laſts. A grocer in the Strand has ſent me a pound of his beſt tea, and promiſes to wrap up every ounce he ſells, as alſo all his ſugars and ſpices, in theſe papers, if I will honour him ſo far as to make mention of him in any one of them. He adds in a poſtſcript, that his wife and five daughters, who do a great deal of work, make all their thread-papers of Worlds.

But a more material offer ſtill, and which I have therefore reſerved for the laſt, is contained in the following letter.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THIS is to acquaint thee, that we are makers of pins on the bridge called London Bridge, and that we have each of us given a conſiderable portion of money for the good-will of the habitations wherein we make our abode: but by an act of the legiſlature lately paſſed, the ſaid habitations are ſpeedily to be pulled down, and their dwellers to be forced to remove to other abodes. If thou art in the leaſt acquainted with traffic, thou canſt not be ignorant of the benefits that accrue from an old eſtabliſhed ſhop, in a ſtreet where the principal dealers in any particular commodity are known to dwell; inaſmuch as when thou wanteſt a ſilken garment for thy wife, thou wouldſt repair to the habitations of Round Court or Ludgate Hill; or, if thy linen was rent, thou wouldſt doubtleſs reſort to Cheapſide or Cornhill; in like manner, if thy helpmate or thy maidens wanted pins, thou wouldſt not fail, if thou wert wiſe, to take thy walk to London Bridge. But by the act above-named, thy friends are exiled from their dwellings, and compelled to ſojourn in a ſtrange ſtreet, where even their names are unknown. We therefore requeſt it of thee, if the rulers of the land behold thee with regard, that thou wilt apply thyſelf ſpeedily to obtain a repeal of this act; wherein if thou ſucceedeſt, we will buy up thy weekly labours in reams, and ſtick all our pins therein, ſo that thy name ſhall be known far and wide, and thy days proſperous in the land.

If thou art a well-wiſher to thyſelf, thou wilt uſe thy beſt endeavours for the ſervice of thy friends,

EPHRAIM MINIKIN,
MALACHY SHORTWITE,
OBADIAH MIDLING,
HEZEKIAH LONGPIN, &c. &c.

After duly deliberating upon this propoſal, I am inclined to trouble the government no farther at preſent, than to requeſt the repeal of this act, which if they are ſo kind as to grant me, my papers will again find their way to the dreſſing-rooms of the ladies, in ſpite of the intrigues of France, and her emiſſaries the hair-cutters.

henſions, that the jade has diſcovered to him that I am a greater coward than himſelf. At all events, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me have your advice, becauſe I am your conſtant reader, and admirer,

THOMAS TAMEDEER.

N° CLXXXVI. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am the ſame clergyman who troubled you with an account of his misfortunes in your paper, Number XXXI. and am indebted to your kind publication of that letter for the eaſe and happineſs which, with only one ſingle interruption, I have enjoyed ever ſince. My uncommon, and I hope I may ſay, unmerited diſtreſſes, recommended me to the notice of a noble lord, who called to ſee me at my lodgings, brought me home to his lordſhip's own houſe, and honoured me ſo far as to make me his domeſtic chaplain. His lordſhip's regard for me was ſo truly ſincere, that he married me ſoon after to my lady's woman, a young perſon of admirable beauty and virtue, and a great favourite of my lord, becauſe, as his lordſhip uſed to tell me, ſhe was a clergyman's daughter; and, for what reaſon he knew not, extremely hated by his lady. But my good fortune did not end here: his lordſhip, whoſe nature is never to be tired with doing good, was ſo very obliging as to take us a little houſe, ready-furniſhed, in a retired and pleaſant part of the town, paying the rent of it himſelf, and making us conſiderable preſents from time to time. He was alſo ſo very condeſcending as to ſpend two or three evenings in a week with us, and frequently to take my wife with him into the chariot, for an afternoon's airing, as ſhe had the misfortune, ſoon after our marriage, of labouring under an ill ſtate of health, which, as we all feared, would terminate in a dropſy.

His lordſhip was ſtill kinder to me in other affairs, inſomuch that in leſs than two months after our marriage, he ſent me into the weſt, with thirty guineas in my pocket, to ſupply the place of a worthy clergyman, whom my lord had ſent for to town upon particular buſineſs; and becauſe the ill health of my wife required a little country air, his lordſhip propoſed taking lodgings for her at Knightſbridge during my abſence, where ſhe was daily to be attended by his own phyſician.

At the end of ſix weeks, his lordſhip was pleaſed to recall me to town, where I had the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction of finding my wife returned to her houſe, perfectly cured of her diſorder, with only a little paleneſs remaining from the violent remedies preſcribed to her by her phyſician. I had the additional happineſs of finding his lordſhip with my wife, waiting my return; and to be honoured with his thanks for the faithful diſcharge of my truſt, together with a promiſe of the very firſt living that ſhould fall within his gift.

I mention theſe things, Sir, to the honour of my noble benefactor, who ever ſince my marriage, which is now three years ago, has been laviſhing his favours upon me; who has been ſo very condeſcending as to ſtand godfather in perſon to my two children, and to take every opportunity of making me happy by his viſits. But I am not entering into a particular detail of the pleaſures I enjoy: I have another motive for troubling you with this letter.

His lordſhip, the beginning of this month, was pleaſed, amongſt the many inſtances of his goodneſs, to procure for me a chaplainſhip in one of the regiments now in Scotland; and as my attendance was immediately neceſſary, and my wife too far gone with child to think of going with me, as ſoon as I had prepared every thing for my journey, I ſent an advertiſement to the Daily Advertiſer in the following words.

WANTED, an agreeable companion in a poſt-chaiſe to Edinburgh. Enquire for the Reverend W. B. at the Green Park Coffee-houſe, Piccadilly. Note, The utmoſt expedition will be neceſſary.

The next morning, as I was reading a news-paper in the coffee-room, I heard a young gentleman, of a very modeſt and decent appearance, enquiring at the bar for the Reverend Mr. W. B. I told him that I was the perſon; and calling for a

couple

couple of dishes of coffee, we sat down together, and entered upon the subject of the advertisement. He assured me, that if his friends did not flatter him, he was a very agreeable companion; that he had business of consequence to transact at Edinburgh; that he was particularly pleased to find by the advertisement that I was a clergyman, having a great veneration for gentlemen of that function; that he had entertained thoughts of becoming one himself, was a near relation of the bishop of ***, and though young as he appeared, he was never so happy as when engaged in serious conversation with a worthy divine. He was pleased to add, that he saw something in my appearance which entitled me to that character, and that he did not doubt of being greatly edified during so long a journey. Many civilities passed on my side in return; and in the end it was agreed that we should set out that very evening at six o'clock. He was punctual to his appointment, with a servant on horseback, leading a handsome gelding for his master, who with two young gentlemen, his friends, were waiting for me at the inn. I could not help observing, while the chaise was getting ready, that these young gentlemen were taking a good deal of pains to stifle a laugh, which, on our stepping into the carriage, they were no longer able to contain: but I made no remarks upon their behaviour, and we set out upon our journey.

We reached Ware that night, without any thing happening worthy of remark, except that we were stopt upon the road by two young gentlemen on horseback, and interrupted in a very serious conversation, by their saluting my companion with 'Z——ds, Jack! 'what, playing the saint, and travelling 'to heaven with a parson!' My fellow-traveller gave them a look of contempt; and after assuring them that he had not the honour of knowing them, and pulling up the glass, ordered the postilion to drive on.

Our evening at Ware was spent in remarks on the dissoluteness of the times, and the indecent liberties that wild and profligate young fellows were every where taking with the clergy. After much serious discourse, and moderate refreshment, we retired to rest. I slept longer than usual in the morning; and no sooner was I awake, than I discovered, with equal confusion and surprize, that I was in bed with a woman, who, as I attempted to get up, threw her arms about my neck, and compelled me to lie down. The struggle and the noise I made upon this occasion, together with the screams of the woman, who still held me fast, alarmed the whole inn, and drew a crowd of spectators into the room, headed by my companion, and followed by a soldier, who called himself the husband of the woman, swearing that he would have my heart's blood for corrupting the chastity of his wife. I pleaded my innocence to an unbelieving audience; while the woman accused me of having forced me against her will; pretending that it was her misfortune over-night to be a little in liquor, and that she had mistaken the room I lay in for her own.

To dwell no longer than is needful upon this disgraceful affair, I was in the end compelled to give a guinea to the soldier, and afterwards to submit with patience to the insults of a mob, who surrounded the inn at our entrance into the post-chaise, and followed it with hootings to the very extremity of the town.

From the passive behaviour of my companion at the inn, and the demure looks that he now put on, I began to harbour a suspicion of him not greatly to his advantage; and while I was deliberating in what manner to address him, an accident happened, which at once threw him off his guard, and discovered to me, that instead of an agreeable companion, I was travelling with a fiend. This accident was the sudden and violent overturning of the post-chaise; upon which occasion, though neither of us was hurt, he discharged such a volley of curses on the postilion, as made me tremble to hear him. I endeavoured to pacify him by the gentlest admonitions, which instead of calming his anger, turned it all upon myself; and amidst a thousand oaths and imprecations, he vowed revenge upon my head, telling me that he hated a parson as he hated Old Nic; that he had bribed the soldier's whore to go to bed to me at the inn; and that he came out upon no other business than to play the devil with me all the way. I stood aghast at what I heard, and refused getting into the chaise again; upon which a struggle ensued, and blows passed between us; till by the assistance of his servant, and the knavery of the postilion, whom he gained

gained over to his fide with a whole handful of filver, I was thruft into the chaife, and compelled to go on.

We had fcarce travelled a mile before we overtook a couple of gypfies upon the road; one an old woman, the other a girl. They were all over rags and filth, and fo intoxicated with liquor, that they reeled at every ftep. My companion called to the poftilion to ftop; and after queftioning thefe wretches about the way they were going, got out of the chaife, and told me that he could not in charity fit loiling at his eafe, while two of the tender fex were walking barefoot on the road; and that, if I had no weighty objections, he would make the old lady an offer of his feat, and Miſs, as he was pleafed to call her, might with great convenience fit upon my knee. It was in vain for me to expoſtulate, or to attempt leaping after him: his fervant held me faſt by the arm, while the maſter with great gravity and ceremony handed the creatures into the chaife; and then mounting his horſe, rode cloſe by it's ſide, talking obſcenity to the wretches, and inſtructing them to behave to me in a manner not to be endured nor deſcribed.

In this manner we paſſed through the villages, and entered Royſton; the poſtilion being ordered to walk his horſes gently to the inn, that we might be followed by a mob, whom my companion called to at every turning to ſmoke the parſon and his doxies.

I ſtept from the chaiſe amidſt the hallooing of the rabble, and ran into a room, the door of which I locked. Here I determined to remain, or to fly to the magiſtrate for proteſtion, had not my tormentor made his appearance at the window, telling me that as the joke was now at an end, and as he believed I had had enough of an agreeable companion, he had altered his intention of viſiting Scotland, and ſhould return to town that morning. I thanked him for the favour; but kept cloſe to my room, till I ſaw him with his ſervant ride out of the inn, and take the road to London. I then ordered ſome refreſhment to be brought me, and a poſt-chaiſe to be in readineſs; but how great was my aſtoniſhment, when feeling for my purſe, which contained forty guineas at my ſetting out, I found that my pockets had been rifled, and that I had not ſo much as a braſs farthing left me!

As it was no doubt with me that the gypſies had robbed me, I made immediate enquiry after them, but learnt that they had diſappeared on our arrival at the inn; and though the moſt diligent ſearch was made for them, they were no where to be found.

It was now impoſſible for me to proceed; I therefore determined to remain where I was, till I could receive a freſh ſupply from my wife, to whom I diſpatched a meſſenger with a letter, ſetting forth at large all the cruelties I had met with.

When the meſſenger was gone, it occurred to me, that however ill my companion had uſed me, he could not be baſe enough to concert this robbery with the gypſies, and therefore might be inclined to make up my loſs upon knowing that I had ſuſtained it. For this reaſon I determined once more to tranſmit my complaints to the World; that if the young gentleman has any one principle of honour remaining, he may ſend to Mr. Dodſley's the ſum I have been defrauded of. My demand upon him is for ſeven-and-thirty guineas, which unleſs he pays within ſix days after the publication of this letter, I will forthwith print his name in the news-papers, and proclaim to the public the injuries he has done me.

I have another reaſon for giving you this trouble; which is, to caution all gentlemen for the future againſt advertiſing in the papers for an Agreeable Companion in a poſt-chaiſe; as it conſoles me not a little, that I am enabled to make other people wiſe, even by my own misfortunes. I am, Sir, your obliged, and moſt faithful ſervant,

W. B.

GEORGE INN AT
ROYSTON,
JULY 16, 1756.

N° CLXXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the grievances that your correſpondents have from time to time laid before you, I have not with no one ſituation that bears any likeneſs to my own, or that deſerves your compaſſion and advice half ſo much. I am the brother of four ſiſters, am the eldeſt of my family, a freeman of the city of London, and by trade a ſhoemaker. My father enjoyed a ſmall place at court, which I believe, one year with another, brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds. My mother was deſcended from the third or fourth couſin of an attainted Scotch peer, was a lady's woman when my father married her, and brought with her a very large portion of pride, virtue, and fine breeding. My father, who before his marriage had held up his head very high as a courtier, was now of greater conſequence than ever, in the thought that by this happy match he had allied himſelf to nobility. My mother indeed had one great mortification to ſurmount; which was, that ſhe had not only contaminated her blood by marrying a plebeian, who was formerly a broken tallow-chandler in the city, but had changed her illuſtrious maiden name for the coarſe and vulgar appellation of Mrs. Laycock. She comforted herſelf, however, on the firſt appearance of her pregnancy, that ſo odious a ſurname ſhould be qualified in her children with the genteeleſt and moſt elegant Chriſtian names that hiſtory or romance could poſſibly ſupply. My father approved the thought; and no ſooner was I a fortnight old, than I was chriſtened, with great pomp and grandeur, by the name of Ptolemy. My eldeſt ſiſter, who came into the world a year after, was called Wilhelmina Charlotta, the ſecond Penthefilea, the third Telethuſa, and the fourth Honoria. There was alſo a ſecond ſon, who died within the month, chriſtened Agamemnon.

We were all of us trained up to regard theſe names as marks of ſuperiority over other children, and ſuch as would one time or other moſt certainly make our fortunes. If Maſter Ptolemy was naughty, he was not chid as a vulgar child, but admoniſhed with all the gentleneſs and forbearance due to ſo illuſtrious a name. If Miſs Wilhelmina Charlotta, or her ſiſters Miſs Penthefilea, Miſs Telethuſa, or Miſs Honoria, forgot to hold up their heads, or were caught at romps with the boys, they were put in mind of their names, and inſtructed to act up to them. Our dreſſes were, if poſſible, as fantaſtic as our names; and the formality of our behaviour was of a piece with both. And though we were the plaineſt children in the world, and had not the leaſt probable chance of receiving a ſingle ſhilling to our portions, we were trained up to pride and idleneſs, and to turn up our noſes at all the Dicks, Toms, and Harrys, the Sukeys and Pollys, that were our ſuperiors in the neighbourhood.

The neceſſary expences to ſupport all this pride and folly, were more than could be ſpared from the narrow income of my father: and Maſter Ptolemy, who was now eleven years old, muſt have been as totally uneducated as the miſſes his ſiſters, if my father's brother, who was a reputable ſhoemaker in the city, had not taken me into his care, and ſent me to St. Paul's ſchool at his own expence. To this accident of my life I owe my eſcape from ruin. I was called King Ptolemy by all the boys, and ſo laughed at for my importance, that I ſoon grew aſhamed of my name; and at the end of three years, when my mother thought it high time for me to return to court, I choſe to accept of an offer my uncle had made me of becoming his apprentice, and entering into partnerſhip with him when my time was expired. My father's conſent was pretty eaſily obtained, as he found himſelf in an ill ſtate of health, and unable to provide for me: but my mother was inexorable. She conſidered that my great name would but ill ſuit with ſo low a calling; and when ſhe ſaw me determined, ſhe told me in a flood of tears at parting, I was the firſt Ptolemy that ever made ſhoes.

For my own part, I had been ſo humbled at ſchool about my name, that I never

never afterwards wrote more than the first letter of it: and as P. very luckily looked more like Philip than Ptolemy, I have escaped the ridicule that would otherwise have been thrown upon me.

At the end of my apprenticeship, my uncle gave me his only daughter in marriage; and dying soon after, I succeeded to his trade and effects; and to a fortune, in good debts and money, to the amount of four thousand pounds.

My mother, who had never thoroughly recovered the shock of her son Ptolemy's disgrace, died a few months after my uncle; and my father followed her this summer, leaving to my sisters no other fortune than their names, which to my great sorrow has not been quite so current in the world as to enable them to live upon it. To be as short as I can, they were all thrown upon my hands, and are like to continue with me as long as I live. But the misfortune is, that to keep my sisters from starving, I must become a beggar myself; for the expences they bring, and the nothing they do, will not suffer me to go on. By their dresses, their names, and the airs of quality they give themselves, I am rendered ridiculous among all my acquaintance. My wife, who is a very plain good woman, and whose name is Amey, has been new-christened, and is called Amelia; and my little daughter, a child of a year old, is no longer Polly, but Maria. They are perpetually quarrelling with one another about the superiority of their names; and because the eldest sister has two, and the others but one, they have entered into a combination to rob her of both, and almost to break her heart, by calling her Miss Laycock.

I have shewn them the impossibility of my maintaining them much longer, and, as tenderly as I was able, proposed their going into service; but they told me, with the utmost indignation, that whatever a shoemaker in the city might imagine to the contrary, the names of Wilhelmina, Charlotta, Penthesilea, Telethusa, and Honoria, were by no means servants names; and unless I found myself inclined to make a better provision for them, they should continue where they were. Nay, my youngest sister, Miss Honoria, who thinks herself handsome, had the impudence to tell me, that if ever she condescended to let out her person for hire, it should be for other uses than those of a servant; to which Miss Telethusa was pleased to add, that indeed she was entirely of Miss Honoria's opinion; for that the sin of being a mistress was not half so shocking to her as the shame of being a servant.

You will judge, Sir, how desirous I am to rid the house of them, when I tell you that I have even offered to take a flat for them at the court end of the town, and to give each of them a hundred pounds to set up with in any way they should chuse: but their great names, forsooth, are not to be prostituted upon shop-bills, whatever their brother Ptolemy, the shoemaker, in his great zeal to serve them, may please humbly to conceive. Yet with these truly great names, that are not to be contaminated by trade or service, they have condescended to rob my till two or three times; and no longer ago than last week, when I caught my eldest sister in the fact, she told me with great dignity, that it became her brother Ptolemy to blush at laying her under the necessity of doing an action that was so much beneath her.

I have laid the whole affair before the minister of the parish, who has taken a great deal of pains to reason them into their senses, but to no purpose: and unless you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are a travelled man, can direct them to any part of the globe, where great names, great pride, great indolence, and great poverty, are the only qualifications that men look for in a wife, I must shut up shop in a few days, and leave Miss Wilhelmina Charlotta, and the other Misses her sisters, with their illustrious names, to go begging about the streets. If you know of any such place, and will do me the favour to mention it in your next Thursday's paper, you will save a whole family from ruin, and infinitely oblige, Sir, your most sorrowful humble servant,

P. LAYCOCK.

The case of my correspondent is, I confess, a very hard one; and I wish with all my heart that I had discovered in my travels such a country as he hints at. All the advice I can give him is, to send for the minister of the parish once more, and get his sisters re-baptized for till they can be prevailed upon to have new names, it will be altogether impossible to give them new natures.

N° CLXXXVIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1756.

THOUGH the first of the following letters bears a little hard upon the ladies, for whom I have always professed a regard even to veneration, yet I am induced to give it a place in my paper, from the consideration, that if the complaint contained in it should happen to have the least foundation in truth, they may have an opportunity of adding another proof to the multitudes they are daily giving, that they want only to be told of their errors to amend them. Of the second letter I shall say nothing more, than that the expedient proposed in it to remove the evil complained of has my entire approbation.

TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

SIR,

WITH as much devotion for the fair as any man, and as high a sense of the happiness they are capable of imparting, I have resolved to die an old batchelor; yet not in the least determined by the strongest arguments against matrimony, or the most fashionable motives to a single life. It is my misfortune to esteem *delicacy*, *œconomy*, *modesty*, and some of the qualifications conveyed under the idea of *notable*, as the most engaging ornaments of a well-bred woman. How unhappy then am I, that none of these should be of repute in the present age!

I had once formed a design of transporting myself to Spain or China, for a lady of the *domestic* kind; but giving the preference to those of my own country, I delayed my intention, till I should see the influence your weekly admonitions were attended with. I am now sorry to find, that notwithstanding your censorial dignity, they have openly dared to persist in those fashions you have so long opposed. An unaccountable propensity to visit public places, a general nakedness of shoulders, a remarkable bluffness of face, a loud voice, and a masculine air, have lately gained much ground in the country; and I am apt to think I shall shortly see the necks and bosoms of my fair countrywomen painted with devices of birds and beasts, in imitation of the ancient Britons, though they are now contented with plain white and red.

I have observed, that as we are gradually retreating from the courage and greatness of our sex, the ladies are advancing with hasty strides upon us; and whether we shall long maintain the pre-eminence, is a point much liable to dispute.

I cannot but suspect them of entertaining designs of invading the province of man: and though I acknowledge their boundless power, I never was formed to obey, and cannot think of submission. But admitting that the present generation of beauties are totally unfit for wives, except to those gentle minds who would think themselves honoured by having their thousands spent in the genteelest manner, yet in another capacity they might be made of the greatest service to their country. When I see their hair tied in a knot behind, or either hanging down in a ramellie, or folded up in ribbands, I cannot but look on them as the fair defenders of Britain, on whose gallantry I should rather chuse to rely, than on all the boasted prowess of our military beaux. On this footing I can excuse them for sacrificing the thousand nameless powers of pleasing which nature has invested them with, for the powers of destroying, and consent to their changing the darts of Cupid for the armour of Mars. Whatever magazines of lightning are laid up in their bright eyes, I hope they will blaze out on this occasion.

If it should be objected that we ought to have proofs of their valour, and that a big look may be consistent with a faint heart; I answer, that there can be no great reason to doubt the bravery of those, who have made it one of their first maxims 'never to be afraid of a 'man:' and besides, that natural love of conquest which possesses every individual of the female world, would animate them forward to the boldest enterprizes. I would rather propose, that the more gay and airy of them should be distributed into a body of flying light-horse; the Gadabouts would make an excellent company of foragers; the more delicate

delicate of them would serve to carry the colours, and the sight of them would inspire the soldiers with unequalled resolution and courage. Thus they might all be disposed in ranks and stations suitable to their respective merits, distinctions, and qualifications, from the first lady of quality to the lowest belle in the country village. I should also advise, that a sufficient number of female transports should be sent to the relief of our garrisons abroad, if it was not from my apprehensions that they would not be able to sustain a long siege, and might perhaps be captivated by the immense fineness of an embroidered knight of the order of St. Louis. I have only one circumstance more to mention to excite their zeal; which is, that they must be obliged to content themselves with their own invented fashions, till the successes of their arms shall oblige the French to accept of our wealth for those that are à la mode de Paris.

If this proposal be agreeable to your judgment, I hope you will second it by the warmest encouragements. May we not exult in the prospect of that glorious career of success which must attend an army of heroines, bred to a contempt of danger, and trained up from infancy itself to the most intimate acquaintance with *balls, drums, routs, hurricanes*, and the like? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A. SINGLETON.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Have a complaint to lay before you, which, to the best of my memory, you have not hitherto touched upon. The ground of my complaint, Sir, is this. News, you know, never was more fluctuating than at this moment. What we are told at breakfast is contradicted by noon, and that again is old by dinner; the dinner-tale scarcely lasts till coffee, and all is found to be false before night. And yet, Sir, there are a set of wise men, who are always satisfied with the last tale, and constantly assure you they were all along of that opinion. 'Lord, Sir, I knew it must 'be so; how could it be otherwise? 'always said so:' and though accounts vary to-morrow, it does not at all affect them; for to-morrow they will have been all along perfectly well acquainted with just the contrary to what they knew so well to-day. This everlasting knowledge and secret intelligence is really, Sir, a most provoking insult on us poor things, who are not so knowing. If I am wrong to-day, my friend is wrong to-morrow, and that puts us on an equality; but these people, who are always sure to be of the right opinion, because they have no opinion at all, are not to be endured.

But it is one thing to complain, and another to redress; and unless I thought I had some method to remedy the evil, I would not complain of it. The remedy I would propose is simply this: that the term *I* be for ever excluded all conversations. There is not, perhaps, one single impertinence or foppery in discourse, that is not imputable to that same little letter *I*. The old man, going to repeat the lye he has talked himself into a belief of, cries—'*I* remember her when *I* was young.' The maiden of fifty blesses her stars, and says—'*I* was not such a flirt.' The bold colonel tells you—'*I* led on the men, *I* entered the breach.' The rake—'*I* debauched such a girl, *I* drank down such a fellow.' Now, Sir, fond as people are of being foolish, they would even consent to be wise, if it was not confining their follies to their own dear persons. The old man's dull flattery is only to let you see what *he* was himself. The maiden gentlewoman only means to exemplify her own modesty, and does not care a pin for all the frailties of her neighbours, but that she has thereby an opportunity of telling you how virtuous she herself is. The soldier never tells you of a campaign, but the one he was himself in. The rake never tells you of any follies but his own; and the wise man I complained of in the beginning of my letter, never tells you Mr. Such-a-one always thought so, or Mr. Somebody always said so, but *I* always thought so, *I* always said so. Let me therefore intreat you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to forbid the use of this monosyllable, and you will much oblige, Sir, your friend, &c.

W.

N° CLXXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

WE are accused by the French, and perhaps but too justly, of having no word in our language which answers to their word *police*; which, therefore, we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they say, the thing.

It does not occur to me, that we have any one word in our language (I hope not from the same reason) to express the ideas which they comprehend under the words *les mœurs*. Manners are too little, morals too much. I should define it thus: *A general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct, in the common intercourse of life.*

Cicero, in his Offices, makes use of the word *decorum* in this sense, to express what he tells us the Greeks signified by their word, (I will not shock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *To Prepon.*

The thing, however, is unquestionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, distinguished or mistaken: it shall therefore be the subject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and, upon this occasion, I shall adopt the word *decorum*.

But, as I have some private reasons for desiring not to lessen the sale of these my lucubrations, I must premise that, notwithstanding this serious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a scheme of interest which I mean to communicate; and which, if the supposed characteristic of the present age be true, must, I should apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted, that the most sensible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of fashion, pursue singly their own interests and pleasures; that they desire, as far as possible, to enjoy them exclusively; and to avail themselves of the simplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the same strength of mind, nor the same advantages of education. Now it is certain, that nothing would more contribute to that desirable end, than a strict observance of this *decorum*; which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties; does not prohibit the solid enjoyments of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of it's native deformity, and prevents scandal and bad example. It is a sort of peppercorn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of it's superiority; but, according to our present constitution, is the easy price of freedom, not the tribute of vassalage.

Those who would be respected by others, must first respect themselves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character, commands respect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exercise and ostentation of vice has all the contrary effects.

The middle class of people in this country, though generally straining to imitate their betters, have not yet shaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them still believe in a Supreme Being, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and retain some coarse, homespun notions, of moral good and evil. The rational system of materialism has not yet reached them; and, in my opinion, it may be full as well it never should; for as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preserving a due subordination from inferiors to superiors, which an equality of profligacy must totally destroy.

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed, that an eminent money-scrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent. in the general transactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it must be in the course of the year, amounts to a very considerable object.

To proceed to a few instances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promise less, and perform more, he would acquire such a degree of trust and confidence, as would enable him to strike on a sudden, and with success, some splendid stroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himself and his party.

A patriot, of all people, should be a strict observer of this *decorum*, if he would

would (as it is to be presumed he would) bear a good price at the court-market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handsome settlement for life; but if his prostitution be flagrant, he is only made use of in cases of the utmost neceſſity, and even then only by cullies. I muſt obſerve, by the bye, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and conſequently they do not ſell quite ſo well.

Few maſters of families are, I ſhould preſume, deſirous to be robbed indiſcriminately by all their ſervants; and as ſervants in general are more afraid of the devil, and leſs of the gallows, than of their maſters, it ſeems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholeſome fear, either by their examples, or their philoſophical diſſertations, exploding in their preſence, though ever ſo juſtly, all the idle notions of future puniſhments, or of moral good and evil. At preſent, honeſt faithful ſervants rob their maſters conſcientiouſly only, in their reſpective ſtations; but take away thoſe checks and reſtraints, which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will ſoon rob indiſcriminately, and out of their ſeveral departments: which would probably create ſome little confuſion in families, eſpecially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit obſerving, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; ſuch as ſeeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readineſs and alacrity to ſerve them, in things of little conſequence to them, and of none at all to you. Theſe attentions bring in good intereſt; the weak and the ignorant miſtake them for the real ſentiments of your heart, and give you their eſteem and friendſhip in return. The wiſe, indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value; upon which, however, there is no loſs: ſo that, upon the whole, this commerce, ſkilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my ſchemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may ariſe from them to my fair fellow-ſubjects, for whom I have the tendereſt and moſt unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, moſt earneſtly to recommend to them the ſtricteſt obſervance of this *decorum*. I will admit, that a fine woman of a certain rank cannot have too many real vices; but, at the ſame time, I do inſiſt upon it, that it is eſſentially her intereſt not to have the appearance of any one. This *decorum*, I confeſs, will conceal her conqueſts, and prevent her triumphs; but, on the other hand, if ſhe will be pleaſed to reflect that thoſe conqueſts are known, ſooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, ſhe will not, upon an average, find herſelf a loſer. There are, indeed, ſome huſbands of ſuch humane and hoſpitable diſpoſitions, that they ſeem determined to ſhare all their happineſs with their friends and acquaintance; ſo that, with regard to ſuch huſbands ſingly, this *decorum* were uſeleſs; but the far greater number are of a churliſh and uncommunicative diſpoſition, troubleſome upon bare ſuſpicions, and brutal upon proofs. Theſe are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and impriſonment at the dreadful manſion-ſeat, notwithſtanding the moſt ſolemn proteſtations and oaths, backed with the moſt moving tears, that nothing really criminal has paſſed. But it muſt be owned, that of all negatives, that is much the hardeſt to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amuſement in itſelf, it is, however, as things are yet conſtituted, a great breach, nay, perhaps the higheſt violation poſſible of the *decorum* in the fair ſex. If generally fortunate, it induces ſome ſuſpicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and, in this latter caſe, the ways and means for raiſing the ſupplies neceſſary for the current year, are ſometimes ſuppoſed to be unwarrantable. But what is ſtill much more important, is, that the agonies of an ill run will diſfigure the fineſt face in the world, and cauſe moſt ungraceful emotions. I have known a bad game, ſuddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep ſtake at Bragg or Commerce, almoſt make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the ſweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, ſome mannured oaths, which, though minced and mitigated a little in their terminations, ſeemed to me, upon the whole, to be rather unbecoming.

Another ſingular advantage which will

will arise to my fair countrywomen of diſtinction from the obſervance of this *decorum*, is, that they will never want ſome creditable led captain to attend them at a minute's warning to operas, plays, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; whereas I have known ſome women of extreme condition, who by neglecting the *decorum*, had flatterned away their characters to ſuch a degree, as to be obliged upon thoſe emergencies to take up with mere toad-eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young unmarried ladies I beg leave to repreſent, that this *decorum* will make a difference of at leaſt five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much, or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The huſband-like men are a ſet of awkward fellows with good eſtates, and who, not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay ſome ſtreſs upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their eſtates and titles. Theſe are to be caught only by *les mœurs*; the hook muſt be baited with the *decorum*; the naked one will not do.

I muſt own that it ſeems too ſevere to deny young ladies the innocent amuſements of the preſent times; but I beg of them to recollect, that I mean only with regard to outward appearances, and I ſhould preſume that *tête à-têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places leſs public than Kenſington-gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the ſtreets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myſelf that I have, the ſolid enjoyments of vice, with the uſeful appearances of virtue, I think myſelf entitled to the thanks of my country in general, and to that juſt praiſe which Horace gives to the author, *qui miſcuit utile dulci*, or in Engliſh, who joins the uſeful with the agreeable.

N° CXC. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1756.

I Can remember, when I was a young man at the univerſity, being ſo much affected with that very pathetic ſpeech, which Ovid has put into the mouth of Pythagoras, againſt eating the fleſh of animals, that it was ſome time before I could bring myſelf to our college mutton again, without ſome inward doubt whether I was not making myſelf an accomplice to a murder. My ſcruples remained unreconciled to the committing ſo horrid a meal, till upon ſerious reflection I became convinced of it's legality, from the general order of Nature, who has inſtituted the univerſal preying upon the weaker as one of her firſt principles; though to me it has ever appeared an incomprehenſible myſtery, that ſhe who could not be reſtrained by any want of materials from furniſhing ſupplies for the ſupport of her various offſpring, ſhould lay them under the neceſſity of devouring one another.

But though this reflection had force enough to diſpythagorize me, before my companions had time to make obſervations upon my behaviour, which could by no means have turned to my advantage in the world, I for a great while retained ſo tender a regard for all my fellow-creatures, that I have ſeveral times brought myſelf into imminent peril, by my attempts to reſcue perſecuted cats from the hands and teeth of their worryers; by endeavouring to prevent the engagement of dogs, who had manifeſtly no quarrel of their own; and by putting butchers boys in mind, that as their ſheep were going to die, they walked full as faſt as could be reaſonably expected, without the cruel blows they were ſo liberal in beſtowing upon them. As I commonly came off by the worſt in theſe diſputes, and as I could not but obſerve that I often aggravated, never diminiſhed, the ill treatment of theſe innocent ſufferers, I ſoon found it neceſſary to conſult my own eaſe, as well as ſecurity, by turning down another ſtreet, whenever I met with an adventure of this kind, rather than be compelled to be a ſpectator of what would ſhock me, or be provoked to run myſelf into danger, without the leaſt advantage to thoſe whom I would aſſiſt.

I have kept ſtrictly ever ſince to this method of flying from the ſight of cruelty, whenever I could find ground-room for

for it: and I make no manner of doubt, that I have more than once escaped the horns of a mad ox, as all of that species are called, that do not *chuse* to be tormented as well as killed. But on the other hand, these escapes of mine have very frequently run me into great inconveniencies: I have sometimes been led into such a series of blind alleys, that it has been matter of great difficulty to me to find my way out of them. I have been betrayed by my hurry into the middle of a market, the proper residence of inhumanity. I have paid many a six-and-eight-pence for non-appearance at the hour my lawyer had appointed for business; and, what would hurt some people worse than all the rest, I have frequently arrived too late for the dinners I have been invited to at the houses of my friends.

All these difficulties and distresses, I began to flatter myself, were going to be removed, and that I should be left at liberty to pursue my walks through the straitest and broadest streets, when Mr. Hogarth first published his prints upon the subject of cruelty; but whatever success so much ingenuity, founded upon so much humanity, might deserve, all the hopes I had built of seeing a reformation proved vain and fruitless. I am sorry to say it, but there still remain in the streets of this metropolis more scenes of barbarity than perhaps are to be met with in all Europe besides. Asia is too well known for compassion to brutes; and nobody who has read Busbequius, will wonder at me for most heartily wishing that our common people were no crueller than Turks.

I should have apprehensions of being laughed at, were I to complain of want of compassion in our law, the very word seeming contradictory to any idea of it; but I will venture to own, that to me it appears strange, that the man against whom I should be enabled to bring an action for laying a little dirt at my door, may with impunity drive by it half a dozen calves, with their tails lopped close to their bodies, and their hinder parts covered with blood. He must have a passion for neatness not to be envied, who does not think this a greater nuisance than the sight of a few cinders.

I know not whether it is from the clergy's having looked upon this subject as too trivial for their notice, that we find them more silent upon it than could be wished: for as slaughter is at present no branch of the priesthood, it is to be presumed they have as much compassion as other men. The Spectator has exclaimed against the cruelty of roasting lobsters alive, and of whipping pigs to death: but the misfortune is, the writings of an Addison are seldom read by cooks and butchers. As to the thinking part of mankind, it has always been convinced, I believe, that however conformable to the general rule of nature our devouring animals may be, (for I would not be understood to impeach, what is our only visible prerogative as lords of the creation, an unbounded licence of teeth) we are nevertheless under indelible obligations to prevent their suffering any degree of pain, more than is absolutely unavoidable. But this conviction lies in such hands, that I fear not one poor creature in a million has ever fared the better for it, and I believe never will; since people of condition, the only source from whence this pity is to flow, are so far from inculcating it to those beneath them, that a very few winters ago, they suffered themselves to be entertained at a public theatre by the performances of an unhappy company of animals, who could only have been made actors by the utmost energy of whip-cord and starving.

I acknowledge my tenderness to be particularly affected in favour of so faithful and useful a creature as a dog; an animal so approaching to us in sense, so dependent upon us for support, and so peculiarly the friend of man, that he deserves the kindest and most gentle usage. For no less than the whole race of these animals I have been under the greatest alarms, ever since the tax upon dogs was first reported to be in agitation. I thought it a little hard, indeed, that a man should be taxed for having one creature in his house in which he might confide; but when I heard that officers were to be appointed, to knock out the brains of all these honest domestics, who should presume to make their appearance in the streets without the passport of their master's name about their necks, I became seriously concerned for them.

This enmity against dogs is pretended to be founded upon the apprehension of their going mad: but an easier remedy might be applied, by abolishing the custom (with many others equally ingenious) of tying bottles and stones to their

tails; by which means (and in this one particular I muft give up my clients) the unfortunate fufferer becomes fubject to the perfecutions of his own fpecies, too apt to join the run againft a brother in diftrefs. But great allowance fhould be made for an animal, who in an intimacy of near fix thoufand years with man, has learnt but one of his bad qualities.

To conclude this fubject: as I cannot but join in opinion with Mr. Hogarth, that the frequency of murders among us is greatly owing to thofe fcenes of cruelty, which the lower ranks of people are fo much accuftomed to, inftead of multiplying fuch fcenes, I fhould rather hope that fome proper method might be fixed upon, either for preventing them, or removing them out of fight; fo that our infants might not grow up into the world in a familiarity with blood. If we may believe the naturalifts, that a lion is a gentle animal till his tongue has been dipped in blood, what precaution ought we to ufe to prevent Man from being inured to it, who has fuch fuperiority of power to do mifchief!

Nº CXCI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1756.

DIFFICILE EST SATIRAM NON SCRIBERE. JUV.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT has always appeared to me that there is fomething extremely abfurd in a general fatire; for as it will always inftruct vanity how to fhun, and enable impudence to reject it's application, I cannot difcover that it is likely to anfwer any better purpofe, than that of giving encouragement to rogues, and adminiftering comfort to fools.

This fpecies of writing is by no means of modern invention, and confequently can have no eſſential connection with the reigning manners of the preſent times. If we examine the fatirifts of any other age, we fhall find that they have all unanimoufly followed the example of their father Simonides, and repreſented the human fpecies in a very unnatural light; nor do I think it poſſible for any one to diſplay his talents this way, without having recourſe to the ſame expedient. From hence I would infer, that the deſcription of a monſtrous character, in thoſe early days of ſimplicity and innocence, was conſidered only as an ingenious piece of invention, and that their falſe notion of wit was the ſole occaſion of their giving into ſuch a ridiculous cuſtom. And this, as I take it, will be ſufficient to account for it's being ſo faſhionable with us at this time, though there be manifeſtly no other reaſon for our admitting it, than becauſe we are pleaſed to fancy the judgment of the ancients, and love to copy indiſcriminately from all their models with a ſervile veneration. But ſuppoſing this to be a true repreſentation of the caſe before us, and that men of wit never ſatirize with any offenſive deſign, but purely for the ſake of diſplaying their abilities; yet what ſhall we ſay for thoſe churliſh malecontents, who pretend to write ſatire, with no other earthly talent for it than rank malevolence? Why truly, it is to be feared, they have no leſs exaſperating a reaſon for reviling all mankind, than becauſe they are deſervedly deſpiſed by every body that knows them. For as it is abſurd to ſuppoſe that a man who has always been very civilly treated by the world, ſhould have any inclination to fall out with it in good earneſt, ſo every worthleſs fellow, who has been juſtly mortified by it's contempt or averſion, will naturally be provoked to expoſe himſelf to it's utmoſt deriſion, by a filly attempt to retaliate the inſult. And hence it is, if a few ſplenetic conceited wretches are not careſſed up to the extravagant expectation of their own imaginary deſerts, they ſhall immediately vent their reſentment in all thoſe alarming exclamations, which have, with equal propriety, been echoed through every century of the world. Then, forſooth, that utter neglect of merit, which has been the conſtant reproach of every other age, ſhall once more be the peculiar infamy of this; then we ſhall be ſunk again into the very dregs of time, and ſhall at length be moſt aſſuredly filling

up

up that aſtoniſhing meaſure of iniquity, which has been juſt on the very brink of being compleated, ever ſince the firſt judicial infliction of an univerſal deluge.

It is very remarkable that this whim of degeneracy has always been moſt prevalent in the moſt refined and enlightened ages, and that it has conſtantly increaſed in exact proportion with the progreſs of arts and ſciences. Every conſiderate perſon, therefore, upon ſuch a diſcovery, will of courſe be inclined to conſider all invectives againſt the corruption of the preſent times, as ſo many convincing teſtimonies of our real improvement. I find, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is your opinion that the experience of our anceſtors has not been entirely thrown away upon us, and that the world is likely to grow better and wiſer the longer it laſts. I muſt own I am entirely of your way of thinking; and ſhould be very ready to declare, was I not afraid of offending your modeſty, how much benefit it is likely to receive from your weekly inſtructions.

To thoſe who are ſequeſtered from the more crouded ſcenes of life, and muſt therefore find themſelves foreſtalled almoſt on every ſubject, but ſuch as the private fund of their own imaginations can furniſh them with; to thoſe, I ſay, it may ſeem very ſurpriſing that you ſhould be able to procure ſo many freſh materials for the gratification of their curioſity. But the fancy of the polite multitude is inexhauſtibly fertile; and they who are converſant with it at this time, will be ſo far from imagining that you are diſtreſſed for want of novelty, that they will rather think it impoſſible for the nimbleſt pen to keep pace with it's innovations. The only thing that can give them any ſurprize is, that you ſhould ſtill be catching at every recent folly that comes in your way, when they can ſupply you with ſuch a plentiful crop of new and unheard-of virtues. I am aware that new virtues will ſound a little odd to ſome preciſe formal creatures, who have conceived a ſtrange notion that all the virtues muſt eternally and invariably reſult from ſome certain unintelligible principles, which are called the relations and fitneſſes of things. But ſurely no man in his ſenſes would ever refuſe to vary the faſhion of his morals, if the taſte of the times required it: for it would be abſurd to the laſt degree, to ſuppoſe that it is not altogether as reaſonable to dreſs out our manners to the beſt advantage, as to wear any external ornament for the recommendation of our perſons; and not only becauſe the common practice of the world will juſtify our uſing as much art in managing the former as the latter, but becauſe it is difficult to conceive that there ſhould be any more eſſential harm in new-modelling a habit of the mind, than in altering the trim of a coat or waiſtcoat.

And really it is aſtoniſhing to think what an advantage our preſent improved ſtate of morality has over all the ancient ſyſtems of virtue. If barely to avoid vice has been generally reckoned the beginning of virtue, to convert vice itſelf into virtue, muſt needs border very nearly on the very perfection of merit. And can any one pretend to deny but that many practices, which in times paſt were branded with infamy, have at length, by our ingenious contrivances, been transformed into the moſt reputable accompliſhments? A great wit of the laſt age having aſked, by way of a problem, why it was much more difficult to ſay any thing new in a panegyric than in a ſatire, endeavoured to account for it himſelf, by obſerving, that all the virtues of mankind were to be counted upon a few fingers, whereas their vices were innumerable, and time was hourly adding to the heap. But a late moraliſt has been ſo obliging as to make a great diminution in the number of our vices, and withal ſo ingenious, as to inliſt the greateſt part of them into the catalogue of virtues; ſo that at preſent a copious lampoon ought to be looked upon as a work of amazing invention, and a trite or barren dedication as the effect only of dulneſs. I will not pretend to propheſy to what an eminent degree of perfection this double advantage muſt in time advance us. It is certain that we have at preſent but few vices left for us to encounter with; and as I have reaſon to believe, that it is their names chiefly which make them formidable, I think it would be very prudent firſt of all to give their characters a little ſoftening: for could we but once bring ourſelves to look upon them with indifference, I make no doubt but we ſhould ſoon be able, either to extirpate them entirely, or, at leaſt, to gain them over with the reſt of their party to the ſide of virtue.

Some travellers, indeed, have endea-

voured to make us believe, that many of our modern virtues have been long since practised in some other parts of the world: but let them talk of the Mengrelians, Topinambos, and Hottentots, as much as they please, yet I am satisfied that we have made more refinements, if not more discoveries, than any of them; and that we are still cultivating many curious tracts in the regions of virtue, which, in all likelihood, without our assistance, must have for ever remained in the terra incognita of morals.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

N° CXCII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1756.

IN all my researches into the human heart, (the study of which has taken up my principal attention for these forty years past) I have never been so confounded and perplexed as at discovering, that while people are indulging themselves openly and without disguise in the commission of almost every vice that their natures incline them to, they should desire to conceal their virtues, as if they were really ashamed of them, and considered them as so many weaknesses in their constitutions. I know a man at this very hour, who is in his heart the most domestic creature living, and whose wife and children are the only delight of his life; yet who, for fear of being laughed at by his acquaintance, and to get a reputation in the world, is doing penance every evening at the tavern, and perpetually hinting to his companions, that he has a mistress in private. I am acquainted with another, who being overheard upon a sick-bed to recommend himself to the care of Heaven in a short ejaculation, was so ashamed of being told of it, that he pleaded lightheadedness for his excuse, protesting that he could not possibly have been in his right senses, and guilty of such a weakness. I know also a third, who from a serious turn of mind, goes to church every Sunday in a part of the town where he is totally unknown, that he may recommend himself to his acquaintance, by laughing at public worship, and ridiculing the parsons.

There are men who are so fond of the reputation of an intrigue with a handsome married woman, that, without the least passion for the object of their pursuit, or perhaps the ability to gratify it if they had, are toasting her in all companies, pursuing her to every public place, and eternally buzzing in her ear, to convince the world that they are in possession of a happiness, which if offered to them, would only end in their disappointment and disgrace. And what is still more unaccountable, the lady thus pursued, who possibly prefers her husband to all other men, should countenance by her behaviour the suspicions entertained of her: and contenting herself with the secret consciousness of her innocence, shall take pains to be thought infamous by the whole town.

That there are persons of a different stamp from these, I very readily allow; persons who determine to pay themselves by pleasure for the scandal they have occasioned. But it is really my opinion, that if the mask were taken off, we should find more virtues and fewer vices to exist among us, than are commonly imagined by those who judge only from appearances.

A very ingenious French writer, speaking of the force of custom and example, makes the following remarks upon his countrymen.

'A man,' says he, 'of good sense 'and good nature, speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised 'by those who are present. Another 'would be honest, humane, and without 'pride, if he was not afraid of being 'ridiculous; and a third becomes really 'ridiculous, through such qualities as 'would make him a model of perfection, 'if he dared to exert them, and assume 'his just merits. In a word,' continues he, 'our vices are artificial as well as 'our virtues, and the frivolousness of 'our characters permits us to be but 'imperfectly what we are. Like the 'playthings we give our children, we 'are only a faint resemblance of what 'we would appear. Accordingly we 'are esteemed by other nations only as 'the petty toys and trifles of society. 'The first law of our politeness regards 'the women. A man of the highest 'rank owes the utmost complaisance 'to a woman of the very lowest condition, and would blush for shame, and 'think

'think himself ridiculous in the highest 'degree, if he offered her any perſonal 'inſult. And yet ſuch a man may de- 'ceive and betray a woman of merit, 'and blacken her reputation, without 'the leaſt apprehenſion either of blame 'or puniſhment.'

I have quoted theſe remarks that I might do juſtice to the candour of the Frenchman who wrote them, and at the ſame time vindicate my countrymen (unaccountable as they are) from the unjuſt imputation of being more ridiculous and abſurd than the reſt of mankind.

In France, every married woman of condition intrigues openly; and it is thought the higheſt breach of French politeneſs for the huſband to interfere in any of her pleaſures. A man may be called to an account for having ſeduced his friend's ſiſter or daughter, becauſe it may be preſumed he has carried his point by a promiſe of marriage; but with a married woman the caſe is quite different, as her gallant can only have applied to her inclinations, or gratified the longings of a lady, whom it had been infamy to have refuſed.

There is a ſtory of a Frenchman, which as I have only heard once, and the majority of my readers perhaps never, I ſhall beg leave to relate. A banker at Paris, who had a very handſome wife, invited an Engliſh gentleman, with whom he had ſome money tranſactions, to take a dinner with him at his country-houſe. Soon after dinner the Frenchman was called out upon his buſineſs, and his friend left alone with the lady, who to his great ſurprize, from being the eaſieſt and gayeſt woman imaginable, ſcarcely condeſcended to give an anſwer to any of his queſtions; and at laſt ſtarting from her chair, and ſurveying him for ſome time with a look of indignation and contempt, ſhe gave him a hearty box on the ear, and furiouſly ran out of the room. While the Engliſhman was ſtroking his face, and endeavouring to penetrate into this myſterious behaviour, the huſband returned; and finding his friend alone, and enquiring into the reaſon, was told the whole ſtory. 'What, Sir,' ſaid he, 'did ſhe ſtrike you? How did you 'entertain her?'—'With the common 'occurrences of the town,' anſwered the Engliſhman; 'nothing more I aſſure 'you.'—'And did you offer no rude- 'neſs to her?' returned the other. 'No, upon my honour,' replied the friend. 'She has behaved as ſhe 'ought, then,' ſaid the Frenchman: 'for to be alone with a fine woman, and 'to make no attempt upon her virtue, 'is an affront upon her beauty; and ſhe 'has reſented the indignity as became a 'woman of ſpirit.'

I am prevented from returning to the ſubject of this paper, by a letter which I have juſt now received by the penny-poſt, and which I ſhall lay before my readers exactly as it was ſent me.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WALKING up St. James's Street the other day, I was ſtopt by a very ſmart young female, who begged my pardon for her boldneſs; and looking very innocently in my face, aſked me if I did not know her. The manner of her accoſting me, and the extreme pretineſs of her figure, made me look at her with attention; and I ſoon recollected that ſhe had been a ſervant-girl of my wife's, who had taken her from the country, and after keeping her three years in her ſervice, had diſmiſſed her about two months ago. 'What, Nan- 'ny,' ſaid I, 'is it you? I never ſaw 'any body ſo fine in all my life.'—'O 'Sir!' ſays ſhe, with the moſt innocent ſmile imaginable, bridling her head, and curt'ſying down to the ground, 'I have 'been debauched ſince I lived with my 'miſtreſs.'—'Have you ſo, Mrs. 'Nanny?' ſaid I. 'And pray, child, 'who is it that has debauched you?'—'O, Sir!' ſays ſhe, 'one of the worthi- 'eſt gentlemen in the world; and he has 'bought me a new negligée for every 'day in the week.' The girl preſſed me earneſtly to go and look at her lodgings, which ſhe aſſured me were hard by in Bury Street, and as fine as a dutcheſs's; but I declined her offer, knowing that any arguments of mine in favour of virtue and ſtuff-gowns, would avail but little againſt pleaſure and ſilk negligées. I therefore contented myſelf with expreſſing my concern for the way of life ſhe had entered into, and bade her farewel.

Being a man inclined to ſpeculate a little, as often as I think of the finery of this girl, and the reaſon alledged for it, I cannot help fancying, whenever I fall in company with a pretty woman, dreſſed out beyond her viſible circumſtances,

stances, patched, painted, and ornamented to the extent of the mode, that she is going to make me her best curt'sy, and to tell me—' O, Sir! I have been ' debauched since I kept good com-' pany.'

But though this excuse for finery was given me by a woman, I believe it may with equal propriety be applied to the men. Fine places, fine fortunes, fine houses, and fine things of all kinds, are too often purchased at the expence of honesty; and I seldom see a plain country gentleman turned courtier, and bowing in a fine coat at the levees of great men, whose looks do not tell me that he is come to town to be debauched.

I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that from these rude hints, you would favour your readers with a speculation upon this subject, which would be highly entertaining to all, and particularly obliging to, Sir, your most humble servant,

C. D.

N° CXCIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS I have a singular favour to beg of you, I think it proper to preface my request with some account of myself.

I am at present one of the numerous fraternity of Distressed Gentlemen; a disconsolate being, daily contending betwixt pride and poverty; a mournful relick of mis-spent youth; a walking dial, with two hands pointing to the lost hours; and having been long ago tired with putting my fingers into empty pockets, am at last desirous of employing them in soliciting the assistance and recommendation of the World.

I was bred at a great public school, not far from this metropolis, where I acquired a knowledge of the classics and the town superior to my years. From this school I was transmitted to a renowned college in a celebrated university, from whence my dull and phlegmatic cotemporaries have slid into the greatest preferments in church and state. They contented themselves indeed with going on a jog trot in the common road of application and patience, while I galloped with spirit through ways less confined, till at last I found myself benighted in a maze of debts and distresses. However, as I continued to adorn my mind with the most elevated sentiments of ancient and modern poetry, I was the most sanguine of all mortals, never once doubting but that the time would shortly arrive, when I was to be loaded with fortune, and distinguished by honours. I looked upon avarice as the meanest of vices, and therefore rooted it from my bosom. I considered friendship as the noblest of virtues, and therefore became the friend of every-body. Impudence I discarded, and called in modesty and humility to be my counsellors. Thus generous, friendly, modest, and humble, I was placed by my friends in the Inner Temple. But I quickly discovered that my acquired virtues, and uncommon knowledge, were so many impediments to the study of the law; a profession too solid in itself to require any external advantages, and (except the great wig and serjeant's coiff) seeming absolutely independent of all acquisitions whatsoever. I therefore quitted it in time, and commenced fine gentleman. In this capacity I had the honour of sipping my chocolate in a certain house, was chosen member of a certain club, and soon found that I wanted nothing but money to have passed my time as agreeably as the best of them; that is to say, by being always in good company, without the fatigue of good conversation; ever at a feast, without the vulgar call of appetite; constantly at play, without the least sport; hungering after politics, without the powers of digestion; and embarrassed with acquaintance, without a single friend. But wanting the one thing needful for all these enjoyments, and there being a war upon the Continent, I quitted the fine gentleman for the soldier, and made a campaign in Flanders. My regimentals were highly pleasing to me; and I had certainly succeeded to a staff before the end of the war, could I have arrived at the least smattering either of gunnery or fortification. I had read Cæsar's Commentaries and Polybius, and fancied myself improved by them; but Bland's Treatise of Military Exercise was what I could never apprehend. However, I loitered through the campaign

paign without ignominy, and at my return home, wisely sold my commission.

The great and decisive step in life still remained untried. The temple of Hymen, with all it's enchanting prospects, was open to my view, and allured my attention. The groups of Cupids that seemed to flutter in the roof, together with the gaiety and satisfaction that appeared in every face, tempted me to enter; and amidst a crowd of beauties, a young lady of a most ingenuous countenance and slender make, soon captivated my choice. She was void of pride, notable, steady, enterprizing, and every way qualified for the station of life in which fortune had placed her, which was that of a maid of honour to a foreign princess. Her name was Mademoiselle Necessité, daughter of a younger branch of the ancient family of that name in Gascony. She lent a favourable ear to my distresses; and indeed a strong similitude of features and circumstances seemed to have destined us for one another.

