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Containing

The Idler,

Fitz Osbornes Letters,

Shenstones Essays,

Launcelot Temple's Sketches,

And the Lover.

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THE

IDLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

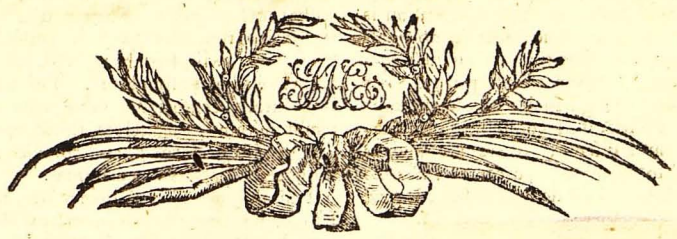
DUPLEX LIBELLI DOS EST, QUOD RISUM MOVET,
ET QUOD PRUDENTI VITAM CONSILIO MONET.
PHAEDRUS.

Χάρις μιηδοῖσι.

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

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE IDLER having omitted to diſtinguiſh the Eſſays of his Correſpondents by any particular ſignature, thinks it neceſſary to inform his Readers, that from the ninth, the fifteenth, thirty-third, forty-ſecond, fifty-fourth, ſixty-ſeventh, ſeventy-ſixth, ſeventy-ninth, eighty-ſecond, ninety-third, ninety-ſixth, and ninety-eighth Papers, he claims no other praiſe than that of having given them to the Publick.



THE

IDLER.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Nº I. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1758.

VACUI SUB UMBRA
LUSIMUS. HOR.

THOSE who attempt periodical Eſſays ſeem to be often ſtopped in the beginning, by the difficulty of finding a proper title. Two writers, ſince the time of the Spectator, have aſſumed his name, without any pretenſions to lawful inheritance; an effort was once made to revive the Tatler; and the ſtrange appellations, by which other papers have been called, ſhow that the authors were diſtreſſed, like the natives of America, who come to the Europeans to beg a name.

It will be eaſily believed of the Idler, that if his title had required any ſearch, he never would have found it. Every mode of life has it's conveniences. The Idler, who habituates himſelf to be ſatisfied with what he can moſt eaſily obtain, not only eſcapes labours which are often fruitleſs, but ſometimes ſucceeds better than thoſe who deſpiſe all that is within their reach, and think every thing more valuable as it is harder to be acquired.

If ſimilitude of manners be a motive to kindneſs, the Idler may flatter himſelf with univerſal patronage. There is no ſingle character under which ſuch numbers are compriſed. Every man is, or hopes to be, an Idler. Even thoſe who ſeem to differ moſt from us are haſtening to increaſe our fraternity; as peace is the end of war, ſo to be idle is the ultimate purpoſe of the buſy.

There is perhaps no appellation by which a writer can better denote his kindred to the human ſpecies. It has been found hard to deſcribe Man by an adequate definition. Some philoſophers have called him a reaſonable animal, but others have conſidered reaſon as a quality of which many creatures partake. He has been termed likewiſe a laughing animal; but it is ſaid that ſome men have never laughed. Perhaps Man may be more properly diſtinguiſhed as an Idle animal; for there is no man who is not ſometimes idle. It is at leaſt a definition from which none that ſhall find it in this paper can be excepted; for who can be more idle than the reader of the Idler?

That the definition may be compleat, Idleneſs muſt be not only the general, but the peculiar characteriſtic of man; and perhaps man is the only being that can properly be called Idle, that does by others what he might do himſelf, or ſacrifices duty or pleaſure to the love of eaſe.

Scarcely

Scarcely any name can be imagined from which leſs envy or competition is to be dreaded. The Idler has no rivals or enemies. The man of buſineſs forgets him; the man of enterprize deſpiſes him; and though ſuch as tread the ſame track of life, fall commonly into jealouſy and diſcord, Idlers are always found to aſſociate in peace; and he who is moſt famed for doing nothing, is glad to meet another as idle as himſelf.

What is to be expected from this Paper, whether it will be uniform or various, learned or familiar, ſerious or gay, political or moral, continued or interrupted, it is hoped that no reader will enquire. That the Idler has ſome ſcheme, cannot be doubted; for to form ſchemes is the Idler's privilege. But though he has many projects in his head, he is now grown ſparing of communication, having obſerved, that his hearers are apt to remember what he forgets himſelf; that his tardineſs of execution expoſes him to the encroachments of thoſe who catch a hint and fall to work; and that very ſpecious plans, after long contrivance and pompous diſplays, have ſubſided in wearineſs without a trial, and without miſcarriage have been blaſted by deriſion.

Something the Idler's character may be ſuppoſed to promiſe. Thoſe that are curious after diminutive hiſtory, who watch the revolutions of families, and the riſe and fall of characters either male or female, will hope to be gratified by this Paper; for the Idler is always inquiſitive, and ſeldom retentive. He that delights in obloquy and ſatire, and wiſhes to ſee clouds gathering over any reputation that dazzles him with its brightneſs, will ſnatch up the Idler's Eſſays with a beating heart. The Idler is naturally cenſorious; thoſe who attempt nothing themſelves think every thing eaſily performed, and conſider the unſucceſsful always as criminal.

I think it neceſſary to give notice, that I make no contract, nor incur any obligation. If thoſe who depend on the Idler for intelligence and entertainment, ſhould ſuffer the diſappointment which commonly follows ill-placed expectations, they are to lay the blame only on themſelves.

Yet hope is not wholly to be caſt away. The Idler, though ſluggiſh, is yet alive, and may ſometimes be ſtimulated to vigour and activity. He may deſcend into profoundneſs, or tower into ſublimity; for the diligence of an Idler is rapid and impetuous, as ponderous bodies forced into velocity move with violence proportionate to their weight.

But theſe vehement exertions of intellect cannot be frequent, and he will therefore gladly receive help from any correſpondent, who ſhall enable him to pleaſe without his own labour. He excludes no ſtyle, he prohibits no ſubject; only let him that writes to the Idler remember, that his letters muſt not be long; no words are to be ſquandered in declarations of eſteem, or confeſſions of inability; conſcious dulneſs has little right to be prolix, and praiſe is not ſo welcome to the Idler as quiet.

Nº II. SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

TOTO VIX QUATER ANNO MEMBRANAM. HOR.

MANY poſitions are often on the tongue, and ſeldom in the mind; there are many truths which every human being acknowledges and forgets. It is generally known, that he who expects much will be often diſappointed; yet diſappointment ſeldom cures us of expectation, or has any other effect than that of producing a moral ſentence, or peeviſh exclamation. He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wiſh to advance rather by the impulſe of the wind, than the ſtrokes of the oar; and many founder in the paſſage, while they lie waiting for the gale that is to waft them to their wiſh.

It will naturally be ſuſpected that the Idler has lately ſuffered ſome diſappointment, and that he does not talk thus gravely for nothing. No man is required to betray his own ſecrets. I will, however, confeſs, that I have now been a Writer almoſt a week, and have not yet heard a ſingle word of praiſe, nor received one hint from any correſpondent.

Whence

Whence this negligence proceeds I am not able to diſcover. Many of my predeceſſors have thought themſelves obliged to return their acknowledgments in the ſecond paper, for the kind reception of the firſt; and in a ſhort time, apologies have become neceſſary to thoſe ingenious gentlemen and ladies, whoſe performances, though in the higheſt degree elegant and learned, have been unavoidably delayed.

What, then, will be thought of me, who, having experienced no kindneſs, have no thanks to return; whom no gentleman or lady has yet enabled to give any cauſe of diſcontent, and who have therefore no opportunity of ſhewing how ſkilfully I can pacify reſentment, extenuate negligence, or palliate rejection?

I have long known, that ſplendor of reputation is not to be counted among the neceſſaries of life; and therefore ſhall not much repine if praiſe be with-held till it is better deſerved. But ſurely I may be allowed to complain that, in a nation of Authors, not one has thought me worthy of notice, after ſo fair an invitation.

At the time when the rage of writing has ſeized the old and young, when the cook warbles her lyrics in the kitchen, and the thraſher vociferates his heroics in the barn; when our traders deal out knowledge in bulky volumes, and our girls forſake their ſamplers to teach kingdoms wiſdom; it may ſeem very unneceſſary to draw any more from their proper occupations, by affording new opportunities of literary fame.

I ſhould be indeed unwilling to find that, for the ſake of correſponding with the Idler, the ſmith's iron had cooled on the anvil, or the ſpinſter's diſtaff ſtood unemployed. I ſolicit only the contributions of thoſe who have already devoted themſelves to literature, or, without any determinate attention, wander at large through the expanſe of life, and wear out the day in hearing at one place, what they utter at another.

Of theſe, a great part are already writers. One has a friend in the country upon whom he exerciſes his powers; whoſe paſſions he raiſes and depreſſes; whoſe underſtanding he perplexes with paradoxes, or ſtrengthens by argument; whoſe admiration he courts, whoſe praiſes he enjoys; and who ſerves him inſtead of a ſenate or a theatre; as the young ſoldiers in the Roman camp learned the uſe of their weapons by fencing againſt a poſt in the place of an enemy.

Another has his pockets filled with eſſays and epigrams, which he reads, from houſe to houſe, to ſelect parties; and which his acquaintances are daily entreating him to with-hold no longer from the impatience of the public.

If, among theſe, any one is perſuaded that, by ſuch preludes of compoſition, he has qualified himſelf to appear in the open world, and is yet afraid of thoſe cenſures which they who have already written, and they who cannot write, are equally ready to fulminate againſt public pretenders to fame, he may, by tranſmitting his performances to the Idler, make a cheap experiment of his abilities, and enjoy the pleaſure of ſucceſs, without the hazard of miſcarriage.

Many advantages, not generally known, ariſe from this method of ſtealing on the public. The ſtanding author of the paper is always the object of critical malignity. Whatever is mean will be imputed to him, and whatever is excellent be aſcribed to his aſſiſtants. It does not much alter the event, that the author and his correſpondents are equally unknown; for the author, whoever he be, is an individual, of whom every reader has ſome fixed idea, and whom he is therefore unwilling to gratify with applauſe; but the praiſes given to his correſpondents are ſcattered in the air, none can tell on whom they will light, and therefore none are unwilling to beſtow them.

He that is known to contribute to a periodical work, needs no other caution than not to tell what particular pieces are his own: ſuch ſecrecy is indeed very difficult; but if it can be maintained, it is ſcarcely to be imagined at how ſmall an expence he may grow conſiderable.

A perſon of quality, by a ſingle paper, may engroſs the honour of a volume. Fame is indeed dealt with a hand leſs and leſs bounteous through the ſubordinate ranks, till it deſcends to the profeſſed author, who will find it very difficult to get more than he deſerves; but every man who does not want it, or who needs not value it, may have liberal allowances; and, for five letters

in the year ſent to the Idler, of which perhaps only two are printed, will be promoted to the firſt rank of writers by thoſe who are weary of the preſent race of wits, and wiſh to ſink them into obſcurity before the luſtre of a name not yet known enough to be deteſted.

N° III. SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

OTIA VITÆ
SOLAMUR CANTU. STAT.

IT has long been the complaint of thoſe who frequent the theatres, that all the dramatic art has been long exhauſted, and that the viciſſitudes of fortune, and accidents of life, have been ſhewn in every poſſible combination, till the firſt ſcene informs us of the laſt, and the play no ſooner opens, than every auditor knows how it will conclude. When a conſpiracy is formed in a tragedy, we gueſs by whom it will be detected; when a letter is dropt in a comedy, we can tell by whom it will be found. Nothing is now left for the poet but character and ſentiment, which are to make their way as they can, without the ſoft anxiety of ſuſpence, or the enlivening agitation of ſurprize.

A new paper lies under the ſame diſadvantages as a new play. There is danger leſt it be new without novelty. My earlier predeceſſors had their choice of vices and follies, and ſelected ſuch as were moſt likely to raiſe merriment or attract attention; they had the whole field of life before them, untrodden and unſurveyed; characters of every kind ſhot up in their way, and thoſe of the moſt luxuriant growth, or moſt conſpicuous colours, were naturally cropt by the firſt ſickle. They that follow are forced to peep into neglected corners, to note the caſual varieties of the ſame ſpecies, and to recommend themſelves by minute induſtry, and diſtinctions too ſubtle for common eyes.

Sometimes it may happen, that the haſte or negligence of the firſt enquirers, has left enough behind to reward another ſearch; ſometimes new objects ſtart up under the eye, and he that is looking for one kind of matter, is amply gratified by the diſcovery of another. But ſtill it muſt be allowed, that, as more is taken, leſs can remain, and every truth brought newly to light, impoveriſhes the mine, from which ſucceeding intellects are to dig their treaſures.

Many philoſophers imagine that the elements themſelves may be in time exhauſted; that the ſun, by ſhining long, will effuſe all it's light; and that, by the continual waſte of aqueous particles, the whole earth will at laſt become a ſandy deſart.

I would not adviſe my readers to diſturb themſelves by contriving how they ſhall live without light and water. For the days of univerſal thirſt and perpetual darkneſs are at a great diſtance. The ocean and the ſun will laſt our time, and we may leave poſterity to ſhift for themſelves.

But if the ſtores of Nature are limited, much more narrow bounds muſt be ſet to the modes of life; and mankind may want a moral or amuſing paper, many years before they ſhall be deprived of drink or day-light. This want, which to the buſy and the inventive may ſeem eaſily remediable by ſome ſubſtitute or other, the whole race of Idlers will feel with all the ſenſibility that ſuch torpid animals can ſuffer.

When I conſider the innumerable multitudes that, having no motive of deſire, or determination of will, lie freezing in perpetual inactivity, till ſome external impulſe puts them in motion; who awake in the morning, vacant of thought, with minds gaping for the intellectual food, which ſome kind eſſayiſt has been accuſtomed to ſupply; I am moved by the commiſeration with which all human beings ought to behold the diſtreſſes of each other, to try ſome expedients for their relief, and to enquire by what methods the liſtleſs may be actuated, and the empty be repleniſhed.

There are ſaid to be pleaſures in madneſs known only to madmen. There are certainly miſeries in idleneſs, which the Idler only can conceive. Theſe miſeries I have often felt, and often bewailed. I know, by experience, how welcome is every avocation that

that ſummons the thoughts to a new image; and how much languor and laſſitude are relieved by that officiouſneſs which offers a momentary amuſement to him who is unable to find it for himſelf.

It is naturally indifferent to this race of men what entertainment they receive, ſo they are but entertained. They catch, with equal eagerneſs, at a moral lecture, or the memoirs of a robber; a prediction of the appearance of a comet, or the calculation of the chances of a lottery.

They might therefore eaſily be pleaſed, if they conſulted only their owu minds; but thoſe who will not take the trouble to think for themſelves, have always ſomebody that thinks for them; and the difficulty in writing is to pleaſe thoſe from whom others learn to be pleaſed.

Much miſchief is done in the world with very little intereſt or deſign. He that aſſumes the character of a critic, and juſtifies his claim by perpetual cenſure, imagines that he is hurting none but the author, and him he conſiders as a peſtilent animal, whom every other being has a right to perſecute; little does he think how many harmleſs men he involves in his own guilt, by teaching them to be noxious without malignity, and to repeat objections which they do not underſtand; or how many honeſt minds he debars from pleaſure, by exciting an artificial faſtidiouſneſs, and making them too wiſe to concur with their own ſenſations. He who is taught by a critic to diſlike that which pleaſed him in his natural ſtate, has the ſame reaſon to complain of his inſtructor, as the madman to rail at his doctor, who, when he thought himſelf maſter of Peru, phyſicked him to poverty.

If men will ſtruggle againſt their own advantage, they are not to expect that the Idler will take much pains upon them; he has himſelf to pleaſe as well as them, and has long learned, or endeavoured to learn, not to make the pleaſure of others too neceſſary to his own.

Nº IV. SATURDAY, MAY 6.

Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκε. HOM.

CHARITY, or tenderneſs for the poor, which is now juſtly conſidered, by a great part of mankind, as inſeparable from piety, and in which almoſt all the goodneſs of the preſent age conſiſts, is, I think, known only to thoſe who enjoy, either immediately or by tranſmiſſion, the light of revelation.

Thoſe ancient nations who have given us the wiſeſt models of government, and the brighteſt examples of patriotiſm, whoſe inſtitutions have been tranſcribed by all ſucceeding legiſlators, and whoſe hiſtory is ſtudied by every candidate for political or military reputation, have yet left behind them no mention of almshouſes or hoſpitals, of places where age might repoſe, or ſickneſs be relieved.

The Roman emperors, indeed, gave large donatives to the citizens and ſoldiers, but theſe diſtributions were always reckoned rather popular than virtuous: nothing more was intended than an oſtentation of liberality, nor was any recompence expected, but ſuffrages and acclamations.

Their beneficence was merely occaſional; he that ceaſed to need the favour of the people, ceaſed likewiſe to court it; and therefore, no man thought it either neceſſary or wiſe to make any ſtanding proviſion for the needy, to look forwards to the wants of poſterity, or to ſecure ſucceſſions of charity, for ſucceſſions of diſtreſs.

Compaſſion is by ſome reaſoners, on whom the name of philoſophers has been too eaſily conferred, reſolved into an affection merely ſelfiſh, an involuntary perception of pain at the involuntary ſight of a being like ourſelves languiſhing in miſery. But this ſenſation, if ever it be felt at all from the brute inſtinct of uninſtructed nature, will only produce effects deſultory and tranſient; it will never ſettle into a principle of action, or extend relief to calamities unſeen, in generations not yet in being.

The devotion of life or fortune to the ſuccour of the poor, is a height of virtue, to which humanity has never riſen by it's own power. The charity of the

Mahometans is a precept which their teacher evidently tranſplanted from the doctrines of Chriſtianity; and the care with which ſome of the Oriental ſects attend, as is ſaid, to the neceſſities of the diſeaſed and indigent, may be added to the other arguments, which prove Zoroaſter to have borrowed his inſtitutions from the law of Moſes.

The preſent age, though not likely to ſhine hereafter among the moſt ſplendid periods of hiſtory, has yet given examples of Charity, which may be very properly recommended to imitation. The equal diſtribution of wealth, which long commerce has produced, does not enable any ſingle hand to raiſe edifices of piety like fortified cities, to appropriate manors to religious uſes, or deal out ſuch large and laſting beneficence as was ſcattered over the land in ancient times, by thoſe who poſſeſſed counties or provinces. But no ſooner is a new ſpecies of miſery brought to view, and a deſign of relieving it profeſſed, than every hand is open to contribute ſomething, every tongue is buſied in ſolicitation, and every art of pleaſure is employed for a time in the intereſt of virtue.

The moſt apparent and preſſing miſeries incident to man, have now their peculiar houſes of reception and relief; and there are few among us raiſed however little above the danger of poverty, who may not juſtly claim, what is implored by the Mahometans in their moſt ardent benedictions, the prayers of the poor.

Among thoſe actions which the mind can moſt ſecurely review with unabated pleaſure, is that of having contributed to an hoſpital for the ſick. Of ſome kinds of Charity the conſequences are dubious; ſome evils which beneficence has been buſy to remedy, are not certainly known to be very grievous to the ſufferer, or detrimental to the community; but no man can queſtion whether wounds and ſickneſs are not really painful; whether it be not worthy of a good man's care to reſtore thoſe to eaſe and uſefulneſs, from whoſe labour infants and women expect their bread, and who, by a caſual hurt, or lingering diſeaſe, lie pining in want and anguiſh, burthenſome to others, and weary of themſelves.

Yet as the hoſpitals of the preſent time ſubſiſt only by gifts beſtowed at pleaſure, without any ſolid fund of ſupport, there is danger leſt the blaze of Charity, which now burns with ſo much heat and ſplendour, ſhould die away for want of laſting fuel; leſt Faſhion ſhould ſuddenly withdraw her ſmile, and Inconſtancy transfer the public attention to ſomething which may appear more eligible, becauſe it will be new.

Whatever is left in the hands of Chance muſt be ſubject to viciſſitude; and when any eſtabliſhment is found to be uſeful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.

But man is a tranſitory being, and his deſigns muſt partake of the imperfections of their author. To confer duration is not always in our power. We muſt ſnatch the preſent moment, and employ it well, without too much ſolicitude for the future, and content ourſelves with reflecting that our part is performed. He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wiſhes, and regret, in the laſt hour, his uſeleſs intentions, and barren zeal.

The moſt active promoters of the preſent ſchemes of Charity cannot be cleared from ſome inſtances of miſconduct, which may awaken contempt or cenſure, and haſten that neglect which is likely to come too ſoon of itſelf. The open competitions between different hoſpitals, and the animoſity with which their patrons oppoſe one another, may prejudice weak minds againſt them all. For it will not be eaſily believed, that any man can, for good reaſons, wiſh to exclude another from doing good. The ſpirit of Charity can only be continued by a reconciliation of theſe ridiculous feuds; and therefore, inſtead of contentions who ſhall be the only benefactors to the needy, let there be no other ſtruggle than who ſhall be the firſt.

N° V. SATURDAY, MAY 13.

Κάλλος
Ἀνὴ' ἐγκέων ἀπάνλων
Ἀνὴ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν. ANAC.

OUR military operations are at laſt begun; our troops are marching in all the pomp of war, and a camp is marked out on the Iſle of Wight; the heart of every Engliſhman now ſwells with confidence, though ſomewhat ſoftened by generous compaſſion for the conſternation and diſtreſſes of our enemies.

This formidable armament and ſplendid march produce different effects upon different minds, according to the boundleſs diverſities of temper, occupation, and habits of thought,

Many a tender maiden conſiders her lover as already loſt, becauſe he cannot reach the camp but by croſſing the ſea; men, of a more political underſtanding, are perſuaded that we ſhall now ſee, in a few days, the ambaſſadors of France ſupplicating for pity. Some are hoping for a bloody battle, becauſe a bloody battle makes a vendible narrative; ſome are compoſing ſongs of victory; ſome planning arches of triumph; and ſome are mixing fire-works for the celebration of a peace.

Of all extenſive and complicated objects different parts are ſelected by different eyes; and minds are variouſly affected, as they vary their attention. The care of the public is now fixed upon our ſoldiers, who are leaving their native country to wander, none can tell how long, in the pathleſs deſarts of the Iſle of Wight. The tender ſigh for their ſufferings, and the gay drink to their ſucceſs. I, who look, or believe myſelf to look, with more philoſophic eyes on human affairs, muſt confeſs, that I ſaw the troops march with little emotion; my thoughts were fixed upon other ſcenes, and the tear ſtole into my eyes, not for thoſe who were going away, but for thoſe who were left behind.

We have no reaſon to doubt but our troops will proceed with proper caution; there are men among them who can take care of themſelves. But how ſhall the ladies endure without them? By what arts can they, who have long had no joy but from the civilities of a ſoldier, now amuſe their hours, and ſolace their ſeparation?

Of fifty thouſand men, now deſtined to different ſtations, if we allow each to have been occaſionally neceſſary only to four women, a ſhort computation will inform us, that two hundred thouſand ladies are left to languiſh in diſtreſs; two hundred thouſand ladies, who muſt run to ſales and auctions without an attendant; ſit at the play, without a critic to direct their opinion; buy their fans by their own judgment; diſpoſe ſhells by their own invention; walk in the mall without a gallant; go to the gardens without a protector; and ſhuffle cards with vain impatience, for want of a fourth to complete the party.

Of theſe ladies, ſome, I hope, have lap-dogs, and ſome monkies; but they are unſatisfactory companions. Many uſeful offices are performed by men of ſcarlet, to which neither dog nor monkey has adequate abilities. A parrot, indeed, is as fine as a colonel; and if he has been much uſed to good company, is not wholly without converſation; but a parrot, after all, is a poor little creature, and has neither ſword nor ſhoulder-knot, can neither dance nor play at cards.

Since the ſoldiers muſt obey the call of their duty, and go to that ſide of the kingdom which faces France, I know not why the ladies, who cannot live without them, ſhould not follow them. The prejudices and pride of man have long preſumed the ſword and ſpindle made for different hands, and denied the other ſex to partake the grandeur of military glory. This notion may be conſiſtently enough received in France, where the Salic Law excludes females from the throne; but we, who allow them to be ſovereigns, may ſurely ſuppoſe them capable to be ſoldiers.

It were to be wiſhed that ſome man, whoſe experience and authority might enforce regard, would propoſe that our encampments for the preſent year ſhould compriſe an equal number of men and women, who ſhould march and fight in mingled

mingled bodies. If proper colonels were once appointed, and the drums ordered to beat for female volunteers, our regiments would ſoon be filled without the reproach or cruelty of an impreſs.

Of theſe heroines, ſome might ſerve on foot, under the denomination of the Female Buffs; and ſome on horſeback, with the title of Lady Huſſars.

What objections can be made to this ſcheme I have endeavoured maturely to conſider, and cannot find that a modern ſoldier has any duties, except that of obedience, which a lady cannot perform. If the hair has loſt it's powder, a lady has a puff; if a coat be ſpotted, a lady has a bruſh. Strength is of leſs importance ſince fire-arms have been uſed; blows of the hand are now ſeldom exchanged; and what is there to be done in the charge or the retreat beyond the powers of a ſprightly maiden?

Our maſculine ſquadrons will not ſuppoſe themſelves diſgraced by their auxiliaries, till they have done ſomething which women could not have done. The troops of Braddock never ſaw their enemies, and perhaps were defeated by women. If our American general had headed an army of girls, he might ſtill have built a fort, and taken it. Had Minorca been defended by a female garriſon, it might have been ſurrendered, as it was, without a breach; and I cannot but think, that ſeven thouſand women might have ventured to look at Rochfort, ſack a village, rob a vineyard, and return in ſafety.

N° VI. SATURDAY, MAY 20.

Ταμεῖον ἀρετῆς γενναῖα γυνή. GR. PRO.

THE lady who had undertaken to ride on one horſe a thouſand miles in a thouſand hours, has compleated her journey in little more than two-thirds of the time ſtipulated, and was conducted through the laſt mile with triumphal honours. Acclamation ſhouted before her, and all the flowers of the Spring were ſcattered in her way.

Every heart ought to rejoice when true merit is diſtinguiſhed with public notice. I am far from wiſhing either to the Amazon or her horſe any diminution of happineſs, or fame, and cannot but lament that they were not more amply and ſuitably rewarded.

There was once a time when wreaths of bays or oak were conſidered as recompences equal to the moſt weariſome labours and terrific dangers, and when the miſeries of long marches and ſtormy ſeas were at once driven from the remembrance by the fragrance of a garland.

If this heroine had been born in ancient time, ſhe might perhaps have been delighted with the ſimplicity of ancient gratitude; or if any thing was wanting to full ſatisfaction, ſhe might have ſupplied the deficiency with the hope of deification, and anticipated the altars that would be raiſed, and the vows that would be made, by future candidates for equeſtrian glory, to the patroneſs of the race and the goddeſs of the ſtable.

But Fate reſerved her for a more enlightened age, which has diſcovered leaves and flowers to be tranſitory things; which conſiders profit as the end of honour; and rates the event of every undertaking only by the money that is gained or loſt. In theſe days, to ſtrew the road with daiſies and lilies, is to mock merit and delude hope. The toyman will not give his jewels, nor the mercer meaſure out his ſilks, for vegetable coin. A primroſe, though picked up under the feet of the moſt renowned courſer, will neither be received as a ſtake at cards, nor procure a ſeat at an opera, nor buy candles for a rout, nor lace for a livery. And though there are many virtuoſos, whoſe ſole ambition is to poſſeſs ſomething which can be found in no other hand, yet ſome are more accuſtomed to ſtore their cabinets by theft than purchaſe, and none of them would either ſteal or buy one of the flowers of gratulation till he knows that all the reſt are totally deſtroyed.

Little therefore did it avail this wonderful lady to be received, however joyfully, with ſuch obſolete and barren ceremonies of praiſe. Had the way been covered with guineas, though but for the tenth part of the laſt mile, ſhe would have

have conſidered her ſkill and diligence as not wholly loſt; and might have rejoiced in the ſpeed and perſeverance which had left her ſuch ſuperfluity of time, that ſhe could at leiſure gather her reward without the danger of Atalanta's miſcarriage.

So much ground could not, indeed, have been paved with gold but at a large expence; and we are at preſent engaged in war, which demands and enforces frugality. But common rules are made only for common life, and ſome deviation from general policy may be allowed in favour of a lady, that rode a thouſand miles in a thouſand hours.

Since the ſpirit of antiquity ſo much prevails amongſt us, that even on this great occaſion we have given flowers inſtead of money, let us at leaſt complete our imitation of the ancients, and endeavour to tranſmit to poſterity the memory of that virtue, which we conſider as ſuperior to pecuniary recompence. Let an equeſtrian ſtatue of this heroine be erected, near the ſtarting-poſt on the heath of Newmarket, to fill kindred ſouls with emulation, and tell the grand-daughters of our grand-daughters what an Engliſh maiden has once performed.

As events, however illuſtrious, are ſoon obſcured if they are intruſted to tradition, I think it neceſſary, that the pedeſtal ſhould be inſcribed with a conciſe account of this great performance. The compoſition of this narrative ought not to be committed raſhly to improper hands. If the rhetoricians of Newmarket, who may be ſuppoſed likely to conceive in it's full ſtrength the dignity of the ſubject, ſhould undertake to expreſs it, there is danger leſt they admit ſome phraſes which, though well underſtood at preſent, may be ambiguous in another century. If poſterity ſhould read on a public monument, that *the lady carried her horſe a thouſand miles in a thouſand hours*, they may think that the ſtatue and inſcription are at variance, becauſe one will repreſent the horſe as carrying his lady, and the other tell that the lady carried her horſe.

Some doubts likewiſe may be raiſed by ſpeculatiſts, and ſome controverſies be agitated among hiſtorians, concerning the motive as well as the manner of the action. As it will be known, that this wonder was performed in a time of war, ſome will ſuppoſe that the lady was frighted by invaders, and fled to preſerve her life or her chaſtity: others will conjecture, that ſhe was thus honoured for ſome intelligence carried of the enemy's deſigns: ſome will think that ſhe brought news of a victory; others, that ſhe was commiſſioned to tell of a conſpiracy; and ſome will congratulate themſelves on their acuter penetration, and find, that all theſe notions of patriotiſm and public ſpirit are improbable and chimerical; they will confidently tell, that ſhe only ran away from her guardians, and that the true cauſes of her ſpeed were fear and love.

Let it therefore be carefully mentioned, that by this performance, *ſhe won her wager*; and, leſt this ſhould, by any change of manners, ſeem an inadequate or incredible incitement, let it be added, that at this time the original motives of human actions had loſt their influence; that the love of praiſe was extinct; the fear of infamy was become ridiculous; and the only wiſh of an Engliſhman was, *to win his wager*.

N° VII. SATURDAY, MAY 27.

ONE of the principal amuſements of the Idler is to read the works of thoſe minute hiſtorians the writers of news, who, though contemptuouſly overlooked by the compoſers of bulky volumes, are yet neceſſary in a nation where much wealth produces much leiſure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but to obſerve the lives and fortunes of the other.

To us, who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are ſupplied from day to day with materials for converſation, it is difficult to conceive how man can ſubſiſt without a news-paper, or to what entertainment companies can aſſemble, in thoſe wide regions of the earth that have neither Chronicles nor Magazines, neither Gazettes nor Advertiſers, neither Journals nor Evening Poſts.

There are never great numbers in any nation, whoſe reaſon or invention can find employment for their tongues, who can raiſe a pleaſing diſcourſe from their own ſtock of ſentiments and images; and

and thoſe few who have qualified themſelves by ſpeculation for general diſquiſitions, are ſoon left without an audience. The common talk of men muſt relate to facts in which the talkers have, or think they have, an intereſt; and where ſuch facts cannot be known, the pleaſures of ſociety will be merely ſenſual. Thus the natives of the Mahometan empires, who approach moſt nearly to European civility, have no higher pleaſure at their convivial aſſemblies than to hear a piper, or gaze upon a tumbler, and no company can keep together longer than they are diverted by ſounds or ſhows.

All foreigners remark, that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This ſuperiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence, which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.

This univerſal diffuſion of inſtruction is, perhaps, not wholly without it's inconveniences; it certainly fills the nation with ſuperficial diſputants; enables thoſe to talk who were born to work; and affords information ſufficient to elate vanity, and ſtiffen obſtinacy, but too little to enlarge the mind into compleat ſkill for full comprehenſion.

Whatever is found to gratify the public, will be multiplied by the emulation of venders beyond neceſſity or uſe. This plenty indeed produces cheapneſs, but cheapneſs always ends in negligence and depravation.

The compilation of news-papers is often committed to narrow and mercenary minds, not qualified for the taſk of delighting or inſtructing; who are content to fill their paper, with whatever matter, without induſtry to gather, or diſcernment to ſelect.

Thus journals are daily multiplied without increaſe of knowledge. The tale of the morning paper is told again in the evening, and the narratives of the evening are bought again in the morning. Theſe repetitions, indeed, waſte time, but they do not ſhorten it. The moſt eager peruſer of news is tired before he has compleated his labour, and many a man who enters the coffee-houſe in his night-gown and ſlippers, is called away to his ſhop, or his dinner, before he has well conſidered the ſtate of Europe.

It is diſcovered by Reaumur, that ſpiders might make ſilk, if they could be perſuaded to live in peace together. The writers of news, if they could be confederated, might give more pleaſure to the public. The morning and evening authors might divide an event between them; a ſingle action, and that not of much importance, might be gradually diſcovered, ſo as to vary a whole week with joy, anxiety, and conjecture.

We know that a French ſhip of war was lately taken by a ſhip of England; but this event was ſuffered to burſt upon us all at once, and then what we knew already was echoed from day to day, and from week to week.

Let us ſuppoſe theſe ſpiders of literature to ſpin together, and enquire to what an extenſive web ſuch another event might be regularly drawn, and how ſix morning and ſix evening writers might agree to retail their articles.

On *Monday Morning* the captain of a ſhip might arrive, who left the Friſeur of France, and the Bulldog, Captain Grim, in ſight of one another, ſo that an engagement ſeemed unavoidable.

Monday Evening. A ſound of cannon was heard off Cape Finiſterre, ſuppoſed to be thoſe of the Bulldog and Friſeur.

Tueſday Morning. It was this morning reported, that the Bulldog engaged the Friſeur, yard-arm and yard-arm, three glaſſes and a half, but was obliged to ſheer off for want of powder. It is hoped that enquiry will be made into this affair in a proper place.

Tueſday Evening. The account of the engagement between the Bulldog and Friſeur was premature.

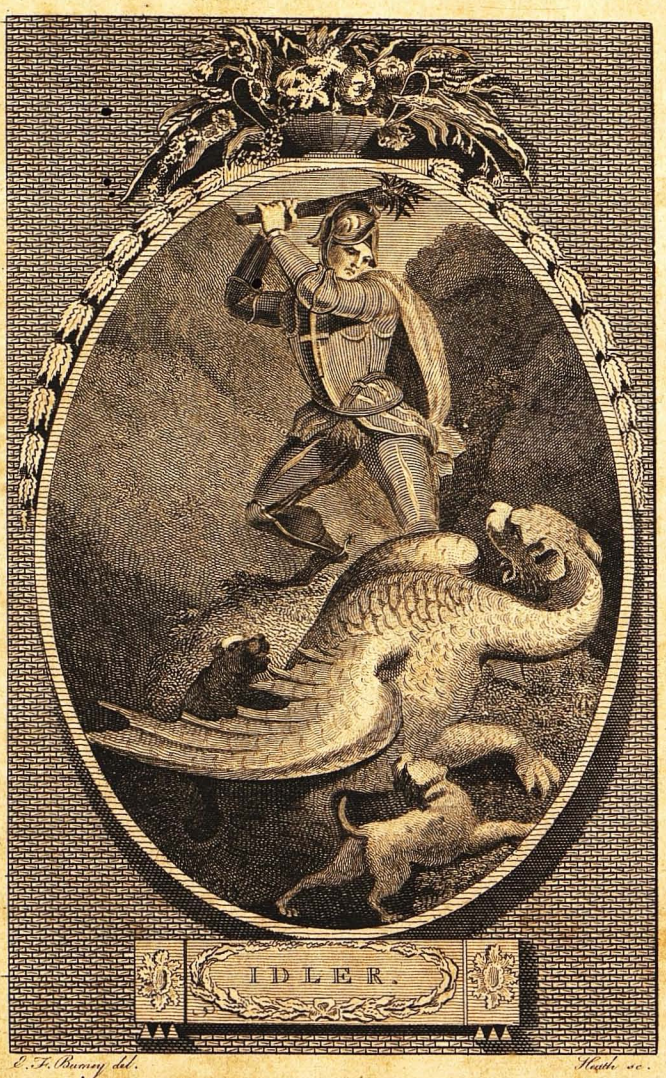
Wedneſday Morning. Another expreſs is arrived, which brings news, that the Friſeur had loſt all her maſts, and three hundred of her men, in the late engagement; and that Captain Grim is come into harbour much ſhattered.

Wedneſday Evening. We hear that the brave Captain Grim, having expended his powder, propoſed to enter the Friſeur ſword in hand; but that his lieutenant, the nephew of a certain nobleman, remonſtrated againſt it.

Thurſday Morning. We wait impatiently for a full account of the late engagement between the Bulldog and Friſeur.

Thurſday Evening. It is ſaid that the Order of the Bath will be ſent to Captain Grim.

Friday Morning. A certain lord of the



E. F. Burney del. Heath sc.

Plate IV.

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the Admiralty has been heard to ſay of a certain captain, that if he had done his duty, a certain French ſhip might have been taken. It was not thus that merit was rewarded in the days of Cromwell.

Friday Evening. There is certain information at the Admiralty, that the Friſeur is taken, after a reſiſtance of about two hours.

Saturday Morning. A letter from one of the gunners of the Bulldog mentions the taking of the Friſeur, and attributes their ſucceſs wholly to the bravery and reſolution of Captain Grim, who never owed any of his advancement to borough-jobbers, or any other corrupters of the people.

Saturday Evening. Captain Grim arrived at the Admiralty, with an account that he engaged the Friſeur a ſhip of equal force with his own, off Cape Finiſterre, and took her after an obſtinate reſiſtance, having killed one hundred and fifty of the French, with the loſs of ninety-five of his own men.

N° VIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

IN time of publick danger, it is every man's duty to withdraw his thoughts in ſome meaſure from his private intereſt, and employ part of his time for the general welfare. National conduct ought to be the reſult of national wiſdom, a plan formed by mature conſideration and diligent ſelection out of all the ſchemes which may be offered, and all the information which can be procured.

In a battle, every man ſhould fight as if he was the ſingle champion; in preparations for war, every man ſhould think, as if the laſt event depended on his counſel. None can tell what diſcoveries are within his reach, or how much he may contribute to the public ſafety.

Full of theſe conſiderations, I have carefully reviewed the proceſs of the war, and find, what every other man has found, that we have hitherto added nothing to our military reputation: that at one time we have been beaten by enemies whom we did not ſee; and at another, have avoided the fight of enemies, leſt we ſhould be beaten.

Whether our troops are defective in diſcipline or in courage, is not very uſeful to inquire; they evidently want ſomething neceſſary to ſucceſs; and he that ſhall ſupply that want will deſerve well of his country.

To learn of an enemy has always been accounted politic and honourable, and therefore I hope it will raiſe no prejudices againſt my project, to confeſs that I borrowed it from a Frenchman.

When the Iſle of Rhodes was, many centuries ago, in the hands of that military order now called the Knights of Malta, it was ravaged by a Dragon, who inhabited a den under a rock, from which he iſſued forth when he was hungry or wanton, and without fear or mercy devoured men and beaſts as they came in his way. Many councils were held, and many devices offered, for his deſtruction; but as his back was armed with impenetrable ſcales, none would venture to attack him. At laſt Dudon, a French knight, undertook the deliverance of the iſland. From ſome place of ſecurity he took a view of the dragon, or, as a modern ſoldier would ſay, *reconnoitered* him, and obſerved that his belly was naked and vulnerable. He then returned home to take his *arrangements*; and, by a very exact imitation of nature, made a dragon of paſteboard, in the belly of which he put beef and mutton, and accuſtomed two ſturdy maſtiffs to feed themſelves, by tearing their way to the concealed fleſh. When his dogs were well practiſed in this method of plunder, he marched out with them at his heels, and ſhewed them the dragon; they ruſhed upon him in queſt of their dinner; Dudon battered his ſcull, while they lacerated his belly; and neither his ſting nor claws were able to defend him.

Something like this might be practiſed in our preſent ſtate. Let a fortification be raiſed on Salisbury Plain, reſembling Breſt, or Toulon, or Paris itſelf, with all the uſual preparations for defence: let the incloſure be filled with beef and ale: let the ſoldiers, from ſome proper eminence, ſee ſhirts waving upon lines,

and here and there a plump landlady hurrying about with pots in her hands. When they are ſufficiently animated to advance, lead them in exact order, with fife and drum, to that ſide whence the wind blows, till they come within the ſcent of roaſt meat and tobacco. Contrive that they may approach the place faſting about an hour after dinner-time, aſſure them that there is no danger, and command an attack.

If nobody within either moves or ſpeaks, it is not unlikely that they may carry the place by ſtorm; but if a panic ſhould ſeize them, it will be proper to defer the enterprize to a more hungry hour. When they have entered, let them fill their bellies and return to the camp.

On the next day let the ſame place be ſhewn them again, but with ſome additions of ſtrength or terror. I cannot pretend to inform our generals through what gradations of danger they ſhall train their men to fortitude. They beſt know what the ſoldiers and what themſelves can bear. It will be proper that the war ſhould every day vary it's appearance. Sometimes, as they mount the rampart, a cook may throw fat upon the fire, to accuſtom them to a ſudden blaze; and ſometimes, by the clatter of empty pots, they may be inured to formidable noiſes. But let it never be forgotten, that victory muſt repoſe with a full belly.

In time it will be proper to bring our French priſoners from the coaſt, and place them upon the walls in martial order. At their firſt appearance their hands muſt be tied, but they may be allowed to grin. In a month they may guard the place with their hands looſed, provided that on pain of death they be forbidden to ſtrike.

By this method our army will ſoon be brought to look an enemy in the face. But it has been lately obſerved, that fear is received by the ear as well as the eyes, and the Indian war-cry is repreſented as too dreadful to be endured; as a ſound that will force the braveſt veteran to drop his weapon, and deſert his rank; that will deafen his ear, and chill his breaſt; that will neither ſuffer him to hear orders or to feel ſhame, or retain any ſenſibility but the dread of death.

That the ſavage clamours of naked barbarians ſhould thus terrify troops diſciplined to war, and ranged in array with arms in their hands, is ſurely ſtrange. But this is no time to reaſon. I am of opinion, that, by a proper mixture of aſſes, bulls, turkeys, geeſe, and tragedians, a noiſe might be procured equally horrid with the war-cry. When our men have been encouraged by frequent victories, nothing will remain but to qualify them for extreme danger, by a ſudden concert of terrific vociferation. When they have endured this laſt trial, let them be led to action, as men who are no longer to be frightened; as men who can bear at once the grimaces of the Gauls, and the howl of the Americans.

N° IX. SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Have read you; that is a favour few authors can boaſt of having received from me beſides yourſelf. My intention in telling you of it is to inform you, that you have both pleaſed and angered me. Never did writer appear ſo delightful to me as you did when you adopted the name of the Idler. But what a falling-off was there when your firſt production was brought to light! A natural irreſiſtible attachment to that favourable paſſion, *idling*, had led me to hope for indulgence from the Idler, but I find him a ſtranger to the title.

What rules has he propoſed totally to unbrace the ſlackened nerve; to ſhade the heavy eye of inattention; to give the ſmooth feature and the uncontracted muſcle; or procure inſenſibility to the whole animal compoſition.

Theſe were ſome of the placid bleſſings I promiſed myſelf the enjoyment of, when I committed violence upon myſelf, by muſtering up all my ſtrength to ſet about reading you; but I am diſappointed in them all; and the ſtroke of eleven in the morning is ſtill as terrible to me as before, and I find putting on my cloaths ſtill as painful and laborious. Oh that our climate would permit that original nakedneſs which the thrice

happy

happy Indians to this day enjoy! How many unſolicitous hours ſhould I baſk away, warmed in bed by the ſun's glorious beams, could I, like them, tumble from thence in a moment, when neceſſity obliges me to endure the torment of getting upon my legs.

But wherefore do I talk to you upon ſubjects of this delicate nature; you who ſeem ignorant of the inexpreſſible charms of the elbow-chair, attended with a ſoft ſtool for the elevation of the feet! Thus, vacant of thought, do I indulge the live-long day.

You may define happineſs as you pleaſe; I embrace that opinion which makes it conſiſt in the abſence of pain. To reflect is pain; to ſtir is pain; therefore I never reflect or ſtir but when I cannot help it. Perhaps you will call my ſcheme of life Indolence, and therefore think the Idler excuſed from taking any notice of me: but I have always looked upon Indolence and Idleneſs as the ſame; and ſo deſire you will now and then, while you profeſs yourſelf of our fraternity, take ſome notice of me, and others in my ſituation, who think they have a right to your aſſiſtance; or relinquiſh the name.

You may publiſh, burn, or deſtroy this, juſt as you are in the humour; it is ten to one but I forget that I wrote it, before it reaches you. I believe you may find a motto for it in Horace, but I cannot reach him without getting out of my chair; that is a ſufficient reaſon for my not affixing any. And being obliged to ſit upright to ring the bell for my ſervant to convey this to the penny-poſt, if I ſlip the opportunity of his being now in the room, makes me break off abruptly.

This correſpondent, whoever he be, is not to be diſmiſſed without ſome tokens of regard. There is no mark more certain of a genuine Idler, than uneaſineſs without moleſtation, and complaint without a grievance.

Yet my gratitude to the contributor of half a paper ſhall not wholly overpower my ſincerity. I muſt inform you, that, with all his pretenſions, he that calls for directions to be idle, is yet but in the rudiments of Idleneſs, and has attained neither the practice nor theory of waſting life. The true nature of Idleneſs he will know in time, by continuing to be idle. Virgil tells us of an impetuous and rapid being, that acquires ſtrength by motion. The Idler acquires weight by lying ſtill.

The *vis inertiæ*, the quality of reſiſting all external impulſe, is hourly increaſing; the reſtleſs and troubleſome faculties of attention and diſtinction, reflection on the paſt, and ſolicitude for the future, by a long indulgence of Idleneſs, will, like tapers in unelaſtic air, be gradually extinguiſhed; and the officious lover, the vigilant ſoldier, the buſy trader, may, by a judicious compoſure of his mind, ſink into a ſtate approaching to that of brute matter; in which he ſhall retain the conſciouſneſs of his own exiſtence, only by an obtuſe languor, and drowſy diſcontent.

This is the loweſt ſtage to which the favourites of Idleneſs can deſcend; theſe regions of undelighted quiet can be entered by few. Of thoſe that are preparing to ſink down into their ſhade, ſome are rouſed into action by Avarice or Ambition, ſome are awakened by the voice of Fame, ſome allured by the ſmile of Beauty, and many with-held by the importunities of Want. Of all the enemies of Idleneſs, Want is the moſt formidable. Fame is ſoon found to be a ſound, and Love a dream; Avarice and Ambition may be juſtly ſuſpected of privy confederacies with Idleneſs; for when they have for a while protected their votaries, they often deliver them up to end their lives under her dominion. Want always ſtruggles againſt Idleneſs, but Want herſelf is often overcome; and every hour ſhews the careful obſerver, thoſe who had rather live in eaſe than in plenty.

So wide is the reign of Idleneſs, and ſo powerful her influence. But ſhe does not immediately confer all her gifts. My correſpondent, who ſeems, with all his errors, worthy of advice, muſt be told, that he is calling too haſtily for the laſt effuſion of total inſenſibility. Whatever he may have been taught by unſkilful Idlers to believe, labour is neceſſary in his initiation to Idleneſs. He that never labours may know the pains of Idleneſs, but not the pleaſure. The comfort is, that if he devotes himſelf to inſenſibility, he will daily lengthen the intervals of Idleneſs, and ſhorten thoſe of labour, till at laſt he will lie down to reſt, and no longer diſturb the world or himſelf by buſtle or competition.

Thus I have endeavoured to give him that information which, perhaps, after all, he did not want; for a true Idler often calls for that which he knows is never to be had, and aſks queſtions which he does not deſire ever to be anſwered.

N° X. SATURDAY, JUNE 17.

CREDULITY, or Confidence of opinion too great for the evidence from which opinion is derived, we find to be a general weakneſs imputed by every ſect and party to all others, and indeed by every man to every other man.

Of all kinds of Credulity, the moſt obſtinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men, who, being numbered, they know not how or why, in any of the parties that divide a ſtate, reſign the uſe of their own eyes and ears, and reſolve to believe nothing that does not favour thoſe whom they profeſs to follow.

The bigot of philoſophy is ſeduced by authorities which he has not always opportunities to examine, is entangled in ſyſtems by which truth and falſhood are inextricably complicated, or undertakes to talk on ſubjects which nature did not form him able to comprehend.

The Carteſian, who denies that his horſe feels the ſpur, or that the hare is afraid when the hounds approach her; the diſciple of Malbranche, who maintains that the man was not hurt by the bullet, which, according to vulgar apprehenſion, ſwept away his legs; the follower of Berkeley, who, while he ſits writing at his table, declares that he has neither table, paper, nor fingers; have all the honour at leaſt of being deceived by fallacies not eaſily detected, and may plead that they did not forſake truth, but for appearances which they were not able to diſtinguiſh from it.

But the man who engages in a party has ſeldom to do with any thing remote or abſtruſe. The preſent ſtate of things is before his eyes; and, if he cannot be ſatisfied without retroſpection, yet he ſeldom extends his views beyond the hiſtorical events of the laſt century. All the knowledge that he can want is within his attainment, and moſt of the arguments which he can hear are within his capacity.

Yet ſo it is that an Idler meets every hour of his life with men who have different opinions upon every thing paſt, preſent, and future; who deny the moſt notorious facts, contradict the moſt cogent truths, and perſiſt in aſſerting today what they aſſerted yeſterday, in defiance of evidence, and contempt of confutation.

Two of my companions, who are grown old in idleneſs, are Tom Tempeſt and Jack Sneaker. Both of them conſider themſelves as neglected by their parties, and therefore intitled to credit, for why ſhould they favour ingratitude? They are both men of integrity, where no factious intereſt is to be promoted; and both lovers of truth, when they are not heated with political debate.

Tom Tempeſt is a ſteady friend to the houſe of Stuart. He can recount the prodigies that have appeared in the ſky, and the calamities that have afflicted the nation every year from the Revolution; and is of opinion, that if the exiled family had continued to reign, there would have neither been worms in our ſhips, nor caterpillars on our trees He wonders that the nation was not awakened by the hard froſt to a revocation of the true king, and is hourly afraid that the whole iſland will be loſt in the ſea. He believes that King William burned Whitehall, that he might ſteal the furniture, and that Tillotſon died an atheiſt. Of Queen Anne he ſpeaks with more tenderneſs, owns that ſhe meant well, and can tell by whom and why ſhe was poiſoned. In the ſucceeding reigns all has been corruption, malice, and deſign. He believes that nothing ill has ever happened for theſe forty years by chance or error; he holds that the battle of Dettingen was won by miſtake, and that of Fontenoy loſt by contract; that the Victory was ſunk by a private order; that Cornhill was fired by emiſſaries from the council; and the arch of Weſtminſter Bridge was ſo contrived as to ſink, on purpoſe that the nation might be put to charge. He conſiders the new road to Iſlington as an encroachment on liberty, and often aſſerts that *broad wheels* will be the ruin of England.

Tom is generally vehement and noiſy, but

but nevertheleſs has ſome ſecrets, which he always communicates in a whiſper. Many and many a time has Tom told me, in a corner, that our miſeries were almoſt at an end, and that we ſhould ſee, in a month, another monarch on the throne; the time elapſes without a revolution; Tom meets me again with new intelligence; the whole ſcheme is now ſettled, and we ſhall ſee great events in another month.

Jack Sneaker is a hearty adherent to the preſent eſtabliſhment; he has known thoſe who ſaw the bed into which the Pretender was conveyed in a warming-pan. He often rejoices that the nation was not enſlaved by the Iriſh. He believes that King William never loſt a battle, and that if he had lived one year longer, he would have conquered France. He holds that Charles the Firſt was a Papiſt. He allows there were ſome good men in the reign of Queen Anne; but the peace of Utrecht brought a blaſt upon the nation, and has been the cauſe of all the evil that we have ſuffered to the preſent hour. He believes that the ſcheme of the South Sea was well intended, but that it miſcarried by the influence of France. He conſiders a ſtanding army as the bulwark of liberty, thinks us ſecured from corruption by ſeptennial parliaments, relates how we are enriched and ſtrengthened by the Electoral dominions, and declares that the public debt is a bleſſing to the nation.

Yet, amidſt all this proſperity, poor Jack is hourly diſturbed by the dread of Popery. He wonders that ſome ſtricter laws are not made againſt Papiſts, and is ſometimes afraid that they are buſy with French gold among the biſhops and judges.

He cannot believe that the Non-jurors are ſo quiet for nothing, they muſt certainly be forming ſome plot for the eſtabliſhment of Popery; he does not think the preſent oaths ſufficiently binding, and wiſhes that ſome better ſecurity could be found for the ſucceſſion of Hanover. He is zealous for the naturalization of foreign Proteſtants, and rejoiced at the admiſſion of the Jews to the Engliſh privileges, becauſe he thought a Jew would never be a Papiſt.

N° XI. SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

IT is commonly obſerved, that when two Engliſhmen meet, their firſt talk is of the weather; they are in haſte to tell each other, what each muſt already know, that it is hot or cold, bright or cloudy, windy or calm.

There are, among the numerous lovers of ſubtilties and paradoxes, ſome who derive the civil inſtitutions of every country from it's climate, who impute freedom and ſlavery to the temperature of the air, can fix the meridian of vice and virtue, and tell at what degree of latitude we are to expect courage or timidity, knowledge or ignorance.

From theſe dreams of idle ſpeculation, a ſlight ſurvey of life, and a little knowledge of hiſtory, is ſufficient to awaken any enquirer, whoſe ambition of diſtinction has not overpowered his love of truth. Forms of government are ſeldom the reſult of much deliberation; they are framed by chance in popular aſſemblies, or in conquered countries by deſpotic authority. Laws are often occaſional, often capricious, made always by a few, and ſometimes by a ſingle voice. Nations have changed their characters; ſlavery is now no where more patiently endured, than in countries once inhabited by the zealots of liberty.

But national cuſtoms can ariſe only from general agreement; they are not impoſed, but choſen, and are continued only by the continuance of their cauſe. An Engliſhman's notice of the weather is the natural conſequence of changeable ſkies and uncertain ſeaſons. In many parts of the world, wet weather and dry are regularly expected at certain periods; but in our iſland every man goes to ſleep, unable to gueſs whether he ſhall behold in the morning a bright or cloudy atmoſphere, whether his reſt ſhall be lulled by a ſhower, or broken by a tempeſt. We therefore rejoice mutually at good weather, as at an eſcape from ſomething that we feared, and mutually complain of bad, as of the loſs of ſomething that we hoped.

Such is the reaſon of our practice; and who ſhall treat it with contempt? Surely not the attendant on a court, whoſe buſineſs

ſineſs is to watch the looks of a being weak and fooliſh as himſelf, and whoſe vanity is to recount the names of men, who might drop into nothing, and leave no vacuity; not the proprietor of funds, who ſtops his acquaintance in the ſtreet to tell him of the loſs of half-a-crown; not the enquirer after news, who fills his head with foreign events, and talks of ſkirmiſhes and ſieges, of which no conſequence will ever reach his hearers or himſelf. The weather is a nobler and more intereſting ſubject; it is the preſent ſtate of the ſkies and of the earth, on which plenty and famine are ſuſpended, on which millions depend for the neceſſaries of life.

The weather is frequently mentioned for another reaſon, leſs honourable to my dear countrymen. Our diſpoſitions too frequently change with the colour of the ſky; and when we find ourſelves chearful and good-natured, we naturally pay our acknowledgments to the powers of ſun-ſhine; or if we ſink into dullneſs and peeviſhneſs, look round the horizon for an excuſe, and charge our diſcontent upon an eaſterly wind or a cloudy day.

Surely nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed with reaſon, than to reſign it's powers to the influence of the air, and live in dependance on the weather and the wind, for the only bleſſings which Nature has put into our power, tranquillity and benevolence. To look up to the ſky for the nutriment of our bodies, is the condition of nature; to call upon the ſun for peace and gaiety, or deprecate the clouds leſt ſorrow ſhould overwhelm us, is the cowardice of Idleneſs, and the idolatry of Folly.

Yet, even in this age of enquiry and knowledge, when ſuperſtition is driven away, and omens and prodigies have loſt their terrors, we find this folly countenanced by frequent examples. Thoſe that laugh at the portentous glare of a comet, and hear a crow with equal tranquillity from the right or left, will yet talk of times and ſituations proper for intellectual performances, will imagine the fancy exalted by vernal breezes, and the reaſon invigorated by a bright calm.

If men who have given up themſelves to fanciful credulity would confine their conceits in their own minds, they might regulate their lives by the barometer, with inconvenience only to themſelves; but to fill the world with accounts of intellects ſubject to ebb and flow, of one genius that awakened in the Spring, and another that ripened in the Autumn, of one mind expanded in the Summer, and of another concentrated in the Winter, is no leſs dangerous than to tell children of bugbears and goblins. Fear will find every houſe haunted, and Idleneſs will wait for ever for the moment of illumination.

This diſtinction of ſeaſons is produced only by imagination operating on luxury. To temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence. He that ſhall reſolutely excite his faculties, or exert his virtues, will ſoon make himſelf ſuperior to the ſeaſons, and may ſet at defiance the morning miſt, and the evening damp, the blaſts of the eaſt, and the clouds of the ſouth.

It was the boaſt of the Stoic philoſophy, to make man unſhaken by calamity, and unelated by ſucceſs, incorruptible by pleaſure, and invulnerable by pain; theſe are heights of wiſdom which none ever attained, and to which few can aſpire; but there are lower degrees of conſtancy neceſſary to common virtue; and every man, however he may diſtruſt himſelf in the extremes of good or evil, might at leaſt ſtruggle againſt the tyranny of the climate, and refuſe to enſlave his virtue or his reaſon to the moſt variable of all variations, the changes of the weather.

N° XII. SATURDAY, JULY 1.

THAT every man is important in his own eyes, is a poſition of which we all either voluntarily or unwarily at leaſt once an hour confeſs the truth; and it will unavoidably follow, that every man believes himſelf important to the public.

The right which this importance gives us to general notice and viſible diſtinction, is one of thoſe diſputable privileges which we have not always courage to aſſert; and which we therefore ſuffer to lie dormant till ſome elation of mind, or viciſſitude of fortune, incites

incites us to declare our pretenſions and enforce our demands. And hopeleſs as the claim of vulgar characters may ſeem to the ſupercilious and ſevere, there are few who do not at one time or other endeavour to ſtep forward beyond their rank, who do not make ſome ſtruggles for fame, and ſhew that they think all other conveniences and delights imperfectly enjoyed without a name.

To get a name, can happen but to few. A name, even in the moſt commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought. It is the free gift of mankind, which muſt be deſerved before it will be granted, and is at laſt unwillingly beſtowed. But this unwillingneſs only encreaſes deſire in him who believes his merit ſufficient to overcome it.

There is a particular period of life, in which this fondneſs for a name ſeems principally to predominate in both ſexes. Scarce any couple comes together, but the nuptials are declared in the newspapers with encomiums on each party. Many an eye, ranging over the page with eager curioſity in queſt of ſtateſmen and heroes, is ſtopped by a marriage celebrated between Mr. Buckram, an eminent ſaleſman in Threadneedle Street, and Miſs Dolly Juniper, the only daughter of an eminent diſtiller, of the pariſh of St. Giles's in the Fields, a young lady adorned with every accompliſhment that can give happineſs to the married ſtate. Or we are told, amidſt our impatience for the event of a battle, that on a certain day Mr. Winker, a tide-waiter at Yarmouth, was married to Mrs. Cackle, a widow lady of great accompliſhments, and that as ſoon as the ceremony was performed they ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe for Yarmouth.

Many are the enquiries which ſuch intelligence muſt undoubtedly raiſe, but nothing in this world is laſting. When the reader has contemplated with envy, or with gladneſs, the felicity of Mr. Buckram and Mr. Winker, and ranſacked his memory for the names of Juniper and Cackle, his attention is diverted to other thoughts, by finding that Mirza will not cover this ſeaſon; or that a ſpaniel has been loſt or ſtolen, that anſwers to the name of Ranger.

Whence it ariſes that on the day of marriage all agree to call thus openly for honours, I am not able to diſcover. Some, perhaps, think it kind, by a public declaration, to put an end to the hopes of rivalry and the fears of jealouſy; to let parents know that they may ſet their daughters at liberty whom they have locked up for fear of the bridegroom; or to diſmiſs to their counters and their offices the amorous youths that had been uſed to hover round the dwelling of the bride.

Theſe connubial praiſes may have another cauſe. It may be the intention of the huſband and wife to dignify themſelves in the eyes of each other; and, according to their different tempers or expectations, to win affection, or enforce reſpect.

It was ſaid of the family of Lucas, that it was *noble*, for *all the brothers were valiant, and all the ſiſters were virtuous*. What would a ſtranger ſay of the Engliſh nation, in which on the day of marriage all the men are *eminent*, and all the women *beautiful, accompliſhed*, and *rich?*

How long the wife will be perſuaded of the eminence of her huſband, or the huſband continue to believe that his wife has the qualities required to make marriage happy, may reaſonably be queſtioned. I am afraid that much time ſeldom paſſes before each is convinced that praiſes are fallacious, and particularly thoſe praiſes which we confer upon ourſelves.

I ſhould therefore think, that this cuſtom might be omitted without any loſs to the community, and that the ſons and daughters of lanes and alleys might go hereafter to the next church, with no witneſſes of their worth or happineſs but their parents and their friends; but if they cannot be happy on the bridal day without ſome gratification of their vanity, I hope they will be willing to encourage a friend of mine who propoſes to devote his powers to their ſervice.

Mr. Settle, a man whoſe *eminence* was once allowed by the *eminent*, and whoſe *accompliſhments* were confeſſed by the *accompliſhed*, in the latter part of a long life ſupported himſelf by an uncommon expedient. He had a ſtanding Elegy and Epithalamium, of which only the firſt and laſt were leaves varied occaſionally, and the intermediate pages were, by general terms, left applicable alike to every character. When any marriage became known, Settle ran to the

the bridegroom with his Epithalamium; and when he heard of any death, ran to the heir with his Elegy.

Who can think himſelf diſgraced by a trade that was practiſed ſo long by the rival of Dryden, by the poet whoſe Empreſs of Morocco was played before princes by ladies of the court?

My friend purpoſes to open an office in the Fleet for matrimonial panegyrics, and will accommodate all with praiſe who think their own powers of expreſſion inadequate to their merit. He will ſell any man or woman the virtue or qualification which is moſt faſhionable or moſt deſired; but deſires his cuſtomers to remember, that he ſets Beauty at the higheſt price, and Riches at the next; and, if he be well paid, throws in Virtue for nothing.

Nº XIII. SATURDAY, JULY 8.

TO THE IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER,

THOUGH few men of prudence are much inclined to interpoſe in diſputes between man and wife, who commonly make peace at the expence of the arbitrator; yet I will venture to lay before you a controverſy, by which the quiet of my houſe has been long diſturbed, and which, unleſs you can decide it, is likely to produce laſting evils, and embitter thoſe hours which Nature ſeems to have appropriated to tenderneſs and repoſe.

I married a wife with no great fortune, but of a family remarkable for domeſtic prudence, and elegant frugality. I lived with her at eaſe, if not with happineſs, and ſeldom had any reaſon of complaint. The houſe was always clean, the ſervants were active and regular, dinner was on the table every day at the ſame minute, and the ladies of the neighbourhood were frightened when I invited their huſbands, leſt their own œconomy ſhould be leſs eſteemed.

During this gentle lapſe of life, my dear brought me three daughters. I wiſhed for a ſon to continue the family; but my wife often tells me, the boys are dirty things, and are always troubleſome in a houſe, and declares that ſhe has hated the ſight of them ever ſince ſhe ſaw Lady Fondle's eldeſt ſon ride over a carpet with his hobby-horſe all mire.

I did not much attend to her opinion, but knew that girls could not be made boys; and therefore compoſed myſelf to bear what I could not remedy, and reſolved to beſtow that care on my daughters, to which only the ſons are commonly thought entitled.

But my wife's notions of education differ widely from mine. She is an irreconcileable enemy to Idleneſs, and conſiders every ſtate of life as Idleneſs, in which the hands are not employed, or ſome art acquired, by which ſhe thinks money may be got or ſaved.

In purſuance of this principle, ſhe calls up her daughters at a certain hour, and appoints them a taſk of needle-work to be performed before breakfaſt. They are confined in a garret, which has it's window in the roof, both becauſe work is beſt done at a ſky-light, and becauſe children are apt to loſe time by looking about them.