Amidst the inexpressible joys of this union, I became the father of two lovely daughters, who were christened by very genteel foreign names, signifying in English Assurance and Invention. I exhausted the small remainder of my substance on the education of these daughters; not doubting but that they were given to me for the support of my declining years. At the instigation of the eldest, I commenced author, and made the press groan with my productions in prose and verse. I sighed for the revival of factions and parties, to have an opportunity of signalizing my pen in the service of my country; and like the heroine of old, who encompassed a large territory with a single hide, I entertained hopes, from a well-timed halfpenny ballad, to new-hang my garret with the most elegant paper. But I soon found that I had nothing to eat but my own words, and that is was in vain for me to write, unless a scheme was found out to compel men to read: and, indeed, were it not for the charity-schools, which have in some measure multiplied the literati in this country, the names of author and publisher would long since have been obliterated.

You may easily perceive, Sir, that I am now in that class of life which I can only distinguish by the title of a Distressed Gentleman. But however uncomfortable my situation may be, I am determined to give my existence fair play, and to see it out to the last act. You need therefore be under no apprehensions of my dying Suddenly: and, to say the truth, I have so great a veneration for physicians and apothecaries, that I cannot think of taking the business out of their hands, by becoming my own executioner.

My youngest daughter, who is really a most ingenious girl, has frequently solicited me to try a scheme of her's; which, after long and mature deliberation, I am inclined to think may be of great service to my country, and of no small benefit to myself and family.

I have long remarked the number of Sudden Deaths that abound in this island, and have ever lamented the disgraceful methods that persons of both sexes in this metropolis are almost daily taking to get rid of their being. The disfiguring pistol, the slow stupefaction of laudanum, the ignominious rope, the uncertain garter, the vulgarity of the New River, and the fetid impurity of Rosamond's Pond, must be extremely shocking to the delicacy of all genteel persons, who are willing to die decently as well as suddenly. At once, therefore, to remedy these inconveniencies, I have contracted for a piece of ground near the Foundling Hospital, and procured credit with a builder to erect convenient apartments for the reception of all such of the nobility, gentry, and others, as are tired of life. I have contrived a most effectual machine, for the easy decapitation of such as chuse that noble and honourable exit; which no doubt must give great satisfaction to all persons of quality, and those who would imitate them. I have a commodious bath for disappointed ladies, paved with marble, and fed by the clearest springs, where the patient may drown with the utmost privacy and elegance. I have pistols for gamesters, which (instead of bullets or slugs) are charged with loaded dice, so that they may have the pleasure of putting an end to their existence by the very means which supported it. I have daggers and poison for distressed actors and actresses, and swords fixed obliquely in the floor with their points upwards, for the gentlemen of the army. For attornies, tradesmen, and mechanics, who have no taste for the genteeler exits, I have a long room, in which a range of halters

halters are fastened to a beam, with their nooses ready tied. I have also a handsome garden for the entombing of all my good customers; and shall submit their consideration of me to their own generosity, only claiming their heads as my constant fee, that by frequent dissections and examinations into the several brains, I may at last discover and remedy the cause of so unnatural a propensity. And that nothing may be wanting to make my scheme compleat, I propose agreeing with a coroner by the year, to bring in such verdicts as I shall think proper to direct.

This, Sir, is my scheme; and the favour I have to ask, is, that you will recommend it to the public, and make it known through your World, that I shall open my house on the first day of November next; and that, to prevent mistakes, there will be written in large capitals over the door,

THE
RECEPTACLE FOR SUICIDES.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
JOHN ANTHONY TRISTMAN.

Nº CXCIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1756.

I Have lately considered it as a very great misfortune, that in various papers of this work I have made no scruple of honestly confessing to my readers, that I look upon myself to be the wisest and most learned philosopher of this age and nation. But the word is gone forth, and I cannot retract it; nor indeed would it be fair in me to attempt it, as I find no manner of decay in my intellectual faculties; but, on the contrary, that I am treasuring up new knowledge day after day. I was aware indeed that such a confession, given modestly and voluntarily under my own hand, and confirmed almost every week by a most excellent essay, would gain universal belief, and bring upon me the envy of the weak and malicious; but with all my penetration, I was far from foreseeing the many inconveniencies to which it has subjected me.

My lodgings are crouded almost every morning with learned ladies of all ranks, who, like so many queens of Sheba, are come from afar to hear the wisdom of Solomon: but it happens a little unfortunately, that though my answers to their questions give equal satisfaction with those of that monarch, yet the gold, and the spices, and the precious stones, which were the reward of his wisdom, are never so much as offered me.

In the families which I visit abroad, a profound silence is observed as soon as I enter the room; so that instead of mixing in a free and easy conversation, I labour under all the disadvantages of a king, by being so unfortunately circumstanced as to have no equal.

I have endeavoured by stratagem to remove these inconveniencies, and have frequently written a very dull paper, that my companions may imagine they have caught me tripping, and be induced to converse with me as with other men: but they found out my design, and are so far from applying to me the *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, that they regard me as a prodigy wherever I am seen. Mrs. Fitz-Adam, indeed, who is less in awe of me than perhaps I would sometimes chuse, and who is of a communicative disposition, never fails to inform me how the world goes on: she also encourages her maid Betty (who is a very knowing body in all family concerns) to bestow upon me, as she waits at table, her whole stock of intelligence; which if I had a mind to be personal, would contribute greatly to the entertainment of these papers. I ought not to conceal that I owe the freedom with which this girl treats me, to the small opinion she has conceived of my parts; having been often urged by her to turn the World into a news-paper, for that then there would be truth in it, and something worth reading.

At the coffee-houses I am still more perplexed than in private families: for as every man there is a politician, and as I have incautiously declared in print that I am a consummate master of that science, I am surrounded at my entrance by all the company in the room, and questioned by twenty voices at once on the

the late of public affairs. I am drawn into an ambuſcade with General Braddock, and kept in cloſe confinement with Admiral Byng. Ruſſia and Pruſſia, though our very good friends and allies, have declared war upon my quiet, and the national Militia has beaten me out of doors. To plead ignorance on theſe occaſions, would be highly unbecoming a lover of truth, who has given it under his hand that he knows every thing; and to diſcover all I know, might, as matters ſtand at preſent, be a little imprudent. I am therefore a ſilent hearer of all the queſtions that are aſked me, till having tired them with my taciturnity, I am ſuffered to eſcape.

To remedy this inconvenience, and as I am a great walker, I now-and-then take a ſtroll to the coffee-houſes about Moorfields and Crippiegate, where, if not my name, my perſon at leaſt is unknown. At theſe places I have the good fortune of being an uninterrupted hearer of all that paſſes; and I cannot ſufficiently expreſs the pleaſure I receive at ſeeing ſo many worthy tradeſmen and mechanics met together every evening for the good of their country, and each of them laying down a ſyſtem of politics, that would do honour to the ſagacity of the ableſt adminiſtration.

I am tempted to take theſe walks rather oftener than is agreeable to me, to avoid certain inconveniencies at home, which my wonderful abilities are almoſt continually ſubjecting me to. The political writers are at preſent a numerous body; and as they cannot but take notice that I am making no pecuniary advantage of my great knowledge in public affairs, and are thoroughly ſenſible that a very ſmall part of it would make a rich figure in a twelve-penny pamphlet, they are continually teazing me (according to the ſchool-boy's phraſe) for a little ſenſe: but whatever ſenſe the readers of thoſe pamphlets may chance to find in them, I can truly aſſure them that it is none of mine. The conſtituents of boroughs are alſo very importunate with me for letters of inſtruction to their ſeveral members: but though I entirely approve of this cuſtom, and think it highly neceſſary that every gentleman in parliament ſhould be inſtructed by his conſtituents in the true intereſt of his country, yet I beg to be excuſed from meddling with ſuch matters, and content myſelf with diſmiſſing the ſaid conſtituents with one word of advice; which is, that in all their remonſtrances to their members, they would touch as ſlightly as poſſible upon the grievance of corruption; it being, in my private opinion, quarrelling with their bread and butter.

To balance all this weight of inconveniencies, I have nothing but a little vanity to throw into the ſcale: for, to confeſs a very ſerious truth, the happineſs I enjoy is more owing to my great virtue than my great knowledge; and were it not for my good-will to mankind, who will not ſuffer themſelves to be inſtructed by any other hand, I would part with my wiſdom at a very eaſy price, and be as ignorant as the beſt of them.

The value of every acquiſition is only to be eſtimated by it's uſe; and every body knows, that in the commerce with the world, an ounce of cunning is worth a pound of ſenſe. I am ſorry to ſay it, but the whiſtle, the top, the hobby-horſe, and the raree-ſhow, have adminiſtered more delight to my boyiſh days, (for I have been a boy as well as others) than all the treaſures of learning and philoſophy have done to my riper years. Thoſe pleaſures, in time, gave way to others of a higher nature; and the facetious Mr. Punch took his turn to entertain me. The theatres at laſt attracted all my attention. There, while my imagination was cheated, and real kings and queens, in all the magnificence of royalty, ſeemed to be exhibiting themſelves to my view, my delight was inexpreſſible. But reaſon and knowledge ſoon combining againſt me, ſhewed me that all was deception; and in conjunction with a demon, called Taſte, ſuggeſted to me at one time the weakneſs of the performance, and at another the incapacity of the actors, till in the end nothing but a Shakeſpeare and a Garrick had power to entertain me.

Thus driven by too much refinement from all the pleaſures of youth, I had recourſe to thoſe deep and profound ſtudies, that have ſince made me the object of my own wonder, and the aſtoniſhment of mankind. But, alas! how ineffectual and unſatisfying are all human acquiſitions! The abilities that will for ever make my memory revered, are robbing me of my enjoyment; and beſides the evils that I have already enumerated, I am regretting in the beſt

company that I cannot enjoy the ſolitude of my own thoughts, and am hardly to be perſuaded that there is any thing worth reading, but what I write myſelf.

A little learning (as Mr. Pope obſerves) is a dangerous thing. Let me add from experience, that too much is a fatal one. And indeed it ſeems the peculiar happineſs of the preſent age to chime in with theſe ſentiments; inſomuch, that it is hoped and expected of the riſing generation, that they will be ſo trained up as to ſuffer no inconveniencies from any learning at all. The pleaſures of childhood will then be conſtantly ſecured to them; and, with ignorance for their guide, they may take their pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, through a conſtant mead of delight.

Sampſon was deſtroyed by his own ſtrength: and the wiſdom of Adam Fitz-Adam, like that of Solomon of old, is only vanity and vexation.

Nº CXCV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1756.

GENEROSIUS
PERIBE QUÆRENS, NEC MULIEBRITER
EXPAVIT ENSEM.
HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO a well-diſpoſed mind, there can be no greater ſatisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with ſucceſs. This, Sir, is remarkably the caſe of your paper of September the 9th, on Suicide: a faſhionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expoſe; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what I may be allowed to call *ſingle combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's ſelf, as your predeceſſor the Tatler was for exploding the ridiculous cuſtom of duels. The pleaſantry of your eſſay on the reigning modes of voluntary deaths, has preſerved to a little neighbourhood a very hoſpitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deſerving ſon and daughter a tender parent, and has ſaved the perſon himſelf from a fooliſh exit. This character, Sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and, not to trouble you with the hiſtory of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is ſo far neceſſary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty, have a moderate eſtate in very good condition, have ſeen a great deal of the world, and without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to ſo deſperate a reſolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no one illneſs. But alas! Sir, I am extremely *well-born*: pedigree is my diſtemper; and having obſerved how much the mode of ſelf-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's ſelf. I reflected how many of my great anceſtors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the ſeveral ages in which they lived diſpoſed of the nobility; and I thought the deſcendant of ſo many heroes muſt contrive to periſh by means as violent and illuſtrious. 'What a diſgrace,' thought I, 'for the great grandſon of Mow-'brays, Veres, and Beauchamps, to die 'in a good old age of a fever!' I bluſhed whenever I caſt my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour. I determined to ſhoot myſelf. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my piſtols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my conſtitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die ſuddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choaked by a fiſh-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever ſince *preparing for death*. The letter to be left on my table, (which indeed coſt me ſome trouble to compoſe, as I had no reaſon to give for my *ſudden reſolution*) was written out fair,

fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it should be ever so great a disgrace to my family, I am resolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good Sir, be encouraged from this example, to pursue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the small district where I live, I am not the only instance of the propensity to such a catastrophe. The lord of the manor, whose fortune indeed is much superior to mine, though there is no comparison in the antiquity of our families, has had the very same thought. He is turned of sixty-seven, and is devoured by the stone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his physician was sitting by his bed-side, on a sudden his lordship ceased roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a composure unusual to him even in his best health; and putting on the greatest appearance of philosophy, or what, if the chaplain had said, would have been called resignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him if his case was really desperate. The physician, with a slow profusion of latinized evasions, endeavoured to elude the question, and to give him some glimmerings of hope—That there might be a chance that the extremity of pain would occasion a degree of fever, that might not be mortal in itself; but which, if things did not come to a crisis soon, might help to carry his lordship off. 'I understand 'you, by G—d!' says his lordship, with great tranquillity and a few more oaths. 'Yes, d—n you! you want to kill me 'with some of your confounded distem- 'pers; but I'll tell you what, I only 'asked you, because if I can't possibly 'live, I am determined to kill myself; 'for, rot me! if it shall ever be said that 'a man of my quality died of a cursed 'natural death. There, tell Boman to 'give you your fee, and bid him bring 'me my pistols.' However, the fit abated; and the neighbourhood is still waiting with great impatience to be *surprized* with an account of his lordship's having shot himself.

However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extensive as the service is which you may render to the community by abolishing this heathenish practice, I think, in some respects, it is to be treated with tenderness; in one case, always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark. What if the notion of the dignity of self-murder should be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has resolution enough to kill himself, will certainly never dread being killed by any body else. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Englishman* to chuse his death: if any of our high-spirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occasion for all we can exert, I should humbly be of opinion, that you permitted self-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it should be dishonourable for any man to kill himself, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that service for him.

Indeed, the very celebration of this mystery has been transacted hitherto in a manner somewhat mean, and unworthy people of fashion. No tradesman could hang himself more feloniously than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country; none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they so properly wear on other occasions. They steal out of the world from their own closets, or before their servants are up in a morning. They leave a miserable apology behind them, instead of sitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for dispatching themselves. Unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced self-murder to a system of good-breeding, and used to *send cards* to their acquaintance, to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week, in Rome, was to *leave one's name* at the doors of such as were starving themselves. Particular friends were *let in*; and, if very intimate, it was even expected that they should use some common-place phrases of disfuasion. I can conceive no foundation for our shabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obsolete law which inflicts a cross-road and a stake on self-executioners: a most absurd statute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unless one could condemn a man who had killed himself, to be brought to life again. Somewhere, indeed, I have read of a successful law for restraining this crime. In some of the Grecian states, the women of fashion incurred the anger of Venus—I quite forget upon what occasion; perhaps for little or none: goddesses in those days

were scarce less whimsical than their fair votaries—Whatever the cause was, she inspired them with a fury of self-murder. The legislature of the country, it seems, thought the resentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and, to put a stop to the practice, devised an expedient, which one should have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beauteous bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public squares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any position that discovered all their charms, could be so, is not mentioned by historians; nor, at this distance of time, is it possible for us moderns to guess: certain it is, that the penalty put a stop to the barbarous custom.

But what shall one say to those countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it, even in that part of the species whose softness demands all protection, and seems most abhorrent from every thing sanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magistrate gravely gives permission to the ladies to accompany their husbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greatest profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn herself alive. Were this fashion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havock it would occasion. Between the natural propensity to suicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one should not see such a thing as a lovenge, or a widow. Adieu, jointures! Adieu, those soft resources of the brave and necessitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a second passion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz Adam, you must keep a strict eye on our fair countrywomen. I know one or two who already wear pocket-pistols; which, considering the tenderness of their natures, can only be intended against their own persons. And this article leads me naturally to the only case, in which, as I hinted above, I think self-murder always to be allowed. The most admired death in history, is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her sex, and the eventual foundress of Roman liberty. As there never has been a lady since that time, in her circumstances, but what has imitated her example, I think, Sir, I may pronounce the case immutably to be excepted: and when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that success and glory which always has and must attend his labours, has decried the savage practice in vogue, I am persuaded he will declare that she is not only excusable, but that it is impossible any woman should live after having been ravished. I am, Sir, your truly obliged, humble servant, and admirer,

H.-M.

N° CXCVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1756.

IT is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both false and absurd, that passionate people are the best natured people in the world. *They are a little hasty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury; and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they say or do: but then, as soon as it is over, they are extremely sorry and penitent for any injury or mischief they did.* This panegyric on these choleric good-natured people, when examined and simplified, amounts in plain common sense and English to this: That they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that, when in their fits of rage they have said or done things that have brought them to the gaol or the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is, indeed, highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to those whose reputations, limbs, or lives, they have either wounded or destroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themselves. Self-love was the cause of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had these furious people real good-nature, their first offence would be their last, and they would resolve at all events never to relapse. The moment they felt their choler rising, they would enjoin themselves an absolute silence and inaction, and by that sudden check rather expose themselves to a momentary ridicule (which, by the way, would be followed

lowed by univerſal applauſe) than run the leaſt riſk of being irreparably miſchievous.

I know it is ſaid in their behalf, that this impulſe to wrath is conſtitutionally ſo ſudden and ſo ſtrong, that they cannot ſtifle it, even in it's birth: but experience ſhews us, that this allegation is notoriouſly falſe; for we daily obſerve, that theſe ſtormy perſons both can and do lay thoſe guſts of paſſion, when awed by reſpect, reſtrained by intereſt, or intimidated by fear. The moſt outrageous furioſo does not give a looſe to his anger in preſence of his ſovereign or his miſtreſs; nor the expectant heir in preſence of the peeviſh dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The ſoliciting courtier, though perhaps under the ſtrongeſt provocations, from unjuſt delays and broken promiſes, calmly ſwallows his unavailing wrath, diſguiſes it even under ſmiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a paſſion at his judge or his jury.

There is, then, but one ſolid excuſe to be alledged in favour of theſe people; and if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, becauſe it points out it's own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confeſs themſelves mad, as they moſt unqueſtionably are: for what plea can thoſe that are frantic ten times a day, bring againſt ſhaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when ſo many much more harmleſs madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam, for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been aſſured by the late ingenious Doctor Monro, that ſuch of his patients who were really of a good-natured diſpoſition, and who, in their lucid intervals, were allowed the liberty of walking about the hoſpital, would frequently, when they found the previous ſymptoms of their returning madneſs, voluntarily apply for confinement, conſcious of the miſchief which they might poſſibly do if at liberty. If thoſe who pretend not to be mad, but who really are ſo, had the ſame fund of good-nature, they would make the ſame application to their friends, if they have any.

There is, in the Menagiana, a very pretty ſtory of one of theſe angry gentlemen, which ſets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together; one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horſe. The horſe grew a little troubleſome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and ſpurred him with great fury; to which the horſe, almoſt as wrong-headed as his maſter, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and aſhamed of the folly of his friend, ſaid to him coolly—'Be quiet, be 'quiet, and ſhew yourſelf the wiſer of 'the two.'

This ſort of madneſs, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various cauſes, of which I ſhall now enumerate the moſt general.

Light unballaſted heads are very apt to be overſet by every guſt, or even breeze of paſſion; they appretiate things wrong, and think every thing of importance, but what really is ſo: hence theſe frequent and ſudden tranſitions from ſilly joy to ſillier anger, according as the preſent ſilly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteriſtic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the ſame half-hour fight with fury, and ſhake hands with affection. Such heads give themſelves no time to reaſon; and if you attempt to reaſon with them, they think you rally them, and reſent the affront. They are, in ſhort, overgrown children, and continue ſo in the moſt advanced age. Far be it from me to inſinuate, what ſome ill-bred authors have bluntly aſſerted, that this is in general the caſe of the faireſt part of our ſpecies, whoſe great vivacity does not always allow them time to reaſon conſequentially, but hurries them into teſtineis upon the leaſt oppoſition to their will. But, at the ſame time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I muſt confeſs, that in all their debates, I have much more admired the copiouſneſs of their rhetoric, than the concluſiveneſs of their logic.

People of ſtrong animal ſpirits, warm conſtitutions, and a cold genius, (a moſt unfortunate and ridiculous, though common compound) are moſt irafcible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterprizing and perſevering. They are impatient of the leaſt contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their compoſition burſts out into furious exploſions, which have often miſchievous

miſchievous conſequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to ſay or do in theſe fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is eaſily diſcoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conſervators of the peace, (which, by the way, every man is, till the authority of a magiſtrate can be procured) ſhould forcibly ſeize theſe madmen, and confine them, in the mean time, in ſome dark cloſet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honeſty, (for ſuch there are) are wonderfully combuſtible. The honourable is to ſupport and protect the diſhoneſt part of their character. The conſciouſneſs of their guilt makes them both ſore and jealous.

There is another very irraſcible ſort of human animals, whoſe madneſs proceeds from pride. Theſe are generally the people who, having juſt fortunes ſufficient to live idle and uſeleſs to ſociety, create themſelves gentlemen, and are ſcrupulouſly tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more reſpect, from being conſcious that they have no right to any. They conſtrue every thing into a ſlight, aſk explanations with heat, and miſunderſtand them with fury. 'Who are you?—What 'are you?—Do you know who you 'ſpeak to?—I'll teach you to be ſilent 'to a gentleman,' are their daily idioms of ſpeech, which frequently end in aſſault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-houſe and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who at their firſt ſetting out in the world, or in the army, have ſimulated a paſſion which they did not feel, merely as an indication of ſpirit; which word is falſely looked upon as ſynonymous with courage. They dreſs and look fierce, ſwear enormouſly, and rage furiouſly, ſeduced by that popular word Spirit. But I beg leave to inform theſe miſtaken young gentlemen, whoſe error I compaſſionate, that the true ſpirit of a rational being conſiſts in cool and ſteady reſolution, which can only be the reſult of reflection and virtue.

I am very ſorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the ſpecies than my brother authors. Criticiſm, cenſure, or even the ſlighteſt diſapprobation of their immortal works, excite their moſt furious indignation. It is true, indeed, that they expreſs their reſentment in a manner leſs dangerous both to others and to themſelves. Like incenſed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by theſe ſhafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the diſtance from whence they fly. Thoſe which are diſcharged (as by much the greateſt number are) from great heights, ſuch as garrets or four-pair-of-ſtair rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but thoſe which are let off from a firſt or ſecond floor, are apt to occaſion a little ſmarting, and ſometimes feſtering, eſpecially if the party wounded be unſound.

Our great Creator has wiſely given us paſſions, to rouze us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleaſures they procure us; but at the ſame time he has kindly given us reaſon ſufficient, if we will but give that reaſon fair play, to controul thoſe paſſions; and has delegated authority to ſay to them, as he ſaid to the waters, 'Thus far ſhall ye go, 'and no farther.' The angry man is his own ſevereſt tormentor; his breaſt knows no peace, while his raging paſſions are reſtrained by no ſenſe of either religious or moral duties. What would be his caſe, if his unforgiving example (if I may uſe ſuch an expreſſion) were followed by his All-merciful Maker, whoſe forgiveneſs he can only hope for, in proportion as he himſelf forgives and loves his fellow-creatures?

N° CXCVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1756.

IF we give credit to the vulgar opinion, or even to the aſſertions of ſome reputable authors, both ancient and modern, poor human nature was not originally formed for keeping: age has degenerated; and from the fall of the firſt man, my unfortunate anceſtor, our ſpecies has been tumbling on, century by century, from bad to worſe, for about ſix thouſand years.

Conſidering this progreſſive ſtate of deterioration, it is a very great mercy that things are no worſe with us at preſent; ſince, geometrically ſpeaking, the human ought

ought by this time to have sunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable species, which are neither of them supposed to have dwindled or degenerated considerably, except in a very few instances: for it must be owned that our modern oaks are inferior to those of Dodona. Our breed of horses to that of the Centaurs, and our breed of fowls to that of the Phœnixes.

But is this really the case? Certainly not. It is only one of those many errors which are artfully scattered by the designs of a few, and blindly adopted by the ignorance and folly of the many. The moving exclamations of—*These sad times! This degenerate age!* the affecting lamentations over *declining virtue* and *triumphant vice*, and the tender and final farewel bidden every day to unrewarded and discouraged public spirit, arts and sciences, are the common place topics of the pride, the envy, and the malignity of the human heart, that can more easily forgive, and even commend, antiquated and remote, than bear cotemporary and contiguous merit. Men of these mean sentiments have always been the satirists of their own, and the panegyrists of former times. They give this tone, which fools, like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and whistle all day long.

As it has constantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or, if I could not, to expose the vices of the human heart, it shall be the object of this day's paper to examine this strange inverted entail of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age. I shall prove it to be forged, and consequently null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

If I loved to jingle, I would say that human nature has always been invariably the same, though always varying; that is, the same in substance, but varying in forms and modes, from many concurrent causes, of which perhaps we know but few. Climate, education, accidents, severally contribute to change those modes; but in all climates, and in all ages, we discover through them the same passions, affections, and appetites, and the same degree of virtues and vices.

This being unquestionably the true state of the case, which it would be endless to bring instances to prove from the histories of all times and of all nations, I shall, by way of warning to the incautious, and of reproof to the designing, proceed to explain the reasons, which I have but just hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being has always been reckoned the worst and most degenerate.

Authors, especially poets, though great men, are, alas! but men; and, like other men, subject to the weaknesses of human nature, though perhaps in a less degree: but it is, however, certain that their breasts are not absolutely strangers to the passions of jealousy, pride, and envy. Hence it is that they are very apt to measure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them the better, the longer they have been dead. The Augustan age is therefore their favourite æra, being at least seventeen hundred years distant from the present. That emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an emperor, a tolerable performer too; and Mæcenas, his first minister, was both a patron and a poet; he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace: no small encouragement for panegyric. Those were times indeed for genius to display itself in! It was honoured, tasted, and rewarded. But now—*O tempora! O mores!* One must, however, do justice to the authors, who thus declaim against their own time, by acknowledging that they are seldom the aggressors; their own times have commonly begun with them. It is their resentment, not their judgment, (if they have any) that speaks this language. Anger and despair make them endeavour to lower that merit which, till brought very low indeed, they are conscious they cannot equal.

There is another and more numerous set of much greater men, who still more loudly complain of the ignorance, the corruption, and the degeneracy of the present age. These are the consummate volunteer, but unregarded and unrewarded politicians, who at a modest computation amount to at least three millions of souls in this political country, and who are all of them both able and willing to steer the great vessel of the state, and to take upon themselves the whole load of business and burthen of *employments*, for the service of their dear country. The administration for the time being is always the worst, the most incapable, the most corrupt, that ever was, and negligent of every thing but their own interest. *Where are now your Cecils and your Walsinghams?* Those who ask

that

that question could answer it, if they would speak out, *Themselves:* for they are all that, and more too.

I stept the other day, in order only to enquire how my poor country did, into a coffee-house that is without dispute the seat of the soundest politics in this great metropolis, and sat myself down within ear-shot of the principal council-table. Fortunately for me, the president, a person of age, dignity, and becoming gravity, had just begun to speak. He stated, with infinite perspicuity and knowledge, the present state of affairs in other countries, and the lamentable situation of our own. He traced with his finger upon the table, by the help of some coffee which he had spilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole course of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon dominions; foresaw a long and bloody war upon the Continent; calculated the supplies necessary for carrying it on; and pointed out the best methods of raising them, which, for that very reason, he intimated would not be pursued. He wound up his discourse with a most pathetic peroration, which he concluded with saying—'Things were not carried on in this way 'in Queen Elizabeth's days; the public 'was considered, and able men were 'consulted and employed. Those were 'days!'—'Aye, Sir, and nights too, I 'presume,' said a young fellow who stood near him; 'some longer and some 'shorter, according to the variation of 'the seasons; pretty much like ours.' Mr. President was a little surprized at the suddenness and pertness of this interruption; but recomposing himself, answered with that cool contempt that becomes a great man—'I did not mean 'astronomical days, but political ones.' The young fellow replied—'O then, 'Sir, I am your servant;' and went off in a laugh.

Thus informed and edified, I went off too; but could not help reflecting in my way upon the singular ill-luck of this my dear country, which, as long as ever I remember it, and as far back as I have read, has always been governed by the only two or three people, out of two or three millions, totally incapable of governing, and unfit to be trusted. But these reflections were soon interrupted by numbers of people, whom I observed crouding into a public-house. Among them I discovered my worthy friend and taylor, that industrious mechanic, Mr. Regnier. I applied to him to know the meaning of that concourse; to which, with his usual humanity, he answered—'We are the master-taylors, who are to 'meet to-night to consider what is to be 'done about our journeymen, who in-'sult and impose upon us, to the great 'detriment of trade.' I asked him whether, under his protection, I might slip in and hear their deliberations. He said, Yes, and welcome; for that they should do nothing to be ashamed of. I profited of this permission; and following him into the room, found a considerable number of these ingenious artists assembled, and waiting only for the arrival of my friend, who it seems was too considerable for business to begin without him. He accordingly took the lead, opened the meeting with a very handsome speech, in which he gave many instances of the insolence, the unreasonableness, and the exorbitant demands, of the journeymen taylors; and concluded with observing, That if the government minded any thing now-a-days but themselves, such abuses would not have been suffered; and had they been but attempted in Queen Elizabeth's days, she would have *worked* them with a witness. Another orator then rose up to speak; but as I was sure that he could say nothing better than what had just fallen from my worthy friend, I stole off unobserved; and was pursuing my way home, when in the very next street I discovered a much greater number of people (though by their dress of seemingly inferior note) rushing into another public-house. As numbers always excite my curiosity, almost as much as they mutually do each other's passions, I crouded in with them, in order to discover the object of this meeting, not without some suspicion that this frequent assemblage might be composed of the journeymen taylors, and convened in opposition to that which I had just left. My suspicion was soon confirmed by the eloquence of a journeyman, a finisher, I presume, who expatiated, with equal warmth and dignity, upon the injustice and oppression of the master taylors, to the utter ruin of thousands of poor journeymen and their families; and concluded with asserting, It was a shame that the government and the parliament did not take notice of such abuses; and that, had the master taylors

done

done these things in Queen Elizabeth's days, she would have *mastered* them with a vengeance, so she would.

I confess I could not help smiling at this singular conformity of sentiments, and almost of expressions, of the master politicians, the master taylors, and the journeymen taylors. I am convinced that the two latter really and honestly believed what they said; it not being in the least improbable that their understandings should be the dupes of their interests: but I will not so peremptorily answer for the interior conviction of the political orator; though, at the same time, I must do him the justice to say, he seemed full dull enough to be very much in earnest.

The several scenes of this day suggested to me, when I got home, various reflections, which perhaps I may communicate to my readers in some future paper.

No. CXCVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1756.

NEMO IN SESE TENTAT DESCENDERE, NEMO.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Beg your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most impertinent companions that ever existed. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myself from his odious conversation; the creature will press upon my retirement, and force himself upon me in spite of my teeth; though the *tête-à-tête* is always the most shocking and unmannerly you can possibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs in a manner to be quite intolerable; always setting them in such a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teazing me with reflections that make me weary of my life. I am sure I could more easily bear the spiteful tongues of twenty witty females at a masquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myself from him, the more troublesome he grows.

Nor do I complain only for my own sake, but for the sakes of almost the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are pestered in a most unreasonable manner by this saucy intruder, whom all are sure to admit, though so few care for his company, and against whose presumption no rank or dignity, no quality or profession, can defend them. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travel with us by sea and land, and follow the wretch into banishment. In vain does the statesman hug himself with the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb, when alone, endeavour to recollect with pleasure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will disturb their most delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agrémens* into vanity, folly, and lost time. You cannot wonder then that so many avoid and fly him, and that the panic spread by him should extend itself far and wide; nor can you be much amazed when I assure you, that it is no uncommon thing to see men of sense and courage fly from him without reason, and take refuge in those polite resorts, where dissipation, riot, and luxury, secure them from his visits, which they only decline because it is unfashionable to converse with him. It is surprizing what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been used to get rid of this universal phantom. Some flatter him, some bully him, and some endeavour to impose upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity.

The beaus and fine gentlemen seem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of sweet water, and offering him the incense of perfumes; cloathing him in dresses, elegant and expensive as those of our Lady of Loretto, practising every art of heathen or popish idolatry, even torturing themselves for his sake; but all with no manner of success; for

the brute in return is as unsociable and disagreeable to the pretty creatures as the most savage squire, or the most formal pedant; so that, spite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear most to admire. I cannot here omit a whimsical circumstance in this paradoxical character, that most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and fondness, and are greatly delighted to hear him praised, yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part try all possible means to avoid encountering him.

Our modern philosophers pretend by their systems to have silenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troublesome to them or their acquaintance; but how fallacious these pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him, and the confusion they express whenever by unavoidable necessity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen against him, lengthening the feast till midnight to keep him off; but, like the reckoning, he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous host with his profusion, and the pampered guest with his wanton satiety: nay, so galling are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances, even in high life, of those, who not being able to keep him off otherways, have called in to their relief the halter, dagger, and pistol, and fairly removed themselves into another world to get rid of him; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

The fair sex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are so rudely attacked by this insolent intruder, that, to keep him off, they have been obliged to call in to their assistance the relief of routs, balls, assemblies, operas, gardens, and cards; and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to some share of their favour, as, like themselves, he is a severe censurer of his acquaintance; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondest of fixing their censure on the innocent, and their adversary is a judge that condemns none but the guilty. The Buck and the Sot seem to be least affected by his importunity; as the one, from his natural insensibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always asleep.

In the city, those of the middling rank converse with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on some occasions prove troublesome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a number of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, close together; or in their stead, some bits of paper, inscribed with certain cabalistical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can transmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become quite insensible to every thing he can suggest. But as these materials are not always at hand, or are applied to other uses by the politer part of mankind, this magic is not properly understood or practised at the other end of the town; though it is said that some particular persons there had tried it with a proper effect.

Notwithstanding all I have advanced of this impertinent visitor, I cannot help owning that some have attempted to insinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman, for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wise man; a name at present but of small consideration; and I am told that there never were but seven who were allowed that title. There are indeed some few persons of high rank, of both sexes, that do vouchsafe to commune with him; but they are such sort of folks as are hardly fit to converse with any but one another; and, very happily, one is seldom pestered with them at places of polite association; scarce a man among them knowing how to make a bett, to drink his third bottle, or that has spirit to aspire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this class are also so unfit for the conversation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at Whist, or dares to sit down to a party at Bragg.

I have now, Sir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troublesome companion is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the insertion of his name; but as some of your readers (particularly females) may be subject to the frailty of forgetting their most intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that

that this ghaſtly phantom that intrudes ſo impertinently upon all ſorts of people, this creature that we ſo ſeldom know what to do with, and wiſh ſo heartily to get rid of, is no other than One's Self.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LOITER.

N° CXCIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1756.

AN extravagant paſſion for collecting flowers, and which obtained the name of *Tulipomania*, or Tulip madneſs, is ſaid to have become, not many years ago, the ſubject of a reſtrictive law in one of the moſt frugal countries in Europe.

Indeed, few nations or ages are without their madneſſes; and as it is remarked by phyſicians that every year has it's peculiar diſeaſe, ſo we may obſerve that every country, in the courſe of leſs than half a century, has it's peculiar *Mania*.

At preſent, the *Political Mania* is pretty violent in theſe kingdoms; but I believe, upon a little attention, that we ſhall find the *Genteel Mania* to have a long while extended itſelf with the moſt general influence among us.

The mere word *Genteel* ſeems to have had ſo ſingular an efficacy in the very ſound of it, as to have done more to the confounding all diſtinctions, and promoting a levelling principle, than the philoſophic reflections of the moſt profound teacher of republican maxims.

To do the *genteel* thing, to wear the *genteel* thing, a *genteel* method of education and living, or a *genteel* way of becoming either a knave or a bankrupt, has ruined as many once worthy families as a plague or a civil war, and rooted out of this country more real virtues than can be replanted in it for many centuries.

A ſenſe of duties in our ſeveral relations is prodigiouſly *ungenteel*. It is the prerogative of this age to do every thing in the *genteeleſt* manner. And though our anceſtors were good honeſt people, yet to be ſure their notions were very *ungenteel*. Nothing now ſeems duller than their apothegms, and their reaſoning is as unfaſhionable as the cut of their coat.

The imitating every ſtation above our own, ſeems to be the firſt principle of the *genteeleſt Mania*, and operates with equal efficacy upon the tenth couſin of a woman of quality, and her acquaintance who retails *Gentility* among her neighbours in the Borough.

So deeply are all ranks of people impreſſed with the *Genteel*, that Mrs. Betty is of opinion that roots would be very *genteel* in the kitchen; and it is no ſurprizing thing for a Monmouth Street broker to aſſure a baſket-woman that the old gown he would ſell to her is perfectly *genteel*.

This *genteel diſeaſe* ſhews itſelf under very different appearances. I have known a healthy young girl ſcarce a fortnight in town, but it has affected her voice, diſtorted her countenance, and almoſt taken away the uſe of her limbs, attended with a conſtant giddineſs of the head, and a reſtleſſneſs of being long in a place; till at laſt, repeated colds caught at Vauxhall, a violent fever at a ridotto, ſomething like a dropſy at a maſquerade, and the ſmall-pox in ſucceſſion, with a general deſertion of admirers, have reſtored her to her ſenſes, and her old aunts in the country.

Florio made a good figure in the univerſity, as a ſenſible ſober young fellow, and an excellent ſcholar; till unluckily for him, a ſcheme to town inſpired him with the notions of *Gentility*, uſually contracted at the Shakeſpeare, and a Bagnio. Inſtead of his once rational friendſhips at the ſeats of literature, his paſſion now was to enjoy the vanity of walking arm in arm with right honourables in all public places; to his former acquaintance (if it was ſometimes impoſſible to avoid the meeting ſuch diſagreeable people) he ſcarce condeſcended to bow, and nothing under the heir apparent of an earl could make him tolerably civil. In a ſhort time he became at the taverns of the firſt faſhion the principal judge of true reliſh, and the umpire of debates in every party at Whiſt. His equipage, houſe, and liveries, were the model of *Gentility*, to men who had leſs genius for invention, though more fortune than himſelf; till having reduced the little patrimony left

him by a frugal father, he was cured of the *Genteel* by a proper regimen in the Fleet.

Dick Ledger was a plain honeſt man; his anceſtors had been tradeſmen for five generations, and to the fortune which they had already accumulated for him, Dick, by his induſtry, had added about ten thouſand pounds: when unfortunately the ſymptoms of the *Genteel Mania* appeared in the family. Mrs. Ledger's head was firſt turned, immediately after her paying a viſit to a very diſtant relation of faſhion at the other end of the town. Her daughter ſoon caught the infection; and it was unanimouſly determined by the voice of the whole family, notwithſtanding Mr. Ledger's opinion to the contrary, that it was right for a woman in *her* ſituation to make *ſome* appearance; that it was Mr. Ledger's duty, if he had any regard for her and his children, to live a *little genteel*, and introduce his family properly into life; that it was very abſurd in Mr. Ledger to think of making Tommy a ſoap-boiler, and that a lad of his parts ſhould be brought up to ſome *genteel* profeſſion. The reſult of theſe important deliberations was a coach and four horſes, as many footmen, a fine ſeat in the country, and a town-houſe in Groſvenor Square for the reſidence of Mrs. Ledger.

Tommy, after taking lodgings for one year in the politeſt college at Oxford, ſpending there five hundred pounds, and becoming a perfect adept in tennis, ſet out upon his travels, under the care of a French valet de chambre, to learn the Norman accompliſhments at Caen: and at length, having left his modeſty at Paris, his ſobriety in Germany, his morality at Venice, and all religion at Rome, he returned, neither fit for a ſoap-boiler nor a gentleman, with too much pride for the former, and too little improvement for the latter. The ſum of all was, that the reputation of the young ladies became ſomewhat equivocal; and Mrs. Ledger herſelf was thought to be no better than ſhe ſhould be. Mr. Ledger ſoon after ſaw his name among the numerous liſt of bankrupts in the Gazette. However, by returning into the air of the city, he quickly grew better: but it is thought that Mrs. Ledger will never recover.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have a brother at Cambridge, who is a ſcholar, which I am not, becauſe I am eldeſt. While he is writing a learned hiſtory of the faſhions of the paſt ages in polite antiquity, I am here in town inventing new ones for the ornament of the preſent. He has ſtudied whole volumes as big as church Bibles, about the ſhape of the Roman ſhoes, the half-moons upon ſenatorial buſkins, and the graſshopper *pompoons* worn by the ladies at Athens. Being well acquainted with buſts and coins, he has ſettled with great critical exactneſs the origin of head-dreſſes, and the chronology of periwigs; and he ſays that he is now at laſt, after ſeveral years meditation and reading, able to convince the world, that caps and lappets were invented by the Egyptians, and that the Greeks uſed paſte in dreſſing the hair. As to myſelf, I am the firſt man who introduced the long walking-ſticks. As ſoon as the public comes into my faſhions, I quit them, and generally have the diſtance of the ſmarteſt young fellows about town in the novelty of my habit. I intend to introduce roll-up ſtockings and high heels this winter: by the following winter, if the mode ſhould take, then I ſhall wear no heels at all, and a pair of trunk hoſe like my grandfather's picture in our great hall in the country. An old gentleman, with whom I condeſcend now-and-then to converſe, (who by the bye is my father) often remonſtrates to me what a mad way of dreſſing I am got into. I anſwer, that I wonder he ſhould reprove me, when he himſelf is a fop but of twenty years ſtanding: and as my acquaintances aſſure me that I have the *genteeleſt* fancy in the world, pray now come and ſee me at George's, (for you will eaſily know me) and tell me if you don't think ſo. Yours,

NICHOLAS NOVEL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS is to acquaint thoſe who are inclined to encourage every *polite* attempt in this nation, that an Academy will ſhortly be opened at a proper diſtance from the city, calculated in the *genteeleſt taſte* for the reception of perſons who would chuſe to be *faſhionable*. None whoſe

whose families are in trade will be admitted, but the *best* company only. The price of boarding is a hundred guineas a quarter, and every thing else in proportion. All personal accomplishments are taught in the same manner as abroad, and great care will be taken to inspire them with the *genteelest* sentiments upon all subjects, whether political, moral, or religious. As to the latter, the young gentlemen may be brought up in any way their friends think most convenient. Several phaetons and curricles will be kept for their amusement; and as the conversation of ladies is so necessary to form the *douceur* of their manners, the *agrément* of such a society will not be wanting. A gentleman, who has studied under Mr. Hoyle, will teach them to play at cards gratis.

N. B. Judges, bishops, or any great officers that happen to be a little awkward in their address, may have an opportunity of learning to dance privately, or shall be waited upon at home, if they desire it.

N° CC. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1756.

Δεινόν τι τὸ μηχανᾶσθαι
Τραχεῖαι ὀπῆς ἐλπιδ' ἔχων. SOPH.

STABANT ET PARII LAPIDES, SPIRANTIA SIGNA. VIRG.

I Am indebted to a very ingenious correspondent at Cambridge for the following Ode; which in justice to it's merit, and for the entertainment of those of my readers who have a true taste for poetical composition, I have taken the first opportunity to make public.

AN

O D E

ON

SCULPTURE.

LED by the muse, my step pervades
The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades,
Where ART and SCULPTURE reign:
I see, I see, at their command,
The living stones in order stand,
And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!
TIME breaks his hostile scythe; he sighs
To find his pow'r malignant fled;
'And what avails my dart,' he cries,
'Since these can animate the dead?
'Since walk'd to mimic life, again in stone
'The patriot seems to speak, the hero frown?'

There VIRTUE's silent train are seen,
Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mien.
Lo! while with more than stoic soul,
The * ATTIC SAGE exhausts the bowl,
A pale suffusion shades his eyes,
Till by degrees the marble dies!
See there the injur'd † POET bleed!
Ah! see he droops his languid head!
What starting nerves, what dying pain,
What horror freezes ev'ry vein!
These are thy works, O SCULPTURE! thine to shew
In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.

Yet not alone such themes demand
The PHYDIAN stroke, the DÆDAL hand;
I view with melting eyes
A softer scene of grief display'd,
While from her breast the duteous maid
Her INFANT SIRE with food supplies.
In pitying stone she weeps to see
His squalid hair, and galling chains;
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand sustains;
While ev'ry look, and sorrowing feature prove,
How soft her breast, how great her filial love.

Lo! there the wild ‡ ASSYRIAN QUEEN.
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,
While fury sparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When BABYLON's proud sons rebell'd;
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with loose dishevell'd hair;
She stretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling stood;
In sudden silence, the mad crowd obey'd
Her awful voice, and Stygian Discord fled!

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.

† Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.

‡ Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupatæ nunciatum esset Babylonem defecisse; altera parte crinium adhuc solutâ protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit: nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit: quo circâ statua eius Babylone posita est, &c. Val. Max. de Ira.

With

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
The marble leaps, or ſhrinks, or burns,
As SCULPTURE waves her hand:
The varying paſſions of the mind,
Her faithful handmaids are aſſign'd,
And riſe or fall by her command.
When now life's waſted lamps expire,
When ſinks to duſt this mortal frame,
She, like PROMETHEUS, graſps the fire;
Her touch revives the lambent flame;
While, Phœnix-like, the ſtateſman, bard, or ſage,
Spring freſh to life, and breathe through ev'ry age.

Hence, where the organ full and clear,
With loud Hoſannas charms the ear,
Behold (a priſm within his hands)
Abſorb'd in thought, great * NEWTON ſtands!
Such was his ſolemn, wonted ſtate,
His ſerious brow, and muſing gait,
When, taught on eagle wings to fly,
He trac'd the wonders of the ſky,
The chambers of the ſun explor'd,
Where tints of thouſand hues are ſtor'd;
Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is dreſt,
And varying IRIS ſteals her gaudy veſt.

Here, as DEVOTION, heav'nly queen,
Conducts her beſt, her fav'rite train,

At NEWTON's ſhrine they bow;
And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
With VIRTUE's pureſt veſtal rays,
Behold their ardent boſoms glow!
Hail, mighty mind! Hail, awful name!
I feel inſpir'd my lab'ring breaſt;
And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!
Come, SCIENCE, bright ethereal gueſt,
Oh come, and lead thy meaneſt, humbleſt ſon,
Through WISDOM's arduous paths, to fair renown!

Could I to one faint ray aſpire,
One ſpark of that celeſtial fire,
The leading Cynoſure, that glow'd
While SMITH explor'd the dark abode,
Where WISDOM ſat on NATURE's ſhrine,
How great my boaſt! what praiſe were mine!
Illuſtrious ſage! who firſt could'ſt tell
Wherein the pow'rs of MUSIC dwell;
And ev'ry magic chain untie,
That binds the ſoul of HARMONY!
To THEE, when mould'ring in the duſt,
To THEE ſhall fwell the breathing buſt:
Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
Stand next in place to NEWTON, as in fame.'

No CCI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1756.

OF all the improvements in polite converſation, I know of nothing that is half ſo entertaining as the *double entendre*. It is a figure in rhetoric, which owes it's birth, as well as it's name, to our inventive neighbours the French; and it is that happy art by which perſons of faſhion may communicate the looſeſt ideas under the moſt innocent expreſſions. The ladies have adopted it for the beſt reaſon in the world; they have long ſince diſcovered, that the preſent faſhionable diſplay of their perſons is by no means a ſufficient hint to the men that they mean any thing more than to attract their admiration: the *double entendre* diſplays the mind in an equal degree, and tells us from what motives the lure of beauty is thrown out. It is an explanatory note to a doubtful text, which renders the meaning ſo obvious, that even the dulleſt reader cannot poſſibly miſtake it. For though the *double entendre* may ſometimes admit of a moral interpretation, as well as a wanton one, it is never intended to be underſtood but one way; and he muſt be a ſimple fellow indeed, and totally unacquainted with *good company*, who does not take it as it was meant.

But it is one thing to invite the attacks of men, and another to yield to them; and it is by no means a neceſſary implication, that becauſe a lady chuſes to dreſs and talk like a woman of the town, ſhe muſt needs act like one. I will be bold to aſſert that the contrary happens at leaſt ten or a dozen times within the ſpace of a twelvemonth; nay, I am almoſt inclined to believe, that when an enterprizing young fellow, who, from a lady's diſplaying her beauties in public to the utmoſt exceſs of the mode, and ſuiting her language to her dreſs, is apt to fancy himſelf ſure of her at a *tête à tête*, it is not above four to one but he may meet with a repulſe. Thoſe liberties, indeed, which are attended with no rumous contingencies, he may reaſonably claim, and expect always to be indulged in; as the refuſal of

* A noble ſtatue of Sir Iſaac Newton, erected in Trinity College Chapel, by Dr. Smith;

them would argue the higheſt degree of prudery; a foible which, in this age of nature and freedom, the utmoſt malice of the world cannot lay to the charge of a woman of condition: but it does not abſolutely follow, that becauſe ſhe is good-humoured enough to grant every liberty but one, ſhe muſt refuſe nothing.

It may poſſibly be objected, that there is neither good-breeding nor generoſity in a lady's inviting a man to a feaſt when ſhe only means to treat him with the garniſh: but ſhe is certainly miſtreſs of her own entertainment, and has a right to keep thoſe ſubſtantials under cover, which ſhe has no mind he ſhould help himſelf to. A hungry glutton may (as the phraſe is) eat her out of houſe and home; and if he will not be ſatisfied with whips and creams, he may carry his voracioufneſs to more liberal tables. A young lady of œconomy will admit no ſuch perſons to her entertainments; they are a ſet of robuſt, unmannerly creatures, who are perpetually intruding themſelves upon the hoſpitable and the generous, and tempting them to thoſe coſtly treats that have in the end undone them, and compelled them ever after to keep ordinaries for their ſupport.

From this conſideration, it were heartily to be wiſhed that the ladies could be prevailed upon to give fewer invitations in public places, ſince the moſt frugal of them cannot always anſwer for her own œconomy: and it is well known that the profuſion of one ſingle entertainment has compelled many a beautiful young creature to hide herſelf from the world for whole months after. As for married ladies, indeed, who have huſbands to bear the burdens of ſuch entertainments, and rich widows who can afford them, ſomething may be ſaid; but while gluttons may be feaſted liberally at ſuch tables, and while there are public ordinaries in almoſt every pariſh of this metropolis, a ſingle lady may beg to be excuſed.

But to return particularly to my ſubject. The *double entendre* is at preſent ſo much the taſte of all genteel companies, that there is no poſſibility either of being polite or entertaining without it. That it is eaſily learnt is the happy advantage of it; for as it requires little more than a mind well ſtored with the moſt natural ideas, every young lady of fifteen may be thoroughly inſtructed in the rudiments of it from her book of novels, or her waiting-maid. But to be as knowing as her mamma in all the refinements of the art, ſhe muſt keep the very beſt company, and frequently receive leſſons in private from a male inſtructor. She ſhould alſo be careful to minute down in her pocket-book the moſt ſhining *ſentiments* that are toaſted at table; that when her own is called for, ſhe may not be put to the bluſh from having nothing to ſay that would occaſion a modeſt woman to bluſh for her. Of all the modern inventions to enliven converſation, and promote freedom between the ſexes, I know of nothing that can compare with theſe *ſentiments*; and I may venture to affirm, without the leaſt flattery to the ladies, that they are by no means inferior to the men, in the happy talent of conveying the archeſt ideas imaginable in the moſt harmleſs words, and of enforcing thoſe ideas by the moſt ſignificant looks.

There is indeed one inconvenience attending the *double entendre*, which I do not remember to have heard taken notice of. This inconvenience is the untoward effect that it is apt to have upon certain diſcreet gentlewomen, who paſs under the denomination of old maids. As theſe grave perſonages are generally remarked to have the quickeſt conceptions, and as they have once been ſhocked by what they call the indelicacy of this figure, they are ever afterwards carrying it in their minds, and converting every thing they hear into wantonneſs and indecency. To aſk them what o'clock it is, may be an enſnaring queſtion; to pull off your gloves in their preſence, is beginning to undreſs; to make them a bow, may be ſtooping for an immodeſt purpoſe; and to talk of bed-time, is too groſs to be endured. I have known one of theſe ladies to be ſo extremely upon her guard, that having dropt her gold watch caſe in a public walk, and being queſtioned by a gentleman who took it up, whether it was hers or not, was ſo alarmed at the indecency of throwing aſide her apron to examine, that ſhe flew from him with precipitation, ſuffering him to put it into his pocket and go fairly off with it.

This *falſe modeſty*, which moſt evidently owes it's birth to the *double entendre*, is a degree of impudence that the other cannot match. The poſſeſſors of it have unfortunately diſcovered that the moſt

most immodeſt meanings may be couched under very innocent expreſſions; and having been once put into a looſe train of thinking, they are perpetually revolving in their minds every groſs idea that words can be made to imply. They would not pronounce the names of certain perſons of their acquaintance for the whole world; and are almoſt ſhocked to death at the ſight of a woman with child, as it ſuggeſts to their minds every idea of ſenſuality.

It would doubtleſs be very aſtoniſhing to the reader to be told, that even the purity of my own writings has not at all times exempted me from the cenſure of theſe maiden gentlewomen. The Nankin breeches of poor Patrick, the footman, in Number CXXX. of theſe papers, have given inconceivable offence. The word Breeches, it ſeems, is ſo outrageouſly indecent, that a modeſt woman cannot bring herſelf to pronounce it even when alone. I muſt therefore, in all future impreſſions of this work, either diſmiſs the ſaid Patrick from his ſervice, or direct him to wait upon his ladies without any breeches at all. Other complaints of the like nature have alſo been brought againſt me, which, conſcious as I am of the purity of my intentions, have piqued me not a little. It is from theſe complaints that I have entered at preſent upon the ſubject of this paper, which I cannot conclude without expreſſing ſome little diſlike to the *double entendre*; ſince, with all the pleaſantry and merriment it occaſions, it has produced this *falſe modeſty*, which, in my humble opinion, is *impudence* itſelf.

N° CCII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1756.

TH' ADORNING THEE WITH SO MUCH ART,
IS BUT A NEEDLESS SKILL. COWLEY.

IT is a general obſervation, that the character and diſpoſition of every man may, in ſome degree, be gueſſed at from the formation and turn of his features; or, in other words, that the face is an index of the mind. This remark is certainly not without foundation; nevertheleſs, as men do not make themſelves, but yet are maſters of their wills and actions, frequent inſtances happen, in which this rule is found to fail, and appearances contradict reality.

I have often thought, that a ſurer way might be found of diſcovering the ſecret notions and bias of each perſon; and that if, inſtead of conſulting the phyſiognomy, we were to have recourſe to ſuch things as are the immediate objects of choice and fancy, we ſhould arrive at a truer knowledge of the perſon who adopts them. The beſt clue we can lay hold of for this purpoſe, is, in my opinion, the different modes of covering and adorning the body, or whatever is compriſed under the idea of Dreſs. The Spaniſh proverb ſays—'Tell me what 'books a man reads, and what company 'he keeps, and I will tell you what 'manner of man he is.' It may be ſaid with equal propriety—'Tell me 'how ſuch a perſon *dreſſes*, and I will 'tell you what he is.' In fact, Nature herſelf, by the appurtenances and ornaments which ſhe beſtows on different animals, ſeems to ſhadow and point out their latent qualities. Who can ſee the peacock ſtrut and ſpread his gaudy train, without conceiving an idea of the pride and vanity of that fop among birds? The lion, wrapped up in the majeſty of his mane, fills us with notions of the grandeur and nobleneſs of it's nature. It is the ſame with men. What Nature gives to irrational animals, man, by the help of art, ſupplies to himſelf; and, in the choice and arrangement of his Dreſs, ſpeaks his real notions and ſentiments.