They bring down their work to breakfaſt, and as they deſerve are commended or reproved; they are then ſent up with a new taſk till dinner; if no company is expected, their mother ſits with them the whole afternoon, to direct their operations, and to draw patterns, and is ſometimes denied to her neareſt relations when ſhe is engaged in teaching them a new ſtitch.

By this continual exerciſe of their diligence, ſhe has obtained a very conſiderable number of laborious performances. We have twice as many fire-ſkreens as chimneys, and three flouriſhed quilts for every bed. Half the rooms are adorned with a kind of *futile pictures*, which imitate tapeſtry. But all their work is not ſet out to ſhew; ſhe has boxes filled with knit garters and braided ſhoes. She has twenty covers for ſide-ſaddles embroidered with ſilver flowers, and has curtains wrought with gold in various figures, which ſhe reſolves ſome time or other to hang up. All theſe ſhe diſplays to her company whenever ſhe is elate with merit, and eager for praiſe; and amidſt the praiſes which her friends and herſelf beſtow upon

on her merit, ſhe never fails to turn to me, and aſk what all theſe would coſt, if I had been to buy them.

'I ſometimes venture to tell her, that many of the ornaments are ſuperfluous; that what is done with ſo much labour might have been ſupplied by a very eaſy purchaſe; that the work is not always worth the materials; and that I know not why the children ſhould be perſecuted with uſeleſs taſks, or obliged to make ſhoes that are never worn. She anſwers, with a look of contempt, that men never care how money goes, and proceeds to tell of a dozen new chairs for which ſhe is contriving covers, and of a couch which ſhe intends to ſtand as a monument of needle-work.

In the mean time the girls grow up in total ignorance of every thing paſt, preſent, and future. Molly aſked me the other day, whether Ireland was in France, and was ordered by her mother to mend her hem. Kitty knows not, at ſixteen, the difference between a Proteſtant and a Papiſt, becauſe ſhe has been employed three years in filling the ſide of a cloſet with a hanging that is to repreſent Cranmer in the flames. And Dolly, my eldeſt girl, is now unable to read a chapter in the Bible, having ſpent all the time, which other children paſs at ſchool, in working the Interview between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

About a month ago, Tent and Turkey-ſtitch ſeemed at a ſtand; my wife knew not what new work to introduce: I ventured to propoſe that the girls ſhould now learn to read and write, and mentioned the neceſſity of a little arithmetic; but, unhappily, my wife has diſcovered that linen wears out, and has bought the girls three little wheels, that they may ſpin hukkaback for the ſervants table. I remonſtrated, that with larger wheels they might diſpatch in an hour what muſt now coſt them a day; but ſhe told me, with irreſiſtible authority, that any buſineſs is better than idleneſs; that when theſe wheels are ſet upon a table, with mats under them, they will turn without noiſe, and keep the girls upright; that great wheels are not fit for gentlewomen; and that with theſe, ſmall as they are, ſhe does not doubt but that the three girls, if they are kept cloſe, will ſpin every year as much cloth as would coſt five pounds if one was to buy it.

N° XIV. SATURDAY, JULY 15.

WHEN Diogenes received a viſit in his tub from Alexander the Great, and was aſked, according to the ancient forms of royal courteſy, what petition he had to offer—'I have no-thing,' ſaid he, 'to aſk, but that you would remove to the other ſide, that you may not, by intercepting the ſunſhine, take from me what you cannot give me.'

Such was the demand of Diogenes from the greateſt monarch of the earth; which thoſe, who have leſs power than Alexander, may, with yet more propriety, apply to themſelves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do ſometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence ſhould at leaſt be vigilantly preſerved.

It is well known, that time once paſt never returns; and that the moment which is loſt, is loſt for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invaſion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of waſting that time which is the right of others.

This uſurpation is ſo general, that a very ſmall part of the year is ſpent by choice; ſcarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is deſired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one ſteals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into buſineſs, another by lulling us with amuſement; the depredation is continued through a thouſand viciſſitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having loſt all, we can loſe no more.

This waſte of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the great, whoſe followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at laſt with petitions in their hands. Thoſe who raiſe envy, will eaſily incur cenſure. I know not whether ſtateſmen and patrons do not ſuffer more reproaches than they deſerve, and may not rather them-

ſelves complain that they are given up a prey to pretenſions without merit, and to importunity without ſhame.

The truth is, that the inconveniencies of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number ſolicitation is it's own reward. To be ſeen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freſheſt news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increaſe or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compenſations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conſpicuous in a high ſtation, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be conſidered as a beaſt of prey, juſtly dreaded, but eaſily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waſte of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not reſiſted, becauſe they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded miſchiefs, and inviſible encroachments.

He, whoſe rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, muſt give up himſelf, in a great meaſure, to the convenience or humour of thoſe who ſurround him. Every man, who is ſick of himſelf, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to ſpeak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to ſpeak. Hour paſſes after hour, the noon ſucceeds to morning, and the evening to noon, while a thouſand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as faſt as they are offered, but which the cuſtom of the world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindneſs of others, we muſt endure their follies. He, who cannot perſuade himſelf to withdraw from ſociety, muſt be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the conſulter, who aſks advice which he never takes; to the boaſter, who bluſters only to be praiſed; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whoſe happineſs is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himſelf know to be vain; to the œconomiſt, who tells of bargains and ſettlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances; to the uſurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only becauſe he loves to be talking.

To put every man in poſſeſſion of his own time, and reſcue the day from this ſucceſſion of uſurpers, is beyond my power and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, ſome ſtop might be put to this unmerciful perſecution, if all would ſeriouſly reflect, that whoever pays a viſit that is not deſired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

N° XV. SATURDAY, JULY 22.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Have the misfortune to be a man of buſineſs; that, you will ſay, is a moſt grievous one: but what makes it the more ſo to me, is, that my wife has nothing to do; at leaſt ſhe had too good an education, and the proſpect of too good a fortune in reverſion when I married her, to think of employing herſelf either in my ſhop affairs, or the management of my family.

Her time, you know, as well as my own, muſt be filled up ſome way or other. For my part, I have enough to mind, in weighing my goods out, and waiting on my cuſtomers: but my wife, though ſhe could be of as much uſe as a ſhopman to me, if ſhe would put her hand to it, is now only in my way. She walks all the morning ſauntering about the ſhop with her arms through her pocket-holes, or ſtands gaping at the door-ſill, and looking at every perſon that paſſes by. She is continually aſking me a thouſand frivolous queſtions about every cuſtomer that comes in and goes out; and all the while that I am entering any thing in my day-book, ſhe is lolling over the counter, and ſtaring at it, as if I was only ſcribbling or drawing figures for her amuſement. Sometimes,

times, indeed, she will take a needle: but as she always works at the door, or in the middle of the shop, she has so many interruptions, that she is longer hemming a towel, or darning a stocking, than I am in breaking forty loaves of sugar, and making it up into pounds.

In the afternoon I am sure likewise to have her company, except she is called upon by some of her acquaintance: and then, as we let out all the upper part of our house, and have only a little room backwards for ourselves, they either keep such a chattering, or else are calling out every moment to me, that I cannot mind my business for them.

My wife, I am sure, might do all the little matters our family requires; and I could wish that she would employ herself in them; but, instead of that, we have a girl to do the work, and look after a little boy about two years old, which I may fairly say is the mother's own child. The brat must be humoured in every thing: he is therefore suffered constantly to play in the shop, pull all the goods about, and clamber up the shelves to get at the plumbs and sugar. I dare not correct him; because, if I did, I should have wife and maid both upon me at once. As to the latter, she is as lazy and sluttish as her mistress; and because she complains she has too much work, we can scarce get her to do any thing at all: nay, what is worse than that, I am afraid she is hardly honest; and as she is entrusted to buy in all our provisions, the jade, I am sure, makes a market-penny out of every article.

But to return to my deary.—The evenings are the only time, when it is fine weather, that I am left to myself; for then she generally takes the child out to give it milk in the Park. When she comes home again, she is so fatigued with walking, that she cannot stir from her chair: and it is an hour, after shop is shut, before I can get a bit of supper, while the maid is taken up in undressing and putting the child to bed.

But you will pity me much more, when I tell you the manner in which we generally pass our Sundays. In the morning she is commonly too ill to dress herself to go to church, she therefore never gets up till noon; and, what is still more vexatious, keeps *me* in bed with her, when I ought to be busily engaged in better employment. It is well if she can get her things on by dinner-time; and when that is over, I am sure to be dragged out by her either to Georgia, or Hornsey Wood, or the White Conduit House. Yet even these near excursions are so very fatiguing to her, that, besides what it costs me in tea and hot rolls, and syllabubs, and cakes for the boy, I am frequently forced to take a hackney-coach, or drive them out in a one-horse chair. At other times, as my wife is rather of the fattest, and a very poor walker, besides bearing her whole weight upon my arm, I am obliged to carry the child myself.

Thus, Sir, does she constantly drawl out her time, without either profit or satisfaction; and, while I see my neighbours wives helping in the shop, and almost earning as much as their husbands, I have the mortification to find, that mine is nothing but a dead weight upon me. In short, I do not know any greater misfortune can happen to a plain hard-working tradesman, as I am, than to be joined to such a woman, who is rather a clog than an helpmate to him. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ZACHARY TREACLE.

Nº XVI. SATURDAY, JULY 29.

I Paid a visit yesterday to my old friend Ned Drugget, at his country lodgings. Ned began trade with a very small fortune; he took a small house in an obscure street, and for some years dealt only in remnants. Knowing that *light gains make a heavy purse*, he was content with moderate profit; having observed or heard the effects of civility, he bowed down to the counter edge at the entrance and departure of every customer, listened without impatience to the objections of the ignorant, and refused without resentment the offers of the penurious. His only recreation was to stand at his own door and look into the street. His dinner was sent him from a neighbouring alehouse, and he opened and shut the shop at a certain hour with his own hands.

His reputation soon extended from one end of the street to the other; and

Mr. Drugget's exemplary conduct was recommended by every master to his apprentice, and by every father to his son. Ned was not only considered as a thriving trader, but as a man of elegance and politeness, for he was remarkably neat in his dress, and would wear his coat thread-bare without spotting it; his hat was always brushed, his shoes glossy, his wig nicely curled, and his stockings without a wrinkle. With such qualifications it was not very difficult for him to gain the heart of Miss Comfit, the only daughter of Mr. Comfit the confectioner.

Ned is one of those whose happiness marriage has encreased. His wife had the same disposition with himself, and his method of life was very little changed, except that he dismissed the lodgers from the first floor, and took the whole house into his own hands.

He had already, by his parsimony, accumulated a considerable sum, to which the fortune of his wife was now added. From this time he began to grasp at greater acquisitions; and was always ready, with money in his hand, to pick up the refuse of a sale, or to buy the stock of a trader who retired from business. He soon added his parlour to his shop, and was obliged, a few months afterwards, to hire a warehouse.

He had now a shop splendidly and copiously furnished with every thing that time had injured, or fashion had degraded, with fragments of tissues, odd yards of brocade, vast bales of faded silk, and innumerable boxes of antiquated ribbands. His shop was soon celebrated through all quarters of the town, and frequented by every form of ostentatious poverty. Every maid, whose misfortune it was to be taller than her lady, matched her gown at Mr. Drugget's; and many a maiden who had passed a winter with her aunt in London, dazzled the rustics at her return, with cheap finery which Drugget had supplied. His shop was often visited in a morning by ladies who left their coaches in the next street, and crept through the alley in linen gowns. Drugget knows the rank of his customers by their bashfulness; and when he finds them unwilling to be seen, invites them up stairs, or retires with them to the back window.

I rejoiced at the increasing prosperity of my friend, and imagined that as he grew rich, he was growing happy. His mind has partaken the enlargement of his fortune. When I stepped in for the first five years, I was welcomed only with a shake of the hand; in the next period of his life, he beckoned across the way for a pot of beer; but, for six years past, he invites me to dinner; and, if he bespeaks me the day before, never fails to regale me with a fillet of veal.

His riches neither made him uncivil nor negligent: he rose at the same hour, attended with the same assiduity, and bowed with the same gentleness. But for some years he has been much inclined to talk of the fatigues of business, and the confinement of a shop, and to wish that he had been so happy as to have renewed his uncle's lease of a farm, that he might have lived without noise and hurry, in a pure air, in the artless society of honest villagers, and the contemplation of the works of nature.

I soon discovered the cause of my friend's philosophy. He thought himself grown rich enough to have a lodging in the country, like the mercers on Ludgate Hill, and was resolved to enjoy himself in the decline of life. This was a revolution not to be made suddenly. He talked three years of the pleasures of the country, but passed every night over his own shop. But at last he resolved to be happy, and hired a lodging in the country, that he may steal some hours in the week from business; 'For,' says he, '*when a man advances* '*in life, he loves to entertain himself some-* '*times with his own thoughts.*'

I was invited to this seat of quiet and contemplation among those whom Mr. Drugget considers as his most reputable friends, and desires to make the first witnesses of his elevation to the highest dignities of a shopkeeper. I found him at Islington, in a room which overlooked the high road, amusing himself with looking through the window, which the clouds of dust would not suffer him to open. He embraced me, told me I was welcome into the country, and asked me, if I did not feel myself refreshed. He then desired that dinner might be hastened, for fresh air always sharpened his appetite, and ordered me a toast and a glass of wine after my walk. He told me much of the pleasure he found in retirement, and wondered what had kept him so long out of the country. After dinner, company came in, and Mr. Drugget

Drugget again repeated the praiſes of the country, recommended the pleaſures of meditation, and told them, that he had been all the morning at the window, counting the carriages as they paſſed before him.

N° XVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

THE rainy weather, which has continued the laſt month, is ſaid to have given great diſturbance to the inſpectors of barometers. The oraculous glaſſes have deceived their votaries; ſhower has ſucceeded ſhower, though they predicted ſunſhine and dry ſkies; and by fatal confidence in theſe fallacious promiſes, many coats have loſt their gloſs, and many curls been moiſtened to flaccidity.

This is one of the diſtreſſes to which mortals ſubject themſelves by the pride of ſpeculation. I had no part in this learned diſappointment, who am content to credit my ſenſes, and to believe that rain will fall when the air blackens, and that the weather will be dry when the ſun is bright. My caution indeed does not always preſerve me from a ſhower. To be wet, may happen to the genuine Idler; but to be wet in oppoſition to theory, can befal only the Idler that pretends to be buſy. Of thoſe that ſpin out life in trifles, and die without a memorial, many flatter themſelves with high opinions of their own importance, and imagine that they are every day adding ſome improvement to human life. To be idle and to be poor, have always been reproaches; and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmoſt care, to hide his poverty from others, and his *idleneſs* from himſelf.

Among thoſe whom I never could perſuade to rank themſelves with Idlers, and who ſpeak with indignation of my morning ſleeps and nocturnal rambles; one paſſes the day in catching ſpiders, that he may count their eyes with a microſcope; another erects his head, and exhibits the duſt of a marigold ſeparated from the flower with a dexterity worthy of Leeuwenhoeck himſelf. Some turn the wheel of electricity, ſome ſuſpend rings to a loadſtone, and find that what they did yeſterday they can do again to-day. Some regiſter the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable.

There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colourleſs liquors may produce a colour by union, and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled: they mingle them, and produce the effect expected, ſay it is ſtrange, and mingle them again.

The Idlers that ſport only with inanimate nature may claim ſome indulgence; if they are uſeleſs, they are ſtill innocent: but there are others, whom I know not how to mention without more emotion than my love of quiet willingly admits. Among the inferior profeſſors of medical knowledge, is a race of wretches, whoſe lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty; whoſe favourite amuſement is to nail dogs to tables, and open them alive; to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, or with the exciſion or laceration of the vital parts; to examine whether burning irons are felt more acutely by the bone or tendon; and whether the more laſting agonies are produced by poiſon forced into the mouth or injected into the veins.

It is not without reluctance that I offend the ſenſibility of the tender mind with images like theſe. If ſuch cruelties were not practiſed, it were to be deſired that they ſhould not be conceived; but ſince they are publiſhed every day with oſtentation, let me be allowed once to mention them, ſince I mention them with abhorrence.

Mead has invidiouſly remarked of Woodward, that he gathered ſhells and ſtones, and would paſs for a philoſopher. With pretenſions much leſs reaſonable, the anatomical novice tears out the living bowels of an animal, and ſtyles himſelf Phyſician, prepares himſelf by familiar cruelty for that profeſſion which he is to exerciſe upon the tender and the helpleſs, upon feeble bodies and broken minds, and by which he has opportunities to extend his arts of torture, and continue thoſe experiments upon infancy and age, which he has hitherto tried upon cats and dogs.

What is alledged in defence of theſe hateful practices, every one knows; but the truth is, that by knives, fire, and poiſon, knowledge is not always ſought, and is very ſeldom attained. The experiments

riments that have been tried, are tried again; he that burned an animal with irons yeſterday, will be willing to amuſe himſelf with burning another to-morrow. I know not, that by living diſſections any diſcovery has been made by which a ſingle malady is more eaſily cured. And if the knowledge of phyſiology has been ſomewhat increaſed, he ſurely buys knowledge dear, who learns the uſe of the lacteals at the expence of his humanity. It is time that univerſal reſentment ſhould ariſe againſt theſe horrid operations, which tend to harden the heart, extinguiſh thoſe ſenſations which give man confidence in man, and make the phyſician more dreadful than the gout or ſtone.

N° XVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

IT commonly happens to him who endeavours to obtain diſtinction by ridicule or cenſure, that he teaches others to practiſe his own arts againſt himſelf; and that, after a ſhort enjoyment of the applauſe paid to his ſagacity, or of the mirth excited by his wit, he is doomed to ſuffer the ſame ſeverities of ſcrutiny, to hear enquiry detecting his faults, and exaggeration ſporting with his failings.

The natural diſcontent of inferiority will ſeldom fail to operate in ſome degree of malice againſt him, who profeſſes to ſuperintend the conduct of others, eſpecially if he ſeats himſelf uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exerciſes authority by his own commiſſion.

You cannot, therefore, wonder that your obſervations on human folly, if they produce laughter at one time, awaken criticiſm at another; and that among the numbers whom you have taught to ſcoff at the retirement of Drugget, there is one who offers his apology.

The miſtake of your old friend is by no means peculiar. The public pleaſures of far the greater part of mankind are counterfeit. Very few carry their philoſophy to places of diverſion, or are very careful to analyſe their enjoyments. The general condition of life is ſo full of miſery, that we are glad to catch delight without enquiring whence it comes, or by what power it is beſtowed.

The mind is ſeldom quickened to very vigorous operations but by pain, or the dread of pain. We do not diſturb ourſelves with the detection of fallacies which do us no harm, nor willingly decline a pleaſing effect to inveſtigate it's cauſe. He that is happy, by whatever means, deſires nothing but the continuance of happineſs, and is no more ſolicitous to diſtribute his ſenſations into their proper ſpecies, than the common gazer on the beauties of the ſpring to ſeparate light into it's original rays.

Pleaſure is therefore ſeldom ſuch as it appears to others, nor often ſuch as we repreſent it to ourſelves. Of the ladies that ſparkle at a muſical performance, a very ſmall number has any quick ſenſibility of harmonious ſounds. But every one that goes has her pleaſure. She has the pleaſure of wearing fine cloaths, and of ſhewing them; of outſhining thoſe whom ſhe ſuſpects to envy her; ſhe has the pleaſure of appearing among other ladies in a place whither the race of meaner mortals ſeldom intrudes, and of reflecting that, in the converſations of the next morning, her name will be mentioned among thoſe that ſat in the firſt row; ſhe has the pleaſure of returning courteſies, or refuſing to return them, of receiving compliments with civility, or rejecting them with diſdain. She has the pleaſure of meeting ſome of her acquaintance, of gueſſing why the reſt are abſent, and of telling them that ſhe ſaw the opera, on pretence of enquiring why they would miſs it. She has the pleaſure of being ſuppoſed to be pleaſed with a refined amuſement, and of hoping to be numbered among the votreſſes of harmony. She has the pleaſure of eſcaping for two hours the ſuperiority of a ſiſter, or the controul of a huſband; and from all theſe pleaſures ſhe concludes, that heavenly muſic is the balm of life.

All aſſemblies of gaiety are brought together by motives of the ſame kind. The theatre is not filled with thoſe that know or regard the ſkill of the actor, nor the ball-room by thoſe who dance, or attend to the dancers. To all places of general reſort, where the ſtandard of pleaſure is erected, we run with equal eagerneſs, or appearance of eagerneſs, for

for very different reaſons. One goes that he may ſay he has been there, another becauſe he never miſſes. This man goes to try what he can find, and that to diſcover what others find. Whatever diverſion is coſtly will be frequented by thoſe who deſire to be thought rich; and whatever has, by any accident, become faſhionable, eaſily continues it's reputation, becauſe every one is aſhamed of not partaking it.

To every place of entertainment we go with expectation, and deſire of being pleaſed; we meet others who are brought by the ſame motives; no one will be the firſt to own the diſappointment; one face reflects the ſmile of another, till each believes the reſt delighted, and endeavours to catch and tranſmit the circulating rapture. In time, all are deceived by the cheat to which all contribute. The fiction of happineſs is propagated by every tongue, and confirmed by every look, till at laſt all profeſs the joy which they do not feel, conſent to yield to the general deluſion; and when the voluntary dream is at an end, lament that bliſs is of ſo ſhort a duration.

If Drugget pretended to pleaſures of which he had no perception, or boaſted of one amuſement where he was indulging another, what did he which is not done by all thoſe who read his ſtory? of whom ſome pretend delight in converſation, only becauſe they dare not be alone; ſome praiſe the quiet of ſolitude, becauſe they are enviouſs of ſenſe and impatient of folly; and ſome gratify their pride, by writing characters which expoſe the vanity of life. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant.

N° XIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

SOME of thoſe ancient ſages that have exerciſed their abilities in the enquiry after the *ſupreme good*, have been of opinion, that the higheſt degree of earthly happineſs is quiet; a calm repoſe both of mind and body, undiſturbed by the ſight of folly or the noiſe of buſineſs, the tumults of public commotion, or the agitations of private intereſt; a ſtate in which the mind has no other employment, but to obſerve and regulate her own motions, to trace thought from thought, combine one image with another, raiſe ſyſtems of ſcience, and form theories of virtue.

To the ſcheme of theſe ſolitary ſpeculatiſts it has been juſtly objected, that if they are happy, they are happy only by being uſeleſs. That mankind is one vaſt republic, where every individual receives many benefits from the labour of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay; and that where the united efforts of all are not able to exempt all from miſery, none have a right to withdraw from their taſk of vigilance, or to be indulged in idle wiſdom or ſolitary pleaſures.

It is common for controverſiſts, in the heat of diſputation, to add one poſition to another till they reach the extremities of knowledge, where truth and falſhood loſe their diſtinction. Their admirers follow them to the brink of abſurdity, and then ſtart back from each ſide towards the middle point. So it has happened in this great diſquiſition. Many perceive alike the force of the contrary arguments, find quiet ſhameful, and buſineſs dangerous, and therefore paſs their lives between them, in buſtle without buſineſs, and in negligence without quiet.

Among the principal names of this moderate ſet is that great philoſopher Jack Whirler, whoſe buſineſs keeps him in perpetual motion, and whoſe motion always eludes his buſineſs; who is always to do what he never does, who cannot ſtand ſtill becauſe he is wanted in another place, and who is wanted in many places becauſe he ſtays in none.

Jack has more buſineſs than he can conveniently tranſact in one houſe; he has therefore one habitation near Bow Church, and another about a mile diſtant. By this ingenious diſtribution of himſelf between two houſes, Jack has contrived to be found at neither. Jack's trade is extenſive, and he has many dealers; his converſation is ſprightly, and he has many companions; his diſpoſition is kind, and he has many friends. Jack neither forbears pleaſure for buſineſs, nor omits buſineſs for pleaſure, but is equally inviſible to his friends and his cuſtomers; to

to him that comes with an invitation to a club, and to him that waits to ſettle an account.

When you call at his houſe, his clerk tells you, that Mr. Whirler was juſt ſtept out, but will be at home exactly at two; you wait at a coffee houſe till two, and then find that he has been at home, and is gone out again, but left word that he ſhould be at the Half Moon Tavern at ſeven, where he hopes to meet you. At ſeven you go to the tavern. At eight in come Mr. Whirler to tell you, that he is glad to ſee you, and only begs leave to run for a few minutes to a gentleman that lives near the Exchange, from whom he will return before ſupper can be ready. Away he runs to the Exchange, to tell thoſe who are waiting for him, that he muſt beg them to defer the buſineſs till to-morrow, becauſe his time is come at the Half Moon.

Jack's chearfulneſs and civility rank him among thoſe whoſe preſence never gives pain, and whom all receive with fondneſs and careſſes. He calls often on his friends, to tell them, that he will come again to-morrow; on the morrow he comes again to tell them how an unexpected ſummons hurries him away. When he enters a houſe, his firſt declaration is, that he cannot ſit down; and ſo ſhort are his viſits, that he ſeldom appears to have come for any other reaſon but to ſay, He muſt go.

The dogs of Egypt, when thirſt brings them to the Nile, are ſaid to run as they drink for fear of the crocodiles. Jack Whirler always dines at full ſpeed. He enters, finds the family at table, ſits familiarly down, and fills his plate; but while the firſt morſel is in his mouth, hears the clock ſtrike, and riſes; then goes to another houſe, ſits down again, recollects another engagement; has only time to taſte the ſoup, makes a ſhort excuſe to the company, and continues through another ſtreet his deſultory dinner.

But overwhelmed as he is with buſineſs, his chief deſire is to have ſtill more. Every new propoſal takes poſſeſſion of his thoughts; he ſoon balances probabilities, engages in the project, brings it almoſt to completion, and then forſakes it for another, which he catches with ſome alacrity, urges with the ſame vehemence, and abandons with the ſame coldneſs.

Every man may be obſerved to have a certain ſtrain of lamentation, ſome peculiar theme of complaint on which he dwells in his moments of dejection. Jack's topic of ſorrow, is the want of time. Many an excellent deſign languiſhes in empty theory for want of time. For the omiſſion of any civilities, want of time is his plea to others; for the neglect of any affairs, want of time is his excuſe to himſelf. That he wants time, he ſincerely believes; for he once pined away many months with a lingering diſtemper, for want of time to attend his health.

Thus Jack Whirler lives in perpetual fatigue without proportionate advantage, becauſe he does not conſider that no man can ſee all with his own eyes, or do all with his own hands; that whoever is engaged in multiplicity of buſineſs, muſt tranſact much by ſubſtitution, and leave ſomething to hazard; and that he who attempts to do all, will waſte his life in doing little.

N° XX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth. It is apparent that men can be ſocial beings no longer than they believe each other. When ſpeech is employed only as the vehicle of falſhood, every man muſt diſunite himſelf from others, inhabit his own cave, and ſeek prey only for himſelf.

Yet the law of truth, thus ſacred and neceſſary, is broken without puniſhment, without cenſure, in compliance with inveterate prejudice and prevailing paſſions. Men are willing to credit what they wiſh, and encourage rather thoſe who gratify them with pleaſure, than thoſe that inſtruct them with fidelity.

For this reaſon every hiſtorian diſcovers his country, and it is impoſſible to read the different accounts of any great event, without a wiſh that truth had more power over partiality.

Amidſt the joy of my countrymen for the acquiſition of Louiſbourg, I could not forbear to conſider how differently this

this revolution of American power is not only now mentioned by the contending nations, but will be repreſented by the writers of another century.

The Engliſh hiſtorian will imagine himſelf barely doing juſtice to Engliſh virtue, when he relates the capture of Louiſbourg in the following manner.

'The Engliſh had hitherto ſeen, with great indignation, their atttempts baffled, and their force defied, by an enemy, whom they conſidered themſelves as intitled to conquer by the right of preſcription, and whom many ages of hereditary ſuperiority had taught them to deſpiſe. Their fleets were more numerous, and their ſeamen braver than thoſe of France, yet they only floated uſeleſs on the ocean, and the French derided them from their ports. Misfortunes, as is uſual, produced diſcontent, the people murmured at the miniſters, and the miniſters cenſured the commanders.

'In the ſummer of this year, the Engliſh began to find their ſucceſs anſwerable to their cauſe. A fleet and an army were ſent to America, to diſlodge the enemies from the ſettlements which they had ſo perfidiouſly made, and ſo inſolently maintained, and to repreſs that power which was growing more every day by the aſſociation of the Indians, with whom theſe degenerate Europeans intermarried, and whom they ſecured to their party by preſents and promiſes.

'In the beginning of June the ſhips of war and veſſels containing the land forces appeared before Louiſbourg, a place ſo ſecure by nature, that art was almoſt ſuperfluous, and yet fortified by art as if nature had left it open. The French boaſted that it was impregnable, and ſpoke with ſcorn of all attempts that could be made againſt it. The garriſon was numerous, the ſtores equal to the longeſt ſiege, and their engineers and commanders high in reputation. The mouth of the harbour was ſo narrow, that three ſhips within might eaſily defend it againſt all attacks from the ſea. The French had, with that caution which cowards borrow from fear and attribute to policy, eluded our fleets, and ſent into that port five great ſhips and ſix ſmaller, of which they ſunk four in the mouth of the paſſage, having raiſed batteries, and poſted troops, at all the places where they thought it poſſible to make a deſcent. The Engliſh, however, had more to dread from the roughneſs of the ſea, than from the ſkill or bravery of the defendants. Some days paſſed before the ſurges, which riſe very high round that iſland, would ſuffer them to land. At laſt their impatience could be reſtrained no longer; they got poſſeſſion of the ſhore with little loſs by the ſea, and with leſs by the enemy. In a few days the artillery was landed, the batteries were raiſed, and the French had no other hope than to eſcape from one poſt to another. A ſhot from the batteries fired the powder in one of their largeſt ſhips, the flame ſpread to the two next, and all three were deſtroyed; the Engliſh admiral ſent his boats againſt the two large ſhips yet remaining, took them without reſiſtance, and terrified the garriſon to an immediate capitulation.'

Let us now oppoſe to this Engliſh narrative the relation which will be produced, about the ſame time, by the writer of the age of Louis XV.

'About this time the Engliſh admitted to the conduct of affairs, a man who undertook to ſave from deſtruction that ferocious and turbulent people, who, from the mean inſolence of wealthy traders, and the lawleſs confidence of ſucceſsful robbers, were now ſunk in deſpair and ſtupified with horror. He called in the ſhips which had been diſperſed over the ocean to guard their merchants, and ſent a fleet and an army, in which almoſt the whole ſtrength of England was compriſed, to ſecure their poſſeſſions in America, which were endangered alike by the French arms and the French virtue. We had taken the Engliſh fortreſſes by force, and gained the Indian nations by humanity. The Engliſh, wherever they come, are ſure to have the natives for their enemies; for the only motive of their ſettlements is avarice, and the only conſequence of their ſucceſs is oppreſſion. In this war they acted like other barbarians; and, with a degree of outrageous cruelty, which the gentleneſs of our manners ſcarce ſuffers us to conceive, offered rewards by open proclamation to thoſe who ſhould bring in the ſcalps of Indian women and children. A trader always makes war with the cruelty of a pirate.

'They had long looked with envy and with terror upon the influence which the French exerted over all the Northern regions of America by the poſſeſſion of Louiſbourg, a place naturally ſtrong,

and new fortified with ſome ſlight outworks. They hoped to ſurprize the garriſon unprovided; but that ſluggiſhneſs which always defeats their malice, gave us time to ſend ſupplies, and to ſtation ſhips for the defence of the harbour. They came before Louiſbourg in June, and were for ſome time in doubt whether they ſhould land. But the commanders, who had lately ſeen an admiral beheaded for not having done what he had not power to do, durſt not leave the place unaſſaulted. An Engliſhman has no ardour for honour, nor zeal for duty; he neither values glory, nor loves his king; but balances one danger with another, and will fight rather than be hanged. They therefore landed, but with great loſs: their engineers had, in the laſt war with the French, learned ſomething of the military ſciences, and made their approaches with ſufficient ſkill; but all their efforts had been without effect, had not a ball unfortunately fallen into the powder of one of our ſhips, which communicated the fire to the reſt, and, by opening the paſſage of the harbour, obliged the garriſon to capitulate. Thus was Louiſbourg loſt, and our troops marched out with the admiration of their enemies, who durſt hardly think themſelves maſters of the place.

N° XXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

TO THE IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER,

THERE is a ſpecies of miſery or of diſeaſe, for which our language is commonly ſuppoſed to be without a name, but which I think is emphatically enough denominated *liſtleſſneſs*, and which is commonly termed a want of ſomething to do.

Of the unhappineſs of this ſtate I do not expect all your readers to have an adequate idea. Many are overburthened with buſineſs, and can imagine no comfort but in reſt; many have minds ſo placid, as willingly to indulge a voluntary lethargy; or ſo narrow, as eaſily to be filled to their utmoſt capacity. By theſe I ſhall not be underſtood, and therefore cannot be pitied. Thoſe only will ſympathize with my complaint, whoſe imagination is active and reſolution weak, whoſe deſires are ardent, and whoſe choice is delicate; who cannot ſatisfy themſelves with ſtanding ſtill, and yet cannot find a motive to direct their courſe.

I was the ſecond ſon of a gentleman, whoſe eſtate was barely ſufficient to ſupport himſelf and his heir in the dignity of killing game. He therefore made uſe of the intereſt which the alliances of his family afforded him, to procure me a poſt in the army. I paſſed ſome years in the moſt contemptible of all human ſtations, that of a ſoldier in time of peace. I wandered with the regiment as the quarters were changed, without opportunity for buſineſs, taſte for knowledge, or money for pleaſure. Wherever I came, I was for ſome time a ſtranger without curioſity, and afterwards an acquaintance without friendſhip. Having nothing to hope in theſe places of fortuitous reſidence, I reſigned my conduct to chance; I had no intention to offend, I had no ambition to delight.

I ſuppoſe every man is ſhocked when he hears how frequently ſoldiers are wiſhing for war. The wiſh is not always ſincere; the greater part are content with ſleep and lace, and counterfeit an ardour which they do not feel; but thoſe who deſire it moſt, are neither prompted by malevolence nor patriotiſm; they neither pant for laurels, nor delight in blood; but long to be delivered from the tyranny of idleneſs, and reſtored to the dignity of active beings.

I never imagined myſelf to have more courage than other men, yet was often involuntarily wiſhing for a war, but of a war at that time I had no proſpect; and being enabled, by the death of an uncle, to live without my pay, I quitted the army, and reſolved to regulate my own motions.

I was pleaſed for a while with the novelty of independence, and imagined that I had now found what every man deſires. My time was in my own power, and my habitation was wherever my choice ſhould fix it. I amuſed myſelf for two years, in paſſing from place to place, and comparing one convenience with another; but being at laſt aſhamed of enquiry, and weary of uncertainty, I purchaſed a houſe, and eſtabliſhed my family.

I now

I now expected to begin to be happy, and was happy for a ſhort time with that expectation. But I ſoon perceived my ſpirits to ſubſide, and my imagination to grow dark. The gloom thickened every day round me. I wondered by what malignant power my peace was blaſted, till I diſcovered at laſt that I had nothing to do.

Time, with all it's celerity, moves ſlowly to him, whoſe whole employment is to watch it's flight. I am forced upon a thouſand ſhifts to enable me to endure the tediouſneſs of the day. I riſe when I can ſleep no longer, and take my morning walk; I ſee what I have ſeen before, and return. I ſit down, and perſuade myſelf that I ſit down to think, find it impoſſible to think without a ſubject, riſe up to enquire after news, and endeavour to kindle in myſelf an artificial impatience for intelligence of events, which will never extend any conſequence to me, but that a few minutes they abſtract me from myſelf.

When I have heard any thing that may gratify curioſity, I am buſied, for a while, in running to relate it. I haſten from one place of concourſe to another, delighted with my own importance, and proud to think that I am doing ſomething, though I know that another hour would ſpare my labour.

I had once a round of viſits, which I paid very regularly, but I have now tired moſt of my friends. When I have ſat down I forget to riſe, and have more than once over-heard one aſking another when I would be gone. I perceive the company tired, I obſerve the miſtreſs of the family whiſpering to her ſervants, I find orders given to put off buſineſs till to-morrow, I ſee the watches frequently inſpected, and yet cannot withdraw to the vacuity of ſolitude, or venture myſelf in my own company.

Thus burthenſome to myſelf and others, I form many ſchemes of employment which may make my life uſeful or agreeable, and exempt me from the ignominy of living by ſufferance. This new courſe I have long deſigned, but have not yet begun. The preſent moment is never proper for the change, but there is always a time in view when all obſtacles will be removed, and I ſhall ſurprize all that know me with a new diſtribution of my time. Twenty years have paſt ſince I have reſolved a complete amendment, and twenty years have been loſt in delays. Age is coming upon me; and I ſhould look back with rage and deſpair upon the waſte of life, but that I am now beginning in earneſt to begin a reformation. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

DICK LINGER.

N° XXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

AS I was paſſing lately under one of the gates of this city, I was ſtruck ith horror by a rueful cry, which mmoned me *to remember the poor btors*.

The wiſdom and juſtice of the Engiſh laws are, by Engliſhmen at leaſt, loudly celebrated; but ſcarcely the moſt zealous admirers of our inſtitutions can think that law wiſe, which, when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or juſt, which expoſes the liberty of one to the paſſions of another.

The proſperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds uſefully employed. To the community, ſedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleneſs an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever ſociety, waſtes more than it acquires, muſt gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceaſes to labour, takes away ſomething from the publick ſtock.

The confinement, therefore, of any man in the ſloth and darkneſs of a priſon, is a loſs to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in thoſe cells of miſery, a very ſmall part is ſuſpected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The reſt are impriſoned by the wantonneſs of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of diſappointed expectation.

If thoſe, who thus rigorouſly exerciſe the power which the law has put into their hands, be aſked, why they con-

tinue to impriſon thoſe whom they know to be unable to pay them; one will anſwer, that his debtor once lived better than himſelf; another, that his wife looked above her neighbours, and his children went in ſilk cloaths to the dancing-ſchool; and another, that he pretended to be a joker and a wit. Some will reply, that if they were in debt, they ſhould meet with the ſame treatment; ſome, that they owe no more than they can pay, and need therefore give no account of their actions. Some will confeſs their reſolution, that their debtors ſhall rot in jail; and ſome will diſcover, that they hope, by cruelty, to wring the payment from their friends.

The end of all civil regulations is to ſecure private happineſs from private malignity; to keep individuals from the power of one another; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loſs, is allowed to be the judge of his own cauſe, and to aſſign the puniſhment of his own pain; when the diſtinction between guilt and happineſs, between caſualty and deſign, is entruſted to eyes blind with intereſt, to underſtandings depraved by reſentment.

Since poverty is puniſhed among us as a crime, it ought at leaſt to be treated with the ſame lenity as other crimes; the offender ought not to languiſh at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed ſome appeal to the juſtice of his country. There can be no reaſon why any debtor ſhould be impriſoned, but that he may be compelled to payment; and a term ſhould therefore be fixed, in which the creditor ſhould exhibit his accuſation of concealed property. If ſuch property can be diſcovered, let it be given to the creditor; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the priſoner be diſmiſſed.

Thoſe who made the laws have apparently ſuppoſed, that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always ſhares the act, and often more than ſhares the guilt of improper truſt. It ſeldom happens that any man impriſons another but for debts which he ſuffered to be contracted in hope of advantage to himſelf, and for bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his own opinion of the hazard; and there is no reaſon, why one ſhould puniſh the other for a contract in which both concurred.

Many of the inhabitants of priſons may juſtly complain of harder treatment. He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by encreaſing his debt. Worſe and worſe commodities, at a higher and higher price, are forced upon him; he is impoveriſhed by compulſive traffick, and at laſt overwhelmed, in the common receptacles of miſery, by debts, which, without his own conſent, were accumulated on his head. To the relief of this diſtreſs, no other objection can be made, but that by an eaſy diſſolution of debts, fraud will be left without puniſhment, and imprudence without awe; and that when inſolvency ſhall be no longer puniſhable, credit will ceaſe.

The motive to credit, is the hope of advantage. Commerce can never be at a ſtop, while one man wants what another can ſupply; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit. He that truſts one whom he deſigns to ſue, is criminal by the act of truſt; the ceſſation of ſuch inſidious traffick is to be deſired, and no reaſon can be given why a change of the law ſhould impair any other.

We ſee nation trade with nation, where no payment can be compelled. Mutual convenience produces mutual confidence; and the merchants continue to ſatisfy the demands of each other, though they have nothing to dread but the loſs of trade.

It is vain to continue an inſtitution, which experience ſhews to be ineffectual. We have now impriſoned one generation of debtors after another, but we do not find that their numbers leſſen. We have now learned, that raſhneſs and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more eaſily reſtrained from giving it. I am, Sir, &c.

Nº XXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

LIFE has no pleaſure higher or nobler than that of Friendſhip. It is painful to conſider, that this ſublime enjoyment may be impaired or deſtroyed by innumerable cauſes, and that there is no human poſſeſſion of which the duration is leſs certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendſhip, of invincible conſtancy, and unalienable kindneſs; and ſome examples have been ſeen of men who have continued faithful to their earlieſt choice, and whoſe affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But theſe inſtances are memorable, becauſe they are rare. The friendſhip which is to be practiſed or expected by common mortals, muſt take it's riſe from mutual pleaſure, and muſt end when the power ceaſes of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindneſs will be abated, without criminal baſeneſs or contemptible inconſtancy on either part. To give pleaſure is not always in our power; and little does he know himſelf, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Thoſe who would gladly paſs their days together may be ſeparated by the different courſe of their affairs; and friendſhip, like love, is deſtroyed by long abſence, though it may be encreaſed by ſhort intermiſſions. What we have miſſed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been loſt till it is forgotten, will be found at laſt with little gladneſs, and with ſtill leſs if a ſubſtitute has ſupplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he uſed to open his boſom, and with whom he ſhared the hours of leiſure and merriment, feels the day at firſt hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppreſs, and his doubts diſtract him; he ſees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is ſadneſs within and ſolitude about him. But this uneaſineſs never laſts long; neceſſity produces expedients, new amuſements are diſcovered, and new converſation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently diſappointed, than that which naturally ariſes in the mind from the proſpect of meeting an old friend after long ſeparation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man conſiders how much alteration time has made in himſelf, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The firſt hour convinces them, that the pleaſure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different ſcenes have made different impreſſions; the opinions of both are changed; and that ſimilitude of manners and ſentiment is loſt, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themſelves.

Friendſhip is often deſtroyed by oppoſition of intereſt, not only by the ponderous and viſible intereſt which the deſire of wealth and greatneſs forms and maintains, but by a thouſand ſecret and ſlight competitions, ſcarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, ſome deſire of petty praiſe which he cannot patiently ſuffer to be fruſtrated. This minute ambition is ſometimes croſſed before it is known, and ſometimes defeated by wanton petulance: but ſuch attacks are ſeldom made without the loſs of friendſhip; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the reſentment will burn on in ſecret of which ſhame hinders the diſcovery.

This, however, is a ſlow malignity, which a wiſe man will obviate as inconſiſtent with quiet, and a good man will repreſs as contrary to virtue; but human happineſs is ſometimes violated by ſome more ſudden ſtrokes.

A diſpute begun in jeſt, upon a ſubject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careleſs indifference, is continued by the deſire of conqueſt, till vanity kindles into rage, and oppoſition rankles into enmity. Againſt this haſty miſchief, I know not what ſecurity can be obtained: men will be ſometimes ſurprized into quarrels; and though they might both haſten to reconciliation, as ſoon as their tumult had ſubſided,

ſubſided, yet two minds will ſeldom be found together, which can at once ſubdue their diſcontent, or immediately enjoy the ſweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendſhip has other enemies. Suſpicion is always hardening the cautious, and diſguſt repelling the delicate. Very ſlender differences will ſometimes part thoſe whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in ſix weeks cold and petulant. Ranger's pleaſure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to ſit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The moſt fatal diſeaſe of friendſhip is gradual decay, or diſlike hourly encreaſed by cauſes too ſlender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Thoſe who are angry may be reconciled; thoſe who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the deſire of pleaſing and willingneſs to be pleaſed is ſilently diminiſhed, the renovation of friendſhip is hopeleſs; as, when the vital powers ſink into languor, there is no longer any uſe of the phyſician.

N° XXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

WHEN man ſees one of the inferior creatures perched upon a tree, or baſking in the ſunſhine, without any apparent endeavour or purſuit, he often aſks himſelf, or his companion—'On 'what that animal can be ſuppoſed to 'be thinking?'

Of this queſtion, ſince neither bird nor beaſt can anſwer it, we muſt be content to live without the reſolution. We know not how much the brutes recollect of the paſt, or anticipate of the future; what power they have of comparing and preferring; or whether their faculties may not reſt in motionleſs indifference, till they are moved by the preſence of their proper object, or ſtimulated to act by corporal ſenſations.

I am the leſs inclined to theſe ſuperfluous enquiries, becauſe I have always been able to find ſufficient matter for curioſity in my own ſpecies. It is uſeleſs to go far in queſt of that which may be found at home; a very narrow circle of obſervation will ſupply a ſufficient number of men and women, who might be aſked with equal propriety—'On 'what they can be thinking?'

It is reaſonable to believe, that thought, like every thing elſe, has it's cauſes and effects; that it muſt proceed from ſomething known, done, or ſuffered; and muſt produce ſome action or event. Yet how great is the number of thoſe in whoſe minds no ſource of thought has ever been opened, in whoſe life no conſequence of thought is ever diſcovered; who have learned nothing upon which they can reflect; who have neither ſeen nor felt any thing which could leave it's traces on the memory; who neither foreſee nor deſire any change of their condition; and have therefore neither fear, hope, nor deſign, and yet are ſuppoſed to be thinking beings.

To every act a ſubject is required. He that thinks, muſt think upon ſomething. But tell me, ye that pierce deepeſt into nature, ye that take the wideſt ſurveys of life, inform me, kind ſhades of Malbranche, and of Locke, what that ſomething can be, which excites and continues thought in maiden aunts with ſmall fortunes; in younger brothers that live upon annuities; in traders retired from buſineſs; in ſoldiers abſent from their regiments; or in widows that have no children?

Life is commonly conſidered as either active or contemplative; but ſurely this diviſion, how long ſoever it has been received, is inadequate and fallacious. There are mortals whoſe life is certainly not active, for they do neither good nor evil; and whoſe life cannot be properly called contemplative, for they never attend either to the conduct of men, or the works of Nature, but riſe in the morning, look round them till night in careleſs ſtupidity, go to bed and ſleep, and riſe again in the morning.

It has been lately a celebrated queſtion in the ſchools of philoſophy, *Whether the ſoul always thinks?* Some have defined the ſoul to be the *power of thinking*; concluded that it's eſſence conſiſts in act; that if it ſhould ceaſe to act, it would ceaſe to be; and that ceſſation of thought

thought is but another name for extinction of mind. This argument is ſubtle, but not concluſive; becauſe it ſuppoſes, what cannot be proved, that the nature of mind is properly defined. Others affect to diſdain ſubtilty, when ſubtilty will not ſerve their purpoſe, and appeal to daily experience. We ſpend many hours, they ſay, in ſleep, without the leaſt remembrance of any thoughts which then paſſed in our minds; and ſince we can only by our own conſciouſneſs be ſure that we think, why ſhould we imagine that we have had thought of which no conſciouſneſs remains?

This argument, which appeals to experience, may from experience be confuted. We every day do ſomething which we forget when it is done, and know to have been done only by conſequence. The waking hours are not denied to have been paſſed in thought; yet he that ſhall endeavour to recollect on one day the ideas of the former, will only turn the eye of reflection upon vacancy; he will find that the greater part is irrevocably vaniſhed, and wonder how the moments could come and go, and leave ſo little behind them.

To diſcover only that the arguments on both ſides are defective, and to throw back the tenet into it's former uncertainty, is the ſport of wanton or malevolent ſcepticiſm, delighting to ſee the ſons of Philoſophy at work upon a taſk which never can be finiſhed; at variance on a queſtion that can never be decided. I ſhall ſuggeſt an argument hitherto overlooked, which may perhaps determine the controverſy.

If it be impoſſible to think without materials, there muſt neceſſarily be minds that do not always think; and whence ſhall we furniſh materials for the meditation of the glutton between his meals, of the ſportſman in a rainy month, of the annuitant between the days of quarterly payment, of the politician when the mails are detained by contrary winds?

But how frequent ſoever may be the examples of exiſtence without thought, it is certainly a ſtate not much to be deſired. He that lives in torpid inſenſibility, wants nothing of a carcaſe but putrefaction. It is the part of every inhabitant of the earth to partake the pains and pleaſures of his fellow beings; and, as in a road through a country deſart and uniform, the traveller languiſhes for want of amuſement, ſo the paſſage of life will be tedious and irkſome to him who does not beguile it by diverſified ideas.

Nº XXV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Am a very conſtant frequenter of the playhouſe, a place to which I ſuppoſe the Idler not much a ſtranger, ſince he can have no where elſe ſo much entertainment with ſo little concurrence of his own endeavour. At all other aſſemblies, he that comes to receive delight, will be expected to give it; but in the theatre, nothing is neceſſary to the amuſement of two hours, but to ſit down and be willing to be pleaſed.

The laſt week has offered two new actors to the town. The appearance and retirement of actors are the great events of the theatrical world; and their firſt performances fill the pit with conjecture and prognoſtication, as the firſt actions of a new monarch agitate nations with hope or fear.

What opinion I have formed of the future excellence of theſe candidates for dramatic glory, it is not neceſſary to declare. Their entrance gave me a higher and nobler pleaſure than any borrowed character can afford. I ſaw the ranks of the theatre emulating each other in candour and humanity, and contending who ſhould moſt effectually aſſiſt the ſtruggles of endeavour, diſſipate the bluſh of diffidence, and ſtill the flutter of timidity.

This behaviour is ſuch as becomes a people, too tender to repreſs thoſe who wiſh to pleaſe, too generous to inſult thoſe who can make no reſiſtance. A public performer is ſo much in the power of ſpectators, that all unneceſſary ſeverity is reſtrained by that general law of humanity, which forbids us to be cruel where there is nothing to be feared.

In every new performer ſomething muſt be pardoned. No man can, by any force of reſolution, ſecure to himſelf the full poſſeſſion of his own powers under the

the eye of a large aſſembly. Variation of geſture, and flexion of voice, are to be obtained only by experience.

There is nothing for which ſuch numbers think themſelves qualified as for theatrical exhibition. Every human being has an action graceful to his own eye, a voice muſical to his own ear, and a ſenſibility which Nature forbids him to know that any other boſom can excel. An art in which ſuch numbers fancy themſelves excellent, and which the public liberally rewards, will excite many competitors, and in many attempts there muſt be many miſcarriages.

The care of the critic ſhould be to diſtinguiſh error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent may be reclaimed; vociferation vehement and confuſed may be reſtrained and modulated; the ſtalk of the tyrant may become the gait of a man; the yell of inarticulate diſtreſs may be reduced to human lamentation. All theſe faults ſhould be for a time overlooked, and afterwards cenſured with gentleneſs and candour. But if in an actor there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a frigid equality, a ſtupid languor, a torpid apathy, the greateſt kindneſs that can be ſhewn him, is a ſpeedy ſentence of expulſion.

I am, Sir, &c.

The plea which my correſpondent has offered for young actors, I am very far from wiſhing to invalidate. I always conſidered thoſe combinations which are ſometimes formed in the playhouſe, as acts of fraud or of cruelty: he that applauds him who does not deſerve praiſe, is endeavouring to deceive the public; he that hiſſes in malice or ſport, is an oppreſſor and a robber.

But ſurely this laudable forbearance might be juſtly extended to young poets. The art of the writer, like that of the player, is attained by ſlow degrees. The power of diſtinguiſhing and diſcriminating comic characters, or of filling tragedy with poetical images, muſt be the gift of Nature, which no inſtruction nor labour can ſupply; but the art of dramatic diſpoſition, the contexture of the ſcenes, the oppoſition of characters, the involution of the plot, the expedients of ſuſpenſion, and the ſtratagems of ſurprize, are to be learned by practice; and it is cruel to diſcourage a poet for ever, becauſe he has not from genius what only experience can beſtow.

Life is a ſtage. Let me likewiſe ſolicit candour for the young actor on the ſtage of life. They that enter into the world are too often treated with unreaſonable rigour by thoſe that were once as ignorant and heady as themſelves; and diſtinction is not always made between the faults which require ſpeedy and violent eradication, and thoſe that will gradually drop away in the progreſſion of life. Vicious ſolicitations of appetite, if not checked, will grow more importunate; and mean arts of profit or ambition will gather ſtrength in the mind, if they are not early ſuppreſſed. But miſtaken notions of ſuperiority, deſires of uſeleſs ſhow, pride of little accompliſhments, and all the train of vanity, will be bruſhed away by the wing of time.

Reproof ſhould not exhauſt it's power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently againſt the incurſion of vice, and leave foppery and futility to die of themſelves.

Nº XXVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

MR. IDLER,

I Never thought that I ſhould write any thing to be printed; but having lately ſeen your firſt Eſſay, which was ſent down into the kitchen, with a great bundle of gazettes and uſeleſs papers, I find that you are willing to admit any correſpondent, and therefore hope you will not reject me. If you publiſh my letter, it may encourage others, in the ſame condition with myſelf, to tell their ſtories, which may be perhaps as uſeful as thoſe of great ladies.

I am a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-ſchool, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, or patroneſſes, viſited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and ſaw that our cloaths were clean. We lived happily enough, and were inſtructed to be thankful to thoſe at whoſe coſt we were educated.

I was

I was always the favourite of my miſtreſs; ſhe uſed to call me to read and ſhew my copy-book to all ſtrangers, who never diſmiſſed me without commendation, and very ſeldom without a ſhilling.

At laſt the chief of our ſubſcribers, having paſſed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and ſtrange to the whole country. She held it little leſs than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. 'They who are born 'to poverty,' ſhe ſaid, 'are born to ig-'norance, and will work the harder the 'leſs they know.' She told her friends, that London was in conſuſion by the inſolence of ſervants; that ſcarcely a wench was to be got *for all work*, ſince education had made ſuch numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or ſomething that might qualify her to wear laced ſhoes and long ruffles, and to ſit at work in the parlour-window. But ſhe was reſolved, for her part, to ſpoil no more girls; thoſe who were to live by their hands, ſhould neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and ſhe would have no part in making it worſe.

She was for a ſhort time warmly oppoſed; but ſhe perſevered in her notions, and withdrew her ſubſcription. Few liſten without a deſire of conviction to thoſe who adviſe them to ſpare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in leſs than a year the whole pariſh was convinced, that the nation would be ruined, if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our ſchool was now diſſolved; my miſtreſs kiſſed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpleſs, ſhe could not aſſiſt me, adviſed me to ſeek a ſervice, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for ſcholarſhip, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, conſidered as a crime; and, when I offered myſelf to any miſtreſs, I had no other anſwer than—'Sure, child, you 'would not work; hard work is not fit 'for a pen-woman; a ſcrubbing-bruſh 'would ſpoil your hand, child!'

I could not live at home; and while I was conſidering to what I ſhould betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our ſchool to London, came down in a ſilk gown, and told her acquaintance how well ſhe lived, what fine things ſhe ſaw, and what great wages ſhe received. I reſolved to try my fortune, and took my paſſage in the next week's waggon to London. I had no ſnares laid for me at my arrival, but came ſafe to a ſiſter of my miſtreſs, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradeſmen; and I, having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the firſt offer.

My firſt miſtreſs was wife of a working watchmaker, who earned more than was ſufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their conſtant practice to hire a chaiſe on Sunday, and ſpend half the wages of the week on Richmond Hill; of Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and ſpent the other half in merriment; Tueſday and Wedneſday conſumed the reſt of his money; and three days every week were paſſed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my maſter lived on truſt at an alehouſe. You may be ſure, that of the ſufferers the maid ſuffered moſt; and I left them, after three months, rather than be ſtarved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My miſtreſs was a diligent woman, and roſe early in the morning to ſet the journeymen to work; my maſter was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and ſat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my maſter at night, and on my miſtreſs in the morning. He ſeldom came home before two, and ſhe roſe at five. I could no more live without ſleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another ſervant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had ſix children. My miſtreſs, when I firſt entered the houſe, informed me, that I muſt never contradict the children, nor ſuffer them to cry. I had no deſire to offend, and readily promiſed to do my beſt. But when I gave them their breakfaſt, I could not help all firſt; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the reſt in expectation. That which was not gratified always reſented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my miſtreſs in a fury at me, and procured ſugar-plums to the child. I could not keep ſix chil-

dren quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous; and was therefore diſmiſſed, as a girl honeſt, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty ſhop of remnants and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called, at a buſy time, to ſerve the cuſtomers, expected that I ſhould now be happy, in proportion as I was uſeful. But my miſtreſs appropriated every day part of the profit to ſome private uſe, and, as ſhe grew bolder in her theft, at laſt deducted ſuch ſums, that my maſter began to wonder how he ſold ſo much, and gained ſo little. She pretended to aſſiſt his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that *Betty was honeſt, and yet thoſe ſharp girls were apt to be light-fingered.* You will believe that I did not ſtay there much longer.

The reſt of my ſtory I will tell you in another letter; and only beg to be informed, in ſome paper, for which of my places, except perhaps the laſt, I was diſqualified, by my ſkill in reading and writing. I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

BETTY BROOM.

Nº XXVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

IT has been the endeavour of all thoſe whom the world has reverenced for ſuperior wiſdom, to perſuade man to be acquainted with himſelf, to learn his own powers and his own weakneſs, to obſerve by what evils he is moſt dangerouſly beſet, and by what temptations moſt eaſily overcome.

This counſel has been often given with ſerious dignity, and often received with appearance of conviction; but, as very few can ſearch deep into their own minds without meeting what they wiſh to hide from themſelves, ſcarce any man perſiſts in cultivating ſuch diſagreeable acquaintance, but draws the veil again between his eyes and his heart, leaves his paſſions and appetites as he found them, and adviſes others to look into themſelves.

This is the common reſult of enquiry even among thoſe that endeavour to grow wiſer or better, but this endeavour is far enough from frequency; the greater part of the multitudes that ſwarm upon the earth have never been diſturbed by ſuch uneaſy curioſity, but deliver themſelves up to buſineſs or to pleaſure, plunge into the current of life, whether placid or turbulent, and paſs on from one point of proſpect to another, attentive rather to any thing than the ſtate of their minds; ſatisfied, at an eaſy rate, with an opinion, that they are no worſe than others, that every man muſt mind his own intereſt, or that their pleaſures hurt only themſelves, and are therefore no proper ſubjects of cenſure.

Some, however, there are, whom the intruſion of ſcruples, the recollection of better notions, or the latent reprehenſion of good examples, will not ſuffer to live entirely contented with their own conduct; theſe are forced to pacify the mutiny of reaſon with fair promiſes, and quiet their thoughts with deſigns of calling all their actions to review, and planning a new ſcheme for the time to come.

There is nothing which we eſtimate ſo fallaciouſly as the force of our own reſolutions, nor any fallacy which we ſo unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has reſolved a thouſand times, and a thouſand times deſerted his own purpoſe, yet ſuffers no abatement of his confidence, but ſtill believes himſelf his own maſter; and able, by innate vigour of ſoul, to preſs forward to his end, through all the obſtructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this miſtake ſhould prevail for a time, is very natural. When conviction is preſent, and temptation out of ſight, we do not eaſily conceive how any reaſonable being can deviate from his true intereſt. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in ſpeculation, is ſo plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole ſoul yields itſelf to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at laſt omitted.

I believe moſt men may review all the lives that have paſſed within their obſervation, without remembering one efficacious reſolution, or being able to tell a ſingle inſtance of a courſe of practice ſuddenly changed in conſequence of a change of opinion, or an eſtabliſhment

of

of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themſelves, followed the train of external cauſes, and rather ſuffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promiſe and performance, between profeſſion and reality, upon deep deſign and ſtudied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocriſy in the world; we do not ſo often endeavour or wiſh to impoſe on others as on ourſelves; we reſolve to do right, we hope to keep our reſolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconſtancy by calling witneſſes of our actions; but at laſt habit prevails, and thoſe whom we invited to our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Cuſtom is commonly too ſtrong for the moſt reſolute reſolver, though furniſhed for the aſſault with all the weapons of philoſophy. 'He that endeavours to 'free himſelf from an ill habit,' ſays Bacon, 'muſt not change too much at 'a time, leſt he ſhould be diſcouraged 'by difficulty; nor too little, for then 'he will make but ſlow advances.' This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Thoſe who have been able to conquer habit, are like thoſe that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto;

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

They are ſufficient to give hope, but not ſecurity; to animate the conteſt, but not to promiſe victory.

Thoſe who are in the power of evil habits muſt conquer them as they can; and conquered they muſt be, or neither wiſdom nor happineſs can be attained: but thoſe who are not yet ſubject to their influence may, by timely caution, preſerve their freedom; they may effectually reſolve to eſcape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly reſolve to conquer.

N° XXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

IT is very eaſy for a man who ſits idle at home, and has nobody to pleaſe but himſelf, to ridicule or to cenſure the common practices of mankind; and thoſe who have no preſent temptation to break the rules of propriety, may applaud his judgment, and join in his merriment; but let the author or his readers mingle with common life, they will find themſelves irreſiſtibly borne away by the ſtream of cuſtom, and muſt ſubmit, after they have laughed at others, to give others the ſame opportunity of laughing at them.

There is no paper publiſhed by the Idler which I have read with more approbation than that which cenſures the practice of recording vulgar marriages in the news-papers. I carried it about in my pocket, and read it to all thoſe whom I ſuſpected of having publiſhed their nuptials, or of being inclined to publiſh them, and ſent tranſcripts of it to all the couples that tranſgreſſed your precepts for the next fortnight. I hoped that they were all vexed, and pleaſed myſelf with imagining their miſery.

But ſhort is the triumph of malignity. I was married laſt week to Miſs Mohair, the daughter of a faleſman; and at my firſt appearance after the wedding night, was aſked by my wife's mother, whether I had ſent our marriage to the Advertiſer? I endeavoured to ſhew how unfit it was to demand the attention of the public to our domeſtick affairs; but ſhe told me, with great vehemence, That ſhe would not have it thought to be a ſtolen match; that the blood of the Mohairs ſhould never be diſgraced; that her huſband had ſerved all the pariſh offices but one; that ſhe had lived five and thirty years at the ſame houſe, had paid every body twenty ſhillings in the pound, and would have me know, though ſhe was not as fine and as flaunting as Mrs. Ginghum, the deputy's wife, ſhe was not aſhamed to tell her name, and would ſhew her face with the beſt of them; and ſince I had married her daughter— At this inſtant entered my father-in-law, a grave man, from whom I expected ſuccour; but, upon hearing the caſe, he told me, That it would be very imprudent to miſs ſuch an opportunity of advertiſing

my ſhop; and that, when notice was given of my marriage, many of my wife's friends would think themſelves obliged to be my cuſtomers. I was ſubdued by clamour on one ſide, and gravity on the other; and ſhall be obliged to tell the town, that *three days ago*, Timothy Muſhroom, *an eminent oil-man in* Sea-Coal Lane, *was married to* Miſs Polly Mohair *of* Lothbury, *a beautiful young lady, with a large fortune.*

I am, Sir, &c.

SIR,

I Am the unfortunate wife of the grocer whoſe letter you publiſhed about ten weeks ago; in which he complains, like a ſorry fellow, that I loiter in the ſhop with my needle-work in my hand, and that I oblige him to take me out on Sundays, and keep a girl to look after the child. Sweet Mr. Idler, if you did but know all, you would give no encouragement to ſuch an unreaſonable grumbler. I brought him three hundred pounds, which ſet him up in a ſhop, and bought in a ſtock, on which, with good management, we might live comfortably; but now I have given him a ſhop, I am forced to watch him and the ſhop too. I will tell you, Mr. Idler, how it is. There is an alehouſe over the way with a ninepin alley, to which he is ſure to run when I turn my back, and there loſes his money, for he plays at ninepins as he does every thing elſe. While he is at this favourite ſport, he ſets a dirty boy to watch his door, and call him to his cuſtomers; but he is long in coming, and ſo rude when he comes, that our cuſtom falls off every day.

Thoſe who cannot govern themſelves, muſt be governed. I have reſolved to keep him for the future behind his counter, and let him bounce at his cuſtomers if he dares. I cannot be above ſtairs and below at the ſame time, and have therefore taken a girl to look after the child and dreſs the dinner; and, after all, pray who is to blame?

On a Sunday, it is true, I make him walk abroad, and ſometimes carry the child; I wonder who ſhould carry it! But I never take him out till after church-time, nor would do it then, but that, if he is left alone, he will be upon the bed. On a Sunday, if he ſtays at home, he has ſix meals; and, when he can eat no longer, has twenty ſtratagems to eſcape from me to the alehouſe; but I commonly keep the door locked, till Monday produces ſomething for him to do.