In a theatre, which is the glaſs of faſhion, and the picture of the world, it is well known that a ſtrict attention is always paid to what is called the *dreſſing* of the characters. The miſer has his thread-bare coat; the fop, his grey powder, ſolitaire, and red heel: each character hanging out a ſign, as it were, in his dreſs, which proclaims to the audience the nature of his part, even before he utters a word. The impreſſion which this outward appearance makes upon the mind, is ſo ſtrong, that ſtates and governments have availed themſelves of it for good and wiſe purpoſes. It is certain,

tain, that the ignorant and vulgar part of mankind are moſt eaſily captivated by what ſtrikes the ſight. Love, it is ſaid, enters in at the eyes: and I am apt to think, that moſt of the other paſſions enter into the mind through the ſame paſſage. Hence the neceſſity of applying to this ſenſe; and hence the origin of Dreſs, and the pomp of kings, magiſtrates, and others, calculated (according to Milton) only to

Dazzle the crowd, and ſet them all agape.

Among the numberleſs inſtances that might be brought in proof of this aſſertion, I have, however, remarked one, in which the means do not ſeem to me to anſwer the end propoſed, or, at leaſt, that ought to be propoſed by them. The inſtance I mean is, the regimentals now worn in the army. One would imagine, from contemplating the profeſſion of a ſoldier, that whatever could moſt contribute towards giving an intrepid maſculine air and look, whatever could impreſs on the ſpectator's mind an idea of courage, fortitude, and ſtrength, would be deemed moſt proper to furniſh out the appearance of thoſe who devote themſelves to all the toils, fatigues, and dangers, of war. And yet, who will ſay that our troops ſpeak their profeſſion in any degree by their dreſs? The red, indeed, in which they are cloathed, as it conveys the idea of blood, and appears as if ſtained with the colours of their trade, is moſt certainly proper. But what ſhall we ſay for all the other articles of their dreſs? Who that ſees any of them ſo elaborately and ſplendidly equipped in all their trappings, would not be more apt to think by their appearance, that they were going to grace ſome public feſtival, or to aſſiſt at ſome joyful ceremony, than that they were men ſet apart to combat with every hardſhip, and to ſtand in the rough front of war? When Cræſus, the Lydian king, diſplayed his heaps of treaſure to Solon, the philoſopher told him, that whoever had more *iron*, would ſoon be maſter of all his *gold*; intimating, that ſhew and pomp were of no account, compared to what was really uſeful; and that riches in themſelves were of no value. To adapt this to our preſent purpoſe, would not a ſort of dreſs, calculated to help and defend the wearer, or annoy the enemy, be more ſerviceable than all the pride and tinſel that runs through the army, from the general to the private man?

The ancient rude Britons ſeem to have had a better taſte, or at leaſt more meaning in their method of adorning themſelves, than their poliſhed deſcendants. As they were all ſoldiers, Cæſar tells us, they uſed to paint their bodies in ſuch a manner as they conceived would make them appear terrible to their foes. Inſtead of powdering and curling their hair, they wore it looſe, like the old Spartans, who always combed it down to it's full extent; and, as the admirable author of Leonidas expreſſes it—'Cloathed their 'necks with terror.' For my own part, I cannot look on our troops, powdered and curled with ſo much exactneſs, without applying Falſtaff's expreſſion, and thinking indeed that they are 'food for 'powder.' Nor can I behold the lace, and all the waſte of finery in their cloathing, but in the ſame light that I ſurvey the ſilver plates and ornaments of a coffin: indeed, I am apt to impute their going to battle ſo trim and adorned, to the ſame reaſon that the fine lady painted her cheeks juſt before ſhe expired, that ſhe might not be frightful when ſhe was dead. To aſk a plain queſtion—Where is the need of all this finery? 'Will it,' as Falſtaff ſays of honour, 'ſet a leg?—'No. Or an arm?—No. Or heal the 'grief of a wound?—No. It has, then, 'no ſkill in ſurgery, and is a mere 'ſcutcheon.'

When I conſider the brilliant, but defenceleſs ſtate, in which our troops go to battle, I cannot help wondering at the extraordinary courage they have always ſhewn; and am pleaſed to find, that they unite in their perſons the ancient and modern ſignification of the word *brave*; which implied formerly only finery or ornament; but, in it's preſent acceptation, means courage and reſolution. They are, indeed, both brave and fine; brave as it is poſſible for *men* to be, but finer than it is neceſſary for *ſoldiers* to be: ſo that what Cæſar ſaid of *his* troops, may with great juſtice be applied to *ours*—'*Etiam unguentatos* '*bene pugnare poſſe.*' In ſpite of their 'finery and perfumes, they are brave 'fellows, and will fight.'

I have been led to conſider this ſubject by a ſhort copy of verſes, lately ſent me by a friend, preſenting a picture of a modern warrior preparing for battle. Homer and Virgil deſcribed *their* heroes

Arming for the fight; but my friend exhibits *his* hero Dreſſing for the fight; it being obſervable, he ſays, that our military gentlemen uſe at preſent no more armour in the day of battle, than they do when they go to church, or pay a viſit to a miſtreſs.

THE

MODERN WARRIOR.

THE trumpet ſounds. To war the troops advance,
Adorn'd and trim—like females to the dance.
Proud of the ſummons to diſplay his might,
The gay LOTHARIO dreſſes for the fight.
Studious in all the ſplendor to appear,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of Glorious war!
His well-turn'd limbs the different garbs infold,
Form'd with nice art, and glitt'ring all with gold.
Acroſs his breaſt the ſilken Saſh is ty'd,
Behind the Shoulder-knot diſplays it's pride;
Glittering with Lace, the Hat adorns his head,
Grac'd and diſtinguiſh'd by the ſmart Cockade:
Conſpicuous badge! which only heroes wear,
Enſign of War, and fav'rite of the Fair.
The graceful Queue his braided treſſes binds,
And ev'ry hair in it's juſt rank confines.
Each taper leg the ſnowy Guêtres deck,
And the bright Gorget dangles from his neck.
Dreſs'd cap-à-piè, all lovely to the ſight,
Stands the Gay Warrior, and expects the fight.
Rages the war; fell Slaughter ſtalks around,
And ſtretches thouſands breathleſs on the ground:
Down ſinks LOTHARIO, ſent by one dire blow,
A well-dreſs'd Hero, to the ſhades below.
Thus the young Victim, pamper'd and elate,
To ſome reſplendent fane is led in ſtate,
With Garlands crown'd, thro' ſhouting crowds proceeds,
And dreſs'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

Nº CCIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1756.

WHILST the generality of *moraliſts* main tain the utility of the paſſions, the generality of men complain of their inconveniency. For though ſpeculation can eaſily confine them to proper objects, reſtrain them within proper bounds, and make them aſſiſtant and ſubſervient to the greateſt purpoſes, experience finds them impatient of the rein, and we are hurried by them into every kind of extravagance. In like manner batchelors lay down incomparable rules for the government of a wife, which the huſband, whoſe province is οὐ γνῶσις ἀλλὰ πρᾶξις, not theory but practice, may find extremely defective in the day of trial. The truth is, that no ſchemes can be formed, no directions can be delivered, for the conduct of the paſſions, without a previous knowledge of their nature, the various circumſtances that may excite them, and the ſtrength they exert in every individual. Speculation may in ſome meaſure prepare, but can never ſufficiently provide for practice. Thus a moraliſt may preſcribe patience in the caſe of pain; but if the anguiſh ariſe from an author's reading his own works, a patient ear, however uſeful in general, will ſerve only to aggravate the miſery, and perhaps render it inſupportable. And indeed ſuch means as theſe will always be found either uſeleſs or fatal, for they will either have no effect upon the paſſion, or totally deſtroy it. Let us try, therefore, to find an expedient which ſhall preſerve and nouriſh theſe elements of life, and at the ſame time prevent thoſe evils which are ſo juſtly apprehended, and ſo frequently felt from them.

Ariſtotle has long ago obſerved that poetry is more philoſophical than hiſtory; and Horace has not ſcrupled to prefer Homer to the philoſophers themſelves, even in points of inſtruction; in which all ſenſible men muſt unanimouſly concur. For the paſſions being a poet's peculiar province, he muſt indiſputably be beſt acquainted with their nature, and beſt qualified to direct them. From the poets, therefore, we may expect information; and, if I am not much miſtaken, every tragic writer will furniſh us with the experiment we want. For there is ſcarce a ſingle tragedy in which the paſſions of the hero have not full play, and yet, by the ſubſtitution of proper objects, are artfully diverted from the

Plate VIII.

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the production of those mischiefs that usually attend them. To instance in the tragedy of Fatal Constancy; the hero suspecting the cruelty of his mistress, or rather her obedience to her father, falls with the greatest propriety into the passion of anger, which thus bursts forth—

Curs'd be the treach'rous sex! curs'd be the hour,
Curs'd be the world, and ev'ry thing—but her!

Upon such a provocation as this, it was absolutely impossible to have prevented the passion: the poet therefore gives it free indulgence; and, to avert the fatal effects it might have upon the lady, as the immediate cause, or upon the more remote one her father, he supposes it employed in execrations against the sex in general, the hour, the world, and in short, against every thing but his mistress. Now this artifice may, I think, be very advantageously removed from the stage to the world, from fictitious to real persons, as appears from the conduct of gamesters, who, in an ill run, will with the greatest vehemence curse their fortune or their cards; and having vented their anger, will play on with the utmost composure and resignation, and be perfectly agreeable to their adversaries.

The ancients make mention of one Philoxenus, a celebrated eater, who, instead of making his rivals at the table the objects of his passion, envied cranes for their length of neck; the short duration of pleasure being the only defect of his enjoyment. Mr. Pope too takes notice of a reverend sire—

Who envy'd ev'ry sparrow that he saw.

I produce these instances merely to shew the possibility of an innocent exercise of the passions, which must be employed to prevent a stagnation in the mind, and by these means may be indulged without injury to others. Thus rural squires, who are pure followers of nature, to keep their dogs and themselves in breath, trail herrings along the road, when the season will not admit of real business.

But to remove all doubts concerning the possibility of this method, and at the same time to shew it's utility, I must introduce St. Austin to my readers. It is well known that the prevailing passion of this saint was love, and that an habitual indulgence had rendered it too formidable for a regular attack. He therefore engaged by stratagem, where his utmost strength was ineffectual, and by forming a woman of snow for his embraces, secured his own character, and the honour of his fair disciples, from those devastations to which they must otherwise have been fatally exposed.

An example like this, is, I think, sufficient to confirm the principles, and recommend the practice of substituting objects for the exercise of the passions; but, lest difficulties should arise from the choice, I shall point out such as will best correspond with some particular passions, that we may from thence be enabled to judge what will best suit with the rest. To begin with what is most important, and most prevailing, Love. Should a young lady find herself unfortunately exposed to the unruliness of this passion, either by nature or education, by too close an attention to the study of romance, or too strong a confidence in the conversation of her friends, her condition must be very deplorable: for indulgence, the most obvious expedient, is prohibited by custom; opposition would always be found ridiculous, often impracticable, and sometimes fatal; and should she follow the example of poor Viola in Shakespeare,

—— Who never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

her case must be desperate indeed: for the destruction of her charms would infallibly destroy the very means of happiness, and make her fit only for the incurables of a convent, for which our Protestant country has not yet thought proper to provide. Now all these inconveniencies will be removed by substituting some other object to engross her affection. Thus a lap-dog, a squirrel, or a parrot, may relieve her distress, by being admitted to her bosom, and receiving those *douceurs* and caresses which her passion prompts her to bestow upon her lover. It is certain that the cele-

brated Antonia escaped the fatal effects of this passion, and preserved her character untainted amidst the slanders and corruption of the worst of courts, by fixing her affection upon a lamprey. In vain did the Beaus of Rome offer up their vows; her tenderness was devoted to her favourite fish, on which she doated to that degree, that she fondly adorned it with her choicest ear-rings.

But if this method should not sufficiently answer the great purpose of giving exercise to the passion, I cannot forbear the mention of one more, and that is cards. A *parti carrè* at Cribbage or Whist will give full scope to the restlessness of it's nature, and enable the fair female to indulge it in all it's stages: for every deal will excite her affection or her anger; will inflame her jealousy, or restore her ease; will give her all the pangs of disappointment, or furnish the silent transports of success.

What has been hitherto proposed is designed for the unmarried ladies; the situation and circumstances of a wife, being in some respects different, may require a different treatment. If therefore what is here prescribed prove ineffectual, she may have recourse to St. Austin's remedy, which is always at hand; for by fixing her affections upon her husband, she may convert a lump of snow into a lover, and have the saint's exquisite pleasure of a mortifying indulgence.

I would now proceed to the other passions, and lay down rules for their regulations, did I not think it absolutely unnecessary: for several of them, such as *shame*, *fear*, &c. are become obsolete, and consequently unknown. Others may be constantly employed upon husbands, friends, and dependants: for these objects occur upon every occasion, and an ill choice can scarcely be made. Thus, if anger be the passion of the day, a lady need not be told that she may exert it with the greatest safety and satisfaction upon a husband or a servant. Or should the fair one be under the influence of pride, on whom can it be exercised with greater propriety than upon a female friend, especially if poverty has reduced her to a state of indigence and dependence? For Fortune has plainly marked such creatures for the use and amusement of her favourites.

N° CCIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

THE season is now approaching when the wisdom of the nation provides the supplies necessary for the support of government. The two great questions commonly debated on such occasions, are the Wherefore and the How. The Wherefore, as the politician in the Rehearsal says, answers itself; but then as to the *quomode*, or the How, here the invention of the ingenious lover of his country may, without offence, be exerted.

Certain unsubsidized pamphleteers have thought proper to observe, that scarcely a single tax can be devised which has not been already imposed, in order to strip this *beggarly* nation (as they are pleased to call it) even of it's rags: for, if we credit these gentlemen, the nation does indeed hang in tatters, and we must expect very speedily to hear Britannia crying out with a most lamentable voice in the streets—'Pray, your honour, do, good your honour, one single farthing to a poor distressed gentlewoman, with a great charge of helpless children.'

A certain emperor is reported to have offered a reward to any one who should discover a new species of pleasure; and it is hoped that, in imitation of that emperor, the ministry will make *some promises* to any one who shall invent a new tax.

For my own part, I flatter myself that I have discovered some methods of raising money by taxes, which have hitherto escaped the researches of projectors and politicians: but, however various my *ways and means* may be, I shall content myself at present with communicating only one of my schemes; that, from the reception it meets with from those in power, I may be tempted either to conceal or make public the rest.

There is a certain species of conversation, which is commonly termed *the saying of Good Things*. In this commodity almost every body deals. The

cheesemonger's

cheesemonger's wife at a gossiping, and the haberdasher at the club, say Good Things, as well as their betters, during the short intervals from Whist. This commodity has hitherto escaped the observation of the legislature; and yet no sufficient reason appears why a tax may not be imposed upon every Good Thing which shall be said, uttered, or spoken, from and after Lady-day next.

It will possibly be objected, that some difficulties may occur, as to the proper methods of levying this tax. The officers of the revenue, it may be said, cannot be supposed proper judges of what is, and what is not, a Good Thing; and an appeal to the quarter-sessions, in all probability, would not much mend the matter. To this it may be answered, that, in the case before us, the user or consumer may be safely trusted on his bare affirmation; an indulgence which I should very unwillingly recommend on any other occasion. The method I would propose is, that every person who says a Good Thing, shall receive a certificate thereof on stampt paper; for which certificate the sum of two shillings and sixpence *only* shall be exacted: provided always, that he who says a Very Good Thing, may, for such Very Good Thing, demand a certificate as aforesaid, on payment of five shillings, in manner aforesaid.

It may be further objected, as this tax is proposed to extend to the *writing*, as well as *saying* Good Things, that it will be of inexpressible detriment to many professed authors. Their interest and their vanity will incline them to contribute largely to the stamp-duty; but it cannot in reason be expected, that they should ever be able to raise a single half-crown for the purchase of a certificate. My intention, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is not to injure these gentlemen. I pity poor authors with all my heart. They 'who cannot *dig*, and who to *beg* are 'ashamed,' *must write:* far be it from me, therefore, to deprive them of an ingenious livelihood. To quiet their minds, I humbly propose, that they shall not be obliged to tax themselves, but that their readers shall tax them for every Good Thing which they may chance to publish. Thus will the tax become no intolerable grievance: indeed, it will be scarcely felt; unless false English, low wit, and licentious scurrility, be declared Good Things by public authority. All that I entreat is, that as I leave them the liberty of *writing* what they please, they will also allow me the liberty of *reading* what I please. By this means we shall have little intercourse, and consequently little occasion for quarrel.

This tax will, indeed, fall somewhat heavy upon you, Mr. Fitz-Adam: but, in times of danger and difficulty, every man must contribute, according to his ability, to the necessities of his country. However, to make this matter easy, I am willing to yield you the whole honour of my invention; and I doubt not but you may obtain a saving clause, impowering you to write Good Things, without the expence of a certificate.

We are all of us apt to shew some degree of partiality to our own children; and this may perhaps induce me to be over-fond of my present project. Yet the most impartial must acknowledge, that no tax can be more extensive, or be levied with greater ease to the public and the subject. It will therefore afford me the highest satisfaction to see this my darling scheme enforced by the wisdom of the legislature. I can already, in imagination, rejoice over some future resolution of the honourable House, conceived in words to the following effect—

'Resolved, That the sum of one million sterling be raised by way of lot-'tery on annuities payable out of the 'produce of the tax upon Good 'Things.'

It would be no less agreeable to me, to read a paragraph in the London Evening Post, or some other loyal paper, importing, that—'This day, the 'worshipful company of Fishmongers 'dined together at their hall in Thames 'Street; where the tax upon Good 'Things, said after dinner, amounted 'to four hundred and ten pounds se-'venteen shillings and sixpence; being 'the largest sum which had ever been 'collected on that occasion.'

I make no doubt but that great sums might be expected, on this account, from the common halls of our two learned universities; not to say any thing of the laudable society of Antigallicans, the venerable order of Free Masons, and the numerous fraternities of Bucks, Bloods, and Choice Spirits.

It may possibly be insinuated, that France will endeavour to avail itself of our example, and impose likewise a tax upon

upon Good Things; but, as freedom of ſpeech is greatly reſtrained in all abſolute monarchies, we have nothing to fear from ſuch an attempt. Here, then, we ſhall be unrivalled, and ſhall be able for once to boaſt with juſtice, that we have *outwitted* our enemies.

If it ſhould ſtill farther be objected to this tax, that it will be a partial one, and grievouſly burthenſome to the poor wit, while the rich alderman, the juſtice of the quorum, and the fine gentleman, will be totally exempted from it; I anſwer, that in theſe public-ſpirited times, and upon this particular occaſion, every man will be ambitious of contributing his quota, whether he can be legally taxed or not: nay, I am humbly of opinion, that thoſe who ſay the feweſt Good Things, will generouſly make their demands upon the Stamp Office for the greateſt number of certificates.

I had once entertained thoughts of extending my project to the Good Things that people *do*, as well as *ſay*; but, upon conſulting a few friends upon the matter, I was convinced, that the benefits ariſing from ſuch an addition would be too inconſiderable to be felt. I have, therefore, for the good of my poor country, and the eaſe of thoſe in power, made what haſte I could to communicate my ſcheme as it now is; which I deſire you to publiſh as ſoon as poſſible; and am, Sir, your moſt faithful, humble ſervant.

N° CCV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1756.

NUNC ADHIBE PUDOR
PECTORE VERBA, PUER, NUNC TE MELIOR[illegible] OFFER.
HOR.

TENDERE AD INDOS
AURORAMQUE SEQUI.
VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many reaſons that were urged againſt entering into the preſent war, and the various clamours that have been raiſed ſince the commencement of hoſtilities, I do not find any body has conſidered the importance of a peace with France, in regard to the education of our young nobility; and I cannot but think our miniſters would have been leſs haſty in their meaſures, had they paid proper attention to an object of ſo great moment.

This overſight is the more ſurprizing, as the dangers attending heirs apparent at home, and the neceſſity of travel from the age of ſeventeen to twenty-one, have long been notorious to all the world. Who would truſt a ſon in the way of pedantry and tobacco, party and elections, fox-hounds, and Newmarket; of the bewitching glances that lurk beneath a pompadour hat at Ranelagh, or the unadorned, but not leſs dangerous charms, of the curate's daughter, near the manſion-ſeat? On the other ſide, who is not aware that, abroad, national prejudices are deſtroyed, the mind is opened, the taſte refined, the perſon improved? And what muſt be a farther conſolation to parents, is, that the habits and manners contracted by young gentlemen in their travels, are likely to remain with them all their lives after. It ſeldom happens, that the Paris pump and Lyons velvet give place to the tight boot and ſhort ſkirt; or that a man accuſtomed to the elegance and loll of a *vis-à-vis*, with cuſhions of down within, and the varniſh of Martin without, is ſo abſurd, at his return, as to trot ten miles before day in a dreary winter morning, and paſs the hours, due to hazard or a miſtreſs, on the ſide of a bleak cover, ſhivering in expectation of a fox.

As it is far from my intention to ſtir up a clamour againſt the adviſers of this war, I ſhall not enter farther into a diſcuſſion of the advantages of a foreign, or the evils of a domeſtic education, but haſten to my ſcheme for the improvement of youth, in ſpite of our enemies; the firſt hint of which aroſe accidentally in converſation with a friend, at whoſe houſe in the country I ſpent ſome days laſt month.

We were walking in a park, decorated with all the variety of Aſiatic ornaments, which at preſent ſo generally prevails among improvers of taſte; when this gentleman, who is a leading man of that claſs, as well as a thorough zealot

in

in the modern system of education, took occasion to consult me in regard to the disposal of his eldest son, a youth about sixteen years of age, heir to a very large fortune, and at present at one of our universities. My friend, I found, was very uneasy lest he should contract the rust of the college, and most pathetically lamented his ill-fortune, that the doors of France should be so critically shut against a lad, formed by nature for all the accomplishments which so eminently distinguish that polite nation.

In reflecting upon the good man's embarrassment, and admiring the several temples, bridges, and other edifices, of Chinese architecture, which surrounded me, I was led to consider whether to send our sons to Pekin, instead of Paris, would not better answer all purposes of travel. And though you may start, as did my friend, at the first view of this proposal, I doubt not, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but upon deliberation you will agree with me in many of the circumstances that I think must render such a progress preferable to the other, more entertaining to the young gentlemen themselves, more suitable to the intentions of their parents and guardians, and more beneficial to their country.

Among the many considerations which immediately occurred to me upon this subject, I shall beg leave principally to observe, that the manufactures of China, which have hitherto reached us, bear the preference to most of our own of the same kinds, in spite of European pride: and I am persuaded those politer arts, which are the great objects of travel, are in a degree of excellence, well worthy our notice, among the ingenious people of that country; though they have hitherto made their way to us slowly and imperfectly, for want of proper travellers. The merchant and the missionary (almost the only visitors of so distant a region) attend merely to those observations which regard the commerce and religion of their nation and sect; the views of the one are too confined, and of the other generally too enthusiastic, to produce the good effects which will accrue from the enquiries of men of more enlarged ideas, and unprejudiced sentiments. The present juncture seems marked by the good genius of this isle for the most important discoveries. How many young men of fashion might be picked out, whom no one could suspect of prejudices either in favour of trade or religion! and surely a mettled fellow could not hesitate in his choice between this route and the old beaten one of France and Italy; where, from a Calais landlord, to a Neapolitan princess, there is a fameless of adventure that is become extremely irksome to a polite circle in the recital. A traveller will be greatly disappointed, who fancies the tour of Europe will entitle him to attention at Arthur's, or an assembly. Alas! after four years of expence, danger, and fatigue, if he expects auditors, he must have recourse to his tenants in the country, or seek them about four o'clock on a bench in St. James's Park. On the contrary, let us suppose a young nobleman just arrived, with a dress and equipage *à la Chinoise*; what a curiosity would he be excited in the town! what entertainment, what admiration would it afford! What triumph would he feel, in entering a rout, to see at his approach the lover rise from beneath the hoop on the settee, the dowager quit her cards, and all—

With greedy ears, devour up his discourse!

It would be a severe blow to the French, Mr. Fitz-Adam, should the Chinese succeed to the empire of taste; and it is worthy remark, as I hinted above, and as others of your correspondents have done before, what advances they daily make toward it. Without doors, from the seats of our dukes, to the shops of our haberdashers, all is Chinese; and, in most places within, (at least where that sex which ought always to have the lead in elegance is concerned) Raphael and Titian give place to the more pleasing masters of Surat and Japan. Should their dress and cookery become as fashionable as their architecture and painting, adieu the most flourishing commerce of France: and I see no reason why they should not, if introduced by proper persons. Novelty is the soul of both; and quickness of invention the surest recommendation to the cook, as well as the taylor. For my own part, I have commissioned my two nephews, who are actually preparing for their voyage next spring, to bring over one of the greatest men they can find in each of these capacities; and I flatter myself, that *their* dress and *my* table will give the taste to the whole town. I have likewise desired these young gentlemen

tlemen to contract for the beſt dancers now in Aſia, whether monkies or men; and propoſe to oblige the managers of both theatres with a Chineſe ballad, that I think will engage to them the ſupport of the whole ſociety of Antigallicans.

If any young nobleman can want yet farther encouragement for this undertaking, let him conſider how much greater ſcope there is to ſhew his genius in the conſtruction of a veſſel, than in that of a poſt-chaiſe; not to mention the many conveniencies and comforts he will have about him, which a land-carriage cannot afford: for inſtance, his cook, his toad-eater, his ſet at Whiſt, and, if he pleaſes, his girl; for, by the way, it would be cruel in a parent to deny a ſon, embarked on ſo uſeful a progreſs, any of thoſe amuſements or reſources ſo generally eſteemed innocent in other travels; and which, indeed, I have ſeldom heard that the moſt ſcrupulous governor objected to in France or Italy. It is poſſible that the article of ſea-ſickneſs may alarm the tenderneſs of ſome mothers; but what is it more than the qualms of claret? and a youth who has ſhewn any ſpirit at college, cannot have much to apprehend from that complaint.

And here, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I cannot forbear hinting to our patriots, of what ſervice ſuch a ſyſtem of education would prove to our marine, the great bulwark of the nation. I am perſuaded it would turn out as good a nurſery for ſailors, as the herring-fiſhery: and what a reſource would it be, in any certain emergency, (like the preſent, for example) if the numerous retinues of the gay and great were able to go to a top-maſt head! A ſet of fellows, who now ſerve only to excite the contempt or indignation of their induſtrious country-men, would become uſeful members, and be regarded as a hidden ſtrength of the ſtate. Who knows, but ſome of the young gentlemen themſelves might take a more particular fancy to a blue uniform, than to a red one? And I apprehend, it would as ſoon entitle them to the eſteem of their country, and not be leſs becoming in the eyes of the ladies.

But the point, which will be thought of the moſt importance by your ſerious readers, is ſtill behind. It has been remarked, of late years, (I fear with ſome truth) that the majority of our young travellers return home entirely diveſted of the religion of their country, without having acquired any new one in it's place. Now, as our free-thinkers are univerſally known to be the ſtricteſt moraliſts, I apprehend the doctrine of Confucius might have a very good effect upon them, and poſſibly give them a certain plan, which they have all along wanted. In time, perhaps, they might inſtitute ſome form of public worſhip, and thereby remove the ſcandal of atheiſm, which our enemies abroad, from the behaviour of our travellers, are ſo apt to brand us with: and it is my private opinion, that if a Chineſe temple were to be built by ſubſcription, in a good quarter of the town, for the worſhip of the polite world, it could not fail of ſucceſs.

I now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, leave you to comment upon my project. If it is recommended from your pen, I doubt not but it will be followed. We ſhall then ſee the new and old route diſtinguiſhed by the title of the Grand and Little Tour. It will be left to the enſign and the templar to trip to Paris, in abſence from quarters and long vacation: plodding geniuſes, admirers of the claſſics, philoſophers, and poets, will reach Rome; while the noble youth, of more extenſive fortune, and more general principles, the riſing ſpirits, born to take the lead, and ſet a pattern to the world, ſtrike out a path more worthy their genius, and more adapted to the enlightened age in which we live. I am, Sir, your conſtant reader and admirer,

C.

N° CCVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1756.

AUDIRE EST OPERÆ PRETIUM, PROCEDERE RECTE
QUI MÆCHIS NON VULTIS, UT OMNI PARTE LABORENT,
UTQUE ILLIS MULTO CORRUPTA DOLORE VOLUPTAS. HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AS the hiſtory of my life may be of ſome ſervice to many of your readers, I ſhall relate it with all the openneſs and ſimplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the errors and miſtakes of my conduct, they will paſs over thoſe of my ſtyle. I am no ſcholar, having had a private education under the eye of my mother. Inſtead of converſing or playing with other boys, I went a viſiting with her; and while ſhe and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which they paſſed a conſiderable part of the day, I read ſuch books as I found lying about her room; the chief of which were the Atalantis, Mrs. Arch's Love, novels, romances, miſcellaneous poems, and plays. From theſe ſtudies I contracted an early taſte for gallantry; and as nothing pleaſed me ſo much as the comedies of the laſt age, my thoughts were conſtantly engroſſed with the enviable ſituation of the heroes of thoſe pieces. Your Dorimants and your Horners ſtruck my imagination beyond the brighteſt characters in Pope's Homer; and though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themſelves amends, by viſiting their friends at Troy, and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and ſuch the examples which I looked up to: and having manifeſt advantages of perſon, I entertained moſt extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet, even in the height of thoſe extravagancies, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I ſolicited; much leſs ſhould I have been perſuaded that ſuch uncommon ſucceſs could be productive of any thing but conſummate happineſs. The hiſtory of my life will prove the contrary; and I chuſe to record it, with a view of ſhewing what a ſucceſſion of trouble, diſtreſs, and miſery, aroſe from the very completion of my deſires.

I was precipitately ſent to Oxford, on being diſcovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was exceſſive, this ſeparation was inexpreſſibly painful; and I learned from it that paſt joys were no conſolation for preſent diſappointment. I found the univerſity life ſo little ſuited to my taſte, that I ſoon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a week in town, I was introduced to a young woman, whom I took ſo great a fancy to, that the very violence of my paſſion made me deſpair of ſucceſs. I was, however, ſo agreeably diſappointed, that I could ſcarce conceal the tranſports of joy which poſſeſſion gave me: but this joy was more than balanced, when, at the end of ſome months, I was told of the condition into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my deſires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be reſtrained; and honour, which alone had ſtopped the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a looſe to my concern. I bewailed with remorſe and tears the ſhame and miſery of deluded innocence, and curſed myſelf as the author of ſo much ruin and infamy. I ſpared no expence to render her unhappy ſituation as comfortable as it could be made, and ſhut myſelf up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increaſed our mutual ſhame, by giving birth to a little negro, which, though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conſcience, put me to an immoderate expence in bribes to the nurſes, to keep the ſecret of my diſgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almoſt ſpoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I ſoon loſt all remembrance of ill uſage in the innocent ſmiles and gentle ſweetneſs of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and conſtancy. Our mutual fondneſs made it impoſſible for us to bear that ſeparation which diſcretion required. As ſhe gave

up all her acquaintance for my ſake, ſhe ſoon found herſelf abandoned by them; ſo that our conſtant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an abſolute neceſſity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if poſſible, increaſe my tenderneſs, had ſo different an effect upon her temper as to cauſe a total change of behaviour to me and all about her: ſhe ſtormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company; yet if ever I went from her upon the moſt urgent buſineſs, ſhe would throw herſelf into fits, and upbraid me with the moſt bitter reproaches. On my being ſent for to attend my mother in her laſt moments, ſhe threatened, with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then, I ſhould never ſee her more. I had ſcarce broke from her menaces, when ſhe flew from her lodgings in an agony of paſſion, and has not been heard of ſince.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality who viſited her, and who had caſt an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occaſion to make ſome advances towards me. Whenever we met, her diſcourſe always turned upon the great merits of my mother, and the taſte which ſhe ſhewed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels: and this converſation as conſtantly ended in an aſſignation at her houſe. Though I was at firſt a little proud to find my preſents meet with ſo ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progreſs of this amour; eſpecially when I came to perceive, that the ſtrongeſt recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found alſo that a declaration which I had made of not loving cards, did not contribute to ſtrengthen my intereſt in that family.

My next affair was with a lady who was really fond of me; and I thought myſelf then at the height of my wiſhes: for ſhe managed ſo diſcreetly, that we had not the leaſt interruption from her huſband at home; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual ſcene of indiſcretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to ſtir from her ſide. She would carry me to the moſt frequented plays, and keep me in a whiſper during the moſt intereſting ſcenes. Not ſatisfied with this, ſhe made me walk with her eternally in the Park, the Old Road, and Kenſington Gardens; and, to compleat her triumph, ſhe dragged me, a miſerable object! about the ſtreets of London, with the ſame pitileſs oſtentation as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeleſs carcaſe of Hector round the walls of Troy. To compleat my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* eſtabliſhed a new mode of gallantry; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new faſhion, and attend the fair on horſeback. Unluckily for me, my mother not ſuſpecting that horſemanſhip would ever become here, a requiſite in gallantry, had made it no part of my Engliſh education: therefore, being an abſolute novice, I procured the quieteſt beaſt that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted: but I ſoon found my miſtake; for the dullneſs of the beaſt tended to bring a moſt diſgraceful ſuſpicion on the ſpirit of the rider; and I was obliged at all events to undertake a more unſafe ſteed. The conſequence was this: the moment I joined my miſtreſs, ſhe drew out her handkerchief, which, fluttering in the wind, ſo frightened my horſe, that he carried me directly into the Serpentine River. While I was taken up with my own danger and diſgrace, her horſe, which had ſtarted at the ſame time, ran a different way; and as ſhe was no otherwiſe qualified for a rider, but by the conſciouſneſs of being a woman of faſhion, ſhe was thrown againſt a tree, and killed on the ſpot. The remembrance of her fondneſs for me, though ſo troubleſome while living, was the cauſe of great affliction to me after her death; and it was near a twelvemonth before I ſettled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who, though ſhe did not give me the ſame occaſion of complaint as the laſt, created me no leſs pain by turning the tables upon me. Inſtead of requiring my conſtant attendance, ſhe would complain that I haunted and dogged her; and would frequently ſecrete herſelf, or run on purpoſe into ſuſpicious company, purely to give me uneaſineſs. Though confeſſedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the moſt worthleſs pretenders have been let in; and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which ſhe liked, ſhe has refuſed them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the moſt deſpicable of my rivals. When

we

C. F. Bunney del. Grignion sculpt.

Plate IX.

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we have been at the same table at cards, she has made it remarked by the whole assembly that her eyes and her discourse have been industriously kept from me; and such has been her cruelty, that when I have desired the honour of walking with her the next morning, she has answered, with a significant sneer, she was very sorry she could not have my company, for she intended to *ride*. With all this, who could imagine that I was the happy man! and yet, as I spared no pains or cost in the enquiry, I can venture to pronounce that no other person whatever shared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be devised for the punishment of poor lovers, there are none so excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

Not to trouble you with a farther detail of the plagues and disquietudes, the discoveries, expences, fines, and dangers, which are incident to gallantry in general, I shall only tell you, that at last perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus but under the auspices of Hymen. To overcome my inveterate prejudices against the conjugal state, so long despised, insulted, and injured, by me, was the great difficulty: but as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extinguished my unalterable love for the sex, I found, upon mature reflection, that marriage was my only resource, and that I should run no great risque in exchanging the *real* for the *imaginary* pains of love.

Having taken this resolution, I stept into the ridotto, fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertised for the young lady in blue and silver; requiring only a certificate of her good-humour. I went to the coffee-house, received a letter for A. B. and in the space of a few months, from being a restless, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found myself a husband, a cuckold, and a happy man. I lived ten years in a state of perfect tranquility; and I can truly say, that I once met with a woman, who, to the day of her death, behaved to me with constant attention and complacency.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. Z.

Nº CCVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1756.

THE exorbitant exactions of servants in great houses, and the necessity imposed upon you, after dining at a friend's table, of surrendering all the money in your pocket to the *gang in livery*, who very dextrously intercept every avenue to the street-door, have been the subject of a former paper. This custom, illiberal and prepostrous as it is, neither the ridicule with which I have treated it, nor my more serious reprehension, will, I fear, be able to abolish. My correspondents continue to complain, that though the hospitable door is opened wide for their admission, yet, like that of Pluto in Virgil, it is hardly pervious at their retreat; nor can they pass the ninefold barrier without a copious shower of influencing silver. The watchful dragons still expect, and will expect for ever, their quieting sop, from his honour's bowing butler, with the significant napkin under his arm, to the surly Swiss who guards the vestibule. Your passport is not now received by these collectors, as a free gift, but gathered as a turnpike toll, or, in other words, as the just discharge of your tavern reckoning. Thus the style of invitation, which runs generally, That Lord Such-a-one desires you will do him the favour to dine with him, is explained by dear-bought experience, to import, that you will obligingly contribute your quota to the payment of his servants wages.

Yet this abuse, grievous as it is to the guest, and disgraceful to the master, is by no means the greatest inconvenience arising from a want of attention to œconomical regulations. The following letter, which I have only room to insert at present, but which, for the sake of my correspondent, I may possibly take under consideration at another opportunity, will sufficiently shew the necessity of such regulations.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a plain country gentleman, possessed of a plentiful fortune, and blest with most of the comforts of life; but am at present (not through any

fault of my own, that I can recollect) in great diſtreſs; which I am as much at a loſs how to remedy, as I was unable to prevent. Though I have loved peace and quiet all my life, and have endeavoured conſtantly to maintain good order and harmony in my family, I owe my grievances to the intrigues and jealouſies which have unhappily ſubſiſted for ſome time paſt among my Servants. I give them good wages, which I pay punctually; I indulge them in every reaſonable requeſt, from a deſire to make them happy; and I have been told by all of them, in their ſeveral turns, that I am, without exception, *the very beſt of maſters*.

Yet, with all my care and kindneſs, I cannot eſtabliſh a proper ſubordination amongſt them; without which, I am ſenſible, no family-government can long ſubſiſt; and for want of which, (as they cannot find a decent and reaſonable cauſe of complaint againſt me) they are perpetually quarrelling with one another. They do not, I believe, intend originally to hurt me: on the contrary, they pretend my advantage alone is the occaſion of their diſagreement. But, were this really true, my caſe is no leſs deplorable; for, notwithſtanding the zeal they expreſs for my ſervice, and the reſpect and affection they profeſs to my perſon, my life is made miſerable by their domeſtic ſquabbles; and my eſtate is mouldering away daily, whilſt they are contending who ſhould manage it for me. They are ſo obliging as to aſſure me, upon their honours, that their conteſts are only who can beſt ſerve ſo good a maſter, and deſerve and claim the firſt place in his favour; but, alas! I begin to be a little apprehenſive that their ſtruggle is, and has been, who ſhould get moſt Vails, and have moſt Power under me; or, as you may think, perhaps, *over* me.

The firſt appearance of this inteſtine diſcord was upon the following occaſion.

I have a very troubleſome neighbour, who is continually committing encroachments upon my lands and manor. He attacks me firſt with his *pen*; and pretending to have found out ſome flaw in my ſettlements, he commences a ſuit of treſpaſs againſt me; but at the ſame time, fearing leſt the law ſhould happen to decide in favour of Right, he ſends me word, *he wears a ſword*. Not long ago he threatened me that he would break into my park, ſteal my fiſh out of my canal, and ſhoot my hares and deer within my pales. Upon the advice of my ſteward and other ſervants, I ſent to my eſtate in the north for a truſty game-keeper, (whoſe bravery and fidelity I could rely upon) to come to my aſſiſtance, that he might help to preſerve not only my Game, but my Family, which ſeemed to be in no ſmall danger. Theſe orders were no ſooner diſpatched, than, to my great ſurprize, my Poſtilion bolted into the parlour where I was ſitting, and told me, with all the warmth of a patriot, that he could not conſent to Ferdinand the game-keeper's admiſſion into the houſe, for that he humbly conceived it was neither for my honour nor my intereſt to be indebted for any part of my protection, or even ſafety, to a Foreigner; for you muſt know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that, very unfortunately for me, my poor honeſt Ferdinand did happen to be born ſomewhere or other in Germany. You may imagine, however, that I paid little attention to this remonſtrance of my poſtilion; but diſmiſſing him from my ſervice, I ſent for Ferdinand; who, upon the firſt ſummons, travelled night and day to come to my relief.

The next fit of affection that embarraſſed me, broke out in my ambitious Helper. He profeſſed himſelf ſo exceſſively careful of my perſon, that he did not think it ſafe for me to be driven any longer by my old Coachman; on which account he grew impatient to aſcend the box himſelf. But his contrivances to facilitate this removal, were plain indications, that he attended to his own advancement, more than to my preſervation: for I have been informed, that he has often frightened the horſes, to make them ſtart unexpectedly out of the quarter: at other times he has been detected in laying great ſtones in the way, with a deſign to overturn the coach; and, in roads of difficulty and danger, was ſure to keep out of the way himſelf; nay, at laſt, he tried to perſuade the ſervants, that it was the coachman's intention to drive headlong over them, and break all their necks. But when he found I had too good an opinion of old Thomas to entertain any ſuſpicion of his *honeſty*, he came one morning in a pet, and gave me warning. I told him, with great temper, he was to blame, paid him his wages,

wages, and bid Thomas provide himself with another Helper. But I leave you to judge of my grief, as well as my surprize, when Thomas answered me, with tears in his eyes, That he must entreat my permission to retire from my service: he found, he said, he had many enemies, both within doors and without; my family was divided into various parties; some were favourable to the Helper, and others had been wrought upon by the late Postilion; he should be always grateful for the goodness I had shewn him; and his last breath should be employed in praying for my prosperity. It was with great reluctance that I consented to his request; he had served me honestly above thirty years, from affection more than interest; had always greased my wheels himself; and, upon every one of my birth-days, had treated all his brother whips at his own expence: so that, far from being a gainer by my service, he had spent above half of what he had saved before he came into it. You may imagine I would willingly have settled a comfortable annuity upon him; but you will wonder at his behaviour on this occasion; indeed, I have never met with any thing like it in one of his low station: he declared, that he would rather live upon bread and cheese, than put my honour to any expence, when he could be no longer useful to me.

Thus have I been reduced, contrary to my inclination, to hire another Coachman. The man I have now taken bears a very reputable character; but he happens to be so infirm, that he is scarce yet able to get upon his box: and though he promises, and I believe intends, to take all possible care of my horses, I fear he has not been accustomed to drive a set so restive as mine are, especially in bad roads. I have also been persuaded to take my Postilion again, as he is a great favourite of my present Coachman. Between them they are new-modelling my family for me, and discharging those servants whom they happen to dislike. My experienced Bailiff, who used to hold my courts, has left me; and my game-keeper, who has been obliged to lie during this hard winter in a tent in the garden, is ordered back again into the north, though he has given no sort of offence; but, on the contrary, has been greatly instrumental in protecting me from the insults of my bluttering neighbour; so unpardonable a crime is it to be born in Germany!

Good Mr. Fitz-Adam, advise me, as a friend, what course to take. We Masters, as we are improperly called, are become of late so subservient to our servants, that I should apprehend this universal want of subordination in them, must at last be detrimental to the state itself: for as a family is composed of many servants, cities and countries are made up of many houses and families, which together constitute a nation. Disobedience in the majority of individuals to their superiors, cannot fail of producing a general licentiousness, which must terminate at last in anarchy and confusion. I am, Sir, your constant reader and admirer,

GEORGE MEANWELL.

Nº CCVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1756.

AS the first of the following letters is written by a female correspondent, and the second intended for the service of that sex, I have taken the first opportunity of giving them to the public.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

I Am a young woman, and live in the country with an uncle and aunt, whose characters, as they are somewhat particular, may perhaps contribute towards the entertainment of your readers. My uncle is a man so full of himself, that he approves of nothing but what is done (to use his own words) *after his maxim*. About three years ago he caught a great cold; ever since which time he wears a great-coat, and calls every man a fool that goes without one, even in the dog-days. The other day, a relation coming to see him, was thrown off his horse, and broke his leg. When he was brought into the house, and my uncle came to be informed that the accident happened by his passing through a bad lane, in order to call upon a particular friend in his way to us, he told him, with an air of great importance, that it was always a *maxim* with *him*, Never

Never to do two things at once. He then introduced a long story about Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh; which, after it had lasted above half an hour, concluded with Lord Burleigh's telling the queen, that he had made it a maxim, Never to do but one thing at a time. Thus did he perplex the poor gentleman, who lay all the time with a broken limb; nor would he suffer any person in the room to go for a surgeon till his story was told. While the leg was setting, and the patient in the utmost torment, my uncle stood by, and, with all the rhetoric he was master of, endeavoured to persuade his kinsman that his misfortune was entirely owing to a neglect of those excellent *maxims* which he had so often taught him. He concluded his harangue with a string of *proverbs*, *mottos*, and *sentiments*, of which he is so ridiculously fond, that there is no single action of his life that is not entirely governed by one or other of them. I have seen him in the garden, in the midst of a most violent thunder-shower, walking a snail's pace towards the house, because his friend Lord Onslow's motto is *festina lente*; which words I have heard him repeat and explain so often, that I have them always in my head.

My aunt is truly one flesh with her husband. She approves of nothing but what is done after *her own example*; though she is unable to support her prejudices even by a *proverb* or a *saying*. As I am so unfortunate as to differ from her in almost all my actions, we are extremely liable to quarrel. *She* gets up at six, because she cannot *sleep*; and *I* lie in bed till nine, because I cannot easily *wake*. When we meet at breakfast, I am sure to be scolded for my drowsiness and indulgence, and questioned at least a dozen times over, Why I cannot do as *she* does, get up with the sun? 'Aye,' says my uncle, 'and go to rest with the lark, as the 'saying is.' But, alas! my aunt observes but part of the saying; for, long before the lark goes to roost, she will fall asleep in her chair, unless kept awake by cards; though her usual bedtime is not till nine o'clock.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would fain know whether the hours between nine and twelve, provided you are quite awake, are not of equal use with those between six and nine, when you are half the time asleep? My aunt says No; for that *one* hour in the morning is worth *two* in the afternoon; which I cannot, for the life of me comprehend.

The old lady is one of those good sort of women who think every thing beneath their notice but family affairs and housekeeping: for which reason, if ever she catches me reading a volume of the Spectator or World, she immediately asks me if the *Art of Cookery*, which she made me a present of, is mislaid or lost; to which she is sure to add, that, for *her part*, she does not see what good can come of reading such heathenish books; and that, had *she* given up her mind to *nonsense* and *stuff*, my uncle and his family must have been beggars, so they must.

Am I really to be governed by these old folks, or may I go on in my old way, and laugh at their absurdities? I read your paper every Friday when the post comes in; and shall be glad to see this letter inserted in your next, with your opinion of the matter. that I may know which is wisest, my uncle, my aunt, or Mr. Fitz-Adam's humble servant and admirer,

C. P.

SIR,

IF we pay a due regard to proverbial expressions, which are oftentimes founded in good sense and experience, the texture of the scull, particularly the extreme thickness or extreme thinness of it, contributes not a little to the stupidity or folly of our species. By a thick-sculled man we always mean a fool; and by a thin-sculled fellow, one without any discretion. May we not, therefore, suppose that the state of men, respecting their understandings, is pretty much this: when their craniums are extremely solid, they are generally idiots; when in a medium, persons of sense; when somewhat thinner, wits; and when extremely thin, madmen?

What has led me into these reflections, is the present practice among our ladies of going bare-headed, and a remarkable passage in Herodotus, concerning the effect of that practice among the Egyptians.

This ancient and curious historian and traveller tell us, that passing by Pelusium, where there had been, many years before, a bloody battle fought between the Persians and Egyptians, and the sculls of the slain on each side being

being ſtill in different heaps, he found, upon trial, that thoſe of the Egyptians were ſo thick, they required a ſtrong blow to break them; whereas thoſe of the Perſians were ſo thin and tender, they ſcarcely reſiſted the ſlighteſt ſtroke. Herodotus attributes the thinneſs and tenderneſs of the Perſian ſculls to their wearing warm caps or turbans; and the thickneſs and hardneſs of the Egyptians, to their going bareheaded, and thereby expoſing their heads to heats and colds. Now, if this opinion of Herodotus, and the foregoing remarks, be well founded, what rueful effects may the preſent faſhion of our ladies expoſing their heads to all weathers, eſpecially in the preſent cold ſeaſon, be attended with! Inſtead of ſenſible, witty, and ingenious women, for which this country has ſo long been famous, we may in a little time have only a generation of triflers.

By what has happened to a neighbouring nation, we have the more reaſon to dread the like misfortune among ourſelves. And happy are thoſe who take warning by the misfortunes of others. Formerly, when the Dutch kept their heads warm in furred caps, they were a wiſe and brave people, delivered themſelves from ſlavery, and eſtabliſhed a wealthy and formidable republic: but ſince they have left off this good old faſhion, and taken to French toupées, whereby their heads are much expoſed, they are become ſo thick-ſculled, that is, ſo ſtupid and fooliſh, as to neglect almoſt every means of national benefit and preſervation.

Though the ancient Greeks were ſome of the wiſeſt and moſt acute people in the world, yet the Beotians were remarkably ignorant and dull. What can we aſcribe this difference between them and their fellow Greeks to, but the different conformations of the ſeat of knowledge? I wiſh our Society of Antiquaries would endeavour to find out if this did not proceed from the Beotians following the Egyptian faſhion abovementioned.

Are we to ſuppoſe that the only motive of our eminent phyſicians and great lawyers for wearing ſuch large periwigs as they generally do, is merely to *appear* wiſer than other people? Have they not experienced that theſe warm coverings of the head greatly contribute to render them *really* ſo? One apparent proof of their being wiſer than moſt others is, that the former very rarely take any phyſic, and the latter never go to law when they can avoid it. However, we muſt, for the ſake of truth, acknowledge, that too many of theſe gentlemen, of both profeſſions, ſeem to have carried the practice of keeping their heads warm to ſuch an exceſs as to occaſion a kind of madneſs, which ſhews itſelf in ſo voracious an appetite for fees as can hardly be ſatisfied. But as we frequently ſee good proceed from evil, may it not be hoped that theſe extravagancies of phyſicians and lawyers will put people upon making as little work as poſſible for either, by ſubſtituting temperance in the room of phyſic, and arbitrations inſtead of law-ſuits?

Whether your female readers will take warning by the examples here ſet before them, or much eſteem your advice or mine, I know not: but, ſurely, ſuch of them at leaſt as go to church, and there ſay their prayers, will pay a proper regard to St. Paul, who tells them, that 'every woman who prayeth with her 'head uncovered, diſhonoureth her 'head.'

In one of the iſlands in the Archipelago, (I think it is Naxos) there was formerly a law that no woman ſhould appear abroad in embroidered cloaths, or with jewels, unleſs ſhe were a profeſſed courtezan; nor be attended, when ſhe walked the ſtreets, with more than one waiting-maid, except ſhe was in liquor. Now, what I would propoſe is, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhould iſſue out an edict, that none of the fair ſex in our iſland ſhall for the future be ſeen in public without a cap, but ſuch as are known to be ladies of pleaſure; unleſs you ſhall be pleaſed to except thoſe who are apt to tipple a little too much, and therefore go in this manner to cool their heads.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

Nº CCIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1756.

THE public will no doubt be a good deal astonished, that instead of the great name of Adam Fitz-Adam to this paper, 'they now see it written by a poor weak woman, it's publisher, and dated from the Globe in Paternoster Row. Alas! nothing but my regard and veneration for that dear good man could have got the better of my modesty, and tempted me to an undertaking that only himself was equal to.

Before these lines can reach the press, that truly great and amiable gentleman will, in all probability, be no more. An event so sudden and unexpected, and in which the public are so deeply interested, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of every reader; I shall therefore relate it in the concisest manner I am able, not in the least doubting but my defects in style will be overlooked, and that grief and concern will prevent criticism.

The reader may remember, that in the first number of the World, and in several succeeding papers, the good old gentleman flattered himself that the profits of his labours would some time or other enable him to make a genteel figure in the world, and seat him at least in his One Horse Chair. The death of Mrs. Fitz-Adam, which happened a few months since, as it relieved him from the great expence of housekeeping, made him in a hurry to set up this Equipage; and as the sale of his paper was even beyond his expectations, I was one of the first of his friends that advised him to purchase it. The Equipage was accordingly bespoke, and sent home; and as he had all along promised that his first visit in it should be to me, I expected him last Tuesday at my country-house at Hoxton. The poor gentleman was punctual to his appointment; and it was with great delight that I saw him from my window driving up the road that leads to my house. Unfortunately for him, his eye caught mine; and hoping (as I suppose) to captivate me by his great skill in driving, he made two or three flourishes with his whip, which so frightened the horse, that he ran furiously away with the carriage, dashed it against a post, and threw the driver from his seat with a violence hardly to be conceived. I screamed out to my maid—'Lord bless me!' says I, 'Mr. 'Fitz-Adam is killed!' and away we ran to the spot where he lay. At first I imagined that his head was off; but upon drawing nearer to him, I found it was his hat! He breathed, indeed, which gave me hopes that he was not quite dead; but for other signs of life, he had positively none.

In this miserable condition, with the help of some neighbours, we brought him into the house, where a warm bed was quickly got ready for him; which, together with bleeding and other helps, brought him by degrees to life and reason. He looked round about him for some time; and at last, seeing and knowing me, enquired after his Chaise. I told him it was safe, though a good deal damaged. 'No matter, Madam,' he replied; 'it has done my business: 'it has carried me a journey from this 'world to the next; I shall have no 'use for it again.' Here his speech failed him, and I thought him expiring; but after a few minutes, recovering as it were from a trance, he proceeded thus. 'Mrs. Cooper,' says he, 'you 'behold in the miserable object now be-'fore you, a speaking monument of the 'folly and madness of ambition. This 'fatal Chaise was the ultimate end of 'all my pursuits; the hope of it animated my labours, and filled me with 'ideas of felicity and grandeur. Alas! 'how has it humbled me! May 'other great men take warning by my 'fall! The World, Mrs. Cooper, is 'now at an end! I thought it destined 'to a longer period; but the decrees of 'Fate are not to be resisted. It would 'indeed have pleased me to have written the last paper myself; but that 'task, Madam, must be yours; and, 'however painful it may be to your 'modesty, I conjure you to undertake 'it.' He paused here for a moment or two, as if waiting for my answer; and as well as I could speak for sorrow and concern, I promised what he asked. 'Your knowledge as a publisher, Ma-'dam,' proceeded he, 'and your great 'fluency of words, will make it per-'fectly easy to you. Little more will

'be

'be neceſſary than to ſet forth my ſud-
'den and unhappy end; to make my
'acknowledgments to the public for
'the indulgence it has ſhewn me; and,
'above all, to teſtify my gratitude to
'my numerous correſpondents, to whoſe
'elegant pieces this paper has been prin-
'cipally indebted for it's uncommon
'ſucceſs. I intended (with permiſſion)
'to have cloſed the work with a liſt of
'thoſe correſpondents; but death pre-
'vents me from raiſing this monument
'to my fame.'

A violent fit of coughing, in which I feared the poor gentleman would have gone off, robbed him of his ſpeech for more than half an hour: at laſt, however, he came again to himſelf; and, though more feebly than before, proceeded as follows. 'I am thankful, Madam, 'that I yet live, and that an opportunity 'is given me of confeſſing the frailties 'of my nature to a faithful friend.' I winked at Suſan to withdraw; but ſhe would not underſtand me: however, did not prevent Mr. Fitz-Adam from giving me a full detail of the ſins of his youth; which, as they only amount to a few gallantries among the ladies, with nothing more heinous than a rape or two at college, we bid him be of comfort, and think no more of ſuch trifles. 'And now, Madam,' ſays he, 'I have another concern to 'trouble you with. When I was a boy 'at ſchool, it always poſſeſſed my 'thoughts, that whenever I died I 'ſhould be buried in Weſtminſter Ab-
'bey. I confeſs freely to you, Madam, 'that this has been the conſtant ambi-
'tion of my riper years. The great 'good which my labours have done to 'mankind will, I hope, entitle my re-
'mains to an interment in that honour-
'able place; nor will the public, I be-
'lieve, be diſinclined to erect a ſuitable 'monument to my memory. The 'frontiſpiece to the World, which was 'the lucky thought of my printer, I 'take to be a moſt excellent deſign; and, 'if executed at large in virgin marble, 'muſt have an admirable effect. I can 'think only of one alteration in it; 'which is, that in the back ground I 'would have, in relief, a one-horſe 'chair in the act of overturning; that 'the ſtory of my death, as it contains a 'leſſon for the ambitious, may be re-
'corded with my name. My epitaph, 'if the public might be ſo ſatisfied, I 'would have decent and conciſe. It 'would offend my modeſty, if, after 'the name of Fitz-Adam, more were 'to be added than theſe words—

'He was the deepeſt PHILOSOPHER,
'The wittieſt WRITER,
'And
'The greateſt MAN,
'OF THIS AGE OR NATION.