This is the true ſtate of the caſe, and theſe are the provocations for which he has written his letter to you. I hope you will write a paper to ſhew, that, if a wife muſt ſpend her whole time in watching her huſband, ſhe cannot conveniently tend her child, or ſit at her needle. I am, Sir, &c.

SIR,

THERE is in this town a ſpecies of oppreſſion which the law has not hitherto prevented or redreſſed.

I am a chairman. You know, Sir, we come when we are called, and are expected to carry all who require our aſſiſtance. It is common for men of the moſt unwieldy corpulence to croud themſelves into a chair, and demand to be carried for a ſhilling as far as an airy young lady whom we ſcarcely feel upon our poles. Surely we ought to be paid like all other mortals in proportion to our labour. Engines ſhould be fixed in proper places to weigh chairs as they weigh waggons; and thoſe whom eaſe and plenty have made unable to carry themſelves, ſhould give part of their ſuperfluities to thoſe who carry them.

I am, Sir, &c.

Nº XXIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR.

I Have often obſerved, that friends are loſt by diſcontinuance of intercourſe without any offence on either part; and have long known, that it is more dangerous to be forgotten than to be blamed: I therefore make haſte to ſend you the reſt of my ſtory, leſt, by the delay of another fortnight, the name of Betty Broom might be no longer remembered by you or your readers.

Having left the laſt place in haſte to avoid the charge or the ſuſpicion of theft,

I had

I had not ſecured another ſervice, and was forced to take a lodging in a back ſtreet. I had now got good cloaths. The woman who lived in the garret oppoſite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a miſtreſs. I knew not why ſhe was ſo kind, nor how I could recompenſe her; but in a few days I miſſed ſome of my linen, went to another lodging, and reſolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In ſix weeks I became under-maid at the houſe of a mercer in Cornhill, whoſe ſon was his apprentice. The young gentleman uſed to ſit late at the tavern, without the knowledge of his father; and I was ordered by my miſtreſs to let him in ſilently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilſt the reſt of the family was in bed, I conſidered as ſupernumerary, and, having no buſineſs aſſigned for them, thought myſelf at liberty to ſpend them my own way. I kept myſelf awake with a book, and for ſome time liked my ſtate the better for this opportunity of reading. At laſt, the upper-maid found my book, and ſhewed it to my miſtreſs, who told me, that wenches like me might ſpend their time better; that ſhe never knew any of the readers that had good deſigns in their heads; that ſhe could always find ſomething elſe to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that ſuch a fine lady ſhould ſit up for her young maſter.

This was the firſt time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was diſmiſſed decently, leſt I ſhould tell tales, and had a ſmall gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a ſmall fortune. This was the only happy part of my life. My miſtreſs, for whom publick diverſions were too expenſive, ſpent her time with books, and was pleaſed to find a maid who could partake her amuſements. I roſe early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or liſten, and was ſuffered to tell my opinion, or expreſs my delight. Thus fifteen months ſtole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to ſervitude. But a burning fever ſeized my miſtreſs, of whom I ſhall ſay no more, than that her ſervant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place; and was rather too delicate for the converſation of a kitchen; ſo that when I was hired in the family of an Eaſt India director, my behaviour was ſo different, as they ſaid, from that of a common ſervant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in diſguiſe, and turned me out in three weeks, on ſuſpicion of ſome deſign which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obſtruction from my new accompliſhments, and was hired under the houſekeeper in a ſplendid family. Here I was too wiſe for the maids, and too nice for the footmen; yet I might have lived on without much uneaſineſs, had not my miſtreſs, the houſekeeper, who uſed to employ me in buying neceſſaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I ſuppoſe it did not quite agree with her own book, for ſhe fiercely declared her reſolution, that there ſhould be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the juſtice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was eaſily admitted into another houſe in the neighbourhood, where my buſineſs was to ſweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for ſome time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of ſome education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though ſhe could not read hard words; and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At laſt, my abilities became ſo much celebrated, that the houſe-ſteward uſed to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out, that my ſaucineſs was grown to ſuch a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well ſwept ſince Betty Broom came into the houſe.

I was then hired by a conſumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though ſhe was never pleaſed, yet when I declared my reſolution to leave her, ſhe burſt into tears, and told me that I muſt bear the peeviſhneſs of a

ſick

ſick bed, and I ſhould find myſelf remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in leſs than a week, when I ſet her gruel before her, I laid the ſpoon on the left ſide, and ſhe threw her will into the fire. In two days ſhe made another, which ſhe burnt in the ſame manner becauſe ſhe could not eat her chicken. A third was made, and deſtroyed becauſe ſhe heard a mouſe within the wainſcot, and was ſure that I ſhould ſuffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for ſome time out of favour; but as her illneſs grew upon her, reſentment and ſullenneſs gave way to kinder ſentiments. She died, and left me five hundred pounds. With this fortune I am going to ſettle in my native pariſh, where I reſolve to ſpend ſome hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

BETTY BROOM.

Nº XXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

THE deſires of man encreaſe with his acquiſitions; every ſtep which he advances brings ſomething within his view, which he did not ſee before, and which, as ſoon as he ſees it, he begins to want. Where neceſſity ends, curioſity begins; and no ſooner are we ſupplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we ſit down to contrive artificial appetites.

By this reſtleſſneſs of mind, every populous and wealthy city is filled with innumerable employments, for which the greater part of mankind is without a name; with artificers, whoſe labour is exerted in producing ſuch petty conveniences, that many ſhops are furniſhed with inſtruments, of which the uſe can hardly be found without enquiry, but which he that once knows them quickly learns to number among neceſſary things.

Such is the diligence with which, in countries completely civilized, one part of mankind labours for another, that wants are ſupplied faſter than they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious find life ſtagnate for want of ſome deſire to keep it in motion. This ſpecies of diſtreſs furniſhes a new ſet of occupations; and multitudes are buſied, from day to day, in finding the rich and the fortunate ſomething to do.

It is very common to reproach thoſe artiſts as uſeleſs, who produce only ſuch ſuperfluities as neither accommodate the body nor improve the mind; and of which no other effect can be imagined, than that they are the occaſions of ſpending money, and conſuming time.

But this cenſure will be mitigated, when it is ſeriouſly conſidered, that money and time are the heavieſt burthens of life, and that the unhappieſt of all mortals are thoſe who have more of either than they know how to uſe. To ſet himſelf free from theſe incumbrances, one hurries to Newmarket; another travels over Europe; one pulls down his houſe and calls architects about him; another buys a ſeat in the country, and follows his hounds over hedges and through rivers; one makes collections of ſhells; and another ſearches the world for tulips and carnations.

He is ſurely a public benefactor who finds employment for thoſe to whom it is thus difficult to find it for themſelves. It is true that this is ſeldom done merely from generoſity or compaſſion; almoſt every man ſeeks his own advantage in helping others, and therefore it is too common for mercenary officiouſneſs to conſider rather what is grateful, than what is right.

We all know that it is more profitable to be loved than eſteemed; and miniſters of pleaſure will always be found, who ſtudy to make themſelves neceſſary, and to ſupplant thoſe who are practiſing the ſame arts.

One of the amuſements of idleneſs is reading without the fatigue of cloſe attention, and the world therefore ſwarms with writers whoſe wiſh is not to be ſtudied, but to be read.

No ſpecies of literary men has lately been ſo much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one Gazette; but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almoſt every large town has it's weekly hiſtorian, who regularly circulates

circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villages of his diſtrict with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true intereſt of Europe.

To write news in it's perfection requires ſuch a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the taſk is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, *an Ambaſſador* is ſaid to be *a man of virtue ſent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country*; a News-writer is *a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit.* To theſe compoſitions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither induſtry nor ſprightlineſs; but contempt of ſhame and indifference to truth are abſolutely neceſſary. He who by a long familiarity with infamy has obtained theſe qualities, may confidently tell to-day what he intends to contradict to-morrow; he may affirm fearleſsly what he knows that he ſhall be obliged to recant, and may write letters from Amſterdam or Dreſden to himſelf.

In a time of war the nation is always of one mind, eager to hear ſomething good of themſelves and ill of the enemy. At this time the taſk of news-writers is eaſy: they have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing.

Scarce any thing awakes attention like a tale of cruelty. The writer of news never fails in the interminſion of action to tell how the enemies murdered children and raviſhed virgins; and if the ſcene of action be ſomewhat diſtant, ſcalps half the inhabitants of a province.

Among the calamities of war may be juſtly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falſhoods which intereſt dictates and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relater of wars deſtitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from ſtreets filled with ſoldiers accuſtomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with ſcribblers accuſtomed to lie.

N° XXXI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

MANY moraliſts have remarked, that pride has of all human vices the wideſt dominion, appears in the greateſt multiplicity of forms, and lies hid under the greateſt variety of diſguiſes; of diſguiſes, which, like the moon's *veil of brightneſs*, are both *it's luſtre and it's ſhade*, and betray it to others, though they hide it from ourſelves.

It is not my intention to degrade pride from this pre-eminence of miſchief; yet I know not whether idleneſs may not maintain a very doubtful and obſtinate competition.

There are ſome that profeſs idleneſs in it's full dignity, who call themſelves the *Idle*, as Buſiris in the play *calls himſelf the Proud*; who boaſt that they do nothing, and thank their ſtars that they have nothing to do; who ſleep every night till they can ſleep no longer, and riſe only that exerciſe may enable them to ſleep again; who prolong the reign of darkneſs by double curtains, and never ſee the ſun but to *tell him how they hate his beams*; whoſe whole labour is to vary the poſtures of indulgence, and whoſe day differs from their night but as a couch or chair differs from a bed.

Theſe are the true and open votaries of Idleneſs, for whom ſhe weaves the garlands of poppies, and into whoſe cup ſhe pours the waters of oblivion; who exiſt in a ſtate of unruffled ſtupidity, forgetting and forgotten; who have long ceaſed to live, and at whoſe death the ſurvivors can only ſay, that they have ceaſed to breathe.

But idleneſs predominates in many lives where it is not ſuſpected; for, being a vice which terminates in itſelf, it may be enjoyed without injury to others; and is therefore not watched like fraud, which endangers property; or like pride, which naturally ſeeks it's gratifications in another's inferiority. Idleneſs is a ſilent and peaceful quality, that neither raiſes envy by oſtentation, nor hatred by oppoſition; and therefore nobody is buſy to cenſure or detect it.

As pride ſometimes is hid under humility, idleneſs is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty and real employment, naturally

naturally endeavours to croud his mind with ſomething that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do with eager diligence, that he may keep himſelf in his own favour.

Some are always in a ſtate of preparation, occupied in previous meaſures, forming plans, accumulating materials, and providing for the main affair. Theſe are certainly under the ſecret power of Idleneſs. Nothing is to be expected from the workman whoſe tools are for ever to be ſought. I was once told by a great maſter, that no man ever excelled in painting, who was eminently curious about pencils and colours.

There are others to whom Idleneſs dictates another expedient, by which life may be paſſed unprofitably away without the tediouſneſs of many vacant hours. The art is, to fill the day with petty buſineſs, to have always ſomething in hand which may raiſe curioſity, but not ſolicitude, and keep the mind in a ſtate of action, but not of labour.

This art has for many years been practiſed by my old friend Sober with wonderful ſucceſs. Sober is a man of ſtrong deſires and quick imagination, ſo exactly balanced by the love of eaſe, that they can ſeldom ſtimulate him to any difficult undertaking: they have, however, ſo much power, that they will not ſuffer him to lie quite at reſt; and though they do not make him ſufficiently uſeful to others, they make him at leaſt weary of himſelf.

Mr. Sober's chief pleaſure is converſation; there is no end of his talk or his attention; to ſpeak or to hear is equally pleaſing, for he ſtill fancies that he is teaching or learning ſomething, and is free for the time from his own reproaches.

But there is one time at night when he muſt go home, that his friends may ſleep; and another time in the morning, when all the world agrees to ſhut out interruption. Theſe are the moments of which poor Sober trembles at the thought. But the miſery of theſe tireſome intervals he has many means of alleviating. He has perſuaded himſelf, that the manual arts are undeſervedly overlooked; he has obſerved in many trades the effects of cloſe thought, and juſt ratiocination From ſpeculation he proceeded to practice, and ſupplied himſelf with the tools of a carpenter, with which he mended his coal-box very ſucceſsfully, and which he ſtill continues to employ, as he finds occaſion.

He has attempted at other times the crafts of the ſhoe-maker, tin-man, plumber, and potter; in all theſe arts he has failed, and reſolves to qualify himſelf for them by better information. But his daily amuſement is chemiſtry. He has a ſmall furnace, which he employs in diſtillation, and which has long been the ſolace of his life. He draws oils and waters, and eſſences and ſpirits, which he knows to be of no uſe; ſits and counts the drops as they come from his retort, and forgets that, whilſt a drop is falling, a moment flies away.

Poor Sober! I have often teazed him with reproof, and he has often promiſed reformation; for no man is ſo much open to conviction as the Idler, but there is none on whom it operates ſo little. What will be the effect of this paper I know not; perhaps he will read it and laugh, and light the fire in his furnace; but my hope is, that he will quit his trifles, and betake himſelf to rational and uſeful diligence.

N° XXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that way-lay human arrogance on every ſide, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the moſt common objects and effects, a defect of which we become more ſenſible by every attempt to ſupply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themſelves informed of the whole nature of things when they are ſhewn their form or told their uſe; but the ſpeculatiſt, who is not content with ſuperficial views, harraſſes himſelf with fruitleſs curioſity, and ſtill as he enquires more, perceives only that he knows leſs.

Sleep is a ſtate in which a great part of every life is paſſed. No animal has been yet diſcovered, whoſe exiſtence is not varied with intervals of inſenſibility; and

and ſome late philoſophers have extended the empire of Sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change ſo frequent, ſo great, ſo general, and ſo neceſſary, no ſearcher has yet found either the efficient or final cauſe; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irreſiſtible ſtupefaction; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate ſuſpenſion of it's active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity or contrariety of opinions upon this ſubject, Nature has taken ſufficient care that theory ſhall have little influence on practice. The moſt diligent enquirer is not able long to keep his eyes open; the moſt eager diſputant will begin about midnight to deſert his argument; and, once in four and twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the ſilent, the buſy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of ſleep.

Philoſophy has often attempted to repreſs inſolence, by aſſerting, that all conditions are levelled by death; a poſition which, however it may deject the happy, will ſeldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleaſing to conſider, that ſleep is equally a leveller with death; that the time is never at a great diſtance, when the balm of reſt ſhall be effuſed alike upon every head, when the diverſities of life ſhall ſtop their operation, and the high and the low ſhall lie down together.

It is ſomewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conqueſts, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himſelf to be a man by the neceſſity of ſleep. Whether he conſidered ſleep as neceſſary to his mind or body, it was indeed a ſufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which required ſuch frequency of renovation gave but faint promiſes of immortality; and the mind which, from time to time, ſunk gladly into inſenſibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the ſupreme and ſelf-ſufficient Nature.

I know not what can tend more to repreſs all the paſſions that diſturb the peace of the world, than the conſideration that there is no height of happineſs or honour, from which man does not eagerly deſcend to a ſtate of unconſcious repoſe; that the beſt condition of life is ſuch, that we contentedly quit it's good to be diſentangled from it's evils; that in a few hours ſplendor fades before the eye, and praiſe itſelf deadens in the ear; the ſenſes withdraw from their objects, and reaſon favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and proſpects of covetouſneſs, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that deſires moſt have all his deſires gratified, he never ſhall attain a ſtate, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with ſatisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical ſeparations.

All envy would be extinguiſhed, if it were univerſally known that there are none to be envied, and ſurely none can be much envied who are not pleaſed with themſelves. There is reaſon to ſuſpect, that the diſtinctions of mankind have more ſhew than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleaſures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obſcure, join in one common wiſh, and implore from Nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our deſire of abſtraction from ourſelves, that very few are ſatisfied with the quantity of ſtupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himſelf added intemperance to ſleep, and ſolaced with the fumes of wine the ſovereignty of the world; and almoſt every man has ſome art, by which he ſteals his thoughts away from his preſent ſtate.

It is not much of life that is ſpent in cloſe attention to any important duty. Many hours of every day are ſuffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We ſuffer phantoms to riſe up before us, and amuſe ourſelves with the dance of airy images, which, after a time, we diſmiſs for ever, and know not how we have been buſied.

Many have no happier moments than thoſe that they paſs in ſolitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which ſometimes puts ſceptres in their hands or mitres on their heads, ſhifts the ſcene of pleaſure with endleſs variety, bids all the forms of beauty ſparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of viſionary luxury.

It is eaſy in theſe ſemi-ſlumbers to collect all the poſſibilities of happineſs, to alter the courſe of the ſun, to bring back the paſt, and anticipate the future, to

unite all the beauties of all ſeaſons, and all the bleſſings of all climates, to receive and beſtow felicity, and forget that miſery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary receſſion from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual ſubjection of reaſon to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuſe themſelves by a perpetual ſucceſſion of companions: but the difference is not great; in ſolitude we have our dreams to ourſelves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end ſought in both is forgetfulneſs of ourſelves.

N° XXXIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

[I hope the Author of the following letter will excuſe the omiſſion of ſome parts, and allow me to remark, that the Journal of the Citizen in the Spectator has almoſt precluded the attempt of any future Writer.]

——— NON ITA ROMULI
PRÆSCRIPTUM, ET INTONSI CATONIS
AUSPICIIS, VETERUMQUE NORMA. HOR.

SIR,

YOU have often ſolicited correſpondence. I have ſent you the *Journal* of a *ſenior Fellow*, or *genuine Idler*, juſt tranſmitted from Cambridge by a facetious correſpondent, and warranted to have been tranſcribed from the common-place book of the journaliſt.

Monday, Nine o'clock. Turned off my bed-maker for waking me at eight. Weather rainy. Conſulted my weather-glaſs. No hopes of a ride before dinner.

Ditto, Ten. After breakfaſt, tranſcribed half a ſermon from Dr. Hickman. *N. B.* Never to tranſcribe any more from Calamy; Mrs. Pilcocks, at my curacy, having one volume of that author lying in her parlour window.

Ditto, Eleven. Went down into my cellar. *Mem.* My Mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time. *N. B.* To remove the five-year-old Port into the new bin on the left hand.

Ditto, Twelve. Mended a pen. Looked at my weather-glaſs again. Quickſilver very low. Shaved. Barber's hand ſhakes.

Ditto, One. Dined alone in my room on a ſoal. *N. B.* The ſhrimp-ſauce not ſo good as Mr. H. of Peterhouſe and I uſed to eat in London laſt winter at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Sat down to a pint of Madeira. Mr. H. ſurprized me over it. We finiſhed two bottles of Port together, and were very chearful. *Mem.* To dine with Mr. H. at Peterhouſe next Wedneſday. One of the diſhes a leg of pork and peaſe, by my deſire.

Ditto, Six. News-paper in the Common-room.

Ditto, Seven. Returned to my room. Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine; did not fall aſleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noiſy over my head.

Tueſday, Nine. Roſe ſqueamiſh. A fine morning. Weather-glaſs very high.

Ditto, Ten. Ordered my horſe, and rode to the five-mile ſtone on the Newmarket road. Appetite gets better. A pack of hounds, in full cry, croſſed the road, and ſtartled my horſe.

Ditto, Twelve. Dreſt. Found a letter on my table to be in London the 19th inſtant. Beſpoke a new wig.

Ditto, One. At dinner in the hall. Too much water in the ſoup. Dr. Dry always orders the beef to be ſalted too much for me.

Ditto, Two. In the Common-room. Dr. Dry gave us an inſtance of a gentleman who kept the gout out of his ſtomach by drinking old Madeira. Converſation chiefly on the expeditions. Company broke up at four. Dr. Dry and myſelf played at back-gammon for a brace of ſnipes. Won.

Ditto, Five. At the coffee-houſe. Met Mr. H. there. Could not get a ſight of the Monitor.

Ditto, Seven. Returned home, and ſtirred my fire. Went to the Common-room, and ſupped on the ſnipes with Dr. Dry.

Ditto, Eight. Began the evening in the Common-room. Dr. Dry told ſeveral

ral ſtories. Were very merry. Our new fellow, that ſtudies phyſic, very talkative toward twelve. Pretends he will bring the youngeſt Miſs —— to drink tea with me ſoon. Impertinent blockhead!

Wedneſday, Nine. Alarmed with a pain in my ancle. ♃. The gout? Fear I can't dine at Peterhouſe; but I hope a ride will ſet all to rights. Weather-glaſs below Fair.

Ditto, Ten. Mounted my horſe, though the weather ſuſpicious. Pain in my ancle entirely gone. Catched in a ſhower coming back. Convinced that my weather-glaſs is the beſt in Cambridge.

Ditto, Twelve. Dreſt. Sauntered up to the Fiſhmongers Hill. Met Mr. H. and went with him to Peterhouſe. Cook made us wait thirty-ſix minutes beyond the time. The company, ſome of my Emanuel friends. For dinner, a pair of ſoals, a leg of pork and peaſe, among other things. *Mem.* Peaſe-pudding not boiled enough. Cook reprimanded and ſconced in my preſence.

Ditto, after dinner. Pain in my ancle returns. Dull all the afternoon. Raillied for being no company. Mr. H.'s account of the accommodations on the road in his Bath journey.

Ditto, Six. Got into ſpirits. Never was more chatty. We ſat late at whiſt. Mr. H. and ſelf agreed at parting to take a gentle ride, and dine at the old houſe on the London road to-morrow.

Thurſday, Nine. My ſempſtreſs. She has loſt the meaſure of my wriſt. Forced to be meaſured again. The baggage has got a trick of ſmiling.

Ditto Ten to Eleven. Made ſome rappee-ſnuff. Read the magazines. Received a preſent of pickles from Miſs Pilcocks. *Mem.* To ſend in return ſome collared eel, which I know both the old Lady and Miſs are fond of.

Ditto, Eleven. Glaſs very high. Mounted at the gate with Mr. H. Horſe ſkittiſh, and wants exerciſe. Arrive at the old houſe. All the proviſions beſpoke by ſome rakiſh fellow-commoner in the next room, who had been on a ſcheme to Newmarket. Could get nothing but mutton-chops off the worſt end. Port very new. Agree to try ſome other houſe to-morrow.

Here the Journal breaks off: for the next morning, as my friend informs me, our genial Academic was waked with a ſevere fit of the gout; and, at preſent, enjoys all the dignity of that diſeaſe. But I believe we have loſt nothing by this interruption; ſince a continuation of the remainder of the journal, through the remainder of the week, would moſt probably have exhibited nothing more than a repeated relation of the ſame circumſtances of Idling and luxury.

I hope it will not be concluded from this ſpecimen of academic life, that I have attempted to decry our univerſities. If literature is not the eſſential requiſite of the modern academic, I am yet perſuaded, that Cambridge and Oxford, however degenerated, ſurpaſs the faſhionable Academies of our metropolis, and the Gymnaſia of foreign countries. The number of learned perſons in theſe celebrated ſeats is ſtill conſiderable, and more conveniences and opportunities for ſtudy ſtill ſubſiſt in them, than in any other place. There is at leaſt one very powerful incentive to learning; I mean the *Genius of the place.* It is a ſport of inſpiring Deity, which every youth of quick ſenſibility and ingenuous diſpoſition creates to himſelf, by reflecting, that he is placed under thoſe venerable walls, where a Hooker and a Hammond, a Bacon and a Newton, once purſued the ſame courſe of ſcience, and from whence they ſoared to the moſt elevated heights of literary fame. This is that incitement which Tully, according to his own teſtimony, experienced at Athens, when he contemplated the porticos where Socrates ſat, and the laurel-groves where Plato diſputed. But there are other circumſtances, and of the higheſt importance, which render our colleges ſuperior to all other places of education. Their inſtitutions, although ſomewhat fallen from their primæval ſimplicity, are ſuch as influence, in a particular manner, the moral conduct of their youth; and in this general depravity of manners and laxity of principles, pure religion is no where more ſtrongly inculcated. The Academies, as they are preſumptuouſly ſtiled, are too low to be mentioned; and foreign ſeminaries are likely to prejudice the unwary mind with Calviniſm. But Engliſh univerſities render their ſtudents virtuous, at leaſt by excluding all opportunities of vice; and, by teaching them the principles of the Church of England, confirm them in thoſe of true Chriſtianity.

N° XXXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

TO illuſtrate one thing by it's reſemblance to another, has been always the moſt popular and efficacious art of inſtruction. There is indeed no other method of teaching that of which any one is ignorant, but by means of ſomething already known; and a mind ſo enlarged by contemplation and enquiry, that it has always many objects within it's view, will ſeldom be long without ſome near and familiar image through which an eaſy tranſition may be made to truths more diſtant and obſcure.

Of the parallels which have been drawn by wit and curioſity, ſome are literal and real, as between poetry and painting, two arts which purſue the ſame end, by the operation of the ſame mental faculties, and which differ only as the one repreſents things by marks permanent and natural, the other by ſigns accidental and arbitrary. The one therefore is more eaſily and generally underſtood, ſince ſimilitude of form is immediately perceived; the other is capable of conveying more ideas, for men have thought and ſpoken of many things which they do not ſee.

Other parallels are fortuitous and fanciful, yet theſe have ſometimes been extended to many particulars of reſemblance by a lucky concurrence of diligence and chance. The animal *body* is compoſed of many members, united under the direction of one mind; any number of individuals, connected for ſome common purpoſe, is therefore called a body. From this participation of the ſame appellation aroſe the compariſon of the *body* natural and *body* politick, of which, how far ſoever it has been deduced, no end has hitherto been found.

In theſe imaginary ſimilitudes, the ſame word is uſed at once in it's primitive and metaphorical ſenſe. Thus health, aſcribed to the body natural, is oppoſed to ſickneſs; but attributed to the body politick, ſtands as contrary to adverſity. Theſe parallels therefore have more of genius, but leſs of truth; they often pleaſe, but they never convince.

Of this kind is a curious ſpeculation frequently indulged by a philoſopher of my acquaintance, who had diſcovered, that the qualities requiſite to converſation are very exactly repreſented by a bowl of punch.

'Punch,' ſays this profound inveſtigator, 'is a liquor compounded of ſpi-
'rit and acid juices, ſugar and water.
'The ſpirit, volatile and fiery, is the
'proper emblem of vivacity and wit;
'the acidity of the lemon will very aptly
'figure pungency of raillery, and acri-
'mony of cenſure; ſugar is the natural
'repreſentative of luſcious adulation
'and gentle complaiſance; and water is
'the proper hieroglyphick of eaſy prat-
'tle, innocent and taſteleſs.'

Spirit alone is too powerful for uſe. It will produce madneſs rather than merriment; and, inſtead of quenching thirſt, will inflame the blood. Thus wit, too copiouſly poured out, agitates the hearer with emotions rather violent than pleaſing; every one ſhrinks from the force of it's oppreſſion, the company ſits entranced and overpowered; all are aſtoniſhed, but nobody is pleaſed.

The acid juices give this genial liquor all it's power of ſtimulating the palate. Converſation would become dull and vapid, if negligence were not ſometimes roufed, and ſluggiſhneſs quickened, by due ſeverity of reprehenſion. But acids unmixt will diſtort the face and torture the palate; and he that has no other qualities than penetration and aſperity, he whoſe conſtant employment is detection and cenſure, who looks only to find faults, and ſpeaks only to puniſh them, will ſoon be dreaded, hated, and avoided.

The taſte of ſugar is generally pleaſing, but it cannot long be eaten by itſelf. Thus meekneſs and courteſy will always recommend the firſt addreſs, but ſoon pall and nauſeate unleſs they are aſſociated with more ſprightly qualities. The chief uſe of ſugar is to temper the taſte of other ſubſtances, and ſoftneſs of behaviour in the ſame manner mitigates the roughneſs of contradiction, and allays the bitterneſs of unwelcome truth.

Water is the univerſal vehicle by which are conveyed the particles neceſſary to ſuſtenance and growth, by which thirſt is quenched, and all the wants of life

life and nature are ſupplied. Thus all the buſineſs of the world is tranſacted by artleſs and eaſy talk, neither ſublimed by fancy, nor diſcoloured by affectation, without either the harſhneſs of ſatire, or the luſciouſneſs of flattery. By this limpid vein of language curioſity is gratified, and all the knowledge is conveyed which one man is required to impart for the ſafety or convenience of another. Water is the only ingredient of punch which can be uſed alone, and with which man is content till fancy has framed an artificial want. Thus while we only deſire to have our ignorance informed, we are moſt delighted with the plaineſt diction; and it is only in the moments of idleneſs or pride, that we call for the gratifications of wit or flattery.

He only will pleaſe long, who, by tempering the acid of ſatire with the ſugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the frigidity of humble chat, can make the true punch of converſation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greateſt quantity which has the largeſt proportion of water, ſo that companion will be ofteneſt welcome, whoſe talk flows out with inoffenſive copiouſneſs, and unenvied inſipidity.

I am, &c.

Nº XXXV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

IF it be difficult to perſuade the Idle to be buſy, it is likewiſe, as experience has taught me, not eaſy to convince the buſy that it is better to be idle. When you ſhall deſpair of ſtimulating ſluggiſhneſs to motion, I hope you will turn your thoughts towards the means of ſtilling the buſtle of pernicious activity.

I am the unfortunate huſband of a *buyer of bargains*. My wife has ſomewhere heard, that a good houſewife *never* has any thing to *purchaſe when it is wanted*. This maxim is often in her mouth, and always in her head. She is not one of thoſe philoſophical talkers that ſpeculate without practice, and learn ſentences of wiſdom only to repeat them; ſhe is always making additions to her ſtores; ſhe never looks into a broker's ſhop, but ſhe ſpies ſomething that may be wanted ſome time; and it is impoſſible to make her paſs the door of a houſe where ſhe hears *Goods ſelling by auction*.

Whatever ſhe thinks cheap, ſhe holds it the duty of an œconomiſt to buy; in conſequence of this maxim, we are incumbered on every ſide with uſeleſs lumber. The ſervants can ſcarcely creep to their beds through the cheſts and boxes that ſurround them. The carpenter is employed once a week in building cloſets, fixing cupboards, and faſtening ſhelves; and my houſe has the appearance of a ſhip ſtored for a voyage to the colonies.

I had often obſerved that advertiſements ſet her on fire; and therefore, pretending to emulate her laudable frugality, I forbade the news-paper to be taken any longer; but my precaution is vain; I know not by what fatality, or by what confederacy, every catalogue of *genuine furniture* comes to her hand, every advertiſement of a warehouſe newly opened is in her pocket-book, and ſhe knows before any of her neighbours when the ſtock of any man *leaving off trade* is to be *ſold cheap for ready money*.

Such intelligence is to my dear one the Syren's ſong. No engagement, no duty, no intereſt, can with-hold her from a ſale, from which ſhe always returns congratulating herſelf upon her dexterity at a bargain; the porter lays down his burthen in the hall, ſhe diſplays her new acquiſitions, and ſpends the reſt of the day in contriving where they ſhall be put.

As ſhe cannot bear to have any thing uncomplete, one purchaſe neceſſitates another; ſhe has twenty feather-beds more than ſhe can uſe, and a late ſale has ſupplied her with a proportionable number of Whitney blankets, a large roll of linen for ſheets, and five quilts for every bed, which ſhe bought becauſe the ſeller told her, that if ſhe would clear his hands he would let her have a bargain.

Thus by hourly encroachments my habitation is made narrower and narrower;

rower; the dining-room is ſo crouded with tables, that dinner ſcarcely can be ſerved; the parlour is decorated with ſo many piles of china, that I dare not ſtep within the door; at every turn of the ſtairs I have a clock, and half the windows of the upper floors are darkened, that ſhelves may be ſet before them.

This, however, might be borne, if ſhe would gratify her own inclinations without oppoſing mine. But I who am idle am luxurious, and ſhe condemns me to live upon ſalt proviſion. She knows the loſs of buying in ſmall quantities, we have therefore whole hogs and quarters of oxen. Part of our meat is tainted before it is eaten, and part is thrown away becauſe it is ſpoiled; but ſhe perſiſts in her ſyſtem, and will never buy any thing by ſingle pennyworths.

The common vice of thoſe who are ſtill graſping at more, is to neglect that which they already poſſeſs; but from this failing my charmer is free. It is the great care of her life that the pieces of beef ſhould be boiled in the order in which they are bought; that the ſecond bag of peaſe ſhould not be opened till the firſt are eaten; that every feather-bed ſhall be lain on in it's turn; that the carpets ſhould be taken out of the cheſts once a month and bruſhed, and the rolls of linen opened now and then before the fire. She is daily enquiring after the beſt traps for mice, and keeps the rooms always ſcented by fumigations to deſtroy the moths. She employs workmen, from time to time, to adjuſt ſix clocks that never go, and clean five jacks that ruſt in the garret; and a woman in the next alley lives by ſcouring the braſs and pewter, which are only laid up to tarniſh again.

She is always imagining ſome diſtant time in which ſhe ſhall uſe whatever ſhe accumulates; ſhe has four looking-glaſſes which ſhe cannot hang up in her houſe, but which will be handſome in more lofty rooms; and pays rent for the place of a vaſt copper in ſome warehouſe, becauſe when we live in the country we ſhall brew our own beer.

Of this life I have long been weary, but know not how to change it: all the married men whom I conſult adviſe me to have patience; but ſome old batchelors are of opinion, that ſince ſhe loves ſales ſo well, ſhe ſhould have a ſale of her own; and I have, I think, reſolved to open her hoards, and adverti ſe an auction. I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

PETER PLENTY.

Nº XXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

THE great differences that diſturb the peace of mankind are not about ends, but means. We have all the ſame general deſires, but how thoſe deſires ſhall be accompliſhed will for ever be diſputed. The ultimate purpoſe of government is temporal, and that of religion is eternal happineſs. Hitherto we agree; but here we muſt part, to try, according to the endleſs varieties of paſſion and underſtanding combined with one another, every poſſible form of government, and every imaginable tenet of religion.

We are told by Cumberland, that *rectitude*, applied to action or contemplation, is merely metaphorical; and that as a *right* line deſcribes the ſhorteſt paſſage from point to point, ſo a *right* action effects a good deſign by the few-eſt means; and ſo likewiſe a *right* opinion is that which connects diſtant truths by the ſhorteſt train of intermediate propoſitions.

To find the neareſt way from truth to truth, or from purpoſe to effect, not to uſe more inſtruments where fewer will be ſufficient, not to move by wheels and levers what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpleſs ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

But there are men who ſeem to think nothing ſo much the characteriſtic of a genius, as to do common things in an uncommon manner; like Hudibras, to *tell the clock by algebra*; or like the Lady in Dr. Young's Satires, *to drink tea by ſtratagem:* to quit the beaten track only becauſe it is known, and take a new path, however crooked or rough, becauſe the ſtraight was found out before.

Every man ſpeaks and writes with intent

tent to be underſtood, and it can ſeldom happen but he that underſtands himſelf might convey his notions to another, if, content to be underſtood, he did not ſeek to be admired; but when once he begins to contrive how his ſentiments may be received, not with moſt eaſe to his reader, but with moſt advantage to himſelf, he then transfers his conſideration from words to ſounds, from ſentences to periods, and as he grows more elegant becomes leſs intelligible.

It is difficult to enumerate every ſpecies of authors whoſe labours counteract themſelves; the man of exuberance and copiouſneſs, who diffuſes every thought through ſo many diverſities of expreſſion, that it is loſt like water in a miſt; the ponderous dictator of ſentences, whoſe notions are delivered in the lump, and are, like uncoined bullion, of more weight than uſe; the liberal illuſtrator, who ſhews by examples and compariſons what was clearly ſeen when it was firſt propoſed; and the ſtately ſon of demonſtration, who proves with mathematical formality what no man has yet pretended to doubt.

There is a mode of ſtyle for which I know not that the maſters of oratory have yet found a name, a ſtyle by which the moſt evident truths are ſo obſcured, that they can no longer be perceived, and the moſt familiar propoſitions ſo diſguiſed that they cannot be known. Every other kind of eloquence is the dreſs of ſenſe; but this is the maſk by which a true maſter of his art will ſo effectually conceal it, that a man will as eaſily miſtake his own poſitions, if he meets them thus transformed, as he may paſs in a maſquerade his neareſt acquaintance.

This ſtyle may be called the *terrifick*, for it's chief intention is to terrify and amaze; it may be termed the *repulſive*, for it's natural effect is to drive away the reader; or it may be diſtinguiſhed, in plain Engliſh, by the denomination of the *bugbear ſtyle*, for it has more terror than danger, and will appear leſs formidable as it is more nearly approached.

A mother tells her infant, that *two and two make four*; the child remembers the propoſition, and is able to count four to all the purpoſes of life, till the courſe of his education brings him among philoſophers, who fright him from his former knowledge, by telling him, that four is a certain aggregate of units; that all numbers being only the repetition of an unit, which, though not a number itſelf, is the parent, root, or original of all number, *four* is the denomination aſſigned to a certain number of ſuch repetitions. The only danger is, leſt, when he firſt hears theſe dreadful ſounds, the pupil ſhould run away; if he has but the courage to ſtay till the concluſion, he will find that, when ſpeculation has done it's worſt, two and two ſtill make four.

An illuſtrious example of this ſpecies of eloquence may be found in *Letters concerning the Mind*. The author begins by declaring, that *the ſorts of things are things that now are, have been, and ſhall be, and the things that ſtrictly* ARE. In this poſition, except the laſt clauſe, in which he uſes ſomething of the ſcholaſtick language, there is nothing but what every man has heard and imagines himſelf to know. But who would not believe that ſome wonderful novelty is preſented to his intellect, when he is afterwards told, in the true *bugbear* ſtyle, that *the* Ares. *in the former ſenſe, are things that lie between the* Have-beens *and* Shall-bes. *The* Have-beens *are things that are paſt*; *the* Shall-bes *are things that are to come*; *and the things that* ARE, in the latter ſenſe, *are things that have not been, nor ſhall be, nor ſtand in the midſt of ſuch as are before them, or ſhall be after them. The things that have been, and ſhall be, have reſpect to preſent, paſt, and future. Thoſe likewiſe that now* ARE *have more-over place; that, for inſtance, which is here, that which is to the Eaſt, that which is to the Weſt.*

All this, my dear reader, is very ſtrange; but though it be ſtrange, it is not new; ſurvey theſe wonderful ſentences again, and they will be found to contain nothing more than very plain truths, which till this author aroſe had always been delivered in plain language.

N° XXXVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.

THOSE who are ſkilled in the extraction and preparation of metals, declare, that iron is every where to be found; and that not only it's proper ore is copiouſly treaſured in the caverns of the earth, but that it's particles are diſperſed throughout all other bodies.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the univerſe, I believe it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greateſt plenty, which the condition of life makes of greateſt uſe; and that nothing is penuriouſly imparted or placed far from the reach of man, of which a more liberal diſtribution, or more eaſy acquiſition, would increaſe real and rational felicity.

Iron is common, and gold is rare. Iron contributes ſo much to ſupply the wants of nature, that it's uſe conſtitutes much of the difference between ſavage and poliſhed life, between the ſtate of him that ſlumbers in European palaces, and him that ſhelters himſelf in the cavities of a rock from the chilneſs of the night, or the violence of the ſtorm. Gold can never be hardened into ſaws or axes; it can neither furniſh inſtruments of manufacture, utenſils of agriculture, nor weapons of defence; it's only quality is to ſhine, and the value of it's luſtre ariſes from it's ſcarcity.

Throughout the whole circle, both of natural and moral life, neceſſaries are as iron, and ſuperfluities as gold. What we really need we may readily obtain; ſo readily, that far the greater part of mankind has, in the wantonneſs of abundance, confounded natural with artificial deſires, and invented neceſſities for the ſake of employment, becauſe the mind is impatient of inaction, and life is ſuſtained with ſo little labour, that the tediouſneſs of idle time cannot otherwiſe be ſupported.

Thus plenty is the original cauſe of many of our needs; and even the poverty, which is ſo frequent and diſtreſsful in civilized nations, proceeds often from that change of manners which opulence has produced. Nature makes us poor only when we want neceſſaries, but cuſtom gives the name of poverty to the want of ſuperfluities.

When Socrates paſſed through ſhops of toys and ornaments, he cried out—'How many things are here which I 'do not need!' And the ſame exclamation may every man make who ſurveys the common accommodations of life.

Superfluity and difficulty begin together. To dreſs food for the ſtomach is eaſy, the art is to irritate the palate when the ſtomach is ſufficed. A rude hand may build walls, form roofs, and lay floors, and provide all that warmth and ſecurity require; we only call the nicer artificers to carve the cornice, or to paint the cielings. Such dreſs as may enable the body to endure the different ſeaſons, the moſt unenlightened nations have been able to procure; but the work of ſcience begins in the ambition of diſtinction, in variations of faſhion, and emulation of elegance. Corn grows with eaſy culture; the gardener's experiments are only employed to exalt the flavours of fruits, and brighten the colours of flowers.

Even of knowledge, thoſe parts are moſt eaſy which are generally neceſſary. The intercourſe of ſociety is maintained without the elegances of language. Figures, criticiſms, and refinements, are the work of thoſe whom idleneſs makes weary of themſelves. The commerce of the world is carried on by eaſy methods of computation. Subtilty and ſtudy are required only when queſtions are invented merely to puzzle, and calculations are extended to ſhew the ſkill of the calculator. The light of the ſun is equally beneficial to him whoſe eyes tell him that it moves, and to him whoſe reaſon perſuades him that it ſtands ſtill; and plants grow with the ſame luxuriance, whether we ſuppoſe earth or water the parent of vegetation.

If we raiſe our thoughts to nobler enquiries, we ſhall ſtill find facility concurring with uſefulneſs. No man needs ſtay to be virtuous till the moraliſts have determined the eſſence of virtue; our duty is made apparent by it's proximate conſequences, though the general and ultimate reaſon ſhould never be diſcovered. Religion may regulate the life of him to whom the Scotiſts and Thomiſts

miſts are alike unknown; and the aſſertors of fate and free-will, however different in their talk, agree to act in the ſame manner.

It is not my intention to depreciate the politer arts or abſtruſer ſtudies. That curioſity which always ſucceeds eaſe and plenty, was undoubtedly given us as a proof of capacity which our preſent ſtate is not able to fill, as a preparative for ſome better mode of exiſtence, which ſhall furniſh employment for the whole ſoul, and where pleaſure ſhall be adequate to our powers of fruition. In the mean time, let us gratefully acknowledge that goodneſs which grants us eaſe at a cheap rate, which changes the ſeaſons where the nature of heat and cold has not been yet examined, and gives the viciſſitudes of day and night to thoſe who never marked the tropicks, or numbered the conſtellations.

N° XXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

SINCE the publication of the letter concerning the condition of thoſe who are confined in gaols by their creditors, an enquiry is ſaid to have been made, by which it appears that more than* twenty thouſand are at this time priſoners for debt.

We often look with indifference on the ſucceſſive parts of that, which, if the whole were ſeen together, would ſhake us with emotion. A debtor is dragged to priſon, pitied for a moment, and then forgotten; another follows him, and is loſt alike in the caverns of oblivion; but when the whole maſs of calamity riſes up at once, when twenty thouſand reaſonable beings are heard all groaning in unneceſſary miſery, not by the infirmity of nature, but the miſtake or negligence of policy, who can forbear to pity and lament, to wonder and abhor?

There is here no need of declamatory vehemence; we live in an age of commerce and computation; let us therefore coolly enquire what is the ſum of evil which the impriſonment of debtors brings upon our country.

It ſeems to be the opinion of the later computiſts, that the inhabitants of England do not exceed ſix millions, of which twenty thouſand is the three-hundredth part. What ſhall we ſay of the humanity or the wiſdom of a nation, that voluntarily ſacrifices one in every three hundred to lingering deſtruction!

The misfortunes of an individual do not extend their influence to many; yet, if we conſider the effects of conſanguinity and friendſhip, and the general reciprocation of wants and benefits, which make one man dear or neceſſary to another, it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that every man languiſhing in priſon gives trouble of ſome kind to two others who love or need him. By this multiplication of miſery we ſee diſtreſs extended to the hundredth part of the whole ſociety.

If we eſtimate at a ſhilling a day what is loſt by the inaction and conſumed in the ſupport of each man thus chained down to involuntary idleneſs, the publick loſs will riſe in one year to three hundred thouſand pounds; in ten years to more than a ſixth part of our circulating coin.

I am afraid that thoſe who are beſt acquainted with the ſtate of our priſons, will confeſs that my conjecture is too near the truth, when I ſuppoſe that the corroſion of reſentment, the heavineſs of ſorrow, the corruption of confined air, the want of exerciſe, and ſometimes of food, the contagion of diſeaſes, from which there is no retreat, and the ſeverity of tyrants, againſt whom there can be no reſiſtance, and all the complicated horrors of a priſon, put an end every year to the life of one in four of thoſe that are ſhut up from the common comforts of human life.

Thus periſh yearly five thouſand men, overborne with ſorrow, conſumed by famine, or putrified by filth; many of them in the moſt vigorous and uſeful

* This number was at that time confidently publiſhed; but the author has ſince found reaſon to queſtion the calculation.

part of life; for the thoughtleſs and imprudent are commonly young, and the active and buſy are ſeldom old.

According to the rule generally received, which ſuppoſes that one in thirty dies yearly, the race of man may be ſaid to be renewed at the end of thirty years. Who would have believed till now, that of every Engliſh generation, an hundred and fifty thouſand periſh in our gaols! that in every century, a nation eminent for ſcience, ſtudious of commerce, ambitious of empire, ſhould willingly loſe, in noiſome dungeons, five hundred thouſand of it's inhabitants; a number greater than has ever been deſtroyed in the ſame time by the peſtilence and ſword!

A very late occurrence may ſhew us the value of the number which we thus condemn to be uſeleſs; in the re-eſtabliſhment of the Trained Bands, twenty thouſand are conſidered as a force ſufficient againſt all exigences. While, therefore, we detain twenty thouſand in priſon, we ſhut up in darkneſs and uſeleſſneſs two-thirds of an army which ourſelves judge equal to the defence of our country.

The monaſtick inſtitutions have been often blamed, as tending to retard the increaſe of mankind. And perhaps retirement ought rarely to be permitted, except to thoſe whoſe employment is conſiſtent with abſtraction, and who, though ſolitary, will not be idle; to thoſe whom infirmity makes uſeleſs to the commonwealth, or to thoſe who have paid their due proportion to ſociety, and who, having lived for others, may be honourably diſmiſſed to live for themſelves. But whatever be the evil or the folly of theſe retreats, thoſe have no right to cenſure them whoſe priſons contain greater numbers than the monaſteries of other countries. It is, ſurely, leſs fooliſh and leſs criminal to permit inaction than compel it; to comply with doubtful opinions of happineſs, than condemn to certain and apparent miſery; to indulge the extravagances of erroneous piety, than to multiply and enforce temptations to wickedneſs.

The miſery of gaols is not half their evil: they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedneſs can generate between them; with all the ſhameleſs and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy, the rage of want, and the malignity of deſpair. In a priſon the awe of the publick eye is loſt, and the power of the law is ſpent; there are few fears, there are no bluſhes. The lewd inflame the lewd, the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himſelf as he can againſt his own ſenſibility, endeavours to practiſe on others the arts which are practiſed on himſelf, and gains the kindneſs of his aſſociates by ſimilitude of manners.

Thus ſome ſink amidſt their miſery, and others ſurvive only to propagate villainy. It may be hoped, that our lawgivers will at length take away from us this power of ſtarving and depraving one another: but, if there be any reaſon why this inveterate evil ſhould not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let thoſe, whoſe writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries, endeavour to transfer the reproach of ſuch impriſonment from the debtor to the creditor, till univerſal infamy ſhall purſue the wretch whoſe wantonneſs of power, or revenge of diſappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin; till he ſhall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and find in riches no ſhelter from contempt.

Surely, he whoſe debtor has periſhed in priſon, though he may acquit himſelf of deliberate murder, muſt at leaſt have his mind clouded with diſcontent, when he conſiders how much another has ſuffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her huſband, or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned. If there are any made ſo obdurate by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve theſe conſequences without dread or pity, I muſt leave them to be awakened by ſome other power, for I write only to human beings.

N° XXXIX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

AS none look more diligently about them than thoſe who have nothing to do, or who do nothing, I ſuppoſe it has not eſcaped your obſervation, that the Bracelet, or ornament of great antiquity, has been for ſome years revived among the Engliſh ladies.

The genius of our nation is ſaid, I know not for what reaſon, to appear rather in improvement than invention. The bracelet was known in the earlieſt ages; but it was formerly only a hoop of gold, or a cluſter of jewels, and ſhewed nothing but the wealth or vanity of the wearer, till our ladies, by carrying pictures on their wriſts, made their ornaments works of fancy and exerciſes of judgment.

This addition of art to luxury is one of the innumerable proofs that might be given of the late increaſe of female erudition; and I have often congratulated myſelf that my life has happened at a time when thoſe, on whom ſo much of human felicity depends, have learned to think as well as ſpeak, and when reſpect takes poſſeſſion of the ear, while love is entering at the eye.

I have obſerved, that, even by the ſuffrages of their own ſex, thoſe ladies are accounted wiſeſt, who do not yet diſdain to be taught; and therefore I ſhall offer a few hints for the completion of the bracelet, without any dread of the fate of Orpheus.

To the ladies who wear the pictures of their huſbands or children, or any other near relations, I can offer nothing more decent or more proper. It is reaſonable to believe that ſhe intends at leaſt to perform her duty, who carries a perpetual excitement to recollection and caution, whoſe own ornaments muſt upbraid her with every failure, and who, by any open violation of her engagements, muſt for ever forfeit her bracelet.

Yet I know not whether it is the intereſt of the huſband to ſolicit very earneſtly a place on the bracelet. If his image be not in the heart, it is of ſmall avail to hang it on the hand. A huſband encircled with diamonds and rubies may gain ſome eſteem, but will never excite love. He that thinks himſelf moſt ſecure of his wife, ſhould be fearful of perſecuting her continually with his preſence. The joy of life is variety; the tendereſt love requires to be rekindled by intervals of abſence; and Fidelity herſelf will be wearied with tranſferring her eye only from the ſame man to the ſame picture.

In many countries the condition of every woman is known by her dreſs. Marriage is rewarded with ſome honourable diſtinction which celibacy is forbidden to uſurp. Some ſuch information a bracelet might afford. The ladies might enroll themſelves in diſtinct claſſes, and carry in open view the emblems of their order. The bracelet of the Authoreſs may exhibit the Muſes in a grove of laurel; the Houſewife may ſhew Penelope with her web; the Votreſs of a ſingle life may carry Urſula with her troop of virgins; the Gameſter may have Fortune with her wheel; and thoſe women that *have no character at all*, may diſplay a Field of white enamel, as imploring help to fill up the vacuity.

There is a ſet of ladies who have outlived moſt animal pleaſures, and having nothing rational to put in their place, ſolace with cards the loſs of what Time has taken away, and the want of what Wiſdom, having never been courted, has never given. For theſe I know not how to provide a proper decoration. They cannot be numbered among the Gameſters, for though they are always at play, they play for nothing, and never riſe to the dignity of hazard or the reputation of ſkill. They neither love nor are loved, and cannot be ſuppoſed to contemplate any human image with delight. Yet though they deſpair to pleaſe, they always wiſh to be fine, and therefore cannot be without a bracelet. To this ſiſterhood I can recommend nothing more likely to pleaſe them than the King of Clubs, a perſonage very comely and majeſtick, who will never meet their eyes without reviving the thought of ſome paſt or future party, and who may be diſplayed in the act of dealing with grace and propriety.

But the bracelet which might be moſt eaſily introduced into general uſe is a ſmall convex mirror, in which the lady may ſee herſelf whenever ſhe ſhall lift her hand. This will be a perpetual ſource of delight. Other ornaments are of uſe only in publick, but this will furniſh gratifications to ſolitude. This will ſhew a face that muſt always pleaſe; ſhe who is followed by admirers will carry about her a perpetual juſtification of the publick voice; and ſhe who paſſes without notice may appeal from prejudice to her own eyes.

But I know not why the privilege of the bracelet ſhould be confined to women; it was in former ages worn by heroes in battle; and as modern ſoldiers are always diſtinguiſhed by ſplendour of dreſs, I ſhould rejoice to ſee the bracelet added to the cockade.

In hope of this ornamental innovation, I have ſpent ſome thoughts upon military bracelets. There is no paſſion more heroic than love; and therefore I ſhould be glad to ſee the ſons of England marching in the field, every man with the picture of a woman of honour bound upon his hand. But ſince in the army, as every where elſe, there will always be men who love nobody but themſelves, or whom no woman of honour will permit to love her, there is a neceſſity of ſome other diſtinctions and devices.

I have read of a prince who, having loſt a town, ordered the name of it to be every morning ſhouted in his ear till it ſhould be recovered. For the ſame purpoſe I think the proſpect of Minorca might be properly worn on the hands of ſome of our generals: others might delight their countrymen, and dignify themſelves with a view of Rochfort as it appeared to them at ſea: and thoſe that ſhall return from the conqueſt of America, may exhibit the warehouſe of Frontenac, with an inſcription denoting, that it was taken in leſs than three years by leſs than twenty thouſand men. I am, Sir, &c.

TOM TOY.

N° XL. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20.

THE practice of appending to the narratives of public tranſactions more minute and domeſtic intelligence, and filling the news-papers with advertiſements, has grown up by ſlow degrees to it's preſent ſtate.

Genius is ſhewn only by invention. The man who firſt took advantage of the general curioſity that was excited by a ſiege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the ſhop where the beſt puffs and powder were to be ſold, was undoubtedly a man of great ſagacity, and profound ſkill in the nature of man. But when he had once ſhewn the way, it was eaſy to follow him; and every man now knows a ready method of informing the publick of all that he deſires to buy or ſell, whether his wares be material or intellectual; whether he makes cloaths, or teaches the mathematics; whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.

Whatever is common is deſpiſed. Advertiſements are now ſo numerous that they are very negligently peruſed, and it is therefore become neceſſary to gain attention by magnificence of promiſes, and by eloquence ſometimes ſublime and ſometimes pathetic.

Promiſe, large promiſe, is the ſoul of an advertiſement. I remember a *Waſh-ball* that had a quality truly wonderful, it gave *an exquiſite edge to the razor*. And there are now to be ſold, *for ready money only*, ſome *Duvets for bed-coverings, of down, beyond compariſon ſuperior to what is called Otter Down*, and indeed ſuch, that it's *many excellences cannot be here ſet forth*. With one excellence we are made acquainted, *It is warmer than four or five blankets, and lighter than one*.

There are ſome, however, that know the prejudice of mankind in favour of modeſt ſincerity. The vender of the *Beautifying Fluid* ſells a lotion that repels pimples, waſhes away freckles, ſmooths the ſkin, and plumps the fleſh; and yet, with a generous abhorrence of oſtentation, confeſſes, that it will not *reſtore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty*.

The true pathos of advertiſements muſt have ſunk deep into the heart of every man that remembers the zeal ſhewn by the ſeller of the Anodyne Necklace, for

for the eaſe and ſafety *of poor toothing infants*; and the affection with which he warned every mother, that *ſhe would never forgive herſelf* if her infant ſhould periſh without a necklace.

I cannot but remark to the celebrated author who gave, in his notifications of the Camel and Dromedary, ſo many ſpecimens of the genuine ſublime, that there is now arrived another ſubject yet more worthy of his pen. *A famous Mohawk Indian Warrior, who took* Dieſkaw *the French general priſoner, dreſſed in the ſame manner with the native Indians when they go to war, with his face and body painted, with his ſcalping knife, Tom-ax, and all other implements of war: a ſight worthy the curioſity of every true Briton!* This is a very powerful deſcription; but a critic of great refinement would ſay that it conveys rather *horror* and *terror*. An Indian, dreſſed as he goes to war, may bring company together; but if he carries the ſcalping knife and tom-ax, there are many true Britons that will never be perſuaded to ſee him but through a grate.

It has been remarked by the ſeverer judges, that the ſalutary ſorrow of tragick ſcenes is too ſoon effaced by the merriment of the epilogue; the ſame inconvenience ariſes from the improper diſpoſition of advertiſements. The nobleſt objects may be ſo aſſociated as to be made ridiculous. The Camel and Dromedary themſelves might have loſt much of their dignity between *the true Flower of Muſtard* and *the original Daffy's Elixir*; and I could not but feel ſome indignation when I found this illuſtrious Indian Warrior immediately ſucceeded by *a freſh parcel of Dublin butter*.

The trade of advertiſing is now ſo near to perfection, that it is not eaſy to propoſe any improvement. But as every art ought to be exerciſed in due ſubordination to the publick good, I cannot but propoſe it as a moral queſtion to theſe maſters of the publick ear, Whether they do not ſometimes play too wantonly with our paſſions, as when the regiſterer of lottery tickets invites us to his ſhop by an account of the prize which he ſold laſt year; and whether the advertiſing controvertiſts do not indulge aſperity of language without any adequate provocation; as in the diſpute about *Straps for Razors*, now happily ſubſided, and in the altercation which at preſent ſubſiſts concerning *Eau de Luce*.

In an advertiſement it is allowed to every man to ſpeak well of himſelf, but I know not why he ſhould aſſume the privilege of cenſuring his neighbour. He may proclaim his own virtue or ſkill, but ought not to exclude others from the ſame pretenſions.

Every man that advertiſes his own excellence, ſhould write with ſome conſciouſneſs of a character which dares to call the attention of the publick. He ſhould remember that his name is to ſtand in the ſame paper with thoſe of the King of Pruſſia and the Emperor of Germany, and endeavour to make himſelf worthy of ſuch aſſociation.

Some regard is likewiſe to be paid to poſterity. There are men of diligence and curioſity who treaſure up the papers of the day merely becauſe others neglect them, and in time they will be ſcarce. When theſe collections ſhall be read in another century, how will numberleſs contradictions be reconciled? and how ſhall fame be poſſibly diſtributed among the taylors and boddice-makers of the preſent age?

Surely theſe things deſerve conſideration. It is enough for me to have hinted my deſire that theſe abuſes may be rectified; but ſuch is the ſtate of nature, that what all have the right of doing, many will attempt without ſufficient care or due qualifications.

Nº XLI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

THE following letter relates to an affliction perhaps not neceſſary to be imparted to the public; but I could not perſuade myſelf to ſuppreſs it, becauſe I think I know the ſentiments to be ſincere, and I feel no diſpoſition to provide for this day any other entertainment.

At

At tu quiſquis eris, miſeri qui cruda poetæ
Credideris fletu funera digna tuo,
Hæc poſtrema tibi ſit flendi cauſa, ſuatque
Lenis inoffenſo vitaque morſque gradu.

MR. IDLER,

NOtwithſtanding the warnings of philoſophers, and the daily examples of loſſes and misfortunes which life forces upon our obſervation, ſuch is the abſorption of our thoughts in the buſineſs of the preſent day, ſuch the reſignation of our reaſon to empty hopes of future felicity, or ſuch our unwillingneſs to foreſee what we dread, that every calamity comes ſuddenly upon us, and not only preſſes us as a burthen, but cruſhes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common courſe of nature, againſt which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flaſh of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concuſſion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miſeries time brings, though ſilently yet viſibly, forward by it's even lapſe, which yet approach us unſeen, becauſe we turn our eyes away, and ſeize us unreſiſted, becauſe we could not arm ourſelves againſt them, but by ſetting them before us.

That it is vain to ſhrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourſelves which muſt ſome time be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the ſpeculative reaſoner, whoſe thoughts are always from home, whoſe eye wanders over life, whoſe fancy dances after meteors of happineſs kindled by itſelf, and who examines every thing rather than his own ſtate.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age muſt terminate in death; yet there is no man, ſays Tully, who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the ſame principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend: but the fallacy will be in time detected; the laſt year, the laſt day, muſt come. It has come, and is paſt. The life which made my own life pleaſant is at an end, and the gates of death are ſhut upon my proſpects.

The loſs of a friend upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wiſh and endeavour tended, is a ſtate of dreary deſolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itſelf, and finds nothing but emptineſs and horror. The blameleſs life, the artleſs tenderneſs, the pious ſimplicity, the modeſt reſignation, the patient ſickneſs, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loſs, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen ſorrow for what cannot be recalled.

Theſe are the calamities by which Providence gradually diſengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exerciſe reſolution or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languiſhment and grief.

Yet ſuch is the courſe of nature, that whoever lives long muſt outlive thoſe whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our preſent exiſtence, that life muſt one time loſe it's aſſociations, and every inhabitant of the earth muſt walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any intereſted witneſs of his misfortunes or ſucceſs.

Misfortune, indeed, he may yet feel; for where is the bottom of the miſery of man? But what is ſucceſs to him that has none to enjoy it? Happineſs is not found in ſelf-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the ſtate of departed ſouls, becauſe ſuch knowledge is not neceſſary to a good life. Reaſon deſerts us at the brink of the grave, and can give no further intelligence. Revelation is not wholly ſilent. *There is joy in the angels of Heaven over one ſinner that repenteth*; and ſurely this joy is not incommunicable to ſouls diſentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let Hope therefore dictate, what Revelation does not confute, that the union of ſouls may ſtill remain; and that we who are ſtruggling with ſin, ſorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindneſs of thoſe who have finiſhed their courſe, and are now receiving their reward.

Theſe are the great occaſions which force the mind to take Refuge in religion: when we have no help in ourſelves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power? And to what

what hope may we not raiſe our eyes and hearts, when we conſider that the Greateſt Power is the Beſt?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not ſeek ſuccour in the Goſpel, which has brought *life and immortality to light*. The precepts of Epicurus, who teaches us to endure what the laws of the univerſe make neceſſary, may ſilence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on external things, may diſpoſe us to conceal our ſorrow, but cannot aſſuage it. Real alleviation of the loſs of friends, and rational tranquillity in the proſpect of our own diſſolution, can be received only from the promiſes of Him in whoſe hands are life and death, and from the aſſurance of another and better ſtate, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and the whole ſoul ſhall be filled with joy. Philoſophy may infuſe ſtubbornneſs, but Religion only can give patience.

I am, &c.

N° XLII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

THE ſubject of the following letter is not wholly unmentioned by the Rambler. The Spectator has alſo a letter containing a caſe not much different. I hope my correſpondent's performance is more an effort of genius, than effuſion of the paſſions; and that ſhe hath rather attempted to paint ſome poſſible diſtreſs, than really feels the evils which ſhe has deſcribed.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

THERE is a cauſe of miſery, which, though certainly known both to you and your predeceſſors, has been little taken notice of in your papers; I mean the ſnares that the bad behaviour of parents extends over the paths of life which their children are to tread after them; and as I make no doubt but the Idler holds the ſhield for virtue, as well as the glaſs for folly, that he will employ his leiſure hours as much to his own ſatisfaction in warning his readers againſt a danger, as in laughing them out of a faſhion: for this reaſon I am tempted to aſk admittance for my ſtory in your paper, though it has nothing to recommend it but truth, and the honeſt wiſh of warning others to ſhun the track which I am afraid may lead me at laſt to ruin.

I am the child of a father, who, having always lived in one ſpot in the country where he was born, and having had no genteel education himſelf, thought no qualifications in the world deſirable but as they led up to fortune, and no learning neceſſary to happineſs but ſuch as might moſt effectually teach me to make the beſt market of myſelf. I was unfortunately born a beauty, to a full ſenſe of which my father took care to flatter me; and having, when very young, put me to a ſchool in the country, afterwards tranſplanted me to another in town, at the inſtigation of his friends, where his ill-judged fondneſs let me remain no longer than to learn juſt enough experience to convince me of the ſordidneſs of his views, to give me an idea of perfections which my preſent ſituation will never ſuffer me to reach, and to teach me ſufficient morals to dare to deſpiſe what is bad, though it be in a father.

Thus equipped (as he thought completely) for life, I was carried back into the country, and lived with him and my mother in a ſmall village, within a few miles of the county-town; where I mixed, at firſt with reluctance, among company which, though I never deſpiſed, I could not approve, as they were brought up with other inclinations, and narrower views than my own. My father took great pains to ſhew me every where, both at his own houſe, and at ſuch public diverſions as the country afforded: he frequently told the people all he had was for his daughter; took care to repeat the civilities I had received from all his friends in London; told how much I was admired, and all his little ambition could ſuggeſt to ſet me in a ſtronger light.

Thus have I continued tricked out for ſale, as I may call it, and doomed, by parental authority, to a ſtate little better than that of proſtitution. I look on myſelf as growing cheaper every hour, and am loſing all that honeſt pride, that modeſt confidence, in which the virgin

virgin dignity conſiſts. Nor does my misfortune ſtop here: though many would be too generous to impute the follies of a father to a child whoſe heart has ſet her above them; yet I am afraid the moſt charitable of them will hardly think it poſſible for me to be a daily ſpectatreſs of his vices without tacitly allowing them, and at laſt conſenting to them, as the eye of the frighted infant is, by degrees, reconciled to the darkneſs of which at firſt it was afraid. It is a common opinion, he himſelf muſt very well know, that vices, like diſeaſes, are often hereditary; and that the property of the one is to infect the manners, as the other poiſons the ſprings of life.