'I ſay, Madam, of *this* age and nation, 'becauſe other times and other coun-
'tries have produced very great men; 'inſomuch, that there are names among 'the ancients hardly inferior to that of 'Adam Fitz-Adam.'

The good old gentleman would have proceeded, but his ſpeech failed him again, and he lay as if expiring for two whole hours; during which interval, as I had no time to ſpare, and as all I had heard was then freſh in my memory, I ſat myſelf down to fulfil the promiſe I had made. When I had written thus far, he again attempted to ſpeak to me, but could not. I held up the paper to him, and aſked if he would hear it read. He nodded his aſſent; and, after I had gone through it, his approbation. I deſired him to ſignify by ſome motion of his hand, if there was any thing in it that he wiſhed to have altered. He nodded his head again, and gave me a look of ſuch complacency and regard, as convinced me I had pleaſed him. It is from a knowledge of this circumſtance, that I ſhall now ſend what I have written to the preſs, with no other concern than for the accident which occaſioned it: an accident which I ſhall never think of without tears; as it will probably deprive the public of a moſt able inſtructor, and me of a worthy friend and conſtant benefactor.

MARY COOPER.

Globe, Pater Noſter Row,
Tueſday, Dec. 28, 1756.

P. S. *Wedneſday night, ten o'clock*—Mr. Fitz-Adam is ſtill alive, though in a dangerous way. He came to his ſpeech this morning, and directed me to inform the public, that, as the World is now cloſed, he has ordered a general Index to the folio volumes to be printed, and given Gratis, in a few days, at Mr. Dodſley's, in Pall Mall; and at M. Cooper's, at the Globe, in Pater Noſter Row.

A WORLD EXTRAORDINARY.

THE FOLLOWING PAPER HAVING BEEN TRANSMITTED TO MR. FITZ-ADAM'S BOOKSELLER ON THE VERY DAY OF THAT GENTLEMAN'S MISFORTUNE, HE TAKES THE LIBERTY TO OFFER IT TO THE PUBLIC JUST AS IT CAME TO HAND.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS the contagion of politics has been so prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't say infected, but at leaſt) infuſed itſelf into the papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam; perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable preſent in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his diſorder, (for I muſt conſider political writings as a diſtemper) and at the ſame time will cool, not increaſe, any ſharpneſs in his blood.

Though the author of this little eſſay is retired from the buſier ſcenes of life, he has not buried himſelf in ſuch indifference to his country, as to deſpiſe, or not to attend to, what is paſſing even in thoſe ſcenes he has quitted: and having withdrawn from inclination, not from diſguſt, he preſerves the ſame attachments that he formerly made, though contracted, even then, from eſteem, not from intereſt. He ſees, with a feeling concern, the diſtreſſes and diſtractions of his country; he foreſees, with anxiety, the conſequences of both. He laments the diſcord that divides thoſe men of ſuperior genius, whoſe union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the criſis of our affairs. He does not preſume to diſcuſs the grounds of their diſſenſions, which he wiſhes themſelves to overlook; and he would be one of the laſt men in England to foment diviſion, where his intereſt as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a Man, he might be a Stoic, if even theſe inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be ſuſpended, his heart will be partial. From theſe ſenſations, he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of perſonalities: he ſees with grief the greateſt characters treated with the greateſt licentiouſneſs; his friendſhip has been touched at finding one of the moſt reſpectable aſperſed in the moſt injurious manner. He holds That perſon's fame as much ſuperior to reproach, as he thinks himſelf inferior to That perſon's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his teſtimony to the reputation of a man, with whoſe friendſhip he has been long honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occaſioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago, deſigned then as private incenſe to an honoured name, and ever ſince preſerved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addreſſed. I will detain you no longer than to ſay, that if this little piece ſhould be accuſed of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the ſubject of it was no miniſter of ſtate, and that it is publiſhed now (and ſhould not elſe have been publiſhed) when he is no miniſter at all. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

H. M.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY C. F.

MADAM,

I Have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in ſome degree ſucceeded; but, as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myſelf, I chuſe to ſubmit to your ladyſhip's judgment, whoſe prepoſſeſſion for the perſon repreſented is likely to balance what fondneſs I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the perſon in queſtion, as much as ever other people love themſelves, the medium between the faults you ſhall find, and the juſt reſemblance that I ſee in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about three-and-forty*. As you ſee all the fondneſs and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyſhip may take him to be but three-and-

* This was written in the year 1748.

twenty;

twenty: but I, whose talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment, and experience, and authority, should at first set him down for threescore, upon the strictest enquiry, can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and understanding. His person decides rather on my side; for though he has all the ease and amiableness of youth, yet your ladyship must allow, that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will scarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benignity: but this would not be a faithful portrait; a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at first lets one into the vast humanity of his temper; or than an undistinguishing smile would supply the place of his manly curiosity and penetration. To paint him with a chearful, open countenance, would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows; which, by not being promised, doubly satisfies one's self-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by persuading you that he discovers some in you.

He has the true characteristic of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his pre-eminence in those moments by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more ease, than other people. He seems inquisitive, as if his only business were to learn; and is unreserved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the House of Commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular speaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reasoning has prevailed both over his own defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he were conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man who they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct: in the affairs of his office *, he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the solicitation and interests of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and, to the great detriment of the ministry, had turned one of the best sinecures under the government into one of the most laborious employments; at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who address to him with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illustrious birth is a blemish which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them compleatly great: Tully had it; had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition; but boasting of it, might as well have been noble: he degraded himself by usurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners; and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty: but though his great freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dig-

* Secretary at War.

nified with ſpirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindneſs to his friends. Yet, though he has more ſpirit than almoſt any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his paſſions, by the intimate connection that it always preſerves with his underſtanding. Yet his paſſions are very ſtrong: he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableneſs of his behaviour to her is only equalled by her's to him—But as your ladyſhip ſhould not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I ſhall lay down my pencil; and am, Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obedient humble ſervant,
VANDYKE.

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HARRISON's EDITION.

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

BY GEORGE LORD LITTELTON.

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* This and the two following Dialogues are by another hand.

PRE-

PREFACE.

LUCIAN among the ancients, and among the moderns Fenelon Archbishop of Cambray, and Monsieur Fontenelle, have written *Dialogues of the Dead* with a general applause. The plan they have traced out is so extensive, that the matter which lies within the compass of it can scarcely be exhausted. It sets before us the history of all times and all nations, presents to the choice of a writer all characters of remarkable persons, which may best be opposed to or compared with each other; and is perhaps one of the most agreeable methods, that can be employed, of conveying to the mind any critical, moral, or political observations; because the *dramatic* spirit, which may be thrown into them, gives them more life than they could have in dissertations, however well written. And sometimes *a new dress* may render *an old truth* more pleasing to those whom the mere love of novelty betrays into error, as it frequently does not only the *wits*, but the *sages*, of these days. Indeed, one of the best services that could now be done to mankind by any good writer, would be the bringing them back to *common sense*; from which the desire of shining in extraordinary notions has seduced great numbers, to the no small detriment of morality, and of all real knowledge.

It may be proper to observe, that, in all works of this nature, the dead are often supposed, by a necessary fiction, to be thoroughly informed of many particulars which happened in times posterior to their own; and in all parts of the world, as well as in the countries to which they belonged. Thus, in Fenelon's Dialogue between Gelon and Dion, the former finds fault with the conduct of the latter; and in another between Solon and the Emperor Justinian, the Athenian censures the government of the Roman Legislator, and talks of the History of Procopius as if he had read it. I have also taken the liberty that others have used, to date the several dialogues, as best suited with the purposes to which they were written, supposing some of them to have passed immediately after the decease of one or more of the speakers, and others at a very great distance of time from that in which they lived. But I have not in this edition made any alteration in the dates of the former. Elysium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, being necessary allegories in this way of writing, are occasionally used here, as they have been by Fontenelle and the Archbishop of Cambray: which (if it offended any critical or pious ears) I would justify by the declaration gravely annexed to the works of all Italian writers, wherein they used such expressions—'*Se haveſſi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Deſtino, Elyſio, Stige*, &c. *ſono ſcherzi di penna poetica, non ſentimenti di animo Catolico* *.'

* If I have named *Fate, Fortune, Deſtiny, Elyſium, Styx*, &c. they are only the sports of a poetical pen, not the sentiments of a Catholic mind.

Three

Three of these dialogues were written by a different hand; as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the reader, without my having told it. If the friend who favoured me with them should ever write any more, I shall think that the public owes me a great obligation, for having excited a genius so capable of uniting delight with instruction, and giving to virtue and knowledge those graces, which the wit of the age has too often, and too successfully, employed all it's skill to bestow on vice and folly.

Beside many corrections which the reader will find in this edition, four new dialogues are added, in order to complete one chief design of the work, I mean the illustrating of certain *principles* and certain *characters* of importance, by bringing in persons who have acted upon different systems, to defend their own conduct, or to explain their own notions, by free discourse with each other, and in a manner conformable to the turn of their minds, as they have been represented to us by the best authors.

To see this done in the compass of a small volume, may possibly induce our young gentry (for whose service it is more particularly intended) to meditate on the subjects treated of in this work: and, if they make a proper use of the lights given to them, the public, I hope, will derive some benefit from the book, when the writer shall be no more.

DIALOGUES

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

LORD FALKLAND—MR. HAMPDEN.

LORD FALKLAND.

ARE not you surprized to see me in Elysium, Mr. Hampden?

MR. HAMPDEN.

I was going to put the same question to your lordship; for, doubtless, you thought me a rebel.

LORD FALKLAND.

And certainly you thought me an apostate from the commonwealth, and a supporter of tyranny.

MR. HAMPDEN.

I own I did; and I don't wonder at the severity of your thoughts about me. The heat of the times deprived us both of our natural candour. Yet I will confess to you here, that, before I died, I began to see in our party enough to justify your apprehensions, that the civil war, which we had entered into from generous motives, from a laudable desire to preserve our free constitution, would end very unhappily, and, perhaps, in the issue, destroy that constitution, even by the arms of those who pretended to be most zealous for it.

LORD FALKLAND.

And I will as frankly own to you*, that I saw, in the court and camp of the king, so much to alarm me for the liberty of my country, if our arms were successful, that I dreaded a victory little less than I did a defeat; and had nothing in my mouth but the word *peace*, which I constantly repeated with passionate fondness, in every council at which I was called to assist.

MR. HAMPDEN.

I wished for peace too, as ardently as your lordship. But I saw no hopes of it. The insincerity of the king, and the influence of the queen, made it impossible to trust to his promises or declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reasonably have upon *laws* designed to limit and restrain the power of the crown, after he had violated *the bill of rights*, obtained with such difficulty, and containing so clear an assertion of the privileges which had been in dispute? If his conscience would allow him to break an act of parliament *made to determine the bounds of the royal prerogative*, because he thought *that the royal prerogative could have no bounds*; what legalties could bind a conscience so prejudiced? or what effectual security could his people obtain against the obstinate malignity of such an opinion, but entirely taking from him *the power of the*

* See the Letters, in the Sidney Collection, from the Earl of Sunderland to his lady.

sword, and enabling *themselves* to defend the laws he had passed?

LORD FALKLAND.

There is evidently too much truth in what you have said. But, by taking from the king *the power of the sword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the government into a *democracy*; and if he had submitted to it, he would only have preserved the name of a king. The sceptre would have been held by those who had the sword; or we must have lived in a state of perpetual anarchy, without any force or balance in the government; a state which could not have lasted long, but would have ended in a republick, or in absolute dominion.

MR. HAMPDEN.

Your reasoning seems unanswerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud, and those other court-divines who directed the king's conscience, and fixed it in such principles as made him unfit to govern a limited monarchy, though with many good qualities, and some great ones; let them, I say, answer for all the mischiefs they brought upon him and the nation.

LORD FALKLAND.

They were indeed much to be blamed: but those principles had gained ground before their times; and seemed the principles of our church, in opposition to the Jesuits, who had certainly gone too far in the other extreme.

MR. HAMPDEN.

It is a disgrace to our church to have taken up such opinions; and I will venture to prophesy, that our clergy, in future times, must renounce them, or they will be turned against them by those who mean their destruction. Suppose a Popish king on the throne. Will the clergy adhere to passive obedience and non-resistance? If they do, they deliver up their religion to Rome; if they do not, their practice will confute their own doctrines.

LORD FALKLAND.

Nature, Sir, will in the end be sure to set right whatever opinion contradicts her great laws, let who will be the teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on those miserable times in which we both lived, the more I esteem it a favour of Providence to us, that we were cut off so soon. *The most grievous misfortune that can befall a virtuous man, is to be in such a state, that he can hardly so act as to approve his own conduct.* In such a state we both were. We could not easily make a step, either forward or backward, without great hazard of guilt, or at least of dishonour. We were unhappily entangled in connections with men who did not mean so well as ourselves, or did not judge so rightly. If we endeavoured to stop them, they thought us false to the cause; if we went on with them, we ran directly upon rocks, which we saw, but could not avoid. Nor could we take shelter in a philosophical retreat from business. Inaction would in us have been cowardice and desertion. To compleat the publick calamities, a religious fury, on both sides, mingled itself with the rage of our civil dissentions, more frantick than that, more implacable, more averse from all healing measures. The most intemperate counsels were thought the most *pious*; and a regard to the laws, if they opposed the suggestions of these fiery zealots, was accounted *irreligion*. This added new difficulties to what was before but too difficult in itself, the settling of a nation which no longer could put any confidence in it's sovereign, nor lay more restraints on the royal authority without destroying the balance of the whole constitution. In these circumstances, the balls, that pierced our hearts, were directed thither by the hands of our guardian angels, to deliver us from horrors we could not support, and perhaps from a guilt our souls abhorred.

MR. HAMPDEN.

Indeed things were brought to so deplorable a state, that, if either of us had seen his party triumphant, he must have lamented that triumph as the ruin of his country. Were I to return into life, the experience I have had would make me very cautious of kindling the sparks of civil war in England: for I have seen, that, when once that devouring fire is lighted, it is not in the power of the head of a party to say to the conflagration, *Thus far shalt thou go, and here shall thy violence stop.*

LORD FALKLAND.

The conversation we have had, as well as the reflections of my own mind on past events, would, if I were condemned to my body again, teach me great moderation in my judgments of persons, who might happen to differ from me in difficult scenes of publick action.

ation; they would entirely cure me of the *spirit of party*, and make me think, that, as in the church, so also in the state, no evil is more to be feared than a rancorous and enthusiastic zeal.

DIALOGUE II.

LOUIS LE GRAND—PETER THE GREAT.

LOUIS.

WHO, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the trade of a shipwright in the dockyards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I had done, the surname of Great?

PETER.

Which of us best deserved that title, posterity will decide. But my greatness appeared sufficiently in that very act which seemed to you a debasement.

LOUIS.

The dignity of a king does not stoop to such mean employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the eyes of my subjects or foreigners, but in all the splendour and majesty of royal power.

PETER.

Had I remained on the throne of Russia, as my ancestors did, environed with all the pomp of barbarous greatness, I should have been idolized by my people, as much, at least, as you ever were by the French. My despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their evil customs; have taught them arts, civility, navigation, and war; have exalted them from brutes in human shapes into men. In this was seen the extraordinary force of my genius beyond any comparison with all other kings, that I thought it no degradation, or diminution of my greatness, to descend from my throne, and go and work in the dock-yards of a foreign republick; to serve as a private sailor in my own fleets, and as a common soldier in my own army; till I had raised myself by my merit in all the several steps and degrees of promotion, up to the highest command, and had thus induced my nobility to submit to a regular subordination in the sea and land-service, by a lesson hard to their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other master, or by any other method of instruction.

LOUIS.

I am forced to acknowledge that it was a great act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgment was perverted by the prejudices arising from my own education, and the ridicule thrown upon it by some of my courtiers, whose minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the greatness of yours in that situation.

PETER.

It was an act of more heroism than any ever done by Alexander or Cæsar. Nor would I consent to exchange my glory with theirs. They both did great things: but they were at the head of great nations, far superior in valour and military skill to those with whom they contended. I was the king of an ignorant, undisciplined, barbarous people. My enemies were at first so superior to my subjects, that ten thousand of them could beat a hundred thousand Russians. They had formidable navies: I had not a ship. The king of Sweden was a prince of the most intrepid courage, assisted by generals of consummate knowledge in war, and served by soldiers so disciplined, that they were become the admiration and terror of Europe. Yet I vanquished these soldiers; I drove that prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at sea, as well as land; I *new-created* my people; I gave them arts, science, policy; I enabled them to keep all the powers of the North in awe and dependance, to give kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman emperors, to mix with great weight in the affairs of all Europe. What other man has ever done such wonders as these? Read all the records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in comparison with me!

LOUIS.

Your glory would indeed have been supreme and unequalled, if, in civilizing your subjects, you had reformed the brutality of your own manners, and

the barbarous vices of your nature. But, alas! the legislator and reformer of the Muscovites was drunken and cruel.

PETER.

My drunkenness I confess: nor will I plead, to excuse it, the example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious passions of anger; and produced actions, of which our reason, when sober, was ashamed. But the cruelty you upbraid me with may in some degree be excused, as necessary to the work I had to perform. Fear of punishment was in the hearts of my barbarous subjects the only principle of obedience. To make them respect the royal authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the terrors of rage. You had a more pliant people to govern, a people whose minds could be ruled, like a fine managed horse, with an easy and gentle rein. The fear of shame did more with them than the fear of the *knout* could do with the Russians. The humanity of your character and the ferocity of mine were equally suitable to the nations over which we reigned. But what excuse can you find for the cruel violence you employed against your Protestant subjects? They desired nothing but to live under the protection of laws you yourself had confirmed; and they repaid that protection by the most hearty zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either to quit the religion in which they were bred, and which their consciences still retained, or to leave their native land, and endure all the woes of a perpetual exile. If the rules of policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your kingdom, and transferring to foreign countries it's manufactures and commerce; I am surprized that your heart itself did not stop you. It makes one shudder, to think that such orders should be sent from the most polished court in Europe, as the most savage Tartars could hardly have executed without remorse and compassion.

LOUIS.

It was not my heart, but my religion, that dictated these severities. My confessor told me, they alone would atone for all my sins.

PETER.

Had I believed in my patriarch as you believed in your priest, I should not have been the great monarch that I was. But I mean not to detract from the merit of a prince whose memory is dear to his subjects. They are proud of having obeyed you; which is certainly the highest praise to a king. My people also date their glory from the æra of my reign. But there is this capital distinction between us. The pomp and pageantry of state were necessary to your greatness: I was great in myself, great in the energy and powers of my mind, great in the superiority and *sovereignty* of my soul over all other men.

DIALOGUE III.

PLATO—FENELON.

PLATO.

WELCOME to Elysium, O thou, the most pure, the most gentle, the most refined disciple of philosophy, that the world, in modern times, has produced! Sage Fenelon, welcome!—I need not name myself to you. Our souls by sympathy must know one another.

FENELON.

I know you to be Plato, the most amiable of all the disciples of Socrates, and the philosopher of all antiquity whom I most desired to resemble.

PLATO.

Homer and Orpheus are impatient to see you in that region of these happy fields, which their shades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great poet, though you have written no verses. And they are now busy in composing for you unfading wreaths of all the finest and sweetest Elysian flowers. But I will lead you from them to the sacred grove of Philosophy, on the highest hill of Elysium, where the air is most pure and most serene. I will conduct you to the fountain of Wisdom, in which you will see, as in your own writings, the fair image of Virtue perpetually reflected. It will raise in you more love than was felt by Narcissus, when he contemplated the beauty of his own face in the unruffled spring. But you shall not pine,

as

as he did, for a shadow. The goddess herself will affectionately meet your embraces, and mingle with your soul.

FENELON.

I find you retain the allegorical and poetical style, of which you were so fond in many of your writings. Mine also ran sometimes into poetry; particularly in my Telemachus, which I meant to make a kind of epick composition. But I dare not rank myself among the great poets, nor pretend to any equality in oratory with you the most eloquent of philosophers, on whose lips the Attick bees distilled all their honey.

PLATO.

The French language is not so harmonious as the Greek: yet you have given a sweetness to it, which equally charms the ear and heart. When one reads your compositions, one thinks that one hears Apollo's lyre, strung by the hands of the Graces, and tuned by the Muses. The idea of a *perfect king*, which you have exhibited in your Telemachus, far excels, in my own judgment, my imaginary *republick*. Your *Dialogues* breathe the pure spirit of virtue, of unaffected good sense, of judicious criticism, of fine taste. They are in general as superior to your countryman Fontenelle's, as reason is to false wit, or truth to affectation. The greatest fault of them, I think, is, that some are too short.

FENELON.

It has been objected to them, and I am sensible of it myself, that most of them are too full of *common-place morals*. But I wrote them for the instruction of a young prince: and one cannot too forcibly imprint on the minds of those who are born to empire the most simple truths; because, as they grow up, the flattery of a court will try to disguise and conceal from them those truths, and to eradicate from their hearts the love of their duty, if it has not taken there a very deep root.

PLATO.

It is indeed the peculiar misfortune of princes, that they are often instructed with great care in the refinements of policy; and not taught the first principles of moral obligations, or taught so superficially, that the virtuous man is soon lost in the corrupt politician. But the lessons of virtue you gave your royal pupil are so graced by the charms of your eloquence, that the oldest and wisest men may attend to them with pleasure. All your writings are embellished with a sublime and agreeable imagination, which gives elegance to simplicity, and dignity to the most vulgar and obvious truths. I have heard, indeed, that your countrymen are less sensible of the beauty of your genius and style than any of their neighbours. What has so much depraved their taste?

FENELON.

That which depraved the taste of the Romans after the age of Augustus; an immoderate love of *wit*, of *paradox*, of *refinement*. The works of their writers, like the faces of their women, must be painted and adorned with artificial embellishments, to attract their regards; and thus the natural beauty of both is lost. But it is no wonder if few of them esteem my Telemachus; as the maxims I have principally inculcated there are thought by many inconsistent with the grandeur of their monarchy, and with the splendour of a refined and opulent nation. They seem generally to be falling into opinions, that the chief end of society is to procure the pleasures of luxury; that a nice and elegant taste of voluptuous enjoyments is the perfection of merit; and that a king, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine palace, who furnishes it well with good statues and pictures, who encourages the fine arts, and makes them subservient to every modish vice who has a restless ambition, a perfidious policy, and a spirit of conquest, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas to check the excesses of luxury, those excesses I mean which enfeeble the spirit of a nation, to ease the people, as much as is possible, of the burthen of taxes; to give them the blessings of peace and tranquillity, when they can be obtained without injury or dishonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and masculine in the temper of their bodies and minds, that they may be the fitter for war whenever it does come upon them; but, above all, to watch diligently over their morals, and discourage whatever may defile or corrupt them; is the great business of government, and ought to be in all circumstances the principal object of a wise legislature. Unquestionably *that is the happiest country which has most virtue in it*: and to the eye of sober reason the poorest Swiss canton is a much nobler state than the kingdom of France,

if

if it has more liberty, better morals, a more settled tranquillity, more moderation in prosperity, and more firmness in danger.

PLATO.

Your notions are just; and if your country rejects them, she will not long hold the rank of the first nation in Europe. Her declension is begun, her ruin approaches. For, omitting all other arguments, can a state be well served, when the raising of an opulent fortune in it's service, and making a splendid use of that fortune, is a distinction more envied than any which arises from integrity in office, or public spirit in government? Can that spirit, which is the parent of national greatness, continue vigorous and diffusive, where the desire of wealth, for the sake of a luxury which wealth alone can support, and an ambition aspiring, not to glory, but to profit, are the predominant passions? If it exist in a king, or a minister of state, how will either of them find, among people so disposed, the necessary instruments to execute his great designs; or rather, what obstruction will he not find, from the continual opposition of private interest to publick? But if, on the contrary, a court incline to tyranny, what a facility will be given by these dispositions to that evil purpose! How will men, with minds relaxed by the enervating ease and softness of luxury, have vigour to oppose it! Will not most of them lean to servitude, *as their natural state*; as that in which the extravagant and insatiable cravings of their artificial wants may best be gratified, at the charge of a bountiful master, or by the spoils of an enslaved and ruined people? When all sense of publick virtue is thus destroyed, will not fraud, corruption, and avarice, or the opposite workings of court-factions to bring disgrace on each other, ruin armies and fleets without the help of an enemy, and give up the independence of the nation to foreigners, after having betrayed it's liberties to a king? All these mischiefs you saw attendant on that luxury, which some modern philosophers account (as I am informed) the highest good to a state! Time will shew, that their doctrines are pernicious to society, pernicious to government; and that yours, tempered and moderated so as to render them more practicable in the present circumstances of your country, are wise, salutary, and deserving of the general thanks of mankind. But, lest you should think, from the praise I have given you, that flattery can find a place in Elysium, allow me to lament, with the tender sorrow of a friend, that a man so superior to all other follies could give into the *reveries* of a Madam Guyon, a distracted enthusiast. How strange was it to see *the two great lights of France*, you and the bishop of Meaux, engaged in a controversy, whether a *mad woman* were a *heretick* or a *saint!*

FENELON.

I confess my own weakness, and the ridiculousness of the dispute. But did not your warm imagination carry you also into some *reveries* about *divine love*, in which you talked unintelligibly even to yourself?

PLATO.

I *felt* something more than I was able to *express*.

FENELON.

I had my *feelings* too, as fine and as lively as yours. But we should both have done better to have avoided those subjects in which *sentiment* took the place of *reason*.

DIALOGUE IV.

MR. ADDISON—DR. SWIFT.

DR. SWIFT.

SURELY, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly inclined to play the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you *a minister of state*, and me *a divine!*

ADDISON.

I must confess, we were both of us out of our elements. But you don't mean to insinuate, that all would have been right, if our destinies had been reversed?

SWIFT.

Yes, I do.—You would have made an

an excellent bishop; and I should have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

ADDISON.

You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never understood that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are very different things.

SWIFT.

Ay; so you fellows that have no genius for politicks may suppose. But there are times when, by seasonably putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get at the head of the nation. Nay, there are times, when the nation itself is a mob, and ought to be treated as such by a skilful observer.

ADDISON.

I don't deny the truth of your proposition. But is there no danger that, from the natural vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

SWIFT.

Sometimes there may: but I risqued it; and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable, when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament; what should I have done, if fortune had placed me in England, unencumbered with a gown, and in a situation that would have enabled me to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

ADDISON.

You would undoubtedly have done very marvellous acts! Perhaps you might then have been as zealous a whig as my Lord Wharton himself. Or, if the whigs had unhappily offended *the statesman*, as they did *the doctor*, who knows whether you might not have brought in the pretender? Pray let me ask you one question between you and me. If your great talents had raised you to the office of first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

SWIFT.

Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he, or his master, could make you as great in wit, as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must be given *from above*. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And, though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my good friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough in your nature, to pretend to a competition in that point with me.

ADDISON.

I have been told by my friends that I was rather too modest. So I will not determine this dispute for myself; but refer it to Mercury, the God of wit, who fortunately happens to be coming this way, with a soul he has brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! a question of precedence, in the class of wit and humour over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

MERCURY—Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you—How does my old lad? how does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the *flying island*, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray when did you *eat a crust with Lord Peter*? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear that, since you published the history of his case, the poor fellow, by more gentle usage, is almost got well. If he had but more food, he would be as much in his senses as *brother* Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has lately spawned a strange brood of Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than ever Jack was in his worst days. It is a great pity you are not alive again, to make a new edition of your Tale of the Tub for the use of these fellows.—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon: I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of my old friend the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

SWIFT.

Addison, I think our dispute is decided, before the judge has heard the cause.

ADDISON.

I own it is, in your favour;—but—

MERCURY—Don't be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worships me more than Jupiter,

Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of unaffected wit and humour in your admirable writings, have obtained for you a high place in the class of my *authors*, though not quite so high a one as that of the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have got before him, if the decency of your nature and the cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But, allowing that, in the force and spirit of his wit he has really the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in shewing the mildlights and shades of a character; in distinctly marking each line, and every soft gradation of tints, which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*, even while we are *laughing!* Swift was able to do nothing that approaches to this. He could draw an ill face, or caricature a good one, with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I be to speak as a *god*, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine. It tends to exalt human nature.

SWIFT.

Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have liberty to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was not highly beneficial to *correct* human nature? Is whipping of no use, to mend naughty boys?

MERCURY.—Men are generally not so patient of whipping as boys; and *a rough satirist* is seldom known to mend them. Satire, like antimony, if it be used as a medicine, must be rendered less corrosive. Yours is often rank poison. But I will allow that you have done some good in your way, though not half so much as Addison did in his.

ADDISON.

Mercury, I am satisfied. It matters little what rank you assign me as a wit, if you give me the precedence as a friend and benefactor to mankind.

MERCURY.—I pass sentence on the *writers*, not the *men*. And my decree is this. When any hero is brought hither, who wants to be humbled, let the task of lowering his arrogance be assigned to Swift. The same good office may he done to a philosopher vain of his wisdom and virtue, or to a bigot puffed up with spiritual pride. The doctor's discipline will soon convince the first, that, with all his boasted morality, he is but a *yahoo*; and the latter, that to be *holy*, he must necessarily be *humble*. I would also have him apply his *anticosmetick wash* to the painted face of female vanity; and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But Addison should be employed to comfort those, whose delicate minds are dejected with too painful a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them he should hold his fair and charitable mirrour; which would bring to their sight their hidden excellences, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—Adieu: continue to esteem and love each other as you did in the other world, though you were of opposite parties, and (what is still more wonderful) *rival wits*. This alone is sufficient to entitle you both to Elysium.

DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES—CIRCE. IN CIRCE'S ISLAND*.

CIRCE.

YOU will go, then, Ulysses; but tell me without reserve—what carries you from me?

ULYSSES.

Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will sigh for my country. It is an attachment which

* N. B. This cannot be properly called a Dialogue of the Dead. But we have one of the same kind among Cambray's Dialogues, between Ulysses and his companion Grillus, when turned into a boar by the enchantments of Circe; and two or three others, that are supposed to have passed between living persons.

all

E. F. Burney del. Grignion sculp.

Plate I.

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all my admiration of you cannot entirely overcome.

CIRCE.

This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind. But what, Ulysses, do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

ULYSSES.

It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the tenderness of love, or in her mind the fear of shame. But you, Circe, are above those vulgar sensations.

CIRCE.

I understand your caution; it belongs to your character: and therefore, to remove all diffidence from you, I swear by Styx, I will do no manner of harm, either to you or your friends, for any thing which you say, however offensive it may be to my love or my pride; but will send you away from my island with all marks of my friendship. Tell me now truly, what pleasures you hope to enjoy in the barren rock of Ithaca, which can compensate for those you leave in this paradise, exempt from all care, and overflowing with all delights?

ULYSSES.

The pleasures of virtue; the supreme happiness of doing good. Here I do nothing. My mind is in a palsy: all it's faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action, that I may worthily employ those talents, which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me. They are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than these vacant groves. There I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid, like a coward, from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of *my former self* haunts and seems to upbraid me, wheresoever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every shade: it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess, unless you have power to lay that spirit, unless you can make me forget myself; I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

CIRCE.

May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, be permitted to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

ULYSSES.

No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses. Here I am deprived of that sacred society. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, or think, while such a number of beasts (and the worst beasts are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting, all about me?

CIRCE.

There may be something in this: but this, I know, is not all. You suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of *your former self*, which appears to you in this island; which follows you in your walks; which more particularly interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms. It is Penelope, Ulysses; I know it is.—Don't pretend to deny it. You sigh for Penelope in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed by nature with the gift of unfading youth. Several years have past since hers has been faded. I might say without vanity, that in her best days she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

ULYSSES.

You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you about her, that she is faithful to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as at the time when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of youth and beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood? shall I forget my Penelope, who cannot forget me; who has no pleasure so dear to her as the remembrance of me?

CIRCE.

Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her. Let your companions return; and let her know that you have fixed your abode with me, that you have fixed it for ever. Let her know that she is free to dispose as she pleases of her heart and her hand. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it

with her own face—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I understand nothing of womankind.

ULYSSES.

O cruel goddess! why will you force me to tell you truths I desire to conceal? If, by such unmerited, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I be able to endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a wife? What could make me amends for her being no longer mine, for her being another's? Don't frown, Circe; I must own (since you will have me speak) I must own *you* could not.—With all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not so powerful a charmer as she. You feel *desire*, and you give it; but you have never felt *love*, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero. Her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bade me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself. She bade me expose myself there to all the perils of war, among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart sunk and trembled at every thought of those perils, and would have given all it's own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! When Minerva was teaching me the lessons of wisdom, she delighted to be present; she heard, she retained, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry; when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what taste did she discern every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to hers. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was she, how tender to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in all the finer arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and aged; to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants; to mediate for those who were objects of mercy; to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown!—And shall I banish myself for ever from such a comfort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of a sensual life; keeping, indeed, the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all it's noble and godlike powers? Oh! Circe, it is impossible; I cannot bear the thought.

CIRCE.

Be gone—don't imagine that I ask you to stay a moment longer. *The daughter of the sun* is not so mean-spirited, as to solicit a mortal to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity and despise you. All you have said, seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitter for a silly woman than a great man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my island. You shall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every storm, that Neptune can raise, pursue and overwhelm you!—Be gone, I say; quit my sight.

ULYSSES.

Great goddess, I obey—but remember your oath.

DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY — AN ENGLISH DUELLIST — A NORTH-AMERICAN SAVAGE.

THE DUELLIST.

MERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that species. He looks very grimly.—'Pray, 'Sir, what is your name? I understand 'you speak English.'

SAVAGE.

Yes, I learnt it in my childhood, having been bred for some years among the English at New York. But, before I was

I was a man, I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villainously cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the late war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my brethren were victorious; and, before I was shot, I had gloriously scalped seven men, and five women and children. In a former war I had performed still greater exploits. My name is *The Bloody Bear*; it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

DUELLIST.

Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat; but don't understand cutting the throats of women and children.

SAVAGE.

Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has it's customs. But, by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

DUELLIST.

Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a sum of money. After two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour; and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park. The fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroitest swordsman in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of contrition or repentance: and he will follow me soon; for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

SAVAGE.

Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend: I say positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

MERCURY.

Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

SAVAGE.

Don't tell me of laws. I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman; there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them; for they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know, indeed, that the English are *a barbarous nation*; but they cannot possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

MERCURY.

You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and children in the cradle?

SAVAGE.

I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen; I never killed my friend.—Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewell—I am determined to swim over the water.

MERCURY.

By this touch of my wand, I deprive thee of all thy strength.—Swim now, if thou canst.

SAVAGE.

This is a potent enchanter.—Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

MERCURY.

I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: otherwise worse will befall you.

DUELLIST.

Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you.—'Sirrah Savage, dost 'thou pretend to be ashamed of my

'company? doſt thou know that I have 'kept the beſt company in England?'

SAVAGE.

I know thou art a ſcoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! Kill thy friend who lent thee money for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into Styx.

MERCURY.

Stop—I command thee. No violence—Talk to him calmly.

SAVAGE.

I muſt obey thee.—'Well, Sir, let me 'know what merit you had to introduce 'you into good company? What could 'you do?'

DUELLIST.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Beſides, I kept a good table. I *eat* as well as any man either in England or France.

SAVAGE.

Eat! Did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his ſhoulder? There is *fine eating!* I have eat twenty. My table was always *well ſerved*. My wife was eſteemed the beſt cook for the dreſſing of man's fleſh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your *eating* with mine?

DUELLIST.

I danced very finely.

SAVAGE.

I'll dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the *war-dance* with more ſpirit than any man of my nation. Let us ſee thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a poſt! Has Mercury ſtruck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou haſt never yet learnt. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging *raſcal?*

DUELLIST.

O heavens! muſt I bear this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither ſword nor piſtol. And his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

MERCURY.

You muſt anſwer his queſtions. It was your own deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you ſome truths, which you muſt neceſſarily hear when you come before Rhadamanthus. He aſked you what you could do beſides eating and dancing.

DUELLIST.

I ſang very agreeably.

SAVAGE.

Let me hear you ſing your *death ſong*, or the *war whoop*. I challenge you to ſing.—Come, begin.—The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a *liar*—He has told us nothing but *lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

DUELLIST.

The lie given me!—and alas! I dare not reſent it. What an indelible diſgrace to the family of the Puſhwells! This indeed is *damnatio*.

MERCURY.

Here, Charon, take theſe two Savages to your care. How far the barbariſm of the Mohawk will excuſe his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be ſaid for the other, for the Engliſhman?—The cuſtom of dueling? A bad excuſe at the beſt! but here it cannot avail. The ſpirit that urged him to draw his ſword againſt his friend is not that of *honour*; it is the ſpirit of the Furies, and to them he muſt go.

SAVAGE.

If he is to be puniſhed for his wickedneſs, turn him over to me. I perfectly underſtand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this *kick on your breach.*

DUELLIST.

O my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER—PLINY THE YOUNGER.

PLINY THE ELDER.

THE account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour, amid the terrors and perils that accompanied the firſt eruption of Veſuvius, does not pleaſe me much*. There was more of vanity in it than of true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth was ſhaking beneath you; when the whole heaven

* V. C. Plinii Epiſt. l. vi. Epiſt. 20.

was

V. Fr. Barney del. *Heath sculp.*

Plate II. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. March 31st 1797.

was darkened with sulphureous clouds; when all nature seemed falling into it's final destruction; to be *reading* Livy, and *making extracts*, was an absurd affectation. To meet danger with courage, is manly; but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility where it cannot be supposed, is ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman, to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that tremendous scene, by shewing yourself undismayed. But the real merit and glory of this part of your behaviour is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

That vulgar minds should consider my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture as unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder. But that you would blame it as such, I did not apprehend; you, whom no business could separate from the Muses; you, who approached nearer to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

PLINY THE ELDER.

I died in doing my duty*. Let me recall to your remembrance all the particulars; and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your behaviour and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet which then lay at Misenum. On the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phænomenon, and endeavour to discover it's nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher; and it was a curiosity proper and natural to an inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have gone; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent. When I came out from my house, I found all the inhabitants of Misenum flying to the sea. That I might assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately commanded the whole fleet to put out, and sailed with it all round the bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and whence the affrighted people were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I happily preserved some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with an unshaken composure and freedom of mind, the several phænomena of the eruption. Toward night, as we approached to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, our gallies were covered with ashes, the showers of which grew continually hotter and hotter; then pumice stones, and burnt and broken *spirites*, began to fall on our heads; and we were stopt by the obstacles which the ruins of the vulcano had suddenly formed, by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up, on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he was desirous to do. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. The family watched, and I slept; till the heaps of pumice stones, which incessantly fell from the clouds that had by this time been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that, if I had staid any longer, I could not have got out; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house. We therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads, as well as we were able, with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing contrary, and the sea very rough, we all remained on the shore, till the descent of a sulphureous and fiery vapour suddenly oppressed my weak lungs, and put an end to my life. In all this, I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your conduct, I must say, my dear nephew, there was a mixture of vanity blended with your virtue, which impaired and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men whom Rome has ever produced: for none excelled you in sincere integrity of heart and greatness of sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory, by seeking the shadow?—Your elo-

* V. Epist. 16. l. vi.

quence

quence had, I think, the same fault as your manners; it was generally too *affected*. You professed to make Cicero your guide and pattern. But when one reads his panegyrick upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the genuine language of truth and nature, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime oratory: the latter appears the harangue of a florid *rhetorician*, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own wit, than to extol the great man whose virtues he was praising.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

I will not question your judgment either of my life or my writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. It is perhaps some excuse for the affectation of my style, that it was the fashion of the age in which I wrote. Even the eloquence of Tacitus, however nervous and sublime, was not unaffected. Mine indeed was more diffuse, and the ornaments of it were more tawdry; but his laboured conciseness, the constant *glow* of his diction, and pointed *brilliancy* of his sentences, were no less unnatural. One principal cause of this I suppose to have been, that, as we despaired of excelling the two great masters of oratory, Cicero and Livy, in their own manner, we took up another; which to many appeared more shining, and gave our compositions a more original air. But it is mortifying to me to say much on this subject. Permit me therefore to resume the contemplation of that on which our conversation turned before. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have been describing! Don't you remember the beauty of that fine coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was torn with the violence of those internal fires, that forced their way through it's surface? The foot of it was covered with cornfields and rich meadows, interspersed with splendid villas and magnificent towns: the sides of it were cloathed with the best vines in Italy. How quick, how unexpected, how terrible, was the change! All was at once overwhelmed with ashes, cinders, broken rocks, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and desolation!

PLINY THE ELDER.

You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your philosophical mind, that this change is a striking emblem of that which must happen, by the natural course of things, to every rich, luxurious state! While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they imagine that no evil, no danger, is nigh; the latent seeds of destruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a sudden, they lay waste all their opulence, all their boasted delights; and leave them a sad monument of the fatal effects of internal tempests and convulsions.

DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ—WILLIAM PENN.

CORTEZ.

Is it possible, William Penn, that you should seriously compare your glory with mine! the planter of a small colony in North-America presume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican empire!

PENN.

Friend, I pretend to no glory—the LORD preserve me from it!—All glory is *his*,—but this I say, that I was *his instrument* in a more glorious work than that performed by thee; incomparably more glorious.

CORTEZ.

Dost thou not know, William Penn, that, with less than six hundred Spanish foot, eighteen horse, and a few small pieces of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men; dethroned an emperor, who had been raised to the throne by his valour, and excelled all his countrymen in the science of war, as much as they excelled all the rest of the West India nations? that I made him my prisoner, in his own capital; and, after he had been deposed and slain by his subjects, vanquished and took

took Guatimozin, his succeſſor, and accompliſhed my conqueſt of the whole empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spaniſh crown? Doſt thou not know, that, in doing theſe wonderful acts, I ſhewed as much courage as Alexander the Great, as much prudence as Cæſar? that, by my policy, I ranged under my banners the powerful commonwealth of Tlaſcala, and brought them to aſſiſt me in ſubduing the Mexicans, though with the loſs of their own beloved independence? and that, to conſummate my glory, when the governor of Cuba, Velaſquez, would have taken my command from me, and ſacrificed me to his envy and jealouſy, I drew from him all his forces, and joined them to my own, ſhewing myſelf as ſuperior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

PENN.

I know very well that thou waſt as fierce as a lion, and as ſubtle as a ſerpent. The devil, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black liſt of heroes* as Alexander or Cæſar. It is not my buſineſs to interfere with him in ſettling thy rank. But hark thee, friend Cortez—What right hadſt thou, or had the king of Spain himſelf, to the Mexican empire? Anſwer me that, if thou canſt.

CORTEZ.

The pope gave it to my maſter.

PENN.

The devil offered to give our LORD all the kingdoms of the earth; and I ſuppoſe the pope, as *his vicar*, gave thy maſter this: in return for which, he *fell down and worſhipped him*, like an idolater as he was. But ſuppoſe the high prieſt of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to Motezuma, would his grant have been good?

CORTEZ.

Theſe are queſtions of caſuiſtry, which it is not the buſineſs of a ſoldier to decide. We leave that to gownſmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what right had you to the province you ſettled?

PENN.

An honeſt right of fair purchaſe. We gave the native ſavages ſome things they wanted, and they in return gave us lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood ſhed to ſtain our acquiſition.

CORTEZ.

I am afraid there was a little *fraud* in the purchaſe. Thy followers, William Penn, are ſaid to think cheating in a quiet and ſober way no mortal ſin.

PENN.

The ſaints are always calumniated by the ungodly. But it was a ſight which an angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the colony I ſettled! to ſee us living with the Indians like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of their barbarous manners by the gentleneſs of ours! to ſee the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderneſs, rendered as fertile and fair as the garden of GOD! O Fernando Cortez, Fernando Cortez! didſt thou leave the great empire of Mexico in that ſtate? No, thou hadſt turned thoſe delightful and populous regions into a deſart, a deſart flooded with blood. Doſt thou not remember that moſt infernal ſcene, when the noble Emperor Guatimozin was ſtretched out by thy ſoldiers upon hot burning coals, to make him diſcover into what part of the lake of Mexico he had thrown the royal treaſures? Are not his groans ever ſounding in the ears of thy conſcience? do not they rend thy hard heart, and ſtrike thee with more horror than the yells of the Furies?

CORTEZ.

Alas! I was not preſent when that dire act was done. Had I been there, I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN.

Thou waſt the captain of that band of robbers who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counſels and conduct enabled them to commit it; and thy ſkill ſaved them afterward from the vengeance that was due to ſo enormous a crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly puniſhed them for it, if they had not had thee for their general, thou *lieutenant of Satan!*

CORTEZ.

The *ſaints* I find can *rail*, William Penn. But how do you hope to preſerve this *admirable* colony which you have ſettled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent lambs*. Are there no *wolves* in North America, to devour theſe *lambs?* But, if the Americans ſhould continue in perpetual peace with all your ſucceſſors there, the French will not. Are the inhabitants of Penſylvania to make war againſt *them* with prayers and preaching? If ſo, that garden of GOD, which you ſay you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey; and

and they will take from you your property, your laws, and your religion.

PENN.

The LORD's will be done! The LORD will defend us against the rage of our enemies, if it be his good pleasure.

CORTEZ.

Is this the wisdom of a great legislator? I have heard some of your countrymen compare you to Solon! Did Solon, think you, give laws to a people and leave those laws and that people at the mercy of every invader? The first business of legislature is, to provide a military strength that may defend the whole system. If a house be built in a land of robbers, without a gate to shut, or a bolt or bar to secure it, what avails it how well-proportioned, or how commodious, the architecture of it may be? Is it richly furnished within? the more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to seize it's wealth. The world, William Penn, is all a land of robbers. Any state or commonwealth erected therein, must be well fenced and secured by good military institutions; or, the happier it is in all other respects, the greater will be it's danger, the more speedy it's destruction. Perhaps the neighbouring English colonies may for a while protect yours: but that precarious security cannot always preserve you. Your plan of government must be changed, or your colony will be lost. What I have said is also applicable to Great Britain itself. If an encrease of it's wealth be not accompanied with an encrease of it's force, that wealth will become the prey of some of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial spirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praise may be due to it's civil institutions, if they are not guarded by a wise system of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own dissolution.

PENN.

These are suggestions of human wisdom. The doctrines I held were *inspired*; they came *from above*.

CORTEZ.

It is blasphemy to say, *that any folly could come from the Fountain of Wisdom*. Whatever is inconsistent with the great laws of nature, and with the necessary state of human society, cannot possibly have been inspired by God. Self-defence is as necessary to nations as to men. And shall particulars have a right which nations have not? True religion, William Penn, is the perfection of reason. Fanaticism is the disgrace, the destruction of reason.

PENN.

Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A *Papist* talk of *reason!* Go to the Inquisition, and tell *them* of *reason*, and *the great laws of nature*. They will broil thee, as thy soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why dost thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquisition, or the name of Guatimozin, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched man! who madest thyself a voluntary instrument to carry into a new-discovered world that hellish tribunal! Tremble and shake, when thou thinkest, that every murder the inquisitors have committed, every torture they have inflicted, on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou must answer to God for all their inhumanity, for all their injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the renown of thy conquests, and to have a conscience as pure and undisturbed as mine?

CORTEZ.

I feel the force of thy words. They pierce me like daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the ills I have caused.—— Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the glory of God, and propagate in the remotest parts of the earth his holy religion. He will be merciful to well-designing and pious error. Thou also wilt have need of that gracious indulgence; though not, I own, so much as I.

PENN.

Ask thy heart, whether ambition were not thy real motive, and zeal the pretence?

CORTEZ.

Ask thine, whether thy zeal had no worldly views, and whether thou didst believe all the nonsense of the sect, at the head of which thou wast pleased to become a legislator. Adieu!—Self-examination requires retirement.

DIA-

DIALOGUE. IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO—MESSALA CORVINUS.

CATO.

OH, Meſſalla!—is it then poſſible that what ſome of our countrymen tell me ſhould be true? Is it poſſible that you could live the courtier of Octavius, that you could accept of employments and honours from him, from the tyrant of your country; you, the brave, the noble-minded, the virtuous Meſſalla; you, whom, I remember, my ſon-in-law Brutus has frequently extolled, as the moſt promiſing youth in Rome, tutored by philoſophy, trained up in arms, ſcorning all thoſe ſoft, effeminate pleaſures, that reconcile men to an eaſy and indolent ſervitude, fit for all the roughеſt taſks of honour and virtue, fit to live or to *die* a freeman?

MESSALLA.

Marcus Cato, I revere both your life and your death; but the laſt, permit me to tell you, did no good to your country; and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the ſternneſs of your virtue, I will not ſay of your pride. For my own part, I adhered with conſtant integrity and unwearied zeal to the republick, while the republick exiſted. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for her, not for himſelf. When he was dead, I ſaw that nothing remained to my country but *the choice of a maſter*. I choſe *the beſt*.

CATO.

The beſt!—What! a man who had broken all laws, who had violated all truſts, who had led the armies of the commonwealth againſt Antony, and then joined with him and that ſottiſh traitor Lepidus, to ſet up a Triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; who ſhed the beſt blood in Rome by an inhuman proſcription; murdered even his own guardian; murdered Cicero, to whoſe confidence, too improvidently given, he owed all his power! Was this the maſter you choſe? could you bring your tongue to give him the name of Auguſtus? could you ſtoop to beg conſulſhips and triumphs from him? O ſhame to virtue! O degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her ſons, her nobleſt ſons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the wound that I died of: it ſtabs my ſoul.

MESSALLA.

Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your indignation. There has always been too much paſſion mixed with your virtue. The enthuſiaſm you are poſſeſſed with is a noble one; but it diſturbs your judgment. Hear me with patience, and with the tranquillity that becomes a philoſopher. It is true, that Octavius had done all you have ſaid: but it is no leſs true, that in our circumſtances he was the beſt maſter Rome could chuſe. His mind was fitted by nature for empire. His underſtanding was clear and ſtrong. His paſſions were cool, and under the abſolute command of his reaſon. His name gave him an authority over the troops and the people which no other Roman could poſſeſs in an equal degree. He uſed that authority to reſtrain the exceſſes of both, which it was no longer in the power of the ſenate to repreſs, nor of any other general or magiſtrate in the ſtate. He reſtored diſcipline in our armies, the firſt means of ſalvation, without which no legal government could have been formed or ſupported. He avoided all odious and invidious names. He maintained and reſpected thoſe which time and long habits had endeared to the Roman people. He permitted a generous liberty of ſpeech. He treated the nobles of Pompey's party as well as thoſe of his father's; if they did not themſelves, for factious purpoſes, keep up the diſtinction. He formed a plan of government, moderate, decent, reſpectable, which left the ſenate it's majeſty, and ſome of it's power. He reſtored vigour and ſpirit to the laws; he made new and good ones for the reformation of manners; he enforced their execution; he governed the empire with lenity, juſtice, and glory: he humbled the pride of the Parthians; he broke the fierceneſs of the barbarous nations: he gave to his country, exhauſted and languiſhing with the

great loſs of blood which ſhe had ſuſtained in the courſe of ſo many civil wars, the bleſſing of peace; a bleſſing which was become ſo neceſſary for her, that without it ſhe could enjoy no other. In doing theſe things, I acknowledge, he had my aſſiſtance. I am prouder of it, and I think I can juſtify myſelf more effectually to my country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, Cato, it is better *to do ſome good*, than to *project a great deal*. A little practical virtue is of more uſe to ſociety than the moſt ſublime theory, or the beſt principles of government ill applied.

CATO.

Yet I muſt think it was beneath the character of Meſſalla to join in ſupporting a government, which, though coloured and mitigated, was ſtill a tyranny. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary exile, where you would not have ſeen the face of the tyrant, and where you might have quietly practiſed thoſe private virtues, which are all that the gods require from good men in certain ſituations?

MESSALLA.

No—I did much more good by continuing at Rome. Had Auguſtus required of me any thing baſe, any thing ſervile, I would have gone into exile, I would have died, rather than do it.—But he reſpected my virtue, he reſpected my dignity: he treated me as well as Agrippa or as Mæcenas; with this diſtinction alone, that he never employed my ſword but againſt foreign nations, or the old enemies of the republick.

CATO.

It muſt, I own, have been a pleaſure to be employed againſt Antony, that monſter of vice, who plotted the ruin of liberty, and the raiſing of himſelf to ſovereign power, amid the riot of Bacchanals, and in the embraces of harlots: who, when he had attained to that power, delivered it up to a laſcivious queen, and would have made an Ægyptian ſtrumpet the miſtreſs of Rome, if the battle of Actium had not ſaved us from *that laſt of miſfortunes*.

MESSALLA.

In that battle I had a conſiderable ſhare. So I had in encouraging the liberal arts and ſciences, which Auguſtus protected. Under his judicious patronage, the Muſes made Rome their capital ſeat. It would have pleaſed you to have known Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Livy, and many more, whoſe names will be illuſtrious to all generations.

CATO.

I underſtand you, Meſſalla. Your Auguſtus and you, after the ruin of our liberty, made Rome a Greek city, an academy of fine wits, another Athens under the government of Demetrius Phalareus. I would much rather have ſeen her under Fabricius and Curius, and her other honeſt old conſuls, who could not read.

MESSALLA.

Yet to theſe writers ſhe will owe as much of her glory as ſhe did to thoſe heroes. I could ſay more, a great deal more, on the happineſs of the mild dominion of Auguſtus. I might even add, that the vaſt extent of the empire, the factions of the nobility, and the corruption of the people, which no laws under the ordinary magiſtrates of the ſtate were able to reſtrain, ſeemed neceſſary to require ſome change in the government: that Cato himſelf, had he remained upon earth, could have done us no good, unleſs he would have yielded to become *our prince*. But I ſee you conſider me as a deſerter from the republick, and an apologiſt for a tyrant. I therefore leave you to the company of thoſe ancient Romans, for whoſe ſociety you were always much fitter than for that of your contemporaries. Cato ſhould have lived with Fabricius and Curius, not with Pompey and Cæſar.

DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN—CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERN.

CHRISTINA.

YOU ſeem to avoid me, Oxenſtiern; and, now we are met, you don't pay me the reverence that is due to your queen! Have you forgotten that I was your ſovereign?

OXENSTIERN.

I am not your ſubject here, Madam; but

but you have forgotten, that you your-self broke that bond, and freed me from my allegiance, many years before you died, by abdicating the crown, against my advice and the inclination of your people. Reverence here is paid only to virtue.

CHRISTINA.

I see you would mortify me, if it were in your power, for acting against your advice. But my fame does not depend upon your judgment. All Europe admired the greatness of my mind in resigning a crown, to dedicate myself entirely to the love of the sciences and the fine arts: things of which you had no taste in barbarous Sweden, the realm of Goths and Vandals.

OXENSTIERN.

There is hardly any mind *too great* for a crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you sure, Madam, it was magnanimity that caused you to fly from the government of a kingdom, which your ancestors, and particularly your heroic father Gustavus, had ruled with so much glory?

CHRISTINA.

Am I sure of it? Yes:——and, to confirm my own judgment, I have that of many learned men and *beaux esprits* of all countries, who have celebrated my action as the perfection of heroism.

OXENSTIERN.

Those *beaux esprits* judged according to their predominant passion. I have heard young ladies express their admiration of Mark Antony, for heroically leaving his fleet at the battle of Actium, to follow his mistress. Your passion for literature had the same effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a manner more becoming your birth and rank? why did not you bring the Muses to Sweden, instead of deserting that kingdom to seek them in Rome? For a prince to encourage and protect arts and sciences, and more especially to instruct an illiterate people, and inspire them with knowledge, politeness, and fine taste, is indeed an act of true greatness.

CHRISTINA.

The Swedes were too gross to be refined by any culture which I could have given to their dull, their half-frozen souls. Wit and genius require the influence of a more southern climate.

OXENSTIERN.

The Swedes too gross! No, Madam: not even the Russians are too gross to be refined, if they had a prince to instruct them.

CHRISTINA.

It was too tedious a work for the vivacity of my temper, to polish bears into men: I should have died of the spleen before I had made any proficiency in it. My desire was, to shine among those who were qualified to judge of my talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the glory of shewing the French and Italian wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They beheld me with wonder. The homage I had received in my palace at Stockholm was paid to my dignity: that which I drew from the French and Roman academies was paid to my talents. How much more glorious, how much more delightful to an elegant and rational mind, was the latter than the former! Could you once have felt the joy, the transport of my heart, when I saw the greatest authors, and all the celebrated artists, in the most learned and civilized countries of Europe, bringing their works to me, and submitting the merit of them to my decisions; when I saw the philosophers, the rhetoricians, the poets, making my judgment the standard of their reputation; you would not wonder that I preferred the empire of wit to any other empire.

OXENSTIERN.

O great Gustavus! my ever honoured, my adored master! O greatest of kings, greatest in valour, in virtue, in wisdom, with what indignation must thy soul, enthroned in heaven, have looked down on thy unworthy, thy degenerate daughter! with what shame must thou have seen her rambling about from court to court, deprived of her royal dignity, debased into a pedant, a witling, a smatterer in sculpture and painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy rhetorician, or hireling poet? I weep to think on this stain, this dishonourable stain, to thy illustrious blood! And yet—would to GOD! would to GOD! this were all the pollution it has suffered!

CHRISTINA.

Dareſt thou, Oxenſtiern, impute any blemiſh to my honour?

OXENSTIERN.

Madam, the world will ſcarcely reſpect the frailties of queens when they are on their thrones; much leſs when

they have voluntarily degraded themſelves to the level of the vulgar. And if ſcandalous tongues have unjuſtly aſperſed their fame, the way to clear it is not by an *aſſaſſination*.

CHRISTINA.

Oh! that I were alive again, and reſtored to my throne, that I might puniſh the inſolence of this hoary traitor! —But, ſee! he leaves me, he turns his back upon me with cool contempt!—Alas! do not I deſerve this ſcorn? In ſpite of myſelf, I muſt confeſs that I do. —O vanity, how ſhort-lived are the pleaſures thou beſtoweſt! I was thy votary: thou waſt the god for whom I changed my religion. For thee I forſook my country and my throne. What compenſation have I gained for all theſe ſacrifices, ſo laviſhly, ſo imprudently made? Some puffs of incenſe from authors, who thought their flattery due to the rank I had held, or hoped to advance themſelves by my recommendation, or, at beſt, over-rated my paſſion for literature, and praiſed me, to raiſe the value of thoſe talents with which they were endowed. But in the eſteem of *wiſe men* I ſtand very low; and *their eſteem alone is the true meaſure of glory*. Nothing, I perceive, can give the mind a laſting joy, but the conſciouſneſs of having performed our duty in that ſtation which it has pleaſed the divine Providence to aſſign to us. The glory of virtue is ſolid and eternal: all other will fade away, like a thin vapoury cloud, on which the caſual glance of ſome faint beams of light has ſuperficially imprinted their weak and tranſient colours.

DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS—PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

TITUS.

NO, Scipio; I cannot give place to you in this.—In other reſpects I acknowledge myſelf your inferior, though I was emperor of Rome, and you only her conſul. I think your triumph over Carthage more glorious than mine over Judæa; but in that I gained over love, I muſt eſteem myſelf ſuperior to you, though your generoſity with regard to the fair Celtiberian, your captive, has been celebrated ſo highly.

SCIPIO.

Fame has been then unjuſt to your merit; for little is ſaid of the *continence* of Titus; but mine has been the favourite topick of eloquence in every age and country.

TITUS.

It has—and in particular your great hiſtorian Livy has poured forth all the ornaments of his admirable rhetorick to embelliſh and dignify that part of your ſtory. I had a great hiſtorian too, Cornelius Tacitus: but either from the brevity which he affected in writing, or from the ſeverity of his nature, which, never having felt the paſſion of love, thought the ſubduing of it too eaſy a victory to deſerve great encomiums, he has beſtowed but three lines upon my parting with Berenicé, which coſt me more pain, and greater efforts of mind, than the conqueſt of Jeruſalem.

SCIPIO.

I wiſh to hear from yourſelf the hiſtory of that parting, and what could make it ſo hard and painful to you.

TITUS.

While I ſerved in Paleſtine under the auſpices of my father Veſpaſian, I became acquainted with Berenicé, ſiſter to King Agrippa, and who was herſelf a queen in one of thoſe Eaſtern countries. She was the moſt beautiful woman in Aſia; but ſhe had graces more irreſiſtible ſtill than her beauty. She had all the inſinuation and wit of Cleopatra, without her coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: ſhe loved my perſon, not my greatneſs. Her tenderneſs, her fidelity, ſo inflamed my paſſion for her, that I gave her a promiſe of marriage.

SCIPIO.

What do I hear? A Roman ſenator promiſe to marry a queen!

TITUS.

I expected, Scipio, that your ears would be offended with the ſound of ſuch a match. But conſider that Rome was very different in my time from Rome in yours. The ferocious pride of our ancient republican ſenators had bentitſelf to the obſequious complaiſance of a court. Berenicé made no doubt; and I flattered myſelf, that it would not be inflexible in this point alone. But we thought it neceſſary to defer the completion

pletion of our wishes till the death of my father. On that event, the Roman empire and (what I knew she valued more) *my hand* became due to her, according to my engagements.

SCIPIO.

The Roman empire due to a Syrian queen! Oh, Rome, how art thou fallen! Accursed be the memory of Octavius Cæsar, who, by oppressing it's liberty, so lowered the majesty of the republick, that a brave and virtuous Roman, in whom was vested all the power of that mighty state, could entertain such a thought! But did you find the senate and people so servile, so lost to all sense of their honour and dignity, as to affront the great genius of imperial Rome, and the eyes of her tutelary gods, the eyes of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the sight of a queen, an Asiatick queen, on the throne of the Cæsars?

TITUS.

I did not.—They judged of it as you, Scipio, judge; they detested, they disdained it. In vain did I urge to some particular friends, who represented to me the sense of the senate and people, that a Messalina, a Poppæa, were a much greater dishonour to the throne of the Cæsars than a virtuous foreign princess *. Their prejudices were unconquerable; I saw it would be impossible for me to remove them. But I might have used my authority to silence their murmurs. A liberal donative to the soldiers, by whom I was fondly beloved, would have secured their fidelity, and consequently would have forced the senate and people to yield to my inclination. Berenicé knew this, and with tears implored me not to sacrifice her happiness and my own to an unjust prepossession. Shall I own it to you, Publius? My heart not only pitied her, but acknowledged the truth and solidity of her reasons. Yet so much did I abhor the idea of tyranny, so much respect did I pay to the sentiments of my subjects, that I determined to separate myself from her for ever, rather than force either the laws or the prejudices of Rome to submit to my will.

SCIPIO.

Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou wast worthy of the empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy virtue.

TITUS.

My virtue can have no greater reward from the approbation of man. But, O Scipio, think what anguish my heart must have felt, when I took that resolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy Berenicé. You saw the struggle of Massinissa, when you forced him to give up his beloved Sophonisba. Mine was a harder conflict. She had abandoned him, to marry the king of Numidia. He knew that her ruling passion was ambition, not love. He could not rationally esteem her, when she quitted a husband, whom she had ruined, who had lost his crown and his liberty in the cause of her country and for her sake, to give her person to him, the capital foe of that unfortunate husband. He must, in spite of his passion, have thought her a perfidious, a detestable woman. But I esteemed Berenicé: she deserved my esteem. I was certain she would not have accepted the empire from any other hand: and had I been a private man, she would have raised me to her throne. Yet I had the fortitude, I ought, perhaps, to say, the *hardness of heart*, to bid her depart from my sight; depart for ever! What, O Publius, was your conquest over yourself, in giving back to her betrothed lover the Celtiberian captive, compared to this? Indeed *that* was no conquest. I will not so dishonour the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, engaged by affection as well as vows, let her have been ever so beautiful, could raise in your heart no sentiments but compassion and friendship. To have violated her, would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband, would have been cruel. But where love is mutual, where the object beloved suffers more in the separation than you do yourself, to part with *her* is indeed a struggle! It is the hardest sacrifice a good heart can make to it's duty.

SCIPIO.

I acknowledge that it is, and yield you the palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the ten-

* The character of Berenicé in this Dialogue is conformable to the idea given of her by Racine, not by Josephus.

derness

darneſs you deſcribe. Hannibal, Carthage, Rome, the ſaving of my country, the ſubduing of it's rival—theſe filled my thoughts, and left no room there for thoſe effeminate paſſions. I do not blame your ſenſibility: but when I went to the capitol *to talk with JOVE*, I never conſulted him about *love affairs*.

TITUS.

If my ſoul had been poſſeſſed by ambition alone, I might poſſibly have been a greater man than I was; but I ſhould not have been more virtuous, nor have gained the title I preferred to that of Conqueror of Judæa and Emperor of Rome, in being called *the Delight of Humankind*.

DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY DUKE OF GUISE—MACHIAVEL.

GUISE.

AVAUNT, thou fiend!—I abhor thy ſight:—I look upon thee as the original cauſe of my death, and of all the calamities brought upon the French nation, in my father's time and my own.

MACHIAVEL.

I the cauſe of your death! You ſurprize me.

GUISE.

Yes:—Your pernicious maxims of policy, imported from Florence with Catharine of Medicis your wicked diſciple, produced in France ſuch a government, ſuch diſſimulation, ſuch perfidy, ſuch violent, ruthleſs counſels, as threw that whole kingdom into the utmoſt confuſion, and ended my life, even in the palace of my ſovereign, by the ſwords of aſſaſſins.

MACHIAVEL.

Whoever may have a right to complain of my policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your greatneſs to it; and your deviating from it was the real cauſe of your death. If it had not been for the aſſaſſination of Admiral Coligni and the maſſacre of the Huguenots, the ſtrength and power which the conduct of ſo able a chief would have given to that party, after the death of your father, it's moſt dangerous enemy, would have been fatal to your houſe: nor could you, even with all the advantage you drew from that *great ſtroke of royal policy*, have acquired the authority you afterwards roſe to in the kingdom of France, but by purſuing my maxims; by availing yourſelf of the ſpecious name of religion, to ſerve the ſecret purpoſes of your ambition; and by ſuffering no reſtraint of fear or conſcience, not even the guilt of exciting a civil war, to check the neceſſary progreſs of your well concerted deſigns. But on the day of the *barricades* you moſt imprudently let the king eſcape out of Paris, when you might have ſlain or depoſed him. This was directly againſt the great rule of my politicks, *not to ſtop ſhort in rebellion or treaſon till the work be fully compleated*. And you were juſtly cenſured for it by Pope Sixtus Quintus, a more conſummate politician, who ſaid, *you ought to have known, that when a ſubject draws his ſword againſt his king, he ſhould throw away the ſcabbard*. You likewiſe deviated from my counſels, by putting yourſelf in the power of a ſovereign you had ſo much offended. Why would you, againſt all the cautions I had given, expoſe your life in a royal caſtle to the mercy of that prince? You truſted to his fear; but fear, inſulted and deſperate, is often cruel. Impute therefore your death, not to any fault in my maxims; but to your own folly in not having ſufficiently obſerved them.

GUISE.

If neither I nor that prince had ever practiſed your maxims in any part of our conduct, he would have reigned many years with honour and peace, and I ſhould have riſen by my courage and talents to as high a pitch of greatneſs as it conſiſted with the duty of a ſubject to deſire. But your inſtructions led us on into thoſe crooked paths, out of which there was no retreat without great danger, nor a poſſibility of advancing without being deteſted by all mankind; and *whoever is ſo has every thing to fear from that deteſtation*. I will give you a proof of this, in the fate of a prince, who ought to have been your hero, inſtead of Cæſar Borgia, becauſe he was incomparably a greater man, and, of all who ever lived, ſeems to have acted moſt ſteadily according to the rules laid down by

by you; I mean Richard III. king of England*. He ſtopped at no crime that could be profitable to him: he was a diſſembler, a hypocrite, a murderer in cool blood. After the death of his brother, he gained the crown, by cutting off, without pity, all who ſtood in his way. He truſted no man any farther than helped his own purpoſes, and conſiſted with his own ſafety. He liberally rewarded all ſervices done him; but would not let the remembrance of them atone for offences, or ſave any man from deſtruction who obſtructed his views. Nevertheleſs, though his nature ſhrunk from no wickedneſs which could ſerve his ambition, he poſſeſſed and exerciſed all thoſe virtues which you recommend to the practice of *your prince*. He was bold and prudent in war, juſt and ſtrict in the general adminiſtration of his government, and particularly careful, by a vigorous execution of the laws, to protect the people againſt injuries or oppreſſions from the great. In all his actions and words there conſtantly appeared the higheſt concern for the honour of the nation. He was neither greedy of wealth that belonged to other men, nor profuſe of his own: but knew how to give, and where to ſave. He profeſſed a moſt edifying ſenſe of religion, pretended great zeal for the reformation of manners, and was really an example of ſobriety, chaſtity, and temperance, in the whole courſe of his life. Nor did he ſhed any blood, but of thoſe who were ſuch obſtacles in his way to dominion as could not poſſibly be removed by any other means. This was a prince *after your heart*: yet, mark his end. The horror his crimes had excited in the minds of his ſubjects, and the deteſtation it produced, were ſo pernicious to him, that they enabled an *exile*, who had no right to the crown, and whoſe abilities were much inferior to his, to invade his realm, and deſtroy him.

MACHIAVEL.

This example, I own, may ſeem to be of ſome weight againſt the truth of my ſyſtem. But at the ſame time it demonſtrates, that there was nothing ſo new in the doctrines I publiſhed, as to make it reaſonable to charge me with the diſorders and miſchiefs, which, ſince my time, any kingdom may have happened to ſuffer from the ambition of a ſubject, or the tyranny of a prince. Human nature wants no teaching, to render it wicked. In courts more eſpecially there has been, from the firſt inſtitution of monarchies, a policy practiſed, not leſs repugnant than mine to the narrow and vulgar laws of humanity and religion. Why ſhould I be ſingled out as worſe than other ſtateſmen?

GUISE.

There have been, it muſt be owned, in all ages and all ſtates, many wicked politicians. But thou art the firſt that ever *taught the ſcience of tyranny*, reduced it to rules, and inſtructed his diſciples how to acquire and ſecure it, by treachery, perjuries, aſſaſſinations, proſcriptions; and with a particular caution, not to be ſtopped in the progreſs of their crimes by any check of the conſcience, or feeling of the heart; but to puſh them as far as they ſhall judge to be neceſſary to their greatneſs and ſafety. It is this which has given thee a pre-eminence in guilt over all other ſtateſmen.

MACHIAVEL.

If you had read my book with candour, you would have perceived that I did not deſire to render men either tyrants or rebels; but only ſhewed, if they were ſo, what conduct, in ſuch circumſtances, it would be rational and expedient for them to obſerve.

GUISE.

When you were a miniſter of ſtate in Florence, if any chemiſt, or phyſician, had publiſhed a treatiſe, to inſtruct his countrymen in the art of poiſoning, and how to do it with the moſt certain deſtruction to others and ſecurity to themſelves; would you have allowed him to plead in his juſtification, that he did not deſire men to poiſon their neighbours; but, if they would uſe ſuch evil means of mending their fortunes, there could ſurely be no harm in letting them know what were the moſt effectual poiſons, and by what methods they might give them without being diſcovered? Would you have thought it a ſufficient apology for him, that he had dropped in his preface, or here and there in his book, a ſober exhortation againſt the committing of murder? Without all doubt, as a magiſtrate concerned for the ſafety of the people of Florence, you would have

* See Machiavel's Prince.

puniſhed

puniſhed the wretch with the utmoſt ſeverity, and taken great care to deſtroy every copy of ſo pernicious a book. Yet your own admired work contains a more baneful and more infernal art. It poiſons ſtates and kingdoms, and ſpreads it's malignity, like a general peſtilence, over the whole world.

MACHIAVEL.

You muſt acknowledge at leaſt, that my diſcourſes on Livy are full of wiſe and virtuous maxims and precepts of government.

GUISE.

This, I think, rather aggravates than alleviates your guilt. How could you ſtudy and comment upon Livy with ſo acute and profound an underſtanding, and afterwards write a book ſo abſolutely repugnant to all the leſſons of policy taught by that ſage and moral hiſtorian? how could you, who had ſeen the picture of virtue ſo amiably drawn by his hand, and who ſeemed yourſelf to be ſenſible of all it's charms, fall in love with a *fury*, and ſet up her dreadful image as an object of worſhip to princes?

MACHIAVEL.

I was ſeduced by vanity.—My heart was formed to love virtue. But I wanted to be thought *a greater genius in politicks* than Ariſtotle or Plato. Vanity, Sir, is a paſſion as ſtrong in authors as ambition in princes: or rather it is the ſame paſſion exerting itſelf differently. I was *a duke of Guiſe* in the republick of letters.

GUISE.

The bad influences of your guilt have reached farther than mine, and been more laſting. But, Heaven be praiſed, your credit is at preſent much declining in Europe. I have been told by ſome ſhades who are lately arrived here, that the ableſt ſtateſman of his time, a king, with whoſe fame the world is filled, has anſwered your book, and confuted all the principles of it, with a noble ſcorn and abhorrence. I am alſo aſſured, that in England there is a great and good king, *whoſe whole life has been a continued oppoſition to your evil ſyſtem*; who has hated all cruelty, all fraud, all falſeneſs, whoſe word has been ſacred, whoſe honour inviolate; who has made the laws of his kingdom the rules of his government, and good faith and a regard for the liberty of mankind the principles of his conduct with reſpect to foreign powers; who reigns more abſolutely now in the hearts of his people, and does greater things by the confidence they place in him, and by the efforts they make from the generous zeal of affection, than any monarch ever did, or ever will do, by all the arts of iniquity which you recommended.

DIALOGUE XIII.

VIRGIL—HORACE—MERCURY—SCALIGER THE ELDER.

VIRGIL.

MY dear Horace, your company is my greateſt delight, even in the Elyſian fields. No wonder it was ſo when we lived together in Rome. Never had man ſo genteel, ſo agreeable, ſo eaſy a wit, or a temper ſo pliant to the inclinations of others in the intercourſe of ſociety. And then ſuch integrity, ſuch fidelity, ſuch generoſity in your nature! a ſoul ſo free from all envy, ſo benevolent, ſo ſincere, ſo placable in it's anger, ſo warm and conſtant in it's affections! You were as neceſſary to Mæcenas, as he to Auguſtus. Your converſation ſweetened to him all the cares of his miniſtry; your gaiety cheared his drooping ſpirits; and your counſels aſſiſted him when he wanted advice. For you were capable, my dear Horace, of counſelling ſtateſmen. Your ſagacity, your diſcretion, your ſecreſy, your clear judgment in all affairs, recommended you to the confidence, not of Mæcenas alone, but of Auguſtus himſelf; which you nobly made uſe of, to ſerve your old friends of the republican party, and to confirm both the miniſter and the prince in their love of mild and moderate meaſures; yet with a ſevere reſtraint of licentiouſneſs, the moſt dangerous enemy to the whole commonwealth under any form of government.

HORACE.

To be ſo praiſed by Virgil, would have put me in Elyſium while I was alive.—But I know your modeſty will not ſuffer me, in return for theſe encomiums, to ſpeak of your character. Suppoſing

Supposing it as perfect as your poems, you would think, as you did of them, that it wanted correction.

VIRGIL.

Don't talk of my modesty.—How much greater was yours, when you disclaimed the name of a poet, you whose odes are so noble, so harmonious, so sublime!

HORACE.

I felt myself too inferior to the dignity of that name.

VIRGIL.

I think you did like Augustus, when he refused to accept the title of king, but kept all the power with which it was ever attended. Even in your epistles and satires, where the poet was concealed as much as he could be, you may properly be compared to a prince in disguise, or in his hours of familiarity with his intimate friends: the pomp and majesty were dropped, but the greatness remained.

HORACE.

Well:—I will not contradict you; and (to say the truth) I should do it with no very good grace, because in some of my odes I have not spoken so modestly of my own poetry as in my epistles. But, to make you know your pre-eminence over me and all writers of Latin verse, I will carry you to Quintilian, the best of all Roman criticks, who will tell you in what rank you ought to be placed.

VIRGIL.

I fear his judgment of me was biassed by your commendation.—But who is this shade that Mercury is conducting? I never saw one that stalked with so much pride, or had such ridiculous arrogance expressed in his looks!

HORACE.

They come towards us:—Hail, Mercury! What is this stranger with you!

MERCURY.

His name is Julius Cæsar Scaliger, and he is by profession a *critick*.

HORACE.

Julius Cæsar Scaliger! He was, I presume, a *dictator* in criticism?

MERCURY.

Yes, and he has exercised his sovereign power over you.

HORACE.

I will not presume to oppose it. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi.

MERCURY.

Talk to him a little:—He'll amuse you. I brought him to you on purpose.

HORACE.

Virgil, do you accost him:—I cannot do it with proper gravity: I shall laugh in his face.

VIRGIL.

Sir, may I ask for what reason you cast your eyes so superciliously upon Horace and me? I don't remember that Augustus ever looked down upon us with such an air of superiority, when we were his subjects.

SCALIGER.

He was only a sovereign over your bodies, and owed his power to violence and usurpation. But I have from nature an absolute dominion over the wit of all authors, who are subjected to me as the greatest of criticks or *hypercriticks*.

VIRGIL.

Your jurisdiction, great Sir, is very extensive:—and what judgment have you been pleased to pass upon us?

SCALIGER.

Is it possible you should be ignorant of my decrees? I have placed you, Virgil, above Homer; whom I have shewn to be——

VIRGIL.

Hold, Sir—no blasphemy against my master.

HORACE.

But what have you said of me?

SCALIGER.

I have said, *that I had rather have written the little Dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been made king of Arragon.*

HORACE.

If we were in the other world, you should give me the kingdom, and take both the ode and the lady in return. But did you always pronounce so favourably for us?

SCALIGER.

Send for my works, and read them.—Mercury will bring them to you with the first learned ghost that arrives here from Europe. There is instruction for you in them: I tell you of your faults.—But it was my whim to commend that little ode; and I never do things by halves. When I give praise, I give it liberally, to shew my royal bounty. But I generally blame, to exert all the vigour of my censorian power, and keep my subjects in awe.

HORACE.

You did not confine your sovereignty to poets; you exercised it, no doubt, over all other writers.

SCALIGER.

I was a poet, a philosopher, a statesman, an orator, an historian, a divine; without doing the drudgery of any of these, but only censuring those who did, and shewing thereby the superiority of my genius over them all.

HORACE.

A short way indeed to universal fame! And I suppose you were very peremptory in your decisions.

SCALIGER.

Peremptory! ay.—If any man dared to contradict my opinions, I called him a dunce, a rascal, a villain, and frightened him out of his wits.

VIRGIL.

But what said others to this method of disputation?

SCALIGER.

They generally believed me, because of the confidence of my assertions; and thought I could not be so insolent, or so angry, if I were not absolutely sure of being in the right. Besides, in my controversies, I had a great help from the language in which I wrote: for one can scold and call names with a much better grace in Latin than in French, or any tame, modern tongue.

HORACE.

Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your descent from the princes of Verona?

SCALIGER.

Pretended! do you presume to deny it?

HORACE.

Not I indeed:—Genealogy is not my science. If you should claim to descend in a direct line from king Midas, I would not dispute it.

VIRGIL.

I wonder, Scaliger, that you stooped to so low an ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnassus than over a petty state of Italy?

SCALIGER.

You say well.—I was too condescending to the prejudices of vulgar opinion. The ignorant multitude imagine that a prince is a greater man than a critick. Their folly made me desire to claim kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

HORACE.

Pray, Mercury, how do you intend to dispose of this august person? You cannot think it proper to let him remain with us.—He must be placed with the demigods; he must go to Olympus.

MERCURY.

Be not afraid.—He shall not trouble you long. I brought him hither, to divert you with the sight of an animal you never had seen, and myself with your surprize. He is the chief of all the modern criticks, the most renowned captain of that numerous and dreadful band. Whatever you may think of him, I can seriously assure you, that, before he went mad, he had good parts and great learning. But I will now explain to you the original cause of the absurdities he has uttered. His mind was formed in such a manner, that, like some perspective glasses, it either diminished or magnified all objects too much; but above all others it magnified the good man to himself. This made him so proud, that it turned his brain. Now I have had my sport with him, I think it will be charity to restore him to his senses; or rather to bestow, what nature denied him, a sound judgment. Come hither, Scaliger.—By this touch of my caduceus, I give thee power to see things as they are, and among others thyself.—Look, gentlemen, how his countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he says—He is talking to himself.

SCALIGER.

Bless me! with what persons have I been discoursing! with Virgil and Horace! How could I venture to open my lips in their presence? Good Mercury, I beseech you, let me retire from a company for which I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepest shade of that grove which I see in the valley. After I have performed a penance there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of those illustrious shades, and beg them to see me burn my impertinent books of criticism, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own hands.

MERCURY.

They will both receive thee into favour. This mortification of truly knowing thyself is a sufficient atonement for thy former presumption.

DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU—POPE.

BOILEAU.

MR. Pope, you have done me great honour. I am told, that you made me your model in poetry, and walked on Parnaſſus in the ſame paths which I had trod.

POPE.

We both followed Horace: but in our manner of imitation, and in the turn of our natural genius, there was, I believe, much reſemblance. We both were too irritable, and too eaſily hurt by offences even from the loweſt of men. The keen edge of our wit was frequently turned againſt thoſe whom it was more a ſhame to contend with than an honour to vanquiſh.

BOILEAU.

Yes:—But in general we were the champions of good morals, good ſenſe, and good learning. If our love of theſe were ſometimes heated into anger againſt thoſe who offended *them* no leſs than *us*, is that anger to be blamed?

POPE.

It would have been nobler, if we had not been parties in the quarrel. Our enemies obſerve, that neither our cenſure nor our praiſe was always impartial.

BOILEAU.

It might perhaps have been better, if in ſome inſtances we had not praiſed or blamed ſo much. But in panegyrick and ſatire moderation is inſipid.

POPE.

Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* virtue. Mere hiſtorical truth is better written in proſe. And therefore I think you did judiciouſly, when you threw into the fire your hiſtory of Louis le Grand, and truſted his fame to your poems.

BOILEAU.

When thoſe poems were publiſhed, that monarch was the idol of the French nation. If you and I had not known, in our occaſional compoſitions, how to ſpeak to the paſſions as well as to the ſober reaſon of mankind, we ſhould not have acquired that deſpotick authority in the empire of wit, which made us ſo formidable to all the inferior tribe of poets in England and France. Beſide, ſharp ſatyriſts want great patrons.

POPE.

All the praiſe which my friends received from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at leaſt, I may boaſt a ſuperiority over the *penſioned Boileau*.

BOILEAU.

A *penſion* in France was an honourable diſtinction. Had you been a Frenchman, you would have ambitiouſly ſought it; had I been an Engliſhman, I ſhould have proudly declined it. If our merit in other reſpects be not unequal, this difference will not ſet me much below you in the temple of virtue or of fame.

POPE.

It is not for me to draw a compariſon between our works. But, if I may believe the beſt criticks who have talked to me on the ſubject, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticiſm* may well be compared with your *Art of Poetry*: my *Ethic Epiſtles* are eſteemed at leaſt equal to yours, and my *Satires* much better.

BOILEAU.

Hold, Mr. Pope.—If there be really ſuch a ſympathy in our natures as you ſuppoſed, there may be reaſon to fear, that, if we go on in this manner comparing our works, we ſhall not part in good friendſhip.

POPE.

No, no:—the mild air of the Elyſian fields has mitigated my temper, as I preſume it has yours. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a level. Our writings are admired almoſt equally (as I hear) for *energy and juſtneſs of thought*. We both of us carried the beauty of our *diction*, and the harmony of our *numbers*, to the higheſt perfection that our languages would admit. Our poems were poliſhed to the utmoſt degree of correctneſs; yet without loſing their fire, or the agreeable appearance of freedom and eaſe. We borrowed much from the ancients, though you, I believe, more than I: but our imitations (to uſe an expreſſion of your own) *had ſtill an original air**.

* See Boileau's Epigram on himſelf.

BOILEAU.

I will confeſs, Sir, (to ſhew you that the Elyſian climate has had it's effects upon me) I will fairly confeſs, without the leaſt ill-humour, that, in your *Eloiſa to Abelard*, your *Verſes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*, and ſome others you wrote in your youth, there is more fire of poetry than in any of mine. You excelled in the *pathetick*, which I never approached. I will alſo allow, that you hit the *manner* of Horace, and *the ſly delicacy* of his wit, more exactly than I, or than any other man who has written ſince his time. Nor could I, nor did even Lucretius himſelf, make *philoſophy* ſo *poetical*, and embelliſh it with ſuch charms as you have given to that of Plato, or (to ſpeak more properly) of ſome of his modern diſciples, in your celebrated *Eſſay on Man*.

POPE.

What do you think of my *Homer*?

BOILEAU.

Your *Homer* is the moſt ſpirited, the moſt poetical, the moſt elegant, and the moſt pleaſing tranſlation, that ever was made of any ancient poem; though not ſo much in the *manner* of the original, or ſo exactly agreeable to the *ſenſe* in all places, as might perhaps be deſired. But when I conſider the years you ſpent in this work, and how many excellent original poems you might with leſs difficulty have produced in that time, I cannot but regret that your talents were thus employed. A great poet, ſo tied down to a tedious tranſlation, is *a Columbus chained to an oar*. What new regions of fancy, full of treaſures yet untouched, might you have explored, if you had been at liberty boldly to expand your ſails, and ſteer your own courſe, under the conduct and direction of your own genius!—But I am ſtill more angry with you for your edition of Shakeſpeare. The office of an *editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the drudgery it requires. Would any body think of employing a Raphael to clean an old picture?

POPE.

The principal cauſe of my undertaking that taſk was zeal for the honour of Shakeſpeare: and, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not wonder at this zeal. No other author had ever ſo copious, ſo bold, *ſo creative* an imagination, with ſo perfect a knowledge of the paſſions, the humours, and ſentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from kings down to peaſants, with equal truth and equal force. If human nature were deſtroyed, and no monument were left of it except his works, other beings might know *what man was* from thoſe writings.

BOILEAU.

You ſay he painted all characters, from kings down to peaſants, with equal truth and equal force. I cannot deny that he did ſo: but I wiſh he had not jumbled thoſe characters together, in the compoſition of his pictures, as he has frequently done.

POPE.

The ſtrange mixture of tragedy, comedy, and farce, in the ſame play, nay ſometimes in the ſame ſcene, I acknowledge to be quite inexcuſable. But this was the taſte of the times when Shakeſpeare wrote.

BOILEAU.

A great genius ought to guide, not ſervilely follow, the taſte of his contemporaries.

POPE.

Conſider from how thick a darkneſs of barbariſm the genius of Shakeſpeare broke forth! What were the Engliſh, and what (let me aſk you) were the French dramatic performances, in the age when he flouriſhed? The advances he made towards the higheſt perfection both of tragedy and comedy are amazing! In the principal points, in the power of exciting terror and pity, or raiſing laughter in an audience, none yet has excelled him, and very few have equalled.

BOILEAU.

Do you think that he was equal in comedy to Moliere?

POPE.

In *comick force* I do: but in the fine and delicate ſtrokes of ſatire, and what is called *genteel comedy*, he was greatly inferior to that admirable writer. There is nothing in him to compare with the *Miſanthrope*, the *Ecole des Femmes*, or *Tartuffe*.

BOILEAU.

This, Mr. Pope, is a great deal for an Engliſhman to acknowledge. A veneration for Shakeſpeare ſeems to be a part of your national religion, and the only part in which even your men of ſenſe are fanaticks.

POPE.

He who can read Shakeſpeare, and be cool enough for all the accuracy of ſo-

ber

ber criticism, has more of reason than taste.

BOILEAU.

—I join with you in admiring him as a prodigy of genius, though I find the most shocking absurdities in his plays; absurdities which no critick of my nation can pardon.

POPE.

We will be satisfied with your feeling the excellence of his beauties. But you would admire him still more, if you could see the chief characters in all his best tragedies represented by an actor, who appeared on the stage a little before I left the world. He has shewn the English nation more excellences in Shakespeare, than the quickest wits could discern; and has imprinted them on the heart with a livelier feeling than the most sensible natures had ever experienced without his help.

BOILEAU.

The variety, spirit, and force, of Mr. Garrick's action, have been much praised to me by many of his countrymen, whose shades I converse with, and who agree in speaking of him as we do of Baron, our most natural and most admired actor. I have also heard of another, who has now quitted the stage, but who had filled, with great dignity, force, and elevation, some tragick parts; and excelled so much in the comick, that none ever has deserved a higher applause.

POPE.

Mr. Quin was indeed a most perfect comedian. In the part of Falstaff particularly, wherein the utmost force of Shakespeare's *humour* appears, he attained to such perfection, that he was not an actor; he was the man described by Shakespeare; he was Falstaff himself! When I saw him do it, the pleasantry of *the fat knight* appeared to me so bewitching, all his vices were so mirthful, that I could not much wonder at his having seduced a young prince even to *rob* in his company.

BOILEAU.

That character is not well understood by the French. They suppose it belongs, not to comedy, but to farce: whereas the English see in it the finest and highest strokes of wit and humour. Perhaps these different judgments may be accounted for, in some measure, by the diversity of manners in different countries. But don't you allow, Mr. Pope, that our writers, both of tragedy and comedy, are, upon the whole, more perfect masters of their art than yours? If you deny it, I will appeal to the Athenians, the only judges qualified to decide the dispute. I will refer it to Euripides, Sophocles, and Menander.

POPE.

I am afaid of those judges: for I see them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the most friendly conversation, with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our dramatick writers seem, in general, not so fond of their company: they sometimes shove rudely by them, and give themselves airs of superiority. They slight their reprimands, and laugh at their precepts. In short, they will be tried by *their country* alone; and that judicature is partial.

BOILEAU.

I will press this question no farther. —But let me ask you, to which of our rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, do you give the preference?

POPE.

The sublimest plays of Corneille are, in my judgment, equalled by the Athalia of Racine; and the tender passions are certainly touched by that elegant and most pathetick writer with a much finer hand. I need not add, that he is infinitely more correct than Corneille, and more harmonious and noble in his versification. Corneille formed himself entirely upon Lucan; but the master of Racine was Virgil. How much better a taste had the former than the latter in chusing his model!

BOILEAU.

My friendship with Racine, and my partiality for his writings, make me hear with great pleasure the preference given to him above Corneille by so judicious a critick.

POPE.

That he excelled his competitor in the particulars I have mentioned, cannot I think be denied. But yet the spirit and the majesty of ancient Rome were never so well expressed as by Corneille. Nor has any other French dramatick writer, in the general character of his works, shewn such a masculine strength and greatness of thought. Racine is the swan described by ancient poets, which rises to the clouds on downy wings, and sings sweet, but a gentle and plaintive note. Corneille is the eagle, which soars to the skies on bold and sounding pinions,

nions, and fears not to perch on the ſceptre of Jupiter, or to bear in his pounces the lightning of the god.

BOILEAU.

I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that, in praiſing Corneille, you run into poetry; which is not the language of *ſober criticiſm*, though ſometimes uſed by Longinus.

POPE.

I caught the fire from the idea of Corneille.

BOILEAU.

He has bright flaſhes; yet I think that in *his thunder* there is often more *noiſe* than *fire*. Don't you find him too declamatory, too turgid, too unnatural, even in his beſt tragedies?

POPE.

I own I do—Yet the greatneſs and elevation of his ſentiments, and the nervous vigour of his ſenſe, atone, in my opinion, for all his faults. But let me now, in my turn, deſire your opinion of our epick poet, Milton.

BOILEAU.

Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other writers: for he ſurpaſſes even Homer in the *ſublime*. But other critics, who require variety, and agreeableneſs, and a correct regularity of thought and judgment, in an epick poem, who can endure no abſurdities, no extravagant fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

POPE.

His genius was indeed ſo vaſt and ſublime, that his poem ſeems beyond the limits of criticiſm: as his ſubject is beyond the limits of nature. The bright and exceſſive blaze of poetical fire, which ſhines in ſo many parts of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, will hardly permit the dazzled eye to ſee it's faults.

BOILEAU.

The taſte of your countrymen is much changed ſince the days of Charles II. when Dryden was thought a greater poet than Milton!

POPE.

The politicks of Milton at that time brought his poetry into diſgrace: for it is a rule with the Engliſh; they ſee no good in a man whoſe politicks they diſlike. But, as their notions of government are apt to change, men of parts, whom they have ſlighted, become their favourite authors; and others, who have poſſeſſed their warmeſt admiration, are in their turn under-valued. This revolution of favour was experienced by Dryden as well as Milton. He lived to ſee his writings, together with his politicks, quite out of faſhion. But even in the days of his higheſt proſperity, when the generality of the people admired his Almanzor, and thought his Indian Emperor the perfection of tragedy, the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Rocheſter, the two witticſt noblemen our country has produced, attacked his fame, and turned the rants of his heroes, the jargon of his ſpirits, and the abſurdity of his plots, into juſt ridicule.

BOILEAU.

You have made him good amends, by the praiſe you have given him in ſome of your writings.

POPE.

I owed him that praiſe, as my maſter in the art of verſification. Yet I ſubſcribe to the cenſures which have been paſſed by other writers on many of his works. They are good critickſ; but he is ſtill a great poet. You, Sir, I am ſure, muſt particularly admire him as an excellent ſatiriſt. His *Abſalom and Achitophel* is a maſter-piece in that way of writing; and his *Mac Flecno* is, I think, inferior to it in nothing but the meanneſs of the ſubject.

BOILEAU.

Did not you take the model of your *Dunciad* from the latter of thoſe very ingenious ſatires?

POPE.

I did—but my work is more extenſive than his, and my imagination has taken in it a greater ſcope.

BOILEAU.

Some critickſ may doubt whether the length of your poem were ſo properly ſuited to the meanneſs of the ſubject as the brevity of his. Three cantos to expoſe a dunce crowned with laurel! I have not given above three lines to the author of the *Pucelle*.

POPE.

My intention was, to expoſe, not one author alone, but all the dulneſs and falſe taſte of the Engliſh nation in my times. Could ſuch a deſign be contracted into a narrower compaſs?

BOILEAU.

We will not diſpute on this point, nor whether the hero of your *Dunciad* were really a dunce. But has not Dryden been accuſed of immorality and prophaneneſs in ſome of his writings?

POPE.

POPE.

He has, with too much reason: and I am sorry to say, that all our best comick writers after Shakespeare and Jonson, except Addison and Steele, are as liable as he to that heavy charge. Fletcher is shocking. Etheridge, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, have painted the manners of the times in which they wrote, with a masterly hand: but they are too often such manners, that a virtuous man, and much more a virtuous woman, must be greatly offended at the representation.

BOILEAU.

In this respect, our stage is far preferable to yours. It is a school of morality. Vice is exposed to contempt and to hatred. No false colours are laid on, to conceal it's deformity; but those with which it paints itself are there taken off.

POPE.

It is a wonderful thing, that in France the *Comick Muse* should be *the gravest lady in the nation*. Of late she is so *grave*, that one might almost mistake her for her sister Melpomené. Moliere made her indeed a good moral philosopher; but then she philosophized, like Democritus, with a merry laughing face. Now she weeps over vice, instead of shewing it to mankind, as I think she generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights.

BOILEAU.

Her business is more with folly than with vice; and when she attacks the latter, it should be rather with ridicule than invective. But sometimes she may be allowed to raise her voice, and change her usual smile into a frown of just indignation.

POPE.

I like her best when she smiles. But did you never reprove your witty friend La Fontaine, for the vicious levity that appears in many of his Tales? He was as guilty of the crime of *debauching the Muses*, as any of our comick poets.

BOILEAU.

I own he was; and bewail the prostitution of his genius, as I should that of an innocent and beautiful country girl. He was all nature and simplicity! yet in that simplicity there was a grace and unaffected vivacity, with a justness of thought and easy elegance of expression, that can hardly be found in any other writer. His *manner* is quite original, and peculiar to himself, though all the *matter* of his writings is borrowed from others.

POPE.

In that *manner* he has been imitated by my friend Mr. Prior.

BOILEAU.

He has, very successfully. Some of Prior's tales have the spirit of La Fontaine's, with more judgment; but not, I think, with such an amiable and graceful simplicity.

POPE.

Prior's harp had more strings than La Fontaine's. He was a fine poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one. And, though in some of his tales he imitated that author, his Alma was an original, and of singular beauty.

BOILEAU.

There is a writer of *heroick poetry*, who lived before Milton, and whom some of your countrymen place in the highest class of your poets, though he is little known in France. I see him sometimes in company with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante.

POPE.

I understand you mean Spenser. There is a force and beauty in some of his *images* and *descriptions*, equal to any in those writers you have seen him converse with. But he had not the art of properly *shading* his pictures. He brings the minute and disagreeable parts too much into sight; and mingles too frequently vulgar and mean ideas with noble and sublime. Had he chosen a subject proper for *epick poetry*, he seems to have had a sufficient elevation and strength in his genius to make him *a great epick poet*: but the allegory, which is continued throughout the whole work, fatigues the mind, and cannot interest the heart so much as those poems, the chief actors in which are supposed to have really existed. The Syrens and Circé in the Odyssey are allegorical persons; but Ulysses, the hero of the poem, was a man renowned in Greece, which makes the account of his adventures affecting and delightful. To be now-and-then in Fairy-land, among imaginary beings, is a pleasing variety, and helps to distinguish the poet from the orator or historian: but to be always there, is irksome.

BOILEAU.

Is not Spenser likewise blameable, for confounding

confounding the Chriſtian with the Pagan theology, in ſome parts of his poem?

POPE.

Yes; he had that fault in common with Dante, with Arioſto, and with Camoëns.

BOILEAU.

Who is the poet that arrived ſoon after you in Elyſium, whom I ſaw Spenſer lead in and preſent to Virgil, as the author of a poem reſembling the *Georgicks*? On his head was a garland of the ſeveral kinds of flowers that blow in each ſeaſon, with evergreens intermixed.

POPE.

Your deſcription points out Thomſon. He painted nature exactly, and with great ſtrength of pencil. His imagination was rich, extenſive, and ſublime: his diction bold and glowing, but ſometimes *obſcure* and *affected*. Nor did he always know when to *ſtop*, or wha. to *reject*.

BOILEAU.

I ſhould ſuppoſe that he wrote tragedies upon the *Greek models*: for he is often admitted into the grove of Euripides.

POPE.

He enjoys that diſtinction both as a *tragedian* and as a *moraliſt*. For, not only in his plays, but all his other works, there is the pureſt *morality*, animated by *piety*, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate ſentiments of a moſt *tender* and *benevolent heart*.

BOILEAU.

St. Evremond has brought me acquainted with Waller.—I was ſurprized to find in his writings a politeneſs and *gallantry* which the French ſuppoſe to be appropriated only to theirs. His genius was a compoſition, which is ſeldom to be met with, of the *ſublime* and the *agreeable*. In his compariſon between himſelf and Apollo as the lover of Daphné, and in that between Amoret and Sachariſſa, there is a *fineſſe* and delicacy of wit, which the moſt delicate of our writers have never exceeded. Nor had Sarrazin or Voiture the art of praiſing more *genteelly* the ladies whom they admired. But his epiſtle to Cromwell, and his poem on the death of that extraordinary man, are written with a force and greatneſs of manner, which give him a rank among the poets of the firſt claſs.

POPE.

Mr. Waller was unqueſtionably a very fine writer. His Muſe was as well qualified as the Graces themſelves to dreſs out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a conqueror with fragrant and beautiful wreaths. But he had ſome puerile and low thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like ſchool-boys or mob admitted into a palace. There was alſo an intemperance and a luxuriancy in his wit, which he did not enough reſtrain. He wrote little to the underſtanding, and leſs to the heart; but he frequently delights the imagination, and ſometimes ſtrikes it with flaſhes of the higheſt *ſublime*.—We had another poet of the age of Charles the Firſt, extremely admired by all his contemporaries; in whoſe works there is ſtill more affectation of wit, a greater redundancy of imagination, a worſe taſte, and leſs judgment: but he touched the heart more, and had finer feelings, than Waller.—I mean Cowley.

BOILEAU.

I have been often ſolicited to admire his writings by his learned friend Dr. Spratt. He ſeems to me a great wit, and a very amiable man, but not a good poet.

POPE.

The *ſpirit* of poetry is ſtrong in ſome of his odes; but in the *art* of poetry he is always extremely deficient.

BOILEAU.

I hear that of late his reputation is much lowered in the opinion of the Engliſh. Yet I cannot but think that, if a moderate portion of the ſuperfluities of his wit were given by Apollo to ſome of their modern bards, who write common-place morals in very ſmooth verſe, without any abſurdity, but without a ſingle new thought, or one enlivening ſpark of imagination, it would be a great favour to them, and do them more ſervice, than all the rules laid down in my Art of Poetry, and yours of Criticiſm.

POPE.

I am much of your mind.—But I left in England ſome poets, whom you, I know, will admire, not only for the harmony and correctneſs of ſtyle, but the ſpirit and genius you will find in their writings.

BOILEAU.

France too has produced ſome very excellent

excellent writers, ſince the time of my death.—Of one particularly I hear wonders. Fame to him is as kind as if he had been dead a thouſand years. She brings his praiſes to me from all parts of Europe.—You know I ſpeak of Voltaire.

POPE.

I do: the Engliſh nation yields to none in admiration of his extenſive genius. Other writers excel in ſome one particular branch of wit or ſcience; but when the king of Pruſſia drew Voltaire from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of *Belles Lettres* in *him* alone.

BOILEAU.

That prince himſelf has ſuch talents for poetry as no other monarch, in any age or country, has ever poſſeſſed. What an aſtoniſhing compaſs muſt there be in his mind, what an heroick tranquillity and firmneſs in his heart, that he can in the evening compoſe an ode or epiſtle in the moſt elegant verſe, and the next morning fight a battle with the conduct of Cæſar or Guſtavus Adolphus!

POPE.

I envy Voltaire ſo noble a ſubject both for his verſe and his proſe. But, if that prince will write his own *Commentaries*, he will want no hiſtorian. I hope that, in writing them, he will not reſtrain his pen, as Cæſar has done, to a mere account of his wars; but let us ſee the politician, and the benignant protector of arts and ſciences, as well as the warrior, in that picture of himſelf. Voltaire has ſhewn us, that the events of battles and ſieges are not the moſt intereſting parts of good hiſtory; but that all the improvements and embelliſhments of human ſociety ought to be carefully and particularly recorded there.

BOILEAU.

The progreſs of arts and knowledge, and the great changes that have happened in the manners of mankind, are objects far more worthy of a reader's attention than the revolutions of fortune. And it is chiefly to Voltaire that we owe this inſtructive ſpecies of hiſtory.

POPE.

He has not only been the father of it among the moderns, but has carried it himſelf to it's utmoſt perfection.

BOILEAU.

Is he not too *univerſal?* Can any writer be *exact*, who is ſo comprehenſive?

POPE.

A traveller round the world cannot inſpect every region with ſuch an accurate care, as exactly to deſcribe each ſingle part. If the outlines be well marked, and the obſervations on the principal points be judicious, it is all that can be required.

BOILEAU.

I would however adviſe and exhort the French and Engliſh youth, to take a fuller ſurvey of ſome particular provinces; and to remember, that although, in travels of this ſort, a lively imagination is a very agreeable companion, it is not the beſt guide. To ſpeak without a metaphor, the ſtudy of hiſtory, both ſacred and profane, requires a critical and laborious inveſtigation. The compoſer of a ſet of lively and witty remarks on facts ill examined, or incorrectly delivered, is not an hiſtorian.

POPE.

We cannot, I think, deny that name to the author of the Life of Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden.

BOILEAU.

No, certainly.—I eſteem it the very beſt hiſtory that this age has produced. As full of ſpirit as the hero whoſe actions it relates, it is nevertheleſs moſt exact in all matters of importance. The ſtyle of it is elegant, perſpicuous, unaffected; the diſpoſition and method are excellent; the judgments given by the writer acute and juſt.

POPE.

Are you not pleaſed with that philoſophical freedom of thought, which diſcovers itſelf in all the works of Voltaire, but more particularly in thoſe of an hiſtorical nature?

BOILEAU.

If it were properly regulated, I ſhould reckon it among their higheſt perfections. Superſtition, and bigotry, and party ſpirit, are as great enemies to the truth and candour of hiſtory, as malice or adulation. To think freely, is therefore a moſt neceſſary quality in a perfect hiſtorian. But all liberty has it's bounds; which, in ſome of his writings, Voltaire, I fear, has not obſerved. Would to Heaven he would reflect, while it is yet in his power to correct what is faulty, that all his works will outlive him; that many nations will read them; and that the judgment pronounced here upon the writer himſelf will be according to the ſcope and tendency of them, and to the

extent of their good or evil effects on the great society of mankind!

POPE.

It would be well for all Europe, if some other *wits* of your country, who give the *ton* to this age in all polite literature, had the same serious thoughts you recommended to Voltaire. Witty writings, when directed to serve the good ends of virtue and religion, are like the lights hung out in a *pharos*, to guide the mariners safe through dangerous seas: but the brightness of those that are impious or immoral shines only to betray, and to lead men to destruction.

BOILEAU.

Has England been free from all seductions of this nature?

POPE.

No.—But the French have the art of rendering vice and impiety more agreeable than the English.

BOILEAU.

I am not very proud of this superiority in the talents of my countrymen. But, as I am told that the *good sense* of the English is now admired in France, I hope it will soon convince both nations, *that true wisdom is virtue, and true virtue is religion.*

POPE.

I think it also to be wished, that a taste for *the frivolous* may not continue too prevalent among the French. There is a great difference between gathering flowers at the foot of Parnassus, and ascending the arduous heights of the mountain. The palms and laurels grow there; and, if any of your countrymen aspire to gain them, they must no longer enervate all the vigour of their minds by this habit of trifling: I would have them be perpetual competitors with the English in manly wit and substantial learning. But let the competition be friendly. There is nothing which so contracts and debases the mind as national envy. True wit, like true virtue, naturally loves it's own image, in whatever place it is found.

DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA—PORTIA—ARRIA.

PORTIA.

HOW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have a higher rank than you in the temple of Fame, should have a lower here in Elysium? We are told, that the virtues you exerted, as a wife, were greater than ours. Be so good as to explain to us what were those virtues. It is the privilege of this place, that one can bear superiority without mortification. The jealousy of precedence died with the rest of our mortal frailties. Tell us then your own story. We will sit down under the shade of this myrtle grove, and listen to it with pleasure.

OCTAVIA.

Noble ladies, the glory of our sex and of Rome, I will not refuse to comply with your desire, though it recalls to my mind some scenes which my heart would wish to forget. There can be only one reason why Minos should have given to my conjugal virtues a preference above yours; which is, that the trial assigned to them was harder.

ARRIA.

How, Madam! harder than *to die* for your husband! We *died* for ours.

OCTAVIA.

You did, for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages they lived in; who trusted you with their lives, their fame, their honour. To *outlive* such husbands is, in my judgment, a harder effort of virtue, than to *die for them*, or *with them*. But Mark Antony, to whom my brother Octavius, for reasons of state, gave my hand, was indifferent to me, and loved another. Yet he has told me himself, I was handsomer than his mistress Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and to men *that* is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been loved by Marcellus. Antony said, he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget an old attachment. He was but too amiable.—His very vices had charms beyond other mens virtues. Such vivacity! such fire! such a towering pride! He seemed made by nature to command; to govern the world; to govern it with such ease, that the business of it did not rob him of an hour of pleasure! Nevertheless,

thelefs, while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high fpirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with the neceffary refpect, was to me as fubmiffive, as obedient to every wifh of my heart, as the humbleft lover that ever ſighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he ſeduced my affection from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himſelf. He fixed it, ladies, (I own it with ſome confuſion) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done ſo, he ſcorned me, he forſook me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was—the ſiſter of Cæſar, ſacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the diſgrace of her ſex! Every outrage was added, that could inceníe me ſtill more. He gave her, at ſundry times, as publick marks of his love, many provinces of the empire of Rome in the Eaſt*. He read her love-letters openly, in his tribunal itſelf; even while he was hearing and judging the cauſes of kings. Nay, he left his tribunal, and one of the beſt Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which ſhe happened to be paſſing by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all theſe demonſtrations of his extravagant paſſion for that infamous woman, he had the aſſurance, in a letter to my brother, to call her *his wife*†. Which of you, ladies, could have patiently borne this treatment?

ARRIA.

Not I, Madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own boſom, to ſhew my dear Pætus *how eaſy it was to die*—that dagger ſhould I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and a due reſpect to the purity of my own ſoul, had not ſtopped my hand. But, I verily believe, I ſhould have killed myſelf; not, as I did, out of affection to my huſband, but out of ſhame and indignation at the wrongs I endured.

PORTIA.

I muſt own, Octavia, that to bear ſuch uſage, was harder to a woman than *to ſwallow fire*.

OCTAVIA.

Yet I did bear it, Madam, without even a complaint which could hurt or offend my huſband‡. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long abſence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me rich preſents of cloaths and money for his troops, a great number of horſes, and two thouſand choſen ſoldiers equipped and armed like my brother's prætorian bands. He ſent to ſtop me at Athens, becauſe his miſtreſs was then with him. I obeyed his orders: but I wrote to him, by one of his moſt faithful friends, a letter full of reſignation, and ſuch a tenderneſs for him as I imagined might have power to touch his heart. My envoy ſerved me ſo well, he ſet my fidelity in ſo fair a light, and gave ſuch reaſons to Antony why he ought to ſee and receive me with kindneſs, that Cleopatra was alarmed. All her arts were employed, to prevent him from ſeeing me, and to draw him again into Ægypt.—Thoſe arts prevailed§. He ſent me back into Italy, and gave himſelf up more abſolutely than ever to the witchcraft of that Ciceé. He added Africa to the ſtates he had beſtowed on her before; and declared Cæſario, her ſpurious ſon, by Julius Cæſar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his ſecond ſon by her; and at the ſame time declared his eldeſt ſon by her, whom he had eſpouſed to the princeſs of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian empire, which he meaned to conquer for *him*. The children I had brought him he entirely neglected, as if they had been baſtards. I wept. I lamented the wretched captivity he was in; but I never reproached him. My brother, exaſperated at ſo many indignities, commanded me to quit the houſe of my huſband at Rome, and come into his.—I refuſed to obey him.—I remained in Antony's houſe. I perſiſted to take care of his children by Fulvia, the ſame tender care as of my own. I gave my protection to all his friends at Rome. I implored my brother not to make my jealouſy or my wrongs the cauſe of a civil war. But the injuries done to Rome by Antony's conduct could not poſſibly be forgiven. When he found he ſhould draw the Roman arms on himſelf, he

* See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

† V. Suetonium in Auguſto Cæſare.

‡ See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

§ Plutarch, ubi ſuprà.

sent orders to me to leave his house. I did so; but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own.

ARRIA.

Is it possible, Madam? the children of Cleopatra?

OCTAVIA.

Yes, the children of my rival. I married her daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, the most accomplished and the handsomest prince in the world.

ARRIA.