Yet this, though bad, is not the worſt: my father deceives himſelf the hopes of the very child he has brought into the world; he ſuffers his houſe to be the ſeat of drunkenneſs, riot, and irreligion: who ſeduces, almoſt in my ſight, the menial ſervant, converſes with the proſtitute, and corrupts the wife! Thus I, who from my earlieſt dawn of reaſon was taught to think that at my approach every eye ſparkled with pleaſure, or was dejected as conſcious of ſuperior charms, am excluded from ſociety, through fear leſt I ſhould partake, if not of my father's crimes, at leaſt of his reproach. Is a parent, who is ſo little ſolicitous for the welfare of a child, better than a pirate who turns a wretch adrift in a boat at ſea without a ſtar to ſteer by, or an anchor to hold it faſt? Am I not to lay all my miſeries at thoſe doors which ought to have opened only for my protection? And if doomed to add at laſt one more to the number of thoſe wretches whom neither the world nor it's law befriends, may I not juſtly ſay that I have been awed by a parent into ruin? But though a parent's power is ſcreened from inſult and violation by the very words of Heaven, yet ſurely no laws, divine or human, forbid me to remove myſelf from the malignant ſhade of a plant that poiſons all around it, blaſts the bloom of youth, checks it's improvements, and makes all it's flowrets fade. But to whom can the wretched, can the dependant fly? For me to fly a father's houſe, is to be a beggar: I have only one comforter amidſt my anxieties, a pious relation, who bids me appeal to Heaven for a witneſs to my juſt intentions, fly as a deſerted wretch to it's protection; and, being aſked who my Father is, point, like the ancient philoſopher, with my finger to the heavens.

The hope in which I write this, is, that you will give it a place in your paper; and as your eſſays ſometimes find their way into the country, that my father may read my ſtory there; and, if not for his own ſake, yet for mine, ſpare to perpetuate that worſt of calamities to me, the loſs of character, from which all his diſſimulation has not been able to reſcue himſelf. Tell the world, Sir, that it is poſſible for Virtue to keep it's throne unſhaken without any other guard than itſelf; that it is poſſible to maintain that purity of thought ſo neceſſary to the completion of human excellence even in the midſt of temptations; when they have no friend within, nor are aſſiſted by the voluntary indulgence of vicious thoughts.

If the inſertion of a ſtory like this does not break in on the plan of your paper, you have it in your power to be a better friend than her father to

PERDITA.

N° XLIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

THE natural advantages which ariſe from the poſition of the earth which we inhabit with reſpect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical ſpeculation, by which it has been diſcovered, that no other conformation of the ſyſtem could have given ſuch commodious diſtributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleaſure to ſo great a part of a revolving ſphere.

It may perhaps be obſerved by the moraliſt, with equal reaſon, that our globe ſeems particularly fitted for the reſidence of a being, placed here only for a ſhort time, whoſe taſk is to advance himſelf to a higher and happier ſtate of exiſtence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are ſuch as human nature does not willingly perform, and ſuch as thoſe are inclined to

delay

delay who yet intend ſome time to fulfil them. It was therefore neceſſary that this univerſal reluctance ſhould be counteracted, and the drowſineſs of heſitation wakened into reſolve; that the danger of procraſtination ſhould be always in view, and the fallacies of ſecurity be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conſpire. Whatever we ſee on every ſide, reminds us of the lapſe of time and the flux of life. The day and night ſucceed each other, the rotation of ſeaſons diverſifies the year, the ſun riſes, attains the meridian, declines and ſets; and the moon every night changes it's form.

The day has been conſidered as an image of the year, and the year as the repreſentation of life. The morning anſwers to the ſpring, and the ſpring to childhood and youth; the noon correſponds to the ſummer, and the ſummer to the ſtrength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with it's ſilence and darkneſs ſhews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life ſhall ceaſe, with it's hopes and pleaſures.

He that is carried forward, however ſwiftly, by a motion equable and eaſy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus ſilently along, paſſed on through undiſtinguiſhable uniformity, we ſhould never mark it's approaches to the end of the courſe. If one hour were like another; if the paſſage of the ſun did not ſhew that the day is waſting; if the change of ſeaſons did not impreſs upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobſerved. If the parts of time were not variouſly coloured, we ſhould never diſcern their departure or ſucceſſion, but ſhould live thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already loſt with that which may probably remain.

But the courſe of time is ſo viſibly marked, that it is obſerved even by the birds of paſſage, and by nations who have raiſed their minds very little above animal inſtinct: there are human beings, whoſe language does not ſupply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for ſummer and winter.

Yet it is certain that theſe admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with ſuch accuracy the courſe of time, appear to have little ſenſibility of the decline of life. Every man has ſomething to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the effects of time, that things neceſſary and certain often ſurprize us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an abſence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet thoſe whom we left children, and can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves to treat them as men. The traveller viſits in age thoſe countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of buſineſs, wearied with unſatisfactory proſperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the laſt years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, ſo general and ſo miſchievous, let it be every man's ſtudy to exempt himſelf. Let him that deſires to ſee others happy, make haſte to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away ſomething from the value of his benefaction. And let him who purpoſes his own happineſs, reflect, that while he forms his purpoſe the day rolls on, and *the night cometh when no man can work.*

N° XLIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

MEMORY is, among the faculties of the human mind, that of which we make the moſt frequent uſe, or rather that of which the agency is inceſſant or perpetual. Memory is the primary and fundamental power, with-

out which there could be no other intellectual operation. Judgment and ratiocination ſuppoſe ſomething already known, and draw their deciſions only from experience. Imagination ſelects ideas from the treaſures of remembrance, and produces novelty only by varied combinations. We do not even form conjectures of diſtant, or anticipations of future events, but by concluding what is poſſible from what is paſt.

The two offices of Memory are collection and diſtribution; by one images are accumulated, and by the other produced for uſe. Collection is always the employment of our firſt years, and diſtribution commonly that of our advanced age.

To collect and repoſite the various forms of things, is far the moſt pleaſing part of mental occupation. We are naturally delighted with novelty, and there is a time when all that we ſee is new. When firſt we enter into the world, whitherſoever we turn our eyes, they meet Knowledge with Pleaſure at her ſide; every diverſity of nature pours ideas in upon the ſoul; neither ſearch nor labour are neceſſary; we have nothing more to do than to open our eyes, and curioſity is gratified.

Much of the pleaſure which the firſt ſurvey of the world affords, is exhauſted before we are conſcious of our own felicity, or able to compare our condition with ſome other poſſible ſtate. We have therefore few traces of the joy of our earlieſt diſcoveries; yet we all remember a time when nature had ſo many untaſted gratifications, that every excurſion gave delight which can now be found no longer, when the noiſe of a torrent, the ruſtle of a wood, the ſong of birds, or the play of lambs, had power to fill the attention, and ſuſpend all perception of the courſe of time.

But theſe eaſy pleaſures are ſoon at an end; we have ſeen in a very little time ſo much, that we call out for new objects of obſervation, and endeavour to find variety in books and life. But ſtudy is laborious, and not always ſatisfactory; and converſation has it's pains as well as pleaſures; we are willing to learn, but not willing to be taught; we are pained by ignorance, but pained yet more by another's knowledge.

From the vexation of pupillage men commonly ſet themſelves free about the middle of life, by ſhutting up the avenues of intelligence, and reſolving to reſt in their preſent ſtate; and they, whoſe ardour of enquiry continues longer, find themſelves inſenſibly forſaken by their inſtructors. As every man advances in life, the proportion between thoſe that are younger, and that are older than himſelf, is continually changing; and he that has lived half a century, finds few that do not require from him that information which he once expected from thoſe that went before him.

Then it is that the magazines of Memory are opened, and the ſtores of accumulated knowledge are diſplayed by vanity or benevolence, or in honeſt commerce of mutual intereſt. Every man wants others, and is therefore glad when he is wanted by them. And as few men will endure the labour of intenſe meditation without neceſſity, he that has learned enough for his profit or his honour, ſeldom endeavours after further acquiſitions.

The pleaſure of recollecting ſpeculative notions would not be much leſs than that of gaining them, if they could be kept pure and unmingled with the paſſages of life; but ſuch is the neceſſary concatenation of our thoughts, that good and evil are linked together, and no pleaſure recurs but aſſociated with pain. Every revived idea reminds us of a time when ſomething was enjoyed that is now loſt, when ſome hope was not yet blaſted, when ſome purpoſe had yet not languiſhed into ſluggiſhneſs or indifference.

Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or, what is in the event juſt the ſame, that evil makes deeper impreſſion than good, it is certain that few can review the time paſt without heavineſs of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly, many opportunities loſt by negligence. The ſhades of the dead riſe up before him; and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amuſements, the aſſiſtants of his labours, whom the hand of death has ſnatched away.

When an offer was made to Themiſtocles of teaching him the art of Memory, he anſwered, that he would rather wiſh for the art of Forgetfulneſs. He felt his imagination haunted by phantoms of miſery which he was unable

able to ſuppreſs, and would gladly have calmed his thoughts with ſome *oblivious antidote*. In this we all reſemble one another; the hero and the ſage are, like vulgar mortals, overburthened by the weight of life, all ſhrink from recollection, and all wiſh for an art of forgetfulneſs.

Nº XLV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

THERE is in many minds a kind of vanity exerted to the diſadvantage of themſelves; a deſire to be praiſed for ſuperior acuteneſs, diſcovered only in the degradation of their ſpecies, or cenſure of their country.

Defamation is ſufficiently copious. The general lampooner of mankind may find long exerciſe for his zeal or wit in the defects of nature, the vexations of life, the follies of opinion, and the corruptions of practice. But fiction is eaſier than diſcernment; and moſt of theſe writers ſpare themſelves the labour of enquiry, and exhauſt their virulence upon imaginary crimes, which, as they never exiſted, can never be amended.

That the painters find no encouragement among the Engliſh for many other works than portraits, has been imputed to national ſelfiſhneſs. 'Tis vain,' ſays the ſatyriſt, 'to ſet before any 'Engliſhman the ſcenes of landſcape, 'or the heroes of hiſtory; nature and 'antiquity are nothing in his eye; he 'has no value but for himſelf, nor de'ſires any copy but of his own form.'

Whoever is delighted with his own picture muſt derive his pleaſure from the pleaſure of another. Every man is always preſent to himſelf, and has, therefore, little need of his own reſemblance, nor can deſire it, but for the ſake of thoſe whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This uſe of the art is a natural and reaſonable conſequence of affection; and though, like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even ſuch pride is more laudable, than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue nor excite it.

Genius is chiefly exerted in hiſtorical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often loſt in the obſcurity of his ſubject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greateſt is not always beſt. I ſhould grieve to ſee Reynolds transfer to heroes and to goddeſſes, to empty ſplendor and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffuſing friendſhip, in reviving tenderneſs, in quickening the affections of the abſent, and continuing the preſence of the dead.

Yet in a nation great and opulent there is room, and ought to be patronage, for an art like that of painting through all it's diverſities; and it is to be wiſhed, that the reward now offered for an hiſtorical picture may excite an honeſt emulation, and give beginning to an Engliſh ſchool.

It is not very eaſy to find an action or event that can be efficaciouſly repreſented by a painter.

He muſt have an action not ſucceſſive but inſtantaneous; for the time of a picture is a ſingle moment. For this reaſon, the death of Hercules cannot well be painted, though at the firſt view it flatters the imagination with very glittering ideas: the gloomy mountain, over-hanging the ſea, and covered with trees, ſome bending to the wind, and ſome torn from their roots by the raging hero; the violence with which he rends from his ſhoulders the envenomed garment; the propriety with which his muſcular nakedneſs may be diſplayed; the death of Lycas whirled from the promontory; the gigantic preſence of Philoctetes; the blaze of the fatal pile, which the deities behold with grief and terror from the ſky.

All theſe images fill the mind, but will not compoſe a picture, becauſe they cannot be united in a ſingle moment. Hercules muſt have rent his fleſh at one time, and toſſed Lycas into the air at another; he muſt firſt tear up the trees, and then lie down upon the pile.

The action muſt be circumſtantial and diſtinct. There is a paſſage in the Iliad which cannot be read without ſtrong emotions. A Trojan prince, ſeized by Achilles in the battle, falls at his feet, and in moving terms ſupplicates for life. 'How can a wretch like 'thee,' ſays the haughty Greek, 'entreat to live, when thou knoweſt that 'the time muſt come when Achilles is

'to die?' This cannot be painted, because no peculiarity of attitude or diſpoſition can ſo ſupply the place of language as to impreſs the ſentiment.

The event painted muſt be ſuch as excites paſſion, and different paſſions in the ſeveral actors, or a tumult of contending paſſions in the chief.

Perhaps the diſcovery of Ulyſſes by his nurſe is of this kind. The ſurprize of the nurſe mingled with joy; that of Ulyſſes checked by prudence, and clouded by ſolicitude; and the diſtinctneſs of the action by which the ſcar is found; all concur to complete the ſubject. But the pictures, having only two figures, will want variety.

A much nobler aſſemblage may be furniſhed by the death of Epaminondas. The mixture of gladneſs and grief in the face of the meſſenger who brings his dying general an account of the victory; the various paſſions of the attendants; the ſublimity of compoſure in the hero, while the dart is by his own command drawn from his ſide, and the faint gleam of ſatisfaction that diffuſes itſelf over the languor of death; are worthy of that pencil which yet I do not wiſh to ſee employed upon them.

If the deſign were not too multifarious and extenſive, I ſhould wiſh that our painters would attempt the diſſolution of the parliament by Cromwell. The point of time may be choſen when Cromwell, looking round the Pandæmonium with contempt, ordered the bauble to be taken away; and Harriſon laid hands on the ſpeaker to drag him from the chair.

The various appearances, which rage, and terror, and aſtoniſhment, and guilt, might exhibit in the faces of that hateful aſſembly, of whom the principal perſons may be faithfully drawn from portraits or prints; the irreſolute repugnance of ſome, the hypocritical ſubmiſſions of others, the ferocious inſolence of Cromwell, the rugged brutality of Harriſon, and the general trepidation of fear and wickedneſs, would, if ſome proper diſpoſition could be contrived, make a picture of unexampled variety, and irreſiſtible inſtruction.

N° XLVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

MR. IDLER,

I Am encouraged, by the notice you have taken of Betty Broom, to repreſent the miſeries which I ſuffer from a ſpecies of tyranny which, I believe, is not very uncommon, though perhaps it may have eſcaped the obſervation of thoſe who converſe little with fine ladies, or ſee them only in their publick characters.

To this method of venting my vexation I am the more inclined, becauſe if I do not complain to you, I muſt burſt in ſilence; for my miſtreſs has teazed me and teazed me till I can hold no longer, and yet I muſt not tell her of her tricks. The girls that live in common ſervices can quarrel, and give warning, and find other places; but we that live with great ladies, if we once offend them, have nothing left but to return into the country.

I am waiting-maid to a lady who keeps the beſt company, and is ſeen at every place of faſhionable reſort. I am envied by all the maids in the ſquare, for few counteſſes leave off ſo many cloaths as my miſtreſs, and nobody ſhares with me; ſo that I ſupply two families in the country with finery for the aſſizes and horſe-races, beſides what I wear myſelf. The ſteward and houſekeeper have joined againſt me to procure my removal, that they may advance a relation of their own; but their deſigns are found out by my lady, who ſays I need not fear them, for ſhe will never have Dowdies about her.

You would think, Mr. Idler, like others, that I am very happy, and may well be contented with my lot. But I will tell you. My lady has an odd humour. She never orders any thing in direct words, for ſhe loves a ſharp girl than can take a hint.

I would not have you ſuſpect that ſhe has any thing to hint which ſhe is aſhamed to ſpeak at length, for none can have greater purity of ſentiment, or rectitude of intention. She has nothing to hide, yet nothing will ſhe tell. She always gives her directions obliquely and allufively, by the mention of ſomething relative or conſequential, without any other purpoſe than to exerciſe my acuteneſs and her own.

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It is impoſſible to give a notion of this ſtyle otherwiſe than by examples. One night, when ſhe had ſet writing letters till it was time to be dreſſed—'Molly,' ſaid ſhe, 'the ladies are all 'to be at court to-night in white 'aprons.' When ſhe means that I ſhould ſend to order the chair, ſhe ſays—'I 'think the ſtreets are clean, I may ven-'ture to walk.' When ſhe would have ſomething put into it's place, ſhe bids me *lay it on the floor*. If ſhe would have me ſnuff the candles, ſhe aſks *whether I think her eyes are like a cat's?* If ſhe thinks her chocolate delayed, ſhe talks of *the benefit of abſtinence*. If any needle-work is forgotten, ſhe ſuppoſes *that I have heard of the lady who died by pricking her finger*.

She always imagines that I can recall every thing paſt from a ſingle word. If ſhe wants her head from the milliner, ſhe only ſays—'Molly, you know Mrs. 'Tape.' If ſhe would have the mantua-maker ſent for, ſhe remarks *that Mr. Taffaty, the mercer, was here laſt week*. She ordered, a fortnight ago, that the firſt time ſhe was abroad all day I ſhould chuſe her a new ſet of coffee-cups at the china-ſhop: of this ſhe reminded me yeſterday, as ſhe was going down ſtairs, by ſaying—'You can't 'find your way now to Pall-Mall.'

All this would never vex me, if, by encreaſing my trouble, ſhe ſpared her own; but, dear Mr. Idler, is it not as eaſy to ſay *coffee-cups* as *Pall-Mall*, and to tell me in plain words what I am to do, and when it is to be done, as to torment her own head with the labour of finding hints, and mine with that of underſtanding them?

When firſt I came to this lady, I had nothing like the learning that I have now; for ſhe has many books, and I have much time to read; ſo that of late I ſeldom have miſſed her meaning: but when ſhe firſt took me, I was an ignorant girl; and ſhe, who, as is very common, confounded want of knowledge with want of underſtanding, began once to deſpair of bringing me to any thing, becauſe, when I came into her chamber at the call of her bell, ſhe aſked me, *Whether we lived in Zembla*, and I did not gueſs the meaning of her enquiry; but modeſtly anſwered, that *I could not tell*. She had happened to ring once when I did not hear her, and meant to put me in mind of that country, where ſounds are ſaid to be congealed by the froſt.

Another time, as I was dreſſing her head, ſhe began to talk on a ſudden of *Meduſa*, and *Snakes*, and *men turned into ſtone*, and *maids that, if they were not watched, would let their miſtreſſes be Gorgons*. I looked round me half frightened, and quite bewildered; till at laſt, finding that her literature was thrown away upon me, ſhe bid me, with great vehemence, reach the curling-irons.

It is not without ſome indignation, Mr. Idler, that I diſcover, in theſe artifices of vexation, ſomething worſe than foppery or caprice; a mean delight in ſuperiority, which knows itſelf in no danger of reproof or oppoſition; a cruel pleaſure in ſeeing the perplexity of a mind obliged to find what is ſtudiouſly concealed, and a mean indulgence of petty malevolence, in the ſharp cenſure of involuntary, and very often of inevitable, failings. When, beyond her expectation, I hit upon her meaning, I can perceive a ſudden cloud of diſappointment ſpread over her face, and have ſometimes been afraid leſt I ſhould loſe her favour by underſtanding her when ſhe means to puzzle me.

This day, however, ſhe has conquered my ſagacity. When ſhe went out of her dreſſing-room, ſhe ſaid nothing, but, *Molly, you know*, and haſtened to her chariot. What I am to know is yet a ſecret; but if I do not know, before ſhe comes back, what I yet have no means of diſcovering, ſhe will make my dullneſs a pretence for a fortnight's ill humour, treat me as a creature devoid of the faculties neceſſary to the common duties of life, and perhaps give the next gown to the houſekeeper. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

MOLLY QUICK.

N. XLVII. SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

I Am the unfortunate wife of a City Wit, and cannot but think that my caſe may deſerve equal compaſſion with any of thoſe which have been repreſented in your paper.

I married my huſband within three months after the expiration of his apprenticeſhip; we put our money together, and furniſhed a large and ſplendid ſhop, in which he was for five years and a half diligent and civil. The notice which curioſity or kindneſs commonly beſtows on beginners, was continued by confidence and eſteem; one cuſtomer, pleaſed with his treatment and his bargain, recommended another, and we were buſy behind the counter from morning to night.

Thus every day encreaſed our wealth and our reputation. My huſband was often invited to dinner openly on the Exchange by hundred thouſand pounds men; and whenever I went to any of the halls, the wives of the aldermen made me low courteſies. We always took up our notes before the day, and made all conſiderable payments by draughts upon our banker.

You will eaſily believe that I was well enough pleaſed with my condition; for what happineſs can be greater than that of growing every day richer and richer? I will not deny, that, imagining myſelf likely to be in a ſhort time the ſheriff's lady, I broke off my acquaintance with ſome of my neighbours, and adviſed my huſband to keep good company, and not to be ſeen with men that were worth nothing.

In time he found that ale diſagreed with his conſtitution, and went every night to drink his pint at a tavern, where he met with a ſet of criticks, who diſputed upon the merit of the different theatrical performers. By theſe idle fellows he was taken to the play, which at firſt he did not ſeem much to heed; for he owned, that he very ſeldom knew what they were doing, and that, while his companions would let him alone, he was commonly thinking on his laſt bargain.

Having once gone, however, he went again and again, though I often told him that three ſhillings were thrown away; at laſt he grew uneaſy if he miſſed a night, and importuned me to go with him. I went to a tragedy which they called Macbeth; and, when I came home, told him, that I could not bear to ſee men and women make themſelves ſuch fools, by pretending to be witches and ghoſts, generals and kings, and to walk in their ſleep when they were as much awake as thoſe that looked at them. He told me that I muſt get higher notions, and that a play was the moſt rational of all entertainments, and moſt proper to relax the mind after the buſineſs of the day.

By degrees he gained knowledge of ſome of the players; and, when the play was over, very frequently treated them with ſuppers, for which he was admitted to ſtand behind the ſcenes.

He ſoon began to loſe ſome of his morning hours in the ſame folly, and was for one winter very diligent in his attendance on the rehearſals; but of this ſpecies of idleneſs he grew weary, and ſaid, that the play was nothing without the company.

His ardour for the diverſion of the evening increaſed; he bought a ſword, and paid five ſhillings a night to ſit in the boxes; he went ſometimes into a place which he calls the Green-room, where all the wits of the age aſſemble; and when he had been there, could do nothing, for two or three days, but repeat their jeſts, or tell their diſputes.

He has now loſt his regard for every thing but the play-houſe; he invites, three times a week, one or other to drink claret, and talk of the drama. His firſt care in the morning is to read the play-bills; and if he remembers any lines of the tragedy which is to be repreſented, walks about the ſhop, repeating them ſo loud, and with ſuch ſtrange geſtures, that the paſſengers gather round the door.

His greateſt pleaſure, when I married him, was to hear the ſituation of his ſhop commended, and to be told how many eſtates have been got in it by the ſame trade; but of late he grows peeviſh at any mention of buſineſs, and delights

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in nothing ſo much as to be told that he ſpeaks like Moſſop.

Among his new aſſociates, he has learned another language, and ſpeaks in ſuch a ſtrain, that his neighbours cannot underſtand him. If a cuſtomer talks longer than he is willing to hear, he will complain that he has been excruciated with unmeaning verboſity; he laughs at the letters of his friends for their tameneſs of expreſſion, and often declares himſelf weary of attending to the minutiæ of a ſhop.

It is well for me that I know how to keep a book, for of late he is ſcarcely ever in the way. Since one of his friends told him that he had a genius for tragick poetry, he has locked himſelf in an upper room ſix or ſeven hours a day, and when I carry him any paper to be read or ſigned, I hear him talking vehemently to himſelf, ſometimes of love and beauty, ſometimes of friendſhip and virtue, but more frequently of liberty and his country.

I would gladly, Mr. Idler, be informed what to think of a ſhopkeeper, who is inceſſantly talking about liberty; a word, which, ſince his acquaintance with polite life, my huſband has always in his mouth; he is, on all occaſions, afraid of our liberty, and declares his reſolution to hazard all for liberty. What can the man mean? I am ſure he has liberty enough; it were better for him and me if his liberty was leſſened.

He has a friend whom he calls a Critick, that comes twice a week to read what he is writing. This critick tells him that his piece is a little irregular, but that ſome detached ſcenes will ſhine prodigiouſly, and that in the character of Bombulus he is wonderfully great. My ſcribbler then ſqueezes his hand, calls him the beſt of friends, thanks him for his ſincerity, and tells him that he hates to be flattered. I have reaſon to believe that he ſeldom parts with his dear friend without lending him two guineas, and am afraid that he gave bail for him three days ago.

By this courſe of life our credit as traders is leſſened; and I cannot forbear to ſuſpect, that my huſband's honour as a wit is not much advanced, for he ſeems to be always the loweſt of the company, and is afraid to tell his opinion till the reſt have ſpoken. When he was behind his counter, he uſed to be briſk, active, and jocular, like a man that knew what he was doing, and did not fear to look another in the face; but among wits and criticks he is timorous and aukward, and hangs down his head at his own table. Dear Mr. Idler, perſuade him, if you can, to return once more to his native element. Tell him that wit will never make him rich, but that there are places where riches will always make a wit.

I am, Sir, &c.

DEBORAH GINGER.

Nº XLVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

THERE is no kind of idleneſs, by which we are ſo eaſily ſeduced, as that which dignifies itſelf by the appearance of buſineſs, and by making the loiterer imagine that he has ſomething to do which muſt not be neglected, keeps him in perpetual agitation, and hurries him rapidly from place to place.

He that ſits ſtill, or repoſes himſelf upon a couch, no more deceives himſelf than he deceives others; he knows that he is doing nothing, and has no other ſolace of his inſignificance than the reſolution, which the lazy hourly make, of changing his mode of life.

To do nothing, every man is aſhamed; and to do much, almoſt every man is unwilling or afraid. Innumerable expedients have therefore been invented to produce motion without labour, and employment without ſolicitude. The greater part of thoſe whom the kindneſs of Fortune has left to their own direction, and whom Want does not keep chained to the counter or the plow, play throughout life with the ſhadows of buſineſs, and know not at laſt what they have been doing.

Theſe imitators of action are of all denominations. Some are ſeen at every auction without intention to purchaſe; others appear punctually at the Exchange, though they are known there only by their faces. Some are always making parties, to viſit collections for which they have no taſte, and ſome neg-

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lect every pleaſure and every duty to hear queſtions, in which they have no intereſt, debated in parliament.

Theſe men never appear more ridiculous, than in the diſtreſs which they imagine themſelves to feel, from ſome accidental interruption of thoſe empty purſuits. A tiger newly impriſoned is indeed more formidable, but not more angry, than Jack Tulip with-held from a floriſt's feaſt, or Tom Diſtich hindered from ſeeing the firſt repreſentation of a play.

As political affairs are the higheſt and moſt extenſive of temporal concerns, the mimick of a politician is more buſy and important than any other trifler. Monſieur Le Noir, a man who, without property or importance in any corner of the earth, has, in the preſent confuſion of the world, declared himſelf a ſteady adherent to the French, is made miſerable by a wind that keeps back the packet-boat, and ſtill more miſerable by every account of a Malouin privateer caught in his cruize: he knows well that nothing can be done or ſaid by him which can produce any effect but that of laughter, that he can neither haſten nor retard good or evil, that his joys and ſorrows have ſcarcely any partakers; yet ſuch is his zeal, and ſuch his curioſity, that he would run barefooted to Graveſend, for the ſake of knowing firſt that the Engliſh had loſt a tender, and would ride out to meet every mail from the Continent if he might be permitted to open it.

Learning is generally confeſſed to be deſirable, and there are ſome who fancy themſelves always buſy in acquiring it. Of theſe ambulatory ſtudents, one of the moſt buſy is my friend Tom Reſtleſs.

Tom has long had a mind to be a man of knowledge, but he does not care to ſpend much time among authors; for he is of opinion that few books deſerve the labour of peruſal, that they give the mind an unfaſhionable caſt, and deſtroy that freedom of thought and eaſineſs of manners indiſpenſably requiſite to acceptance in the world. Tom has therefore found another way to wiſdom. When he riſes he goes into a coffee-houſe, where he creeps ſo near to men whom he takes to be reaſoners as to hear their diſcourſe, and endeavours to remember ſomething which, when it has been ſtrained through Tom's head, is ſo near to nothing, that what it once was cannot be diſcovered. This he carries round from friend to friend through a circle of viſits, till hearing what each ſays upon the queſtion, he becomes able at dinner to ſay a little himſelf; and as every great genius relaxes himſelf among his inferiors, meets with ſome who wonder how ſo young a man can talk ſo wiſely.

At night he has a new feaſt prepared for his intellects; he always runs to a diſputing ſociety, or a ſpeaking club, where he half hears what, if he had heard the whole, he would but half underſtand; goes home pleaſed with the conſciouſneſs of a day well ſpent, lies down full of ideas, and riſes in the morning empty as before.

N° XLIX. SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

I Supped three nights ago with my friend Will Marvel. His affairs obliged him lately to take a journey into Devonſhire, from which he has juſt returned. He knows me to be a very patient hearer, and was glad of my company, as it gave him an opportunity of diſburthening himſelf by a minute relation of the caſualties of his expedition.

Will is not one of thoſe who go out and return with nothing to tell. He has a ſtory of his travels, which will ſtrike a home-bred citizen with horror, and has in ten days ſuffered ſo often the extremes of terror and joy, that he is in doubt whether he ſhall ever again expoſe either his body or his mind to ſuch danger and fatigue.

When he left London the morning was bright, and a fair day was promiſed. But Will is born to ſtruggle with difficulties. That happened to him, which has ſometimes, perhaps, happened to others. Before he had gone more than ten miles, it began to rain. What courſe was to be taken! His ſoul diſdained to turn back. He did what the King of Pruſſia might have done; he flapped his hat, buttoned up his cape, and went forwards, fortifying his mind by the ſtoical conſolation, that whatever is violent will be ſhort.

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His conſtancy was not long tried; at the diſtance of about half a mile he ſaw an inn, which he entered wet and weary, and found civil treatment and proper refreſhment. After a reſpite of about two hours he looked abroad, and ſeeing the ſky clear, called for his horſe, and paſſed the firſt ſtage without any other memorable accident.

Will conſidered that labour muſt be relieved by pleaſure, and that the ſtrength which great undertakings require muſt be maintained by copious nutriment; he therefore ordered himſelf an elegant ſupper, drank two bottles of claret, and paſſed the beginning of the night in ſound ſleep; but waking before light, was forewarned of the troubles of the next day, by a ſhower beating againſt his windows with ſuch violence as to threaten the diſſolution of nature. When he aroſe, he found what he expected, that the country was under water. He joined himſelf, however, to a company that was travelling the ſame way, and came ſafely to the place of dinner, though every ſtep of his horſe daſhed the mud into the air.

In the afternoon, having parted from his company, he ſet forward alone, and paſſed many collections of water of which it was impoſſible to gueſs the depth, and which he now cannot review without ſome cenſure of his own raſhneſs; but what a man undertakes he muſt perform, and Marvel hates a coward at his heart.

Few that lie warm in their beds, think what others undergo, who have perhaps been as tenderly educated, and have as acute ſenſations as themſelves. My friend was now to lodge the ſecond night almoſt fifty miles from home, in a houſe which he never had ſeen before, among people to whom he was totally a ſtranger, not knowing whether the next man he ſhould meet would prove good or bad; but ſeeing an inn of a good appearance, he rode reſolutely into the yard; and knowing that reſpect is often paid in proportion as it is claimed, delivered his injunction to the hoſtler with ſpirit, and, entering the houſe, called vigorouſly about him.

On the third day up roſe the ſun and Mr. Marvel. His troubles and his dangers were now ſuch as he wiſhes no other man ever to encounter. The ways were leſs frequented, and the country more thinly inhabited. He rode many a lonely hour through mire and water, and met not a ſingle ſoul for two miles together with whom he could exchange a word. He cannot deny that, looking round upon the dreary region, and ſeeing nothing but bleak fields and naked trees, hills obſcured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for ſome time ſuffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wiſhed himſelf again ſafe at home. One comfort he had, which was to conſider, that none of his friends were in the ſame diſtreſs, for whom, if they had been with him, he ſhould have ſuffered more than for himſelf; he could not forbear ſometimes to conſider how happily the Idler is ſettled in an eaſier condition, who, ſurrounded like him with terrors, could have done nothing but lie down and die.

Amidſt theſe reflections he came to a town and found a dinner, which diſpoſed him to more chearful ſentiments: but the joys of life are ſhort, and its miſeries are long; he mounted and travelled fifteen miles more through dirt and deſolation.

At laſt the ſun ſet, and all the horrors of darkneſs came upon him. He then repented the weak indulgence in which he had gratified himſelf at noon with too long an interval of reſt; yet he went forward along a path which he could no longer ſee, ſometimes ruſhing ſuddenly into water, and ſometimes incumbered with ſtiff clay, ignorant whither he was going, and uncertain whether his next ſtep might not be the laſt.

In this diſmal gloom of nocturnal peregrination his horſe unexpectedly ſtood ſtill. Marvel had heard many relations of the inſtinct of horſes, and was in doubt what danger might be at hand. Sometimes he fancied that he was on the bank of a river ſtill and deep, and ſometimes that a dead body lay acroſs the track. He ſat ſtill awhile to recollect his thoughts; and as he was about to alight and explore the darkneſs, out ſtepped a man with a lantern, and opened the turnpike. He hired a guide to the town, arrived in ſafety, and ſlept in quiet.

The reſt of his journey was nothing but danger. He climbed and deſcended precipices on which vulgar mortals tremble to look; he paſſed marſhes like the Serbonian *bog, where armies whole have ſunk*; he forded rivers where the current roared like the Egre of the Severn;

vern; or ventured himſelf on bridges that trembled under him, from which he looked down on foaming whirlpools, or dreadful abyſſes; he wandered over houſeleſs heaths, amidſt all the rage of the elements, with the ſnow driving in his face, and the tempeſt howling in his ears.

Such are the colours in which Marvel paints his adventures. He has accuſtomed himſelf to ſounding words and hyperboliçal images, till he has loſt the power of true deſcription. In a road through which the heavieſt carriages paſs without difficulty, and the poſt-boy every day and night goes and returns, he meets with hardſhips like thoſe which are endured in Siberian deſarts, and miſſes nothing of romantic danger but a giant and a dragon. When his dreadful ſtory is told in proper terms, it is only that the way was dirty in winter, and that he experienced the common viciſſitudes of rain and ſunſhine.

Nº L. SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

THE character of Mr. Marvel has raiſed the merriment of ſome and the contempt of others, who do not ſufficiently conſider how often they hear and practiſe the ſame arts of exaggerated narration.

There is not, perhaps, among the multitudes of all conditions that ſwarm upon the earth, a ſingle man who does not believe that he has ſomething extraordinary to relate of himſelf; and who does not, at one time or other, ſummon the attention of his friends to the caſualties of his adventures and the viciſſitudes of his fortune; caſualties and viciſſitudes that happen alike in lives uniform and diverſified; to the commander of armies, and the writer at a deſk; to the ſailor who reſigns himſelf to the wind and water, and the farmer whoſe longeſt journey is to the market.

In the preſent ſtate of the world man may paſs through Shakeſpeare's ſeven ſtages of life, and meet nothing ſingular or wonderful. But ſuch is every man's attention to himſelf, that what is common and unheeded when it is only ſeen, becomes remarkable and peculiar when we happen to feel it.

It is well enough known to be according to the uſual proceſs of nature, that men ſhould ſicken and recover, that ſome deſigns ſhould ſucceed and others miſcarry, that friends ſhould be ſeparated and meet again, that ſome ſhould be made angry by endeavours to pleaſe them, and ſome be pleaſed when no care has been uſed to gain their approbation; that men and women ſhould at firſt come together by chance, like each other ſo well as to commence acquaintance, improve acquaintance into fondneſs, increaſe or extinguiſh fondneſs by marriage, and have children of different degrees of intellects and virtue, ſome of whome die before their parents, and others ſurvive them.

Yet let any man tell his own ſtory, and nothing of all this has ever befallen him according to the common order of things; ſomething has always diſcriminated his caſe; ſome unuſual concurrence of events has appeared which made him more happy or more miſerable than other mortals; for in pleaſures or calamities, however common, every one has comforts and afflictions of his own.

It is certain that without ſome artificial augmentations, many of the pleaſures of life, and almoſt all it's embelliſhments, would fall to the ground. If no man was to expreſs more delight than he felt, thoſe who felt moſt would raiſe little envy. If travellers were to deſcribe the moſt laboured performances of art with the ſame coldneſs as they ſurvey them, all expectations of happineſs from change of place would ceaſe. The pictures of Raphael would hang without ſpectators, and the gardens of Verſailles might be inhabited by hermits. All the pleaſure that is received ends in an opportunity of ſplendid falſhood, in the power of gaining notice by the diſplay of beauties which the eye was weary of beholding, and a hiſtory of happy moments, of which, in reality, the moſt happy was the laſt.

The ambition of ſuperior ſenſibility and ſuperior eloquence diſpoſes the lovers of arts to receive rapture at one time, and communicate it at another; and each labours firſt to impoſe upon himſelf, and then to propagate the impoſture.

Pain is leſs ſubject than pleaſure to caprices of expreſſion. The torments of diſeaſe,

diſeaſe, and the grief for irremediable misfortunes, ſometimes are ſuch as no words can declare, and can only be ſignified by groans, or ſobs, or inarticulate ejaculations. Man has from nature a mode of utterance peculiar to pain, but he has none peculiar to pleaſure, becauſe he never has pleaſure but in ſuch degrees as the ordinary uſe of language may equal or ſurpaſs.

It is nevertheleſs certain, that many pains as well as pleaſures are heightened by rhetorical affectation, and that the picture is, for the moſt part, bigger than the life.

When we deſcribe our ſenſations of another's ſorrows, either in friendly or ceremonious condolence, the cuſtoms of the world ſcarcely admit of rigid veracity. Perhaps the fondeſt friendſhip would enrage oftener than comfort, were the tongue on ſuch occaſions faithfully to repreſent the ſentiments of the heart; and I think the ſtricteſt moraliſts allow forms of addreſs to be uſed without much regard to their literal acceptation, when either reſpect or tenderneſs requires them, becauſe they are univerſally known to denote not the degree but the ſpecies of our ſentiments.

But the ſame indulgence cannot be allowed to him who aggravates dangers incurred or ſorrow endured by himſelf, becauſe he darkens the proſpect of futurity, and multiplies the pains of our condition by uſeleſs terror. Thoſe who magnify their delights are leſs criminal deceivers, yet they raiſe hopes which are ſure to be diſappointed. It would be undoubtedly beſt, if we could ſee and hear every thing as it is, that nothing might be too anxiouſly dreaded, or too ardently purſued.

N° LI. SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

IT has been commonly remarked, that eminent men are leaſt eminent at home, that bright characters loſe much of their ſplendor at a nearer view, and many who fill the world with their fame, excite very little reverence among thoſe that ſurround them in their domeſtick privacies.

To blame or to ſuſpect is eaſy and natural. When the fact is evident, and the cauſe doubtful, ſome accuſation is always engendered between idleneſs and malignity. This diſparity of general and familiar eſteem is therefore imputed to hidden vices, and to practices indulged in ſecret, but carefully covered from the publick eye.

Vice will indeed always produce contempt. The dignity of Alexander, though nations fell proſtrate before him, was certainly held in little veneration by the partakers of his midnight revels, who had ſeen him, in the madneſs of wine, murder his friend, or ſet fire to the Perſian palace at the inſtigation of a harlot; and it is well remembered among us, that the avarice of Marlborough kept him in ſubjection to his wife, while he was dreaded by France as her conqueror, and honoured by the Emperor as his deliverer.

But though, where there is vice, there muſt be want of reverence, it is not reciprocally true, that when there is want of reverence there is always vice. That awe which great actions or abilities impreſs will be inevitably diminiſhed by acquaintance, though nothing either mean or criminal ſhould be found.

Of men, as of every thing elſe, we muſt judge according to our knowledge. When we ſee of a hero only his battles, or of a writer only his books, we have nothing to allay our ideas of their greatneſs. We conſider the one only as the guardian of his country, and the other only as the inſtructor of mankind. We have neither opportunity nor motive to examine the minuter parts of their lives, or the leſs apparent peculiarities of their characters; we name them with habitual reſpect, and forget, what we ſtill continue to know, that they are men like other mortals.

But ſuch is the conſtitution of the world, that much of life muſt be ſpent in the ſame manner by the wiſe and the ignorant, the exalted and the low. Men, however diſtinguiſhed by external accidents or intrinſick qualities, have all the ſame wants, the ſame pains, and, as far as the ſenſes are conſulted, the ſame pleaſures. The petty cares and petty duties are the ſame in every ſtation to every underſtanding, and every hour brings ſome occaſion on which we all

ſink to the common level. We are all naked till we are dreſſed, and hungry till we are fed; and the general's triumph, and the ſage's diſputation, end, like the humble labours of the ſmith or plowman, in a dinner or in ſleep.

Thoſe notions which are to be collected by reaſon in oppoſition to the ſenſes, will ſeldom ſtand forward in the mind, but lie treaſured in the remoter repoſitories of memory, to be found only when they are ſought. Whatever any man may have written or done, his precepts or his valour will ſcarcely overbalance the unimportant uniformity which runs through his time. We do not eaſily conſider him as great, whom our own eyes ſhew us to be little; nor labour to keep preſent to our thoughts the latent excellences of him who ſhares with us all our weakneſſes and many of our follies; who like us is delighted with ſlight amuſements, buſied with trifling employments, and diſturbed by little vexations.

Great powers cannot be exerted, but when great exigences make them neceſſary. Great exigences can happen but ſeldom, and therefore thoſe qualities which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the moſt part, like ſubterranean treaſures, over which the foot paſſes as on common ground, till neceſſity breaks open the golden cavern.

In the ancient celebrations of victory, a ſlave was placed on the triumphal car, by the ſide of the general, who reminded him by a ſhort ſentence, that he was a man. Whatever danger there might be leſt a leader, in his paſſage to the Capitol, ſhould forget the frailties of his nature, there was ſurely no need of ſuch an admonition; the intoxication could not have continued long; he would have been at home but a few hours before ſome of his dependents would have forgot his greatneſs, and ſhewn him, that notwithſtanding his laurels he was yet a man.

There are ſome who try to eſcape this domeſtic degradation, by labouring to appear always wiſe or always great; but he that ſtrives againſt nature, will for ever ſtrive in vain. To be grave of mien and ſlow of utterance; to look with ſolicitude and ſpeak with heſitation, is attainable at will; but the ſhew of wiſdom is ridiculous when there is nothing to cauſe doubt, as that of valour where there is nothing to be feared.

A man who has duly conſidered the condition of his being, will contentedly yield to the courſe of things: he will not pant for diſtinction where diſtinction would imply no merit; but though on great occaſions he may wiſh to be greater than others, he will be ſatisfied in common occurrences not to be leſs.

Nº LII. SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

RESPONSARE CUPIDINIBUS. HOR.

THE practice of ſelf-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleaſure, has been conſidered by almoſt every nation, from the remoteſt ages, as the higheſt exaltation of human virtue; and all have agreed to pay reſpect and veneration to thoſe who abſtained from the delights of life, even when they did not cenſure thoſe who enjoyed them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confeſſes that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by it's proper gratifications, but at the expence of the other; that a pampered body will darken the mind, and an enlightened mind will macerate the body. And none have failed to confer their eſteem on thoſe who prefer intellect to ſenſe, who controul their lower by their higher faculties, and forget the wants and deſires of animal life for rational diſquiſitions or pious contemplations.

The earth has ſcarce a country ſo far advanced towards political regularity as to divide the inhabitants into claſſes, where ſome orders of men or women are not diſtinguiſhed by voluntary ſeverities, and where the reputation of their ſanctity is not increaſed in proportion to the rigour of their rules, and the exactneſs of their performance.

When an opinion to which there is no temptation of intereſt ſpreads wide and continues long, it may be reaſonably preſumed to have been infuſed by nature

ture or dictated by reaſon. It has been often obſerved that the fictions of impoſture, and illuſions of fancy, ſoon give way to time and experience; and that nothing keeps it's ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But truth, when it is reduced to practice, eaſily becomes ſubject to caprice and imagination; and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied that a juſt conviction of the reſtraint neceſſary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification, and inſtitutions which, however favourably conſidered, will be found to violate nature without promoting piety.

But the doctrine of ſelf-denial is not weakened in itſelf by the errors of thoſe who miſinterpret or miſapply it; the encroachment of the appetites upon the underſtanding is hourly perceived, and the ſtate of thoſe whom ſenſuality has enſlaved, is known to be in the higheſt degree deſpicable and wretched.

The dread of ſuch ſhameful captivity may juſtly raiſe alarms, and wiſdom will endeavour to keep danger at a diſtance. By timely caution and ſuſpicious vigilance thoſe deſires may be repreſſed, to which indulgence would ſoon give abſolute dominion; thoſe enemies may be overcome, which, when they have been a while accuſtomed to victory, can no longer be reſiſted.

Nothing is more fatal to happineſs or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own ſtrength, and by aſſuring us of the power of retreat precipitates us into hazard. Some may ſafely venture further than others into the regions of delight, lay themſelves more open to the golden ſhafts of pleaſure, and advance nearer to the reſidence of the Syrens; but he that is beſt armed with conſtancy and reaſon is yet vulnerable in one part or other; and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which, if he paſſes, he will not eaſily return. It is certainly moſt wiſe, as it is moſt ſafe, to ſtop before he touches the utmoſt limit, ſince every ſtep of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he ſhall at laſt enter the receſſes of voluptuouſneſs, and ſloth and deſpondency cloſe the paſſage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly, is the only art of checking the importunity of deſire, and of preſerving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications muſt be ſometimes with held; he that complies with all lawful deſires will certainly loſe his empire over himſelf, and in time either ſubmit his reaſon to his will, and think all his deſires lawful, or diſmiſs his reaſon as troubleſome and intruſive, and reſolve to ſnatch what he may happen to wiſh, without enquiry about right and wrong.

No man, whoſe appetites are his maſters, can perform the duties of his nature with ſtrictneſs and regularity; he that would be ſuperior to external influences muſt firſt become ſuperior to his own paſſions.

When the Roman general, ſitting at ſupper with a plate of turnips before him, was ſolicited by large preſents to betray his truſt, he aſked the meſſengers whether he that could ſup on turnips was a man likely to ſell his country. Upon him who has reduced his ſenſes to obedience, temptation has loſt it's power; he is able to attend impartially to Virtue, and execute her commands without heſitation.

To ſet the mind above the appetites is the end of abſtinence, which one of the fathers obſerves to be not a virtue, but the ground-work of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour or reſolution, and ſecure the power of reſiſtance when pleaſure or intereſt ſhall lend their charms to guilt.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

IDLER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Nº LIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Have a wife that keeps Good Company. You know that the word Good varies it's meaning according to the value ſet upon different qualities in different places. To be a Good man in a college, is to be learned; in a camp, to be brave; and in the city, to be rich. By Good Company, in the place which I have the misfortune to inhabit, we underſtand only thoſe from whom any good can be learned, whether wiſdom or virtue; or by whom any good can be conferred, whether profit or reputation. Good Company is the company of thoſe whoſe birth is high, and whoſe riches are great, or of thoſe whom the rich and noble admit to familiarity.

I am a gentleman of a fortune by no means exuberant, but more than equal to the wants of my family, and for ſome years equal to our deſires. My wife, who had never been accuſtomed to ſplendour, joined her endeavours to mine in the ſuperintendence of our œconomy; we lived in decent plenty, and were not excluded from moderate pleaſures.

But ſlight cauſes produce great effects. All my happineſs has been deſtroyed by change of place; virtue is too often merely local; in ſome ſituations the air diſeaſes the body, and in others poiſons the mind. Being obliged to remove my habitation, I was led by my evil genius to a convenient houſe in a ſtreet where many of the nobility reſide. We had ſcarcely ranged our furniture, and aired our rooms, when my wife began to grow diſcontented, and to wonder what the neighbours would think when they ſaw ſo few chairs and chariots at her door.

Her acquaintance who came to ſee her from the quarter that we had left, mortified her without deſign, by continual enquiries about the ladies, whoſe houſes they viewed from our windows. She was aſhamed to confeſs that ſhe had no intercourſe with them, and ſheltered her diſtreſs under general anſwers, which always tended to raiſe ſuſpicion that ſhe knew more than ſhe would tell; but ſhe was often reduced to difficulties, when the courſe of talk introduced queſtions about the furniture or ornaments of their houſes, which, when ſhe could get no intelligence, ſhe was forced to paſs ſlightly over, as things which ſhe ſaw ſo often, that ſhe never minded them.

To all theſe vexations ſhe was reſolved to put an end, and redoubled her viſits to thoſe few of her friends who viſited thoſe who kept Good Company; and, if ever ſhe met a lady of quality, forced herſelf into notice by reſpect and aſſiduity. Her advances were generally rejected; and ſhe heard them, as they went down ſtairs, talk how ſome creatures put themſelves forward.

She was not diſcouraged, but crept forward from one to another; and, as perſeverance will do great things, ſapped her way unperceived, till, unexpectedly, ſhe appeared at the card-table of Lady Biddy Porpoiſe, a lethargick virgin of ſeventy-ſix, whom all the families

milies in the next ſquare viſited very punctually when ſhe was not at home.

This was the firſt ſtep of that elevation to which my wife has ſince aſcended. For five months ſhe had no name in her mouth but that of Lady Biddy, who, let the world ſay what it would, had a fine underſtanding, and ſuch a command of her temper, that, whether ſhe won or loſt, ſhe ſlept over her cards.

At Lady Biddy's ſhe met with Lady Tawdry, whoſe favour ſhe gained by eſtimating her ear-rings, which were counterfeit, at twice the value of real diamonds. When ſhe had once entered two houſes of diſtinction, ſhe was eaſily admitted into more, and in ten weeks had all her time anticipated by parties and engagements. Every morning ſhe is beſpoke, in the ſummer, for the gardens; in the winter, for a ſale; every afternoon ſhe has viſits to pay, and every night brings an inviolable appointment, or an aſſembly in which the beſt company in the town were to appear.

You will eaſily imagine that much of my domeſtick comfort is withdrawn. I never ſee my wife but in the hurry of preparation, or the languor of wearineſs. To dreſs and to undreſs is almoſt her whole buſineſs in private, and the ſervants take advantage of her negligence to increaſe expence. But I can ſupply her omiſſions by my own diligence, and ſhould not much regret this new courſe of life, if it did nothing more than transfer to me the care of our accounts. The changes which it has made are more vexatious. My wife has no longer the uſe of her underſtanding. She has no rule of action but the faſhion. She has no opinion but that of the people of quality. She has no language but the dialect of her own ſet of company. She hates and admires in humble imitation; and echoes the words *charming* and *deteſtable* without conſulting her own perceptions.

If for a few minutes we ſit down together, ſhe entertains me with the repartees of Lady Cackle, or the converſation of Lord Whiffler and Miſs Quick, and wonders to find me receiving with indifference ſayings which put all the company into laughter.

By her old friends ſhe is no longer very willing to be ſeen, but ſhe muſt not rid herſelf of them all at once; and is ſometimes ſurprized by her beſt viſitants in company which ſhe would not ſhew, and cannot hide; but from the moment that a counteſs enters, ſhe takes care neither to hear nor ſee them: they ſoon find themſelves neglected and retire, and ſhe tells her ladyſhip that they are ſomehow related at a great diſtance, and that as they are good ſort of people ſhe cannot be rude to them.

As by this ambitious union with thoſe that are above her, ſhe is always forced upon diſadvantageous compariſons of her condition with theirs, ſhe has a conſtant ſource of miſery within; and never returns from glittering aſſemblies and magnificent apartments but ſhe growls out her diſcontent, and wonders why ſhe was doomed to ſo indigent a ſtate. When ſhe attends the ducheſs to a ſale, ſhe always ſees ſomething that ſhe cannot buy; and, that ſhe may not ſeem wholly inſignificant, ſhe will ſometimes venture to bid, and often makes acquiſitions which ſhe did not want at prices which ſhe cannot afford.

What adds to all this uneaſineſs is, that this expence is without uſe, and this vanity without honour; ſhe forſakes houſes where ſhe might be courted, for thoſe where ſhe is only ſuffered; her equals are daily made her enemies, and her ſuperiors will never be her friends.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

N° LIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

YOU have lately entertained your admirers with the caſe of an unfortunate Huſband, and thereby given a demonſtrative proof you are not averſe even to hear appeals and terminate differences between man and wife; I therefore take the liberty to preſent you with the caſe of an injured lady, which, as it chiefly relates to what I think the lawyers call a Point of Law, I ſhall do in as juridical a manner as I am capable, and ſubmit it to the conſideration of the learned gentlemen of that profeſſion.

Imprimis.

Imprimis. In the ſtyle of my marriage articles, a marriage was *had and ſolemnized*, about ſix months ago, between me and Mr. Savecharges, a gentleman poſſeſſed of a plentiful fortune of his own, and one who, I was perſuaded, would improve, and not ſpend mine.

Before our marriage Mr. Savecharges had all along preferred the ſalutary exerciſe of walking on foot, to the diſtempered eaſe, as he terms it, of lolling in a chariot: but notwithſtanding his fine panegyricks on walking, the great advantages the infantry were in the ſole poſſeſſion of, and the many dreadful dangers they eſcaped, he found I had very different notions of an equipage, and was not eaſily to be converted, or gained over to his party.

An equipage I was determined to have, whenever I married. I too well knew the diſpoſition of my intended conſort to leave the providing one entirely to his honour, and flatter myſelf Mr. Savecharges has, in the articles made previous to our marriage, *agreed to keep me a coach*; but leſt I ſhould be miſtaken, or the attornies ſhould not have done me juſtice in methodizing or legalizing theſe half dozen words, I will ſet about and tranſcribe that part of the agreement, which will explain the matter to you much better than can be done by one who is ſo deeply intereſted in the event; and ſhew on what foundation I build my hopes of being ſoon under the tranſporting, delightful denomination of a faſhionable lady, who enjoys the exalted and much envied felicity of bowling about in her own coach.

'And further, the ſaid Solomon Savecharges, for divers good cauſes and conſiderations him hereunto moving, 'hath agreed, and doth hereby agree, 'that the ſaid Solomon Savecharges ſhall and will, ſo ſoon as conveniently may be after the ſolemnization of the ſaid intended marriage, at his own proper 'coſt and charges, find and provide '*a certain vehicle or four-wheel carriage, commonly called or known by the 'name of a Coach*; which ſaid vehicle 'or wheel-carriage, ſo called or known 'by the name of a Coach, ſhall be *uſed 'and enjoyed* by the ſaid Sukey Modiſh, 'his intended wife,' [pray mind that, Mr. Idler] 'at ſuch times and in ſuch 'manner as ſhe the ſaid Sukey Modiſh 'ſhall think fit and convenient.'

Such, Mr. Idler, is the agreement my *paſſionate admirer* entered into; and what the *dear frugal huſband* calls a performance of it remains to be deſcribed. Soon after the ceremony of ſigning and ſealing was over, our wedding-cloaths being ſent home, and, in ſhort, every thing in readineſs except the coach, my own ſhadow was ſcarce more conſtant than my paſſionate lover in his attendance on me: wearied by his perpetual importunities for what he called a completion of his bliſs, I conſented to make him happy; in a few days I gave him my hand, and, attended by Hymen in his ſaffron-robes, retired to a country-ſeat of my huſband's, where the honey-moon flew over our heads ere we had time to recollect ourſelves, or think of our engagements in town. Well, to town we came, and you may be ſure, Sir, I expected to ſtep into my coach on my arrival here; but, what was my ſurprize and diſappointment, when, inſtead of this, he began to ſound in my ears, That the intereſt of money was low, very low; and what a terrible thing it was to be encumbered with a little regiment of ſervants in theſe hard times. I could eaſily perceive what all this tended to, but would not ſeem to underſtand him; which made it highly neceſſary for Mr. Savecharges to explain himſelf more intelligibly; to harp upon and proteſt he dreaded the expence of keeping a coach. And, truly, for his part, he could not conceive how the pleaſure reſulting from ſuch a convenience could be any way adequate to the heavy expence attending it. I now thought it high time to ſpeak with equal plainneſs; and told him, as the fortune I brought fairly entitled me to ride in my own coach, and as I was ſenſible his circumſtances would very well afford it, he muſt pardon me if I inſiſted on a performance of his agreement.

I appeal to you, Mr. Idler, whether any thing could be more civil, more complaiſant, than this? And would you believe it, the creature, in return, a few days after, accoſted me in an offended tone, with—'Madam, I can now tell 'you your coach is ready; and ſince 'you are ſo paſſionately fond of one, I 'intend you the honour of keeping a 'pair of horſes. You inſiſted upon 'having an article of pin-money, and 'horſes are no part of my agreement.' Baſe, deſigning wretch!—I beg your pardon, Mr. Idler, the very recital of

such mean, ungentleman-like behaviour, fires my blood, and lights up a flame within me. But hence, thou worst of monsters, ill-timed Rage, and let me not spoil my cause for want of temper.

Now, though I am convinced I might make a worse use of part of the pin-money, than by extending my bounty towards the support of so useful a part of the brute creation; yet, like a true-born Englishwoman, I am so tenacious of my rights and privileges, and moreover so good a friend to the gentlemen of the law, that I protest, Mr. Idler, sooner than tamely give up the point, and be quibbled out of my right, I will receive my pin-money, as it were, with one hand, and pay it to them with the other; provided they will give me, or, which is the same thing, my trustees, encouragement to commence a suit against this dear frugal husband of mine.

And of this I can't have the least shadow of doubt, inasmuch as I have been told by very good authority, it is some way or other laid down as a rule, 'That 'whenever the law doth give any thing 'to one, it giveth impliedly whatever is 'necessary for the taking and enjoying 'the same *.' Now I would gladly know what enjoyment I, or any lady in the kingdom, can have of a coach without horses? The answer is obvious—None at all! For, as Serj. Catlyne very wisely observes—'Though a coach has 'wheels, to the end it may thereby and 'by virtue thereof be enabled to move; 'yet in point of utility it may as well 'have none, if they are not put in motion by means of it's vital parts, that 'is, the horses.'

And therefore, Sir, I humbly hope you and the learned in the law will be of opinion, that two certain animals, or quadruped creatures, commonly called or known by the name of Horses, ought to be annexed to, and go along with the coach.

SUKEY SAVECHARGES.

Nº LV. SATURDAY, MAY 5.

TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

I Have taken the liberty of laying before you my complaint, and of desiring advice or consolation with the greater confidence, because I believe many other writers have suffered the same indignities with myself, and hope my quarrel will be regarded by you and your readers as the common cause of literature.

Having been long a student, I thought myself qualified in time to become an author. My enquiries have been much diversified and far extended, and not finding my genius directing me by irresistible impulse to any particular subject, I deliberated three years which part of knowledge to illustrate by my labours. Choice is more often determined by accident than by reason: I walked abroad one morning with a curious lady, and by her enquiries and observations was incited to write the natural history of the county in which I reside.

Natural history is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but nature must be observed in the open air. I have collected materials with indefatigable pertinacity. I have gathered glow-worms in the evening, and snails in the morning; I have seen the daisy close and open, I have heard the owl shriek at midnight, and hunted insects in the heat of noon.

Seven years I was employed in collecting animals and vegetables, and then found that my design was yet imperfect. The subterranean treasures of the place had been passed unobserved, and another year was to be spent in mines and coal-pits. What I had already done supplied a sufficient motive to do more. I acquainted myself with the black inhabitants of metallic caverns, and, in defiance of damps and floods, wandered through the gloomy labyrinths, and gathered fossils from every fissure.

At last I began to write, and as I finished any section of my book, read it to such of my friends as were most skilful in the matter which it treated. None of them were satisfied; one disliked the disposition of the parts, another the co-

* Coke on Littleton.

lours

lours of the ſtyle; one adviſed me to enlarge, another to abridge. I reſolved to read no more, but to take my own way and write on, for by conſultation I only perplexed my thoughts and retarded my work.

The book was at laſt finiſhed, and I did not doubt but my labour would be repaid by profit, and my ambition ſatisfied with honours. I conſidered that Natural Hiſtory is neither temporary nor local, and that though I limited my enquiries to my own county, yet every part of the earth has productions common to all the reſt. Civil hiſtory may be partially ſtudied, the revolutions of one nation may be neglected by another, but after that in which all have an intereſt, all muſt be inquiſitive. No man can have ſunk ſo far into ſtupidity as not to conſider the properties of the ground on which he walks, of the plants on which he feeds, or the animals that delight his ear or amuſe his eye; and therefore I computed that univerſal curioſity would call for many editions of my book, and that in five years I ſhould gain fifteen thouſand pounds by the ſale of thirty thouſand copies.

When I began to write I inſured the houſe, and ſuffered the utmoſt ſolicitude when I entruſted my book to the carrier, though I had ſecured it againſt miſchances by lodging two tranſcripts in different places. At my arrival, I expected that the patrons of learning would contend for the honour of a dedication, and reſolved to maintain the dignity of letters, by a haughty contempt of pecuniary ſolicitations.

I took lodgings near the houſe of the Royal Society, and expected every morning a viſit from the preſident. I walked in the Park, and wondered that I overheard no mention of the great Naturaliſt. At laſt I viſited a noble earl, and told him of my work; he anſwered, that he was under an engagement never to ſubſcribe. I was angry to have that refuſed which I did not mean to aſk, and concealed my deſign of making him immortal. I went next day to another, and, in reſentment of my late affront, offered to prefix his name to my new book. He ſaid, coldly, that *he did not underſtand thoſe things*; another thought *there were too many books*; and another would *talk with me when the races were over*.

Being amazed to find a man of learning ſo indecently ſlighted, I reſolved to indulge the philoſophical pride of retirement and independence. I then ſent to ſome of the principal bookſellers the plan of my book, and beſpoke a large room in the next tavern, that I might more commodiouſly ſee them together, and enjoy the conteſt, while they were outbidding one another. I drank my coffee, and yet nobody was come; at laſt I received a note from one, to tell me, that he was going out of town; and from another, that Natural Hiſtory was out of his way; at laſt there came a grave man, who deſired to ſee the work, and, without opening it, told me, that a book of that ſize *would never do*.

I then condeſcended to ſtep into ſhops, and mention my work to the maſters. Some never dealt with authors; others had their hands full; ſome never had known ſuch a dead time; others had loſt by all that they had publiſhed for the laſt twelvemonth. One offered to print my work, if I could procure ſubſcriptions for five hundred, and would allow me two hundred copies for my property. I loſt my patience, and gave him a kick, for which he has indicted me.

I can eaſily perceive, that there is a combination among them to defeat my expectations; and I find it ſo general, that I am ſure it muſt have been long concerted. I ſuppoſe ſome of my friends, to whom I read the firſt part, gave notice of my deſign, and, perhaps, ſold the treacherous intelligence at a higher price than the fraudulence of trade will now allow me for my book.

Inform me, Mr. Idler, what I muſt do; where muſt knowledge and induſtry find their recompence, thus neglected by the high, and cheated by the low? I ſometimes reſolve to print my book at my own expence, and, like the Sibyl, double the price; and ſometimes am tempted, in emulation of Raleigh, to throw it into the fire, and leave this ſordid generation to the curſes of poſterity. Tell me, dear Idler, what I ſhall do.

I am, Sir, &c.

Nº LVI. SATURDAY, MAY 12.

THERE is such difference between the pursuits of men, that one part of the inhabitants of a great city lives to little other purpose than to wonder at the rest. Some have hopes and fears, wishes and aversions, which never enter into the thoughts of others, and enquiry is laboriously exerted to gain that which those who possess it are ready to throw away.

To those who are accustomed to value every thing by it's use, and have no such superfluity of time or money as may prompt them to unnatural wants or capricious emulations, nothing appears more improbable or extravagant than the love of curiosities, or that desire of accumulating trifles, which distinguishes many by whom no other distinction could have ever been obtained.

He that has lived without knowing to what height desire may be raised by vanity, with what rapture baubles are snatched out of the hands of rival collectors, how the eagerness of one raises eagerness in another, and one worthless purchase makes a second necessary, may, by passing a few hours at an auction, learn more than can be shewn by many volumes of maxims or essays.

The advertisement of a sale is a signal which at once puts a thousand hearts in motion, and brings contenders from every part to the scene of distribution. He that had resolved to buy no more, feels his constancy subdued; there is now something in the catalogue which completes his cabinet, and which he was never before able to find. He whose sober reflections inform him, that of adding collection to collection there is no end, and that it is wise to leave early that which must be left imperfect at last, yet cannot with-hold himself from coming to see what it is that brings so many together, and when he comes is soon overpowered by his habitual passion; he is attracted by rarity, seduced by example, and inflamed by competition.

While the stores of pride and happiness are surveyed, one looks with longing eyes and gloomy countenance on that which he despairs to gain from a richer bidder; another keeps his eye with care from settling too long on that which he most earnestly desires; and another, with more art than virtue, depreciates that which he values most, in hope to have it at an easy rate.