Tell me, Octavia, did not your pride and resentment entirely cure you of your passion for Antony, as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? and was not your whole conduct afterward the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous and tortured love?

OCTAVIA.

You probe my heart very deeply. That I had some help from resentment and the natural pride of my sex, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my husband. I loved the Antony who had been my lover, more than I was angry with the Antony who forsook me and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra, and returned to me again with all his former affection, I really believe I should have loved him as well as before.

ARRIA.

If the merit of a wife be to be measured by her sufferings, your heart was unquestionably the most perfect model of conjugal virtue. The wound I gave mine was but a scratch in comparison to many you felt. Yet I don't know whether it would be any benefit to the world, that there should be in it many Octavias. *Too good subjects are apt to make bad kings.*

PORTIA.

True, Arria; the wives of Brutus and Cecinna Pætus may be allowed to have spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was educated in the court of her brother. Subjection and patience were much better taught there than in our houses, where the Roman liberty made it's last abode: and though I will not dispute the judgment of Minos, I cannot help thinking that the affection of a wife to her husband is more or less respectable in proportion to the character of that husband. If I could have had for Antony the same friendship as I had for Brutus, I should have despised myself.

OCTAVIA.

My fondness for Antony was ill placed; but my perseverance in the performance of all the duties of a wife, notwithstanding his ill usage, a perseverance made more difficult by the very excess of my love, appeared to Minos the highest and most meritorious effort of female resolution, against the seductions of the most dangerous enemy to our virtue, *offended pride*.

DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, PRINCESS OF ORANGE—FRANCES WALSINGHAM, COUNTESS OF ESSEX AND OF CLANRICKARD; BEFORE, LADY SIDNEY.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

OUR destinies, Madam, had a great and surprizing conformity. I was the daughter of Admiral Coligni, you of Secretary Walsingham; two persons, who were the most consummate statesmen and ablest supports of the Protestant religion, in France and in England. I was married to Teligni, the finest gentleman of our party, the most admired for his valour, his virtue, and his learning; you to Sir Philip Sidney, who enjoyed the same pre-eminence among the English. Both these husbands were cut off, in the flower of their youth and of glory, by violent deaths: and we both married again with still greater men; I with William Prince of Orange, the founder of the Dutch commonwealth; you with Devereux Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth and of the whole English nation*. But, alas! to compleat the resemblance of our fates, we both saw those second

* See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, p. 177 to p. 190; and Biographia Britannica, Essex.

husbands,

husbands, who had raised us so high, destroyed in the full meridian of their glory and greatness; mine by the pistol of an assassin; yours still more unhappily, by the axe, as a traitor.

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

There was indeed in some principal events of our lives the conformity you observe. But your destiny, though it raised you higher than me, was more unhappy than mine. For my father lived honourably, and died in peace; yours was assassinated in his old age. How, Madam, did you support or recover your spirits under so many misfortunes?

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

The Prince of Orange left an infant son to my care. The educating of him to be worthy of so illustrious a father, to be the heir of his virtue as well as of his greatness, and the affairs of the commonwealth, in which I interested myself for his sake, so filled my mind, that they in some measure took from me the sense of my grief; which nothing but such a great and important scene of business, such a necessary task of private and publick duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire in my turn; how did your heart find a balm, to alleviate the anguish of the wounds it had suffered? What employed your widowed hours after the death of your Essex?

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

Madam, I did not long continue a widow: I married again.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Married again! With what prince, what king, did you marry? The widow of Sir Philip Sidney and of my Lord Essex could not descend from them to a subject of less illustrious fame; and where could you find one that was comparable to either?

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

I did not seek for one, Madam: the heroism of the former, and the ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I desired a quiet life and the joys of wedded love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterprizing husband, All this I found in the Earl of Clanrickard: and, believe me, Madam, I enjoyed more solid felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had possessed with my two former husbands, in the pride of their glory, when England and all Europe resounded with their praise.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Can it be possible, that the daughter of Walsingham, and the wife of Sidney and Essex, should have sentiments so inferior to the minds from which she sprang, and to which she was matched! Believe me, Madam, there was no hour of the many years I lived after the death of the Prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the pride and joy I continually had, in hearing his praise, and seeing the monuments of his glory in the free commonwealth his wisdom had founded, for any other delights the world could give. The cares that I shared with him while he remained upon earth were a happiness to my mind, because they exalted it's powers. The remembrance of them was dear to me after I had lost him. I thought his great soul, though removed to a higher sphere, would look down upon mine with some tenderness of affection, as it's fellow-labourer in the heroick and divine work of delivering and freeing his country. But to be divorced from that soul! to be no longer his wife! to be the consort of an inferior, inglorious husband! I would much rather have died a thousand deaths, than that my heart should one moment have conceived such a thought.

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

Your highness must not judge of all hearts by your own. The ruling passion of *that* was apparently ambition. My inclinations were not so noble as yours, but better suited, perhaps, to the nature of woman. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the Earl of Essex, rather as amiable men than as heroes and statesmen. They were so taken up with their wars and state affairs, that my tenderness for them was too often neglected. The Earl of Clanrickard was constantly and wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *spirit of chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was absolutely possessed. He had, in a high degree, the esteem of Elizabeth, but did not aspire to her *love*; nor did he wish to be the rival of Carr or of Villiers in the affection of James. Such, Madam, was the man on whom my last choice bestowed my hand, and whose kindness compensated for all my misfortunes! Providence has assigned to different tempers different comforts. To you it gave the education of a prince, the government of a state, the pride of being called

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the wife of a hero; to me a *good living husband*, quiet, opulence, nobility, and a fair reputation, though not in a degree so exalted as yours. If our whole sex were to chuse between your consolations and mine, your highness, I think, would find very few of your taste. But I respect the sublimity of your ideas. Now that we have no bodies, they appear less unnatural than I should have thought them in the other world.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Adieu, Madam; our souls are of a different order, and were not made to sympathize or converse with each other.

DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS—POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

BRUTUS.

WELL, Atticus, I find that, notwithstanding your friendship for Cicero and for me, you survived us both many years, with the same chearful spirit you had always possessed; and, by prudently wedding your daughter to Agrippa, secured the favour of Octavius Cæsar, and even contracted a close alliance with him by your grand-daughter's marriage with Tiberius Nero.

ATTICUS.

You know, Brutus, my philosophy was the Epicurean. I loved my friends, and I served them in their wants and distresses with great generosity; but I did not think myself obliged to die when they died, or not to make others as occasions should offer.

BRUTUS.

You did, I acknowledge, *serve* your friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourself, on their account, into any great danger or disturbance of mind: but that you *loved* them, I much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? if you loved me, how could you love Octavius? if you loved Octavius, how could you avoid taking part against Antony in their last civil war? Affection cannot be so strangely divided, and with so much equality, among men of such opposite characters, and who were such irreconcileable enemies to each other.

ATTICUS.

From my earliest youth I possessed the singular talent of ingratiating myself with the heads of different parties, and yet not engaging with any of them so far as to disturb my own quiet. My family was connected with the Marian party; and, though I retired to Athens, that I might not be unwillingly involved in the troubles which that turbulent faction had begun to excite, yet, when young Marius was declared an enemy by the senate, I sent him a sum of money, to support him in his exile. Nor did this hinder me from my making my court so well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the highest marks of his favour*. Nevertheless, when he pressed me to go with him to Rome, I declined it, being as unwilling to fight for him against the Marian party, as for them against him. He admired my conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the presents made to him during his abode in that city to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to shew that moderation in all contentions of this kind had been always my principle; and that in the instances you mentioned I did not act from any levity or inconstancy in my nature, but from a regular consistent plan of conduct, which my reason convinced me was the wisest I could follow.

BRUTUS.

I remember indeed that you observed the same neutrality between Pompey and Julius Cæsar.

ATTICUS.

I did so—and, that I might be able to do it with dignity, and without the reproach of ingratitude, I never would accept any office or honour from either of those great men; nor from Cicero, though my sister had married his brother; nor from you, Marcus Brutus, whose friendship I thought the greatest honour of my life.

BRUTUS.

Are there no obligations to a good heart, Pomponius, but honours and

* Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vita Attici.

offices?

offices? or could you, by refusing to encumber yourself with these, dissolve all other ties? But, setting aside any considerations of private affection or esteem, how were you able to reconcile your conduct with that which is the ruling principle in the heart of every virtuous man, and more especially a virtuous Roman, *the love of the publick?*

ATTICUS.

The times I lived in were so bad, and the conflict of parties had so little to do in reality with *the love of the publick*, that I thought my virtue much safer and purer by avoiding, than mixing in the fray.

BRUTUS.

Possibly, in the dispute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæsar, a virtuous man might see so much to blame on both sides, and so much to fear, which ever faction should overcome the other, as to be justified in not engaging with either. But let me say, without vanity, in the war which I waged against Antony and Octavius, you could have nothing to blame: for I know you approved the principle upon which I killed Julius Cæsar. Nor would you have had any thing to fear if our arms had succeeded; for you knew that my intentions were upright and pure; nor was it doubtful that Cassius was as much determined as I to restore the Republick. How could you then, with any sense of virtue in your heart, maintain an indifference and neutrality between the *deliverers* and the *tyrants* of your country?

ATTICUS.

My answer to this will necessarily require explanations, which my respect to the *manes* of Brutus makes me wish to avoid.

BRUTUS.

In the other world, I loved truth, and was desirous that all might speak it with freedom: but here, even the tender ears of a tyrant are compelled to endure it. If I committed any faults, or erred in my judgment, the calamities I have suffered are a punishment for it. Tell me then truly, and without fear of offending, what you think were my failings.

ATTICUS.

You said that the principle upon which you killed Julius Cæsar had my approbation. This I do not deny—but did I ever declare, or give you reason to believe, that I thought it a *prudent*, or *well-timed* act? I had quite other thoughts. Nothing ever seemed to me *worse judged* or *worse timed*: and these, Brutus, were my reasons. Cæsar was just setting out to make war on the Parthians. This was an enterprize of no little difficulty, and no little danger. But this unbounded ambition, and that restless spirit, which never would suffer him to take any repose, did not intend to stop there*. You know very well (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vast plan, of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian empire, along the coast of the Caspian sea and the sides of Mount Caucasus, into Scythia, in order to subdue all the countries that border on Germany, and Germany itself; whence he proposed to return to Rome by Gaul. Consider now, I beseech you, how much time the execution of this project required. In some of his battles with so many fierce and warlike nations, the bravest of all the Barbarians, he might have been slain: but, if he had not, disease, or age itself, might have ended his life, before he could have compleated such an immense undertaking. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-sixth year, and of an infirm constitution. Except his bastard by Cleopatra, he had no son: nor was his power so absolute, or so quietly settled, that he could have a thought of bequeathing the empire, like a private inheritance, to his sister's grandson, Octavius. While he was absent, there was no reason to fear any violence, or mal-administration, in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief authority in the senate. The prætorship of the city had been conferred upon you by the favour of Cæsar; and your known credit with him, added to the high reputation of your virtues and abilities, gave you a weight in all business, which none of his party left behind him in Italy would have been able to oppose. What a fair prospect was here of good order, peace, and liberty, at home; while abroad the Roman name would have been rendered more glorious, the disgrace of Crassus revenged, and the empire extended beyond the utmost am-

* V. Plutarch, in Vitâ Jul. Cæsar.

bition

bition of our forefathers, by the greateſt general that ever led the armies of Rome, or, perhaps, of any other nation! What did it ſignify, whether, in Aſia and among the Barbarians, that general bore the name of king, or dictator? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your friends, than to ſtart ſo much at the propoſition of his taking that name in Italy itſelf, when you had ſuffered him to enjoy all the power of royalty, and much more than any king of Rome had poſſeſſed, from Romulus down to Tarquin.

BRUTUS.

We conſidered that name as the laſt inſult offered to our liberty and our laws. It was an enſign of tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant purpoſe of rendering the ſervitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to puniſh the tyrant, and reſtore our country to freedom.

ATTICUS.

You puniſhed the tyrant; but you did not reſtore your country to freedom. By ſparing Antony, againſt the opinion of Caſſius, you ſuffered the tyranny to remain. He was conſul, and, from the moment that Cæſar was dead, the chief power of the ſtate was in his hands. The ſoldiers adored him, for his liberality, valour, and military frankneſs. His eloquence was more perſuaſive from appearing unſtudied. The nobility of his houſe, which deſcended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his heart with ambition. The whole courſe of his life had evidently ſhewn, that his thoughts were high and aſpiring, and that he had little reſpect for the liberty of his country. He had been the ſecond man in Cæſar's party: by ſaving him, you gave a new head to that party, which could no longer ſubſiſt without your ruin. Many, who would have wiſhed the reſtoration of liberty if Cæſar had died a natural death, were ſo incenſed at his murder, that, merely for the ſake of puniſhing *that*, they were willing to confer all power upon Antony, and make him abſolute maſter of the republick. This was particularly true with reſpect to the veterans who had ſerved under Cæſar: and he ſaw it ſo plainly, that he preſently avajled himſelf of their diſpoſitions. You and Caſſius were obliged to fly out of Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the ſame part, could find no expedient to ſave himſelf and the ſenate, but the wretched one of ſupporting and raiſing very high another Cæſar, the adopted ſon and heir of him you had ſlain, to oppoſe Antony, and to divide the Cæſarean party. But, even while he did this, he perpetually offended that party, and made them his enemies, by harangues in the ſenate, which breathed the very ſpirit of the old Pompeian faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the friends of the dead dictator, no leſs guilty of his death than thoſe who had killed him. What could this end in but, that which you and your friends had moſt to fear, a reunion of the whole Cæſarean party, and of their principal leaders, however diſcordant the one with the other, to deſtroy the Pompeians? For my own part, I foreſaw it long before the event, and therefore kept myſelf wholly clear of thoſe proceedings.—You think I ought to have joined you and Caſſius at Philippi, becauſe I knew your good intentions, and that, if you ſhould ſucceed, you deſigned to reſtore the commonwealth. I am perſuaded you did both agree in that point; but you differed in ſo many others, there was ſuch a diſſimilitude in your tempers and characters, that the union between you could not have laſted long; and your diſſention would have had moſt fatal effects, with regard both to the ſettlement and to the adminiſtration of the republick. Beſide, the whole maſs of it was in ſuch a fermentation, and ſo corrupted, that I am convinced new diſorders would ſoon have ariſen. If you had applied gentle remedies, to which your nature inclined, thoſe remedies would have failed; if Caſſius had induced you to act with ſeverity, your government would have been ſtigmatized with the name of a tyranny more deteſtable than that againſt which you conſpired; and Cæſar's clemency would have been the perpetual topick of every factious oration to the people, and of every ſeditious diſcourſe to the ſoldiers. Thus you would have ſoon been plunged in the miſeries of another civil war; or perhaps aſſaſſinated in the ſenate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman empire a laſting tranquillity, but ſuch a prudent plan of a *mitigated imperial power*, as was afterward formed by Octavius, when he had ably and happily delivered himſelf from all oppoſition and partnerſhip in the government. Thoſe quiet times I lived to ſee; and I muſt ſay, they

they were the beſt I had ever ſeen, far better than thoſe under the turbulent ariſtocracy for which you contended. And let me boaſt a little of my own prudence, which, through ſo many ſtorms, could ſteer me ſafe into that port. Had it only given me ſafety, without reputation, I ſhould not think that I ought to value myſelf upon it. But in all theſe revolutions my honour remained as unimpaired as my fortune. I ſo conducted myſelf, that I loſt no eſteem in being Antony's friend, after having been Cicero's; or in my alliance with Agrippa and Auguſtus Cæſar, after my friendſhip with you. Nor did either Cæſar or Antony blame my inaction in the quarrels between them; but, on the contrary, they both ſeemed to reſpect me the more for the neutrality I obſerved. My obligations to the one, and alliance with the other, made it improper for me to act againſt either: and my conſtant tenour of life had procured me an exemption from all civil wars by a kind of *preſcription*.

BRUTUS.

If man were born to no higher purpoſe than to wear out a long life in eaſe and proſperity, with the general eſteem of the world, your wiſdom was evidently as much ſuperior to mine, as my life was ſhorter and more unhappy than yours. Nay, I verily believe, it exceeded the prudence of any other man that ever exiſted, conſidering in what difficult circumſtances you were placed, and with how many violent ſhocks and ſudden changes of fortune you were obliged to contend. But *here* the moſt *virtuous* and *publick-ſpirited* conduct is found to have been the moſt *prudent*. The motives of our actions, not the ſucceſs, give us *here* renown. And, could I return to that life whence I am eſcaped, I would not change my character to imitate yours: I would again be Brutus, rather than Atticus. Even without the ſweet hope of an eternal reward in a more perfect ſtate, which is the ſtrongeſt and moſt immoveable ſupport to the good under every misfortune, I ſwear by the gods, I would not give up *the noble feelings of my heart*, that elevation of mind which accompanies active and ſuffering virtue, for your ſeventy-ſeven years of conſtant tranquillity, with all the praiſe you obtained from the learned men whom you patronized, or the great men whom you courted.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, KING OF ENGLAND—JOHN DE WITT, PENSIONARY OF HOLLAND.

WILLIAM.

THOUGH I had no cauſe to love you, yet, believe me, I ſincerely lament your fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the moſt popular miniſter that ever ſerved a commonwealth, ſhould fall a ſacrifice to popular fury! Such admirable talents, ſuch virtues, as you were endowed with, ſo clear, ſo cool, ſo comprehenſive a head, a heart ſo untainted with any kind of vice, deſpiſing money, deſpiſing pleaſure, deſpiſing the vain oſtentation of greatneſs, ſuch application to buſineſs, ſuch ability in it, ſuch courage, ſuch firmneſs, and ſo perfect a knowledge of the nation you governed, ſeemed to aſſure you of a fixed and ſtable ſupport in the publick affection. But nothing can be durable that depends on the paſſions of the people.

DE WITT.

It is very generous in your majeſty, not only to compaſſionate the fate of a man, whoſe political principles made him an enemy to your greatneſs, but aſcribe it to the caprice and inconſtancy of the people, as if there had been nothing very blameable in his conduct. I feel the magnanimity of this diſcourſe from your majeſty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my death. But I muſt frankly confeſs, that although the rage of the populace was carried much too far, when they tore me and my unfortunate brother to pieces, yet I certainly had deſerved to loſe their affection, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous friendſhip of France, and by weakening the military ſtrength of the ſtate, to ſerve little purpoſes of my own power, and

secure to myself the interested affection of the burgomasters, or others, who had credit and weight in the faction, the favour of which I courted. This had almost subjected my country to France, if you, great prince, had not been set at the head of the falling republick, and had not exerted such extraordinary virtues and abilities, to raise and support it, as surpassed even the heroism and prudence of William our first stadtholder, and equalled you to the most illustrious patriots of Greece or Rome.

WILLIAM.

This praise from your mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can so much exalt the character of a prince, as to have his actions approved by a zealous republican, and the enemy of his house?

DE WITT.

If I did not approve them, I should shew myself the enemy of the republick. You never sought to tyrannize over it; you loved, you defended, you preserved, it's freedom. Thebes was not more indebted to Epaminondas or Pelopidas, for it's independence and glory, than the United Provinces were to you. How wonderful was it to see a youth, who had scarcely attained to the twenty-second year of his age, whose spirit had been depressed and kept down by a jealous and hostile faction, rising at once to the conduct of a most arduous and perilous war, stopping an enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the heart of his country; driving him back, and recovering from him all he had conquered: to see this done with an army, in which, a little before, there was neither discipline, courage, nor sense of honour? Ancient history has no exploit superior to it; and it will ennoble the modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch shall arise, to do justice to it, and set the hero who performed it in a true light.

WILLIAM.

Say, rather, when time shall have worn out that malignity and rancour of party, which, in free states, is so apt to oppose itself to the sentiments of gratitude and esteem for their servants and benefactors.

DE WITT.

How magnanimous was your reply, how much in the spirit of true *ancient virtue*, when being asked, in the greatest extremity of our danger, *How you intended to live after Holland should be lost?* you said, *You would live on the lands you had left in Germany; and would rather pass your life in hunting there, than sell your country or liberty to France at any rate**! How nobly did you think, when, being offered your patrimonial lordships and lands in the county of Burgundy, or the full value of them, from France, by the mediation of England, in the treaty of peace, your answer was, *That, to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders, you would be content to lose them all!* No wonder, after this, that you were able to combine all Europe in a league against the power of France; that you were the centre of union, and the directing soul of that wise, that generous confederacy, formed by your labours; that you could steadily support and keep it together, in spite of repeated misfortunes; that even after defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other generals after victories; and that in the end you became the deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

WILLIAM.

I had in truth no other object, no other passion at heart, throughout my whole life, than to maintain the independence and freedom of Europe, against the ambition of France. It was this desire which formed the whole plan of my policy, which animated all my councils, both as Prince of Orange and King of England.

DE WITT.

This desire was the most noble (I speak it with shame) that could warm the heart of a prince, whose ancestors had opposed, and in a great measure destroyed, the power of Spain, when that nation aspired to the monarchy of Europe. France, Sir, in your days, had an equal ambition and more strength to support her vast designs, than Spain under the government of Philip the Second. That ambition you restrained, that strength you resisted. I, alas! was seduced by her perfidious court, and by the necessity of affairs in that system of policy which I had adopted, to ask her assistance, to rely on her favour, and to make the commonwealth, whose councils I directed, subservient to her great-

* See Temple's Memoirs, from the year 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 320, 321.

nefs.

neſs.—Permit me, Sir, to explain to you the motives of my conduct. If all the princes of Orange had acted like you, I ſhould never have been the enemy of your houſe. But Prince Maurice of Naſſau deſired to oppreſs the liberty of that ſtate, which his virtuous father had freed at the expence of his life, and which he himſelf had defended, againſt the arms of the houſe of Auſtria, with the higheſt reputation of military abilities. Under a pretence of religion (the moſt execrable cover of a wicked deſign) he put to death, as a criminal, that upright miniſter, Barnevelt, his father's beſt friend, becauſe he refuſed to concur with him in treaſon againſt the ſtate. He likewiſe impriſoned ſeveral other good men and lovers of their country, confiſcated their eſtates, and ruined their families. Yet, after he had done theſe cruel acts of injuſtice, with a view to make himſelf ſovereign of the Dutch commonwealth, he found they had drawn ſuch a general odium upon him, that, not daring to accompliſh his iniquitous purpoſe, he ſtopped ſhort of the tyranny to which he had ſacrificed his honour and virtue: a diſappointment ſo mortifying, and ſo painful to his mind, that it probably haſtened his death.

WILLIAM.

Would to Heaven he had died before the meeting of that infamous ſynod of Dort, by which he not only diſhonoured himſelf and his family, but the Proteſtant religion itſelf! Forgive this interruption—my grief forced me to it—I deſire you to proceed.

DE WITT.

The brother of Maurice, Prince Henry, who ſucceeded to his dignities in the republick, acted with more moderation. But the ſon of that good prince, your majeſty's father, (I am ſorry to ſpeak what I know you hear with pain) reſumed, in the pride and fire of his youth, the ambitious deſigns of his uncle. He failed in his undertaking, and ſoon afterwards died; but left in the hearts of the whole republican party an incurable jealouſy and dread of his family. Full of theſe prejudices, and zealous for liberty, I thought it my duty, as penſionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could, your reſtoration to the power your anceſtors had enjoyed; which I ſincerely believed would be inconſiſtent with the ſafety and freedom of my country.

WILLIAM.

Let me ſtop you a moment here.—When my great-grandfather formed the plan of the Dutch commonwealth, he made the power of a ſtadtholder one of the principal ſprings in his ſyſtem of government. How could you imagine that it would ever go well when deprived of this ſpring, ſo neceſſary to adjuſt and balance it's motions? A conſtitution originally formed with no mixture of regal power may long be maintained in all it's vigour and energy without ſuch a power; but, if any degree of monarchy were mixed from the beginning in the principles of it, the forcing *that* out muſt neceſſarily diſorder and weaken the whole fabrick. This was particularly the caſe in our republick. The negative voice of every ſmall town in the provincial ſtates, the tedious flowneſs of our forms and deliberations, the facility with which foreign miniſters may ſeduce or purchaſe the opinions of ſo many perſons as have a right to concur in all our reſolutions, make it impoſſible for the government, even in the quieteſt times, to be well carried on, without the authority and influence of a ſtadtholder, which are the only remedy our conſtitution has provided for thoſe evils.

DE WITT.

I acknowledge they are.—But I and my party thought no evil ſo great as that remedy; and therefore we ſought for other more pleaſing reſources. One of theſe, upon which we moſt confidently depended, was the friendſhip of France. I flattered myſelf that the intereſt of the French would ſecure to me their favour; as your relation to the crown of England might naturally raiſe in them a jealouſy of your power. I hoped they would encourage the trade and commerce of the Dutch, in oppoſition to the Engliſh, the ancient enemies of their crown, and let us enjoy all the benefits of a perpetual peace, unleſs we made war upon England, or England upon us; in either of which caſes, it was reaſonable to preſume, we ſhould have their aſſiſtance. The French miniſter at the Hague, who ſerved his court but too well, ſo confirmed me in theſe notions, that I had no apprehenſions of the *mine* which was forming under my feet.

WILLIAM.

You found your authority ſtrengthened by a plan ſo agreeable to your party; and this contributed more to deceive your ſagacity than all the art of D'Eſtrades.

DE WITT.

My policy ſeemed to me entirely ſuitable to the laſting ſecurity of my own power, of the liberty of my country, and of it's maritime greatneſs. For I made it my care to keep up a very powerful navy, well commanded and officered, for the defence of all theſe againſt the Engliſh; but, as I feared nothing from France, or any power on the continent, I neglected the army; or rather I deſtroyed it, by enervating all it's ſtrength, by diſbanding old troops and veteran officers, attached to the houſe of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading militia*, commanded by officers who had neither experience nor courage, and who owed their promotions to no other merit than their relation to, or intereſt with, ſome leading men in the ſeveral *oligarchies* of which the government in all the Dutch towns is compoſed. Nevertheleſs, on the invaſion of Flanders by the French, I was forced to depart from my cloſe connection with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the triple alliance, which Sir William Temple propoſed in order to check her ambition: but, as I entered into that meaſure from neceſſity, not from choice, I did not purſue it. I neglected to improve our union with England, or to ſecure that with Sweden; I avoided any conjunction of counſels with Spain; I formed no alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our army more and more; till a ſudden unnatural confederacy, ſtruck up, againſt all the maxims of policy, by the court of England with France, for the conqueſt of the Seven Provinces, brought theſe at once to the very brink of deſtruction, and made me a victim to the fury of a populace too juſtly provoked.

WILLIAM.

I muſt ſay, that your plan was in reality nothing more than to procure for the Dutch *a licence to trade, under the good pleaſure and gracious protection of France*. But any ſtate that ſo entirely depends on another is only a *province*; and it's *liberty* is a *ſervitude*, graced with a ſweet but empty name. You ſhould have reflected, that to a monarch ſo ambitious and ſo vain as Louis le Grand, the idea of a conqueſt which ſeemed almoſt certain, and the deſire of humbling a haughty republick, were temptations irreſiſtible. His bigotry likewiſe would concur in recommending to him an enterprize, which he might think would put hereſy under his feet. And if you knew either the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his government, you ought not to have ſuppoſed his union with France for the ruin of Holland an impoſſible, or even improbable event. It is hardly excuſable in a ſtateſman to be greatly ſurprized that the inclinations of princes ſhould prevail upon them to act, in many particulars, without any regard to the political maxims and intereſt of their kingdoms.

DE WITT.

I am aſhamed of my error *; but the chief cauſe of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite ſo ill of Charles the Second and his miniſtry as they deſerved. I imagined too that his parliament would reſtrain him from engaging in ſuch a war; or compel him to engage in our defence, if France ſhould attack us. Theſe, I acknowledge, are *excuſes*, not *juſtifications*. When the French marched into Holland, and found it in a condition ſo unable to reſiſt them, my fame as a miniſter irrecoverably ſunk. For, not to appear a *traitor*, I was obliged to confeſs myſelf a *dupe*. But what praiſe is ſufficient for the wiſdom and virtue you ſhewed, in ſo firmly rejecting the offers, which I have been informed were made to you, both by England and France, when firſt you appeared in arms at the head of your country, to give you *the ſovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, by the aſſiſtance, and under the protection, of the two crowns! Believe me, great prince, had I been living in thoſe times, and had known the generous anſwers you made to thoſe offers, which were repeated more than once during the courſe of the war; not the moſt ancient and devoted ſervant to your family would have been more your friend than I. But who could reaſonably hope for ſuch moderation, and ſuch a right ſenſe of glory, in the mind of a young man, deſcended from *kings*, whoſe mother was daughter

* Temple's Memoirs, from 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 299.

to

to Charles the First, and whose father had left him the seducing example of a very different conduct? Happy indeed was the English nation, to have such a prince so nearly allied to their crown both in blood and by marriage, whom they might call to be their deliverer, when bigotry and despotism, the two greatest enemies to human society, had almost overthrown their whole constitution in church and state!

WILLIAM.

They might have been happy; but were not.—As soon as I had accomplished their deliverance for them, many of them became my most implacable enemies, and even wished to restore the unforgiving prince whom they had so unanimously and so justly expelled from his kingdom.—Such levity seems incredible. I could not myself have imagined it possible, in a nation famed for *good sense*, if I had not had proofs of it beyond contradiction. They seemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as *that they had called me over*. The security of their religion, the maintenance of their liberty, was no longer their care. All was to yield to the incomprehensible doctrine of *right divine* and *passive obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both that doctrine and James, by their opposition to him, by their invitation of me, and by every act of the parliament which gave me the crown.—But the most troublesome of my enemies were a sett of Republicans, who violently opposed all my measures, and joined with the Jacobites in disturbing my government, only because it was not a commonwealth.

DE WITT.

They who were republicans under your government in the kingdom of England did not love liberty; but aspired to dominion, and wished to throw the nation into a total confusion, that it might give them a chance of working out from that anarchy a better state for themselves.

WILLIAM.

Your observation is just. A proud man thinks himself a lover of liberty; when he is only impatient of a power in government above his own, and, were he a king, or the first minister of a king, would be a tyrant. Nevertheless I will own to you, with the candour which becomes a virtuous prince, that there were in England some Whigs, and even some of the most sober and moderate Tories, who, with very honest intentions, and sometimes with good judgments, proposed new securities to the liberty of the nation, against the prerogative or influence of the crown, and the corruption of ministers in future times. To some of these I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I resisted, for fear of weakening too much the royal authority, and breaking that *balance* in which consists the perfection of a mixed form of government. I should not, perhaps, have resisted so many, if I had not seen in the house of commons a disposition to rise in their demands on the crown, had they found it more yielding. The difficulties of my government, upon the whole, were so great, that I once had determined, from mere disgust and resentment, to give back to the nation, assembled in parliament, the crown they had placed on my head, and retire to Holland, where I found more affection and gratitude in the people. But I was stopped by the earnest supplications of my friends, and by an unwillingness to undo the great work I had done: especially as I knew that, if England should return into the hands of King James, it would be impossible, in that crisis, to preserve the rest of Europe from the dominion of France.

DE WITT.

Heaven be praised that your majesty did not persevere in so fatal a resolution! The United Provinces would have been ruined by it together with England. But I cannot enough express my astonishment, that you should have met with such treatment as could suggest such a thought! The English must surely be a people incapable either of liberty or subjection!

WILLIAM.

There were, I must acknowledge, some faults in my temper, and some in my government, which are an excuse for my subjects with regard to the uneasiness and disquiet they gave me. My taciturnity, which suited the genius of the Dutch, offended theirs. They love an affable prince: it was chiefly his affability that made them so fond of Charles the Second. Their frankness and good-humour could not brook the reserve and coldness of my nature. Then the excess of my favour to some of the Dutch, whom I had brought over with me, excited a national jealousy in the English, and

and hurt their pride. My government also appeared, at last, too unsteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories; which almost deprived me of the confidence and affection of both parties. I trusted too much to the integrity and the purity of my intentions, without using those arts that are necessary to allay the ferment of factions, and allure men to their duty by soothing their passions. Upon the whole, I am sensible that I better understood how to govern the Dutch than the English or the Scotch; and should probably have been thought a greater man, if I had not been king of Great Britain.

DE WITT.

It is a shame to the English, that gratitude and affection for such merit as yours were not able to overcome any little disgusts arising from your temper, and enthrone their deliverer in the hearts of his people. But will your majesty give me leave to ask you one question? Is it true, as I have heard, that many of them disliked your alliances on the continent, and spoke of your war with France as a *Dutch measure*, in which you sacrificed England to Holland?

WILLIAM.

The cry of the nation at first was strong for the war: but before the end of it the Tories began publickly to talk the language you mention. And no wonder they did—for, as they then had a desire to set up again the maxims of government which had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but represent opposition to France, and vigorous measures taken to restrain her ambition, as unnecessary for England: because they well knew that the counsels of that king had been utterly averse from such measures; that his whole policy made him a friend to France; that he was governed by a French mistress, and even bribed by French money, to give that court his assistance, or at least his acquiescence, in all their designs.

DE WITT.

A king of England, whose cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile pensioner to a French king, degrades himself from his royalty, and ought to be considered as an enemy to the nation. Indeed the whole policy of Charles the Second, when he was not forced off from his natural bias by the necessity he lay under of soothing his parliament, was a constant, designed, systematical opposition to the interest of his people. His brother, though more sensible to the honour of England, was, by his Popery and desire of arbitrary power, constrained to lean upon France, and do nothing to obstruct her designs on the continent, or lessen her greatness. It was therefore necessary to place the British crown on your head, not only with a view to preserve the religious and civil rights of the people from internal oppressions, but to rescue the whole state from that servile dependance on it's natural enemy, which must unquestionably have ended in it's destruction. What folly was it to revile your measures abroad, as sacrificing the interest of your British dominions to connections with the continent, and principally with Holland! Had Great Britain no interest to hinder the French from being masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces, her strongest barrier on the continent against the power of that nation, to submit with the rest to their yoke? Would her trade, would her coasts, would her capital itself, have been safe, after so mighty an encrease of shipping and sailors as France would have gained by those conquests? and what could have prevented them, but the war which you waged, and the alliances which you formed? Could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by Great Britain, have attempted to make head against a power, which, even with her assistance, strong and spirited as it was, they could hardly resist? and after the check which had been given to the encroachments of France, by the efforts of the *first grand alliance*, did not a new and greater danger make it necessary to recur to another such league? Was not the union of France and Spain under one monarch, or even under one family, the most alarming contingency that ever had threatened the liberty of Europe?

WILLIAM.

I thought so; and I am sure I did not err in my judgment. But folly is blind; and faction wilfully shuts her eyes against the most evident truths that cross her designs; as she believes any lies, however palpable and absurd, that she thinks will assist them.

DE WITT.

The only objection which seems to have any real weight against your system

tem of policy, with regard to the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, is the enormous expence that muſt neceſſarily attend it; an expence which, I am afraid, neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without extreme inconvenience.

WILLIAM.

I will anſwer that objection, by aſking a queſtion. If, when you was penſionary of Holland, intelligence had been brought, that the dykes were ready to break, and the ſea was coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us; what would you have ſaid to one of the deputies, who, when you were propoſing the proper repairs to ſtop the inundation, ſhould have objected to the charge, as too heavy on the province? This was the caſe in a political ſenſe with both England and Holland. The fences raiſed to keep out ſuperſtition and tyranny were all giving way: thoſe dreadful evils were threatening, with their whole accumulated force, to break in upon us, and overwhelm our eccleſiaſtical and civil conſtitution. In ſuch circumſtances, to object to a neceſſary expence, is folly and madneſs.

DE WITT.

It is certain, Sir, that the utmoſt abilities of a nation can never be ſo well employed, as in the unwearied, pertinacious defence of their religon and freedom. When *theſe* are loſt, there remains nothing that is worth the concern of a good or wiſe man. Nor do I think it conſiſtent with the prudence of government, not to guard againſt future dangers, as well as preſent; which precaution muſt be often in ſome degree expenſive. I acknowledge too, that the reſources of a commercial country, which ſupports it's trade even in war by invincible fleets, and takes care not to hurt it in the methods of impoſing or collecting it's taxes, are immenſe and inconceivable till the trial be made; eſpecially where the government, which demands the ſupplies, is agreeable to the people. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* expence will in the end be deſtructive. What matters it whether a ſtate be mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign enemy, or die by a conſumption of it's own vital ſtrength? Such a conſumption will come upon Holland ſooner than upon England, becauſe the latter has a greater radical force: but, great as it is, that force at laſt will be ſo diminiſhed and exhauſted by perpetual drains, that it may fail all at once; and thoſe efforts which may ſeem moſt ſurprizingly vigorous, will be in reality *the convulſions of death*. I don't apply this to your majeſty's government; but I ſpeak with a view to what may happen hereafter from the extenſive ideas of negotiation and war which you have eſtabliſhed. They have been ſalutary to your kingdom; but they will, I fear, be pernicious in future times, if, in purſuing great plans, great miniſters do not act with a ſobriety, prudence, and attention to frugality, which very ſeldom are joined with an extraordinary vigour and boldneſs of counſels.

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS — DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

ALAS, poor Apicius!—I pity thee from my heart, for not having lived in my age and in my country. How many good diſhes, unknown at Rome in thy days, have I feaſted upon in England!

APICIUS.

Keep your pity for yourſelf.—How many good diſhes have I feaſted upon in Rome, which England does not produce; or of which the knowledge has been loſt, with other treaſures of antiquity, in theſe degenerate days! The fat paps of a ſow, the livers of ſcari, the brains of phœnicopters, and the *tripatanum*, which conſiſted of three excellent ſorts of fiſh, for which you Engliſh have no names, the *lupus marinus*, the *myxo*, and the *muræna*.

DARTENEUF.

I thought the *muræna* had been our lamprey. We have delicate ones in the Severn!

APICIUS.

No:—the muræna, ſo reſpected by the ancient Roman ſenators, was a ſalt-water fiſh, and kept by our nobles in ponds into which the ſea was admitted.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

Why, then, I dare say our Severn lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them stewed or potted?

APICIUS.

I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would eat me.

DARTENEUF.

I am sorry for you, very sorry: for, if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters*.

APICIUS.

Pardon me, Sir; your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time†.

DARTENEUF.

They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there.—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! Did not Leander swim over the Hellespont in a tempest, to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of exquisite oysters?

APICIUS.

Nay—I am sure you can't blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes‡. I sailed to the coast of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast; and finding that I had received a false information, I returned immediately, without even deigning to land.

DARTENEUF.

There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you once tasted those oysters in their highest perfection, you would have eat till you burst.

APICIUS.

I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did at Rome, because I found, upon the balance of my accounts, I had only the pitiful sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving§.

DARTENEUF.

A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! Would I had had it! I should have been twenty years in spending it, with the best table in London.

APICIUS.

Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables‖. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807,291*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

DARTENEUF.

I don't believe a word of it; there is certainly an error in the account.

APICIUS.

Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every supper he sat down to in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614*l.* 11*s.* 8*d*¶.

DARTENEUF.

Would I had supped with him there! But are you sure there is no blunder in these calculations?

APICIUS.

Ask your learned men that—I reckon as they tell me.—But you may think that these feasts were made only by great men, by triumphant generals, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia, to help him in his housekeeping. What will you say, when I tell you that the player Æsopus had one dish that cost him six thousand sestertia, that is, four thousand eight hundred and forty-three pounds, ten shillings, English**?

DARTENEUF.

What will I say? why, that I pity my worthy friend Mr. Cibber; and that, if I had known this when alive, I should have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

APICIUS.

Well you might, well you might.—You don't know what *eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man of taste to keep a good table. Our players were infinitely richer than your princes.

DARTENEUF.

Oh, that I had but lived in the bles-

* See St. Evremond's Letters.

† See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on Ancient Coins, c. 5. part ii.

‡ See Athenæus, and Bayle in his Notes to the article APICIUS.

§ See Senec. de Consol. ad Helviam, Martial. Epig. 22. l. iii. Bayle, APICIUS.

‖ See Arbuthnot, p. 116. ¶ Arbuthnot, p. 133.

** Ibidem. Plin. l. x. c. 60.

sed

fed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

APICIUS.

Ay, there you touch me.—I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much further than the beſt eaters of the age in which I lived*. Vitellius ſpent in feaſting, within the compaſs of one year, what would amount in your money to above ſeven millions two hundred thouſand pounds†. He told me ſo himſelf, in a converſation I had with him not long ago. And the two others you mentioned did not fall very ſhort of his royal magnificence.

DARTENEUF.

Theſe indeed were great princes. But what moſt affects me is the luxury of that upſtart fellow Æſopus. Pray, of what ingredients might the diſh, he paid ſo much for, conſiſt?

APICIUS.

Chiefly of *ſinging-birds*. It was that which ſo greatly enhanced the price‡.

DARTENEUF.

Of *ſinging-birds!* choak him.—I never eat but *one*, which I ſtole out of it's cage from a lady of my acquaintance; and all London was in an uproar, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted an only child. But, upon recollection, I doubt whether I have really ſo much cauſe to envy Æſopus. For the *ſinging-bird* which I eat was not ſo good as a wheatear or *becafigue*. And therefore I ſuſpect, that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity. It was like the fooliſh extravagance of the ſon of Æſopus, who diſſolved pearls in vinegar, and drank them at ſupper. I will ſtake my credit, that a haunch of good buck veniſon and my favourite *ham pye* were much better diſhes than any at the table of Vitellius himſelf§. It does not appear that you ancients ever had any good ſoups, without which a man of taſte cannot poſſibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are deteſtable: but what is better than *the wing* of one of our Engliſh *wild* rabbits? I have been told you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is ill flavoured. And as to your boars *roaſted whole*, they were only fit to be ſerved up at a corporation feaſt, or election dinner. A ſmall *barbecued hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good collar of Canterbury or Shrewſbury brawn is a much better diſh.

APICIUS.

If you had ſome meats that we wanted, yet our cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to yours‖. Our cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to hogs fleſh the taſte of all other meats.

DARTENEUF.

I would never have endured their imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed on a good *connoiſſeur* in painting the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats; and even to ſome kinds of fiſh, a rich flavour of bacon, without deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. It does not appear to me that *eſſence of hams* was ever known to the ancients. We have a hundred *ragouts*, the compoſition of which ſurpaſſes all deſcription. Had yours been as good, you could not have lain indolently lolling upon couches while you were eating. They would have made you ſit up, and mind your buſineſs. Then you had a ſtrange cuſtom of having things *read to you* while you were at ſupper. This demonſtrates that you were not ſo well entertained as we are with our meat. When I was at table, I neither heard, nor ſaw, nor ſpoke; I only taſted. But the worſt of all is, that, in the utmoſt perfection of your luxury, you had no wine to be named with Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Old Hock, or Tokay. You boaſted much of your *Falernum*: but I have taſted the *Lacrymæ Chriſti* and other wines of that coaſt, not one of which would I have drunk above a glaſs or two of, if you would have given me the kingdom of Naples. I have read that you boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which is ſufficient evidence that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

APICIUS,

I am afraid you do really excel us in wines; not to mention your beer, your cyder, and your perry, of all which I

* See Bayle, APICIUS. Athenæus, l. i. p. 7.
† Arbuthnot, c. 5. ‡ Arbuthnot, p. 123.
§ Pope's Imit. of Hor. Sat. I. ver. 6. ‖ See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

have heard great fame from your countrymen; and their report has been confirmed by the teſtimony of their neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been alſo ſaid to me of an Engliſh liquor called punch.

DARTENEUF.

Ay—to have died without taſting *that*, is miſerable indeed! There is rum punch, and arrack punch! It is difficult to ſay which is beſt. But Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

APICIUS.

The thought of them puts me into a fever with thirſt.

DARTENEUF.

Theſe incomparable liquors are brought to us from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies; of the firſt of which you knew little, and of the latter nothing. This alone is ſufficient to determine the diſpute. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of *that*, and deſpair.

APICIUS.

I cannot indeed but exceedingly lament my ill fate, that America was not diſcovered before I was born. It tortures me, when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and a number of other fine fruits, or delicious meats, produced there, which I have never taſted.

DARTENEUF.

The ſingle advantage of having ſugar, to ſweeten every thing with, inſtead of honey, which you, for want of the other, were obliged to make uſe of, is ineſtimable.

APICIUS.

I confeſs your ſuperiority in that important article. But what grieves me moſt is, that I never eat a turtle. They tell me that it is abſolutely the beſt of all foods!

DARTENEUF.

Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo—but I never eat any; for, in my time, they were not brought over to England.

APICIUS.

Never eat any turtle? How couldſt thou dare to accuſe me of not going to Sandwich, to eat oyſters; and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America to riot on turtles? But know, wretched man, I am credibly informed, that they are now as plentiful in England as ſturgeons. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſt Indies. I have juſt received this information from a fat alderman, who died in London laſt week, of a ſurfeit he got at a turtle-feaſt in that city.

DARTENEUF.

What does he ſay? does he affirm to you that turtle is better than veniſon?

APICIUS.

He ſays, there was a haunch of the fatteſt veniſon untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle alone.

DARTENEUF.

Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when *the noble ſcience of eating* was ſuppoſed to have been carried to it's higheſt perfection in England and France. And yet a *turtle-feaſt* is a novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day to my own table at London, juſt to taſte of that food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the quantity of it I would eat before the next morning.

APICIUS.

You have forgot you have no *body*: that which you had has long been rotten; and you can never return to the earth with another, unleſs Pythagoras ſhould ſend you thither to animate a hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have eaten dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next age will eat ſome unknown to this. New diſcoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world.—But ſee; who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

MERCURY.

Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that I have ſtood near you inviſible, and heard your diſcourſe; a privilege which, you know, we deities uſe as often as we pleaſe. Attend therefore to what I ſhall communicate to you, relating to the ſubject upon which you have been talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, who had much more pleaſure in eating than either of you through the whole courſe of your lives.

APICIUS.

One of theſe happy epicures, I preſume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman ſettled in the Weſt Indies?

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

No: one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.—I see you both look astonished. But what I tell you, is truth. Labour and hunger give a relish to the *black broth* of the former, and the *salt beef* of the latter, beyond what you ever found in the *tripotanums* or *ham pyes*, that vainly stimulated your forced and languid appetites, which perpetual indolence weakened, and constant luxury overcharged.

DARTENEUF.

This, Apicius, is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle-feast!

APICIUS.

I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your *art of cookery* in my life-time: but it is a sad thing not to know what *good living* is till after one is *dead*.

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—CHARLES XII. KING OF SWEDEN.

ALEXANDER.

YOUR majesty seems in great wrath! Who has offended you?

CHARLES.

The offence is to you as much as me. Here is a fellow admitted into Elysium, who has affronted us both; an English poet, one Pope *. He has called us *two madmen!*

ALEXANDER.

I have been unlucky in poets. No prince ever was fonder of the Muses than I, or has received from them a more ungrateful return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, because he had a Homer to celebrate his exploits; and I most bountifully rewarded Choerilus, a pretender to poetry, for writing verses on mine: but my liberality, instead of doing me honour, has since drawn upon me the ridicule of Horace, a witty Roman poet; and Lucan, another versifier of the same nation, has loaded my memory with the harshest invectives.

CHARLES.

I know nothing of these; but I know that in my time, a pert French fanatic, one Boileau, made so free with your character, that I tore his book for having abused my favourite hero†. And now this saucy Englishman has libelled us both.—But I have a proposal to make to you, for the reparation of our honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all these insolent scribblers out of Elysium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in spite of Pluto and all his guards.

ALEXANDER.

This is just such a scheme as that you formed at Bender, to maintain yourself there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, against the whole force of the Ottoman empire. And I must say, that such follies gave the English poet too much cause to call you a madman.

CHARLES.

If my heroism were madness, yours, I presume, was not wisdom!

ALEXANDER.

There was a vast difference between your conduct and mine. Let poets or declaimers say what they will, history shews, that I was not only the bravest soldier, but one of the ablest commanders the world has ever seen: whereas you, by imprudently leading your army into vast and barren deserts at the approach of the winter, exposed it to perish in it's march for want of subsistence, lost your artillery, lost a great number of your soldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muscovites under such disadvantages as made it almost impossible for you to conquer.

CHARLES.

I will not dispute your superiority as a general. It is not for me, a mere mortal, to contend with the *son of Jupiter Ammon!*

ALEXANDER.

I suppose you think my pretending that Jupiter was my father as much entitles me to the name of a madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you greatly mistake. It was not my vanity, but my policy, which set up that pretension. When I proposed to undertake the conquest of Asia, it was necessary for me to appear to the people something more than a

* Essay on Man, Ep. iv. l. 219, 220.

† See Porriatowski's Remarks on Voltaire's History of Charles XII.

man. They had been used to the idea of *demigod heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal descent with Osiris and Sesostris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former conquerors of the East. The opinion of my divinity assisted my arms, and subdued all nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I called myself *the son of Jupiter*, and kept up the veneration that name inspired, by a courage which seemed more than human, and by the sublime magnanimity of all my behaviour, I did not forget that I was *the son of Philip*. I used the policy of my father, and the wise lessons of Aristotle, whom he had made my preceptor, in the conduct of all my great designs. It was *the son of Philip* who planted Greek colonies in Asia, as far as the Indies; who formed projects of trade more extensive than his empire itself; who laid the foundations of them in the midst of his wars; who built Alexandria, to be the centre and staple of commerce between Europe, Asia, and Africk; who sent Nearchus to navigate the unknown Indian seas, and intended to have gone himself from those seas to the pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explored the passage round Africk, the discovery of which has since been so glorious to Vasco de Gama*. It was *the son of Philip*, who, after subduing the Persians, governed them with such lenity, such justice, and such wisdom, that they loved him even more than ever they had loved their natural kings; and who, by intermarriages, and all methods that could best establish a coalition between the conquerors and conquered, united them into one people. But what, Sir, did you do, to advance the trade of your subjects, to procure any benefit to those whom you had vanquished, or to convert any enemy into a friend?

CHARLES.

When I might easily have made myself king of Poland, and was advised to do so by Count Piper, my favourite minister; I generously gave that kingdom to Stanislaus, as you had given a great part of your conquests in India to Porus, besides his own dominions, which you restored to him entire, after you had beaten his army and taken him captive.

ALEXANDER.

I gave him the government of those countries under me, and as my lieutenant; which was the best method of preserving my power in conquests where I could not leave garrisons sufficient to maintain them. The same policy was afterwards practised by the Romans, who, of all conquerors, except me, were the greatest politicians. But neither was I, nor were they, so extravagant as to conquer only for others, or dethrone kings with no view but merely to have the pleasure of bestowing their crowns on some of their subjects, without any advantage to ourselves. Nevertheless, I will own, that my expedition to India was an exploit of *the son of Jupiter*, not of *the son of Philip*. I should have done better if I had staid to give more consistency to my Persian and Grecian empires, instead of attempting new conquests, and at such a distance, so soon. Yet even this war was of use, to hinder my troops from being corrupted by the effeminacy of Asia, and to keep up that universal awe of my name, which in those countries was the great support of my power.

CHARLES.

In the unwearied activity with which I proceeded from one enterprize to another, I dare call myself your equal. Nay, I may pretend to a higher glory than you, because you only went on from victory to victory; but the greatest losses were not able to diminish my ardour, or stop the efforts of my daring and invincible spirit.

ALEXANDER.

You shewed in adversity much more magnanimity than you did in prosperity. How unworthy of a prince who imitated me was your behaviour to the king your arms had vanquished †! The compelling Augustus to write himself a letter of congratulation to one of his vassals, whom you had placed in his throne, was the very reverse of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous insult upon his ill-fortune! It was the triumph of a little and a low mind! The visit you made him immediately after that insult was a farther contempt, offensive to him, and both useless and dangerous to yourself.

CHARLES.

I feared no danger from it. I knew he durst not use the power I gave him to hurt me.

ALEXANDER.

If his resentment, in that instant, had

* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

† See Voltaire's Charles XII.

prevailed

prevailed over his fear, as it was likely to do, you would have perished deservedly by your insolence and presumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all dangers which I thought it was necessary or proper for me to meet, I never put myself one moment in the power of an enemy whom I had offended. But you had the rashness of *folly* as well as of *heroism*. A false opinion conceived of your enemy's weakness proved at last your undoing. When, in answer to some reasonable propositions of peace sent to you by the Czar, you said, *You would come and treat with him at Moscow*; he replied very justly, *That you affected to act like Alexander, but should not find in him a Darius**. And, doubtless, you ought to have been better acquainted with the character of that prince. Had Persia been governed by a Peter Alexowitz when I made war against it, I should have acted more cautiously, and not have counted so much on the superiority of my troops, in valour and discipline, over an army commanded by a king who was so capable of instructing them in all they wanted.

CHARLES.

The battle of Narva, won by eight thousand Swedes against fourscore thousand Muscovites, seemed to authorize my contempt of the nation and their prince.

ALEXANDER.

It happened that their prince was not present in that battle. But he had not then had the time which was necessary to instruct his barbarous soldiers. You gave him that time; and he made so good a use of it, that you found at Pultowa the Muscovites become a different nation. If you had followed the blow you gave them at Narva, and marched directly to Moscow, you might have destroyed their Hercules in his cradle. But you suffered him to grow, till his strength was mature; and then acted as if he had been still in his childhood.

CHARLES.

I must confess, you excelled me in conduct, in policy, and in true magnanimity. But my liberality was not inferior to yours; and neither you nor any mortal ever surpassed me in the enthusiasm of courage. I was also free from those vices which sullied your character. I never was drunk; I killed no friend in the riot of a feast; I fired no palace at the instigation of a harlot.

ALEXANDER.

It may perhaps be admitted as some excuse for my drunkenness, that the Persians esteemed it an excellence in their kings to be able to drink a great quantity of wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a dishonour†. But you were as frantick and as cruel when sober, as I was when drunk‡. You were sober, when you resolved to continue in Turkey against the will of your host, the *Grand Signior*. You were sober, when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whose only crime was his having maintained the liberties of his country, and who bore the sacred character of an ambassador, to be broken alive on the wheel, against the laws of nations, and those of humanity, more inviolable still to a generous mind. You were likewise sober, when you wrote to the senate of Sweden, who, upon a report of your death, endeavoured to take some care of your kingdom, *That you would send them one of your boots, and from that they should receive their orders, if they pretended to meddle in government*: an insult much worse than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was most heated with wine and with adulation! As for my chastity, it was not so perfect as yours, though on some occasions I obtained great praise for my continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite so insensible to the charms of the fair sex, it would have mitigated and softened the fierceness, the pride, and the obstinacy, of your nature.

CHARLES.

It would have softened me into a woman, or, what I think still more contemptible, the slave of a woman. But you seem to insinuate, that you never were cruel or frantick unless when you were drunk. This I absolutely deny.—§You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæstion's physician, for not curing a man who killed himself by his intemperance in his sickness; nor when you sacrificed to the manes of that favourite officer the whole nation of the Cussians, men, women, and children, who were entirely innocent of his death;

* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

† See Plutarch's Morals, and Xenophon.

‡ See Voltaire's Charles XII.

§ See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

because

becauſe you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated ſome Trojan captives on the tomb of Patroclus. I could mention other proofs that your paſſions enflamed you as much as wine: but theſe are ſufficient.

ALEXANDER.

I cannot deny that my paſſions were ſometimes ſo violent as to deprive me for a while of the uſe of my reaſon; eſpecially when the pride of ſuch amazing ſucceſſes, the ſervitude of the Perſians, and barbarian flattery, had intoxicated my mind. To bear, at my age, with continual moderation, ſuch fortune as mine, was hardly in human nature. As for you, there was an exceſs and intemperance in your virtues, which turned them all into vices. And one virtue you wanted, which in a prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the publick; I mean, the love of ſcience and of the elegant arts. Under my care and patronage, they were carried in Greece to their utmoſt perfection. Ariſtotle, Apelles, and Lyſippus, were among the glories of my reign: yours was illuſtrated only by battles. Upon the whole, though from ſome reſemblance between us, I ſhould naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I muſt give the priority in renown to your enemy, Peter Alexowitz. That great monarch *raiſed* his country; you *ruined* yours. He was a *legiſlator*; you were a *tyrant*.

DIALOGUE XXI.

CARDINAL XIMENES—CARDINAL WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

YOU ſeem to look on me, Ximenes, with an air of ſuperiority, as if I were not your equal. Have you forgotten that I was the favourite and firſt miniſter of a great king of England? that I was at once lord high chancellor, biſhop of Durham, biſhop of Wincheſter, archbiſhop of York, and cardinal legate? On what other ſubject were ever accumulated ſo many dignities, ſuch honours, ſuch power?

XIMENES.

In order to prove yourſelf my equal, you are pleaſed to tell me what you *had*, not what you *did*. But it is not the having great offices; it is the doing great things, that makes a great miniſter. I know that for ſome years you governed the mind of King Henry the Eighth, and conſequently his kingdom, with the moſt abſolute ſway. Let me aſk you, then, what were *the acts of your reign?*

WOLSEY.

My *acts* were thoſe of a very ſkilful courtier and able politician. I managed a temper, which nature had made the moſt difficult to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever exiſted, with ſuch conſummate addreſs, that all it's paſſions were rendered entirely ſubſervient to my inclinations. In foreign affairs, I turned the arms of my maſter, or diſpoſed of his friendſhip, whichever way my own intereſt happened to direct. It was not with *him*, but with *me*, that treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded, during my miniſtry, that did not contain ſome article in my favour, beſide ſecret aſſurances of aiding my ambition or reſentment, which were the real ſprings of all my negociations. At home, I brought the pride of the Engliſh nobility, which had reſiſted the greateſt of the Plantagenets, to bow ſubmiſſively to the ſon of a *butcher of Ipſwich*. And, as my power was royal, my ſtate and magnificence were ſuitable to it: my buildings, my furniture, my houſehold, my equipage, my liberality, and my charities, were above the rank of a ſubject.

XIMENES.

From all you have ſaid, I underſtand that you gained great advantages *for yourſelf* in the courſe of your miniſtry, too great indeed for a good man to deſire, or a wiſe man to accept. But what did you do for your ſovereign, and for the ſtate?—You make me no anſwer. —What I did is well known*. I was not content with forcing the arrogance of the Spaniſh nobility to ſtoop to my power, but uſed that power to free the people from their oppreſſions. In you, they reſpected the royal authority; I

* See Marſolier, Vie de Ximenes.

made

made them respect the majesty of the laws. I also relieved my countrymen, the commons of Castile, from a most grievous burthen, by an alteration in the method of collecting their taxes. After the death of Isabella, I preserved the tranquillity of Arragon and Castile, by procuring the regency of the latter for Ferdinand, a wife and valiant prince, though he had not been my friend during the life of the queen. And when, after his decease, I was raised to the regency by the general esteem and affection of the Castilians, I administered the government with great courage, firmness, and prudence; with the most perfect disinterestedness in regard to myself, and most zealous concern for the publick. I suppressed all the factions which threatened to disturb the peace of that kingdom in the minority and the absence of the young king; and prevented the discontents of the commons of Castile, too justly incensed against the Flemish ministers, who governed their prince and rapaciously pillaged their country, from breaking out, during my life, into open rebellion, as they did, most unhappily, soon after my death. These were my civil acts: but, to compleat the renown of my administration, I added to it the palm of military glory. At my own charges, and myself commanding the army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it, with it's territory, to the Spanish dominions.

WOLSEY.

My soul was as elevated and noble as yours; my understanding as strong, and more refined. But the difference of our conduct arose from the difference of our objects. To raise your reputation, and secure your power in Castile, by making that kingdom as happy and as great as you could, was your object. Mine was, to procure *the triple crown* for myself, by the assistance of my sovereign, and of the greatest foreign powers. Each of us took the means that were evidently most proper to the accomplishment of his ends.

XIMENES.

Can you confess such a principle of your conduct without a blush? But you will at least be ashamed, that you failed in your purpose, and were the dupe of the powers with whom you negotiated—after having dishonoured the character of your master, in order to serve your own ambition. I accomplished my desire, with glory to my sovereign, and advantage to my country. Beside this difference, there was a great one in the methods by which we acquired our power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of princes; but I gained Isabella's by the opinion she had of my piety and integrity: you gained Henry's by a complaisance and course of life, which were a reproach to your character and sacred orders.

WOLSEY.

I did not, as you, Ximenes, did, carry with me to court the austerity of a monk; nor, if I had done so, could I possibly have gained any influence there. Isabella and Henry were different characters, and their favour was to be sought in different ways. By making myself agreeable to the latter, I so governed his passions, unruly as they were, that, while I lived, they did not produce any of those dreadful effects, which after my death were caused by them in his family and kingdom.

XIMENES.

If Henry the Eighth, your master, had been king of Castile, I would never have been drawn by him out of my cloister. A man of virtue and spirit will not be prevailed with to go into a court where he cannot rise without baseness.

WOLSEY.

The inflexibility of your mind had like to have ruined you in some of your measures*: and the bigotry which you had derived from your long abode in a cloister, and retained when a minister, was very near depriving the crown of Castile of the new-conquered kingdom of Granada, by the revolt of the Moors in that city, whom you had prematurely forced to change their religion. Do you not remember how angry King Ferdinand was with you on that account?

XIMENES.

I do, and must acknowledge that my zeal was too intemperate in all that proceeding.

WOLSEY.

My worst complaisances to King Henry the Eighth were far less hurtful to England, than the unjust and inhuman court of inquisition which you established in

* See Marsolier, Vie de Ximesne.

Granada,

Granada, to watch over the faith of your unwilling converts, has been to Spain.

XIMENES.

I only revived and ſettled in Granada an ancient tribunal, inſtituted firſt by one of our ſaints againſt the Albigenſes, and gave it greater powers. The miſchiefs which have attended it cannot be denied. But if any force may be uſed for the maintenance of religion, (and the church of Rome has, you know, declared authoritatively that it may) none could be ſo effectual to anſwer the purpoſe.

WOLSEY.

This is an argument rather againſt the opinion of the church, than for the inquiſition. I will only ſay, I think myſelf very happy, that my adminiſtration was ſtained with no action of cruelty, not even cruelty *ſanctified by the name of religion*. My temper indeed, which influenced my conduct more than my principles, was much milder than yours. To the proud; I was proud; but to my friends and inferiors, benevolent and humane. Had I ſucceeded in the great object of my ambition, had I acquired the popedom, I ſhould have governed the church with more moderation and better ſenſe than, probably, you would have done, if you had exchanged the ſee of Toledo for that of Rome. My good-nature, my policy, my taſte for magnificence, my love of the fine arts, of wit, and of learning, would have made me the delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greateſt princes. Whereas in you, the four bigot and rigid monk would too much have prevailed over the prince and the ſtateſman.

XIMENES.

What either of us would have been in that ſituation does not appear. But, if you are compared to me *as a miniſter*, you are vaſtly inferior. The only circumſtance in which you can juſtly pretend to any equality, is the encouragement you gave to learning, and your munificence in promoting it, which was indeed very great. Your two colleges founded at Ipſwich and Oxford may vie with my univerſity at Alcala de Henara. But in our generoſity there was this difference: all my revenues were ſpent in well-placed liberalities, in acts of charity, piety, and virtue; whereas a great part of your enormous wealth was ſquandered away in luxury and vain oſtentation. With regard to all other points, my ſuperiority is apparent. You were only a favourite: I was the friend and the father of the people. You ſerved yourſelf: I ſerved the ſtate. The concluſion of our lives was alſo much more honourable to me than you.

WOLSEY.

Did not you die, as I did, in diſgrace with your maſter?

XIMENES.

That diſgrace was brought upon me by a faction of foreigners, to whoſe power, as a good Spaniard, I would not ſubmit. A miniſter, who falls a victim to ſuch an oppoſition, riſes by his fall. Yours was not graced by any publick cauſe, any merit to the nation: your ſpirit therefore ſunk under it; you bore it with meanneſs. Mine was unbroken, ſuperior to my enemies, ſuperior to fortune; and I died, as I had lived, with undiminiſhed dignity and greatneſs of mind.

DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN — RABELAIS.

LUCIAN.

FRIEND Rabelais, well met.—Our ſouls are very good company for one another. We both were great wits, and moſt audacious freethinkers. We laughed often at Folly, and ſometimes at Wiſdom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my ſtyle: but then, in return, you had a greater fertility of imagination. My *True Hiſtory* is much inferior, in fancy and invention, in force of wit and keenneſs of ſatire, to your *Hiſtory of the Acts of Garagantua and Pantagruel*.

RABELAIS.

You do me great honour: but I may ſay, without vanity, that both thoſe compoſitions entitle the authors of them to a very diſtinguiſhed place, among memoir-writers, travellers, and even hiſtorians ancient and modern.

LUCIAN.

Doubtleſs they do. But will you pardon me if I aſk you one queſtion? Why

Why did you chuſe to write ſuch abſolute *nonſenſe*, as you have in ſome places of your illuſtrious work?

RABELAIS.

I was forced to compound my phyſick for the mind with a large doſe of nonſenſe, in order to make it go down. To own the truth to you, if I had not ſo frequently put on *the fool's cap*, the freedoms I took, in other places, with *cowls*, with *red hats*, and *the triple crown itſelf*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my book, but I myſelf, ſhould, in all probability, have been condemned to the flames: and martyrdom was an honour to which I never aſpired. I therefore counterfeited folly, like Junius Brutus, from the wiſeſt of all principles, that of ſelf-preſervation. You, Lucian, had no need to uſe ſo much caution. Your heathen prieſts deſired only a ſacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a mark of *conformity*; and kindly allowed him to make as free as he pleaſed, in converſation or writings, with the whole tribe of gods and goddeſſes, from the thundering Jupiter and the ſcolding Juno, down to *the dog Anubis* and the fragrant dame *Cloacina*.

LUCIAN.

Say rather that our government allowed us that liberty! for, I aſſure you, our prieſts were by no means pleaſed with it; at leaſt they were not in my time.

RABELAIS.

The wiſer men they! for, in ſpite of the conformity required by the laws, and enforced by the magiſtrate, that ridicule brought the ſyſtem of pagan theology into contempt, not only with the philoſophical part of mankind, but even with the vulgar.

LUCIAN.

It did ſo; and the ableſt defenders of paganiſm were forced to give up the poetical fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

RABELAIS.

An excellent way of drawing ſenſe out of abſurdity, and grave inſtructions from lewdneſs! There is a great modern wit, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who, in his treatiſe, intituled *The Wiſdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own prieſts!

LUCIAN.

He has indeed ſhewn himſelf an admirable chemiſt, and made a fine tranſmutation of folly into wiſdom. But all the latter Platoniſts took the ſame method of defending our faith, when it was attacked by the Chriſtians: and certainly a more judicious one could not be found. Our fables ſay, that, in one of their wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themſelves into *beaſts*, in order to eſcape from the conquerors. Juſt the reverſe happened here:—for, by this happy art, our *beaſtly divinities* were turned again into rational beings.

RABELAIS.

Give me a good commentator, with a ſubtle, refining, philoſophical head; and you ſhall have the edification of ſeeing him draw *the moſt ſublime allegories*, and the moſt venerable *myſtick truths*, from my hiſtory of *the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel!* I don't deſpair of being proved, to the entire ſatisfaction of ſome future age, to have been, without exception, the profoundeſt *divine* and *metaphyſician* that ever yet held a pen.

LUCIAN.

I ſhall rejoice to ſee you advanced to that honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to conſider you as one of our claſs. There you ſit very high.

RABELAIS.

I am afraid there is another, and a modern author too, whom you would bid to ſit above me, and but juſt below yourſelf: I mean Dr. Swift.

LUCIAN.

It was not neceſſary for him to throw ſo much nonſenſe into his hiſtory of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two illuſtrious heroes: and his ſtyle is far more correct than yours. His wit never deſcended (as yours frequently did) into the loweſt of taverns, nor ever wore the meaneſt garb of the vulgar.

RABELAIS.

If the garb, which it wore, was not as *mean*, I am certain it was ſometimes as *dirty* as mine.

LUCIAN.

It was not always nicely clean. Yet, in compariſon with you, he was decent and elegant. But whether there were not in your compoſitions more *fire*, and a more *comick ſpirit*, I will not determine.

RABELAIS.

If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a matter in diſpute, as I have left the great queſtion, *Whether Panurge*

ſhould marry or not? I would as ſoon undertake to meaſure the difference between the height and bulk of the giant Garagantua and his Brobdignanian majeſty, as the difference of merit between my writings and Swift's. If any man take a fancy to like my book, let him freely enjoy the entertainment it gives him, and drink to my memory in a bumper. If another like Gulliver, let him toaſt Dr. Swift. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a bumper, *ſuppoſing the wine to be good.* If a third like neither of us, let him ſilently paſs the bottle, and be quiet.

LUCIAN.

But what if he will not be quiet? A critick is an unquiet creature.

RABELAIS.

Why then he will diſturb himſelf, not me.

LUCIAN.

You are a greater philoſopher than I thought you! I knew you paid no reſpect to popes or kings; but to pay none to critics, is, in an author, a magnanimity beyond all example.

RABELAIS.

My life was a farce: my death was a farce: and would you have me make my book a ſerious affair? As for you, though in general you are only a joker, yet ſometimes you muſt be ranked among grave authors. You have written ſage and learned diſſertations on hiſtory, and other weighty matters. The criticks have therefore an undoubted right to maul you, if they find you in their province. But, if any of them dare to come into mine, I will order Garagantua to ſwallow them up, as he did the ſix pilgrims, in the next ſallad he eats*.

LUCIAN.

Have I not heard that you wrote a very good ſerious book on the Aphoriſms of Hippocrates?

RABELAIS.

Upon my faith, I had forgot it. I am ſo uſed to my *fool's coat*, that I don't know myſelf in my ſolemn *doctor's gown*. But your information was right: that book was indeed a very reſpectable work. Yet nobody reads it; and if I had written nothing elſe, I ſhould have been reckoned, at beſt, *a lacquey to Hippocrates*: whereas the hiſtorian of *Panurge* is *an eminent writer*. Plain good ſenſe, like a diſh of ſolid beef or mutton, is proper only for peaſants; but *a ragout of folly*, well dreſſed with *a ſharp ſauce of wit*, is fit to be ſerved up at an emperor's table.

LUCIAN.

You are an admirable pleaſant fellow! let me embrace you.—How Apollo and the Muſes may rank you on Parnaſſus, I am not very certain: but, if I were maſter of the ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you ſhould be placed, with a full bowl of nectar before you, at the right-hand of Momus.

RABELAIS.

I wiſh you were—but I fear the inhabitants of thoſe ſublime regions will like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himſelf could get a ſeat at that table, I cannot well comprehend! It has been uſual, I confeſs, in ſome of our courts upon earth, to have a privileged jeſter, called *the king's fool*. But in the court of heaven one ſhould not have ſuppoſed ſuch an officer as *Jupiter's fool*. Your allegorical theology in this point is very abſtruſe.

LUCIAN.

I think our prieſts admitted Momus into our heaven, as the Indians are ſaid to worſhip the devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him. For we may talk of the *giants* as much as we pleaſe; but to *our gods* there is no enemy ſo formidable as he. *Ridicule* is the terror of all *falſe religion*. Nothing but *truth* can ſtand it's laſh.

RABELAIS.

Truth, advantageouſly ſet in a good and fair light, can ſtand any attacks; but thoſe of ridicule are ſo teazing and ſo fallacious, that I have ſeen them put her ladyſhip very much out of humour.

LUCIAN.

Ay, friend Rabelais; and ſometimes out of countenance too. But *truth* and *wit* in confederacy will ſtrike Momus dumb. United they are invincible; and ſuch a union is neceſſary upon certain occaſions. *Falſe reaſoning* is moſt effectually expoſed by *plain ſenſe*; but *wit* is the beſt opponent to *falſe ridicule*; as *juſt ridicule* is to all the *abſurdities* which dare to aſſume the venerable names of *Philoſophy* or *Religion*. Had we made ſuch a proper uſe of our agreeable talents, had we employed our ridi-

* See Rabelais, l. i. c. 38.

cule

cule to ſtrip the fooliſh faces of ſuperſtition, fanaticiſm, and dogmatical pride, of the ſerious and ſolemn maſks with which they are covered; at the ſame time exerting all the ſharpneſs of our wit, to combat the ſtippancy and pertneſs of thoſe who argue only by jeſts againſt reaſon and evidence, in points of the higheſt and moſt ſerious concern; we ſhould have much better merited the eſteem of mankind.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES—COSMO DE MEDICIS, THE FIRST OF THAT NAME.

PERICLES.

IN what I have heard of your character and your fortune, illuſtrious Coſmo, I find a moſt remarkable reſemblance with mine*. We both lived in republicks where the ſovereign power was in the people; and, by mere civil arts, but more eſpecially by our eloquence, attained, without any force, to ſuch a degree of authority, that we ruled thoſe tumultuous and ſtormy democracies with an abſolute ſway, turned the tempeſts which agitated them upon the heads of our enemies, and, after having long and proſperouſly conducted the greateſt affairs in war and peace, died revered and lamented by all our fellow-citizens.

COSMO.

We have indeed an equal right to value ourſelves on *that nobleſt of empires*, the empire we gained over *the minds* of our countrymen.—*Force* or *caprice* may give *power*; but nothing can give *a laſting authority*, except *wiſdom and virtue*. By theſe we obtained, by theſe we preſerved, in our reſpective countries, a dominion unſtained by uſurpation or blood, a dominion conferred on us by the publick eſteem and the publick affection. We were in reality ſovereigns, while we lived with the ſimplicity of private men: and Athens and Florence believed themſelves to be free, though they obeyed all our dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæſar. It is the perfection of policy, to tame the fierce ſpirit of popular liberty, not by blows or by chains, but by ſoothing it into a voluntary obedience, and bringing it to lick the hand that reſtrains it.

PERICLES.

The taſk can never be eaſy; but the difficulty was ſtill greater to me than to you. For I had a lion to tame, from whoſe intractable fury the greateſt men of my country, and of the whole world, with all their wiſdom and virtue, could not ſave themſelves. Themiſtocles and Ariſtides were examples of terror, that might well have deterred me from the adminiſtration of publick affairs at Athens. Another impediment in my way was the power of Cimon, who, for his goodneſs, his liberality, and the luſtre of his victories over the Perſians, was much beloved by the people; and, at the ſame time, by being thought to favour ariſtocracy, had all the noble and rich citizens devoted to his party. It ſeemed impoſſible to ſhake ſo well eſtabliſhed a greatneſs. Yet, by the charms and force of my eloquence, which exceeded that of all orators contemporary with me, by the integrity of my life, my moderation, and my prudence, but, above all, by my artful management of the people, whoſe power I encreaſed, that I might render it the baſis and ſupport of my own, I gained ſuch an aſcendancy over all my opponents, that, having firſt procured the baniſhment of Cimon by oſtraciſm, and then of Thucydides, another formidable antagoniſt ſet up by the nobles againſt my authority, I became the unrivalled chief, or rather the monarch, of the Athenian republick, without ever putting to death, in above forty years that my adminiſtration continued, one of my fellow-citizens: a circumſtance which I declared, when I lay on my death-bed, to be, in my own judgment, more honourable to me, than all my proſperity in the government of the ſtate, or the nine trophies erected for ſo many victories obtained by my conduct.

COSMO.

I had alſo the ſame happineſs to boaſt

* Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii. See alſo Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, from the fourth book to the eighth.

of at my death; and some additions were made to the territories of Florence under my government: but I myself was no soldier, and the commonwealth I directed was never either so warlike or so powerful as Athens. I must, therefore, not pretend to vie with you in the lustre of military glory: and I will moreover acknowledge, that to govern a people, whose spirit and pride were exalted by the wonderful victories of Marathon, Mycale, Salamis, and Platæa, was much more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuscans. The liberty of the Athenians was, in your time, more imperious, more haughty, more insolent, than the despotism of the king of Persia. How great then must have been your ability and address, that could so absolutely reduce it under your power! Yet the temper of my countrymen was not easy to govern, for it was exceedingly factious. The history of Florence is little else, for several ages, than an account of conspiracies against the state. In my youth, I myself suffered much, by the dissentions which then embroiled the republick. I was imprisoned, and banished; but, after the course of some years, my enemies, in their turn, were driven into exile. I was brought back in triumph; and from that time till my death, which was above thirty years, I governed the Florentines, not by arms, or evil arts of tyrannical power, but with a legal authority; which I exercised so discreetly, as to gain the esteem of all the neighbouring potentates, and such a constant affection of all my fellow-citizens, that an inscription, which gave me the title of *Father of my Country*, was engraved on my monument, by an unanimous decree of the whole commonwealth.

PERICLES.

Your end was incomparably more happy than mine. For you died, rather of age than any violent illness, and left the Florentines in a state of peace and prosperity procured for them by your counsels. But I died of the plague, after having seen it almost depopulate Athens; and left my country engaged in a most dangerous war, to which my advice and the power of my eloquence had excited the people. The misfortune of the pestilence, with the inconveniences they suffered on account of the war, so irritated their minds, that, no long before my death, they condemned me to a fine.

COSMO.

It is wonderful, that, when once their anger was raised, it went no further against you! A favourite of the people, when disgraced, is in still greater danger than a favourite of the king.

PERICLES.

Your surprize will increase, at hearing that very soon afterward they chose me their general, and conferred on me again the principal direction of all their affairs. Had I lived, I should have so conducted the war, as to have ended it with advantage and honour to my country; for, having secured to her the sovereignty of the sea, by the defeat of the Samians, before I let her engage with the power of Sparta, I knew that our enemies would be at length wearied out, and compelled to sue for a peace; because the city, from the strength of it's fortifications, and the great army within it, being on the land-side impregnable to the Spartans, and drawing continual supplies from the sea, suffered not much by the ravages of the country about it, whence I had before removed all the inhabitants: whereas their allies were undone by the descents we made on their coasts.

COSMO.

You seem to have understood beyond all other men what advantages are to be drawn from a *maritime power*, and how to make it the surest foundation of *empire*.

PERICLES.

I followed the plan traced out by Themistocles, the ablest politician that Greece had ever produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponnesian war (as some have supposed) only to make myself necessary, and stop an enquiry into my publick accounts: I really thought, that the republick of Athens could no longer defer a contest with Sparta, without giving up to that state the precedence in the direction of Greece, and her own independence*. To keep off for some time even a necessary war, with a probable hope of making it more advantageously at a favourable opportunity, is an act of true wisdom: but not to make it, when you see that your enemy will be strengthened, and your own ad-

* See Thucydides, l. ii.

vantages

vantages loſt, or conſiderably leſſened, by the delay, is a moſt pernicious imprudence. With relation to my accounts, I had nothing to fear. I had not embezzled one *drachma* of publick money, nor added one to my own paternal eſtate; and the people had placed ſo entire a confidence in me, that they had allowed me, againſt the uſual forms of their government, to diſpoſe of large ſums for *ſecret ſervice*, without account*. When therefore I adviſed the Peloponneſian war, I neither acted from private views, nor with the inconſiderate temerity of a reſtleſs ambition; but as became a wiſe ſtateſman, who, having weighed all the dangers that may attend a great enterprize, and ſeeing a reaſonable hope of good ſucceſs, makes it his option to fight for dominion and glory, rather than ſacrifice both to the uncertain poſſeſſion of an inſecure peace†.

COSMO.

How were you ſure of inducing ſo volatile a people to perſevere in ſo ſteady a ſyſtem of conduct as that which you had laid down; a ſyſtem attended with much inconvenience and loſs to particulars, while it preſented but little to ſtrike or inflame the imagination of the publick? Bold and arduous enterprizes, great battles, much bloodſhed, and a ſpeedy deciſion, are what the multitude deſire in every war: but your plan of operation was the reverſe of all this; and the execution of it required the temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

PERICLES.

I found indeed many ſymptoms of their impatience; but I was able to reſtrain it, by the authority I had gained. For, during my whole miniſtry, I never had ſtooped to court their favour by any unworthy means; never flattered them in their follies, nor complied with their paſſions againſt their true intereſts and my own better judgment; but uſed the power of my eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wiſe moderation, to raiſe their ſpirits when too low, and ſhew them their danger when they grew too preſumptuous; the good effects of which conduct they had happily experienced in all their affairs. Whereas thoſe who ſucceeded to me in the government, by their incapacity, their corruption, and their ſervile complaiſance to the humour of the people, preſently loſt all the fruits of my virtue and prudence. Xerxes himſelf, I am convinced, did not ſuffer more by the flattery of his courtiers, than the Athenians, after my deceaſe, by that of their orators and miniſters of ſtate.

COSMO.

Thoſe orators could not gain the favour of the people by any other methods. Your arts were more noble; they were the arts of a ſtateſman and of a prince. Your magnificent buildings, which in beauty of architecture ſurpaſſed any the world had ever ſeen, the ſtatues of Phidias, the paintings of Xeuxis, the protection you gave to knowledge, genius, and abilities of every kind, added as much to the glory of Athens, as to your popularity. And in this I may boaſt of an equal merit to Florence‡. For I embelliſhed that city, and the whole country about it, with excellent buildings; I protected all arts; and, though I was not myſelf ſo eloquent or ſo learned as you, I no leſs encouraged thoſe who were eminent, in my time, for their eloquence or their learning. Marcilius Ficinus, *the ſecond father of the Platonick philoſophy*, lived in my houſe, and converſed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras with you§. Nor did I ever forget and ſuffer him ſo to want the neceſſaries of life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had like to have periſhed by that unfriendly neglect; but, to ſecure him at all times from any diſtreſs in his circumſtances, and enable him to purſue his ſublime ſpeculations unmoleſted by low cares, I gave him an eſtate adjacent to one of my favourite villas. I alſo drew to Florence Argiropolo, the moſt learned Greek of thoſe times; that, under my patronage, he might teach the Florentine youth the language and ſciences of his country. But with regard to our buildings, there is this remarkable difference: yours were all raiſed at the expence of the publick, mine at my own.

PERICLES.

My eſtate would bear no profuſeneſs, nor allow me to exert the generoſity of my nature. Your wealth exceeded that

* See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles; and Diodorus Siculus.
† Thucydides, l. ii. ‡ Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. vii.
§ See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

of

of any particular, or indeed of any prince, who lived in your days. The vaſt commerce, which, after the example of your anceſtors, you continued to carry on in all parts of the world, even while you preſided at the helm of the ſtate, enabled you to do thoſe ſplendid acts, which rendered your name ſo illuſtrious. But I was conſtrained to make the publick treaſure the fund of my bounties *; and I thought I could not poſſibly diſpoſe of it better, in time of peace, than in finding employment for that part of the people which muſt elſe have been idle, and uſeleſs to the community; introducing into Greece all the elegant arts, and adorning my country with works that are an honour to human nature. For, while I attended the moſt to theſe civil and peaceful occupations, I did not neglect to provide, with timely care, againſt war; nor ſuffer the nation to ſink into luxury and effeminate ſoftneſs. I kept our fleets in continual exerciſe, maintained a great number of ſeamen in conſtant pay, and diſciplined well our land-forces. Nor did I ever ceaſe to recommend to all the Athenians, both by precepts and example, frugality, temperance, magnanimity, fortitude, and whatever could moſt effectually contribute to ſtrengthen their bodies and minds.

COSMO.

Yet I have heard you condemned, for rendering the people leſs ſober and modeſt, by giving them a ſhare of the conquered lands, and paying them wages for their neceſſary attendance in the publick aſſemblies and other civil functions; but more eſpecially for the vaſt and ſuperfluous expence you entailed on the ſtate, in the theatrical ſpectacles with which you entertained them at the coſt of the publick.

PERICLES.

Perhaps I may have been too laviſh in ſome of thoſe bounties.—Yet, in a popular ſtate, it is neceſſary that the people ſhould be amuſed, and ſhould ſo far partake of the opulence of the publick, as not to ſuffer any want, which would render their minds too low and ſordid for their political duties. In my time, the revenues of Athens were ſufficient to bear this charge: but afterward, when we had loſt the greateſt part of our empire, it became, I muſt confeſs, too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one cauſe of our ruin.

COSMO.

It is a moſt dangerous thing to load the ſtate with largeſſes of that nature, or indeed with any unneceſſary but popular charges; becauſe to reduce them is almoſt impoſſible, though the circumſtances of the publick ſhould neceſſarily demand a reduction. But did not you likewiſe, in order to advance your own greatneſs, throw into the hands of the people of Athens more power than the inſtitutions of Solon had entruſted them with, and more than was conſiſtent with the good of the ſtate?

PERICLES.

We are now in the regions where Truth preſides; and I dare not offend her, by playing the orator in defence of my conduct. I muſt therefore acknowledge that, by weakening the power of the court of Areopagus, I tore up that anchor, which Solon had wiſely fixed, to keep his republick firm againſt the ſtorms and fluctuations of popular factions †. This alteration, which fundamentally injured the whole ſtate, I made, with a view to ſerve my own ambition, the only paſſion in my nature which I could not contain within the limits of virtue. For I knew that my eloquence would ſubject the people to me, and make them the willing inſtruments of all my deſires; whereas the Areopagus had in it an authority and a dignity which I could not controul. Thus, by diminiſhing the counterpoiſe our conſtitution had ſettled to moderate the exceſs of popular power, I augmented my own. But, ſince my death, I have been often reproached by the ſhades of ſome of the moſt virtuous and wiſeſt Athenians, who have fallen victims to the caprice or fury of the people, with having been the firſt cauſe of the injuſtice they ſuffered, and of all the miſchiefs perpetually brought on my country, by raſh undertakings, bad conduct, and fluctuating councils. They ſay, I delivered up the ſtate to the government of indiſcreet or venal orators, and to the paſſions of a miſguided, infatuated multitude, who thought their freedom conſiſted in encouraging calumnies againſt

* See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii.

† See Plutarch, in the Lives of Solon and of Pericles.

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the beſt ſervants of the commonwealth, and conferring power upon thoſe who had no other merit than falling in with and ſoothing a popular folly. It is uſeleſs for me to plead, that during my life none of theſe miſchiefs were felt; that I employed my rhetorick to promote none but good and wiſe meaſures; that I was as free from any taint of avarice or corruption as Ariſtides himſelf *. They reply, that I am anſwerable for all the great evils occaſioned afterward by the want of that ſalutary reſtraint on the natural levity and extravagance of a democracy, which I had taken away. Socrates calls me the patron of Anytus: and Solon himſelf frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

COSMO.

Solon has reaſon to do ſo—for tell me, Pericles, what opinion would you have of the architect you employed in your buildings, if he had made them to laſt no longer than during the term of your life?

PERICLES.

The anſwer to your queſtion will turn to your own condemnation. Your exceſſive liberalities to the indigent citizens, and the great ſums you lent to all the noble families, did in reality *buy* the republick of Florence; and gave your family ſuch a power as enabled them to convert it from a popular ſtate into an abſolute monarchy †.

COSMO.

The Florentines were ſo infeſted with diſcord and faction, and their commonwealth was ſo void of military virtue, that they could not have long been exempt from a more ignominious ſubjection to ſome *foreign power*, if thoſe internal diſſentions, with the confuſion and anarchy they produced, had continued ‡. But the Athenians had performed very glorious exploits, had obtained a great empire; and were become one of the nobleſt ſtates in the world, before you altered the balance of their government. And after that alteration they declined very faſt, till they loſt all their greatneſs.

PERICLES.

Their conſtitution had originally a foul blemiſh in it, I mean *the ban of oſtracism*, which alone would have been ſufficient to undo any ſtate. For there is nothing of ſuch important uſe to a nation, as that men who moſt excel in wiſdom and virtue ſhould be encouraged to undertake the buſineſs of government. But this deteſtable cuſtom deterred ſuch men from ſerving the publick, or, if they ventured to do ſo, turned even their own wiſdom and virtue againſt them; ſo that in Athens it was ſafer to be infamous than renowned. We are told indeed, by the advocates for this ſtrange inſtitution, that it was not *a puniſhment*, but meant as *a guard to the equality and liberty of the ſtate*: for which reaſon, they deem it *an honour* done to the perſons againſt whom it was uſed: as if words could change the real nature of things, and make a baniſhment of ten years, inflicted on a good citizen by the ſuffrages of his countrymen, no evil to him, or no offence againſt juſtice and the natural right every freeman may claim, that he ſhall not be expelled from any ſociety of which he is a member, without having firſt been proved guilty of ſome criminal action.

COSMO.

The oſtraciſm was indeed a moſt unpardonable fault in the Athenian conſtitution. It placed envy in the ſeat of juſtice, and gave to private malice and publick ingratitude a legal right to do wrong. Other nations are blamed for tolerating vice; but the Athenians alone would not tolerate virtue.

PERICLES.

The friends to the oſtraciſm ſay, that too eminent virtue deſtroys that equality, which is the ſafeguard of freedom.

COSMO.

No ſtate is well modelled, if it cannot preſerve itſelf from the danger of tyranny without a grievous violation of natural juſtice: nor would a friend to *true freedom*, which conſiſts in being governed, not by men, but by laws, deſire to live in a country where a Cleon bore rule, and where an Ariſtides was not ſuffered to remain. But, inſtead of remedying this evil, you made it worſe. You rendered the people more intractable, more adverſe to virtue, leſs ſubject to the laws, and more to impreſſions from miſchievous demagogues, than they had been before your time.

PERICLES.

In truth, I did ſo—and therefore my

* See Thucydides, l. ii. † See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. vii.
‡ See Machiavel's Hiſtory.

place

place in Elysium, notwithstanding the integrity of my whole publick conduct, and the great virtues I exerted, is much below the rank of those who have governed commonwealths, or limited monarchies, not merely with a concern for their present advantage, but also with a prudent regard to that *balance of power*, on which their permanent happiness must necessarily depend.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE—BAYLE.

BAYLE.

YES, we both were philosophers; but my philosophy was the deepest. You *dogmatized*: I *doubted*.

LOCKE.

Do you make *doubting* a proof of *depth* in philosophy? It may be a good *beginning* of it; but it is a bad *end*.

BAYLE.

No:—the more profound our searches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we shall find; and the most subtle minds see objections and difficulties in every system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary understandings.

LOCKE.

It would be better then to be no philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something*. I find that the eyes which nature has given me see many things very clearly, though some are out of their reach, or discerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a physician, who should offer me an eye-water, the use of which would at first so sharpen my sight, as to carry it farther than ordinary vision; but would in the end put them out? Your philosophy, Monsieur Bayle, is to the eyes of the mind what I have supposed the doctor's *nostrum* to be to those of the body. It actually brought your own excellent understanding, which was by nature quick-sighted, and rendered more so by art and a subtilty of logick peculiar to yourself—it brought, I say, your very acute understanding to see nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great truths of reason and religion in mists of doubt.

BAYLE.

I own, it did—but your comparison is not just. I did not see well, before I used my philosophick eye-water: I only supposed I saw well; but I was in an error, with all the rest of mankind. The blindness was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myself first of those false imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men.

LOCKE.

A great cure indeed! and don't you think that, in return for the service you did them, they ought to erect you a statue?

BAYLE.

Yes; it is good for human nature to know it's own weakness. When we arrogantly presume on a strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves, or at least of deserving ridicule and contempt by vain and idle efforts.

LOCKE.

I agree with you, that human nature should know it's own weakness; but it should also feel it's strength, and try to improve it. This was my employment as a philosopher. I endeavoured to discover the real powers of the mind, to see what it could do, and what it could not; to restrain it from efforts beyond it's ability; but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmost exertion and most proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vast ocean of philosophy, I had the line and the plummet always in my hands. Many of it's depths I found myself unable to fathom; but, by caution in sounding, and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage, I found out some truths of so much use to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

BAYLE.

Their ignorance makes them think so. Some other philosopher will come hereafter, and shew those truths to be falsehoods. He will pretend to discover other truths of equal importance. A later sage will arise, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whose sagacious discoveries will discredit the

opinions

opinions of his admired predeceſſor. In philoſophy, as in nature, all changes it's form, and one thing exiſts by the deſtruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient inveſtigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phænomena of nature built on ſuppoſitions inſtead of experiments, muſt perpetually change and deſtroy one another. But ſome opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common ſenſe of mankind, which the mind has received on ſuch rational grounds of aſſent, that they are as immoveable as the pillars of heaven, or (to ſpeak philoſophically) as the great laws of nature, by which, under GOD, the univerſe is ſuſtained. Can you ſeriouſly think, that, becauſe the hypotheſis of your countryman Deſcartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the ſyſtem of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two moſt certain methods of diſcovering truth, will ever fail; or that, becauſe the whims of fanaticks and the divinity of the ſchoolmen cannot now be ſupported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthuſiaſm and falſe reaſoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be ſhaken?

BAYLE.

If you had aſked Deſcartes, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his ſyſtem would be ever confuted by any other philoſophers, as that of Ariſtotle has been by his, what anſwer do you ſuppoſe he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, Monſieur Bayle, you yourſelf know the difference between the foundations on which the credit of thoſe ſyſtems and that of Newton is placed. Your ſcepticiſm is more affected than real. You found it a ſhorter way to a great reputation (the only wiſh of your heart) to object, than to defend; to pull down, than to ſet up. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together, in a Critical Dictionary, a pleaſant tale, or obſcene jeſt, and a grave argument againſt the Chriſtian religion, a witty confutation of ſome abſurd author, and an artful ſophiſm to impeach ſome reſpectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young ſmarts and ſmatterers in free-thinking. But what miſchief have you not done to human ſociety? You have endeavoured, and with ſome degree of ſucceſs, to ſhake thoſe foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabrick of ſocial happineſs, entirely reſt. How could you, as a philoſopher, in the ſober hours of reflection, anſwer for this to your conſcience, even ſuppoſing you had doubts of the truth of a ſyſtem, which gives to virtue it's ſweeteſt hopes, to impenitent vice it's greateſt fears, and to true penitence it's beſt conſolations; which reſtrains even the leaſt approaches to guilt, and yet makes thoſe allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the Stoick pride denied to it, but which it's real imperfection and the goodneſs of it's infinitely benevolent Creator ſo evidently require?

BAYLE.

The mind is free; and it loves to exert it's freedom. Any reſtraint upon it is a violence done to it's nature, and a tyranny, againſt which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

The mind, though free, has a governor within itſelf, which may and ought to limit the exerciſe of it's freedom. That governor is Reaſon.

BAYLE.

Yes:—but Reaſon, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice than upon any fixed laws. And if that reaſon which rules my mind, or yours, have happened to ſet up a favourite notion, it not only ſubmits implicitly to it, but deſires that the ſame reſpect ſhould be paid to it by all the reſt of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppoſe this deſire in another; and that, if he be wiſe, he will do his utmoſt endeavours to check it in himſelf.

LOCKE.

Is there not alſo a weakneſs of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? Do we not often take a pleaſure to ſhew our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading notions ſet up by other men, and generally reſpected?

BAYLE.

I believe we do; and by this means it often happens that, if one man build and conſecrate *a temple to folly*, another pulls it down.

LOCKE.

Do you think it beneficial to human society, to have *all temples* pulled down?

BAYLE.

I cannot say that I do.

LOCKE.

Yet I find not in your writings any mark of diſtinction, to ſhew us which you mean to ſave.

BAYLE.

A true philoſopher, like an impartial hiſtorian, muſt be of no ſect.

LOCKE.

Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a ſectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

BAYLE.

With regard to morality I was not indifferent.

LOCKE.

How could you then be indifferent with regard to the ſanctions religion gives to morality? How could you publiſh what tends ſo directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of thoſe ſanctions? Was not this ſacrificing the great intereſts of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

BAYLE.

A man may act indiſcreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full diſcuſſion of the queſtion, he ſincerely thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An enthuſiaſt, who advances doctrines prejudicial to ſociety, or oppoſes any that are uſeful to it, has the ſtrength of opinion and the heat of a diſturbed imagination to plead, in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and ſound judgment, can have no ſuch excuſe. I know very well there are paſſages in all your works, and thoſe not few, where you talk like a rigid moraliſt. I have alſo heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the moſt laboured parts of your writings, you ſap the ſureſt foundations of all moral duties; what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you appeared to reſpect them? How many, who have ſtronger paſſions than you had, and are deſirous to get rid of the curb that reſtrains them, will lay hold of your ſcepticiſm, to ſet themſelves looſe from all obligations of virtue! What a miſfortune is it to have made ſuch a uſe of ſuch talents! It would have been better for you, and for mankind, if you had been one of the dulleſt of Dutch theologians, or the moſt credulous monk in a Portugueſe convent. The riches of the mind, like thoſe of fortune, may be employed ſo perverſely, as to become a nuiſance and peſt, inſtead of an ornament and ſupport, to ſociety.

BAYLE.

You are very ſevere upon me.—But do you count it no merit, no ſervice to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of prieſtcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticiſm, and from the terrors and follies of ſuperſtition? Conſider how much miſchief theſe have done to the world! Even in the laſt age, what maſſacres, what civil wars, what convulſions of government, what confuſion in ſociety, did they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not ſee them occaſion a violent perſecution in my own country? and can you blame me for ſtriking at the root of theſe evils?

LOCKE.

The root of theſe evils, you well know, was *falſe religion*; but you ſtruck at the *true*. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the ſyſtem of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you ſpeak. Why would you ſo fallaciouſly confound them together in ſome of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to ſeparate them again, and to make the proper diſtinctions? This indeed is the great art of the moſt celebrated free-thinkers. They recommend themſelves to warm and ingenuous minds, by lively ſtrokes of wit, and by arguments really ſtrong, againſt ſuperſtition, enthuſiaſm, and prieſtcraft. But, at the ſame time, they inſidiouſly throw the colours of theſe upon the fair face of true Religion, and dreſs her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or deſpicable to thoſe who have not penetration enough to diſcern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived *themſelves*, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the moſt acute of theſe gentlemen, is ſo repugnant to prieſtcraft, to ſpiritual tyranny, to all abſurd ſuperſtitions, to all that can tend to diſturb or injure ſociety, as *that Goſpel* they ſo much affect to deſpiſe.

BAYLE.

Mankind is ſo made, that, when they have been *over-heated*, they cannot be brought

brought to a proper temper again till they have been *over-cooled*. My scepticism might be neceſſary, to abate the *fever* and *phrenzy* of falſe religion.

LOCKE.

A wiſe preſcription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* ſtate of the mind, (for ſuch a ſcepticiſm as yours is a *palſy*, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens it's natural and vital powers) in order to take off a *fever*, which *temperance*, and *the milk of the evangelical doctrines*, would probably cure!

BAYLE.

I acknowledge that thoſe medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of ſome harſher drugs, or ſome unſafe and ridiculous *noſtrums* of their own.

LOCKE.

What you now ſay is too true.—GOD has given us a moſt excellent phyſick for the ſoul, in all it's diſeaſes; but bad and intereſted phyſicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, adminiſter it ſo ill to the reſt of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily loſt.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD EARL OF DOUGLAS, DUKE OF TOURAINE—JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH, FIELD MARSHAL OF HIS BRITANNICK MAJESTY'S FORCES.

ARGYLE.

YES, noble Douglas, it grieves me that you and your ſon, together with the brave Earl of Buchan, ſhould have employed ſo much valour, and have thrown away your lives, in fighting the battles of that ſtate, which, from it's ſituation and intereſts, is the perpetual and moſt dangerous enemy to Great Britain*. A Britiſh nobleman ſerving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper ſphere, as a Grecian commander, engaged in the ſervice of Perſia, would have appeared to Ariſtides or Ageſilaus.

DOUGLAS.

In ſerving France, I ſerved Scotland. The French were the natural allies to the Scotch; and, by ſupporting their crown, I enabled my countrymen to maintain their independence againſt the Engliſh.

ARGYLE.

The French indeed, from the unhappy ſtate of our country, were *ancient allies* to the Scotch; but that they ever were our *natural allies*, I deny. Their alliance was proper and neceſſary for us, becauſe we were then in an *unnatural* ſtate, diſunited from England. While that diſunion continued, our monarchy was compelled to lean upon France for aſſiſtance and ſupport. The French power and policy kept us, I acknowledge, independent on the Engliſh, but dependent on them; and this dependence expoſed us to many grievous calamities, by drawing on our country the formidable arms of the Engliſh, whenever it happened that the French and they had a quarrel. The ſuccours they afforded us were diſtant and uncertain. Our enemy was at hand, ſuperior to us in ſtrength, though not in valour. Our borders were ravaged; our kings were ſlain, or led captive; we loſt all the advantage of being the inhabitants of a great iſland; we had no commerce, no peace, no ſecurity, no degree of maritime power. Scotland was a back-door, through which the French, with our help, made their inroads into England: if they conquered, we obtained little benefit from it; but, if they were defeated, we were always the devoted victims, on whom the conquerors ſeverely wreaked their reſentment.

DOUGLAS.

The Engliſh ſuffered as much in thoſe wars as we. How terribly were their borders laid waſte and depopulated by our ſharp incurſions! How often have the ſwords of my anceſtors been ſtained with the beſt blood of that nation! Were not our victories at Bannockbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious as any that, with all the advantage of numbers, they have ever obtained over us?

ARGYLE.

They were: but yet they did us no laſting good. They left us ſtill depen-

* Buchanan, Rerum Scoticarum, l. x. p. 338. A. D. 1424.

dent on the protection of France; they left us a poor, a feeble, a distressed, though a most valiant nation. They irritated England, but could not subdue it, nor hinder our feeling such effects of it's enmity, as gave us no reason to rejoice in our triumphs.—How much more happily, in the auspicious reign of that queen who formed the Union, was my sword employed in humbling the foes of Great Britain! With how superior a dignity did I appear in the combined British senate, maintaining the interests of the whole united people of England and Scotland, against all foreign powers, who attempted to disturb our general happiness, or to invade our common rights!

DOUGLAS.

Your eloquence and your valour had unquestionably a much nobler and spacious field to exercise themselves in, than any of those who defended the interests of only a part of the island.

ARGYLE.

Whenever I read any account of the wars between the Scotch and the English, I think I am reading a melancholy history of civil dissentions. Whichever side is defeated, their loss appears to me a loss to the whole, and an advantage to some foreign enemy of Great Britain. But the strength of that island is made compleat by the Union; and what a great English poet has justly said in one instance, is now true in all—

'The Hotspur and the Douglas both together
'Are confident against the world in arms*.'

Who can resist the English and Scotch valour combined? When separated and opposed, they balanced each other: united, they will hold the balance of Europe. If all the Scotch blood that has been shed for the French, in unnatural wars against England, had been poured out, to oppose the ambition of France, in conjunction with the English; if all the English blood that has been spilt as unfortunately in useless wars against Scotland, had been preserved; France would long ago have been rendered incapable of disturbing our peace, and Great Britain would have been the most powerful of nations.

DOUGLAS.

There is truth in all you have said.—But yet, when I reflect on the insidious ambition of King Edward the First, on the ungenerous arts he so treacherously employed, to gain, or rather to steal, the sovereignty of our kingdom, and the detestable cruelty he shewed to Wallace, our brave champion and martyr; my soul is up in arms against the insolence of the English; and I adore the memory of those patriots, who died in asserting the independence of our crown, and the liberty of our nation.

ARGYLE.

Had I lived in those days, I should have joined with those patriots, and been the foremost to maintain so noble a cause. The Scotch were not made to be subject to the English. Their souls were too great for such a timid submission. But they may unite and incorporate with a nation they would not obey. Their scorn of a foreign yoke, their strong and generous love of independence and freedom, make their union with England more natural and more proper. Had the spirit of the Scotch been servile or base, it could never have coalesced with that of the English.

DOUGLAS.

It is true that the minds of both nations are congenial, and filled with the same noble virtues, the same impatience of servitude, the same magnanimity, courage, and prudence, the same genius for policy, for navigation and commerce, for sciences and arts. Yet, notwithstanding this happy conformity, when I consider how long they were enemies to each other; what an hereditary hatred and jealousy had subsisted, for many ages, between them; what private passions, what prejudices, what contrary interests, must have necessarily obstructed every step of the treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the strong opposition of national pride; I stand astonished that it was possible to unite the two kingdoms upon any conditions; and much more that it could be done with such equal regard and amicable fairness to both.

ARGYLE.

It was indeed a most arduous and difficult undertaking! The success of it must, I think, be thankfully ascribed, not only to the great firmness and prudence of those who had the management of it, but to the gracious assistance

* See Shakespeare's Henry IV. Part 1.

of

of Providence, for the preservation of the Reformed religion amongst us, which, in that conjuncture, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland, and much endangered in England. The same good Providence has watched over and protected it since, in a most signal manner, against the attempts of an infatuated party in Scotland, and the arts of France, who by her emissaries laboured to destroy it as soon as formed; because she justly foresaw that the continuance of it would be destructive to all her vast designs against the liberty of Europe*. I myself had the honour to have a principal share in subduing one rebellion designed to subvert it; and since my death it has been, I hope, established for ever, not only by the defeat of another rebellion, which came upon us in the midst of a dangerous war with France, but by measures prudently taken in order to prevent such disturbances for the future. The ministers of the crown have proposed, and the British legislature has enacted, a wise system of laws; the object of which is, to reform and to civilize the Highlands of Scotland; to deliver the people there from the arbitrary power and oppression of their chieftains; to carry the royal justice and royal protection into the wildest parts of their mountains; to hinder their natural valour from being abused and perverted to the detriment of their country; and to introduce among them arts, agriculture, commerce, tranquillity, with all the improvements of social and polished life.

DOUGLAS.

By what you now tell me, you give me the highest idea of the great prince your master; who, after having been provoked by such a wicked rebellion, instead of enslaving the people of the Highlands, or laying the hand of power more heavy upon them, (which is the usual consequence of unsuccessful revolts) has conferred on them the inestimable blessings of liberty, justice, and good order. To act thus, is indeed *to perfect the Union*; and make all the inhabitants of Great Britain acknowledge, with gratitude and with joy, that they are subjects of the same well-regulated kingdom, and governed with the same impartial affection, by the sovereign and father of the whole commonwealth.

ARGYLE.

The laws I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent policy of his majesty's government, have already produced very salutary effects in that part of the kingdom; and, if steadily pursued, will produce many more. But no words can recount to you the infinite benefits which have attended the Union, in the northern counties of England and the southern of Scotland.

DOUGLAS.

The fruits of it must be, doubtless, most sensible there, where the perpetual enmity between the two nations had occasioned the greatest disorder and desolation.

ARGYLE.

Oh, Douglas—could you revive, and return into Scotland, what a delightful alteration would you see in that country! All those great tracts of land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the inroads of the bordering English, or the feuds and discords that raged with perpetual violence within our own distracted kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and smiling with plenty. Instead of the castles, which every baron was compelled to erect for the defence of his family, and where he lived in the barbarism of Gothick pride, among miserable vassals oppressed by the abuse of his feudal powers, your eyes would be charmed with elegant country houses, adorned with fine plantations and beautiful gardens; while happy villages or gay towns are rising about them, and enlivening the prospect with every image of rural wealth! On our coasts, trading cities, full of new manufactures, and continually encreasing the extent of their commerce! In our ports and harbours, innumerable merchant ships richly loaded, and protected from all enemies by the matchless fleet of Great Britain! But of all improvements the greatest is in the minds of the Scotch. These have profited even more than their lands, by the culture, which the settled peace and tranquillity produced by the Union have happily given to them: and they have discovered such talents in all branches of literature, as might render the English jealous of being excelled by their genius, if there could remain a competition, when there remains no distinction, between the two nations.

* See Hook's Letters, and Lockhart's Memoirs.

DOUGLAS.

There may be emulation without jealousy; and the efforts, which that emulation will excite, may render our island superior in the fame of wit and good learning to Italy or to Greece; a superiority, which I have learnt in the Elysian fields to prefer even to that which is acquired by arms:—But one doubt still remains with me concerning the Union. I have been informed that no more than sixteen of our peers, except those who have English peerages, (which some of the noblest have not) now sit in the house of lords, as representatives of the rest. Does not this in a great measure diminish those peers who are not elected? and have you not found the election of the sixteen too dependent on the favour of a court?

ARGYLE.

It was impossible that the English could ever consent, in the treaty of Union, to admit a greater number to have places and votes in the upper house of parliament: but all the Scotch peerage is virtually there, by representation. And those who are not elected have every dignity and right of the peerage, except the privilege of sitting in the house of lords, and some others depending thereon *.

DOUGLAS.

They have so:—but, when parliaments enjoy such a share in the government of a country as ours do at this time, to be *personally* there is a privilege and a dignity of the highest importance.

ARGYLE.

I wish it had been possible to impart it to all. But your reason will tell you it was not.—And consider, my lord, that, till the Revolution in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the power vested by our government in *the lords of the Articles* had made our parliaments much more subject to the influence of the crown than our elections are now. As, by the manner in which they were constituted, those lords were no less devoted to the king than his own privy council; and as no proposition could then be presented in parliament, if rejected by them, they gave him a negative before debate †. This indeed was abolished upon the accession of King William the Third, with many other oppressive and despotical powers, which had rendered our nobles abject slaves to the crown, while they were allowed to be tyrants over the people. But if King James, or his son, had been restored, the government he had exercised would have been re-established: and nothing but the Union of the two kingdoms could have effectually prevented that restoration. ‡We likewise owe to the Union the subsequent abolition of the Scotch privy council, which had been the most grievous engine of tyranny; and that salutary law, which declared that no crimes should be high treason or misprision of treason in Scotland, but such as were so in England; and gave us the English methods of trial in cases of that nature; whereas, before, there were so many species of treasons, the construction of them was so uncertain, and the trials were so arbitrary, that no man could be safe from suffering as a traitor. §By the same act of parliament, we also received a communication of that noble privilege of the English, exemption from torture; a privilege, which though essential both to humanity and to justice, no other nation in Europe, not even the freest republicks, can boast of possessing. Shall we then take offence at some inevitable circumstances, which may be objected to, on our part, in the treaty of Union, when it has delivered us from slavery, and all the worst evils that a state can suffer ‖? It might be easily shewn, that, in his political and civil condition, every baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more independent, than the highest was under that constitution of government which continued in Scotland even after the expulsion of King James the Second. The greatest enemies to the Union are the friends of that king, in whose reign, and in his brother's, the kingdom of Scotland was subjected to a despotism as arbitrary as

* See the Act of Union, Part 23.

† See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. i. p. 69—72.

‡ See Act for rendering the Union of the two kingdoms more entire and compleat, anno regnæ Annæ sexto.

§ See Act for improving the Union of the two kingdoms, anno septimo Annæ regnæ.

‖ See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. viii. and Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

that of France, and more tyrannically administered.

DOUGLAS.

All I have heard of those reigns makes me blush with indignation at the servility of our nobles, who could endure them so long. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch spirit, which had dared to resist the Plantagenets in the height of their power and pride? Could the descendants of those, who had disdained to be subjects of Edward the First, submit to be slaves of Charles the Second, or James?

ARGYLE.

They seemed in general to have lost every characteristick of their natural temper, except a desire to abuse the royal authority, for the gratification of their private resentments in family quarrels.

DOUGLAS.

Your grandfather, my lord, has the glory of not deserving this censure.

ARGYLE.

I am proud that his spirit, and the principles he professed, drew upon him the injustice and fury of those times. *But there needs no other proof than the nature and the manner of his condemnation, to shew what a wretched state our nobility then were in; and what an inestimable advantage it is to them, that they are now to be tried as peers of Great Britain, and have the benefit of those laws which imparted to us the equity and the freedom of the English constitution†.