The novice is often surprized to see what minute and unimportant discriminations increase or diminish value. An irregular contortion of a turbinated shell, which common eyes pass unregarded, will ten times treble it's price in the imagination of philosophers. Beauty is far from operating upon collectors as upon low and vulgar minds, even where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deserve notice. Among the shells that please by their variety of colours, if one can be found accidentally deformed by a cloudy spot, it is boasted as the pride of the collection. China is sometimes purchased for little less than it's weight in gold, only because it is old, though neither less brittle, nor better painted than the modern; and brown china is caught up with extasy, though no reason can be imagined for which it should be preferred to common vessels of common clay.

The fate of prints and coins is equally inexplicable. Some prints are treasured up as ineſtimably valuable, because the impression was made before the plate was finished. Of coins the price rises not from the purity of the metal, the excellence of the legend, or the chronological use. A piece, of which neither the inscription can be read, nor the face distinguished, if there remain of it but enough to shew that it is rare, will be sought by contending nations, and signify the treasury in which it shall be shown.

Whether this curiosity, so barren of immediate advantage, and so liable to depravation, does more harm or good, is not easily decided. It's harm is apparent at the first view. It fills the mind with trifling ambition; fixes the attention upon things which have seldom any tendency towards virtue or wisdom; employs in idle inquiries the time that is given for better purposes; and often ends

ends in mean and diſhoneſt practices, when deſire increaſes by indulgence beyond the power of honeſt gratification.

Theſe are the effects of curioſity in exceſs; but what paſſion in exceſs will not become vicious? All indifferent qualities and practices are bad if they are compared with thoſe which are good, and good if they are oppoſed to thoſe that are bad. The pride or the pleaſure of making collections, if it be reſtrained by prudence and morality, produces a pleaſing remiſſion after more laborious ſtudies; furniſhes an amuſement not wholly unprofitable for that part of life, the greater part of many lives, which would otherwiſe be loſt in idleneſs or vice; it produces an uſeful traffick between the induſtry of indigence and the curioſity of wealth; it brings many things to notice that would be neglected; and by fixing the thoughts upon intellectual pleaſures, reſiſts the natural encroachments of ſenſuality, and maintains the mind in her lawful ſuperiority.

N° LVII. SATURDAY, MAY 29.

PRUDENCE is of more frequent uſe than any other intellectual quality; it is exerted on ſlight occaſions, and called into act by the curſory buſineſs of common life.

Whatever is univerſally neceſſary, has been granted to mankind on eaſy terms. Prudence, as it is always wanted, is without great difficulty obtained. It requires neither extenſive view nor profound ſearch, but forces itſelf, by ſpontaneous impulſe, upon a mind neither great nor buſy, neither engroſſed by vaſt deſigns nor diſtracted by multiplicity of attention.

Prudence operates on life in the ſame manner as rules on compoſition; it produces vigilance rather than elevation, rather prevents loſs than procures advantage; and often eſcapes miſcarriages, but ſeldom reaches either power or honour. It quenches that ardour of enterprize, by which every thing is done that can claim praiſe or admiration; and repreſſes that generous temerity which often fails and often ſucceeds. Rules may obviate faults, but can never confer beauties; and Prudence keeps life ſafe, but does not often make it happy. The world is not amazed with prodigies of excellence, but when wit tramples upon rules, and magnanimity breaks the chains of prudence.

One of the moſt prudent of all that have fallen within my obſervation, is my old companion Sophron, who has paſſed through the world in quiet, by perpetual adherence to a few plain maxims, and wonders how contention and diſtreſs can ſo often happen.

The firſt principle of Sophron is to *run no hazards*. Though he loves money, he is of opinion, that frugality is a more certain ſource of riches than induſtry. It is to no purpoſe that any proſpect of large profit is ſet before him; he believes little about futurity, and does not love to truſt his money out of his ſight, for nobody knows what may happen. He has a ſmall eſtate, which he lets at the old rent, becauſe *it is better to have a little than nothing*; but he rigorouſly demands payment on the ſtated day, for *he that cannot pay one quarter cannot pay two*. If he is told of any improvements in agriculture, he likes the old way, has obſerved that changes very ſeldom anſwer expectation, is of opinion that our forefathers knew how to till the ground as well as we; and concludes with an argument that nothing can overpower, that the expence of planting and fencing is immediate, and the advantage diſtant, and that *he is no wiſe man who will quit a certainty for an uncertainty*.

Another of Sophron's rules is, *to mind no buſineſs but his own*. In the ſtate he is of no party; but hears and ſpeaks of public affairs with the ſame coldneſs as of the adminiſtration of ſome ancient republic. If any flagrant act of fraud or oppreſſion is mentioned, he hopes that *all is not true that is told*: if miſconduct or corruption puts the nation in a flame, he hopes that *every man means well*. At elections he leaves his dependents to their own choice, and declines to vote himſelf, for every candidate is a good man, whom he is unwilling to oppoſe or offend.

If diſputes happen among his neighbours, he obſerves an invariable and cold neutrality. His punctuality has gained

gained him the reputation of honesty, and his caution that of wisdom, and few would refuse to refer their claims to his award. He might have prevented many expensive law-suits, and quenched many a feud in it's first smoke, but always refuses the office of arbitration, because he must decide against one or the other.

With the affairs of other families he is always unacquainted. He sees estates bought and sold, squandered and increased, without praising the œconomist, or censuring the spendthrift. He never courts the rising, lest they should fall; nor insults the fallen, lest they should rise again. His caution has the appearance of virtue, and all who do not want his help praise his benevolence; but if any man solicits his assistance, he has just sent away all his money; and when the petitioner is gone, declares to his family that he is sorry for his misfortunes, has always looked upon him with particular kindness, and therefore could not lend him money, lest he should destroy their friendship by the necessity of enforcing payment.

Of domestic misfortunes he has never heard. When he is told the hundredth time of a gentleman's daughter who has married the coachman, he lifts up his hands with astonishment, for he always thought her a very sober girl. When nuptial quarrels, after having filled the country with talk and laughter, at last end in separation, he never can conceive how it happened, for he looked upon them as a happy couple.

If his advice is asked, he never gives any particular direction, because events are uncertain, and he will bring no blame upon himself; but he takes the consulter tenderly by the hand, tells him he makes his case his own, and advises him not to act rashly, but to weigh the reasons on both sides; observes that a man may be as easily too hasty as too slow, and that as many fail by doing too much as too little; that *a wise man has two ears and one tongue*; and *that little said is soon amended*; that he could tell him this and that, but that after all every man is the best judge of his own affairs.

With this some are satisfied, and go home with great reverence of Sophron's wisdom; and none are offended, because every one is left in full possession of his own opinion.

Sophron gives no characters. It is equally vain to tell him of vice and virtue, for he has remarked that no man likes to be censured, and that very few are delighted with the praises of another. He has a few terms which he uses to all alike. With respect to fortune, he believes every family to be in good circumstances; he never exalts any understanding by lavish praise, yet he meets with none but very sensible people. Every man is honest and hearty, and every woman is a good creature.

Thus Sophron creeps along, neither loved nor hated, neither favoured nor opposed: he has never attempted to grow rich, for fear of growing poor; and has raised no friends, for fear of making enemies.

Nº LVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 26.

PLEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment. Wits and humourists are brought together from distant quarters by preconcerted invitations; they come attended by their admirers prepared to laugh and to applaud: they gaze a-while on each other, ashamed to be silent, and afraid to speak; every man is discontented with himself, grows angry with those that give him pain, and resolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of such worthless company. Wine inflames the general malignity, and changes sullenness to petulance, till at last none can bear any longer the presence of the rest. They retire to vent their indignation in safer places, where they are heard with attention; their importance is restored, they recover their good humour, and gladden the night with wit and jocularity.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression. The jest which is expected

expected is already deſtroyed. The moſt active imagination will be ſometimes torpid under the frigid influence of melancholy, and ſometimes occaſions will be wanting to tempt the mind, however volatile, to ſallies and excurſions. Nothing was ever ſaid with uncommon felicity, but by the co-operation of chance; and, therefore, wit as well as valour muſt be content to ſhare it's honours with fortune.

All other pleaſures are equally uncertain; the general remedy of uneaſineſs is change of place; almoſt every one has ſome journey of pleaſure in his mind, with which he flatters his expectation. He that travels in theory has no inconvenience; he has ſhade and ſunſhine at his diſpoſal, and wherever he alights finds tables of plenty and looks of gaiety. Theſe ideas are indulged till the day of departure arrives, the chaiſe is called, and the progreſs of happineſs begins.

A few miles teach him the fallacies of imagination. The road is duſty, the air is ſultry, the horſes are ſluggiſh, and the poſtilion brutal. He longs for the time of dinner, that he may eat and reſt. The inn is crouded, his orders are neglected, and nothing remains but that he devour in haſte what the cook has ſpoiled, and drive on in queſt of better entertainment. He finds at night a more commodious houſe, but the beſt is always worſe than he expected.

He at laſt enters his native province, and reſolves to feaſt his mind with the converſation of his old friends, and the recollection of juvenile frolicks. He ſtops at the houſe of his friend, whom he deſigns to overpower with pleaſure by the unexpected interview. He is not known till he tells his name, and revives the memory of himſelf by a gradual explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniouſly feaſted. He haſtes away to another, whom his affairs have called to a diſtant place, and having ſeen the empty houſe, goes away diſguſted, by a diſappointment which could not be intended becauſe it could not be foreſeen. At the next houſe he finds every face clouded with misfortune, and is regarded with malevolence as an unreaſonable intruder, who comes not to viſit but to inſult them.

It is ſeldom that we find either men or places ſuch as we expect them. He that has pictured a proſpect upon his fancy, will receive little pleaſure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the converſation of a wit, will wonder to what prejudice he owes his reputation. Yet it is neceſſary to hope, though hope ſhould always be deluded; for hope itſelf is happineſs, and it's fruſtrations, however frequent, are yet leſs dreadful than it's extinction.

N° LIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

IN the common enjoyments of life, we cannot very liberally indulge the preſent hour, but by anticipating part of the pleaſure which might have relieved the tediouſneſs of another day; and any uncommon exertion of ſtrength, or perſeverance in labour, is ſucceeded by a long interval of languor and wearineſs. Whatever advantage we ſnatch beyond the certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money ſpent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment will be miſſed and regretted.

Fame, like all other things which are ſuppoſed to give or to encreaſe happineſs, is diſpenſed with the ſame equality of diſtribution. He that is loudly praiſed will be clamorouſly cenſured; he that riſes haſtily into fame will be in danger of ſinking ſuddenly into oblivion.

Of many writers who filled their age with wonder, and whoſe names we find celebrated in the books of their contemporaries, the works are now no longer to be ſeen, or are ſeen only amidſt the lumber of libraries which are ſeldom viſited, where they lie only to ſhew the deceitfulneſs of hope, and the uncertainty of honour.

Of the decline of reputation many cauſes may be aſſigned. It is commonly loſt becauſe it never was deſerved; and was conferred at firſt, not by the ſuffrage of criticiſm, but by the fondneſs of friendſhip, or ſervility of flattery. The great and popular are very freely applauded, but all ſoon grow weary of echoing to each other a name which has no other claim to notice, but that many mouths are pronouncing it at once.

But

But many have loſt the final reward of their labours, becauſe they were too haſty to enjoy it. They have laid hold on recent occurrences, and eminent names, and delighted their readers with alluſions and remarks, in which all were intereſted, and to which all therefore were attentive. But the effect ceaſed with it's cauſe; the time quickly came when new events drove the former from memory, when the viciſſitudes of the world brought new hopes and fears, transferred the love and hatred of the public to other agents, and the writer, whoſe works were no longer aſſiſted by gratitude or reſentment, was left to the cold regard of idle curioſity.

He that writes upon general principles, or delivers univerſal truths, may hope to be often read, becauſe his work will be equally uſeful at all times and in every country; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerneſs, or to ſpread with rapidity, becauſe deſire can have no particular ſtimulation; that which is to be loved long muſt be loved with reaſon rather than with paſſion. He that lays out his labours upon temporary ſubjects, eaſily finds readers, and quickly loſes them; for what ſhould make the book valued when it's ſubject is no more?

Theſe obſervations will ſhew the reaſon why the poem of Hudibras is almoſt forgotten, however embelliſhed with ſentiments and diverſified with alluſions, however bright with wit, and however ſolid with truth. The hypocriſy which it detected, and the folly which it ridiculed, have long vaniſhed from public notice. Thoſe who had felt the miſchief of diſcord, and the tyranny of uſurpation, read it with rapture, for every line brought back to memory ſomething known, and gratified reſentment, by the juſt cenſure of ſomething hated. But the book which was once quoted by princes, and which ſupplied converſation to all the aſſemblies of the gay and witty, is now ſeldom mentioned, and even by thoſe that affect to mention it, is ſeldom read. So vainly is wit laviſhed upon fugitive topics, ſo little can architecture ſecure duration when the ground is falſe.

Nº LX. SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

CRITICISM is a ſtudy by which men grow important and formidable at very ſmall expence. The power of invention has been conferred by Nature upon few, and the labour of learning thoſe ſciences which may by mere labour be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert ſuch judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom Nature has made weak, and Idleneſs keeps ignorant, may yet ſupport his vanity by the name of a Critick.

I hope it will give comfort to great numbers who are paſſing through the world in obſcurity, when I inform them how eaſily diſtinction may be obtained. All the other powers of literature are coy and haughty, they muſt be long courted, and at laſt are not always gained; but Criticiſm is a goddeſs eaſy of acceſs and forward of advance, who will meet the ſlow, and encourage the timorous; the want of meaning ſhe ſupplies with words, and the want of ſpirit ſhe recompenſes with malignity.

This profeſſion has one recommendation peculiar to itſelf, that it gives vent to malignity without real miſchief. No genius was ever blaſted by the breath of criticks. The poiſon which, if confined, would have burſt the heart, fumes away in empty hiſſes, and malice is ſet at eaſe with very little danger to merit. The critick is the only man whoſe triumph is without another's pain, and whoſe greatneſs does not riſe upon another's ruin.

To a ſtudy at once ſo eaſy and ſo reputable, ſo malicious and ſo harmleſs, it cannot be neceſſary to invite my readers by a long or laboured exhortation; it is ſufficient, ſince all would be critricks if they could, to ſhew by one eminent example that all can be criticks if they will.

Dick Minim, after the common courſe of puerile ſtudies, in which he was no great proficient, was put apprentice to a brewer, with whom he had lived two years, when his uncle died in the city, and left him a large fortune in the ſtocks. Dick had for ſix months before uſed the company of the lower players, of whom he had learned to ſcorn a trade, and being now at liberty to follow his genius, he

he reſolved to be a man of wit and humour. That he might be properly initiated in his new character, he frequented the coffee-houſes near the theatres, where he liſtened very diligently, day after day, to thoſe who talked of language and ſentiments, and unities and cataſtrophes, till by ſlow degrees he began to think that he underſtood ſomething of the ſtage, and hoped in time to talk himſelf.

But he did not truſt ſo much to natural ſagacity, as wholly to neglect the help of books. When the theatres were ſhut, he retired to Richmond with a few ſelect writers, whoſe opinions he impreſſed upon his memory by unwearied diligence; and, when he returned with other wits to the town, was able to tell, in very proper phraſes, that the chief buſineſs of art is to copy nature; that a perfect writer is not to be expected, becauſe genius decays as judgment increaſes; that the great art is the art of blotting; and that, according to the rule of Horace, every piece ſhould be kept nine years.

Of the great authors he now began to diſplay the characters, laying down as an univerſal poſition, that all had beauties and defects. His opinion was, that Shakeſpeare, committing himſelf wholly to the impulſe of nature, wanted that correctneſs which learning would have given him; and that Jonſon, truſting to learning, did not ſufficiently caſt his eye on nature. He blamed the Stanza of Spenſer, and could not bear the Hexameters of Sidney. Denham and Waller he held the firſt reformers of Engliſh numbers; and thought that if Waller could have obtained the ſtrength of Denham, or Denham the ſweetneſs of Waller, there had been nothing wanting to compleat a poet. He often expreſſed his commiſeration of Dryden's poverty, and his indignation at the age which ſuffered him to write for bread; he repeated with rapture the firſt lines of All for Love, but wondered at the corruption of taſte which could bear any thing ſo unnatural as rhyming tragedies. In Otway he found uncommon powers of moving the paſſions, but was diſguſted by his general negligence, and blamed him for making a conſpirator his hero; and never concluded his diſquiſition, without remarking how happily the ſound of the clock is made to alarm the audience. Southern would have been his favourite, but that he mixes comick with tragick ſcenes, intercepts the natural courſe of the paſſions, and fills the mind with a wild confuſion of mirth and melancholy. The verſification of Rowe he thought too melodious for the ſtage, and too little varied in different paſſions. He made it the great fault of Congreve, that all his perſons were wits, and that he always wrote with more art than nature. He conſidered Cato rather as a poem than a play, and allowed Addiſon to be the complete maſter of allegory and grave humour, but paid no great deference to him as a critick. He thought the chief merit of Prior was in his eaſy tales and lighter poems, though he allowed that his Solomon had many noble ſentiments elegantly expreſſed. In Swift he diſcovered an inimitable vein of irony, and an eaſineſs which all would hope and few would attain. Pope he was inclined to degrade from a poet to a verſifier, and thought his numbers rather luſcious than ſweet. He often lamented the neglect of Phædra and Hippolitus, and wiſhed to ſee the ſtage under better regulations.

Theſe aſſertions paſſed commonly uncontradicted; and if now and then an opponent ſtarted up, he was quickly repreſſed by the ſuffrages of the company, and Minim went away from every diſpute with elation of heart and increaſe of confidence.

He now grew conſcious of his abilities, and began to talk of the preſent ſtate of dramatick poetry; wondered what was become of the comick genius which ſupplied our anceſtors with wit and pleaſantry, and why no writer could be found that durſt now venture beyond a farce. He ſaw no reaſon for thinking that the vein of humour was exhauſted, ſince we live in a country where liberty ſuffers every character to ſpread itſelf to it's utmoſt bulk, and which therefore produces more originals than all the reſt of the world together. Of tragedy he concluded buſineſs to be the ſoul, and yet often hinted that love predominates too much upon the modern ſtage.

He was now an acknowledged critick, and had his own ſeat in a coffee-houſe, and headed a party in the pit. Minim has more vanity than ill-nature, and ſeldom deſires to do much miſchief; he will perhaps murmur a little in the ear of him that ſits next him, but endeavours to influence the audience to favour,

by clapping when an actor exclaims *ye Gods*, or laments the misery of his country.

By degrees he was admitted to rehearsals, and many of his friends are of opinion, that our present poets are indebted to him for their happiest thoughts; by his contrivance the bell was rung twice in Barbarossa, and by his persuasion the author of Cleone concluded his play without a couplet; for what can be more absurd, said Minim, than that part of a play should be rhymed, and part written in blank verse? and by what acquisition of faculties is the speaker, who never could find rhymes before, enabled to rhyme at the conclusion of an act?

He is the great investigator of hidden beauties, and is particularly delighted when he finds *the sound an echo to the sense*. He has read all our poets with particular attention to this delicacy of versification, and wonders at the supineness with which their works have been hitherto perused, so that no man has found the sound of a drum in this distich—

'When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
'Was beat with fist instead of a stick;'

and that the wonderful lines upon Honour and a Bubble have hitherto passed without notice.

'Honour is like the glassy bubble,
'Which costs philosophers such trouble;
'Where one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
'And wits are crack'd to find out why.'

In these verses, says Minim, we have two striking accommodations of the sound to the sense. It is impossible to utter the two lines emphatically without an act like that which they describe; *Bubble* and *Trouble* causing a momentary inflation of the cheeks by the retention of the breath, which is afterwards forcibly emitted, as in the practice of *blowing bubbles*. But the greatest excellence is in the third line, which is *crack'd* in the middle to express a crack, and then shivers into monosyllables. Yet has this diamond lain neglected with common stones, and among the innumerable admirers of Hudibras the observation of this superlative passage has been reserved for the sagacity of Minim.

Nº LXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

MR. Minim had now advanced himself to the zenith of critical reputation; when he was in the pit, every eye in the boxes was fixed upon him; when he entered his coffee-house, he was surrounded by circles of candidates, who passed their noviciate of literature under his tuition; his opinion was asked by all who had no opinion of their own, and yet loved to debate and decide; and no composition was supposed to pass in safety to posterity, till it had been secured by Minim's approbation.

Minim professes great admiration of the wisdom and munificence by which the academies of the Continent were raised, and often wishes for some standard of taste, for some tribunal, to which merit may appeal from caprice, prejudice, and malignity. He has formed a plan for an Academy of Criticism, where every work of imagination may be read before it is printed, and which shall authoritatively direct the theatres what pieces to receive or reject, to exclude or to revive.

Such an institution would, in Dick's opinion, spread the fame of English literature over Europe, and make London the metropolis of elegance and politeness, the place to which the learned and ingenious of all countries would repair for instruction and improvement, and where nothing would any longer be applauded or endured that was not conformed to the nicest rules, and finished with the highest elegance.

Till some happy conjunction of the planets shall dispose our princes or ministers to make themselves immortal by such an academy, Minim contents himself to preside four nights in a week in a critical society selected by himself, where he is heard without contradiction, and whence his judgment is disseminated through the great vulgar and the small.

When he is placed in the chair of criticism, he declares loudly for the noble simplicity of our ancestors, in opposition to the petty refinements, and ornamental luxuriance. Sometimes he is sunk in despair, and perceives false delicacy

licacy daily gaining ground, and ſometimes brightens his countenance with a gleam of hope, and predicts the revival of the true ſublime. He then fulminates his loudeſt cenſures againſt the monkiſh barbarity of rhyme; wonders how beings that pretend to reaſon can be pleaſed with one line always ending like another; tells how unjuſtly and unnaturally ſenſe is ſacrificed to ſound; how often the beſt thoughts are mangled by the neceſſity of confining or extending them to the dimenſions of a couplet; and rejoices that genius has, in our days, ſhaken off the ſhackles which had encumbered it ſo long. Yet he allows that rhyme may ſometimes be borne, if the lines be often broken, and the pauſes judiciouſly diverſified.

From blank verſe he makes an eaſy tranſition to Milton, whom he produces as an example of the ſlow advance of laſting reputation. Milton is the only writer in whoſe books Minim can read for ever without wearineſs. What cauſe it is that exempts this pleaſure from ſatiety he has long and diligently enquired, and believes it to conſiſt in the perpetual variation of the numbers, by which the ear is gratified and the attention awakened. The lines that are commonly thought rugged and unmuſical, he conceives to have been written to temper the melodious luxury of the reſt, or to expreſs things by a proper cadence; for he ſcarcely finds a verſe that has not this favourite beauty; he declares that he could ſhiver in a hot-houſe when he reads that

'The ground
'Burns froſe, and cold performs th' effect of fire;

and that when Milton bewails his blindneſs, the verſe

'So thick a drop ſerene has quench'd theſe orbs,'

has, he knows not how, ſomething that ſtrikes him with an obſcure ſenſation like that which he fancies would be felt from the ſound of darkneſs.

Minim is not ſo confident of his rules of judgment as not very eagerly to catch new light from the name of the author. He is commonly ſo prudent as to ſpare thoſe whom he cannot reſiſt, unleſs, as will ſometimes happen, he finds the publick combined againſt them. But a freſh pretender to fame he is ſtrongly inclined to cenſure, till his own honour requires that he commend him. Till he knows the ſucceſs of a compoſition, he intrenches himſelf in general terms; there are ſome new thoughts and beautiful paſſages, but there is likewiſe much which he would have adviſed the author to expunge. He has ſeveral favourite epithets, of which he has never ſettled the meaning, but which are very commodiouſly applied to books which he has not read, or cannot underſtand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *ſtiff*, and another *flimſy*; ſometimes he diſcovers delicacy of ſtyle, and ſometimes meets with *ſtrange expreſſions*.

He is never ſo great, or ſo happy, as when a youth of promiſing parts is brought to receive his directions for the proſecution of his ſtudies. He then puts on a very ſerious air; he adviſes the pupil to read none but the beſt authors, and, when he finds one congenial to his own mind, to ſtudy his beauties, but avoid his faults; and, when he ſits down to write, to conſider how his favourite author would think at the preſent time on the preſent occaſion. He exhorts him to catch thoſe moments when he finds his thoughts expanded and his genius exalted, but to take care leſt imagination hurry him beyond the bounds of nature. He holds diligence the mother of ſucceſs; yet enjoins him, with great earneſtneſs, not to read more than he can digeſt, and not to confuſe his mind by purſuing ſtudies of contrary tendencies. He tells him, that every man has his genius, and that Cicero could never be a poet. The boy retires illuminated, reſolves to follow his genius, and to think how Milton would have thought; and Minim feaſts upon his own beneficence till another day brings another pupil.

Nº LXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

AN opinion prevails almoſt univerſally in the world, that he who has money has every thing. This is not a modern paradox, or the tenet of a ſmall and obſcure ſect, but a perſuaſion which appears to have operated upon moſt minds in all ages, and which is ſupported by authorities ſo numerous and ſo cogent, that nothing but long experience could have given me confidence to queſtion it's truth.

But experience is the teſt by which all the philoſophers of the preſent age agree that ſpeculation muſt be tried; and I may be therefore allowed to doubt the power of money, ſince I have been a long time rich, and have not yet found that riches can make me happy.

My father was a farmer, neither wealthy nor indigent, who gave me a better education than was ſuitable to my birth, becauſe my uncle in the city deſigned me for his heir, and deſired that I might be bred a gentleman. My uncle's wealth was the perpetual ſubject of converſation in the houſe; and when any little misfortune befell us, or any mortification dejected us, my father always exhorted me to hold up my head, for my uncle would never marry.

My uncle, indeed, kept his promiſe. Having his mind completely buſied between his warehouſe and the 'Change, he felt no tediouſneſs of life, nor any want of domeſtick amuſements. When my father died, he received me kindly; but, after a few months, finding no great pleaſure in the converſation of each other, we parted, and he remitted me a ſmall annuity, on which I lived a quiet and ſtudious life, without any wiſh to grow great by the death of my benefactor.

But though I never ſuffered any malignant impatience to take hold on my mind, I could not forbear ſometimes to imagine to myſelf the pleaſure of being rich; and when I read of diverſions and magnificence, reſolved to try, when time ſhould put the trial in my power, what pleaſure they could afford.

My uncle, in the latter ſpring of his life, when his ruddy cheek and his firm nerves promiſed him a long and healthy age, died of an apoplexy. His death gave me neither joy nor ſorrow. He did me good, and I regarded him with gratitude; but I could not pleaſe him, and therefore could not love him.

He had the policy of little minds, who love to ſurprize; and having always repreſented his fortune as leſs than it was, had, I ſuppoſe, often gratified himſelf with thinking, how I ſhould be delighted to find myſelf twice as rich as I expected. My wealth was ſuch as exceeded all the ſchemes of expence which I had formed, and I ſoon began to expand my thoughts, and look round for ſome purchaſe of felicity.

The moſt ſtriking effect of riches is the ſplendour of dreſs, which every man has obſerved to enforce reſpect, and facilitate reception; and my firſt deſire was to be fine. I ſent for a taylor who was employed by the nobility, and ordered ſuch a ſuit of cloaths as I had often looked on with involuntary ſubmiſſion, and am aſhamed to remember with what flutters of expectation I waited for the hour when I ſhould iſſue forth in all the ſplendour of embroidery. The cloaths were brought, and for three days I obſerved many eyes turned towards me as I paſſed: but I felt myſelf obſtructed in the common intercourſe of civility, by an uneaſy conſciouſneſs of my new appearance; as I thought myſelf more obſerved, I was more anxious about my mien and behaviour; and the mien which is formed by care is commonly ridiculous. A ſhort time accuſtomed me to myſelf, and my dreſs was without pain, and without pleaſure.

For a little while I tried to be a rake, but I began too late; and having by nature no turn for a frolick, was in great danger of ending in a drunkard. A fever, in which not one of my companions paid me a viſit, gave me time for reflection. I found that there was no great pleaſure in breaking windows and lying in the round-houſe; and reſolved to aſſociate no longer with thoſe whom, though I had treated and bailed them, I could not make friends.

I then changed my meaſures, kept running horſes, and had the comfort of

ſeeing

ſeeing my name very often in the news. I had a cheſnut horſe, the grandſon of Childers, who won four plates, and ten by matches; and a bay filly, who carried off the five years old plate, and was expected to perform much greater exploits, when my groom broke her wind, becauſe I happened to catch him ſelling oats for beer. This happineſs was ſoon at an end; there was no pleaſure when I loſt, and when I won I could not much exalt myſelf by the virtues of my horſe. I grew aſhamed of the company of jockey lords, and reſolved to ſpend no more of my time in the ſtable.

It was now known that I had money, and would ſpend it; and I paſſed four months in the company of architects, whoſe whole buſineſs was to perſuade me to build a houſe. I told them that I had more room than I wanted, but could not get rid of their importunities. A new plan was brought me every morning; till at laſt my conſtancy was overpowered, and I began to build. The happineſs of building laſted but a little while, for though I love to ſpend, I hate to be cheated; and I ſoon found, that to build is to be robbed.

How I proceed in the purſuit of happineſs, you ſhall hear when I find myſelf diſpoſed to write.

I am, Sir, &c.

TIM. RANGER.

N° LXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

THE natural progreſs of the works of men is from rudeneſs to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The firſt labour is enforced by neceſſity. The ſavage finds himſelf incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he ſhelters himſelf in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the ſun and the wind excluded by the thicket; and when the accidents of the chace, or the convenience of paſturage leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himſelf, by planting ſtakes at proper diſtances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of ſkill and induſtry produces a houſe, cloſed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and diſpoſed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement ſucceeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a leſs, till eaſe in time is advanced to pleaſure.

The mind ſet free from the importunities of natural want, gains leiſure to go in ſearch of ſuperfluous gratifications, and adds to the uſes of habitation the delights of proſpect. Then begins the reign of ſymmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reaſon than that the eye may not be offended.

The paſſage is very ſhort from elegance to luxury. Ionick and Corinthian columns are ſoon ſucceeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which ſhew rather the wealth than the taſte of the poſſeſſor.

Language proceeds, like every thing elſe, through improvement to degeneracy. The rovers who firſt take poſſeſſion of a country, having not many ideas, and thoſe not nicely modified or diſcriminated, were contented, if by general terms and abrupt ſentences they could make their thoughts known to one another; as life begins to be more regulated, and property to become limited, diſputes muſt be decided, and claims adjuſted; the differences of things are noted, and diſtinctneſs and propriety of expreſſion become neceſſary. In time, happineſs and plenty give riſe to curioſity, and the ſciences are cultivated for eaſe and pleaſure; to the arts which are now to be taught, emulation ſoon adds the art of teaching; and the ſtudious and ambitious contend, not only who ſhall think beſt, but who ſhall tell their thoughts in the moſt pleaſing manner.

Then begin the arts of rhetorick and poetry, the regulation of figures, the ſelection of words, the modulation of periods, the graces of tranſition, the complication of clauſes, and all the delicacies of ſtyle and ſubtilties of compoſition; uſeful while they advance perſpicuity, and laudable while they increaſe pleaſure; but eaſily to be refined by needleſs ſcrupulouſity till they ſhall more embarraſs the writer than aſſiſt the reader or delight him.

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The firſt ſtate is commonly antecedent to the practice of writing; the ignorant eſſays of imperfect diction paſs away with the ſavage generation that uttered them. No nation can trace their language beyond the ſecond period, and even of that it does not often happen that many monuments remain.

The fate of the Engliſh tongue is like that of others. We know nothing of the ſcanty jargon of our barbarous anceſtors, but we have ſpecimens of our language when it began to be adapted to civil and religious purpoſes, and find it ſuch as might naturally be expected, artleſs and ſimple, unconnected and conciſe. The writers ſeem to have deſired little more than to be underſtood, and perhaps ſeldom aſpired to the praiſe of pleaſing. Their verſes were conſidered chiefly as memorial, and therefore did not differ from proſe but by the meaſure or the rhyme.

In this ſtate, varied a little according to the different purpoſes or abilities of writers, our language may be ſaid to have continued to the time of Gower, whom Chaucer calls his maſter; and who, however obſcured by his ſcholar's popularity, ſeems juſtly to claim the honour which has been hitherto denied him, of ſhewing his countrymen that ſomething more was to be deſired, and that Engliſh verſe might be exalted into poetry.

From the time of Gower and Chaucer, the Engliſh writers have ſtudied elegance, and advanced their language, by ſucceſſive improvements, to as much harmony as it can eaſily receive, and as much copiouſneſs as human knowledge has hitherto required. Theſe advances have not been made at all times with the ſame diligence or the ſame ſucceſs. Negligence has ſuſpended the courſe of improvement, or affectation turned it aſide; time has elapſed with little change, or change has been made without amendment. But elegance has been long kept in view with attention as near to conſtancy as life permits, till every man now endeavours to excel others in accuracy, or outſhine them in ſplendour of ſtyle; and the danger is, leſt care ſhould too ſoon paſs to affectation.

Nº LXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 7.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

AS Nature has made every man deſirous of happineſs, I flatter myſelf, that you and your readers cannot but feel ſome curioſity to know the ſequel of my ſtory: for though, by trying the different ſchemes of pleaſure, I have yet found nothing in which I could finally acquieſce; yet the narrative of my attempts will not be wholly without uſe, ſince we always approach nearer to truth as we detect more and more varieties of error.

When I had ſold my racers, and put the orders of architecture out of my head, my next reſolution was to be a *fine gentleman*. I frequented the polite coffee-houſes, grew acquainted with all the men of humour, and gained the right of bowing familiarly to half the nobility. In this new ſcene of life my great labour was to learn to laugh. I had been uſed to conſider laughter as the effect of merriment, but I ſoon learned that it is one of the arts of adulation, and, from laughing only to ſhew that I was pleaſed, I now began to laugh when I wiſhed to pleaſe. This was at firſt very difficult. I ſometimes heard the ſtory with dull indifference, and, not exalting myſelf to merriment by due gradations, burſt out ſuddenly into an aukward noiſe, which was not always favourably interpreted. Sometimes I was behind the reſt of the company, and loſt the grace of laughing by delay; and ſometimes, when I began at the right time, was deficient in loudneſs or in length. But, by diligent imitation of the beſt models, I attained at laſt ſuch flexibility of muſcles, that I was always a welcome auditor of a ſtory, and got the reputation of a good-natured fellow.

This was ſomething; but much more was to be done, that I might be univerſally allowed to be a fine gentleman. I appeared at court on all publick days, betted at gaming-tables, and played at all the routs of eminence. I went every night to the opera, took a fidler of diſputed merit under my protection, became the head of a muſical faction, and had ſometimes concerts at my own houſe.

houſe. I once thought to have attained the higheſt rank of elegance, by taking a foreign ſinger into keeping. But my favourite fidler contrived to be arreſted on the night of a concert, for a finer ſuit of cloaths than I had ever preſumed to wear, and I loſt all the fame of patronage by refuſing to bail him.

My next ambition was to ſit for my picture. I ſpent a whole winter in going from painter to painter, to beſpeak a whole length of one, and a half length of another; I talked of nothing but attitudes, draperies, and proper lights; took my friends to ſee the pictures after every ſitting; heard every day of a wonderful performer in crayons and miniature, and ſent my pictures to be copied; was told by the judges that they were not like, and was recommended to other artiſts. At length, being not able to pleaſe my friends, I grew leſs pleaſed myſelf, and at laſt reſolved to think no more about it.

It was impoſſible to live in total idleneſs; and, wandering about in ſearch of ſomething to do, I was invited to a weekly meeting of virtuoſos, and felt myſelf inſtantaneouſly ſeized with an unextinguiſhable ardour for all natural curioſities. I ran from auction to auction, became a critic in ſhells and foſſils, bought a *hortus ſiccus* of ineſtimable value, and purchaſed a ſecret art of preſerving inſects, which made my collection the envy of the other philoſophers. I found this pleaſure mingled with much vexation. All the faults of my life were for nine months circulated through the town with the moſt active malignity, becauſe I happened to catch a moth of peculiar variegation; and becauſe I once out-bid all the lovers of ſhells and carried off a Nautilus, it was hinted that the validity of my uncle's will ought to be diſputed. I will not deny that I was very proud both of the moth and of the ſhell, and gratified myſelf with the envy of my companions, perhaps more than became a benevolent being. But in time I grew weary of being hated for that which produced no advantage, gave my ſhells to children that wanted playthings, and ſuppreſſed the art of drying butterflies, becauſe I would not tempt Idleneſs and Cruelty to kill them.

I now began to feel life tedious, and wiſhed to ſtore myſelf with friends, with whom I might grow old in the interchange of benevolence. I had obſerved that popularity was moſt eaſily gained by an open table, and therefore hired a French cook, furniſhed my ſideboard with great magnificence, filled my cellar with wines of pompous appellations, bought every thing that was dear before it was good, and invited all thoſe who were moſt famous for judging of a dinner. In three weeks my cook gave me warning, and, upon enquiry, told me that Lord Queaſy, who dined with me the day before, had ſent him an offer of double wages. My pride prevailed, I raiſed his wages, and invited his lordſhip to another feaſt. I love plain meat, and was therefore ſoon weary of ſpreading a table of which I could not partake. I found that my gueſts, when they went away, criticiſed their entertainment, and cenſured my profuſion; my cook thought himſelf neceſſary, and took upon him the direction of the houſe; and I could not rid myſelf of flatterers, or break from ſlavery, but by ſhutting up my houſe, and declaring my reſolution to live in lodgings.

After all this, tell me, dear Idler, what I muſt do next. I have health, I have money, and hope that I have underſtanding; yet, with all theſe, I have never yet been able to paſs a ſingle day which I did not wiſh at an end before ſun-ſet. Tell me, dear Idler, what I ſhall do. I am your humble ſervant,

TIM. RANGER.

Nº LXV. SATURDAY, JULY 14.

THE ſequel of Clarendon's Hiſtory, at laſt happily publiſhed, is an acceſſion to Engliſh literature equally agreeable to the admirers of elegance and the lovers of truth; many doubtful facts may now be aſcertained, and many queſtions, after long debate, may be determined by deciſive authority. He that records tranſactions in which himſelf was engaged, has not only an opportunity of knowing innumerable particulars which eſcape ſpectators, but has his natural

natural powers exalted by that ardour which always rises at the remembrance of our own importance, and by which every man is enabled to relate his own actions better than another's.

The difficulties through which this work has struggled into light, and the delays with which our hopes have been long mocked, naturally lead the mind to the consideration of the common fate of posthumous compositions.

He who sees himself surrounded by admirers, and whose vanity is hourly feasted with all the luxuries of studied praise, is easily persuaded that his influence will be extended beyond his life; that they who cringe in his presence will reverence his memory; and that those who are proud to be numbered among his friends, will endeavour to vindicate his choice by zeal for his reputation.

With hopes like these, to the executors of Swift was committed the history of the last years of Queen Anne, and to those of Pope the works which remained unprinted in his closet. The performances of Pope were burnt by those whom he had perhaps selected from all mankind as most likely to publish them; and the history had likewise perished, had not a straggling transcript fallen into busy hands.

The papers left in the closet of Peiresc supplied his heirs with a whole winter's fuel; and many of the labours of the learned Bishop Lloyd were consumed in the kitchen of his descendants.

Some works, indeed, have escaped total destruction, but yet have had reason to lament the fate of orphans exposed to the frauds of unfaithful guardians. How Hale would have borne the mutilations which his *Pleas of the Crown* have suffered from the editor, they who know his character will easily conceive.

The original copy of Burnet's History, though promised to some publick library*, has never been given; and who then can prove the fidelity of the publication, when the authenticity of Clarendon's History, though printed with the sanction of one of the first universities of the world, had not an unexpected manuscript been happily discovered, would, with the help of factious credulity, have been brought into question by the two lowest of all human beings, a scribbler for a party, and a commissioner of excise?

Vanity is often no less mischievous than negligence or dishonesty. He that possesses a valuable manuscript, hopes to raise it's esteem by concealment, and delights in the distinction which he imagines himself to obtain by keeping the key of a treasure which he neither uses nor imparts. From him it falls to some other owner, less vain but more negligent, who considers it as useless lumber, and rids himself of the incumbrance.

Yet there are some works which the authors must consign unpublished to posterity, however uncertain be the event, however hopeless be the trust. He that writes the history of his own times, if he adheres steadily to truth, will write that which his own times will not easily endure. He must be content to reposite his book till all private passions shall cease, and love and hatred give way to curiosity.

But many leave the labours of half their life to their executors and to chance, because they will not send them abroad unfinished; and are unable to finish them, having prescribed to themselves such a degree of exactness as human diligence can scarcely attain. 'Lloyd,' says Burnet, 'did not lay out his learning with 'the same diligence as he laid it in.' He was always hesitating and enquiring, raising objections and removing them, and waiting for clearer light and fuller discovery. Baker, after many years past in biography, left his manuscripts to be buried in a library, because that was imperfect which could never be perfected.

Of these learned men, let those who aspire to the same praise, imitate the diligence, and avoid the scrupulosity. Let it be always remembered that life is short, that knowledge is endless, and that many doubts deserve not to be cleared. Let those whom nature and study have qualified to teach mankind, tell us what they have learned while they are yet able to tell it, and trust their reputation only to themselves.

* It would be proper to reposite, in some publick place, the manuscript of Clarendon, which has not escaped all suspicion of unfaithful publication.

N° LXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 21.

NO complaint is more frequently repeated among the learned, than that of the waſte made by time among the labours of Antiquity. Of thoſe who once filled the civilized world with their renown, nothing is now left but their names, which are left only to raiſe deſires that never can be ſatisfied, and ſorrow which never can be comforted.

Had all the writings of the ancients been faithfully delivered down from age to age, had the Alexandrian library been ſpared, and the Palatine repoſitories remained unimpaired, how much might we have known of which we are now doomed to be ignorant! how many laborious enquiries, and dark conjectures, how many collations of broken hints and mutilated paſſages, might have been ſpared! We ſhould have known the ſucceſſions of princes, the revolutions of empire, the actions of the great, and opinions of the wiſe, the laws and conſtitutions of every ſtate, and the arts by which public grandeur and happineſs are acquired and preſerved; we ſhould have traced the progreſs of life, ſeen colonies from diſtant regions take poſſeſſion of European deſarts, and troops of ſavages ſettled into communities by the deſire of keeping what they had acquired; we ſhould have traced the gradations of civility, and travelled upward to the original of things by the light of hiſtory, till in remoter times it had glimmered in fable, and at laſt ſunk into darkneſs.

If the works of imagination had been leſs diminiſhed, it is likely that all future times might have been ſupplied with inexhauſtible amuſement by the fictions of Antiquity. The tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides would have ſhewn all the ſtronger paſſions in all their diverſities; and the comedies of Menander would have furniſhed all the maxims of domeſtic life. Nothing would have been neceſſary to moral wiſdom but to have ſtudied theſe great maſters, whoſe knowledge would have guided doubt, and whoſe authority would have ſilenced cavils.

Such are the thoughts that riſe in every ſtudent, when his curioſity is eluded, and his ſearches are fruſtrated; yet it may perhaps be doubted, whether our complaints are not ſometimes inconſiderate, and whether we do not imagine more evil than we feel. Of the Ancients, enough remains to excite our emulation, and direct our endeavours. Many of the works which time has left us, we know to have been thoſe that were moſt eſteemed, and which Antiquity itſelf conſidered as models; ſo that, having the originals, we may without much regret loſe the imitations. The obſcurity which the want of contemporary writers often produces, only darkens ſingle paſſages, and thoſe commonly of ſlight importance. The general tendency of every piece may be known; and though that diligence deſerves praiſe which leaves nothing unexamined, yet it's miſcarriages are not much to be lamented; for the moſt uſeful truths are always univerſal, and unconnected with accidents and cuſtoms.

Such is the general conſpiracy of human nature againſt contemporary merit, that if we had inherited from antiquity enough to afford employment for the laborious, and amuſement for the idle, I know not what room would have been left for modern genius or modern induſtry; almoſt every ſubject would have been pre-occupied, and every ſtyle would have been fixed by a precedent from which few would have ventured to depart. Every writer would have had a rival, whoſe ſuperiority was already acknowledged, and to whoſe fame his work would, even before it was ſeen, be marked out for a ſacrifice.

We ſee how little the united experience of mankind has been able to add to the heroic characters diſplayed by Homer, and how few incidents the fertile imagination of modern Italy has yet produced, which may not be found in the Iliad and Odyſſey. It is likely, that if all the works of the Athenian philoſophers had been extant, Malbranche and Locke would have been condemned to be ſilent readers of the ancient metaphyſicians; and it is apparent, that if the old writers had all remained, the Idler could [illegible] have written a diſquiſition on the loſs.

Nº LXVII. SATURDAY, JULY 28.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

IN the obſervations which you have made on the various opinions and purſuits of mankind, you muſt often, in literary converſations, have met with men who conſider Diſſipation as the great enemy of the intellect; and maintain, that in proportion as the ſtudent keeps himſelf within the bounds of a ſettled plan, he will more certainly advance in ſcience.

This opinion is, perhaps, generally true; yet, when we contemplate the inquiſitive nature of the human mind, and it's perpetual impatience of all reſtraint, it may be doubted whether the faculties may not be contracted by confining the attention; and whether it may not ſometimes be proper to riſque the certainty of little for the chance of much. Acquiſitions of knowledge, like blazes of genius, are often fortuitous. Thoſe who had propoſed to themſelves a methodical courſe of reading, light by accident on a new book, which ſeizes their thoughts and kindles their curioſity, and opens an unexpected proſpect, to which the way which they had preſcribed to themſelves would never have conducted them.

To enforce and illuſtrate my meaning, I have ſent you a journal of three days employment, found among the papers of a late intimate acquaintance, who, as will plainly appear, was a man of vaſt deſigns, and of vaſt performances, though he ſometimes deſigned one thing and performed another. I allow that the Spectator's inimitable productions of this kind may well diſcourage all ſubſequent journaliſts; but, as the ſubject of this is different from that of any which the Spectator has given us, I leave it to you to publiſh or ſuppreſs it.

'*Mem.* The following three days I propoſe to give up to reading; and intend, after all the delays which have obtruded themſelves upon me, to finiſh my *Eſſay on the Extent of the Mental Powers*; to reviſe my *Treatiſe on Logick*; to begin the *Epick* which I have long projected; to proceed in my peruſal of the *Scriptures* with *Grotius's Comment*; and at my leiſure to regale myſelf with the works of claſſicks, ancient and modern, and to finiſh my *Ode to Aſtronomy*.

'*Monday.*] Deſigned to riſe at ſix, but, by my ſervant's lazineſs, my fire was not lighted before eight, when I dropped into a ſlumber that laſted till nine; at which time I roſe, and, after breakfaſt, at ten ſat down to ſtudy, propoſing to begin upon my Eſſay; but finding occaſion to conſult a paſſage in Plato, was abſorbed in the peruſal of the Republick till twelve. I had neglected to forbid company, and now enters Tom Careleſs, who, after half an hour's chat, inſiſted upon my going with him to enjoy an abſurd character, that he had appointed, by an adverti ſement, to meet him at a particular coffee-houſe. After we had for ſome time entertained ourſelves with him, we ſallied out, deſigning each to repair to his home; but, as it fell out, coming up in the ſtreet to a man, whoſe ſteel by his ſide declared him a butcher, we overheard him opening an addreſs to a genteeliſh ſort of young lady, whom he walked with—'Miſs, though your father is maſter of 'a coal-lighter, and you will be a great 'fortune, 'tis true; yet I wiſh I may be 'cut into quarters if it is not only love, 'and not lucre of gain, that is my mo'tive for offering terms of marriage.' As this lover proceeded in his ſpeech, he miſled us the length of three ſtreets, in admiration at the unlimited power of the tender paſſion, that could ſoften even the heart of a butcher. We then adjourned to a tavern, and from thence to one of the publick gardens, where I was regaled with a moſt amuſing variety of men poſſeſſing great talents, ſo diſcoloured by affectation, that they only made them eminently ridiculous; ſhallow things, who, by continual diſſipation, had annihilated the few ideas nature had given them, and yet were celebrated for wonderful pretty gentlemen; young ladies extolled for their wit, becauſe they were handſome; illiterate empty women as well as men, in high life, admired for their knowledge, from their being reſolutely poſitive; and women

men of real underſtanding ſo far from pleaſing the polite million, that they frightened them away, and were left ſolitary. When we quitted this entertaining ſcene, Tom preſſed me, irreſiſtibly, to ſup with him. I reached home at twelve, and then reflected, that though indeed I had, by remarking various characters, improved my inſight into human nature, yet ſtill I had neglected the ſtudies propoſed, and accordingly took up my *Treatiſe on Logick*, to give it the intended reviſal, but found my ſpirits too much agitated, and could not forbear a few ſatyrical lines, under the title of *The Evening's Walk*.

'*Tueſday*.] At breakfaſt, ſeeing my *Ode to Aſtronomy* lying on my deſk, I was ſtruck with a train of ideas, that I thought might contribute to it's improvement. I immediately rang my bell to forbid all viſitants, when my ſervant opened the door, with—'Sir, Mr. Jeffery Gape.' My cup dropped out of one hand, and my poem out of the other. I could ſcarce aſk him to ſit; he told me he was going to walk, but as there was a likelihood of rain, he would ſit with me; he ſaid, he intended at firſt to have called at Mr. Vacant's, but as he had not ſeen me a great while, he did not mind coming out of his way to wait on me: I made him a bow, but thanks for the favour ſtuck in my throat. I aſked him if he had been to the coffee-houſe. He replied, two hours.

'Under the oppreſſion of this dull interruption, I ſat looking wiſhfully at the clock; for which, to increaſe my ſatisfaction, I had choſen the inſcription, *Art is long, and Life is ſhort*; exchanging queſtions and anſwers at long intervals, and not without ſome hints that the weather-glaſs promiſed fair weather. At half an hour after three he told me he would treſpaſs on me for a dinner, and deſired me to ſend to his houſe for a bundle of papers, about incloſing a common upon his eſtate, which he would read to me in the evening. I declared myſelf buſy, and Mr. Gape went away.

'Having dined, to compoſe my chagrin, I took up Virgil, and ſeveral other claſſicks, but could not calm my mind, or proceed in my ſcheme. At about five I laid my hand on a Bible that lay on my table, at firſt with coldneſs and inſenſibility; but was imperceptibly engaged in a cloſe attention to it's ſublime morality, and felt my heart expanded by warm philanthropy, and exalted to dignity of ſentiment; I then cenſured my too great ſolicitude, and my diſguſt conceived at my acquaintance, who had been ſo far from deſigning to offend, that he only meant to ſhew kindneſs and reſpect. In this ſtrain of mind I wrote *An Eſſay on Benevolence*, and *An Elegy on ſublunary Diſappointments*. When I had finiſhed theſe, at eleven, I ſupped, and recollected how little I had adhered to my plan, and almoſt queſtioned the poſſibility of purſuing any ſettled and uniform deſign; however, I was not ſo far perſuaded of the truth of theſe ſuggeſtions, but that I reſolved to try once more at my ſcheme. As I obſerved the moon ſhining through my window, from a calm and bright ſky, ſpangled with innumerable ſtars, I indulged a pleaſing meditation on the ſplendid ſcene, and finiſhed my *Ode to Aſtronomy*.

'*Wedneſday*.] Roſe at ſeven, and employed three hours in peruſal of the *Scriptures* with *Grotius's Comment*; and after breakfaſt fell into meditation concerning my projected *Epick*, and being in ſome doubt as to the particular lives of ſome heroes, whom I propoſed to celebrate, I conſulted Bayle and Morери, and was engaged two hours in examining various lives and characters, but then reſolved to go to my employment. When I was ſeated at my deſk, and began to feel the glowing ſucceſſion of poetical ideas, my ſervant brought me a letter from a lawyer, requiring my inſtant attendance at Gray's Inn for half an hour. I went full of vexation, and was involved in buſineſs till eight at night; and then, being too much fatigued to ſtudy, ſupped, and went to bed.'

Here my friend's journal concludes, which perhaps is pretty much a picture of the manner in which many proſecute their ſtudies. I therefore reſolved to ſend it you, imagining, that if you think it worthy of appearing in your paper, ſome of your readers may receive entertainment by recognizing a reſemblance between my friend's conduct and their own. It muſt be left to the Idler accurately to aſcertain the proper methods of advancing in literature; but this one poſition, deducible from what has been ſaid above, may, I think, be reaſonably aſſerted, that he who finds himſelf ſtrongly attracted to any particular ſtudy, though it may happen to be out of his

propoſed ſcheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application to it, ſince it is likely that he will, with much more eaſe and expedition, attain that which a warm inclination ſtimulates him to purſue, than that at which a preſcribed law compels him to toil. I am, &c.

N° LXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4.

AMONG the ſtudies which have exerciſed the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more ſucceſsfully cultivated than the art of Tranſlation; by which the impediments which bar the way to ſcience are, in ſome meaſure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes leſs incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients have left us models which all ſucceeding ages have laboured to imitate; but Tranſlation may juſtly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the firſt ages of the world inſtruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be tranſlated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the tranſmiſſion of events more eaſy and certain, literature did not flouriſh in more than one country at once, or diſtant nations had little commerce with each other; and thoſe few whom curioſity ſent abroad in queſt of improvement, delivered their acquiſitions in their own manner, deſirous perhaps to be conſidered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they tranſlated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Perſia, the countries that became ſubject to Grecian dominion ſtudied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, ſunk into oblivion; Greece conſidered herſelf as the miſtreſs if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was ſuppoſed to be known, and, except the ſacred writings of the Old Teſtament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confeſſed themſelves the ſcholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what has ſince happened, that the ignorance of ſucceeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aſpired to the praiſe of literature, thought it neceſſary to learn Greek, and had no need of verſions when they could ſtudy the originals. Tranſlation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatick poems could be underſtood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were ſometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were ſometimes attempted; in an old ſcholiaſt there is mention of a Latin Iliad, and we have not wholly loſt Tully's verſion of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to tranſlate for exerciſe or amuſement, than for fame.

The Arabs were the firſt nation who felt the ardour of Tranſlation; when they had ſubdued the eaſtern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiſer than themſelves, and made haſte to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They diſcovered that many might grow wiſe by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with ſpeed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haſte to lay hold on medicine and philoſophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was ſhort, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to thoſe of neceſſity.

The ſtudy of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations, who ſubverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not ſtrange, that ſuch confuſion ſhould ſuſpend literary attention; thoſe who loſt, and thoſe who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter, and immediate miſeries to redreſs; and had little leiſure, amidſt the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the diſtreſſes of forced migration, or the tumults

mults of unſettled conqueſt, to enquire after ſpeculative truth, to enjoy the amuſement of imaginary adventures, to know the hiſtory of former ages, or ſtudy the events of any other lives. But no ſooner had this chaos of dominion ſunk into order, than learning began again to flouriſh in the calm of peace. When life and poſſeſſions were ſecure, convenience and enjoyment were ſoon ſought, learning was found the higheſt gratification of the mind, and Tranſlation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At laſt, by a concurrence of many cauſes, the European world was rouzed from it's lethargy; thoſe arts which had been long obſcurely ſtudied in the gloom of monaſteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with it's neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation ſpread from ſouth to north, and Curioſity and Tranſlation found their way to Britain.

N° LXIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

HE that reviews the progreſs of Engliſh literature, will find that Tranſlation was very early cultivated among us, but that ſome principles, either wholly erroneous or too far extended, hindered our ſucceſs from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally conſidered as the father of our poetry, has left a verſion of *Boetius on the Comforts of Philoſophy*, the book which ſeems to have been the favourite of the middle ages, which had been tranſlated into Saxon by King Alfred, and illuſtrated with a copious *Comment* aſcribed to Aquinas. It may be ſuppoſed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of ſo much celebrity, yet has attempted nothing higher than a verſion ſtrictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to proſe, that the conſtraint of verſification might not obſtruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us Typography about the year 1474. The firſt book printed in Engliſh was a tranſlation. Caxton was both the tranſlator and printer of the *Deſtruccion of Troye*, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was conſidered as the beſt account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater uſe or value, ſtill continued to be read in Caxton's Engliſh to the beginning of the preſent century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but Tranſlations from the French, in which the original is ſo ſcrupulouſly followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are Engliſh, the phraſe is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of Tranſlation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was neceſſary to elegance, and that elegance was neceſſary to general reception; ſome eſſays were then made upon the Italian poets which deſerve the praiſe and gratitude of poſterity.

But the old practice was not ſuddenly forſaken; Holland filled the nation with literal Tranſlation, and, what is yet more ſtrange, the ſame exactneſs was obſtinately practiſed in the verſions of the poets. This abſurd labour of conſtruing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonſon in his verſion of Horace; and whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonſon found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themſelves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a ſcholar and a critick.

Feltham appears to conſider it as the eſtabliſhed law of poetical Tranſlation, that the lines ſhould be neither more nor fewer than thoſe of the original; and ſo long had this prejudice prevailed, that Denham praiſes Fanſhaw's verſion of Guarini as the example of a *new and noble way*, as the firſt attempt to break the boundaries of cuſtom and aſſert the natural freedom of the Muſe.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the feſtivity of the Reſto-

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ration produced, the poets ſhook off their conſtraint, and conſidered Tranſlation as no longer confined to ſervile cloſeneſs. But reformation is ſeldom the work of pure virtue or unaſſiſted reaſon. Tranſlation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at leaſt learning equal to their genius, and being often more able to explain the ſentiments or illuſtrate the alluſions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and tranſuſe their ſpirit, were perhaps willing ſometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profuſion of literature, and therefore tranſlated literally, that their fidelity might ſhelter their inſipidity or harſhneſs. The wits of Charles's time had ſeldom more than ſlight and ſuperficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination; they therefore tranſlated always with freedom, ſometimes with licentiouſneſs, and perhaps expected that their readers ſhould accept ſpritelineſs for knowledge, and conſider ignorance and miſtake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to ſtop at difficulties, and too elevated to deſcend to minuteneſs.

Thus was Tranſlation made more eaſy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if eaſe and pleaſure have found their advocates. The paraphraſtick liberties have been almoſt univerſally admitted; and Sherburn, whoſe learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuſe to paſs ſlightly over obſcurities, is the only writer who in later times has attempted to juſtify or revive the ancient ſeverity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be obſerved. Dryden ſaw very early that cloſeneſs beſt preſerved an author's ſenſe, and that freedom beſt exhibited his ſpirit; he therefore will deſerve the higheſt praiſe, who can give a repreſentation at once faithful and pleaſing, who can convey the ſame thoughts with the ſame graces, and who when he tranſlates changes nothing but the language.

N° LXX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

FEW faults of ſtyle, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous claſs of readers, than the uſe of hard words.

If an author be ſuppoſed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obſcurity, and to obſtruct, by unneceſſary difficulties, a mind eager in purſuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boaſt the learning which he poſſeſſes himſelf, and wiſhes to be admired rather than underſtood, he counteracts the firſt end of writing, and juſtly ſuffers the utmoſt ſeverity of cenſure, or the more afflictive ſeverity of neglect.

But words are only hard to thoſe who do not underſtand them, and the critick ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many queſtions are ſuch as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither intereſt nor pleaſure in diſcuſſing, and which therefore it would be an uſeleſs endeavour to level with common minds, by tireſome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many ſubjects of general uſe may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffuſion and explication are neceſſary to the inſtruction of thoſe who, being neither able nor accuſtomed to think for themſelves, can learn only what is expreſsly taught; but they who can form parallels, diſcover conſequences, and multiply concluſions, are beſt pleaſed with involution of argument and compreſſion of thought; they deſire only to receive the ſeeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils *to think with the wiſe, but ſpeak with the vulgar*. This is a precept ſpecious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more ſubtilty will ſeek for terms of more nice diſcrimination; and where is the wonder, ſince words

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are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals ſhould not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourſelves. He that reads and grows no wiſer, ſeldom ſuſpects his own deficiency: but complains of hard words and obſcure ſentences, and aſks why books are written which cannot be underſtood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be uſed, it has been long the cuſtom to number terms of art. 'Every 'man,' ſays Swift, 'is more able to 'explain the ſubject of an art than it's 'profeſſors; a farmer will tell you, in 'two words, that he has broken his 'leg; but a ſurgeon, after a long diſ-'courſe, ſhall leave you as ignorant as 'you were before.' This could only have been ſaid by ſuch an exact obſerver of life, in gratification of malignity, or in oſtentation of acuteneſs. Every hour produces inſtances of the neceſſity of terms of art. Mankind could never conſpire in uniform affectation; it is not but by neceſſity that every ſcience and every trade has it's peculiar language. They that content themſelves with general ideas may reſt in general terms; but thoſe whoſe ſtudies or employments force them upon cloſer inſpection, muſt have names for particular parts, and words by which they may expreſs various modes of combination, ſuch as none but themſelves have occaſion to conſider.

Artiſts are indeed ſometimes ready to ſuppoſe that none can be ſtrangers to words to which themſelves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtruſion. An art cannot be taught but by it's proper terms, but it is not always neceſſary to teach the art.

That the vulgar expreſs their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perſpicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the eaſineſs of their language, but the ſhallowneſs of their thoughts. He that ſees a building as a common ſpectator, contents himſelf with relating that it is great or little, mean or ſplendid, lofty or low; all theſe words are intelligible and common, but they convey no diſtinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally diſpleaſe, becauſe they are underſtood by few; but they are little underſtood only becauſe few that look upon an edifice, examine it's parts, or analyſe it's columns into their members.

The ſtate of every other art is the ſame; as it is curſorily ſurveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expreſſion become proper. In morality it is one thing to diſcuſs the niceties of the caſuiſt, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that inſtructs the farmer to plough and ſow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find neceſſary in explaining to philoſophers the proceſs of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honeſt by the ſhorteſt way, will perplex his mind with ſubtile ſpeculations; or if he whoſe taſk is to reap and threſh will not be contented without examining the evolution of the ſeed and circulation of the ſap, the writers whom either ſhall conſult are very little to be blamed, though it ſhould ſometimes happen that they are read in vain.

N°. LXXI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

DICK Shifter was born in Cheapſide, and having paſſed reputably through all the claſſes of St. Paul's ſchool, has been for ſome years a ſtudent in the Temple. He is of opinion that intenſe application dulls the faculties, and thinks it neceſſary to temper the ſeverity of the law by books that engage the mind, but do not fatigue it. He has therefore made a copious collection of plays, poems, and romances, to which he has recourſe when he fancies himſelf tired with ſtatutes and reports, and he ſeldom enquires very nicely whether he is weary or idle.

Dick has received from his favourite authors very ſtrong impreſſions of a country life; and though his furtheſt excurſions have been to Greenwich on one ſide, and Chelſea on the other, he has talked for ſeveral years, with great pomp of language and elevation of ſentiments,

timents, about a ſtate too high for contempt and too low for envy, about homely quiet and blameleſs ſimplicity, paſtoral delights and rural innocence.

His friends who had eſtates in the country often invited him to paſs the ſummer among them, but ſomething or other had always hindered him; and he conſidered, that to reſide in the houſe of another man, was to incur a kind of dependence inconſiſtent with that laxity of life which he had imaged as the chief good.

This ſummer he reſolved to be happy, and procured a lodging to be taken for him at a ſolitary houſe, ſituated about thirty miles from London, on the banks of a ſmall river, with corn fields before it, and a hill on each ſide covered with wood. He concealed the place of his retirement that none might violate his obſcurity, and promiſed himſelf many a happy day when he ſhould hide himſelf among the trees, and contemplate the tumults and vexations of the town.

He ſtepped into the poſt-chaiſe with his heart beating and his eyes ſparkling, was conveyed through many varieties of delightful proſpects, ſaw hills and meadows, corn fields and paſture, ſucceed each other, and for four hours charged none of his poets with fiction or exaggeration. He was now within ſix miles of happineſs, when having never felt ſo much agitation before, he began to wiſh his journey at an end, and the laſt hour was paſſed in changing his poſture, and quarrelling with his driver.

An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long; he at length alighted at his new dwelling, and was received as he expected; he looked round upon the hills and rivulets, but his joints were ſtiff and his muſcles ſore, and his firſt requeſt was to ſee his bed-chamber.

He reſted well, and aſcribed the ſoundneſs of his ſleep to the ſtillneſs of the country. He expected from that time nothing but nights of quiet and days of rapture; and, as ſoon as he had riſen, wrote an account of his new ſtate to one of his friends in the Temple.

DEAR FRANK,

I Never pitied thee before. I am now, as I could wiſh every man of wiſdom and virtue to be, in the regions of calm content and placid meditation; with all the beauties of nature ſoliciting my notice, and all the diverſities of pleaſure courting my acceptance; the birds are chirping in the hedges, and the flowers blooming in the mead; the breeze is whiſtling in the woods, and the ſun dancing on the water. I can now ſay with truth, that a man capable of enjoying the purity of happineſs, is never more buſy than in his hours of leiſure, nor ever leſs ſolitary than in a place of ſolitude.

I am, dear Frank, &c.

When he had ſent away his letter, he walked into the wood with ſome inconvenience from the furze that pricked his legs, and the briars that ſcratched his face; he at laſt ſat down under a tree, and heard with great delight a ſhower, by which he was not wet, rattling among the branches: 'This,' ſaid he, 'is 'the true image of obſcurity; we hear 'of troubles and commotions, but ne'ver feel them.'