Upon the whole, as much as wealth is preferable to poverty, liberty to oppression, and national strength to national weakness; so much has Scotland incontestably gained by the Union. England too has secured by it every publick blessing which was before enjoyed by her, and has greatly augmented her strength. The martial spirit of the Scotch, their hardy bodies, their acute and vigorous minds, their industry, their activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole island. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Englishman, and he is a bad Englishman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual intercourse, mutual interests, mutual benefits, must naturally be productive of mutual affection. And when that is established, when our hearts are sincerely united, many great things, which some remains of jealousy and distrust, or narrow local partialities, may hitherto have obstructed, will be done for the good of the whole united kingdom. How much may the revenues of Great Britain be encreased by the further encrease of population, of industry, and of commerce, in Scotland! What a mighty addition to the stock of national wealth will arise from the improvement of our most northern counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The briars and thorns are in a great measure grubbed up: the flowers and fruits may soon be planted. And what more pleasing, or what more glorious employment, can any government have, than to attend to the cultivating of such a plantation?

DOUGLAS.

The prospect you open to me of happiness to my country appears so fair, that it makes me amends for the pain with which I reflect on the times wherein I lived, and indeed on our whole history for several ages.

ARGYLE.

That history does, in truth, present to the mind a long series of the most direful objects, assassinations, rebellions, anarchy, tyranny; and religion itself, either cruel, or gloomy and unsocial. An historian, who would paint it in it's true colours, must take the pencil of Guercino or Salvator Rosa. But the most agreeable imagination can hardly figure to itself a more pleasing scene of private and publick felicity, than will naturally result from the Union, if all the prejudices against it, and all distinctions that may tend, on either side, to keep up an idea of separate interests, or to revive a sharp remembrance of national animosities, can be removed.

DOUGLAS.

If they can be removed! I think it impossible they can be retained. To resist the Union is indeed to rebel against Nature.—She has joined the two countries; has fenced them both with the sea, against the invasion of all other nations; but has laid them entirely open the one to the other. Accursed be he who endeavours to divide them!—*What God hath joined, let no man put asunder.*

* See Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7.

† See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXVI.

CADMUS—HERCULES.

HERCULES.

DO you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stymphalian birds? Did you destroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

CADMUS.

It is not on account of the serpent I boast myself a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility rather than their eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their precision and permanency. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents; and, what is more, to bind in laws and wholesome regulations the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions been destroyed only in single combat, men would have had but a bad time of it; and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper distinction, of the rational species, arises from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression. But wisdom is the associate of justice; it assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants; but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression. The operations of policy far surpass the labours of Hercules, preventing many evils which valour and might cannot even redress. You heroes consider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conquests which raise your fame be really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valour, not directed by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

HERCULES.

I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous life in the man who taught his countrymen to sit still, and read, and to lose the hours of youth and action in idle speculation and the sport of worlds.

CADMUS.

An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame is the Eurystheus which imposes heroick labours on mankind. The Muses incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repose; and, I think, you should honour them, for presenting to heroes such a noble recreation, as may prevent their taking up *the distaff*, when they lay down the club.

HERCULES.

Wits as well as heroes can take up *the distaff*. What think you of their thin-spun systems of philosophy, or lascivious poems, or Milesian fables? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyricks on tyrants, and books that blaspheme the gods, and perplex the natural sense of right and wrong? I believe, if Eurystheus were to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed; he would make me read through a great library; and I would serve it as I did the Hydra; I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the library, than on cleansing the Augean stables.

CADMUS.

It is in those libraries only that the memory of your labours exists. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylæ, owe their immortality to me. All the wise institutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of sages, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them. Oh, Hercules! it is not for the man who preferred Virtue to Pleasure to be an enemy to the Muses. Let Sardanapalus and the silken sons of luxury, who have wasted life in inglorious ease, despise the records of actions which bear no honourable testimony to their lives. But true merit, heroick virtue, each genuine offspring of immortal Jove, should honour the sacred source of lasting fame.

HERCULES.

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themſelves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be ſaid in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it ſignify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CADMUS.

Yes, it may. The moſt important and extenſive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their cloſets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and ſecurity of navigation. The invention of the compaſs has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to conſtruct ſuch wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions by the ſevereſt drudgery could not accompliſh. Agriculture too, the moſt uſeful of arts, has received it's ſhare of improvement from the ſame ſource. Poetry likewiſe is of excellent uſe, to enable the memory to retain with more eaſe, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of few letters, ſcience has ſpread it's branches over all nature, and raiſed it's head to the heavens. Some philoſophers have entered ſo far into the counſels of Divine Wiſdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimenſions and diſtances of the planets, the cauſes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are underſtood and explained. Can any thing raiſe the glory of the human ſpecies more, than to ſee a little creature, inhabiting a ſmall ſpot amidſt innumerable worlds, taking a ſurvey of the univerſe, comprehending it's arrangement, and entering into the ſcheme of that wonderful connection and correſpondence of things ſo remote, and which it ſeems the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence to have eſtabliſhed? What a volume of wiſdom, what a noble theology, do theſe diſcoveries open to us! While ſome ſuperior geniuſes have ſoared to theſe ſublime ſubjects, other ſagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the moſt minute works of the infinite Artificer: the ſame care, the ſame providence, is exerted through the whole; and we ſhould learn from it, that to true wiſdom, utility and fitneſs appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HERCULES.

I approve of ſcience, as far as it is aſſiſtant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the diſcovery of the greater part of the globe, becauſe it opens a wider field for the maſter ſpirits of the world to buſtle in.

CADMUS.

There ſpoke the ſoul of Hercules. But, if learned men be to be eſteemed for the aſſiſtance they give to active minds in their ſchemes, they are not leſs to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The ſtudy of hiſtory will teach the warrior and the legiſlator by what means armies have been victorious, and ſtates have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of ſages point out a private path of virtue, and ſhew that the beſt empire is ſelf-government, and ſubduing our paſſions the nobleſt of conqueſts.

HERCULES.

The true ſpirit of heroiſm acts by a ſort of inſpiration, and wants neither the experience of hiſtory, nor the doctrines of philoſophers, to direct it. But do not arts and ſciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive? And can you deny that wit and learning are often made ſubſervient to very bad purpoſes?

CADMUS.

I will own that there are ſome natures ſo happily formed, they hardly want the aſſiſtance of a maſter and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But theſe heaven-inſpired geniuſes are few. As learning flouriſhes only where eaſe, plenty, and mild government ſubſiſt; in ſo rich a ſoil, and under ſo ſoft a climate, the weeds of luxury will ſpring up among the flowers of art: but the ſpontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely ſenſual and debauched. Every gift of the gods is ſometimes abuſed; but wit and fine talents, by a natural law, gravitate toward virtue: accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but

such accidents are a sort of prodigies; and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if Virtue cannot keep to her allegiance those men, who in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her laws; on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend?—May such geniuses never descend to flatter Vice, encourage Folly, or propagate Irreligion; but exert all their powers in the service of Virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of those who, like you, preferred her to Pleasure!

DIALOGUE. XXVII.

MERCURY—AND A MODERN FINE LADY.

MRS. MODISH.

INDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

MERCURY.

I know you have an amiable affectionate husband and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of Death. If the grim messenger were not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then a hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

MRS. MODISH.

I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece; and you will see I was engaged to the plays on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card-assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer-season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full season.

MERCURY.

Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim, of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

MRS. MODISH.

Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural chearfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

MERCURY.

If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious.

MRS. MODISH.

I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not: and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton**.

MERCURY.

Bon ton! what is that, Madam? Pray define it.

MRS. MODISH.

Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton*, never to define, or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation, it is not wit; in manners, it is not politeness; in behaviour, it is not address: but it is a little like them all. It can only

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

belong

belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain perſons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courteſy, it gets an higher rank than the perſon can claim; but which thoſe who have a legal title to precedency dare not diſpute, for fear of being thought not to underſtand the rules of politeneſs. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

MERCURY.

Then, Madam, you have waſted your time, faded your beauty, and deſtroyed your health, for the laudable purpoſes of contradicting your huſband, and being this ſomething and this nothing called the *bon ton*.

MRS. MODISH.

What would you have had me do?

MERCURY.

I will follow your mode of inſtructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you ſacrifice your time, your reaſon, and your duties, to faſhion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your huſband's happineſs, and your childrens education.

MRS. MODISH.

As to the education of my daughters, I ſpared no expence: they had a dancing-maſter, muſick-maſter, and drawing-maſter; and a French governeſs, to teach them behaviour and the French language.

MERCURY.

So their religion, ſentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-maſter, muſick-maſter, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters muſt have been ſo educated, as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am ſorry for the ſort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have juſt concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the leaſt ſmattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The beſt thing I can adviſe you is, to do in this world as you did in the other; keep happineſs in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this ſide Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elyſian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, leſt Minos ſhould puſh you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a ſentence not much leſs ſevere than crimes committed.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH—CHARON—AND A MODERN BOOKSELLER.

CHARON.

HERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our territories. He ſays, he is rich, has a great deal of buſineſs in the other world, and muſt needs return to it: he is ſo troubleſome and obſtreperous, I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care, therefore, good Plutarch; you will eaſily awe him into order and decency, by the ſuperiority an author has over a bookſeller.

BOOKSELLER.

Am I got into a world ſo abſolutely the reverſe of that I left, that here *authors* domineer over *bookſellers*? Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my paſſage. But, if I muſt ſtay, leave me not with any of thoſe who are ſtyled *claſſical authors*. As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animoſity againſt you, for having almoſt occaſioned my ruin. When I firſt ſet up ſhop, underſtanding but little of buſineſs, I unadviſedly bought an edition of your *lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which coſt me a great ſum of money. I could never get off above twenty ſetts of them. I ſold a few to the Univerſities, and ſome to Eaton and Weſtminſter; for it is reckoned a pretty book for boys and under-graduates; but, unleſs a man has the luck to light on a pedant, he ſhall not ſell a ſett of them in twenty years.

PLUTARCH.

From the merit of the ſubjects, I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed, that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumſtance, nor do I give ſo exact and circumſtantial a detail of the actions of my heroes, as may be expected from a biographer who has confined himſelf to one or two characters. A zeal to preſerve the memory of great men, and to extend the

influence of such noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accomplish in the first degree of perfection: but surely the characters of my illustrious men are not so imperfectly sketched, that they will not stand forth to all ages as patterns of virtue, and incitements to glory. My reflections are allowed to be deep and sagacious; and what can be more useful to a reader than a wise man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my writings, you will find no rash censures, no undeserved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain ostentation of critical skill, nor any affected *finesse*. In my parallels, which used to be admired as pieces of excellent judgment, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another, and each with the rule of justice. If, indeed, latter ages have produced greater men and better writers, my heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the advantage of much better rules of morality than the unassisted reason of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder that those vices, which appeared to us as mere blemishes in great characters, should seem most horrid deformities in the purer eyes of the present age: a delicacy I do not blame, but admire and commend. And I must censure you for endeavouring, if you could publish better examples, to obtrude on your countrymen such as were defective. I rejoice at the preference which they give to perfect and unallayed virtue; and as I shall ever retain an high veneration for the illustrious men of every age, I should be glad you would give me some account of those persons, who, in wisdom, justice, valour, patriotism, have eclipsed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, and other boasts of Greece or Rome.

BOOKSELLER.

Why, Master Plutarch, you are talking Greek indeed. That work which repaired the loss I sustained by the costly edition of your books, was, *The Lives of the Highwaymen*: but I should never have grown rich, if it had not been by publishing *the lives of men that never lived*. You must know, that though in all times it was possible to have a great deal of learning and very little wisdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his life, and have no learning or knowledge at all; which begins to be an advantage of the greatest importance. There is as natural a war between your men of science and fools, as between the cranes and the pigmies of old. Most of our young men having deserted to the fools, the party of the learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their forts and fastnesses at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them stay and study old musty moralists, till one fall in love with the Greek, another with the Roman virtue: but our men of the world should read our new books, which teach them to have no virtue at all. No book is fit for a gentleman's reading, which is not void of facts and of doctrines, that he may not grow a pedant in his morals or conversation. I look upon history (I mean real history) to be one of the worst kinds of study. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well-bred man may unwarily mention a parallel instance he had met with in history, and be betrayed into the awkwardness of introducing into his discourse a Greek, a Roman, or even a Gothick name. But when a gentleman has spent his time in reading adventures that never occurred, exploits that never were atchieved, and events that not only never did, but never can happen, it is impossible that in life or in discourse he should ever apply them. *A secret history*, in which there is *no secret* and *no history*, cannot tempt Indiscretion to blab, or Vanity to quote; and by this means modern conversation flows gentle and easy, unincumbered with matter, and unburthened of instruction. As the present studies throw no weight or gravity into discourse and manners, the women are not afraid to read our books, which not only dispose to gallantry and coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæsar's Commentaries and the account of Xenophon's expedition are not more studied by military commanders, than our novels are by the fair: to a different purpose indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, ours to yield; those inflame the vain and idle love of glory, these inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers than the men. By the commerce of the world, men might learn much of what they get from books; but the poor women, who in their early youth are confined and restrained, if it were not for the friendly assistance of

of books, would remain long in an insipid purity of mind, with a discouraging reserve of behaviour.

PLUTARCH.

As to your men who have quitted the study of virtue for the study of vice, useful truth for absurd fancy, and real history for monstrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compassion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into these dangerous studies; and I wish for their sakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia and some other heroines.

BOOKSELLER.

I tell you, our women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *billet-doux* was found in her cabinet after her death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really saw her in the arms of a slave; and that she killed herself, not to suffer the shame of a discovery; such anecdotes would suit very well. Or if, even by tradition, but better still if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could shew some probability that Portia died of *dram-drinking*; you would oblige the world very much; for you must know, that, next to new-invented characters, we are fond of new lights upon ancient characters; I mean, such lights as shew a reputed honest man to have been a concealed knave; an illustrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are so fond of these kinds of information, as to be pleased sometimes to see a character cleared from a vice or crime it has been charged with, provided the person concerned be actually dead. But in this case, the evidence must be authentick, and amount to a demonstration: in the other, a detection is not necessary; a slight suspicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great character.

PLUTARCH.

I am the more surprized at what you say of the taste of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman, who assured me that less than a century ago he had written a much-admired life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he ascribed to him far greater actions than those recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great heroes of history had been treated in the same manner; that empires were gained and battles decided by the valour of a single man, imagination bestowing what nature has denied, and the system of human affairs rendered impossible.

BOOKSELLER.

I assure you, these books were very useful to the authors and their booksellers: and for whose benefit should a man write? These romances were very fashionabe, and had a great sale: they fell in luckily with the humour of the age.

PLUTARCH.

Monsieur Scuderi tells me, they were written in the times of vigour and spirit, in the evening of the gallant days of chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of men a warm glow of courage and heroism; and they were to be called to books, as to battle, by the sound of the trumpet: he says too, that, if writers had not accommodated themselves to the prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and desperate encounters, their works would have been esteemed too effeminate an amusement for gentlemen. Histories of chivalry, instead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raise human nature above the condition which is naturally prescribed to it; but as strict justice, patriot motives, prudent counsels, and a dispassionate choice of what upon the whole is fittest and best, do not direct these heroes of romance, they cannot serve for instruction and example, like the great characters of true history. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and steady light of truth can guide men to virtue, and that the lesson which is *impracticable* must be *unuseful*. Whoever shall design to regulate his conduct by these visionary characters, will be in the condition of superstitious people, who chuse rather to act by intimations they receive in the dreams of the night, than by the sober counsels of morning meditation. Yet, I confess, it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the deeds of *fabulous heroes*; but surely it is the custom only of yours to incite them to *vice* by the history of *fabulous scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have soared into the regions of fancy to bring back Astrea: you go thither in search of Pandora—O disgrace to letters! O shame to the Muses!

BOOKSELLER.

You express great indignation at our present race of writers; but, believe me, the fault lies chiefly on the side of the readers.

readers. As Monſieur Scuderi obſerved to you, authors muſt comply with the manners and diſpoſition of thoſe who are to read them. There muſt be a certain ſympathy between the book and the reader, to create a good liking. Would you preſent a modern fine gentleman, who is negligently lolling in an eaſy-chair, with the *labours of Hercules* for his recreation? or make him climb the Alps with Hannibal, when he is expiring with the fatigue of laſt night's ball? Our readers muſt be amuſed, flattered, ſoothed; ſuch adventures muſt be offered to them as they would like to have a ſhare in.

PLUTARCH.

It ſhould be the firſt object of writers, to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your love of fictitious characters might be turned to good purpoſe, if thoſe preſented to the publick were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It muſt be confeſſed, that hiſtory, being employed only about illuſtrious perſons, publick events, and celebrated actions, does not ſupply us with ſuch inſtances of domeſtick merit as one could wiſh: our heroes are great in the field and the ſenate, and act well in great ſcenes on the theatre of the world: but the idea of a man, who in the ſilent retired path of life never deviates into vice, who conſiders no ſpectator but *the omniſcient Being*, and ſolicits no applauſe but *his* approbation, is the nobleſt model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the moſt general uſe. Examples of domeſtick virtue would be more particularly uſeful to women than thoſe of great heroines. The virtues of women are blaſted by the breath of publick fame, as flowers that grow on an eminence are faded by the ſun and wind, which expand them. But true female praiſe, like the muſick of the ſpheres, ariſes from a gentle, a conſtant, and an equal progreſs in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the groſs ear of mortals, but is reſerved for the delight of higher beings, by whoſe wiſe laws they were ordained to give a ſilent light, and ſhed a mild benignant influence on the world.

BOOKSELLER.

We have had ſome Engliſh and French writers who aimed at what you ſuggeſt. 'In the ſuppoſed character of 'Clariſſa,' ſaid a clergyman to me a few days before I left the world, 'one 'finds the dignity of heroiſm tempered 'by the meekneſs and humility of reli-'gion, a perfect purity of mind, and 'ſanctity of manners: in that of Sir 'Charles Grandiſon, a noble pattern of 'every private virtue, with ſentiments 'ſo exalted as to render him equal to 'every publick duty.'

PLUTARCH.

Are both theſe characters by the ſame author?

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, Maſter Plutarch; and what will ſurpriſe you more, this author has *printed* for me.

PLUTARCH.

By what you ſay, it is pity he ſhould *print* any work but *his own*. Are there no other authors who write in this manner?

BOOKSELLER.

Yes, we have another writer of theſe imaginary hiſtories; one who has not long ſince deſcended to theſe regions: his name is Fielding; and his works, as I have heard the beſt judges ſay, have a true ſpirit of comedy, and an exact repreſentation of nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given leſſons of pure and conſummate virtue; but he has expoſed vice and meanneſs with all the powers of ridicule: and we have ſome other good wits, who have exerted their talents to the purpoſes you approve. Monſieur de Marivaux and ſome other French writers have alſo proceeded much upon the ſame plan, with a ſpirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *belles lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and entertainment enough in a book to make it ſell, it is not the worſe for good morals.

CHARON.

I think, Plutarch, you have made this gentleman a little more humble; and now I will carry him the reſt of his journey. But he is too frivolous an animal to preſent to wiſe Minos. I wiſh Mercury were here; he would damn him for his dulneſs. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaides, and leave him to pour water into their veſſels, which, like his late readers, are deſtined to eternal emptineſs. Or ſhall I chain him to the rock, ſide to ſide by Prometheus,

theus, not for having attempted to steal celestial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguish that which Jupiter had imparted? or shall we constitute him *friseur* to Tisiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his satires and libels?

PLUTARCH.

Minos does not esteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind; he punishes authors, as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy vengeance for the injuries which virtue or the virtuous have suffered in consequence of their writings.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS—CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCIPIO.

ALAS, Cæsar! how unhappily did you end a life, made illustrious by the greatest exploits in war, and most various civil talents!

CÆSAR.

Can Scipio wonder at the ingratitude of Rome to her generals? Did not he reproach her with it in the epitaph he ordered to be inscribed upon his tomb at Liternum, that mean village in Campania, to which she had driven the conqueror of Hannibal and of Carthage? I also, after subduing her most dangerous enemies, the Helvetians, the Gauls, and the Germans, after raising her name to the highest pitch of glory, should have been deprived of my province, reduced to live as a private man, under the power of my enemies and the enviers of my greatness; nay, brought to a trial, and condemned by the judgment of a faction, if I had not led my victorious troops to Rome, and, by their assistance, after all my offers of peace had been iniquitously rejected, made myself master of a state, which knew so ill how to recompense superior merit. Resentment of this, together with the secret machinations of envy, produced not long afterwards a conspiracy of senators, and even of some whom I had most obliged and loved, against my life, which they basely took away by assassination.

SCIPIO.

You say you led your victorious troops to Rome.—How were they *your* troops? I thought the Roman armies had belonged to the republick, not to their generals.

CÆSAR.

They did so in your time. But, before I came to command them, Marius and Sylla had taught them, that they belonged to their generals. And I taught the senate, that a veteran army, affectionately attached to it's leader, could give him all the treasures and honours of the state, without asking their leave.

SCIPIO.

Just gods! Did I then deliver my country from the invading Carthaginian, did I exalt it by my victories above all other nations, that it might become a richer prey to it's own rebel soldiers, and their ambitious commanders?

CÆSAR.

How could it be otherwise? Was it possible that the conquerors of Europe, Asia, and Africk, could tamely submit to descend from their triumphal chariots, and become subject to the authority of prætors and consuls, elected by a populace corrupted by bribes, or enslaved to a confederacy of factious nobles, who, without regard to merit, considered all the offices and dignities of the state as hereditary possessions belonging to their families?

SCIPIO.

If I thought it no dishonour, after triumphing over Hannibal, to lay down my fasces, and obey, as all my ancestors had done before me, the magistrates of the republick; such a conduct would not have dishonoured either Marius, or Sylla, or Cæsar. But you all dishonoured yourselves, when, instead of virtuous Romans, superior to your fellow-citizens in merit and glory, but equal to them in a due subjection to the laws, you became the enemies, the invaders, and the tyrants, of your country.

CÆSAR.

Was I the *enemy* of my country, in giving

giving it a ruler fit to support all the majesty and weight of it's empire? Did I *invade* it, when I marched to deliver the people from the usurped dominion and insolence of a few senators? Was I a *tyrant*, because I would not crouch under Pompey, and let him be thought my *superior*, when I felt he was not my *equal?*

SCIPIO.

Pompey had given you a noble example of moderation, in twice dismissing the armies, at the head of which he had performed such illustrious actions, and returning, a private citizen, into the bosom of his country,

CÆSAR.

His moderation was a cheat. He believed that the authority his victories had gained him would make him effectually master of the commonwealth, without the help of those armies. But, finding it difficult to subdue the united opposition of Crassus and me, he leagued himself with us; and, in consequence of that league, we three governed the empire. But, after the death of Crassus, my glorious atchievements in subduing the Gauls raised such a jealousy in him, that he could no longer endure me as a partner in his power, nor could I submit to degrade myself into his subject.

SCIPIO.

Am I then to understand, that the civil war you engaged in was really a mere contest, whether you or Pompey should remain *sole lord of Rome?*

CÆSAR.

Not so—for I offered, in my letters to the senate, to lay down my arms, if Pompey at the same time would lay down his, and leave the republick in freedom*. Nor did I resolve to draw the sword, till not only the senate, overpowered by the fear of Pompey and his troops, had rejected these offers; but two tribunes of the people, for legally and justly interposing their authority in my behalf, had been forced to fly from Rome, disguised in the habit of slaves, and take refuge in my camp, for the safety of their persons. My camp was therefore the asylum of persecuted liberty; and my army fought to avenge the violation of the rights and majesty of the people, as much as to defend the dignity of their general unjustly oppressed.

SCIPIO.

You would therefore have me think that you contended for the equality and liberty of the Romans, against the tyranny of Pompey and his lawless adherents. In such a war I myself, if I had lived in your times, would have willingly been your lieutenant. Tell me then, on the issue of this honourable enterprize, when you had subdued all your foes, and had no opposition remaining to obstruct your intentions, did you establish that liberty for which you fought? Did you restore the republick to what it was in my time?

CÆSAR.

I took the necessary measures to secure to myself the fruits of my victories; and gave a head to the empire, which could neither subsist without one, nor find another so well suited to the greatness of the body.

SCIPIO.

There the true character of Cæsar was seen unmasked.—You had managed so skilfully in the measures which preceded the civil war, your offers were so specious, and there appeared so much violence in the conduct of your enemies, that, if you had fallen in that war, posterity might have doubted whether you were not a victim to the interests of your country. But your success, and the despotism you afterwards exercised, took off those disguises, and shewed clearly that the aim of all your actions was tyranny.

CÆSAR.

Let us not deceive ourselves with *sounds* and *names*.—That great minds should aspire to sovereign power, is a fixed law of nature. It is an injury to mankind, if the highest abilities be not placed in the highest stations. Had you, Scipio, been kept down by the republican jealousy of Cato the censor, Hannibal would have never been recalled out of Italy, nor defeated in Africk. And if I had not been treacherously murdered by the daggers of Brutus and Crassus, my sword would have revenged the defeat of Crassus, and added the empire of Parthia to that of Rome. Nor was my government tyrannical. It was mild, humane, and bounteous. The

* See Plutarch and Suetonius in Vit. Cæsaris. Cæsar. Comment. de Bello Civili, l. i.

world

would would have been happy under it, and wished it's continuance: but my death broke the pillars of the publick tranquillity, and brought upon the whole empire a direful scene of calamity and confusion.

SCIPIO.

You say that great minds will naturally aspire to sovereign power. But, if they are *good* as well as *great*, they will regulate their ambition by the laws of their country. The laws of Rome permitted me to aspire to the conduct of the war against Carthage; but they did not permit you to turn her arms against herself, and subject her to your will. The breach of one law of liberty is a greater evil to a nation than the loss of a province; and, in my opinion, the conquest of the whole world would not be enough to compensate for the total loss of their freedom.

CÆSAR.

You talk finely, Africanus.—But ask yourself, whether the height and dignity of your mind, that noble pride which accompanies the magnanimity of a hero, could always stoop to a nice conformity with the laws of your country? Is there a law of liberty more essential, more sacred, than that which obliges every member of a free community to submit himself to a trial, upon a legal charge brought against him for a publick misdemeanour? In what manner did you answer a regular accusation from a tribune of the people, who charged you with embezzling the money of the state? You told your judges, that *on that day you had vanquished Hannibal and Carthage*, and bade them *follow you to the temples to give thanks to the gods*. Nor could you ever be brought to stand a legal trial, or justify those accounts which you had torn in the senate, when they were questioned there by two magistrates in the name of the Roman people. Was this acting like the subject of a free state? Had your victory procured you an exemption from justice? had it given into your hands the money of the republick without account? If it had, you were *king of Rome*. Pharsalia, Thapsus, and Munda, could do no more for me.

SCIPIO.

I did not question the right of bringing me to a trial; but I disdained to plead in vindication of a character so unspotted as mine. My whole life had been an answer to that infamous charge.

CÆSAR.

It may be so: and, for my part, I admire the magnanimity of your behaviour. But I should condemn it as repugnant and destructive to liberty, if I did not pay more respect to the dignity of a great general, than to the forms of a democracy, or the rights of a tribune.

SCIPIO.

You are endeavouring to confound my cause with yours; but they are exceedingly different*. You apprehended a sentence of condemnation against you for some part of your conduct, and, to prevent it, made an impious war on your country, and reduced her to servitude. I trusted the justification of my affronted innocence to the opinion of my judges, scorning to plead for myself against a charge unsupported by any other proof than bare suspicions and surmises. But I made no resistance; I kindled no civil war: I left Rome undisturbed in the enjoyment of her liberty. Had the malice of my accusers been ever so violent, had it threatened my destruction, I should have chosen much rather to turn my sword against my own bosom, than against that of my country.

CÆSAR.

You beg the question, in supposing that I really hurt my country by giving her a master. When Cato advised the senate to make Pompey *sole consul*, he did it upon this principle, *that any kind of government is preferable to anarchy*†. The truth of this, I presume, no man of sense will contest: and the anarchy, which that zealous defender of liberty so much apprehended, would have continued in Rome, if that power, which the urgent necessity of the state conferred upon me, had not removed it.

SCIPIO.

Pompey and you had brought that anarchy on the state, in order to serve your own ends. It was owing to the corruption, the factions, and the violence, which you had encouraged, from an opinion that the senate would be forced to submit to an absolute power in your hands, as a remedy against those intolerable evils. But Cato judged well, in thinking it eligible to make Pompey *sole consul*, rather than your *dictator*; because experience had shewn, that

* Suetonius, in Cæsar.

† See Plutarch's Life of Cæsar.

Pompey respected the forms of the Roman constitution; and, though he fought, by bad means as well as good, to obtain the highest magistracies and the most honourable commands, yet he laid them down again, and contented himself with remaining superior in credit to any other citizen.

CÆSAR.

If all the difference between my ambition and Pompey's were only, as you represent it, in a greater or less respect for *the forms of the constitution*; I think it was hardly becoming such a patriot as Cato to take part in our quarrel, much less to kill himself rather than yield to my power.

SCIPIO.

It is easier to revive *the spirit of liberty* in a government where the *forms* of it remain unchanged, than where they have been totally disregarded and abolished. But I readily own, that the balance of the Roman constitution had been destroyed by the excessive and illegal authority, which the people were induced to confer upon Pompey, before any extraordinary honour or commands had been demanded by you. And that is, I think, your best excuse.

CÆSAR.

Yes, surely.—The favourers of the *Manilian law* had an ill grace in desiring to limit the commissions I obtained from the people, according to the rigour of certain absolute republican laws, no more regarded in my time than the Sibylline oracles, or the pious institutions of Numa.

SCIPIO.

It was the misfortune of your time, that they were not regarded. A virtuous man would not take from a deluded people such favours as they ought not to bestow. I have a right to say this, because I chid the Roman people, when, over-heated by gratitude for the services I had done them, they desired to make me *perpetual consul* and *dictator**. Hear this, and blush.—What I refused to accept, you snatched by force.

CÆSAR.

Tiberius Gracchus reproached you with the inconsistency of your conduct, when, after refusing these offers, you so little respected the Tribunitian authority. But thus it must happen. We are naturally fond of the idea of liberty, till we come to suffer by it, or find it an impediment to some predominant passion; and then we wish to controul it, as you did most despotically, by refusing to submit to the justice of the state.

SCIPIO.

I have answered before to that charge. Tiberius Gracchus himself, though my personal enemy, thought it became him to stop the proceedings against me; not for my sake, but for the honour of my country, whose dignity suffered with mine. Nevertheless, I acknowledge my conduct in that business was not absolutely blameless. The generous pride of virtue was too strong in my mind. It made me forget I was creating a dangerous precedent, in declining to plead to a legal accusation, brought against me by a magistrate invested with the majesty of the whole Roman people. It made me unjustly accuse my country of ingratitude, when she had shewn herself grateful even beyond the true bounds of policy and justice, by not inflicting upon me any penalty for so irregular a proceeding. But, at the same time, what a proof did I give of moderation and respect for her liberty, when my utmost resentment could impel me to nothing more violent than a voluntary retreat, and quiet banishment of myself from the city of Rome! Scipio Africanus, offended, and living a private man, in a country-house at Liternum, was an example of more use to secure the equality of the Roman commonwealth, than all the power of it's tribunes.

CÆSAR.

I would rather have been thrown down the Tarpeian rock, than have retired, as you did, to the obscurity of a village, after acting the first part on the greatest theatre of the world.

SCIPIO.

An usurper exalted on the highest throne of the universe is not so glorious as I was in that obscure retirement. I hear indeed, that you, Cæsar, have been *deified* by the flattery of some of your successors. But the impartial judgment of history has consecrated my name, and ranks me in the first class of heroes and patriots: whereas the highest praise her records, even under the dominion usurped by your family, have given to you, is, that your courage and talents were equal to the object your

* Livius, l. lxxxviii. sect. 56.

ambition

ambition aſpired to, the empire of the world; and that you exerciſed a ſovereignty unjuſtly acquired with a magnanimous clemency. But it would have been better for your country, and better for mankind, if you had never exiſted.

DIALOGUE XXX.

PLATO—DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

PLATO, ſtand off.—A true philoſopher, as I was, is no company for a courtier of the tyrant of Syracuſe. I would avoid you, as one infected with the moſt noiſome of plagues, the plague of ſlavery.

PLATO.

He, who can miſtake a brutal pride and ſavage indecency of manners for freedom, may naturally think that the being in a court (however virtuous one's conduct, however free one's language there) is ſlavery. But I was taught by my great maſter, the incomparable Socrates, that the buſineſs of true philoſophy is to conſult and promote the happineſs of ſociety. She muſt not therefore be confined to a *tub* or a *cell*. Her ſphere is in ſenates, or the cabinets of kings. While your ſect is employed in ſnarling at the great, or buffooning with the vulgar; ſhe is counſelling thoſe who govern nations, infuſing into their minds humanity, juſtice, temperance, and the love of true glory, reſiſting their paſſions when they tranſport them beyond the bounds of virtue, and fortifying their reaſon by the antidotes ſhe adminiſters againſt the poiſon of flattery.

DIOGENES.

You mean to have me underſtand, that you went to the court of the Younger Dionyſius, to give him antidotes againſt the poiſon of flattery. But I ſay, he ſent for you only to ſweeten the cup, by mixing it more agreeably, and rendering the flavour more delicate. His vanity was too nice for the nauſeous common draught; but your ſeaſoning gave it a reliſh, which made it go down moſt delightfully, and intoxicated him more than ever. Oh! there is no flatterer half ſo dangerous to a prince as a fawning philoſopher!

PLATO.

If you call it fawning, that I did not treat him with ſuch unmannerly rudeneſs as you did Alexander the Great when he viſited you at Athens, I have nothing to ſay. But, in truth, I made my company agreeable to him, not for any ends which regarded only myſelf, but that I might be uſeful both to him and to his people. I endeavoured to give a right turn to his vanity; and know, Diogenes, that whoever will ſerve mankind, but more eſpecially princes, muſt compound with their weakneſſes, and take as much pains to gain them over to virtue by an honeſt and prudent complaiſance, as others do to ſeduce them from it by a criminal adulation.

DIOGENES.

A little of my ſagacity would have ſhewn you, that, if this was your purpoſe, your labour was loſt in that court. Why did you not go and preach chaſtity to Lais? A philoſopher in a brothel, reading lectures on the beauty of continence and decency, is not a more ridiculous animal, than a philoſopher in the cabinet, or at the table of a tyrant, deſcanting on liberty and publick ſpirit! What effect had the leſſons of your famous diſciple Ariſtotle upon Alexander the Great, a prince far more capable of receiving inſtruction than the Younger Dionyſius? Did they hinder him from killing his beſt friend, Clitus, for ſpeaking to him with freedom? or from fancying himſelf a god, becauſe he was adored by the wretched ſlaves he had vanquiſhed? When I deſired him *not to ſtand between me and the ſun*, I humbled his pride more, and conſequently did him more good, than Ariſtotle had done by all his former precepts.

PLATO.

Yet he owed to thoſe precepts, that, notwithſtanding his exceſſes, he appeared not unworthy the empire of the world. Had the tutor of his youth gone with him into Aſia, and continued always at his ear, the authority of that wiſe and virtuous man might have been able to ſtop him, even in the riot of conqueſt, from giving way to thoſe paſſions which diſhonoured his character.

DIOGENES.

If he had gone into Aſia, and had not flattered the king as obſequiouſly as Hæ-

phesion, he would, like Calliſthenes, whom he ſent thither as his deputy, have been put to death for high treaſon. The man who will not flatter muſt live independent, as I did, and prefer a tub to a palace.

PLATO.

Do you pretend, Diogenes, that, becauſe you were never in a court, you never flattered? How did you gain the affection of the people of Athens, but by ſoothing their ruling paſſion, the deſire of hearing their ſuperiors abuſed? Your cynic railing was to them the moſt acceptable flattery. This you well underſtood; and made your court to the vulgar, always envious and malignant, by trying to lower all dignity and confound all order: you made your court, I ſay, as ſervilely, and with as much offence to virtue, as the baſeſt flatterer ever did to the moſt corrupted prince. But true philoſophy will diſdain to act either of theſe parts. Neither in the aſſemblies of the people, nor in the cabinets of kings, will ſhe obtain favour by fomenting any bad diſpoſitions. If her endeavours to do good prove unſucceſsful, ſhe will retire with honour; as an honeſt phyſician departs from the houſe of a patient, whoſe diſtemper he finds incurable, or who refuſes to take the medicines he preſcribes. But if ſhe ſucceeds; if, like the muſick of Orpheus, her ſweet perſuaſions can mitigate the ferocity of the multitude, and tame their minds to a due obedience to laws and reverence for magiſtrates; or if ſhe can form a Timoleon, or a Numa Pompilius, to the government of a ſtate; how meritorious is the work! One king, nay, one miniſter, or counſellor of ſtate, imbued with her precepts, is of more value than all the ſpeculative, retired philoſophers, or cynical revilers of princes and magiſtrates, that ever lived upon earth.

DIOGENES.

Don't tell me of the muſick of Orpheus, and of his taming wild beaſts. A wild beaſt brought to *crouch* and *lick the hand of a maſter* is a much viler animal than he was in his natural ſtate of ferocity. You ſeem to think that the buſineſs of philoſophy is *to poliſh men into ſtarves*; but I ſay, it is to teach them to aſſert, with an untamed and generous ſpirit, their independence and freedom. You profeſs to inſtruct thoſe who want *to ride* their fellow-creatures, how to do it with an eaſy and gentle rein; but I would have them thrown off, and trampled under the feet of all their deluded or inſulted equals, on whoſe backs they have mounted. Which of us two is the trueſt friend to mankind?

PLATO.

According to your notions, all government is deſtructive to liberty; but I think that no liberty can ſubſiſt without government. A ſtate of ſociety is the *natural* ſtate of mankind. They are impelled to it, by their wants, their infirmities, their affections. The laws of ſociety are rules of life and action neceſſary to ſecure their happineſs in that ſtate. Government is the due enforcing of thoſe laws. That government is the beſt, which does this moſt effectually and moſt equally; and that people is the freeſt, which is moſt ſubmiſſively obedient to ſuch a government.

DIOGENES.

Shew me the government which makes no other uſe of it's power than duly to enforce the laws of ſociety, and I will own it is entitled to the moſt abſolute [illegible] from all it's ſubjects.

PLATO.

I cannot ſhew you perfection in human inſtitutions. It is far more eaſy to blame them than it is to amend them. Much may be wrong in the beſt: but a good man reſpects the laws and the magiſtrates of his country.

DIOGENES.

As for the laws of my country, I did ſo far reſpect them, as not to philoſophize to the prejudice of the firſt and greateſt principle of nature and of wiſdom, ſelf-preſervation. Though I loved to prate about high matters as well as Socrates, I did not chuſe to drink hemlock after his example. But you might as well have bid me *love* an ugly woman, becauſe ſhe was dreſt up in the gown of Lais, as *reſpect* a fool or a knave becauſe he was attired in the robe of a magiſtrate.

PLATO.

All I deſired of you was, not to amuſe yourſelf and the populace by throwing dirt upon the robe of a magiſtrate, merely becauſe he wore that robe, and you did not.

DIOGENES.

A philoſopher cannot better diſplay his wiſdom, than by throwing contempt on that pageantry, which the ignorant multitude gaze at with a ſenſeleſs veneration.

PLATO.

PLATO.

He who tries to make the multitude *venerate nothing* is more senseless than they. Wise men have endeavoured to excite an awful reverence in the minds of the vulgar for external ceremonies and forms, in order to secure their obedience to religion and government, of which these are the symbols. Can *a philosopher* desire to defeat that good purpose?

DIOGENES.

Yes, if he see it abused, to support the evil purposes of superstition and tyranny.

PLATO.

May not the abuse be corrected, without losing the benefit? Is there no difference between *reformation* and *destruction?*

DIOGENES.

Half-measures do nothing. He who desires to *reform*, must not be afraid *to pull down.*

PLATO.

I know that you and your sect *care for pulling down every thing that is above your own level.* Pride and envy are the motives that set you all to work. Nor can one wonder that passions, the influence of which is so general, should give you many disciples and many admirers.

DIOGENES.

When you have established *your republick*, if you will admit me into it, I promise you to be *there* a most *respectful* subject.

PLATO.

I am conscious, Diogenes, that *my republick* was imaginary, and could never be established. But they shew as little knowledge of what is practicable in politicks, as I did in that book, who suppose that the liberty of any civil society can be maintained by the destruction of order and decency, or promoted by the petulance of unbridled defamation.

DIOGENES.

I never knew any government angry at defamation, when it fell on those who disliked or obstructed it's measures. But I well remember, that the thirty tyrants at Athens called opposition to them *the destruction of order and decency.*

PLATO.

Things are not altered by names.

DIOGENES.

No—but names have a strange power to impose on weak understandings. If, when you were in Egypt, you had laughed at the worship of an onion; the priests would have called you an atheist, and the people would have stoned you. But, I presume, that, to have the honour of being initiated into the mysteries of that reverend hierarchy, you bowed as low to it as any of their devout disciples. Unfortunately my neck was not so pliant; and therefore I was never initiated into their mysteries either of religion or government, but was feared or hated by all who thought it their interest to make them be respected.

PLATO.

Your vanity found it's account in that fear and that hatred. The high priest of a deity, or the ruler of a state, is much less distinguished from the vulgar herd of mankind, than the scoffer at all religion, and the despiser of all dominion.—But let us end our dispute. I feel my folly, in continuing to argue with one, who, in reasoning, does not seek to come at truth, but merely to shew his wit. Adieu, Diogenes. I am going to converse with the shades of Pythagoras, Solon, and Bias.—You may jest with Aristophanes, or rail with Therſites.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

ARISTIDES—PHOCION—DEMOSTHENES.

ARISTIDES.

HOW could it happen, that Athens, after having recovered an equality with Sparta, should be forced to submit to the dominion of Macedon, when she had two such great men as Phocion and Demosthenes at the head of her state?

PHOCION.

It happened because our opinions of her interests in foreign affairs were totally different; which made us act with a constant and pernicious opposition, the one to the other.

ARISTIDES.

I wish to hear from you both (if you will indulge my curiosity) on what principles you could form such contrary judgments concerning points of such moment

moment to the safety of your country, which you equally loved.

DEMOSTHENES.

My principles were the same with yours, Aristides. I laboured to maintain the independence of Athens against the encroaching ambition of Macedon, as you had maintained it against that of Persia. I saw that our own strength was unequal to the enterprize; but what we could not do alone, I thought might be done by a union of the principal states of Greece; such a union as had been formed by you and Themistocles, in opposition to the Persians. To effect this, was the great, the constant, aim of my policy; and, though traversed in it by many whom the gold of Macedon had corrupted, and by Phocion, whom alone, of all the enemies to my system, I must acquit of corruption, I so far succeeded, that I brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to Philip's. The event was unfortunate; but Aristides will not judge of the merits of a statesman by the accidents of war.

PHOCION.

Do not imagine, Aristides, that I was less desirous than Demosthenes to preserve the independence and liberty of my country. But, before I engaged the Athenians in a war *not absolutely necessary*, I thought it proper to consider what the event of a battle would probably be. That which I feared, came to pass: the Macedonians were victorious, and Athens was ruined.

DEMOSTHENES.

Would Athens not have been ruined if no battle had been fought? Could you, Phocion, think it safety, to have our freedom depend on the moderation of Philip? And what had we else to protect us, if no confederacy had been formed to resist his ambition?

PHOCION.

I saw no wisdom in accelerating the downfall of my country, by a rash activity in provoking the resentment of an enemy, whose arms, I foretold, would in the issue prove superior, not only to ours, but to those of any confederacy we were able to form. My maxim was, 'That a state, which cannot make itself 'stronger than any of it's neighbours, 'should live in friendship with that 'power which is the strongest.' But, the more apparent it was that our strength was inferior to that of Macedon, the more you laboured to induce us, by all the vehemence of your oratory, to take such measures as tended to render Philip our enemy, and exasperate him more against us than any other nation. This I thought a rash conduct. It was not by orations that the dangerous war you had kindled could finally be determined: nor did your triumphs over me in an assembly of the people intimidate any Macedonian in the field of Chæronea, or stop you yourself from flying out of that field.

DEMOSTHENES.

My flight thence, I must own, was ignominious to me; but it affects not the question we are agitating now, whether the counsels I gave to the people of Athens, as a statesman and a publick minister, were right or wrong. When first I excited them to make war against Philip, the victories gained by Chabrias, in which you, Phocion, had a share, particularly that of Naxos, which compleatly restored to us the empire of the sea, had enabled us to maintain, not only our own liberty, but that of all Greece, the defence of which we had formerly acquired so much glory, and which our ancestors thought so important to the safety and independence of Athens. Philip's power was but beginning, and supported itself more by craft than force. I saw, and I warned my countrymen in due time, how impolitick it would be, to suffer his machinations to be carried on with success, and his strength to increase by continual acquisitions, without resistance. I exposed the weakness of that narrow, that short-sighted policy, which looked no further than to our own immediate borders, and imagined that whatsoever lay out of those bounds was foreign to our interests, and unworthy of our care. The force of my remonstrances rouzed the Athenians to a more vigilant conduct. Then it was, that the orators, whom Philip had corrupted, loudly inveighed against me, as alarming the people with imaginary dangers, and drawing them into quarrels in which they had really no concern. This language, and the fair professions of Philip, who was perfectly skilled in *the royal art of dissembling*, were often so prevalent, that many favourable opportunities of defeating his designs were unhappily lost. Yet sometimes, by the spirit with which I animated the Athenians, and other neighbouring states, I stopt

ſtopt the progreſs of his arms, and oppoſed to him ſuch obſtacles as coſt him much time and much labour to remove. You yourſelf, Phocion, at the head of fleets and armies ſent againſt him by decrees which I had propoſed, vanquiſhed his troops in Euboea, and ſaved from him Byſantium, with other cities of our allies on the coaſts of the Helleſpont, from which you drove him with ſhame.

PHOCION.

The proper uſe of thoſe advantages was, to ſecure a peace to Athens, which they inclined him to keep. His ambition was checked; but his forces were not ſo much diminiſhed as to render it ſafe to provoke him to further hoſtilities.

DEMOSTHENES.

His courage and policy were indeed ſo ſuperior to ours, that, notwithſtanding his defeats, he was ſoon in a condition to purſue the great plan of conqueſt and dominion, which he had formed long before, [illegible] never deſiſted. Thus, though mutoleſs on our ſide, and activity on his, things were brought to ſuch a criſis, that I ſaw no hope of delivering all Greece from his yoke, but by confederating againſt him the Athenians and the Thebans; which league I effected. Was it not better to fight for the independence of our country in conjunction with Thebes than alone? Would a battle loſt in Boeotia be ſo fatal to Athens, as one loſt in our own territory, and under our own walls?

PHOCION.

You may remember, that, when you were eagerly urging this argument, I deſired you to conſider, not where we ſhould fight, but how we ſhould be conquerors: for if we were vanquiſhed, all ſorts of evils and dangers would be inſtantly at our gates.

ARISTIDES.

Did not you tell me, Demoſthenes, when you began to ſpeak upon this ſubject, that you brought into the field of Chaeronea an army equal to Philip's?

DEMOSTHENES.

I did, and believe that Phocion will not contradict me.

ARISTIDES.

But, though equal in number, it was, perhaps, much inferior to the Macedonians in valour and military diſcipline.

DEMOSTHENES.

The courage ſhewn by our army excited the admiration of Philip himſelf; and their diſcipline was inferior to none in Greece.

ARISTIDES.

What then occaſioned their defeat?

DEMOSTHENES.

The bad conduct of their generals.

ARISTIDES.

Why was the command not given to Phocion, whoſe abilities had been proved on ſo many other occaſions? Was it offered to him, and did he refuſe to accept it? You are ſilent, Demoſthenes. I underſtand your ſilence. You are unwilling to tell me, that, having the power, by your influence over the people, to confer the command on what Athenian you pleaſed, you were induced by the ſpirit of party to lay aſide a great general, who had been always ſucceſsful, who had the chief confidence of your troops and of your allies, in order to give it to men, zealous indeed for your meaſures, and full of military ardour, but of little capacity or experience in the conduct of a war. You cannot plead, that, if Phocion had led your troops againſt Philip, there was any danger of his baſely betraying his truſt. Phocion could not be a traitor. You had ſeen him ſerve the republick, and conquer for it, in wars, the undertaking of which he had ſtrenuouſly oppoſed, in wars with Philip. How could you then be ſo negligent of the ſafety of your country, as not to employ him in this, the moſt dangerous of all ſhe ever had waged? If Chares and Lyſicles, the two generals you choſe to conduct it, had commanded the Grecian forces at Marathon and Plataea, we ſhould have loſt thoſe battles. All the men whom you ſent to fight the Macedonians under ſuch leaders were victims to the animoſity between you and Phocion, which made you deprive them of the neceſſary benefit of his wiſe direction. This I think the worſt blemiſh of your adminiſtration. In other parts of your conduct, I not only acquit, but greatly applaud and admire you. With the ſagacity of a moſt conſummate ſtateſman, you penetrated the deepeſt deſigns of Philip; you ſaw all the dangers, which threatened Greece from that quarter, while they were yet at a diſtance; you exhorted your countrymen to make

a timely

a timely provision for their future security; you spread the alarm through all the neighbouring states; you combined the most powerful in a confederacy with Athens; you carried the war *out of Attica*, which (let Phocion say what he will) was safer than meeting it *there*; you brought it, after all that had been done by the enemy to strengthen himself and weaken us, after the loss of Amphipolis, Olynthus, and Potidæa, the outguards of Athens; you brought it, I say, to the decision of a battle with equal forces. When this could be effected, there was evidently nothing so desperate in our circumstances, as to justify an inaction, which might probably make them worse, but could not make them better. Phocion thinks that a state, which cannot itself be the strongest, should live in friendship with that power which is the strongest. But, in my opinion, *such friendship* is no better than *servitude*. It is more adviseable to endeavour to supply what is wanting in our own strength, by a conjunction with others who are equally in danger. This method of preventing the ruin of our country was tried by Demosthenes. Nor yet did he neglect, by all practicable means, to augment, at the same time, our internal resources. I have heard, that, when he found the publick treasure exhausted, he replenished it, with very great peril to himself, by bringing into it money appropriated before to the entertainment of the people, against the express prohibition of a popular law, which made it death to propose the application thereof to any other use. This was virtue, this was *true and genuine patriotism*. He owed all his importance and power in the state to the favour of the people: yet, in order to serve the state, he did not fear, at the evident hazard of his life, to offend their darling passion, and appeal against it to their reason.

PHOCION.

For this action I praise him. It was indeed far more dangerous for a minister at Athens to violate that absurd and extravagant law than any of those of Solon. But, though he restored our finances, he could not restore our lost virtue; he could not give that firm health, that vigour to the state, which is the result of pure morals, of strict order and civil discipline, of integrity in the old, and obedience in the young. I therefore dreaded a conflict with the solid strength of Macedon, where corruption had yet made but a very small progress; and was happy that Demosthenes did not oblige me, against my own inclination, to be the general of such a people in such a war.

ARISTIDES.

I fear that your just contempt of the greater number of those who composed the democracy so disgusted you with this mode and form of government, that you were as averse to serve under it, as others, with less ability and virtue than you, were desirous of obtruding themselves into it's service. But, though such a reluctance proceeds from a very noble pride, and seems agreeable to the dignity only of great minds in bad times; yet it is a fault against the highest of moral obligations, the love of our country; for, how unworthy soever individuals may be, the publick is always respectable, always dear to the virtuous.

PHOCION.

True: but no obligation can lie upon a citizen to seek a publick charge, when he foresees that his obtaining of it will be useless to his country. Would you have had me solicit the command of an army which I believed would be beaten?

ARISTIDES.

It is not permitted to a state to despair of it's safety, till it's utmost efforts have been made without success. If you had commanded the army at Chæronea, you might possibly have changed the event of the day: but, if you had not, you would have died more honourably there, than in a prison at Athens, betrayed by a vain confidence in the insecure friendship of a perfidious Macedonian.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXXII.

MARCUS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS—SERVIUS TULLIUS.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

YES, Marcus, though I own you to have been the first of mankind in virtue and goodness; though, while you governed, philosophy sat on the throne, and diffused the benign influences of her administration over the whole Roman empire; yet, *as a king*, I might, perhaps, pretend to a merit even superior to yours.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

That philosophy you ascribe to me has taught me to feel my own defects, and to venerate the virtues of other men. Tell me, therefore, in what consisted the superiority of your merit *as a king*.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

It consisted in this, *that I gave my people freedom*. I diminished, I limited, the kingly power, when it was placed in my hands. I need not tell you, that the plan of government instituted by me was adopted by the Romans, who, when they had driven out Tarquin, the destroyer of their liberty; and gave it's form to that republick, composed of a due mixture of the regal, aristocratical, and democratical powers, the strength and wisdom of which subdued the world. To have all the glory of that great people, who for many ages excelled the rest of mankind in the arts of war and of policy, belongs originally to me.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

There is much truth in what you say. But would not the Romans have done better, if, after the expulsion of Tarquin, they had vested the regal power in *a limited monarch*, instead of placing it in two annual elective magistrates, with the title of consuls? This was a great deviation from your plan of government, and, I think, an unwise one. For a *divided royalty* is a solecism, an absurdity in politicks. Nor was the regal power, committed to the administration of consuls, continued in their hands long enough to enable them to finish any difficult war, or other act of great moment. Hence arose a necessity of prolonging their commands beyond the legal term; of shortening the interval prescribed by the laws between the elections to those offices; and of granting extraordinary commissions and powers; by all which, the republick was in the end destroyed.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

The revolution which ensued upon the death of Lucretia, was made with so much anger, that it is no wonder the Romans abolished in their fury the name of king, and desired to weaken a power, the exercise of which had been so grievous; though the doing this was attended with all the inconveniencies you have justly observed. But, if anger acted too violently in reforming abuses, philosophy might have wisely corrected that error. Marcus Aurelius might have new-modelled the constitution of Rome. He might have made it *a limited monarchy*; leaving to the emperors all the power that was necessary to govern a wide-extended empire, and to the senate and people all the liberty that could be consistent with order and obedience to government; a liberty purged of faction, and guarded against anarchy.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I should have been happy indeed, if it had been in my power to do such good to my country. But the gods themselves cannot force their blessings on men who by their vices are become incapable to receive them. Liberty, like power, is only good for those who possess it when it is under the constant direction of virtue. No laws can have force enough to hinder it from degenerating into faction and anarchy, where the morals of a nation are depraved; and continued habits of vice will eradicate the very love of it out of the hearts of a people. A Marcus Brutus, in my time, could not have drawn to his standard a single legion of Romans. But further, it is certain, that the *spirit of liberty* is absolutely incompatible with the *spirit of conquest*. To keep *great conquered nations* in subjection and obedience, *great standing armies* are necessary. The generals of those armies will not long remain subjects; and whoever acquires dominion by the sword must rule by the sword. If he do not destroy liberty, liberty will destroy him.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Do you then justify Augustus, for the change he made in the Roman government?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I do not—for Augustus had no lawful authority to make that change. His power was usurpation and breach of trust. But the government, which he seized with a violent hand, came to me by a *lawful* and *established* rule of succession.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Can any length of *establishment* make despotism *lawful?* Is not liberty an inherent, inalienable right of mankind?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They have an inherent right to be governed by laws, not by arbitrary will. But forms of government may, and must, be occasionally changed, with the consent of the people. When I reigned over them, the Romans were governed by laws.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Yes, because your moderation, and the precepts of that philosophy in which your youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the laws the rules of your government, and the bounds of your power. But, if you had desired to govern otherwise, had they power to restrain you?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They had not.—The imperial authority, in my time, had no limitations.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Rome, therefore, was in reality as much enslaved under you as under your son; and you left him the power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary right.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I did—And the conclusion of that tyranny was his murder.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Unhappy father! unhappy king! What a detestable thing is absolute monarchy, when even the virtues of Marcus Aurelius could not hinder it from being destructive to his family, and pernicious to his country, any longer than the period of his own life! But how happy is that kingdom, in which a [illegible] presides over a state [illegible] guards itself from [illegible] evils, and has no need to take refuge in arbitrary power against the dangers of anarchy; which is almost as bad a resource as it would be for a ship to run itself on a rock, in order to escape from the agitation of a tempest!

FINIS.