His amuſement did not overpower the calls of nature, and he therefore went back to order his dinner. He knew that the country produces whatever is eaten or drunk, and imagining that he was now at the ſource of luxury, reſolved to indulge himſelf with dainties which he ſuppoſed might be procured at a price next to nothing, if any price at all was expected; and intended to amaze the ruſticks with his generoſity, by paying more than they would aſk. Of twenty diſhes which he named, he was amazed to find that ſcarce one was to be had, and heard with aſtoniſhment and indignation, that all the fruits of the earth were ſold at a higher price than in the ſtreets of London.

His meal was ſhort and ſullen, and he retired again to his tree, to enquire how dearneſs could be conſiſtent with abundance, or how fraud ſhould be practiſed by ſimplicity. He was not ſatisfied with his own ſpeculations, and returning home early in the evening, went a while from window to window, and found that he wanted ſomething to do.

He enquired for a news-paper, and was told that farmers never minded news, but that they could ſend for it from the ale-houſe. A meſſenger was diſpatched, who ran away at full ſpeed, but leitered an hour behind the hedges, and at laſt coming back with his feet purpoſely

L. F. Bourney del. *Heath sculp.*

Plate III.

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purpoſely bemired, inſtead of expreſſing the gratitude which Mr. Shifter expected for the bounty of a ſhilling, ſaid that the night was wet, and the way dirty, and he hoped that his worſhip would not think it much to give him half-a-crown.

Dick now went to bed with ſome abatement of his expectations; but ſleep, I know not how, revives our hopes and rekindles our deſires. He roſe early in the morning, ſurveyed the landſcape, and was pleaſed. He walked out, and paſſed from field to field, without obſerving any beaten path, and wondered that he had not ſeen the ſhepherdeſſes dancing, nor heard the ſwains piping to their flocks.

At laſt he ſaw ſome reapers and harveſt-women at dinner. 'Here,' ſaid he, 'are the true Arcadians;' and advanced courteouſly towards them, as afraid of confuſing them by the dignity of his preſence. They acknowledged his ſuperiority by no other token than that of aſking him for ſomething to drink. He imagined that he had now purchaſed the privilege of diſcourſe, and began to deſcend to familiar queſtions, endeavouring to accommodate his diſcourſe to the groſſneſs of ruſtick underſtandings. The clowns ſoon found that he did not know wheat from rye, and began to deſpiſe him; one of the boys, by pretending to ſhew him a bird's neſt, decoyed him into a ditch, and one of the wenches ſold him a bargain.

This walk had given him no great pleaſure, but he hoped to find other ruſticks leſs coarſe of manners, and leſs miſchievous of diſpoſition. Next morning he was accoſted by an attorney, who told him, that unleſs he made Farmer Dobſon ſatisfaction for trampling his graſs, he had orders to indict him. Shifter was offended, but not terrified; and telling the attorney that he was himſelf a lawyer, talked ſo volubly of pettifoggers and barrators, that he drove him away.

Finding his walks thus interrupted, he was inclined to ride; and being pleaſed with the appearance of a horſe that was grazing in a neighbouring meadow, enquired the owner, who warranted him ſound, and would not ſell him, but that he was too fine for a plain man. Dick paid down the price, and riding out to enjoy the evening, fell with his new horſe into a ditch; they got out with difficulty, and as he was going to mount again, a countryman looked at the horſe, and perceived him to be blind. Dick went to the ſeller, and demanded back his money; but was told, that a man who rented his ground muſt do the beſt for himſelf; that his landlord had his rent though the year was barren; and that, whether horſes had eyes or no, he ſhould ſell them to the higheſt bidder.

Shifter now began to be tired with ruſtick ſimplicity, and on the fifth day took poſſeſſion again of his chambers, and bade farewel to the regions of calm content and placid meditation.

N° LXXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

MEN complain of nothing more frequently than of deficient Memory; and, indeed, every one finds that many of the ideas which he deſired to retain have ſlipped irretrievably away; that the acquiſitions of the mind are ſometimes equally fugitive with the gifts of fortune; and that a ſhort intermiſſion of attention more certainly leſſens knowledge than impairs an eſtate.

To aſſiſt this weakneſs of our nature, many methods have been propoſed, all of which may be juſtly ſuſpected of being ineffectual; for no art of memory, however it's effects have been boaſted or admired, has been ever adopted into general uſe, nor have thoſe who poſſeſſed it appeared to excel others in readineſs of recollection or multiplicity of attainments.

There is another art of which all have felt the want, though Themiſtocles only confeſſed it. We ſuffer equal pain from the pertinacious adheſion of unwelcome images, as from the evaneſcence of thoſe which are pleaſing and uſeful; and it may be doubted whether we ſhould be more benefited by the art of Memory or the art of Forgetfulneſs.

Forgetfulneſs is neceſſary to remembrance. Ideas are retained by renovation of that impreſſion which time is always wearing away, and which new images are ſtriving to obliterate. If uſeleſs thoughts could be expelled from the mind, all the valuable parts of our

knowledge would more frequently recur, and every recurrence would reinſtate them in their former place.

It is impoſſible to conſider, without ſome regret, how much might have been learned, or how much might have been invented, by a rational and vigorous application of time, uſeleſsly or painfully paſſed in the revocation of events, which have left neither good nor evil behind them, in grief for misfortunes either repaired or irreparable, in reſentment of injuries known only to ourſelves, of which death has put the authors beyond our power.

Philoſophy has accumulated precept upon precept, to warn us againſt the anticipation of future calamities. All uſeleſs miſery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deſervedly cenſured; yet ſurely to dread the future is more reaſonable than to lament the paſt. The buſineſs of life is to go forwards: he who ſees evil in proſpect meets it in his way, but he who catches it by retroſpection turns back to find it. That which is feared may ſometimes be avoided, but that which is regretted today may be regretted again to-morrow.

Regret is indeed uſeful and virtuous, and not only allowable but neceſſary, when it tends to the amendment of life, or to admonition of error which we may be again in danger of committing. But a very ſmall part of the moments ſpent in meditation on the paſt, produce any reaſonable caution or ſalutary ſorrow. Moſt of the mortifications that we have ſuffered, aroſe from the concurrence of local and temporary circumſtances, which can never meet again; and moſt of our diſappointments have ſucceeded thoſe expectations, which life allows not to be formed a ſecond time.

It would add much to human happineſs, if an art could be taught of forgetting all of which the remembrance is at once uſeleſs and afflictive, if that pain which never can end in pleaſure could be driven totally away, that the mind might perform it's functions without incumbrance, and the paſt might no longer encroach upon the preſent.

Little can be done well to which the whole mind is not applied; the buſineſs of every day calls for the day to which it is aſſigned; and he will have no leiſure to regret yeſterday's vexations who reſolves not to have a new ſubject of regret to-morrow.

But to forget or to remember at pleaſure, are equally beyond the power of man. Yet as memory may be aſſiſted by method, and the decays of knowledge repaired by ſtated times of recollection, ſo the power of forgetting is capable of improvement. Reaſon will, by a reſolute conteſt, prevail over imagination, and the power may be obtained of transferring the attention as judgment ſhall direct.

The incurſions of troubleſome thoughts are often violent and importunate; and it is not eaſy to a mind accuſtomed to their inroads to expel them immediately by putting better images into motion; but this enemy of quiet is above all others weakened by every defeat; the reflection which has been once overpowered and ejected, ſeldom returns with any formidable vehemence.

Employment is the great inſtrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from it's enemy into total vacancy, or turn aſide from one object but by paſſing to another. The gloomy and the reſentful are always found among thoſe who have nothing to do, or who do nothing. We muſt be buſy about good or evil, and he to whom the preſent offers nothing will often be looking backward on the paſt.

N° LXXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

THAT every man would be rich if a wiſh could obtain riches, is a poſition, which I believe few will conteſt, at leaſt in a nation like ours, in which commerce has kindled an univerſal emulation of wealth, and in which money receives all the honours which are the proper right of knowledge and of virtue.

Yet though we are all labouring for gold as for the chief good, and, by the natural effort of unwearied diligence, have found many expeditious methods of obtaining it, we have not been able to improve the art of uſing it, or to make it produce more happineſs than it afforded in former times, when every declaimer expatiated on it's miſchiefs, and

every

every philoſopher taught his followers to deſpiſe it.

Many of the dangers imputed of old to exorbitant wealth, are now at an end. The rich are neither waylaid by robbers, nor watched by informers; there is nothing to be dreaded from proſcriptions, or ſeizures. The neceſſity of concealing treaſure has long ceaſed; no man now needs counterfeit mediocrity, and condemn his plate and jewels to caverns and darkneſs, or feaſt his mind with the conſciouſneſs of clouded ſplendour, of finery which is uſeleſs till it is ſhewn, and which he dares not ſhew.

In our time the poor are ſtrongly tempted to aſſume the appearance of wealth, but the wealthy very rarely deſire to be thought poor; for we are all at full liberty to diſplay riches by every mode of oſtentation. We fill our houſes with uſeleſs ornaments, only to ſhew that we can buy them; we cover our coaches with gold, and employ artiſts in the diſcovery of new faſhions of expence; and yet it cannot be found that riches produce happineſs.

Of riches, as of every thing elſe, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we conſider them as the means to be uſed, at ſome future time, for the attainment of felicity, we preſs on our purſuit ardently and vigorouſly, and that ardour ſecures us from wearineſs of ourſelves; but no ſooner do we ſit down to enjoy our acquiſitions, than we find them inſufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.

One cauſe which is not always obſerved of the inſufficiency of riches, is, that they very ſeldom make their owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is deſired, and more than is wanted; to have ſomething which may be ſpent without reluctance, and ſcattered without care, with which the ſudden demands of deſire may be gratified, the caſual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault. There is another poverty to which the rich are expoſed with leſs guilt by the officiouſneſs of others. Every man, eminent for exuberance of fortune, is ſurrounded from morning to evening, and from evening to midnight, by flatterers, whoſe art of adulation conſiſts in exciting artificial wants, and in forming new ſchemes of profuſion.

Tom Tranquil, when he came to age, found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a fortune, of which the twentieth part might perhaps have made him rich. His temper is eaſy, and his affections ſoft; he receives every man with kindneſs, and hears him with credulity. His friends took care to ſettle him by giving him a wife, whom, having no particular inclination, he rather accepted than choſe, becauſe he was told that ſhe was proper for him.

He was now to live with dignity proportionate to his fortune. What his fortune requires or admits Tom does not know, for he has little ſkill in computation, and none of his friends think it their intereſt to improve it. If he was ſuffered to live by his own choice, he would leave every thing as he finds it, and paſs through the world diſtinguiſhed only by inoffenſive gentleneſs. But the miniſters of luxury have marked him out as one at whoſe expence they may exerciſe their arts. A companion, who had juſt learned the names of the Italian maſters, runs from ſale to ſale, and buys pictures, for which Mr. Tranquil pays, without enquiring where they ſhall be hung. Another fills his garden with ſtatues, which Tranquil wiſhes away, but dares not remove. One of his friends is learning architecture by building him a houſe, which he paſſed by, and enquired to whom it belonged; another has been for three years digging canals and raiſing mounts, cutting trees down in one place, and planting them in another, on which Tranquil looks with ſerene indifference, without aſking what will be the coſt. Another projector tells him that a water-work, like that of Verſailles, will complete the beauties of his ſeat, and lays his draughts before him; Tranquil turns his eyes upon them, and the artiſt begins his explanations; Tranquil raiſes no objections, but orders him to begin the work, that he may eſcape from talk which he does not underſtand.

Thus a thouſand hands are buſy at his expence, without adding to his pleaſures. He pays and receives viſits, and has loitered in publick or in ſolitude, talking in ſummer of the town, and in winter of the country, without knowing that his fortune is impaired, till his ſteward told him this morning, that he could pay the workmen no longer but by mortgaging a manor.

N° LXXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

IN the mythological pedigree of learning, Memory is made the mother of the Muſes, by which the maſters of ancient wiſdom, perhaps, meant to ſhew the neceſſity of ſtoring the mind copiouſly with true notions, before the imagination ſhould be ſuffered to form fictions or collect embelliſhments; for the works of an ignorant poet can afford nothing higher than pleaſing ſound, and fiction is of no other uſe than to diſplay the treaſures of Memory.

The neceſſity of Memory to the acquiſition of knowledge is inevitably felt and univerſally allowed, ſo that ſcarcely any other of the mental faculties are commonly conſidered as neceſſary to a ſtudent: he that admires the proficiency of another, always attributes it to the happineſs of his Memory; and he that laments his own defects, concludes with a wiſh that his Memory was better.

It is evident, that when the power of retention is weak, all the attempts at eminence of knowledge muſt be vain; and as few are willing to be doomed to perpetual ignorance, I may, perhaps, afford conſolation to ſome that have fallen too eaſily into deſpondence, by obſerving that ſuch weakneſs is, in my opinion, very rare, and that few have reaſon to complain of Nature as unkindly ſparing of the gifts of Memory.

In the common buſineſs of life, we find the Memory of one like that of another, and honeſtly impute omiſſions not to involuntary forgetfulneſs, but culpable inattention; but in literary enquiries, failure is imputed rather to want of Memory than of diligence.

We conſider ourſelves as defective in Memory, either becauſe we remember leſs than we deſire, or leſs than we ſuppoſe others to remember.

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be ſatisfied who meaſures them by what he can conceive, or by what he can deſire. He whoſe mind is moſt capacious, finds it much too narrow for his wiſhes; he that remembers moſt, remembers little compared with what he forgets. He therefore that, after the peruſal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to conſider the diſappointment as peculiar to himſelf, or to reſign all hopes of improvement, becauſe he does not retain what even the author has perhaps forgotten.

He who compares his Memory with that of others, is often too haſty to lament the inequality. Nature has ſometimes, indeed, afforded examples of enormous, wonderful, and gigantick Memory. Scaliger reports of himſelf, that, in his youth, he could repeat above an hundred verſes, having once read them; and Barthicus declares, that he wrote his *Comment upon Claudian* without conſulting the text. But not to have ſuch degrees of Memory, is no more to be lamented, than not to have the ſtrength of Hercules, or the ſwiftneſs of Achilles. He that in the diſtribution of good has an equal ſhare with common men, may juſtly be contented. Where there is no ſtriking diſparity, it is difficult to know of two which remembers moſt, and ſtill more difficult to diſcover which read with greater attention, which has renewed the firſt impreſſion by more frequent repetitions, or by what accidental combination of ideas either mind might have united any particular narrative or argument to it's former ſtock.

But Memory, however impartially diſtributed, ſo often deceives our truſt, that almoſt every man attempts, by ſome artifice or other, to ſecure it's fidelity.

It is the practice of many readers, to note in the margin of their books, the moſt important paſſages, the ſtrongeſt arguments, or the brighteſt ſentiments. Thus they load their minds with ſuperfluous attention, repreſs the vehemence of curioſity by uſeleſs deliberation, and by frequent interruption break the current of narration or the chain of reaſon, and at laſt cloſe the volume, and forget the paſſages and marks together.

Others I have found unalterably perſuaded, that nothing is certainly remembered but what is tranſcribed; and they have therefore paſſed weeks and months in tranſferring large quotations to a common-place book. Yet, why any part of a book, which can be conſulted at pleaſure, ſhould be copied, I was never

vertable to discover. The hand has no closer correspondence with the Memory than the eye. The act of writing itself distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. This method therefore consumes time without assisting Memory.

The true art of Memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleasure, to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure, neither turbid with care, nor agitated by pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the past or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain. What is read with delight is commonly retained, because pleasure always secures attention; but the books which are consulted by occasional necessity, and perused with impatience, seldom leave any traces on the mind.

N° LXXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

IN the time when Bassora was considered as the school of Asia, and flourished by the reputation of it's professors and the confluence of it's students, among the pupils that listened round the chair of Albumazar was Gelaleddin, a native of Tauris in Persia, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundless curiosity, incessant diligence, and irresistible genius, of quick apprehension and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowness, and eager for novelty without inconstancy.

No sooner did Gelaleddin appear at Bassora, than his virtues and abilities raised him to distinction. He passed from class to class, rather admired than envied by those whom the rapidity of his progress left behind; he was consulted by his fellow-students as an oraculous guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the sages.

After a few years, having passed through all the exercises of probation, Gelaleddin was invited to a professor's seat, and entreated to increase the splendour of Bassora. Gelaleddin affected to deliberate on the proposal, with which, before he considered it, he resolved to comply; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the students, and, entering a solitary walk, began to meditate upon his future life.

'If I am thus eminent,' said he, 'in 'the regions of literature, I shall be yet 'more conspicuous in any other place: 'if I should now devote myself to study 'and retirement, I must pass my life in 'silence, unacquainted with the delights 'of wealth, the influence of power, the 'pomp of greatness, and the charms of 'elegance, with all that man envies and 'desires, with all that keeps the world 'in motion, by the hope of gaining or 'the fear of losing it. I will therefore 'depart to Tauris, where the Persian 'monarch resides in all the splendour of 'absolute dominion: my reputation will 'fly before me, my arrival will be con-'gratulated by my kinsmen and my 'friends; I shall see the eyes of those who 'predicted my greatness sparkling with 'exultation, and the faces of those that 'once despised me clouded with envy, 'or counterfeiting kindness by artificial 'smiles. I will shew my wisdom by 'my discourse, and my moderation by 'my silence; I will instruct the modest 'with easy gentleness, and repress the 'ostentatious by seasonable supercilious-'ness. My apartments will be crouded 'by the inquisitive and the vain, by 'those that honour and those that rival 'me; my name will soon reach the 'court; I shall stand before the throne 'of the emperor; the judges of the law 'will confess my wisdom, and the no-'bles will contend to heap gifts upon 'me. If I shall find that my merit, 'like that of others, excites malignity, 'or feel myself tottering on the seat of 'elevation, I may at last retire to aca-'demical obscurity, and become, in my 'lowest state, a professor of Bassora.'

Having thus settled his determination, he declared to his friends his design of visiting Tauris, and saw with more pleasure than he ventured to express, the regret with which he was dismissed. He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was destined, and therefore hasted away, and in a short time entered the capital of Persia. He was immediately

ately immerſed in the crowd, and paſſed unobſerved to his father's houſe. He entered, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any exceſs of fondneſs or exclamations of rapture. His father had, in his abſence, ſuffered many loſſes, and Gelaleddin was conſidered as an additional burthen to a falling family.

When he recovered from his ſurprize, he began to diſplay his acquiſitions, and practiſed all the arts of narration and diſquiſition: but the poor have no leiſure to be pleaſed with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleaſantries without a ſmile. He then applied himſelf ſingly to his brothers and ſiſters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and inſenſible of any other excellence than that which could bring ſome remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood that Gelaleddin was returned, and he ſate for ſome days in expectation that the learned would viſit him for conſultation, or the great for entertainment. But who will be pleaſed or inſtructed in the manſions of Poverty? He then frequented places of public reſort, and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiouſneſs of his talk. The ſpritely were ſilenced, and went away to cenſure in ſome other place his arrogance and his pedantry; and the dull liſtened quietly for a while, and then wondered why any man ſhould take pains to obtain ſo much knowledge which would never do him good.

He next ſolicited the viſiers for employment, not doubting but his ſervices would be eagerly accepted. He was told by one that there was no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit was above any patronage but that of the emperor; by a third, that he would not forget him; and by the chief viſier, that he did not think literature of any great uſe in publick buſineſs. He was ſometimes admitted to their tables, where he exerted his wit and diffuſed his knowledge; but he obſerved, that where, by endeavour or accident, he had remarkably excelled, he was ſeldom invited a ſecond time.

He now returned to Baſſora, wearied and diſguſted, but confident of reſuming his former rank, and revelling again in ſatiety of praiſe. But he who had been neglected at Tauris, was not much regarded at Baſſora; he was conſidered as a fugitive, who returned only becauſe he could live in no other place; his companions found that they had formerly over-rated his abilities, and he lived long without notice or eſteem.

N° LXXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Was much pleaſed with your ridicule of thoſe ſhallow Criticks, whoſe judgment, though often right as far as it goes, yet reaches only to inferior beauties, and who, unable to comprehend the whole, judge only by parts, and from thence determine the merit of extenſive works. But there is another kind of Critick ſtill worſe, who judges by narrow rules, and thoſe too often falſe; and which, though they ſhould be true, and founded on nature, will lead him but a very little way towards the juſt eſtimation of the ſublime beauties in works of genius; for whatever part of an art can be executed or criticiſed by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules. For my own part, I profeſs myſelf an Idler, and love to give my judgment, ſuch as it is, from my immediate perceptions, without much fatigue of thinking; and I am of opinion, that if a man has not thoſe perceptions right, it will be vain for him to endeavour to ſupply their place by rules, which may enable him to talk more learnedly, but not to diſtinguiſh more acutely. Another reaſon which has leſſened my affection for the ſtudy of criticiſm is, that Criticks, ſo far as I have obſerved, debar themſelves from receiving any pleaſure from the polite arts, at the ſame time that they profeſs to love and admire them: for theſe rules, being always uppermoſt, give them ſuch a propenſity to criticiſe, that, inſtead of giving up the reins of their imagination into their author's hands, their frigid minds are employed in examining whether

ther the performance be according to the rules of art.

To thoſe who are reſolved to be Criticks in ſpite of nature, and at the ſame time have no great diſpoſition to much reading and ſtudy, I would recommend to them to aſſume the character of Connoiſſeur, which may be purchaſed at a much cheaper rate than that of a Critick in poetry. The remembrance of a few names of painters, with their general characters, with a few rules of the academy, which they may pick up among the painters, will go a great way towards making a very notable connoiſſeur.

With a gentleman of this caſt, I viſited laſt week the Cartoons at Hampton Court: he was juſt returned from Italy, a Connoiſſeur of courſe, and of courſe his mouth full of nothing but the grace of Raffaelle, the purity of Domenichino, the learning of Pouſſin, the air of Guido, the greatneſs of taſte of the Charaches, and the ſublimity and grand contorno of Michael Angelo; with all the reſt of the cant of criticiſm, which he emitted with that volubility which generally thoſe orators have who annex no ideas to their words.

As we were paſſing through the rooms, in our way to the gallery, I made him obſerve a whole length of Charles the Firſt by Vandyke, as a perfect repreſentation of the character as well as the figure of the man. He agreed it was very fine, but it wanted ſpirit and contraſt, and had not the flowing line, without which a figure could not poſſibly be graceful. When we entered the gallery, I thought I could perceive him recollecting his rules by which he was to criticiſe Raffaelle. I ſhall paſs over his obſervation of the boats being too little, and other criticiſms of that kind, till we arrived at *St. Paul preaching*. 'This,' ſays he, 'is eſteemed the moſt 'excellent of all the Cartoons; what 'nobleneſs, what dignity there is in 'that figure of St. Paul! and yet what 'an addition to that nobleneſs could 'Raffaelle have given, had the art of 'contraſt been known in his time! but 'above all, the flowing line, which 'conſtitutes grace and beauty. You 'would not then have ſeen an upright 'figure ſtanding equally on both legs, 'and both hands ſtretched forward in 'the ſame direction, and his drapery, 'to all appearance, without the leaſt art 'of diſpoſition.' The following picture is the *Charge to Peter*. 'Here,' ſays he, 'are twelve upright figures; 'what a pity it is that Raffaelle was not 'acquainted with the pyramidal princi-'ple! he would then have contrived the 'figures in the middle to have been on 'higher ground, or the figures at the 'extremities ſtooping or lying, which 'would not only have formed the group 'into the ſhape of a pyramid, but like-'wiſe contraſted the ſtanding figures. 'Indeed,' added he, 'I have often la-'mented that ſo great a genius as Raf-'faelle had not lived in this enlightened 'age, ſince the art has been reduced to 'principles, and had had his education 'in one of the modern academies; what 'glorious works might we then have 'expected from his divine pencil!'

I ſhall trouble you no longer with my friend's obſervations, which, I ſuppoſe, you are now able to continue by yourſelf. It is curious to obſerve, that, at the ſame time that great admiration is pretended for a name of fixed reputation, objections are raiſed againſt thoſe very qualities by which that great name was acquired.

Thoſe Criticks are continually lamenting that Raffaelle had not the colouring and harmony of Rubens, or the light and ſhadow of Rembrant, without conſidering how much the gay harmony of the former, and affectation of the latter, would take from the dignity of Raffaelle; and yet Rubens had great harmony, and Rembrant underſtood light and ſhadow; but what may be an excellence in a lower claſs of painting, becomes a blemiſh in a higher; as the quick, ſprightly turn, which is the life and beauty of epigrammatick compoſitions, would but ill ſuit with the majeſty of heroick poetry.

To conclude; I would not be thought to infer from any thing that has been ſaid, that rules are abſolutely unneceſſary, but to cenſure ſcrupuloſity, a ſervile attention to minute exactneſs, which is ſometimes inconſiſtent with higher excellency, and is loſt in the blaze of expanded genius.

I do not know whether you will think painting a general ſubject. By inſerting this letter, perhaps you will incur the cenſure a man would deſerve, whoſe buſineſs being to entertain a whole room, ſhould turn his back to the company, and talk to a particular perſon. I am, Sir, &c.

N° LXXVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

EASY Poetry is univerſally admired; but I know not whether any rule has yet been fixed, by which it may be decided when Poetry can be properly called eaſy. Horace has told us, that it is ſuch as *every reader hopes to equal, but after long labour finds unattainable.* This is a very looſe deſcription, in which only the effect is noted; the qualities which produce this effect remain to be inveſtigated.

Eaſy poetry is that in which natural thoughts are expreſſed without violence to the language. The diſcriminating character of Eaſe conſiſts principally in the diction, for all true poetry requires that the ſentiments be natural. Language ſuffers violence by harſh or by diſtant figures, by tranſpoſition, by unuſual acceptations of words, and by any licence, which would be avoided by a writer of proſe. Where any artifice appears in the conſtruction of the verſe, that verſe is no longer eaſy. Any epithet which can be ejected without diminution of the ſenſe, any curious iteration of the ſame word, and all unuſual, though not ungrammatical ſtructure of ſpeech, deſtroy the grace of eaſy poetry.

The firſt lines of Pope's Iliad afford examples of many licences which an eaſy writer muſt decline.

Achilles wrath, to Greece the *direful ſpring*
Of woes unnumber'd, *heav'nly* Goddeſs ſing,
The wrath which *hurl'd* to Pluto's *gloomy reign*
The ſouls of *mighty* chiefs untimely ſlain.

In the firſt couplet the language is diſtorted by inverſions, clogged with ſuperfluities, and clouded by a harſh metaphor; and in the ſecond there are two words uſed in an uncommon ſenſe, and two epithets inſerted only to lengthen the line; all theſe practices may in a long work eaſily be pardoned, but they always produce ſome degree of obſcurity and ruggedneſs.

Eaſy poetry has been ſo long excluded by ambition of ornament, and luxuriance of imagery, that it's nature ſeems now to be forgotten. Affectation, however oppoſite to eaſe, is ſometimes miſtaken for it; and thoſe who aſpire to gentle elegance, collect female phraſes and faſhionable barbariſms, and imagine that ſtyle to be eaſy which cuſtom has made familiar. Such was the idea of the poet who wrote the following verſes to a *Counteſs cutting paper.*

Pallas grew *wap'riſh once and odd*,
She would not *do the leaſt right thing*
Either for Goddeſs or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor ſing.

Jove frown'd, and 'Uſe,' he cry'd, 'thoſe eyes
'So ſkilful, and thoſe hands ſo taper;
'Do ſomething exquiſite and wiſe.'—
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heaven a *burning ſhame*,
What does ſhe next, but bids on earth
Her *Burlington* do juſt the ſame?

Pallas, you give yourſelf *ſtrange airs*;
But ſure you'll find it hard to ſpoil
The ſenſe and taſte of one that bears
The name of *Savile* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad example ſhown,
How quickly all the ſex purſue!
See, Madam! ſee the arts o'erthrown
Between *John Overton* and *you*.

It is the prerogative of eaſy poetry to be underſtood as long as the language laſts; but modes of ſpeech, which owe their prevalence only to modiſh folly, or to the eminence of thoſe that uſe them, die away with their inventors, and their meaning, in a few years, is no longer known.

Eaſy poetry is commonly fought in petty compoſitions upon minute ſubjects; but eaſe, though it excludes pomp, will admit greatneſs. Many lines in Cato's Soliloquy are at once eaſy and ſublime.

'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
——— If there's a Power above us,
And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works, he muſt delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.

Nor is eaſe more contrary to wit than to ſublimity; the celebrated ſtanza of Cowley, on a lady elaborately dreſſed, loſes nothing of it's freedom by the ſpirit of the ſentiment.

Th' adorning thee with ſo much art
Is but a barb'rous ſkill,
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

Cowley

Cowley ſeems to have poſſeſſed the power of writing eaſily beyond any other of our poets, yet his purſuit of remote thoughts led him often into harſhneſs of expreſſion. Waller often attempted, but ſeldom attained it; for he is too frequently driven into tranſpoſitions. The poets, from the time of Dryden, have gradually advanced in embelliſhment, and conſequently departed from ſimplicity and eaſe.

To require from any author many pieces of eaſy poetry, would be indeed to oppreſs him with too hard a taſk. It is leſs difficult to write a volume of lines ſwelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and ſtiffened by tranſpoſitions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and ſimple purity, which require ſo much care and ſkill, that I doubt whether any of our authors has yet been able, for twenty lines together, nicely to obſerve the true definition of eaſy poetry.

N° LXXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

I Have paſſed the ſummer in one of thoſe places to which a mineral ſpring gives the idle and luxurious an annual reaſon for reſorting, whenever they fancy themſelves offended by the heat of London. What is the true motive of this periodical aſſembly, I have never yet been able to diſcover. The greater part of the viſitants neither feel diſeaſes nor fear them. What pleaſure can be expected more than the variety of the journey, I know not, for the numbers are too great for privacy, and too ſmall for diverſion. As each is known to be a ſpy upon the reſt, they all live in continual reſtraint; and having but a narrow range for cenſure, they gratify it's cravings by preying on one another.

But every condition has ſome advantages. In this confinement, a ſmaller circle affords opportunities for more exact obſervation. The glaſs that magnifies it's object contracts the ſight to a point, and the mind muſt be fixed upon a ſingle character to remark it's minute peculiarities. The quality or habit which paſſes unobſerved in the tumult of ſucceſſive multitudes, becomes conſpicuous when it is offered to the notice day after day; and perhaps I have, without any diſtinct notice, ſeen thouſands like my late companions; for when the ſcene can be varied at pleaſure, a ſlight diſguſt turns us aſide before a deep impreſſion can be made upon the mind.

There was a ſelect ſett, ſuppoſed to be diſtinguiſhed by ſuperiority of intellects, who always paſſed the evening together. To be admitted to their converſation was the higheſt honour of the place: many youths aſpired to diſtinction, by pretending to occaſional invitations; and the ladies were often wiſhing to be men, that they might partake the pleaſures of learned ſociety.

I know not whether by merit or deſtiny, I was, ſoon after my arrival, admitted to this envied party, which I frequented till I had learned the art by which each endeavoured to ſupport his character.

Tom Steady was a vehement aſſertor of uncontroverted truth; and by keeping himſelf out of the reach of contradiction, had acquired all the confidence which the conſciouſneſs of irreſiſtible abilities could have given. I was once mentioning a man of eminence, and, after having recounted his virtues, endeavoured to repreſent him fully, by mentioning his faults. 'Sir,' ſaid Mr. Steady, 'that he has faults I can eaſily 'believe, for who is without them? No 'man, Sir, is now alive, among the 'innumerable multitudes that ſwarm 'upon the earth, however wiſe, or how-'ever good, who has not, in ſome de-'gree, his failings and his faults. If 'there be any man faultleſs, bring him 'forth into publick view, ſhew him 'openly, and let him be known; but I 'will venture to affirm, and, till the 'contrary be plainly ſhewn, ſhall al-'ways maintain, that no ſuch man is to 'be found. Tell not me, Sir, of im-'peccability and perfection; ſuch talk 'is for thoſe that are ſtrangers in the 'world: I have ſeen ſeveral nations, 'and converſed with all ranks of people; 'I have known the great and the mean, 'the learned and the ignorant, the old 'and the young, the clerical and the 'lay, but I have never found a man 'without a fault; and I ſuppoſe ſhall die 'in the opinion, that to be human is to 'be frail.'

To all this nothing could be oppoſed. I liſtened with a hanging head; Mr. Steady looked round on the hearers with triumph, and ſaw every eye congratulating his victory; he departed, and ſpent the next morning in following thoſe who retired from the company, and telling them, with injunctions of ſecrecy, how poor Spritely began to take liberties with men wiſer than himſelf; but that he ſuppreſſed him by a deciſive argument, which put him totally to ſilence.

Dick Snug is a man of ſly remark and pithy ſententiouſneſs: he never immerges himſelf in the ſtream of converſation, but lies to catch his companions in the eddy: he is often very ſucceſsful in breaking narratives and confounding eloquence. A gentleman, giving the hiſtory of one of his acquaintance, made mention of a lady that had many lovers: —'Then,' ſaid Dick, 'ſhe was either 'handſome or rich.' This obſervation being well received, Dick watched the progreſs of the tale; and hearing of a man loſt in a ſhipwreck, remarked, that *no man was ever drowned upon dry land.*

Will Startle is a man of exquiſite ſenſibility, whoſe delicacy of frame, and quickneſs of diſcernment, ſubject him to impreſſions from the ſlighteſt cauſes; and who therefore paſſes his life between rapture and horror, in quiverings of delight, or convulſions of diſguſt. His emotions are too violent for many words; his thoughts are always diſcovered by exclamations. *Vile, odious, horrid, deteſtable,* and *ſweet, charming, delightful, aſtoniſhing,* compoſe almoſt his whole vocabulary, which he utters with various contortions and geſticulations, not eaſily related or deſcribed.

Jack Solid is a man of much reading, who utters nothing but quotations; but having been, I ſuppoſe, too confident of his memory, he has for ſome time neglected his books, and his ſtock grows every day more ſcanty. Mr. Solid has found an opportunity every night to repeat from Hudibras—

> Doubtleſs the pleaſure is as great
> Of being cheated, as to cheat.

And from Waller—

> Poets loſe half the praiſe they would have got,
> Were it but known that they diſcreetly blot.

Dick Miſty is a man of deep reſearch, and forcible penetration. Others are content with ſuperficial appearances; but Dick holds, that there is no effect without a cauſe, and values himſelf upon his power of explaining the difficult, and diſplaying the abſtruſe. Upon a diſpute among us which of two young ſtrangers was more beautiful—'You,' ſays Mr. Miſty, turning to me, 'like Amaranthia 'better than Chloris. I do not wonder 'at the preference, for the cauſe is evi-'dent: there is in man a perception of 'harmony, and a ſenſibility of perfec-'tion, which touches the finer fibres of 'the mental texture; and before Reaſon 'can deſcend from her throne, to paſs 'her ſentence upon the things com-'pared, drives us towards the object pro-'portioned to our faculties, by an im-'pulſe gentle, yet irreſiſtible; for the 'harmonick ſyſtem of the univerſe, and 'the reciprocal magnetiſm of ſimilar 'natures, are always operating towards 'conformity and union; nor can the 'powers of the ſoul ceaſe from agita-'tion, till they find ſomething on which 'they can repoſe.' To this nothing was oppoſed, and Amaranthia was acknowledged to excel Chloris.

Of the reſt you may expect an account from, Sir, yours,

ROBIN SPRITELY.

Nº LXXIX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

YOUR acceptance of a former letter on Painting gives me encouragement to offer a few more ſketches on the ſame ſubject.

Amongſt the Painters, and the writers on Painting, there is one maxim univerſally admitted and continually inculcated. *Imitate nature* is the invariable rule; but I know none who have explained in what manner this rule is to be underſtood; the conſequence of which is, that every one takes it in the moſt obvious ſenſe, that objects are repreſented naturally when they have ſuch relief that they ſeem real. It may appear

ſtrange,

ſtrange, perhaps, to hear this ſenſe of the rule diſputed; but it muſt be conſidered, that if the excellency of a Painter conſiſted only in this kind of imitation, Painting muſt loſe it's rank, and be no longer conſidered as a liberal art, and ſiſter to Poetry, this imitation being merely mechanical, in which the ſloweſt intellect is always ſure to ſucceed beſt; for the Painter of genius cannot ſtoop to drudgery, in which the underſtanding has no part; and what pretence has the art to claim kindred with Poetry, but by it's powers over the imagination? To this power the Painter of genius directs him; in this ſenſe he ſtudies nature, and often arrives at his end, even by being unnatural in the confined ſenſe of the word.

The grand ſtyle of Painting requires this minute attention to be carefully avoided, and muſt be kept as ſeparate from it as the ſtyle of Poetry from that of Hiſtory. Poetical ornaments deſtroy that air of truth and plainneſs which ought to characterize hiſtory; but the very being of poetry conſiſts in departing from this plain narration, and adopting every ornament that will warm the imagination. To deſire to ſee the excellences of each ſtyle united, to mingle the Dutch with the Italian ſchool, is to join contrarieties which cannot ſubſiſt together, and which deſtroy the efficacy of each other. The Italian attends only to the invariable, the great and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in univerſal nature; the Dutch, on the contrary, to literal truth and a minute exactneſs in the detail, as I may ſay, of nature modified by accident. The attention to theſe petty peculiarities is the very cauſe of this naturalneſs ſo much admired in the Dutch pictures, which, if we ſuppoſe it to be a beauty, is certainly of a lower order, which ought to give place to a beauty of a ſuperior kind, ſince one cannot be obtained but by departing from the other.

If my opinion was aſked concerning the works of Michael Angelo, whether they would receive any advantage from poſſeſſing this mechanical merit, I ſhould not ſcruple to ſay they would not only receive no advantage, but would loſe, in a great meaſure, the effect which they now have on every mind ſuſceptible of great and noble ideas. His works may be ſaid to be all genius and ſoul, and why ſhould they be loaded with heavy matter which can only counteract his purpoſe by retarding the progreſs of the imagination.

If this opinion ſhould be thought one of the wild extravagances of enthuſiaſm, I ſhall only ſay, that thoſe who cenſure it are not converſant in the works of the great maſters. It is very difficult to determine the exact degree of enthuſiaſm that the arts of Painting and Poetry may admit. There may perhaps be too great an indulgence as well as too great a reſtraint of imagination; and if the one produces incoherent monſters, the other produces what is full as bad, lifeleſs inſipidity. An intimate knowledge of the paſſions, and good ſenſe, but not common ſenſe, muſt at laſt determine it's limits. It has been thought, and I believe with reaſon, that Michael Angelo ſometimes tranſgreſſed thoſe limits; and I think I have ſeen figures of him of which it was very difficult to determine whether they were in the higheſt degree ſublime or extremely ridiculous. Such faults may be ſaid to be the ebullitions of genius; but at leaſt he had this merit, that he never was inſipid, and whatever paſſion his works may excite, they will always eſcape contempt.

What I have had under conſideration is the ſublimeſt ſtyle, particularly that of Michael Angelo, the Homer of Painting. Other kinds may admit of this naturalneſs, which of the loweſt kind is the chief merit; but in Painting, as in Poetry, the higheſt ſtyle has the leaſt of common nature.

One may very ſafely recommend a little more enthuſiaſm to the modern Painters; too much is certainly not the vice of the preſent age. The Italians ſeem to have been continually declining in this reſpect from the time of Michael Angelo to that of Carlo Maratti, and from thence to the very bathos of inſipidity to which they are now ſunk; ſo that there is no need of remarking, that where I mentioned the Italian Painters in oppoſition to the Dutch, I mean not the moderns, but the heads of the old Roman and Bolognian ſchools; nor did I mean to include in my idea of an Italian Painter, the Venetian ſchool, which may be ſaid to be the Dutch part of the Italian genius. I have only to add a word of advice to the Painters, that however excellent they may be in painting naturally, they would not flatter themſelves very much upon it; and to the Connoiſ-

ſeurs, that when they ſee a cat or a fiddle painted ſo finely, that, as the phraſe is, *It looks as if you could take it up*, they would not for that reaſon immediately compare the painter to Raffaelle and Michael Angelo.

Nº LXXX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

THAT every day has it's pains and ſorrows is univerſally experienced, and almoſt univerſally confeſſed: but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we ſhall find that every day has likewiſe it's pleaſures and it's joys.

The time is now come when the town is again beginning to be full, and the ruſticated beauty ſees an end of her baniſhment. Thoſe whom the tyranny of Faſhion had condemned to paſs the ſummer among ſhades and brooks, are now preparing to return to plays, balls, and aſſemblies, with health reſtored by retirement, and ſpirits kindled by expectation.

Many a mind which has languiſhed ſome months without emotion or deſire, now feels a ſudden renovation of it's faculties. It was long ago obſerved by Pythagoras, that Ability and Neceſſity dwell near each other. She that wandered in the garden without ſenſe of it's fragrance, and lay day after day ſtretched upon a couch behind a green curtain, unwilling to wake and unable to ſleep, now ſummons her thoughts to conſider which of her laſt year's cloaths ſhall be ſeen again, and to anticipate the raptures of a new ſuit; the day and the night are now filled with occupation; the laces which were too fine to be worn among ruſticks, are taken from the boxes and reviewed, and the eye is no ſooner cloſed after it's labours, than whole ſhops of ſilk buſy the fancy.

But happineſs is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied. Before the day of departure a week is always appropriated to the payment and reception of ceremonial viſits, at which nothing can be mentioned but the delights of London. The lady who is haſtening to the ſcene of action flutters her wings, diſplays her proſpects of felicity, tells how ſhe grudges every moment of delay, and in the preſence of thoſe, whom ſhe knows condemned to ſtay at home, is ſure to wonder by what arts life can be made ſupportable through a winter in the country, and to tell how often amidſt the extaſies of an opera ſhe ſhall pity thoſe friends whom ſhe has left behind. Her hope of giving pain is ſeldom diſappointed; the affected indifference of one, the faint congratulations of another, the wiſhes of ſome openly confeſſed, and the ſilent dejection of the reſt, all exalt her opinion of her own ſuperiority.

But however we may labour for our own deception, truth, though unwelcome, will ſometimes intrude upon the mind. They who have already enjoyed the crowds and noiſe of the great city, know that their deſire to return is little more than the reſtleſſneſs of a vacant mind, that they are not ſo much led by hope as driven by diſguſt, and wiſh rather to leave the country than to ſee the town. There is commonly in every coach a paſſenger enwrapped in ſilent expectation, whoſe joy is more ſincere, and whoſe hopes are more exalted. The virgin whom the laſt ſummer releaſed from her governeſs, and who is now going between her mother and her aunt to try the fortune of her wit and beauty, ſuſpects no fallacy in the gay repreſentation. She believes herſelf paſſing into another world, and images London as an Elyſian region, where every hour has it's proper pleaſure, where nothing is ſeen but the blaze of wealth, and nothing heard but merriment and flattery; where the morning always riſes on a ſhow, and the evening cloſes on a ball; where the eyes are uſed only to ſparkle, and the feet only to dance.

Her aunt and her mother amuſe themſelves on the road, with telling her of dangers to be dreaded, and cautions to be obſerved. She hears them as they heard their predeceſſors, with incredulity or contempt. She ſees that they have ventured and eſcaped; and one of the pleaſures which ſhe promiſes herſelf is to detect their falſhoods, and be freed from their admonitions.

We are inclined to believe thoſe whom we do not know, becauſe they never

never have deceived us. The fair adventurer may perhaps liſten to the Idler, whom ſhe cannot ſuſpect of rivalry or malice, yet he ſcarcely expects to be credited when he tells her, that her expectations will likewiſe end in diſappointment.

The uniform neceſſities of human nature produce in a great meaſure uniformity of life, and for part of the day make one place like another: to dreſs and to undreſs, to eat and to ſleep, are the ſame in London as in the country. The ſupernumerary hours have indeed a greater variety both of pleaſure and of pain. The ſtranger gazed on by multitudes at her firſt appearance in the Park, is perhaps on the higheſt ſummit of female happineſs; but how great is the anguiſh when the novelty of another face draws her worſhippers away! The heart may leap for a time under a fine gown, but the ſight of a gown yet finer puts an end to rapture. In the firſt row at an opera two hours may be happily paſſed in liſtening to the muſick on the ſtage, and watching the glances of the company; but how will the night end in deſpondency, when ſhe that imagined herſelf the ſovereign of the place ſees lords contending to lead Iris to her chair? There is little pleaſure in converſation to her whoſe wit is regarded but in the ſecond place; and who can dance with eaſe or ſpirit that ſees Amaryllis led out before her? She that fancied nothing but a ſucceſſion of pleaſures, will find herſelf engaged without deſign in numberleſs competitions, and mortified without provocation with numberleſs afflictions.

But I do not mean to extinguiſh that ardour which I wiſh to moderate, or to diſcourage thoſe whom I am endeavouring to reſtrain. To know the world is neceſſary, ſince we were born for the help of one another; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to deſpiſe it. She that brings to London a mind well prepared for improvement, though ſhe miſſes her hope of uninterrupted happineſs, will gain in return an opportunity of adding knowledge to vivacity, and enlarging innocence to virtue.

N° LXXXI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

As the Engliſh army was paſſing towards Quebec along a ſoft ſavanna between a mountain and a lake, one of the petty chiefs of the inland regions ſtood upon a rock ſurrounded by his clan, and from behind the ſhelter of the buſhes contemplated the art and regularity of European war. It was evening, the tents were pitched: he obſerved the ſecurity with which the troops reſted in the night, and the order with which the march was renewed in the morning. He continued to purſue them with his eye till they could be ſeen no longer, and then ſtood for ſome time ſilent and penſive.

Then turning to his followers—'My 'children,' ſaid he, 'I have often heard 'from men hoary with long life, that 'there was a time when our anceſtors 'were abſolute lords of the woods, the 'meadows, and the lakes, wherever the 'eye can reach or the foot can paſs. 'They fiſhed and hunted, feaſted and 'danced, and when they were weary 'lay down under the firſt thicket, with-'out danger and without fear. They 'changed their habitations as the ſea-'ſons required, convenience prompted, 'or curioſity allured them; and ſome-'times gathered the fruits of the moun-'tain, and ſometimes ſported in canoes 'along the coaſt.

'Many years and ages are ſuppoſed 'to have been thus paſſed in plenty and 'ſecurity; when, at laſt, a new race of 'men entered our country from the 'great ocean. They incloſed themſelves 'in habitations of ſtone, which our an-'ceſtors could neither enter by violence, 'nor deſtroy by fire. They iſſued from 'thoſe faſtneſſes, ſometimes covered like 'the armadillo with ſhells, from which 'the lance rebounded on the ſtriker, 'and ſometimes carried by mighty 'beaſts which had never been ſeen in 'our vales or foreſts, of ſuch ſtrength 'and ſwiftneſs, that flight and oppoſi-'tion were alike vain. Thoſe invaders 'ranged over the continent, ſlaughter-'ing in their rage thoſe that reſiſted, and 'thoſe that ſubmitted, in their mirth. 'Of thoſe that remained, ſome were bu-'ried in caverns, and condemned to dig 'metals for their maſters; ſome were 'employed

'employed in tilling the ground, of 'which foreign tyrants devour the pro- 'duce; and when the ſword and the 'mines have deſtroyed the natives, they 'ſupply their place by human beings of 'another colour, brought from ſome 'diſtant country to periſh here under 'toil and torture.

'Some there are who boaſt their hu- 'manity, and content themſelves to 'ſeize our chaces and fiſheries, who 'drive us from every track of ground 'where fertility and pleaſantneſs invite 'them to ſettle, and make no war upon 'us except when we intrude upon our 'own lands.

'Others pretend to have purchaſed a 'right of reſidence and tyranny; but 'ſurely the inſolence of ſuch bargains 'is more offenſive than the avowed and 'open dominion of force. What re- 'ward can induce the poſſeſſor of a 'country to admit a ſtranger more 'powerful than himſelf? Fraud or ter- 'ror muſt operate in ſuch contracts; 'either they promiſed protection which 'they never have afforded, or inſtruc- 'tion which they never imparted. We 'hoped to be ſecured by their favour 'from ſome other evil, or to learn the 'arts of Europe, by which we might 'be able to ſecure ourſelves. Their 'power they have never exerted in our 'defence, and their arts they have ſtu- 'dioufly concealed from us. Their 'treaties are only to deceive, and their 'traffick only to defraud us. They 'have a written law among them, of 'which they boaſt as derived from Him 'who made the earth and ſea, and by 'which they profeſs to believe that man 'will be made happy when life ſhall 'forſake him. Why is not this law 'communicated to us? It is concealed 'becauſe it is violated. For how ca.. 'they preach it to an Indian nation, 'when I am told that one of it's firſt 'precepts forbids them to do to others 'what they would not that others ſhould 'do to them?

'But the time perhaps is now ap- 'proaching when the pride of uſurpation 'ſhall be cruſhed, and the cruelties of 'invaſion ſhall be revenged. The ſons of 'Rapacity have now drawn their ſwords 'upon each other, and referred their 'claims to the deciſion of war; let us 'look unconcerned upon the ſlaughter, 'and remember that the death of every 'European delivers the country from 'a tyrant and a robber; for what is 'the claim of either nation, but the 'claim of the vulture to the leveret, of 'the tiger to the faun? Let them then 'continue to diſpute their title to re- 'gions which they cannot people, to 'purchaſe by danger and blood the 'empty dignity of dominion over 'mountains which they will never 'climb, and rivers which they will ne- 'ver paſs. Let us endeavour, in the 'mean time, to learn their diſcipline, 'and to forge their weapons; and when 'they ſhall be weakened with mutual 'ſlaughter, let us ruſh down upon 'them, force their remains to take ſhel- 'ter in their ſhips, and reign once more 'in our native country.'

N° LXXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

DISCOURSING in my laſt letter on the different practice of the Italian and Dutch Painters, I obſerved, that 'the Italian Painter attends only to the 'invariable, the great and general ideas 'which are fixed and inherent in uni- 'verſal nature.'

I was led into the ſubject of this letter by endeavouring to fix the original cauſe of this conduct of the Italian maſters. If it can be proved that by this choice they ſelected the moſt beautiful part of the creation, it will ſhew how much their principles are founded on reaſon, and, at the ſame time, diſcover the origin of our ideas of beauty.

I ſuppoſe it will be eaſily granted, that no man can judge whether any animal be beautiful in it's kind, or deformed, who has ſeen only one of that ſpecies; that is as concluſive in regard to the human figure; ſo that if a man, born blind, was to recover his ſight, and the moſt beautiful woman was brought before him, he could not determine whether ſhe was handſome or not; nor if the moſt beautiful and moſt deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he ſhould give the preference, having ſeen only thoſe two. To diſtin-

guiſh

guiſh beauty, then, implies the having ſeen many individuals of that ſpecies. If it is aſked, how is more ſkill acquired by the obſervation of greater numbers? I anſwer, that, in conſequence of having ſeen many, the power is acquired, even without ſeeking after it, of diſtinguiſhing between accidental blemiſhes and excreſcences which are continually varying the ſurface of Nature's works, and the invariable general form which Nature moſt frequently produces, and always ſeems to intend in her productions.

Thus amongſt the blades of graſs or leaves of the ſame tree, though no two can be found exactly alike, yet the general form is invariable: a naturaliſt, before he choſe one as a ſample, would examine many, ſince if he took the firſt that occurred, it might have, by accident or otherwiſe, ſuch a form as that it would ſcarce be known to belong to that ſpecies; he ſelects, as the Painter does, the moſt beautiful, that is, the moſt general form of nature.

Every ſpecies of the animal as well as the vegetable creation may be ſaid to have a fixed or determinate form towards which nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in the center; or it may be compared to pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point; and as they all croſs the center, though only one paſſes through any other point, ſo it will be found that perfect beauty is oftener produced by nature than deformity; I do not mean than deformity in general, but than any one kind of deformity. To inſtance in a particular part of a feature; the line that forms the ridge of the noſe is beautiful when it is ſtraight; this, then, is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that ſhall be propoſed. As we are then more accuſtomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reaſon why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire cuſtoms and faſhions of dreſs for no other reaſon than that we are uſed to them; ſo that though habit and cuſtom cannot be ſaid to be the cauſe of beauty, it is certainly the cauſe of our liking it: and I have no doubt but that if we were more uſed to deformity than beauty, deformity would then loſe the idea now annexed to it, and take that of beauty; as if the whole world ſhould agree, that *yes* and *no* ſhould change their meanings; *yes* would then deny, and *no* would affirm.

Whoever undertakes to proceed further in this argument, and endeavours to fix a general criterion of beauty reſpecting different ſpecies, or to ſhew why one ſpecies is more beautiful than another, it will be required from him firſt to prove that one ſpecies is really more beautiful than another. That we prefer one to the other, and with very good reaſon, will be readily granted; but it does not follow from thence that we think it a more beautiful form; for we have no criterion of form by which to determine our judgment. He who ſays a ſwan is more beautiful than a dove, means little more than that he has more pleaſure in ſeeing a ſwan than a dove, either from the ſtateline's of it's motions or it's being a more rare bird; and he who gives the preference to the dove, does it from ſome aſſociation of ideas of innocence that he always annexes to the dove; but if he pretends to defend the preference he gives to one or the other, by endeavouring to prove that this more beautiful form proceeds from a particular gradation of magnitude, undulation of a curve, or direction of a line, or whatever other conceit of his imagination he ſhall fix on as a criterion of form; he will be continually contradicting himſelf, and find at laſt that the great Mother of Nature will not be ſubjected to ſuch narrow rules. Among the various reaſons why we prefer one part of her works to another, the moſt general, I believe, is habit and cuſtom; cuſtom makes, in a certain ſenſe, white black, and black white; it is cuſtom alone determines our preference of the colour of the Europeans to the Æthiopians, and they, for the ſame reaſon, prefer their own colour to ours. I ſuppoſe nobody will doubt, if one of their painters was to paint the Goddeſs of Beauty, but that he would repreſent her black, with thick lips, flat noſe, and woolly hair; and it ſeems to me, he would act very unnaturally if he did not: for by what criterion will any one diſpute the propriety of his idea? We, indeed, ſay, that the form and colour of the European is preferable to that of the Æthiopian; but I know of no other reaſon we have for it, but that we are more accuſtomed to it. It is abſurd to ſay, that beauty is poſſeſſed of attractive

powers,

powers, which irreſiſtibly ſeize the correſponding mind with love and admiration, ſince that argument is equally concluſive in favour of the white and the black philoſopher.

The black and white nations muſt, in reſpect of beauty, be conſidered as of different kinds, at leaſt a different ſpecies of the ſame kind; from one of which to the other, as I obſerved, no inference can be drawn.

Novelty is ſaid to be one of the cauſes of beauty: that novelty is a very ſufficient reaſon why we ſhould admire, is not denied; but becauſe it is uncommon, is it therefore beautiful? The beauty that is produced by colour, as when we prefer one bird to another, though of the ſame form, on account of it's colour, has nothing to do with this argument, which reaches only to form. I have here conſidered the word Beauty as being properly applied to form alone. There is a neceſſity of fixing this confined ſenſe; for there can be no argument, if the ſenſe of the word is extended to every thing that is approved. A roſe may as well be ſaid to be beautiful, becauſe it has a fine ſmell, as a bird becauſe of it's colour. When we apply the word Beauty, we do not mean always by it a more beautiful form, but ſomething valuable on account of it's rarity, uſefulneſs, colour, or any other property. A horſe is ſaid to be a beautiful animal; but had a horſe as few good qualities as a tortoiſe, I do not imagine that he would be then eſteemed beautiful.

A fitneſs to the end propoſed, is ſaid to be another cauſe of beauty; but ſuppoſing we were proper judges of what form is the moſt proper in an animal to conſtitute ſtrength or ſwiftneſs, we always determine concerning it's beauty, before we exert our underſtanding to judge of it's fitneſs.

From what has been ſaid, it may be inferred, that the works of Nature, if we compare one ſpecies with another, are all equally beautiful; and that preference is given from cuſtom, or ſome aſſociation of ideas: and that in creatures of the ſame ſpecies, beauty is the medium or centre of all various forms.

To conclude, then, by way of corollary: if it has been proved, that the Painter, by attending to the invariable and general ideas of nature, produces beauty, he muſt, by regarding minute particularities and accidental diſcriminations, deviate from the univerſal rule, and pollute his canvas with deformity.

N° LXXXIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Suppoſe you have forgotten that many weeks ago I promiſed to ſend you an account of my companions at the Wells. You would not deny me a place among the moſt faithful votaries of Idleneſs, if you knew how often I have recollected my engagement, and contented myſelf to delay the performance for ſome reaſon which I durſt not examine becauſe I knew it to be falſe; how often I have ſat down to write, and rejoiced at interruption; and how often I have praiſed the dignity of reſolution, determined at night to write in the morning, and referred it in the morning to the quiet hours of night.

I have at laſt begun what I have long wiſhed at an end, and find it more eaſy than I expected to continue my narration.

Our aſſembly could boaſt no ſuch conſtellation of intellects as Clarendon's band of aſſociates. We had among us no Selden, Falkland, or Waller; but we had men not leſs important in their own eyes, though leſs diſtinguiſhed by the publick; and many a time have we lamented the partiality of mankind, and agreed that men of the deepeſt enquiry ſometimes let their diſcoveries die away in ſilence; that the moſt comprehenſive obſervers have ſeldom opportunities of imparting their remarks, and that modeſt merit paſſes in the crowd unknown and unheeded.

One of the greateſt men of the ſociety was Sim Scruple, who lives in a continual equipoiſe of doubt, and is a conſtant enemy to confidence and dogmatiſm. Sim's favourite topic of converſation is the narrowneſs of the human mind, the fallaciouſneſs of our ſenſes, the prevalence of early prejudice, and the uncertainty of appearances. Sim has

has many doubts about the nature of death, and is sometimes inclined to believe that sensation may survive motion, and that a dead man may feel though he cannot stir. He has sometimes hinted that man might perhaps have been naturally a quadruped, and thinks it would be very proper that at the Foundling Hospital some children should be inclosed in an apartment, in which the nurses should be obliged to walk half upon four and half upon two, that the younglings, being bred without the prejudice of example, might have no other guide than nature, and might at last come forth into the world as genius should direct, erect, or prone, on two legs or on four.

The next in dignity of mien and fluency of talk, was Dick Wormwood, whose sole delight is to find every thing wrong. Dick never enters a room but he shews that the door and the chimney are ill-placed. He never walks into the fields but he finds ground plowed which is fitter for pasture. He is always an enemy to the present fashion. He holds that all the beauty and virtue of women will soon be destroyed by the use of tea. He triumphs when he talks on the present system of education, and tells us with great vehemence, that we are learning words when we should learn things. He is of opinion that we suck in errors at the nurse's breast, and thinks it extremely ridiculous that children should be taught to use the right-hand rather than the left.

Bob Sturdy considers it as a point of honour to say again what he has once said, and wonders how any man that has been known to alter his opinion, can look his neighbours in the face. Bob is the most formidable disputant of the whole company; for without troubling himself to search for reasons, he tries his antagonist with repeated affirmations. When Bob has been attacked for an hour with all the powers of eloquence and reason, and his position appears to all but himself utterly untenable, he always closes the debate with his first declaration, introduced by a stout preface of contemptuous civility. 'All this is 'very judicious; you may talk, Sir, as 'you please; but I will still say what I 'said at first.' Bob deals much in universals, which he has now obliged us to let pass without exceptions. He lives on an annuity, and holds that *there are as many thieves as traders*; he is of loyalty unshaken, and always maintains, that *he who sees a Jacobite sees a rascal.*

Phil Gentle is an enemy to the rudeness of contradiction and the turbulence of debate. Phil has no notions of his own, and therefore willingly catches from the last speaker such as he shall drop. This flexibility of ignorance is easily accommodated to any tenet; his only difficulty is, when the disputants grow zealous, how to be of two contrary opinions at once. If no appeal is made to his judgment, he has the art of distributing his attention and his smiles in such a manner, that each thinks him of his own party; but if he is obliged to speak, he then observes, that the question is difficult; that he never received so much pleasure from a debate before; that neither of the controvertists could have found his match in any other company; that Mr. Wormwood's assertion is very well supported, and yet there is great force in what Mr. Scruple advanced against it. By this indefinite declaration both are commonly satisfied; for he that has prevailed is in good humour; and he that has felt his own weakness is very glad to have escaped so well. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ROBIN SPRITELY.

Nº LXXXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

BIOGRAPHY is, of the various kinds of narrative writing, that which is most eagerly read, and most easily applied to the purposes of life.

In romances, when the wild field of possibility lies open to invention, the incidents may easily be made more numerous, the vicissitudes more sudden, and the events more wonderful; but from the time of life when fancy begins to be over-ruled by reason and corrected by experience, the most artful tale raises little curiosity when it is known to be false; though it may, perhaps, be sometimes read as a model of a neat or elegant style, not for the sake of knowing what it contains, but how it is written; or those that are weary of themselves,

may have recourſe to it as a pleaſing dream, of which, when they awake, they voluntarily diſmiſs the images from their minds.

The examples and events of hiſtory preſs, indeed, upon the mind with the weight of truth; but when they are repoſited in the memory, they are oftener employed for ſhew than uſe, and rather diverſify converſation than regulate life. Few are engaged in ſuch ſcenes as give them opportunities of growing wiſer by the downfal of ſtateſmen or the defeat of generals. The ſtratagems of war, and the intrigues of courts, are read by far the greater part of mankind with the ſame indifference as the adventures of fabled heroes, or the revolutions of a fairy region. Between falſehood and uſeleſs truth there is little difference. As gold which he cannot ſpend will make no man rich, ſo knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wiſe.

The miſchievous conſequences of vice and folly, of irregular deſires and predominant paſſions, are beſt diſcovered by thoſe relations which are levelled with the general ſurface of life, which tell not how any man became great, but how he was made happy; not how he loſt the favour of his prince, but how he became diſcontented with himſelf.

Thoſe relations are therefore commonly of moſt value in which the writer tells his own ſtory. He that recounts the life of another, commonly dwells moſt upon conſpicuous events, leſſens the familiarity of his tale to increaſe it's dignity, ſhews his favourite at a diſtance decorated and magnified like the ancient actors in their tragick dreſs, and endeavours to hide the man that he may produce a hero.

But if it be true, which was ſaid by a French prince, *that no man was a hero to the ſervants of his chamber*, it is equally true, that every man is yet leſs a hero to himſelf. He that is moſt elevated above the crowd by the importance of his employments, or the reputation of his genius, feels himſelf affected by fame or buſineſs but as they influence his domeſtick life. The high and low, as they have the ſame faculties and the ſame ſenſes, have no leſs ſimilitude in their pains and pleaſures. The ſenſations are the ſame in all, though produced by very different occaſions. The prince feels the ſame pain when an invader ſeizes a province, as the farmer when a thief drives away his cow. Men thus equal in themſelves will appear equal in honeſt and impartial biography; and thoſe whom fortune or nature place at the greateſt diſtance may afford inſtruction to each other.

The writer of his own life has at leaſt the firſt qualification of an hiſtorian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may be plauſibly objected that his temptations to diſguiſe it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet I cannot but think that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the paſſages of his own life, as from him that delivers the tranſactions of another.

Certainty of knowledge not only excludes miſtake, but fortifies veracity. What we collect by conjecture, and by conjecture only can one man judge of another's motives or ſentiments, is eaſily modified by fancy or deſire; as objects imperfectly diſcerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falſified but with reluctance of underſtanding and alarm of conſcience: of underſtanding, the lover of truth; of conſcience, the ſentinel of virtue.

He that writes the life of another is either his friend or his enemy, and wiſhes either to exalt his praiſe or aggravate his infamy; many temptations to falſhood will occur in the diſguiſe of paſſions, too ſpecious to fear much reſiſtance. Love of virtue will animate panegyrick, and hatred of wickedneſs imbitter cenſure. The zeal of gratitude, the ardour of patriotiſm, fondneſs for an opinion, or fidelity to a party, may eaſily overpower the vigilance of a mind habitually well diſpoſed, and prevail over unaſſiſted and unfriended veracity.

But he that ſpeaks of himſelf has no motive to falſhood or partiality except ſelf-love, by which all have ſo often been betrayed, that all are on the watch againſt it's artifices. He that writes an apology for a ſingle action, to confute an accuſation to recommend himſelf to favour, is indeed always to be ſuſpected of favouring his own cauſe; but he that ſits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of poſterity, or to amuſe himſelf, and leaves this account unpubliſhed, may be commonly preſumed to tell truth, ſince falſehood cannot appeaſe his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb.

Nº LXXXV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

ONE of the peculiarities which diſtinguiſh the preſent age is the multiplication of books. Every day brings new advertiſements of literary undertakings, and we are flattered with repeated promiſes of growing wiſe on eaſier terms than our progenitors.

How much either happineſs or knowledge is advanced by this multitude of authors, it is not very eaſy to decide.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be reverenced as a maſter. He that conveys knowledge by more pleaſing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that ſupplies life with innocent amuſement, will be certainly careſſed as a pleaſing companion.

But few of thoſe who fill the world with books, have any pretenſions to the hope either of pleaſing or inſtructing. They have often no other taſk than to lay two books before them, out of which they compile a third, without any new materials of their own, and with very little application of judgment to thoſe which former authors have ſupplied.

That all compilations are uſeleſs I do not aſſert. Particles of ſcience are often very widely ſcattered. Writers of extenſive comprehenſion have incidental remarks upon topicks very remote from the principal ſubject, which are often more valuable than formal treatiſes, and which yet are not known becauſe they are not promiſed in the title. He that collects thoſe under proper heads is very laudably employed, for though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progreſs of others, and by making that eaſy of attainment which is already written, may give ſome mind, more vigorous or more adventurous than his own, leiſure for new thoughts and original deſigns.

But the collections poured lately from the preſs have been ſeldom made at any great expence of time or enquiry, and therefore only ſerve to diſtract choice without ſupplying any real want.

It is obſerved that *a corrupt ſociety has many laws*; I know not whether it is not equally true, that *an ignorant age has many books*. When the treaſures of ancient knowledge lie unexamined, and original authors are neglected and forgotten, compilers and plagiaries are encouraged, who give us again what we had before, and grow great by ſetting before us what our own ſloth had hidden from our view.

Yet are not even theſe writers to be indiſcriminately cenſured and rejected. Truth like beauty varies it's faſhions, and is beſt recommended by different dreſſes to different minds; and he that recalls the attention of mankind to any part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly ſaid to advance the literature of his own age. As the manners of nations vary, new topicks of perſuaſion become neceſſary, and new combinations of imagery are produced; and he that can accommodate himſelf to the reigning taſte, may always have readers who perhaps would not have looked upon better performances.

To exact of every man who writes that he ſhould ſay ſomething new, would be to reduce authors to a ſmall number; to oblige the moſt fertile genius to ſay only what is new, would be to contract his volumes to a few pages. Yet, ſurely, there ought to be ſome bounds to repetition; libraries ought no more to be heaped for ever with the ſame thoughts differently expreſſed, than with the ſame books differently decorated.

The good or evil which theſe ſecondary writers produce is ſeldom of any long duration. As they owe their exiſtence to change of faſhion, they commonly diſappear when a new faſhion becomes prevalent. The authors that in any nation laſt from age to age are very few, becauſe there are very few that have any other claim to notice than that they catch hold on preſent curioſity, and gratify ſome accidental deſire, or produce ſome temporary conveniency.

But however the writers of the day may deſpair of future fame, they ought at leaſt to forbear any preſent miſchief. Though they cannot arrive at eminent heights of excellence, they might keep themſelves harmleſs. They might take care to inform themſelves before they attempt to inform others, and exert the little influence which they have for honeſt purpoſes.

But such is the present state of our literature, that the ancient sage, who thought *a great book a great evil*, would now think the multitude of books a multitude of evils. He would consider a bulky writer who engrossed a year, and a swarm of pamphleteers who stole each an hour, as equal wasters of human life, and would make no other difference between them, than between a beast of prey, and a flight of locusts.

N° LXXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Am a young lady newly married to a young gentleman. Our fortune is large, our minds are vacant, our dispositions gay, our acquaintances numerous, and our relations splendid. We considered that marriage, like life, has it's youth, that the first year is the year of gaiety and revel, and resolved to see the shews and feel the joys of London before the increase of our family should confine us to domestick cares and domestick pleasures.

Little time was spent in preparation; the coach was harnessed, and a few days brought us to London, and we alighted at a lodging provided for us by Miss Biddy Trifle, a maiden niece of my husband's father, where we found apartments on a second floor, which my cousin told us would serve us till we could please ourselves with a more commodious and elegant habitation, and which she had taken at a very high price, because it was not worth the while to make a hard bargain for so short a time.

Here I intended to lie concealed till my new cloaths were made, and my new lodging hired; but Miss Trifle had so industriously given notice of our arrival to all her acquaintance, that I had the mortification next day of seeing the door thronged with painted coaches and chairs with coronets, and was obliged to receive all my husband's relations on a second floor.

Inconveniences are often balanced by some advantage: the elevation of my apartments furnished a subject for conversation, which, without some such help, we should have been in danger of wanting. Lady Stately told us how many years had passed since she climbed so many steps. Miss Airy ran to the window, and thought it charming to see the walkers so little in the street; and Miss Gentle went to try the same experiment, and screamed to find herself so far above the ground.

They all knew that we intended to remove, and therefore all gave me advice about a proper choice. One street was recommended for the purity of it's air, another for it's freedom from noise, another for it's nearness to the Park, another because there was but a step from it to all places of diversion, and another, because it's inhabitants enjoyed at once the town and country.

I had civility enough to hear every recommendation with a look of curiosity while it was made, and of acquiescence when it was concluded, but in my heart felt no other desire than to be free from the disgrace of a second floor, and cared little where I should fix, if the apartments were spacious and splendid.

Next day a chariot was hired, and Miss Trifle was dispatched to find a lodging. She returned in the afternoon, with an account of a charming place, to which my husband went in the morning to make the contract. Being young and unexperienced, he took with him his friend Ned Quick, a gentleman of great skill in rooms and furniture, who sees, at a single glance, whatever there is to be commended or censured. Mr. Quick, at the first view of the house, declared that it could not be inhabited, for the sun in the afternoon shone with full glare on the windows of the dining-room.

Miss Trifle went out again, and soon discovered another lodging, which Mr. Quick went to survey, and found, that, whenever the wind should blow from the east, all the smoke of the city would be driven upon it.

A magnificent set of rooms was then found in one of the streets near Westminster Bridge, which Miss Trifle preferred to any which she had yet seen; but Mr. Quick, having mused upon it for a

time,

time, concluded that it would be too much expoſed in the morning to the fogs that riſe from the river.

Thus Mr. Quick proceeded to give us every day new teſtimonies of his taſte and circumſpection; ſometimes the ſtreet was too narrow for a double range of coaches; ſometimes it was an obſcure place, not inhabited by perſons of quality. Some places were dirty, and ſome crouded; in ſome houſes the furniture was ill ſuited, and in others the ſtairs were too narrow. He had ſuch fertility of objections, that Miſs Triſle was at laſt tired, and deſiſted from all attempts for our accommodation.

In the mean time I have ſtill continued to ſee my company on a ſecond floor, and am aſked twenty times a day when I am to leave thoſe odious lodgings, in which I live tumultuouſly without pleaſure, and expenſively without honour. My huſband thinks ſo highly of Mr. Quick, that he cannot be perſuaded to remove without his approbation; and Mr. Quick thinks his reputation raiſed by the multiplication of difficulties.

In this diſtreſs to whom can I have recourſe? I find my temper vitiated by daily diſappointment, by the ſight of pleaſures which I cannot partake, and the poſſeſſion of riches which I cannot enjoy. Dear Mr. Idler, inform my huſband that he is trifling away, in ſuperfluous vexation, the few months which cuſtom has appropriated to delight; that matrimonial quarrels are not eaſily reconciled between thoſe that have no children; that wherever we ſettle he muſt always find ſome inconvenience; but nothing is ſo much to be avoided as a perpetual ſtate of enquiry and ſuſpence. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

PEGGY HEARTLESS.

N° LXXXVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.

OF what we know not we can only judge by what we know. Every novelty appears more wonderful as it is more remote from any thing with which experience or teſtimony have hitherto acquainted us, and if it paſſes further beyond the notions that we have been accuſtomed to form, it becomes at laſt incredible.

We ſeldom conſider that human knowledge is very narrow, that national manners are formed by chance, that uncommon conjunctures of cauſes produce rare effects, or that what is impoſſible at one time or place may yet happen in another. It is always eaſier to deny than to enquire. To refuſe credit confers for a moment an appearance of ſuperiority, which every little mind is tempted to aſſume when it may be gained ſo cheaply as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities. The moſt pertinacious and vehement demonſtrator may be wearied in time by continual negation; and incredulity, which an old poet, in his addreſs to Raleigh, calls *the wit of fools*, obtunds the argument which it cannot anſwer, as woolſacks deaden arrows though they cannot repel them.

Many relations of travellers have been ſlighted as fabulous, till more frequent voyages have confirmed their veracity; and it may reaſonably be imagined, that many ancient hiſtorians are unjuſtly ſuſpected of falſhood, becauſe our own times afford nothing that reſembles what they tell.

Had only the writers of antiquity informed us that there was once a nation in which the wife lay down upon the burning pile only to mix her aſhes with thoſe of her huſband, we ſhould have thought it a tale to be told with that of Endymion's commerce with the moon. Had only a ſingle traveller related that many nations of the earth were black, we ſhould have thought the accounts of Negroes and of the Phœnix equally credible. But of black men the numbers are too great who are now repining under Engliſh cruelty, and the cuſtom of voluntary cremation is not yet loſt among the ladies of India.

Few narratives will either to men or women appear more incredible than the hiſtories of the Amazons; of female nations of whoſe conſtitution it was the eſſential and fundamental law, to exclude men from all participation either of publick affairs or domeſtick buſineſs; where female armies marched under female captains, female farmers gathered the harveſt, female partners danced together,

gether, and female wits diverted one another.

Yet ſeveral ages of antiquity have tranſmitted accounts of the Amazons of Caucaſus; and of the Amazons of America, who have given their names to the greateſt river in the world. Condamine lately found ſuch memorials as can be expected among erratick and unlettered nations, where events are recorded only by tradition, and new ſwarms ſettling in the country from time to time, confuſe and efface all traces of former times.

To die with huſbands, or to live without them, are the two extremes which the prudence and moderation of European ladies have, in all ages, equally declined; they have never been allured to death by the kindneſs or civility of the politeſt nations, nor has the roughneſs and brutality of more ſavage countries ever provoked them to doom their male aſſociates to irrevocable baniſhment. The Bohemian matrons are ſaid to have made one ſhort ſtruggle for ſuperiority, but inſtead of baniſhing the men, they contented themſelves with condemning them to ſervile offices; and their conſtitution, thus left imperfect, was quickly overthrown.

There is, I think, no claſs of Engliſh women from whom we are in any danger of Amazonian uſurpation. The old maids ſeem neareſt to independence, and moſt likely to be animated by revenge againſt maſculine authority; they often ſpeak of men with acrimonious vehemence, but it is ſeldom found that they have any ſettled hatred againſt them, and it is yet more rarely obſerved that they have any kindneſs for each other. They will not eaſily combine in any plot; and if they ſhould ever agree to retire and fortify themſelves in caſtles or in mountains, the ſentinel will betray the paſſes in ſpite, and the garriſon will capitulate upon eaſy terms, if the beſiegers have handſome ſword-knots, and are well ſupplied with fringe and lace.

The gameſters, if they were united, would make a formidable body; and ſince they conſider men only as beings that are to loſe their money, they might live together without any wiſh for the officiouſneſs of gallantry or the delights of diverſified converſation. But as nothing would hold them together but the hope of plundering one another, their government would fail from the defect of it's principles, the men would need only to neglect them, and they would periſh in a few weeks by a civil war.

I do not mean to cenſure the ladies of England as defective in knowledge or in ſpirit, when I ſuppoſe them unlikely to revive the military honours of their ſex. The character of the ancient Amazons was rather terrible than lovely; the hand could not be very delicate that was only employed in drawing the bow and brandiſhing the battle-axe; their power was maintained by cruelty, their courage was deformed by ferocity, and their example only ſhews that men and women live beſt together.

Nº LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

WHEN the philoſophers of the laſt age were firſt congregated into the Royal Society, great expectations were raiſed of the ſudden progreſs of uſeful arts; the time was ſuppoſed to be near when engines ſhould turn by a perpetual motion, and health be ſecured by the univerſal medicine; when learning ſhould be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ſhips which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempeſt.

But improvement is naturally ſlow. The ſociety met and parted without any viſible diminution of the miſeries of life. The gout and ſtone were ſtill painful, the ground that was not plowed brought no harveſt, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At laſt, thoſe who were diſappointed began to be angry; thoſe likewiſe who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears from ſome of their earlieſt apologies, that the philoſophers felt with great ſenſibility the unwelcome importunities of thoſe who were daily aſking, 'What have ye done?'

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been ſuffered to promiſe; and the queſtion could only be anſwered by general apo-

logies

logies and by new hopes, which, when they were fruſtrated, gave a new occaſion to the ſame vexatious enquiry.

This fatal queſtion has diſturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his life too ſtrictly enquires what he has done, can very ſeldom receive from his own heart ſuch an account as will give him ſatisfaction.

We do not indeed ſo often diſappoint others as ourſelves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourſelves to form hopes which we never communicate, and pleaſe our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to riſe; and when our days and years have paſſed away in common buſineſs or common amuſements, and we find at laſt that we have ſuffered our purpoſes to ſleep till the time of action is paſt, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the reſt of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial; they know not what taſk we had propoſed, and therefore cannot diſcern whether it is finiſhed.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which muſt always follow the compariſon of imagination with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpoſe he came into the world; he will repine that he ſhall leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the ſyſtem of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for diſtinction.

Man is ſeldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only becauſe every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and ſooner confeſſes the depravity of his will than the imbecillity of his nature.

From this miſtaken notion of human greatneſs it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wiſdom ſo loudly declare that they deſpiſe themſelves. If I had ever found any of the ſelf-contemners much irritated or pained by the conſciouſneſs of their meanneſs, I ſhould have given them conſolation by obſerving, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being who with reſpect to the multitudes about him is himſelf little more than nothing. Every man is obliged by the ſupreme Maſter of the univerſe to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity ſuch abilities as are beſtowed upon him. But he has no reaſon to repine, though his abilities are ſmall and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happineſs of one fellow-creature, he that has aſcertained a ſingle moral propoſition, or added one uſeful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with reſpect to mortals like himſelf, may demand, like Auguſtus, to be diſmiſſed at his departure with applauſe.

Nº LXXXIX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Αἰέχθ ὃ ἀπέχθ. EPICT.

HOW evil came into the world; for what reaſon it is that life is overſpread with ſuch boundleſs varieties of miſery; why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think merely to be wretched, and to paſs his time from youth to age in fearing or in ſuffering calamities, is a queſtion which philoſophers have long aſked, and which philoſophy could never anſwer.

Religion informs us that miſery and ſin were produced together. The depravation of human will was followed by a diſorder of the harmony of nature; and by that providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poiſons, vice was checked by miſery, leſt it ſhould ſwell to univerſal and unlimited dominion.

A ſtate of innocence and happineſs is ſo remote from all that we have ever ſeen, that though we can eaſily conceive it poſſible, and may therefore hope to attain it, yet our ſpeculations upon

upon it muſt be general and confuſed. We can diſcover that where there is univerſal innocence, there will probably be univerſal happineſs; for why ſhould afflictions be permitted to infeſt beings who are not in danger of corruption from bleſſings, and where there is no uſe of terrour nor cauſe of puniſhment? But in a world like ours, where our ſenſes aſſault us, and our hearts betray us, we ſhould paſs on from crime to crime, heedleſs and remorſeleſs, if miſery did not ſtand in our way, and our own pains admoniſh us of our folly.

Almoſt all the moral good which is left among us, is the apparent effect of phyſical evil.

Goodneſs is divided by divines into ſoberneſs, righteouſneſs, and godlineſs. Let it be examined how each of theſe duties would be practiſed if there were no phyſical evil to enforce it.

Sobriety, or temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of pleaſure; and if pleaſure was not followed by pain, who would forbear it? We ſee every hour thoſe in whom the deſire of preſent indulgence overpowers all ſenſe of paſt and all foreſight of future miſery. In a remiſſion of the gout the drunkard returns to his wine, and the glutton to his feaſt; and if neither diſeaſe nor poverty were felt or dreaded, every one would ſink down in idle ſenſuality, without any care of others, or of himſelf. To eat and drink, and lie down to ſleep, would be the whole buſineſs of mankind.

Righteouſneſs, or the ſyſtem of ſocial duty, may be ſubdivided into juſtice and charity. Of Juſtice one of the heathen ſages has ſhewn, with great acuteneſs, that it was impreſſed upon mankind only by the inconveniences which injuſtice had produced. 'In the firſt ages,' ſays he, 'men acted without any rule 'but the impulſe of deſire, they prac-'tiſed injuſtice upon others, and ſuf-'fered it from others in their turn; but 'in time it was diſcovered, that the pain 'of ſuffering wrong was greater than 'the pleaſure of doing it; and man-'kind, by a general compact, ſubmit-'ted to the reſtraint of laws, and re-'ſigned the pleaſure to eſcape the pain.'

Of Charity it is ſuperfluous to obſerve, that it could have no place if there were no want, for of a virtue which could not be practiſed, the omiſſion could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occaſional but the efficient cauſe of charity; we are incited to the relief of miſery by the conſciouſneſs that we have the ſame nature with the ſufferer, that we are in danger of the ſame diſtreſſes, and may ſometime implore the ſame aſſiſtance.

Godlineſs, or piety, is elevation of the mind towards the Supreme Being, and extenſion of the thoughts of another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is inviſible. None would have recourſe to an inviſible power, but that all other ſubjects had eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are diſcontented with the preſent. If the ſenſes were feaſted with perpetual pleaſure, they would always keep the mind in ſubjection. Reaſon has no authority over us, but by it's power to warn us againſt evil.

In childhood, while our minds are yet unoccupied, religion is impreſſed upon them, and the firſt years of almoſt all who have been well educated are paſſed in a regular diſcharge of the duties of piety. But as we advance forward into the crowds of life, innumerable delights ſolicit our inclinations, and innumerable cares diſtract our attention; the time of youth is paſſed in noiſy frolicks; manhood is led on from hope to hope, and from project to project; the diſſoluteneſs of pleaſure, the inebriation of ſucceſs, the ardour of expectation, and the vehemence of competition, chain down the mind alike to the preſent ſcene; nor is it remembered how ſoon this miſt of trifles muſt be ſcattered, and the bubbles that float upon the rivulet of life be loſt for ever in the gulph of eternity. To this conſideration ſcarce any man is awakened but by ſome preſſing and reſiſtleſs evil. The death of thoſe from whom he derived his pleaſures, or to whom he deſtined his poſſeſſions, ſome diſeaſe which ſhews him the vanity of all external acquiſitions, or the gloom of age, which intercepts his proſpects of long enjoyment, forces him to fix his hopes upon another ſtate, and when he has contended with the tempeſts of life till his ſtrength fails him, he flies at laſt to the ſhelter of religion.

That miſery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no leſs certain that of what virtue there is, miſery produces far the greater

greater part. Phyſical evil may be therefore endured with patience, ſince it is the cauſe of moral good; and patience itſelf is one virtue by which we are prepared for that ſtate in which evil ſhall be no more.

N° XC. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1760.

IT is a complaint which has been made from time to time, and which ſeems to have lately become more frequent, that Engliſh Oratory, however forcible in argument, or elegant in expreſſion, is deficient and inefficacious, becauſe our ſpeakers want the grace and energy of action.

Among the numerous projectors who are deſirous to refine our manners, and improve our faculties, ſome are willing to ſupply the deficiency of our ſpeakers. We have had more than one exhortation to ſtudy the neglected art of moving the paſſions, and have been encouraged to believe that our tongues, however feeble in themſelves, may, by the help of our hands and legs, obtain an uncontroulable dominion over the moſt ſtubborn audience, animate the inſenſible, engage the careleſs, force tears from the obdurate, and money from the avaricious.

If by ſlight of hand, or nimbleneſs of foot, all theſe wonders can be performed, he that ſhall neglect to attain the free uſe of his limbs may be juſtly cenſured as criminally lazy. But I am afraid that no ſpecimen of ſuch effects will eaſily be ſhewn. If I could once find a ſpeaker in Change-Alley raiſing the price of ſtocks by the power of perſuaſive geſtures, I ſhould very zealouſly recommend the ſtudy of his art; but having never ſeen any action by which language was much aſſiſted, I have been hitherto inclined to doubt whether my countrymen are not blamed too haſtily for their calm and motionleſs utterance.

Foreigners of many nations accompany their ſpeech with action; but why ſhould their example have more influence upon us than ours upon them? Cuſtoms are not to be changed but for better. Let thoſe who deſire to reform us ſhew the benefits of the change propoſed. When the Frenchman waves his hands and writhes his body in recounting the revolutions of a game at cards, or the Neapolitan, who tells the hour of the day, ſhews upon his fingers the number which he mentions, I do not perceive that their manual exerciſe is of much uſe, or that they leave any image more deeply impreſſed by their buſtle and vehemence of communication.

Upon the Engliſh ſtage there is no want of action; but the difficulty of making it at once various and proper, and it's perpetual tendency to become ridiculous, notwithſtanding all the advantages which art and ſhow, and cuſtom and prejudice, can give it, may prove how little it can be admitted into any other place, where it can have no recommendation but from truth and nature.

The uſe of Engliſh oratory is only at the bar, in the parliament, and in the church. Neither the judges of our laws nor the repreſentatives of our people would be much affected by laboured geſticulation, or believe any man the more becauſe he rolled his eyes, or puffed his cheeks, or ſpread abroad his arms, or ſtamped the ground, or thumped his breaſt, or turned his eyes ſometimes to the cieling and ſometimes to the floor. Upon men intent only upon truth, the arm of an orator has little power; a credible teſtimony, or a cogent argument, will overcome all the art of modulation, and all the violence of contortion.

It is well known that in the city which may be called the Parent of Oratory, all the arts of mechanical perſuaſion were baniſhed from the court of ſupreme judicature. The judges of the Areopagus conſidered action and vociferation as a fooliſh appeal to the external ſenſes, and unworthy to be practiſed before thoſe who had no deſire of idle amuſement, and whoſe only pleaſure was to diſcover right.

Whether action may not be yet of uſe in churches, where the preacher addreſſes a mingled audience, may deſerve enquiry. It is certain that the ſenſes are more powerful as the reaſon is weaker; and that he whoſe ears convey little to his mind, may ſometimes liſten with his eyes till truth may gradually take poſſeſſion of his heart. If there be any uſe of geſticulation, it muſt be applied to the ignorant and rude, who will be more

affected by vehemence than delighted by propriety. In the pulpit little action can be proper, for action can illuſtrate nothing but that to which it may be referred by nature or by cuſtom. He that imitates by his hand a motion which he deſcribes, explains it by natural ſimilitude; he that lays his hand on his breaſt, when he expreſſes pity, enforces his words by a cuſtomary illuſion. But theology has few topicks to which action can be appropriated; that action which is vague and indeterminate will at laſt ſettle into habit, and habitual peculiarities are quickly ridiculous.

It is perhaps the character of the Engliſh to deſpiſe trifles; and that art may ſurely be accounted a trifle which is at once uſeleſs and oſtentatious, which can ſeldom be practiſed with propriety, and which as the mind is more cultivated is leſs powerful. Yet as all innocent means are to be uſed for the propagation of truth, I would not deter thoſe who are employed in preaching to common congregations from any practice which they may find perſuaſive; for, compared with the converſion of ſinners, propriety and elegance are leſs than nothing.

N° XCI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

IT is common to overlook what is near, by keeping the eye fixed upon ſomething remote. In the ſame manner preſent opportunities are neglected, and attainable good is ſlighted, by minds buſied in extenſive ranges, and intent upon future advantages. Life, however ſhort, is made ſtill ſhorter by waſte of time, and it's progreſs towards happineſs, though naturally ſlow, is yet retarded by unneceſſary labour.

The difficulty of obtaining knowledge is univerſally confeſſed. To fix deeply in the mind the principles of ſcience, to ſettle their limitations, and deduce the long ſucceſſion of their conſequences; to comprehend the whole compaſs of complicated ſyſtems, with all the arguments, objections, and ſolutions, and to repoſite in the intellectual treaſury the numberleſs facts, experiments, apophthegms, and poſitions, which muſt ſtand ſingle in the memory, and of which none has any perceptible connection with the reſt, is a taſk which, though undertaken with ardor and purſued with diligence, muſt at laſt be left unfiniſhed by the frailty of our nature.

To make the way to learning either leſs ſhort or leſs ſmooth is certainly abſurd; yet this is the apparent effect of the prejudice which ſeems to prevail among us in favour of foreign authors, and of the contempt of our native literature, which this excurſive curioſity muſt neceſſarily produce. Every man is more ſpeedily inſtructed by his own language, than by any other; before we ſearch the reſt of the world for teachers, let us try whether we may not ſpare our trouble by finding them at home.

The riches of the Engliſh language are much greater than they are commonly ſuppoſed. Many uſeful and valuable books lie buried in ſhops and libraries, unknown and unexamined, unleſs ſome lucky compiler opens them by chance, and finds an eaſy ſpoil of wit and learning. I am far from intending to inſinuate, that other languages are not neceſſary to him who aſpires to eminence, and whoſe whole life is devoted to ſtudy; but to him who reads only for amuſement, or whoſe purpoſe is not to deck himſelf with the honours of literature, but to be qualified for domeſtick uſefulneſs, and ſit down content with ſubordinate reputation, we have authors ſufficient to fill up all the vacancies of his time, and gratify moſt of his wiſhes for information.

Of our poets I need ſay little, becauſe they are perhaps the only authors to whom their country has done juſtice. We conſider the whole ſucceſſion from Spenſer to Pope, as ſuperior to any names which the continent can boaſt; and therefore the poets of other nations, however familiarly they may be ſometimes mentioned, are very little read except by thoſe who deſign to borrow their beauties.

There is, I think, not one of the liberal arts which may not be competently learned in the Engliſh language. He that ſearches after mathematical knowledge may buſy himſelf among his own countrymen, and will find one or other able to inſtruct him in every part of thoſe abſtruſe ſciences. He that is delighted with experiments, and wiſhes to know the nature of bodies from certain and viſible

visible effects, is happily placed where the mechanical philosophy was first established by a publick institution, and from which it was spread to all other countries.

The more airy and elegant studies of Philology and Criticism have little need of any foreign help. Though our language, not being very analogical, gives few opportunities for grammatical researches, yet we have not wanted authors who have considered the principles of speech; and with critical writings we abound sufficiently to enable Pedantry to impose rules which can seldom be observed, and Vanity to talk of books which are seldom read.

But our own language has, from the Reformation to the present time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines, who, considered as commentators, controvertists, or preachers, have undoubtedly left all other nations far behind them. No vulgar language can boast such treasures of theological knowledge, or such multitudes of authors at once learned, elegant, and pious. Other countries and other communions have authors perhaps equal in abilities and diligence to ours; but if we unite number with excellence, there is certainly no nation which must not allow us to be superior. Of Morality little is necessary to be said, because it is comprehended in practical divinity, and is perhaps better taught in English sermons than in any other books ancient or modern. Nor shall I dwell on our excellence in metaphysical speculations, because he that reads the works of our divines will easily discover how far human subtilty has been able to penetrate.

Political knowledge is forced upon us by the form of our constitution, and all the mysteries of government are discovered in the attack or defence of every minister. The original law of society, the rights of subjects, and the prerogatives of kings, have been considered with the utmost nicety, sometimes profoundly investigated, and sometimes familiarly explained.

Thus copiously instructive is the English language, and thus needless is all recourse to foreign writers. Let us not therefore make our neighbours proud by soliciting help which we do not want, nor discourage our own industry by difficulties which we need not suffer.

N° XCII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

WHATEVER is useful or honourable will be desired by many who never can obtain it; and that which cannot be obtained when it is desired, artifice or folly will be diligent to counterfeit. Those to whom fortune has denied gold and diamonds decorate themselves with stones and metals, which have something of the show but little of the value; and every moral excellence or intellectual faculty has some vice or folly which imitates it's appearance.

Every man wishes to be wise, and they who cannot be wise are almost always cunning. The less is the real discernment of those whom business or conversation brings together, the more illusions are practised, nor is caution ever so necessary as with associates or opponents of feeble minds.

Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the sunshine goes boldly forward by the nearest way; he sees that where the path is straight and even he may proceed in security, and where it is rough and crooked he easily complies with the turns and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk fears more as he sees less; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe, tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise lest violence should approach him. Wisdom comprehends at once the end and the means, estimates easiness or difficulty, and is cautious or confident in due proportion. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of stratagems and superfluity of suspicion. The man of cunning always considers that he can never be too safe, and therefore always keeps himself enveloped in a mist, impenetrable, as he hopes, to the eye of rivalry or curiosity.

Upon this principle, Tom Double has formed a habit of eluding the most

harmleſs queſtion. What he has no inclination to anſwer, he pretends ſometimes not to hear, and endeavours to divert the enquirer's attention by ſome other ſubject; but if he be preſſed hard by repeated interrogation, he always evades a direct reply. Aſk him whom he likes beſt on the ſtage, he is ready to tell that there are ſeveral excellent performers. Enquire when he was laſt at the coffee-houſe, he replies, that the weather has been bad lately. Deſire him to tell the age of any of his acquaintance, he immediately mentions another who is older or younger.

Will Puzzle values himſelf upon a long reach. He foreſees every thing before it will happen, though he never relates his prognoſtications till the event is paſt. Nothing has come to paſs for theſe twenty years of which Mr. Puzzle had not given broad hints, and told at leaſt that it was not proper to tell. Of thoſe predictions, which every concluſion will equally verify, he always claims the credit, and wonders that his friends did not underſtand them. He ſuppoſes very truly that much may be known which he knows not, and therefore pretends to know much of which he and all mankind are equally ignorant. I deſired his opinion yeſterday of the German war, and was told, that if the Pruſſians were well ſupported, ſomething great may be expected; but that they have very powerful enemies to encounter; that the Auſtrian general has long experience, and the Ruſſians are hardy and reſolute; but that no human power is invincible. I then drew the converſation to our own affairs, and invited him to balance the probabilities of war and peace; he told me that war requires courage, and negotiation judgment, and that the time will come when it will be ſeen whether our ſkill in treaty is equal to our bravery in battle. To this general prattle he will appeal hereafter, and will demand to have his foreſight applauded, whoever ſhall at laſt be conquered or victorious.

With Ned Smuggle all is a ſecret. He believes himſelf watched by obſervation and malignity on every ſide, and rejoices in the dexterity by which he has eſcaped ſnares that never were laid. Ned holds that a man is never deceived if he never truſts, and therefore will not tell the name of his taylor or his hatter; he rides out every morning for the air, and pleaſes himſelf with thinking that nobody knows where he has been; when he dines with a friend he never goes to his houſe the neareſt way, but walks up a bye-ſtreet to perplex the ſcent. When he has a coach called, he never tells him at the door the true place to which he is going, but ſtops him in the way that he may give him directions where nobody can hear him. The price of what he buys or ſells is always concealed. He often takes lodgings in the country by a wrong name, and thinks that the world is wondering where he can be hid. All theſe tranſactions he regiſters in a book, which, he ſays, will ſome time or other amaze poſterity.

It is remarked by Bacon, that many men try to procure reputation only by objections, of which, if they are once admitted, the nullity never appears, becauſe the deſign is laid aſide. 'This 'falſe feint of wiſdom,' ſays he, 'is 'the ruin of buſineſs.' The whole power of cunning is privative; to ſay nothing and to do nothing, is the utmoſt of it's reach. Yet men thus narrow by nature, and mean by art, are ſometimes able to riſe by the miſcarriages of bravery and the openneſs of integrity; and by watching failures and ſnatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.

N° XCIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

SAM Softly was bred a ſugar-baker: but ſucceeding to a conſiderable eſtate on the death of his elder brother, he retired early from buſineſs, married a fortune, and ſettled in a country houſe near Kentiſh Town. Sam, who formerly was a ſportſman, and in his apprenticeſhip uſed to frequent Barnet races, keeps a high chaiſe, with a brace of ſeaſoned geldings. During the ſummer months, the principal paſſion and employment of Sam's life is to viſit, in this vehicle, the moſt eminent ſeats of the nobility and gentry in different parts of the kingdom, with his wife and ſome ſelect friends. By theſe periodical excurſions Sam gratifies many important purpoſes. He aſſiſts the ſeveral pregnancies

nancies of his wife; he ſhews his chaiſe to the beſt advantage; he indulges his inſatiable curioſity for finery, which, ſince he has turned gentleman, has grown upon him to an extraordinary degree; he diſcovers taſte and ſpirit; and, what is above all, he finds frequent opportunities of diſplaying to the party, at every houſe he ſees, his knowledge of family connections. At firſt, Sam was contented with driving a friend between London and his villa. Here he prided himſelf in pointing out the boxes of the citizens on each ſide of the road, with an accurate detail of their reſpective failures or ſucceſſes in trade: and haranged on the ſeveral equipages that were accidentally paſſing. Here, too, the ſeats, interſperſed on the ſurrounding hills, afforded ample matter for Sam's curious diſcoveries. For one, he told his companion, a rich Jew had offered money; and that a retired widow was courted at another, by an eminent dry-ſalter. At the ſame time he diſcuſſed the utility and enumerated the expences of the Iſlington turnpike. But Sam's ambition is at preſent raiſed to nobler undertakings.

When the happy hour of the annual expedition arrives, the ſeat of the chaiſe is furniſhed with *Ogilby's Book of Roads*, and a choice quantity of cold tongues. The moſt alarming diſaſter which can happen to our hero, who thinks he *throws a whip* admirably well, is to be overtaken in a road which affords no *quarter* for wheels. Indeed few men poſſeſs more ſkill or diſcernment for concerting and conducting a *party of pleaſure*. When a ſeat is to be ſurveyed, he has a peculiar talent at ſelecting ſome ſhady bench in the Park, where the company may moſt commodiouſly refreſh themſelves with cold tongue, chicken, and French rolls; and is very ſagacious in diſcovering what cool temple in the garden will be beſt adapted for drinking tea, brought for this purpoſe in the afternoon, and from which the chaiſe may be reſumed with the greateſt convenience. In viewing the houſe itſelf, he is principally attracted by the chairs and beds, concerning the coſt of which his minute enquiries generally gain the cleareſt information. An agate table eaſily diverts his eyes from the moſt capital ſtrokes of Rubens, and a Turkey carpet has more charms than a Titian. Sam, however, dwells with ſome attention on the family portraits, particularly the moſt modern ones; and as this is a topick on which the houſe-keeper uſually harangues in a more copious manner, he takes this opportunity of improving his knowledge of inter-marriages. Yet notwithſtanding this appearance of ſatisfaction, Sam has ſome objection to all he ſees. One houſe has too much gilding; at another, the chimney-pieces are all monuments; at a third, he conjectures that the beautiful canal muſt certainly be dried up in a hot ſummer. He deſpiſes the ſtatues at Wilton, becauſe he thinks he can ſee much better carving at Weſtminſter Abbey. But there is one general objection which he is ſure to make at almoſt every houſe, particularly at thoſe which are moſt diſtinguiſhed. He allows that all the apartments are extremely fine, but adds, with a ſneer, that they are too fine to be inhabited.

Miſapplied genius moſt commonly proves ridiculous. Had Sam, as Nature intended, contentedly continued in the calmer and leſs conſpicuous purſuits of ſugar-baking, he might have been a reſpectable and uſeful character. At preſent he diſſipates his life in a ſpecious idleneſs, which neither improves himſelf nor his friends. Thoſe talents which might have benefited ſociety, he expoſes to contempt by falſe pretenſions. He affects pleaſures which he cannot enjoy, and is acquainted only with thoſe ſubjects on which he has no right to talk, and which it is no merit to underſtand.

Nº XCIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

IT is common to find young men ardent and diligent in the purſuit of knowledge; but the progreſs of life very often produces laxity and indifference, and not only thoſe who are at liberty to chuſe their buſineſs and amuſements, but thoſe likewiſe whoſe profeſſions engage them in literary enquiries, paſs the latter part of their time without improvement, and ſpend the day rather in any other entertainment than that which they might find among their books.

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This abatement of the vigour of curiosity is sometimes imputed to the insufficiency of Learning. Men are supposed to remit their labours, because they find their labours to have been vain; and to search no longer after truth and wisdom, because they at last despair of finding them.

But this reason is for the most part very falsely assigned. Of Learning, as of virtue, it may be affirmed, that it is at once honoured and neglected. Whoever forsakes it will for ever look after it with longing, lament the loss which he does not endeavour to repair, and desire the good which he wants resolution to seize and keep. The Idler never applauds his own idleness, nor does any man repent of the diligence of his youth.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more spritely and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, it's certainty and it's duration being reckoned with it's power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of Learning, that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of it's value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance Learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of Learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

There are indeed some repetitions always lawful, because they never deceive. He that writes the history of past times, undertakes only to decorate known facts by new beauties of method or of style, or at most to illustrate them by his own reflections. The author of a system, whether moral or physical, is obliged to nothing beyond care of selection and regularity of disposition. But there are others who claim the name of authors merely to disgrace it, and fill the world with volumes only to bury letters in their own rubbish. The traveller who tells, in a pompous folio, that he saw the Pantheon at Rome, and the Medicean Venus at Florence; the natural historian who, describing the productions of a narrow island, recounts all that it has in common with every other part of the world; the collector of antiquities, that accounts every thing a curiosity which the ruins of Herculaneum happen to emit, though an instrument already shewn in a thousand repositories, or a cup common to the ancients, the moderns, and all mankind, may be justly censured as the persecutors of students, and the thieves of that time which never can be restored.

N° XCV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

IT is, I think, univerſally agreed, that ſeldom any good is gotten by complaint; yet we find that few forbear to complain, but thoſe who are afraid of being reproached as the authors of their own miſeries. I hope therefore for the common permiſſion, to lay my caſe before you and your readers, by which I ſhall diſburthen my heart, though I cannot hope to receive either aſſiſtance or conſolation.

I am a trader, and owe my fortune to frugality and induſtry. I began with little; but by the eaſy and obvious method of ſpending leſs than I gain, I have every year added ſomething to my ſtock, and expect to have a ſeat in the common-council at the next election.

My wife, who was as prudent as myſelf, died ſix years ago, and left me one ſon and one daughter, for whoſe ſake I reſolved never to marry again, and rejected the overtures of Mrs. Squeeze, the broker's widow, who had ten thouſand pounds at her own diſpoſal.

I bred my ſon at a ſchool near Iſlington, and when he had learned arithmetick, and wrote a good hand, I took him into the ſhop, deſigning, in about ten years, to retire to Stratford or Hackney, and leave him eſtabliſhed in the buſineſs.

For four years he was diligent and ſedate, entered the ſhop before it was opened, and when it was ſhut, always examined the pins of the window. In any intermiſſion of buſineſs it was his conſtant practice to peruſe the Ledger. I had always great hopes of him, when I obſerved how ſorrowfully he would ſhake his head over a bad debt, and how eagerly he would liſten to me when I told him that he might, at one time or other, become an alderman.

We lived together with mutual confidence, till unluckily a viſit was paid him by two of his ſchool-fellows, who were placed, I ſuppoſe, in the army, becauſe they were fit for nothing better: they came glittering in the military dreſs, accoſted their old acquaintance, and invited him to a tavern, where, as I have been ſince informed, they ridiculed the meanneſs of commerce, and wondered how a youth of ſpirit could ſpend the prime of life behind a counter.

I did not ſuſpect any miſchief. I knew my ſon was never without money in his pocket, and was better able to pay his reckoning than his companions, and expected to ſee him return triumphing in his own advantages, and congratulating himſelf that he was not one of thoſe who expoſe their heads to a muſquet bullet for three ſhillings a day.

He returned ſullen and thoughtful; I ſuppoſed him ſorry for the hard fortune of his friends, and tried to comfort him by ſaying that the war would ſoon be at an end, and that if they had any honeſt occupation, half-pay would be a pretty help. He looked at me with indignation; and ſnatching up his candle, told me, as he went up the ſtairs, that *he hoped to ſee a battle yet.*

Why he ſhould hope to ſee a battle I could not conceive, but let him go quietly to ſleep away his folly. Next day he made two miſtakes in the firſt bill, diſobliged a cuſtomer by ſurly anſwers, and dated all his entries in the Journal in a wrong month. At night he met his military companions again, came home late, and quarrelled with the maid.

From this fatal interview he has gradually loſt all his laudable paſſions and deſires. He ſoon grew uſeleſs in the ſhop, where, indeed, I did not willingly truſt him any longer; for he often miſtook the price of goods to his own loſs, and once gave a promiſſory note inſtead of a receipt.

I did not know to what degree he was corrupted, till an honeſt taylor gave me notice that he had beſpoke a laced ſuit, which was to be left for him at a houſe kept by the ſiſter of one of my journeymen. I went to this clandeſtine lodging, and find, to my amazement, all the ornaments of a fine gentleman, which he has taken upon credit, or purchaſed with money ſubducted from the ſhop.

This detection has made him deſperate. He now openly declares his reſolution to be a gentleman; ſays that his ſoul is too great for a counting-houſe; ridicules

ridicules the converſation of city taverns; talks of new plays, and boxes, and ladies; gives dutcheſſes for his toaſts; carries ſilver, for readineſs, in his waiſt-coat-pocket; and comes home at night in a chair, with ſuch thunders at the door, as have more than once brought the watchmen from their ſtands.

Little expences will not hurt us; and I could forgive a few juvenile frolicks, if he would be careful of the main; but his favourite topick is contempt of money, which, he ſays, is of no uſe but to be ſpent. Riches, without honour, he holds empty things; and once told me to my face, that wealthy plodders were only purveyors for men of ſpirit.

He is always impatient in the company of his old friends, and ſeldom ſpeaks till he is warmed with wine; he then entertains us with accounts that we do not deſire to hear, of intrigues among lords and ladies, and quarrels between officers of the guards; ſhews a miniature on his ſnuff-box, and wonders that any man can look upon the new dancer without rapture.

All this is very provoking, and yet all this might be borne, if the boy could ſupport his pretenſions. But whatever he may think, he is yet far from the accompliſhments which he has endeavoured to purchaſe at ſo dear a rate. I have watched him in publick places. He ſneaks in like a man that knows he is where he ſhould not be; he is proud to catch the ſlighteſt ſalutation, and often claims it when it is not intended. Other men receive dignity from dreſs, but my booby looks always more meanly for his finery. Dear Mr. Idler, tell him what muſt at laſt become of a fop, whom pride will not ſuffer to be a trader, and whom long habits in a ſhop forbid to be a gentleman. I am, Sir, &c.

TIM. WAINSCOT.

Nº XCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

HACHO, a king of Lapland, was in his youth the moſt renowned of all the northern warriors. His martial atchievements remain engraved on a pillar of flint in the rocks of Hanga, and are to this day ſolemnly carrolled to the harp by the Laplanders, at the fires with which they celebrate their nightly feſtivities. Such was his intrepid ſpirit, that he ventured to paſs the lake Vether to the Iſle of Wizards, where he deſcended alone into the dreary vault in which a magician had been kept bound for ſix ages, and read the Gothick characters inſcribed on his brazen mace. His eye was ſo piercing, that, as antient chronicles report, he could blunt the weapons of his enemies only by looking at them. At twelve years of age, he carried an iron veſſel of a prodigious weight, for the length of five furlongs, in the preſence of all the chiefs of his father's caſtle.

Nor was he leſs celebrated for his prudence and wiſdom. Two of his proverbs are yet remembered and repeated among the Laplanders. To expreſs the vigilance of the Supreme Being, he was wont to ſay—'Odin's belt is always 'buckled.' To ſhew that the moſt proſperous condition of life is often hazardous, his leſſon was—'When you 'ſlide on the ſmootheſt ice, beware of 'pits beneath.' He conſoled his countrymen, when they were once preparing to leave the frozen deſarts of Lapland, and reſolved to ſeek ſome warmer climate, by telling them, that the eaſtern nations, notwithſtanding their boaſted fertility, paſſed every night amidſt the horrors of anxious apprehenſion, and were inexpreſſibly affrighted, and almoſt ſtunned, every morning, with the noiſe of the ſun while he was riſing.

His temperance and ſeverity of manners were his chief praiſe. In his early years he never taſted wine; nor would he drink out of a painted cup. He conſtantly ſlept in his armour, with his ſpear in his hand; nor would he uſe a battle-ax whoſe handle was inlaid with braſs. He did not, however, perſevere in this contempt of luxury; nor did he cloſe his days with honour.

One evening, after hunting the Gulos, or wild-dog, being bewildered in a ſolitary foreſt, and having paſſed the fatigues of the day without any interval of refreſhment, he diſcovered a large ſtore of honey in the hollow of a pine. This was a dainty which he had never taſted before, and being at once faint and hungry, he fed greedily upon it. From this unuſual and delicious repaſt he received

E. F. Burney del. Heath sculp.

Plate I.

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ſo much ſatisfaction, that, at his return home, he commanded honey to be ſerved up at his table every day. His palate, by degrees, became refined and vitiated; he began to loſe his native reliſh for ſimple fare, and contracted a habit of indulging himſelf in delicacies; he ordered the delightful gardens of his caſtle to be thrown open, in which the moſt luſcious fruits had been ſuffered to ripen and decay, unobſerved and untouched, for many revolving autumns, and gratified his appetite with luxurious deſſerts. At length he found it expedient to introduce wine, as an agreeable improvement, or a neceſſary ingredient, to his new way of living; and having once taſted it, he was tempted, by little and little, to give a looſe to the exceſſes of intoxication. His general ſimplicity of life was changed; he perfumed his apartments by burning the wood of the moſt aromatick fir, and commanded his helmet to be ornamented with beautiful rows of the teeth of the rein-deer. Indolence and effeminacy ſtole upon him by pleaſing and imperceptible gradations, relaxed the ſinews of his reſolution, and extinguiſhed his thirſt of military glory.

While Hacho was thus immerſed in pleaſure and in repoſe, it was reported to him, one morning, that the preceding night a diſaſtrous omen had been diſcovered, and that bats and hideous birds had drunk up the oil which nouriſhed the perpetual lamp in the temple of Odin. About the ſame time, a meſſenger arrived to tell him, that the king of Norway had invaded his kingdom with a formidable army. Hacho, terrified as he was with the omen of the night, and enervated with indulgence, rouzed himſelf from his voluptuous lethargy, and recollecting ſome faint and few ſparks of veteran valour, marched forward to meet him. Both armies joined battle in the foreſt where Hacho had been loſt after hunting; and it ſo happened, that the king of Norway challenged him to ſingle combat, near the place where he had taſted the honey. The Lapland chief, languid and long diſuſed to arms, was ſoon overpowered! he fell to the ground; and before his inſulting adverſary ſtruck his head from his body, uttered this exclamation, which the Laplanders ſtill uſe as an early leſſon to their children: 'The vicious 'man ſhould date his deſtruction from 'the firſt temptation. How juſtly do I 'fall a ſacrifice to ſloth and luxury, in 'the place where I firſt yielded to thoſe 'allurements which ſeduced me to de'viate from temperance and innocence! 'The honey which I taſted in this foreſt, 'and not the hand of the king of Nor'way, conquers Hacho.'

Nº XCVII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

IT may, I think, be juſtly obſerved, that few books diſappoint their readers more than the narrations of travellers. One part of mankind is naturally curious to learn the ſentiments, manners, and condition of the reſt; and every mind that has leiſure or power to extend it's views, muſt be deſirous of knowing in what proportion Providence has diſtributed the bleſſings of nature, or the advantages of art, among the ſeveral nations of the earth.

This general deſire eaſily procures readers to every book from which it can expect gratification. The adventurer upon unknown coaſts, and the deſcriber of diſtant regions, is always welcomed as a man who has laboured for the pleaſure of others, and who is able to enlarge our knowledge and rectify our opinions; but when the volume is opened, nothing is found but ſuch general accounts as leave no diſtinct idea behind them, or ſuch minute enumerations as few can read with either profit or delight.

Every writer of travels ſhould conſider, that, like all other authors, he undertakes either to inſtruct or pleaſe, or to mingle pleaſure with inſtruction. He that inſtructs muſt offer to the mind ſomething to be imitated, or ſomething to be avoided; he that pleaſes muſt offer new images to his reader, and enable him to form a tacit compariſon of his own ſtate with that of others.

The greater part of travellers tell nothing, becauſe their method of travelling ſupplies them with nothing to be told. He that enters a town at night and ſurveys it in the morning, and then haſtens away to another place, and gueſſes at the manners of the inhabitants by the entertainment which his inn afforded him, may pleaſe himſelf for a time with

a hasty change of scenes, and a confused remembrance of palaces and churches; he may gratify his eye with variety of landscapes; and regale his palate with a succession of vintages; but let him be contented to please himself without endeavour to disturb others. Why should he record excursions by which nothing could be learned, or wish to make a show of knowledge which, without some power of intuition unknown to other mortals, he never could attain?

Of those who cloud the world with their itineraries, some have no other purpose than to describe the face of the country; those who sit idle at home, and are curious to know what is done or suffered in distant countries, may be informed by one of these wanderers, that on a certain day he set out early with the caravan, and in the first hour's march saw, towards the south, a hill covered with trees, then passed over a stream, which ran northward with a swift course, but which is probably dry in the summer months; that an hour after he saw something to the right which looked at a distance like a castle with towers, but which he discovered afterwards to be a craggy rock; that he then entered a valley, in which he saw several trees tall and flourishing, watered by a rivulet not marked in the maps, of which he was not able to learn the name; that the road afterward grew stony, and the country uneven, where he observed among the hills many hollows worn by torrents, and was told that the road was passable only part of the year; that going on they found the remains of a building, once perhaps a fortress to secure the pass, or to restrain the robbers, of which the present inhabitants can give no other account than that it is haunted by fairies; that they went to dine at the foot of a rock, and travelled the rest of the day along the banks of a river, from which the road turned aside towards evening, and brought them within sight of a village, which was once a considerable town, but which afforded them neither good victuals nor commodious lodging.

Thus he conducts his reader through wet and dry, over rough and smooth, without incidents, without reflection; and, if he obtains his company for another day, will dismiss him again at night, equally fatigued with a like succession of rocks and streams, mountains and ruins.

This is the common style of those sons of enterprize, who visit savage countries, and range through solitude and desolation; who pass a desart, and tell that it is sandy; who cross a valley, and find that it is green. There are others of more delicate sensibility, that visit only the realms of elegance and softness; that wander through Italian palaces, and amuse the gentle reader with catalogues of pictures; that hear masses in magnificent churches, and recount the number of the pillars or variegations of the pavement. And there are yet others, who, in disdain of trifles, copy inscriptions elegant and rude, ancient and modern; and transcribe into their book the walls of every edifice, sacred or civil. He that reads these books must consider his labour as it's own reward; for he will find nothing on which attention can fix, or which memory can retain.

He that would travel for the entertainment of others, should remember that the great object of remark is human life. Every nation has something particular in it's manufactures, it's works of genius, it's medicines, it's agriculture, it's customs, and it's policy. He only is a useful traveller, who brings home something by which his country may be benefited; who procures some supply of want or some mitigation of evil, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others, to improve it whenever it is worse, and whenever it is better to enjoy it.

N° XCVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Am the daughter of a gentleman, who during his life-time enjoyed a small income which arose from a pension from the court, by which he was enabled to live in a genteel and comfortable manner.

By the situation in life in which he was placed, he was frequently introduced into the company of those of greater fortunes than his own, among whom

whom he was always received with complaisance, and treated with civility.

At six years of age I was sent to a boarding-school in the country, at which I continued till my father's death. This melancholy event happened at a time when I was by no means of sufficient age to manage for myself, while the passions of youth continued unsubdued, and before experience could guide my sentiments or my actions.

I was then taken from school by an uncle, to the care of whom my father had committed me on his dying bed. With him I lived several years, and as he was unmarried, the management of his family was committed to me. In this character I always endeavoured to acquit myself, if not with applause, at least without censure.

At the age of twenty-one a young gentleman of some fortune paid his addresses to me, and offered me terms of marriage. This proposal I should readily have accepted, because from vicinity of residence, and from many opportunities of observing his behaviour, I had in some sort contracted an affection for him. My uncle, for what reason I do not know, refused his consent to this alliance, though it would have been complied with by the father of the young gentleman; and as the future condition of my life was wholly dependent on him, I was not willing to disoblige him, and therefore, though unwillingly, declined the offer.

My uncle, who possessed a plentiful fortune, frequently hinted to me in conversation, that at his death I should be provided for in such a manner that I should be able to make my future life comfortable and happy. As this promise was often repeated, I was the less anxious about any provision for myself. In a short time my uncle was taken ill, and though all possible means were made use of for his recovery, in a few days he died.

The sorrow arising from the loss of a relation, by whom I had been always treated with the greatest kindness, however grievous, was not the worst of my misfortunes. As he enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of health, he was the less mindful of his dissolution, and died intestate; by which means his whole fortune devolved to a nearer relation, the heir at law.

Thus excluded from all hopes of living in the manner with which I have so long flattered myself, I am doubtful what method I shall take to procure a decent maintenance. I have been educated in a manner that has set me above a state of servitude, and my situation renders me unfit for the company of those with whom I have hitherto conversed. But, though disappointed in my expectations, I do not despair. I will hope that assistance may still be obtained for innocent distress, and that friendship, though rare, is yet not impossible to be found. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SOPHIA HEEDFULL.

N° XCIX. SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

AS Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

'Surely,' said he to himself, 'this 'palace is the seat of happiness, where 'pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and dis'content and sorrow can have no ad'mission. Whatever nature has provid'ed for the delight of sense, is here spread 'forth to be enjoyed. What can mor'tals hope or imagine, which the master 'of this palace has not obtained? The 'dishes of luxury cover his table; the 'voice of harmony lulls him in his 'bowers; he breathes the fragrance of 'the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the 'down of the cygnets of Ganges. He

'speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; 'he wishes, and his wish is gratified! all 'whom he sees obey him, and all whom 'he hears flatter him. How different, 'Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art 'doomed to the perpetual torments of 'unsatisfied desire, and who hast no 'amusement in thy power that can with-'hold thee from thy own reflections! 'They tell thee that thou art wise; but 'what does wisdom avail with poverty? 'None will flatter the poor, and the wise 'have very little power of flattering them-'selves. That man is surely the most 'wretched of the sons of wretchedness, 'who lives with his own faults and follies 'always before him, and who has none 'to reconcile him to himself by praise 'and veneration. I have long sought 'content, and have not found it; I 'will from this moment endeavour to 'be rich.'

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desart country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. 'Ortogrul,' said the old man, 'I know 'thy perplexity; listen to thy father; 'turn thine eye on the opposite moun-'tain.' Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering it's foam on the impending woods. 'Now,' said his father, 'behold the 'valley that lies between the hills.' Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. 'Tell me now,' said his father, 'dost 'thou wish for sudden affluence, that 'may pour upon thee like the mountain 'torrent, or for a slow and gradual en-'crease, resembling the rill gliding from 'the well?'—'Let me be quickly rich,' said Ortogrul; 'let the golden stream 'be quick and violent.'—'Look round 'thee,' said his father, 'once again.' Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchased lands on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him it's frailties, his own understanding reproached him with his faults. 'How 'long,' said he, with a deep sigh, 'have 'I been labouring in vain to amass 'wealth which at last is useless! Let 'no man hereafter wish to be rich, who 'is already too wise to be flattered.'

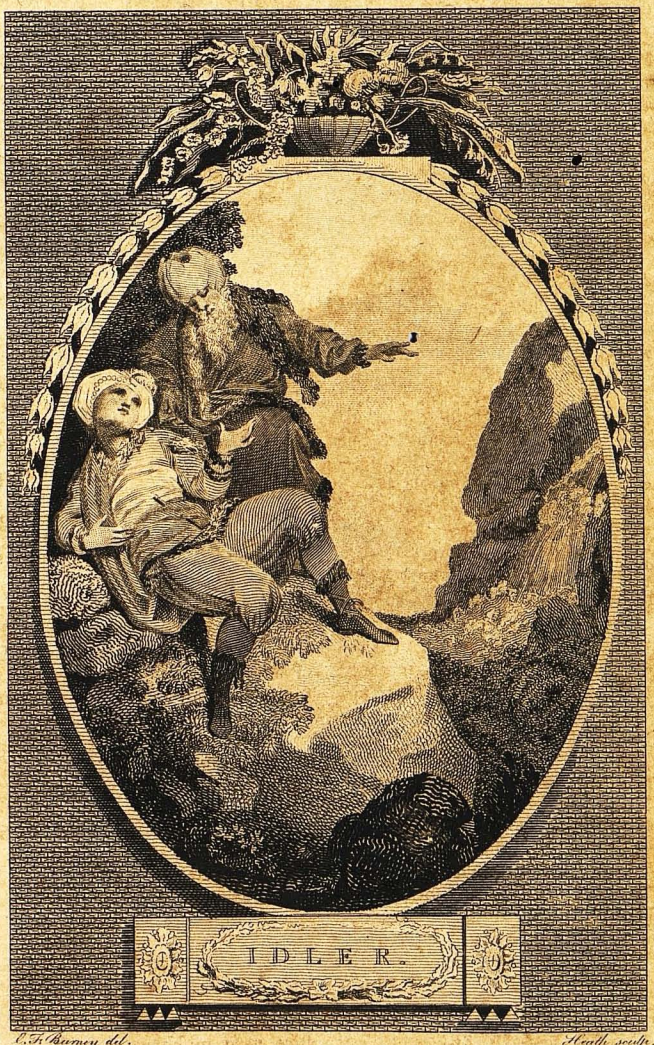
N° C. SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

THE uncertainty and defects of Language have produced very frequent complaints among the learned; yet there still remain many words among us undefined, which are very necessary to be rightly understood, and which produce very mischievous mistakes when they are erroneously interpreted.

I lived in a state of celibacy beyond the usual time. In the hurry first of pleasure, and afterwards of business, I felt no want of a domestick companion; but becoming weary of labour, I soon grew more weary of idleness, and thought it



C. F. Barney del. *Heath sculp.*

Pl. II.

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it reasonable to follow the custom of life, and to seek some solace of my cares in female tenderness, and some amusement of my leisure in female chearfulness.

The choice which has been long delayed is commonly made at last with great caution. My resolution was, to keep my passions neutral, and to marry only in compliance with my reason. I drew upon a page of my pocket-book a scheme of all female virtues and vices, with the vices which border upon every virtue, and the virtues which are allied to every vice. I considered that wit was sarcastick, and magnanimity imperious; that avarice was œconomical, and ignorance obsequious; and having estimated the good and evil of every quality, employed my own diligence and that of my friends to find the lady in whom nature and reason had reached that happy mediocrity which is equally remote from exuberance and deficience.

Every woman had her admirers and her censurers, and the expectations which one raised were by another quickly depressed: yet there was one in whose favour almost all suffrages concurred. Miss Gentle was universally allowed to be a good sort of woman. Her fortune was not large, but so prudently managed, that she wore finer cloaths and saw more company than many who were known to be twice as rich. Miss Gentle's visits were every where welcome, and whatever family she favoured with her company, she always left behind her such a degree of kindness as recommended her to others; every day extended her acquaintance, and all who knew her declared that they never met with a better sort of woman.

To Miss Gentle I made my addresses, and was received with great equality of temper. She did not in the days of courtship assume the privilege of imposing rigorous commands, or resenting slight offences. If I forgot any of her injunctions, I was gently reminded; if I missed the minute of appointment, I was easily forgiven. I foresaw nothing in marriage but a halcyon calm, and longed for the happiness which was to be found in the inseparable society of a good sort of woman.

The jointure was soon settled by the intervention of friends, and the day came in which Miss Gentle was made mine for ever. The first month was passed easily enough in receiving and repaying the civilities of our friends. The bride practised with great exactness all the niceties of ceremony, and distributed her notice in the most punctilious proportions to the friends who surrounded us with their happy auguries.

But the time soon came when we were left to ourselves, and were to receive our pleasures from each other, and I then began to perceive that I was not formed to be much delighted by a good sort of woman. Her great principle is, that the orders of a family must not be broken. Every hour of the day has it's employment inviolably appropriated, nor will any importunity persuade her to walk in the garden at the time which she has devoted to her needlework, or to sit up stairs in that part of the forenoon which she has accustomed herself to spend in the back parlour. She allows herself to sit half an hour after breakfast, and an hour after dinner; while I am talking or reading to her, she keeps her eye upon her watch, and when the minute of departure comes, will leave an argument unfinished, or the intrigue of a play unravelled. She once called me to supper when I was watching an eclipse, and summoned me at another time to bed when I was going to give directions at a fire.

Her conversation is so habitually cautious, that she never talks to me but in general terms, as to one whom it is dangerous to trust. For discriminations of character she has no names: all whom she mentions are honest men and agreeable women. She smiles not by sensation, but by practice. Her laughter is never excited but by a joke, and her notion of a joke is not very delicate. The repetition of a good joke does not weaken it's effect; if she has laughed once, she will laugh again.

She is an enemy to nothing but ill-nature and pride, but she has frequent reason to lament that they are so frequent in the world. All who are not equally pleased with the good and bad, with the elegant and gross, with the wity and the dull, all who distinguish excellence from defect, she considers as ill-natured; and she condemns as proud all who repress impertinence or quell presumption, or expect respect from any other eminence than that of fortune, to which she is always willing to pay homage.

There

There are none whom she openly hates; for if once she suffers, or believes herself to suffer, any contempt or insult, she never dismisses it from her mind, but takes all opportunities to tell how easily she can forgive. There are none whom she loves much better than others; for when any of her acquaintance decline in the opinion of the world, she always finds it inconvenient to visit them; her affection continues unaltered, but it is impossible to be intimate with the whole town.

She daily exercises her benevolence by pitying every misfortune that happens to every family within her circle of notice; she is in hourly terrors lest one should catch cold in the rain, and another be frighted by the high wind. Her charity she shews by lamenting that so many poor wretches should languish in the streets, and by wondering what the great can think on that they do so little good with such large estates.

Her house is elegant and her table dainty, though she has little taste of elegance, and is wholly free from vicious luxury; but she comforts herself that nobody can say that her house is dirty, or that her dishes are not well drest.

This, Mr. Idler, I have found by long experience to be the character of a good sort of woman, which I have sent you for the information of those by whom *a good sort of woman* and *a good woman* may happen to be used as equivalent terms, and who may suffer by the mistake like your humble servant,

TIM WARNER.

N° CI. SATURDAY, MARCH 22.

OMAR, the son of Hussan, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive Califs had filled his house with gold and silver, and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting it's fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in it's own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the Calif the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy, and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. 'Tell me,' said Caled, 'thou to whose voice na-'tions have listened, and whose wisdom 'is known to the extremities of Asia, 'tell me how I may resemble Omar the 'prudent. The arts by which you 'have gained power and preserved it, 'are to you no longer necessary or use-'ful; impart to me the secret of your 'conduct, and teach me the plan upon 'which your wisdom has built your 'fortune.'

'Young man,' said Omar, 'it is of 'little use to form plans of life. When 'I took my first survey of the world, in 'my twentieth year, having considered 'the various conditions of mankind, in 'the hour of solitude I said thus to my-'self, leaning against a cedar which 'spread it's branches over my head— "Seventy years are allowed to man; I "have yet fifty remaining: ten years I "will allot to the attainment of know-"ledge, and ten I will pass in foreign "countries; I shall be learned, and "therefore shall be honoured; every "city will shout at my arrival, and every "student will solicit my friendship. "Twenty years thus passed will store "my mind with images, which I shall "be busy through the rest of my life in "combining and comparing. I shall "revel in inexhaustible accumulations "of intellectual riches; I shall find "new pleasures for every moment, and "shall never more be weary of myself. "I will, however, not deviate too far "from the beaten track of life, but will "try what can be found in female de-"licacy. I will marry a wife beauti-"ful as the Houries, and wise as Zo-"beide; with her I will live twenty

"years

" years within the ſuburbs of Bagdat, in " every pleaſure that wealth can pur- " chaſe, and fancy can invent. I will " then retire to a rural dwelling, paſs " my laſt days in obſcurity and con- " templation, and lie ſilently down on " the bed of death. Through my life " it ſhall be my ſettled reſolution, that " I will never depend upon the ſmile of " princes; that I will never ſtand ex- " poſed to the artifices of courts; I will " never pant for publick honours, nor " diſturb my quiet with affairs of ſtate.

'Such was my ſcheme of life, which 'I impreſſed indelibly upon my me- 'mory.

'The firſt part of my enſuing time 'was to be ſpent in ſearch of know- 'ledge, and I know not how I was di- 'verted from my deſign. I had no vi- 'ſible impediments without, nor any 'ungovernable paſſions within. I re- 'garded knowledge as the higheſt ho- 'nour and the moſt engaging pleaſure; 'yet day ſtole upon day, and month 'glided after month, till I found that 'ſeven years of the firſt ten had vaniſh- 'ed, and left nothing behind them. I 'now poſtponed my purpoſe of tra- 'velling; for why ſhould I go abroad 'while ſo much remained to be learned 'at home? I immured myſelf for four 'years, and ſtudied the laws of the em- 'pire. The fame of my ſkill reached 'the judges; I was found able to ſpeak 'upon doubtful queſtions, and was 'commanded to ſtand at the footſtool of 'the Calif. I was heard with attention, 'I was conſulted with confidence, and 'the love of praiſe faſtened on my heart.

'I ſtill wiſhed to ſee diſtant coun- 'tries, liſtened with rapture to the rela- 'tions of travellers, and reſolved ſome 'time to aſk my diſmiſſion, that I might 'feaſt my ſoul with novelty; but my 'preſence was always neceſſary, and 'the ſtream of buſineſs hurried me 'along. Sometimes I was afraid leſt I 'ſhould be charged with ingratitude; 'but I ſtill propoſed to travel, and 'therefore would not confine myſelf by 'marriage.

'In my fiftieth year I began to ſu- 'ſpect that the time of travelling was 'paſt, and thought it beſt to lay hold 'on the felicity yet in my power, and 'indulge myſelf in domeſtick pleaſures. 'But at fifty no man eaſily finds a wo- 'man beautiful as the Houries, and 'wiſe as Zobeide. I enquired and re- 'jected, conſulted and deliberated, till 'the ſixty-ſecond year made me aſhamed 'of gazing upon girls. I had now no- 'thing left but retirement, and for re- 'tirement I never found a time, till diſ- 'eaſe forced me from publick employ- 'ment.

'Such was my ſcheme, and ſuch has 'been it's conſequence. With an in- 'ſatiable thirſt for knowledge, I trifled 'away the years of improvement; with 'a reſtleſs deſire of ſeeing different 'countries, I have always reſided in the 'ſame city; with the higheſt expecta- 'tion of connubial felicity, I have lived 'unmarried; and with unalterable re- 'ſolutions of contemplative retirement, 'I am going to die within the walls of 'Bagdat.'

N° CII. SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

IT very ſeldom happens to man that his buſineſs is his pleaſure. What is done from neceſſity, is ſo often to be done when againſt the preſent inclina- tion, and ſo often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual diſlike ſteals upon us, and we ſhrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our taſk. This is the reaſon why almoſt every one wiſhes to quit his employment; he does not like another ſtate, but is diſguſted with his own.

From this unwillingneſs to perform more than is required of that which is commonly performed with reluctance, it proceeds that few authors write their own lives. Stateſmen, courtiers, ladies, generals, and ſeamen, have given to the world their own ſtories, and the events with which their different ſtations have made them acquainted. They retired to the cloſet as to a place of quiet and amuſement, and pleaſed themſelves with writing, becauſe they could lay down the pen whenever they were weary. But the author, however conſpicuous, or however important, either in the publick eye or in his own, leaves his life to be related

related by his ſucceſſors, for he cannot gratify his vanity but by ſacrificing his eaſe.

It is commonly ſuppoſed that the uniformity of a ſtudious life affords no matter for narration: but the truth is, that of the moſt ſtudious life a great part paſſes without ſtudy. An author partakes of the common condition of humanity; he is born and married like another man; he has hopes and fears, expectations and diſappointments, griefs and joys, and friends and enemies, like a courtier or a ſtateſman; nor can I conceive why his affairs ſhould not excite curioſity as much as the whiſper of a drawing-room, or the factions of a camp.

Nothing detains the reader's attention more powerfully than deep involutions of diſtreſs, or ſudden viciſſitudes of fortune; and theſe might be abundantly afforded by memoirs of the ſons of literature. They are intangled by contracts which they know not how to fulfil, and obliged to write on ſubjects which they do not underſtand. Every publication is a new period of time from which ſome encreaſe or declenſion of fame is to be reckoned. The gradations of a hero's life are from battle to battle, and of an author's from book to book.

Succeſs and miſcarriage have the ſame effects in all conditions. The proſperous are feared, hated, and flattered; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and deſpiſed. No ſooner is a book publiſhed than the writer may judge of the opinion of the world. If his acquaintance preſs round him in publick places, or ſalute him from the other ſide of the ſtreet; if invitations to dinner come thick upon him, and thoſe with whom he dines keep him to ſupper; if the ladies turn to him when his coat is plain, and the footmen ſerve him with attention and alacrity; he may be ſure that his work has been praiſed by ſome leader of literary faſhions.

Of declining reputation the ſymptoms are not leſs eaſily obſerved. If the author enters a coffee-houſe, he has a box to himſelf; if he calls at a bookſeller's, the boy turns his back; and what is the moſt fatal of all progneſticks, authors will viſit him in a morning, and talk to him hour after hour of the malevolence of criticks, the neglect of merit, the bad taſte of the age, and the candour of poſterity.

All this modified and varied by accident and cuſtom would form very amuſing ſcenes of biography, and might recreate many a mind which is very little delighted with conſpiracies or battles, intrigues of a court, or debates of a parliament: to this might be added all the changes of the countenance of a patron, traced from the firſt glow which flattery raiſes in his cheek, through ardour of fondneſs, vehemence of promiſe, magnificence of praiſe, excuſe of delay, and lamentation of inability, to the laſt chill look of final diſmiſſion, when the one grows weary of ſoliciting, and the other of hearing ſolicitation.

Thus copious are the materials which have been hitherto ſuffered to lie neglected, while the repoſitories of every family that has produced a ſoldier or a miniſter are ranſacked, and libraries are crouded with uſeleſs folios of ſtate papers which will never be read, and which contribute nothing to valuable knowledge.

I hope the learned will be taught to know their own ſtrength and their value, and inſtead of devoting their lives to the honour of thoſe who ſeldom thank them for their labours, reſolve at laſt to do juſtice to themſelves.

N° CIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

RESPICERE AD LONGÆ JUSSIT SPATIA ULTIMA VITÆ.
Juv.

MUCH of the pain and pleaſure of mankind ariſes from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy praiſe which we do not hear, and reſent contempt which we do not ſee. The Idler may therefore be forgiven, if he ſuffers his imagination to repreſent to him what his readers will ſay or think when they are informed that they have now his laſt paper in their hands.

Value is more frequently raiſed by ſcarcity

ſcarcity than by uſe. That which lay neglected when it was common, riſes in eſtimation as it's quantity becomes leſs. We ſeldom learn the true want of what we have till it is diſcovered that we can have no more.

This eſſay will, perhaps, be read with care even by thoſe who have not yet attended to any other; and he that finds this late attention recompenſed, will not forbear to wiſh that he had beſtowed it ſooner.

Though the Idler and his readers have contracted no cloſe friendſhip, they are perhaps both unwilling to part. There are few things not purely evil, of which we can ſay, without ſome emotion of uneaſineſs, *This is the laſt.* Thoſe who never could agree together, ſhed tears when mutual diſcontent has determined them to final ſeparation; of a place which has been frequently viſited, though without pleaſure, the laſt look is taken with heavineſs of heart; and the Idler, with all his chillneſs of tranquillity, is not wholly unaffected by the thought that his laſt eſſay is now before him.

This ſecret horrour of the laſt is inſeparable from a thinking being, whoſe life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful. We always make a ſecret compariſon between a part and the whole; the termination of any period of life reminds us that life itſelf has likewiſe it's termination; when we have done any thing for the laſt time, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted us is paſt, and that as more is paſt there is leſs remaining.

It is very happily and kindly provided, that in every life there are certain pauſes and interruptions, which force conſideration upon the careleſs, and ſeriouſneſs upon the light; points of time where one courſe of action ends and another begins: and by viciſſitude of fortune, or alteration of employment, by change of place, or loſs of friendſhip, we are forced to ſay of ſomething, *This is the laſt.*

An even and unvaried tenour of life always hides from our apprehenſion the approach of it's end. Succeſſion is not perceived but by variation; he that lives to-day as he lived yeſterday, and expects that as the preſent day is, ſuch will be the morrow, eaſily conceives time as running in a circle, and returning to itſelf. The uncertainty of our duration is impreſſed commonly by diſſimilitude of condition; it is only by finding life changeable that we are reminded of it's ſhortneſs.

This conviction, however forcible at every new impreſſion, is every moment fading from the mind; and partly by the inevitable incurſion of new images, and partly by voluntary excluſion of unwelcome thoughts, we are again expoſed to the univerſal fallacy; and we muſt do another thing for the laſt time, before we conſider that the time is nigh when we ſhall do no more.

As the laſt Idler is publiſhed in that ſolemn week which the Chriſtian world has always ſet apart for the examination of the conſcience, the review of life, the extinction of earthly deſires, and the renovation of holy purpoſes, I hope that my readers are already diſpoſed to view every incident with ſeriouſneſs, and improve it by meditation; and that when they ſee this ſeries of trifles brought to a concluſion, they will conſider that, by outliving the Idler, they have paſſed weeks, months, and years, which are now no longer in their power; that an end muſt in time be put to every thing great as to every thing little; that to life muſt come it's laſt hour, and to this ſyſtem of being it's laſt day, the hour at which probation ceaſes, and repentance will be vain; the day in which every work of the hand, and imagination of the heart, ſhall be brought to judgment, and an everlaſting futurity ſhall be determined by the paſt.

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FINIS.

HARRISON's EDITION.

THE

LETTERS

OF

Sir Thomas Fitzosborne,

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

ABSENTIS PIGNUS AMICITIÆ. MART.

LONDON:
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M DCC LXXVII.

LETTERS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

LETTER I.

TO CLYTANDER.

SEPT. 1739.

I Entirely approve of your deſign: but whilſt I rejoice in the hope of ſeeing Enthuſiaſm thus ſucceſsfully attacked in her ſtrongeſt and moſt formidable holds, I would claim your mercy for her in another quarter; and after having expelled her from her religious dominions, let me intreat you to leave her in the undiſturbed enjoyment of her civil poſſeſſions. To own the truth, I look upon enthuſiaſm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very neceſſary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature ſeems to have marked with more or leſs ſtrength in the tempers of moſt men. No matter what the object is, whether buſineſs, pleaſures, or the fine arts; whoever purſues them to any purpoſe muſt do ſo *con amore:* and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthuſiaſts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which univerſally prevails through our ſpecies, and we are all of us, perhaps, in our ſeveral favourite purſuits, pretty much in the circumſtances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen baſon for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immenſum infinitumque*, which he profeſſes to aſpire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotiſm? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with ſo much eloquence, had he been warmed with leſs enthuſiaſm. I am perſuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our paſſions add vigour to our actions, enthuſiaſm gives ſpirit to our paſſions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the preſent age never ſits down to ſtudy, till he has raiſed his imagination by the power of muſic. For this purpoſe he has a band of inſtruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himſelf elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a ſignal, and they inſtantly ceaſe.

But thoſe *high conceits*, which are ſuggeſted by enthuſiaſm, contribute not only to the pleaſure and perfection of the fine arts, but to moſt other effects of our action and induſtry. To ſtrike this ſpirit therefore out of the human conſtitution, to reduce things to their preciſe philoſophical ſtandard, would be to check ſome of the main wheels of ſociety, and to fix half the world in an uſeleſs apathy. For if enthuſiaſm did not add an imaginary value to moſt of the objects of our purſuit; if fancy did not

give

give them their brighteſt colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite deſire.

Weary'd we ſhould lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

PRIOR.

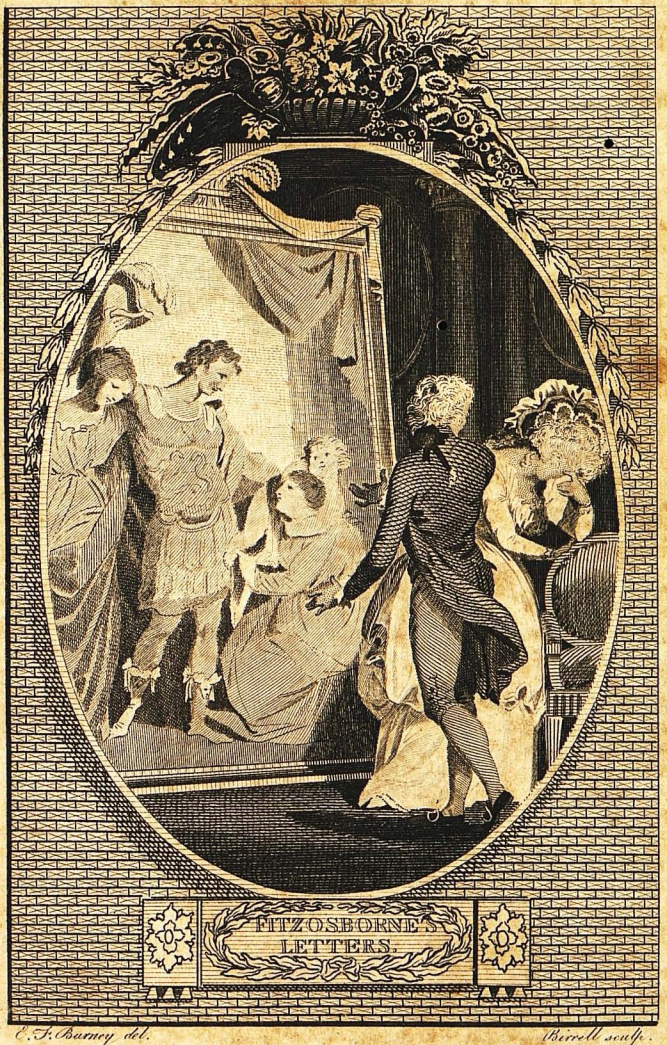
In a word, this enthuſiaſm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantreſs, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly ſpells in order to raiſe imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worſt that can be ſaid of her is, that ſhe is a kind deceiver and an obliging flatterer. Let me conjure you, then, good Clytander, not to break up her uſeful enchantments, which thus ſurround us on every ſide; but ſpare her harmleſs deceptions in mere charity to mankind. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

TO PHILOTES.

I Should not have ſuffered ſo long an interval to interrupt our correſpondence, if my expedition to Euphronius had not wholly employed me for theſe laſt ſix weeks. I had long promiſed to ſpend ſome time with him before he embarked with his regiment for Flanders; and as he is not one of thoſe Hudibraſtic heroes who chuſe to run away one day, that they may live to fight another; I was unwilling to truſt the opportunity of ſeeing him to the very precarious contingency of his return. The high enjoyments he leaves behind him, might, indeed, be a pledge to his friends that his caution would at leaſt be equal to his courage, if his notions of honour were leſs exquiſitely delicate. But he will undoubtedly act as if he had nothing to hazard; though at the ſame time, from the generous ſenſibility of his temper, he feels every thing that his family can ſuffer in their fears for his danger. I had an inſtance, whilſt I was in his houſe, how much Euphronia's apprehenſions for his ſafety are ready to take alarm upon every occaſion. She called me one day into the gallery to look upon a picture which was juſt come out of the painter's hands; but the moment ſhe carried me up to it, ſhe burſt out into a flood of tears. It was drawn at the requeſt, and after a deſign of her father's, and is a performance which does great honour to the ingenious artiſt who executed it. Euphronius is repreſented under the character of Hector when he parts from Andromache, who is perſonated in the piece by Euphronia; as her ſiſter, who holds their little boy in her arms, is ſhadowed out under the figure of the beautiful nurſe with the young Aſtyanax.

I was ſo much pleaſed with the deſign in this uncommon family-piece, that I thought it deſerved particular mention; as I could wiſh it were to become a general faſhion to have all pictures of the ſame kind executed in ſome ſuch manner. If, inſtead of furniſhing a room with ſeparate portraits, a whole family were to be thus introduced into a ſingle piece, and repreſented under ſome intereſting hiſtorical ſubject, ſuitable to their rank and character; portraits, which are now ſo generally and ſo deſervedly deſpiſed, might become of real value to the public. By this means hiſtory-painting would be encouraged among us, and a ridiculous vanity turned to the improvement of one of the moſt inſtructive, as well as the moſt pleaſing, of the imitative arts. Thoſe who never contributed a ſingle benefit to their own age, nor will ever be mentioned in any after-one, might by this means employ their pride and their expence in a way, which might render them entertaining and uſeful both to the preſent and future times. It would require, indeed, great judgment and addreſs in the painter, to chuſe and recommend ſubjects proper to the various characters which would preſent themſelves to his pencil; and undoubtedly we ſhould ſee many enormous abſurdities committed, if this faſhion were univerſally to be followed. It would certainly, however, afford a glorious ſcope to genius; and probably ſupply us, in due time, with ſome productions which might be mentioned with thoſe of the moſt celebrated ſchools. I am perſuaded



C. F. Burney del. *Birrell sculp.*

Plate III.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. May 12. 1787.

ed at leaſt, that great talents have been ſometimes loſt to this art, by being confined to the dull, though profitable, labour of ſenſeleſs portraits; as I ſhould not doubt, if the method I am ſpeaking of were to take effect, to ſee that very promiſing genius, who, in conſequence of your generous offices, is now forming his hand by the nobleſt models in Rome, prove a rival to thoſe great maſters whoſe works he is ſtudying.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that the prevailing fondneſs of having our perſons copied out for poſterity, is, in the preſent application of it, a moſt abſurd and uſeleſs vanity; as, in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous ſcene, than thoſe groteſque figures which uſually line the manſions of a man who is fond of diſplaying his canvaſs-anceſtry:

Good Heav'n! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain;
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future times a libel or a jeſt. DRYDEN.

You muſt by no means, however, imagine that I abſolutely condemn this lower application of one of the nobleſt arts. It has certainly a very juſt uſe, when employed in perpetuating the reſemblances of that part of our ſpecies, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in their reſpective generations. To be deſirous of an acquaintance with the perſons of thoſe who have recommended themſelves by their writings or their actions to our eſteem and applauſe, is a very natural and reaſonable curioſity, For myſelf, at leaſt, I have often found much ſatisfaction in contemplating a well-choſen collection of the portrait kind, and comparing the mind of a favourite character as it was either expreſſed or concealed in it's external lineaments. There is ſomething likewiſe extremely animating in theſe lively repreſentations of celebrated merit: and it was an obſervation of one of the Scipio's, that he could never view the figures of his anceſtors without finding his boſom glow with the moſt ardent paſſion of imitating their deeds. However, as the days of exemplary virtue are now no more, and we are not, many of us, diſpoſed to tranſmit the moſt inflaming models to future times; it would be but prudence, methinks, if we are reſolved to make poſterity acquainted with the perſons of the preſent age, that it ſhould be by viewing them in the actions of the paſt. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

TO PALAMEDES.

JULY 4, 1739.

NOtwithſtanding the fine things you alledge in favour of the Romans, I do not yet find myſelf diſpoſed to become a convert to your opinion: on the contrary, I am ſtill obſtinate enough to maintain that the fame of your admired nation is more dazzling than ſolid, and owing rather to thoſe falſe prejudices which we are early taught to conceive of them, than to their real and intrinſic merit. If conqueſt indeed be the genuine glory of a ſtate, and extenſive dominions the moſt infallible teſt of national virtue; it muſt be acknowledged that no people in all hiſtory have ſo juſt a demand of our admiration. But if we take an impartial view of this celebrated nation, perhaps much of our applauſe may abate. When we contemplate them, for inſtance, within their own walls, what do we ſee but the dangerous convulſions of an ill-regulated policy? as we can ſeldom, I believe, conſider them with reſpect to foreign kingdoms, without the utmoſt abhorrence and indignation.

But there is nothing which places theſe ſons of Romulus lower in my eſtimation, than their unmanly conduct in the article of their triumphs. I muſt confeſs, at the ſame time, that they had the ſanction of a god to juſtify them in this practice. Bacchus, or (as Sir Iſaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Seſoſtris, after his return from his Indian conqueſts, gave the firſt inſtance of this ungenerous ceremony. But though his divinity was confeſſed in many other parts of the world, his example does not ſeem to have been followed till we find it copied out in all it's inſolent pomp at Rome.

It is impoſſible to read the deſcriptions of theſe arrogant exhibitions of proſperity, and not be ſtruck with indignation at this barbarous method of

inſulting the calamities of the unfortunate. One would be apt, at the firſt glance, to ſuſpect that every ſentiment of humanity muſt be extinguiſhed in a people, who could behold with pleaſure the moving inſtances, which theſe ſolemnities afforded, of the caprice of fortune; and could ſee the higheſt potentates of the earth dragged from their thrones, to fill up the proud parade of theſe ungenerous triumphs. But the prevailing maxim which ran through the whole ſyſtem of Roman politics was, to encourage a ſpirit of conqueſt; and theſe honours were evidently calculated to awaken that unjuſt principle of miſtaken patriotiſm. Accordingly, by the fundamental laws of Rome, no general was entitled to a triumph, unleſs he had added ſome new acquiſition to her poſſeſſions. To ſuppreſs a civil inſurrection, however dangerous; to recover any former member of her dominions, however important; gave no claim to this ſupreme mark of ambitious diſtinction. For it was their notion, it ſeems, (and Valerius Maximus is my authority for ſaying ſo) that there is as much difference between adding to the territories of a commonwealth, and reſtoring thoſe it has loſt, as between the actual conferring of a benefit, and the mere repelling of an injury. It was but of a piece, indeed, that a ceremony conducted in defiance of humanity, ſhould be founded in contempt of juſtice; and it was natural enough that they ſhould gain by oppreſſion, what they were to enjoy by inſult.

If we conſider Paulus Æmilius, after his conqueſt of Macedonia, making his public entry into Rome, attended by the unfortunate Perſeus and his infant family; and at the ſame time reflect upon our Black Prince when he paſſed through London with his royal captive, after the glorious battle of Poictiers; we cannot fail of having the proper ſentiments of a Roman triumph. What generous mind who ſaw the Roman conſul in all the giddy exaltation of unfeeling pride, but would rather (as to that ſingle circumſtance) have been the degraded Perſeus, than the triumphant Æmilius? There is ſomething indeed in diſtreſs that reflects a ſort of merit upon every object which is ſo ſituated, and turns off our attention from thoſe blemiſhes that ſtain even the moſt vitious characters. Accordingly, in the inſtance of which I am ſpeaking, the perfidious monarch was overlooked in the ſuffering Perſeus; and a ſpectacle ſo affecting checked the joy of conqueſt even in a Roman breaſt. For Plutarch aſſures us, when that worthleſs, but unhappy, prince was obſerved, together with his two ſons and a daughter, marching amidſt the train of priſoners, nature was too hard for cuſtom, and many of the ſpectators melted into a flood of tears. But with what a generous tenderneſs did the Britiſh hero conduct himſelf upon an occaſion of the ſame kind? He employed all the artful addreſs of the moſt refined humanity, to conceal from his unhappy priſoner every thing that could remind him of his diſgrace; and the whole pomp that was diſplayed upon this occaſion, appeared ſingly as intended to lighten the weight of his misfortunes, and to do honour to the vanquiſhed monarch.

You will remember, Palamedes, I am only conſidering the Romans in a political view, and ſpeaking of them merely in their national character. As to individuals, you know, I pay the higheſt veneration to many that roſe up againſt them. It would not indeed be juſt to involve particulars in general reflections of any kind: and I cannot but acknowledge ere I cloſe my letter, that though, in the article I have been mentioning, the Romans certainly acted a moſt unworthy part towards their public enemies, yet they ſeem to have maintained the moſt exalted notions of conduct with reſpect to their private ones. That noble (and may I not add, that Chriſtian) ſentiment of Juvenal,

— minuti
Semper et infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas, Ultio.

was not merely the refined precept of their more improved philoſophers, but a general and popular maxim among them: and that generous ſentiment ſo much and ſo deſervedly admired in the Roman orator; *Non pœnitet me mortales inimicitias, ſempiternas amicitias habere*, was, as appears from Livy, ſo univerſally received as to become even a proverbial expreſſion. Thus Salluſt likewiſe, I remember, ſpeaking of the virtues of the antient Romans, mentions it as their principal characteriſtic, that upon all occaſions they ſhewed a diſpoſition rather to forgive than revenge an injury. But the falſe notions they had embraced

concerning

concerning the glory of their country, taught them to ſubdue every affection of humanity, and extinguiſh every dictate of juſtice which oppoſed that deſtructive principle. It was this ſpirit, however, in return and by a very juſt conſequence, that proved at length the means of their total deſtruction. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO PHILOTES.

JULY 4, 1743.

WHILST you are probably enjoying blue ſkies and cooling grots, I am ſhivering here in the midſt of ſummer. The *molles ſub arbore ſomni*, the *ſpeluncæ vivique lacus*, are pleaſures which we in England can ſeldom taſte but in deſcription. For in a climate, where the warmeſt ſeaſon is frequently little better than a milder ſort of winter, the ſun is much too welcome a gueſt to be avoided. If ever we have occaſion to complain of him, it muſt be for his abſence: at leaſt I have ſeldom found his viſits troubleſome. You ſee I am ſtill the ſame cold mortal as when you left me. But whatever warmth I may want in my conſtitution, I want none in my affections; and you have not a friend who is more ardently yours than I pretend to be. You have indeed ſuch a right to my heart from mere gratitude, that I almoſt wiſh I owed you leſs upon that account, that I might give it you upon a more diſintereſted principle. However, if there is any part of it which you cannot demand in juſtice, be aſſured you have it by affection; ſo that, on one or other of theſe titles, you may always depend upon me as wholly yours. Can it be neceſſary after this to add, that I received your letter with ſingular ſatisfaction, as it brought me an account of your welfare, and of the agreeable manner in which you paſs your time? If there be any room to wiſh you an increaſe of pleaſure, it is, perhaps, that the three virgins you mention, were a few degrees handſomer and younger. But I would not deſire their charms ſhould be heightened, were I not ſure they will never leſſen your repoſe; for knowing your Stoiciſm, as I do, I dare truſt your eaſe with any thing leſs than a goddeſs: and thoſe females, I perceive, are ſo far removed from the order of divinities, that they ſeem to require a conſiderable advance before I could even allow them to be ſo much as women.

It was mentioned to me the other day, that there is ſome probability we may ſee you in England by the winter. When I conſidered only my private ſatisfaction, I heard this with a very ſenſible pleaſure. But as I have long learned to ſubmit my own intereſts to yours, I could not but regret there was a likelihood of your being ſo ſoon called off from one of the moſt advantageous opportunities of improvement that can attend a ſenſible mind. An ingenious Italian author of your acquaintance compares a judicious traveller to a river, which increaſes it's ſtream the farther it flows from it's ſource; or to certain ſprings, which running through rich veins of mineral, improve their qualities as they paſs along. It were pity then you ſhould be checked in ſo uſeful a progreſs, and diverted from a courſe, from whence you may derive ſo many noble advantages. You have hitherto, I imagine, been able to do little more than lay in materials for your main deſign. But ſix months now, would give you a truer notion of what is worthy of obſervation in the countries through which you paſs, than twice that time when you were leſs acquainted with the languages. The truth is, till a man is capable of converſing with eaſe among the natives of any country, he can never be able to form a juſt and adequate idea of their policy and manners. He who ſits at a play without underſtanding the dialect, may indeed diſcover which of the actors are beſt dreſſed, and how well the ſcenes are painted or diſpoſed; but the characters and conduct of the drama muſt for ever remain a ſecret to him. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER V.

TO CLYTANDER.

IF I had been a party in the converſation you mention, I ſhould have joined, I believe, with your friend in ſupporting thoſe ſentiments you ſeem to condemn. I will venture indeed to acknowledge, that I have long been of opinion, the moderns pay too blind a deference to the antients; and though I have the higheſt veneration for ſeveral of their remains, yet I am inclined to think they have occaſioned us the loſs of ſome excellent originals. They are the proper and beſt guides, I allow, to thoſe who have not the force to break out into new paths. But whilſt it is thought ſufficient praiſe to be their followers, genius is checked in her flights, and many a fair tract lies undiſcovered in the boundleſs regions of imagination. Thus, had Virgil truſted more to his native ſtrength, the Romans, perhaps, might have ſeen an original Epic in their language. But Homer was conſidered by that admired poet as the ſacred object of his firſt and principal attention; and he ſeemed to think it the nobleſt triumph of genius, to be adorned with the ſpoils of that glorious chief.

You will tell me, perhaps, that even Homer himſelf was indebted to the antients; that the full ſtreams he diſpenſed, did not flow from his own ſource, but were derived to him from an higher. This, I acknowledge, has been aſſerted; but aſſerted without proof, and, I may venture to add, without probability. He ſeems to have ſtood alone and unſupported; and to have ſtood, for that very reaſon, ſo much the nobler object of admiration. Scarce indeed, I imagine, would his works have received that high regard which was paid to them from their earlieſt appearance, had they been formed upon prior models, had they ſhone only with reflected light.

But will not this ſervile humour of ſubjecting the powers of invention to the guidance of the ancients, account, in ſome degree at leaſt, for our meeting with ſo ſmall a number of authors who can claim the merit of being originals? Is not this a kind of ſubmiſſion, that damps the fire and weakens the vigour of the mind? For the antients ſeem to be conſidered by us as ſo many guards to prevent the free excurſions of imagination, and ſet bounds to her flight. Whereas they ought rather to be looked upon (the few, I mean, who are themſelves originals) as encouragements to a full and uncontrouled exertion of her faculties. But if here or there a poet has courage enough to truſt to his own unaſſiſted reach of thought, his example does not ſeem ſo much to incite others to make the ſame adventurous attempts, as to confirm them in the humble diſpoſition of imitation. For if he ſucceeds, he immediately becomes himſelf the occaſion of a thouſand models: if he does not, he is pointed out as a diſcouraging inſtance of the folly of renouncing thoſe eſtabliſhed leaders which antiquity has authorized. Thus invention is depreſſed, and genius enſlaved: the creative power of poetry is loſt, and the ingenious, inſtead of exerting that productive faculty which alone can render them the juſt objects of admiration, are humbly contented with borrowing both the materials and the plans of their mimic ſtructures. I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO ORONTES.

MARCH 10, 1729.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, wherein mankind are more frequently miſtaken, than in the judgments which they paſs on each other. The ſtronger lines, indeed, in every man's character, muſt always be marked too clearly and diſtinctly to deceive even the moſt careleſs obſerver; and no one, I am perſuaded, was ever eſteemed in the general opinion of the world as highly deficient in his moral or intellectual qualities, who did not juſtly merit his reputation. But I ſpeak

I speak only of those more nice and delicate traits which distinguish the several degrees of probity and good-sense, and ascertain the quantum (if I may so express it) of human merit. The powers of the soul are so often concealed by modesty, diffidence, timidity, and a thousand other accidental affections; and the nice complexion of her moral operations depends so entirely on those internal principles from whence they proceed; that those who form their notions of others by casual and distant views, must unavoidably be led into very erroneous judgments. Even Orontes, with all his candour and penetration, is not, I perceive, entirely secure from mistakes of this sort; and the sentiments you expressed in your last letter concerning Varus, are by no means agreeable to the truth of his character.

It must be acknowledged at the same time, that Varus is an exception to all general rules: neither his head nor his heart are exactly to be discovered by those indexes, which are usually supposed to point directly to the genius and temper of other men. Thus with a memory that will scarce serve him for the common purposes of life, with an imagination even more slow than his memory, and with an attention that could not carry him through the easiest proposition in Euclid; he has a sound and excellent understanding joined to a refined and exquisite taste. But the rectitude of his sentiments seems to arise less from reflection than sensation; rather from certain suitable feelings which the objects that present themselves to his consideration instantly occasion in his mind, than from the energy of any active faculties which he is capable of exerting for that purpose. His conversation is unentertaining: for though he talks a great deal, all that he utters is delivered with labour and hesitation. Not that his ideas are really dark and confused; but because he is never contented to convey them in the first words that occur. Like the orator mentioned by Tully, *metuens ne vitiosum colligeret, etiam verum sanguinem deperdebat*, he expresses himself ill by always endeavouring to express himself better. His reading cannot so properly be said to have rendered him knowing, as not ignorant: it has rather enlarged, than filled his mind.

His temper is as singular as his genius, and both equally mistaken by those who only know him a little. If you were to judge of him by his general appearance, you would believe him incapable of all the more delicate sensations: nevertheless, under a rough and boisterous behaviour, he conceals a heart full of tenderness and humanity. He has a sensibility of nature, indeed, beyond what I ever observed in any other man; and I have often seen him affected by those little circumstances, which would make no impression on a mind of less exquisite feelings. This extreme sensibility in his temper influences his speculations as well as his actions, and he hovers between various hypotheses without settling upon any, by giving importance to these minuter difficulties which would not be strong enough to suspend a more active and vigorous mind. In a word, Varus is in the number of those whom it is impossible not to admire or not to despise; and at the same time that he is the esteem of all his friends, he is the contempt of all his acquaintance. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO HORTENSIUS.

YOUR excellent brawn wanted no additional recommendation to make it more acceptable, but that of your company. However, though I cannot share it with my friend, I devote it to his memory, and make daily offerings of it to a certain divinity, whose temples, though now well-nigh deserted, were once held in the highest veneration: she is mentioned by antient authors under the name and title of DIVA AMICITIA. To her I bring the victim you have furnished me with, in all the pomp of Roman rites. Wreathed with the sacred *vitta*, and crowned with a branch of rosemary, I place it on an altar of well-polished mahogany, where I pour libations over it of acid wine, and sprinkle it with flour of mustard. I deal out certain portions to those who assist at this social ceremony,

ny, reminding them, with an *Hoc age*, of the important buſineſs upon which they are aſſembled; and conclude the feſtival with this votive couplet:

Cloſe as this brawn the circling fillet binds,
May friendſhip's ſacred bands unite our minds!

Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO CLYTANDER.

JULY 2, 1736.

YOU muſt have been greatly diſtreſſed indeed, Clytander, when you thought of calling me in as your auxiliary, in the debate you mention. Or was it not rather a motive of generoſity which ſuggeſted that deſign? and you were willing, perhaps, I ſhould ſhare the glory of a victory which you had already ſecured. Whatever *your* intention was, *mine* is always to comply with your requeſts; and I very readily enter the liſts, when I am at once to combat in the cauſe of truth and on the ſide of my friend.

It is not neceſſary, I think, in order to eſtabliſh the credibility of a particular Providence, to deduce it (as your objector, I find, ſeems to require) from known and indiſputed facts. I ſhould be exceedingly cautious in pointing out any ſuppoſed inſtances of that kind; as thoſe who are fond of indulging themſelves in determining the preciſe caſes wherein they imagine the immediate interpoſition of the Divinity is diſcoverable, often run into the weakeſt and moſt injurious ſuperſtitions. It is impoſſible indeed, unleſs we were capable of looking through the whole chain of things, and of viewing each effect in it's remote connections and final iſſues, to pronounce of any contingency, that it is abſolutely and in it's ultimate tendencies either good or bad. *That* can only be known by the great Author of nature, who comprehends the full extent of our total exiſtence, and ſees the influence which every particular circumſtance will have in the general ſum of our happineſs. But though the peculiar points of divine interpoſition are thus neceſſarily, and from the natural imperfection of our diſcerning faculties, extremely dubious; yet it can by no means from thence be juſtly inferred, that the doctrine of a particular Providence is either groundleſs or abſurd: the general principle may be true, though the application of it to any given purpoſe be involved in very inextricable difficulties.

The notion, that the material world is governed by general mechanical laws, has induced your friend to argue, That it is probable the Deity ſhould act by the ſame rule of conduct in the intellectual; and leave moral agents entirely to thoſe conſequences which neceſſarily reſult from the particular exerciſe of their original powers. But this hypotheſis takes a queſtion for granted, which requires much proof before it can be admitted. The grand principle which preſerves this ſyſtem of the univerſe in all it's harmonious order, is gravity, or that property by which all the particles of matter mutually tend to each other. Now this is a power which, it is acknowledged, does not eſſentially reſide in matter, but muſt be ultimately derived from the action of ſome immaterial cauſe. Why therefore may it not reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be the effect of the divine agency, immediately and conſtantly operating for the preſervation of this wonderful machine of nature? Certain, at leaſt, it is, that the explication which Sir Iſaac Newton has endeavoured to give of this wonderful phenomenon, by means of his ſubtil ether, has not afforded univerſal ſatisfaction: and it is the opinion of a very great writer, who ſeems to have gone far into enquiries of this abſtruſe kind, that the numberleſs effects of this power are inexplicable upon mechanical principles, or in any other way than by having recourſe to a ſpiritual agent, who connects, moves, and diſpoſes all things according to ſuch methods as beſt comport with his incomprehenſible purpoſes.

But ſucceſsful villainy and oppreſſed virtue are deemed, I perceive, in the account of your friend, as powerful inſtances to prove, that the Supreme Being remains an uninterpoſing ſpectator of what is tranſacted upon this theatre of the world. However, ere this argument

ment can have a determining weight, it must be proved (which yet, surely, never can be proved) that prosperous iniquity has all those advantages in reality, which it may seem to have in appearance; and that those accidents which are usually esteemed as calamities, do in truth, and in the just scale of things, deserve to be distinguished by that appellation. It is a noble saying of the philosopher cited by Seneca, That there cannot be a more unhappy man in the world, than he who has never experienced adversity. There is nothing, perhaps, in which mankind are more apt to make false calculations, than in the article both of their own happiness and that of others; as there are few, I believe, who have lived any time in the world, but have found frequent occasions to say with the poor hunted stag in the fable, who was entangled by those horns he had but just before been admiring;

O me infelicem! qui nunc demum intelligo,
Utilla mihi profuerint quæ despexeram,
Et quæ laudarum quantum luctus habuerint!

PHÆD.

If we look back upon the sentiments of past ages, we shall find, the opinion for which I am contending has prevailed from the remotest account of time. It must undoubtedly have entered the world as early as Religion herself; since all institutions of that kind must necessarily be founded upon the supposition of a particular Providence. It appears indeed to have been the favourite doctrine of some of the most distinguished names in antiquity. Xenophon tells us, when Cyrus led out his army against the Assyrians, the word which he gave to his soldiers was, ΖΕΥΣ ΣΥΜΜΑΧΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΗΓΕΜΩΝ, 'Jupiter the defender and 'conductor;' and he represents that prince as attributing success, even in the sports of the field, to divine Providence. Thus, likewise, Timoleon (as the author of his life assures us) believed every action of mankind to be under the immediate influence of the gods: and Livy remarks of the first Scipio Africanus, that he never undertook any important affair, either of private or public concern, without going to the Capitol in order to implore the assistance of Jupiter. Balbus the Stoic, in the dialogue on the nature of the gods, expressly declares for a particular providence: and Cicero himself, in one of his orations, imputes that superior glory which attended the Roman nation, singly to this animating persuasion. But none of the antients seem to have had a stronger impression of this truth upon their minds, than the immortal Homer. Every page in the works of that divine poet will furnish proofs of this observation. I cannot however forbear mentioning one or two remarkable instances, which just now occur to me. When the Grecian chiefs cast lots which of them should accept the challenge of Hector, the poet describes the army as lifting up their eyes and hands to heaven, and imploring the gods that they would direct the lot to fall on one of their most distinguished heroes:

Λαοι—θεοισι δε χειρας ανεσχον,
Ωδε τις ειπεσκεν, ιδ' ων εις ουρανον ευρυν·
Ζευ πατερ, η Αιανθ' αλεειν, η Τυδεος υιον,
Η αυτον Βασιληα πολυχρυσοιο Μυκηνης*.

So likewise Antenor proposes to the Trojans the restitution of Helen, as having no hopes, he tells them, that any thing would succeed with them after they had broken the faith of treaties:

νυν ορκια πιστα
Ψευσαμενοι μαχομεσθα· τω ου τι κερδιον ημιν
Ελπομαι εκτελεσσθαι†.

And indeed Homer hardly ever makes his heroes succeed (as his excellent translator justly observes) unless they have first offered a prayer to Heaven. 'He is perpetually,' says Mr. Pope, 'acknowledging the hand of God in all 'events, and ascribing to that alone all 'the victories, triumphs, rewards, or

* The people pray with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like those ascend from all the bands—
'Grant, thou Almighty, in whose hand is fate,
'A worthy champion for the Grecian state:
'This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
'Or he, the king of kings, belov'd of Jove.' POPE.

† The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the just gods provoke. POPE.

'punish-

'punishments of men. The grand moral laid down at the entrance of his 'poem, "Διος δ' ετελειετο βυλη, *The "will of God was fulfilled,*" runs 'through his whole work, and is, with 'a most remarkable care and conduct, 'put into the mouths of his greatest and 'wisest persons on every occasion.'

Upon the whole, Clytander, we may safely assert, that the belief of a particular Providence is founded upon such probable reasons as may well justify our assent. It would scarce, therefore, be wise to renounce an opinion, which affords so firm a support to the soul in those seasons wherein she stands most in need of assistance, merely because it is not possible, in questions of this kind, to solve every difficulty which attends them. If it be highly consonant to our general notions of the benevolence of the Deity (as highly consonant it surely is) that he should not leave so impotent a creature as man, to the single guidance of his own precarious faculties; who would abandon a belief so full of the most enlivening consolation, in compliance with those metaphysical reasonings which are usually calculated rather to silence, than to satisfy, an humble enquirer after truth? Who indeed would wish to be convinced, that he stands unguarded by that heavenly shield, which can protect him against all the assaults of an injurious and malevolent world? The truth is, the belief of a particular providence is the most animating persuasion that the mind of man can embrace: it gives strength to our hopes, and firmness to our resolutions; it subdues the insolence of prosperity, and draws out the sting of affliction. In a word, it is like the golden branch to which Virgil's hero was directed, and affords the only secure passport through the regions of darkness and sorrow.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

TO TIMOCLEA.

JULY 29, 1748.

IT is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the antient and ingenious study of making and solving Riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most necessary acquirement, and deserves to make a part in the education of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art, indeed, which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems, which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For, as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connections. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves, who would not chuse to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, That he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign: and I desire you would receive it as mine, That he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live.

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a farther recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known; though the advocates

cates for antient learning muſt forgive me, if in this article I attribute the ſuperiority to the moderns: for if we may judge of the ſkill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable ſpecimen of it, the geniuſes of thoſe early ages were by no means equal to thoſe which our times have produced. But, as a friend of mine has lately finiſhed, and intends very ſhortly to publiſh, a moſt curious work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleaſure you will receive by peruſing his ingenious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered to the immortal glory of this art, that the wiſeſt man, as well as the greateſt prince that ever lived, is ſaid to have amuſed himſelf and a neighbouring monarch in trying the ſtrength of each other's talents in this way; ſeveral riddles, it ſeems, having paſſed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the ſolution ſhould incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewiſe of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himſelf, that he had a taſte of this ſort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to diſcover a riddle, which was propoſed to him by ſome fiſhermen at a certain iſland called Iö.

I am inclined to think, indeed, that the antients in general were ſuch admirers of this art, as to inſcribe riddles upon their tomb-ſtones, and that, not ſatisfied with puzzling the world in their life-time, they bequeathed enigmatical legacies to the public after their deceaſe. My conjecture is founded upon an antient inſcription, which I will venture to quote to you, though it is in Latin, as your friend and neighbour the antiquarian will, I am perſuaded, be very glad of obliging you with a diſſertation upon it. Be pleaſed then to aſk him, whether he does not think that the following inſcription favours my ſentiments—

VIATORES. OPTIMI.
HIS. NVGIS. GRYPHIS. AMBAGIBVSQVE.
MEIS. CONDONARE. POSCIMUS.

However this may be, it is certain that it was one of the great entertainments of the paſtoral life, and therefore, if for no other reaſon, highly deſerving the attention of our modern Arcadians. You remember, I dare ſay, the riddle which the ſhepherd Dametas propoſes to Mænalcas in Dryden's Virgil—

Say where the round of heav'n, which all contains,
To three ſhort ells on earth our ſight reſtrains:
Tell That, and riſe a Phœbus for thy pains.

This ænigma, which has exerciſed the gueſſes of many a learned critic, remains yet unexplained: which I mention, not only as an inſtance of the wonderful penetration which is neceſſary to render a man a compleat adept in this moſt noble ſcience, but as an incitement to you to employ your ſkill in attempting the ſolution. And now, Timoclea, what will your grave friend ſay, who reproached you, it ſeems, for your riddling genius, when he ſhall find you are thus able to defend your favourite ſtudy by the lofty examples of kings, commentators, and poets? I am, &c.

LETTER X.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

HARDLY, I imagine, were you in earneſt, when you required my thoughts upon Friendſhip: for, to give you the trueſt idea of that generous intercourſe, may I not juſtly refer you back to the ſentiments of your own heart? I am ſure, at leaſt, I have learned to improve my own notions of that refined affection, by thoſe inſtances which I have obſerved in yourſelf; as it is from thence I have received the cleareſt conviction, that it derives all it's ſtrength and ſtability from virtue and good-ſenſe.

There is not, perhaps, a quality more uncommon in the world, than that which is neceſſary to form a man for this refined commerce: for however ſociableneſs may be eſteemed a juſt characteriſtic of our ſpecies; *friendlineſs*, I am perſuaded, will ſcarce be found to enter into it's general definition. The qualifications requiſite to ſupport and conduct friendſhip in all it's ſtrength and extent, do not ſeem to be ſufficiently diffuſed among the human race, to render them the diſtinguiſhing marks of mankind; unleſs

generoſity and good-ſenſe ſhould be allowed (what they never can be allowed) univerſally to prevail. On the contrary, how few are in poſſeſſion of thoſe moſt amiable of endowments? how few are capable of that noble elevation of mind, which raiſes a man above thoſe little jealouſies and rivalſhips that ſhoot up in the paths of common amities?

We ſhould not, indeed, ſo often hear complaints of the inconſtancy and falſeneſs of friends, if the world in general were more cautious than they uſually are, in forming connections of this kind. But the misfortune is, our friendſhips are apt to be too *forward*, and thus either fall off in the bloſſom, or never arrive at juſt maturity. It is an excellent piece of advice, therefore, that the poet Martial gives upon this occaſion—

Tu tantùm inſpice qui novus paratur,
An poſſit fieri vetus ſodalis.

Were I to make trial of any perſon's qualifications for an union of ſo much delicacy, there is no part of his conduct I would ſooner ſingle out, than to obſerve him in his reſentments. And this, not upon the maxim frequently advanced, That the beſt friends make the bittereſt enemies; but on the contrary, becauſe I am perſuaded, that he who is capable of being a bitter enemy, can never poſſeſs the neceſſary virtues that conſtitute a true friend. For muſt he not want generoſity (that moſt eſſential principle of an amicable combination) who can be ſo mean as to indulge a ſpirit of *ſettled* revenge, and coolly triumph in the oppreſſion of an adverſary? Accordingly there is no circumſtance in the character of the excellent Agricola, that gives me a higher notion of the true heroiſm of his mind, than what the hiſtorian of his life mentions concerning his conduct in this particular inſtance. *Ex iracundia*, ſays Tacitus, *nihil ſupererat: ſecretum et ſilentium ejus non timeres.* His elevated ſpirit was too great to ſuffer his reſentment to ſurvive the occaſion of it; and thoſe who provoked his indignation, had nothing to apprehend from the *ſecret* and ſilent workings of unextinguiſhed malice. But the practice, it muſt be owned, (perhaps I might have ſaid, the principle too) of the world runs ſtrongly on the ſide of the contrary diſpoſition; and thus, in oppoſition to that generous ſentiment of your admired orator, which I have ſo often heard you quote with applauſe, our friendſhips are mortal, whilſt it is our enmities only that never die.

But though judgment muſt collect the materials of this goodly ſtructure, it is affection that gives the cement; and paſſion as well as reaſon ſhould concur in forming a firm and laſting coalition. Hence, perhaps, it is, that not only the moſt powerful but the moſt laſting friendſhips are uſually the produce of the early ſeaſon of our lives, when we are moſt ſuſceptible of the warm and affectionate impreſſions. The connections into which we enter in any after-period, decreaſe in ſtrength as our paſſions abate in heat; and there is not, I believe, a ſingle inſtance of a vigorous friendſhip that ever ſtruck root in a boſom chilled by years. How irretrievable then is the loſs of thoſe beſt and faireſt acquiſitions of our youth? Seneca, taking notice of Auguſtus Cæſar's lamenting, upon a certain occaſion, the death of Mæcenas and Agrippa, obſerves, that he, who could inſtantly repair the deſtruction of whole fleets and armies, and bid Rome, after a general conflagration, riſe out of her aſhes even with more luſtre than before, was yet unable, during a whole life, to fill up thoſe laſting vacancies in his friendſhip: a reflection, which reminds me of renewing my ſolicitations, that you would be more cautious in hazarding a life which I have ſo many reaſons to love and honour. For whenever an accident of the ſame kind ſhall ſeparate (and what other accident can ſeparate) the happy union which has ſo long ſubſiſted between us, where ſhall I retrieve ſo ſevere a loſs? I am utterly indiſpoſed to enter into new habitudes, and extend the little circle of my friendſhips: happy if I may but preſerve it firm and unbroken to the cloſing moment of my life! Adieu. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER. XI.

TO HORTENSIUS.

AUGUST 12, 1742.

IF any thing could tempt me to read the Latin poem you mention, it would be your recommendation. But ſhall I venture to own, that I have no taſte for modern compoſitions of that kind? There is one prejudice which always remains with me againſt them, and which I have never yet found cauſe to renounce: no true genius, I am perſuaded, would ſubmit to write any conſiderable poem in a dead language. A poet who glows with the genuine fire of a warm and lively imagination, will find the copiouſneſs of his own native Engliſh ſcarce ſufficient to convey his ideas in all their ſtrength and energy. The moſt comprehenſive language ſinks under the weight of great conceptions; and a pregnant imagination diſdains to ſtint the natural growth of her thoughts to the confined ſtandard of claſſical expreſſion. An ordinary genius, indeed, may be humbly contented to purſue words through indexes and dictionaries, and tamely borrow phraſes from Horace and Virgil; but could the elevated invention of Milton, or the brilliant ſenſe of Pope, have ingloriouſly ſubmitted to lower the force and majeſty of the moſt exalted and nervous ſentiments, to the ſcanty meaſure of the Roman dialect? For copiouſneſs is by no means in the number of thoſe advantages which attend the Latin language, as many of the antients have both confeſſed and lamented. Thus Lucretius and Seneca complain of it's deficiency with reſpect to ſubjects of philoſophy; as Pliny the younger owns he found it incapable of furniſhing him with proper terms, in compoſitions of wit and humour. But if the Romans themſelves found their language thus penurious, in it's entire and moſt ample ſupplies; how much more contracted muſt it be to us, who are only in poſſeſſion of it's broken and ſcattered remains?

To ſay truth, I have obſerved in moſt of the modern Latin poems which I have accidentally run over, a remarkable barrenneſs of ſentiment, and have generally found the poet degraded into the parodiſt. It is uſually the little dealers on Parnaſſus, who have not a ſufficient ſtock of genius to launch out into a more enlarged commerce with the Muſes, that hawk about theſe claſſical gleanings. The ſtyle of theſe performances always puts me in mind of Harlequin's ſnuff, which he collected by borrowing a pinch out of every man's box he could meet, and then retailed it to his cuſtomers under the pompous title of *tabac de mille fleurs*. Half a line from Virgil or Lucretius, pieced out with a bit from Horace or Juvenal, is generally the motley mixture which enters into compoſitions of this ſort. One may apply to theſe jack-daw poets with their ſtolen feathers, what Martial ſays to a contemporary plagiariſt—

Stat contra dicitque tibi tua pagina: Fur es.

This kind of theft, indeed, every man muſt neceſſarily commit, who ſets up for a poet in a dead language. For, to expreſs himſelf with propriety, he muſt not only be ſure that every *ſingle* word which he uſes, is authorized by the beſt writers; but he muſt not even venture to throw them out of that particular combination in which he finds them connected: otherwiſe he may run into the moſt barbarous ſoleciſms. To explain my meaning by an inſtance from modern language: the French words *arene* and *rive*, are both to be met with in their approved authors; and yet if a foreigner, unacquainted with the niceties of that language, ſhould take the liberty of bringing thoſe two words together as in the following verſe,

Sur la rive du fleuve amaſſant de l' arene;

he would be expoſed to the ridicule, not only of the critics, but of the moſt ordinary mechanic in Paris. For the idiom of the French tongue will not admit of the expreſſion *ſur la rive du fleuve*, but requires the phraſe *ſur le bord de la riviere*; as they never ſay, *amaſſer de l' arene*, but *du ſable*. The ſame obſervation may be extended to all languages whether living or dead. But as no reaſonings from analogy can be of the leaſt force in determining the idiomatic proprieties of any language whatſoever;

a modern Latin poet has no other method of being ſure of avoiding abſurdities of this kind, than to take whole phraſes as he finds them formed to his hands. Thus, inſtead of accommodating his expreſſion to his ſentiment, (if any he ſhould have) he muſt neceſſarily bend his ſentiment to his expreſſion, as he is not at liberty to ſtrike out into that boldneſs of ſtyle, and thoſe unexpected combinations of words, which give ſuch grace and energy to the thoughts of every true genius. True genius, indeed, is as much diſcovered by ſtyle, as by any other diſtinction; and every eminent writer, without indulging any unwarranted licences, has a language which he derives from himſelf, and which is peculiarly and literally his own.

I would recommend therefore to theſe empty echoes of the antients, which owe their voice to the ruins of Rome, the advice of an old philoſopher to an affected orator of his times: *Vive moribus præteritis*, ſaid he, *loquere verbis præſentibus.* Let theſe poets form their conduct, if they pleaſe, by the manners of the antients; but if they would prove their genius, it muſt be by the language of the moderns. I would not, however, have you imagine, that I exclude all merit from a qualification of this kind. To be ſkilled in the mechaniſm of Latin verſe, is a talent, I confeſs, extremely worthy of a pedagogue; as it is an exerciſe of ſingular advantage to his pupils. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

TO AMASIA.

JULY 8, 1744.

IF good manners will not juſtify my long ſilence, policy at leaſt will: and you muſt confeſs there is ſome prudence in not owning a debt one is incapable of paying. I have the mortification, indeed, to find myſelf engaged in a commerce which I have not a ſufficient fund to ſupport; though I muſt add, at the ſame time, if you expect an equal return of entertainment for that which your letters afford, I know not where you will find a correſpondent. You will ſcarcely at leaſt look for him in the departed, or hope for any thing very lively from a man who is obliged to ſeek his companions among the dead. You who dwell in a land flowing with mirth and good humour, meet with many a gallant occurrence worthy of record: but what can a village produce, which is more famous for repoſe than for action, and is ſo much behind the manners of the preſent age, as ſcarce to have got out of the ſimplicity of the firſt? The utmoſt of our humour riſes no higher than punch; and all that we know of Aſſemblies, is once a year round our May-pole. Thus unqualified, as I am, to contribute to *your* amuſement, I am as much at a loſs to ſupply my *own*; and am obliged to have recourſe to a thouſand ſtratagems to help me off with thoſe lingering hours, which run ſo ſwiftly, it ſeems, by you. As one cannot always, you know, be playing at puſh-pin, I ſometimes employ myſelf with a leſs philoſophical diverſion; and either purſue butterflies, or hunt rhymes, as the weather and the ſeaſons permit. This morning not proving very favourable to my ſports of the field, I contented myſelf with thoſe under covert; and as I am not at preſent ſupplied with any thing better for your entertainment, will you ſuffer me to ſet before you ſome of my game?

A TALE.

ERE Saturn's ſons were yet diſgrac'd,
And heathen gods were all the taſte,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take the air on Ida's hill.
It chanc'd, as once, with ſerious ken,
He view'd from thence the ways of men,
He ſaw (and pity touch'd his breaſt)
The world by three foul fiends poſſeſt.
Pale Diſcord there, and Folly vain,
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.
Then forth he ſent his ſummons high,
And call'd a ſenate of the ſky.
Round as the winged orders preſt,
Jove thus his ſacred mind expreſt—
'Say, which of all this ſhining train
'Will Virtue's conflict hard ſuſtain?
'For ſee! ſhe drooping takes her flight,
'While not a god ſupports her right.'
He paus'd—when, from amidſt the ſky,
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,

With

With one united zeal aroſe,
The triple tyrants to oppoſe,
That inſtant from the realms of day,
With gen'rous ſpeed, they took their way:
To Britain's iſle direct their car,
And enter'd with the ev'ning ſtar.

Beſide the road a manſion ſtood,
Defended by a circling wood.
Hither, diſguis'd, their ſteps they bend,
In hopes, perchance, to find a friend.
For vain their hope; for records ſay
Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away.
They urge the trav'ller's common chance,
And ev'ry piteous plea advance.
The artful tale that Wit had feign'd,
Admittance eaſy ſoon obtain'd.

The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place;
Three blooming daughters added grace.
The firſt, with gentleſt manners bleſt
And temper ſweet, each heart poſſeſt;
Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame,
And ſoft Amaſia was her name.
In ſprightly ſenſe and poliſh'd air,
What maid with Mira might compare?
While Lucia's eyes, and Lucia's lyre,
Did unreſiſted love inſpire.

Imagine now the table clear,
And mirth in ev'ry face appear:
The ſong, the tale, the jeſt, went round,
The riddle dark, the trick profound.
Thus each admiring and admir'd,
The hoſts and gueſts at length retir'd;
When Wit thus ſpake her ſiſter-train—
'Faith, friends, our errand is but vain.
'Quick let us meaſure back the ſky;
'Theſe nymphs alone may well ſupply
'Wit, Innocence, and Harmony.'

You ſee to what expedient ſolitude has reduced me, when I am thus forced to ſtring rhymes, as boys do birds eggs, in order to while away my idle hours. But a gayer ſcene is, I truſt, approaching; and the day will ſhortly, I hope, arrive, when I ſhall only complain that it ſteals away too faſt. It is not from any improvement in the objects which ſurround me, that I expect this wondrous change; nor yet that a longer familiarity will render them more agreeable. It is from a promiſe I received, that Amaſia will viſit the hermit in his cell, and diſperſe the gloom of a ſolitaire by the chearfulneſs of her converſation. What inducements ſhall I mention to prevail with you to haſten that day? Shall I tell you, that I have a bower over-arched with jeſſamine? that I have an oak which is the favourite haunt of a dryad? that I have a plantation, which flouriſhes with all the verdure of May, in the midſt of all the cold of December? Or, may I not hope that I have ſomething ſtill more prevailing with you than all theſe, as I can with truth aſſure you, that I have a heart which is faithfully yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO PHILOTES.

AMONG all the advantages which attend friendſhip, there is not one more valuable than the liberty it admits in laying open the various affections of one's mind, without reſerve or diſguiſe. There is ſomething in diſcloſing to a friend the occaſional emotions of one's heart, that wonderfully contributes to ſooth and allay it's perturbations, in all it's moſt penſive or anxious moments. Nature, indeed, ſeems to have *caſt* us with a general diſpoſition to communication: though at the ſame time it muſt be acknowledged, there are few to whom one may ſafely be communicative. Have I not reaſon, then, to eſteem it as one of the moſt deſirable circumſtances of my life, that I dare, without ſcruple, or danger, *think aloud* to Philotes? It is merely to exerciſe that happy privilege, I now take up my pen; and you muſt expect nothing in this letter but the picture of my heart in one of it's ſplenetic hours. There are certain ſeaſons, perhaps, in every man's life, when he is diſſatisfied with himſelf and every thing around him, without being able to give a ſubſtantial reaſon for being ſo. At leaſt I am unwilling to think, that this dark cloud, which at preſent hangs over my mind, is peculiar to my conſtitution, and never gathers in any breaſt but my own. It is much more, however, my concern to diſſipate this vapour in myſelf, than to diſcover that it ſometimes ariſes in others: as there is no diſpoſition a man would rather endeavour to cheriſh, than a conſtant aptitude of being pleaſed. But my practice will not always credit my philoſophy; and I find it much eaſier to point out my diſtemper than to remove it. After all, is it not a mortifying conſideration, that the powers of reaſon ſhould be leſs prevalent than

than thoſe of matter; and that a page of Seneca cannot raiſe the ſpirits, when a pint of claret will? It might, methinks, ſomewhat abate the inſolence of human pride to conſider, that it is but increaſing or diminiſhing the velocity of certain fluids in the animal machine, to elate the ſoul with the gayeſt hopes, or ſink her into the deepeſt deſpair; to depreſs the hero into a coward, or advance the coward into a hero. It is to ſome ſuch mechanical cauſe I am inclined to attribute the preſent gloominеſs of my mind: at the ſame time I will confeſs, there is ſomething in that very conſideration which gives ſtrength to the fit, and renders it ſo much the more difficult to throw off. For, tell me, is it not a diſcouraging reflection to find one's ſelf *ſervile* (as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it) *to every ſkyey influence*, and the ſport of every paltry atom: to owe the eaſe of one's mind not only to the diſpoſition of one's own body, but almoſt to that of every other which ſurrounds us? Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

TO ORONTES.

THE paſſage you quote is entirely in my ſentiments. I agree both with that celebrated author and yourſelf, that our Oratory is by no means in a ſtate of perfection; and though it has much ſtrength and ſolidity, that it may yet be rendered far more poliſhed and affecting. The growth, indeed, of eloquence, even in thoſe countries where ſhe flouriſhed moſt, has ever been exceedingly ſlow. Athens had been in poſſeſſion of all the other polite improvements, long before her pretenſions to the perſuaſive arts were in any degree conſiderable; as the earlieſt orator of note among the Romans did not appear ſooner than about a century before Tully.

That great maſter of perſuaſion, taking notice of this remarkable circumſtance, aſſigns it as an evidence of the ſuperior difficulty of his favourite art. Poſſibly there may be ſome truth in the obſervation: but whatever the cauſe be, the fact, I believe, is undeniable. Accordingly eloquence has by no means made equal advances in our own country, with her ſiſter arts; and though we have ſeen ſome excellent poets, and a few good painters, riſe up amongſt us, yet I know not whether our nation can ſupply us with a ſingle orator of deſerved eminence. One cannot but be ſurpriſed at this, when it is conſidered, that we have a profeſſion ſet apart for the purpoſes of perſuaſion; and which not only affords the moſt animating and intereſting topics of rhetoric, but wherein a talent of this kind would prove the likelieſt, perhaps, of any other to obtain thoſe ambitious prizes which were thought to contribute ſo much to the ſucceſsful progreſs of antient eloquence.

Among the principal defects of our Engliſh orators, their general diſregard of harmony has, I think, been the leaſt obſerved. It would be injuſtice indeed to deny that we have ſome performances of this kind amongſt us, tolerably muſical: but it muſt be acknowledged at the ſame time, that it is more the effect of accident than deſign, and rather a proof of the power of our language, than of the art of our orators.

Dr. Tillotſon, who is frequently mentioned as having carried this ſpecies of eloquence to it's higheſt perfection, ſeems to have had no ſort of notion of rhetorical numbers: and may I venture, Orontes, to add, without hazarding the imputation of an affected ſingularity, that I think no man had ever leſs pretenſions to genuine oratory, than this celebrated preacher? If any thing could raiſe a flame of eloquence in the breaſt of an orator, there is no occaſion upon which, one ſhould imagine, it would be more likely to break out, than in celebrating departed merit: yet the two ſermons which he preached upon the death of Mr. Gouge and Dr. Whichcote are as cold and languid performances as were ever, perhaps, produced upon ſuch an animating ſubject. One cannot indeed but regret, that he, who abounds with ſuch noble and generous ſentiments, ſhould want the art of ſetting them off with all the advantage they deſerve; that the ſublime in morals ſhould not be attended with a ſuitable elevation of language. The truth, however, is, his

words

words are frequently ill-choſen, and almoſt always ill-placed; his periods are both tedious and unharmonious; as his metaphors are generally mean, and often ridiculous. It were eaſy to produce numberleſs inſtances in ſupport of this aſſertion. Thus in his ſermon preached before Queen Anne, when ſhe was Princeſs of Denmark, he talks of *ſqueezing* a parable, *thruſting* religion *by*, *driving* a ſtrict *bargain* with God, *ſharking ſhifts*, &c. and ſpeaking of the day of judgment, he deſcribes the world as *cracking about our ears*. I cannot however but acknowledge, in juſtice to the oratorical character of this moſt valuable prelate, that there is a noble ſimplicity in ſome few of his ſermons; as his excellent diſcourſe on *ſincerity* deſerves to be mentioned with particular applauſe.

But to ſhow his deficiency in the article I am conſidering at preſent, the following ſtricture will be ſufficient, among many others that might be cited to the ſame purpoſe. 'One might be apt,' ſays he, 'to think at firſt view, that 'this parable was *over done*, and wanted ſomething of a due decorum; it 'being hardly credible, that a man, after he had been ſo mercifully and generouſly dealt *withal*, as upon his 'humble requeſt to have ſo *huge* a debt 'ſo freely forgiven, ſhould, whilſt the 'memory of ſo much mercy was freſh 'upon him, even in the very next mo'ment, *handle* his fellow-ſervant, who 'had made the ſame humble requeſt to 'him which he had *done* to his Lord, 'with ſo much roughneſs and cruelty, 'for ſo inconſiderable a ſum.'

This whole period (not to mention other objections which might juſtly be raiſed againſt it) is unmuſical throughout; but the concluding members, which ought to have been particularly flowing, are moſt miſerably looſe and disjointed. If the delicacy of Tully's ear was ſo exquiſitely refined, as not always to be ſatisfied even when he read Demoſthenes; how would it have been offended at the harſhneſs and diſſonance of ſo unharmonious a ſentence?

Nothing, perhaps, throws our eloquence at a greater diſtance from that of the antients, than this Gothic arrangement; as thoſe wonderful effects, which ſometimes attended their elocution, were, in all probability, chiefly owing to their ſkill in muſical concords. It was by the charm of numbers, united with the ſtrength of reaſon, that Tully confounded the audacious Catiline, and ſilenced the eloquent Hortenſius. It was this that deprived Curio of all power of recollection, when he roſe up to oppoſe that great maſter of enchanting rhetoric: it was this, in a word, made even Cæſar himſelf tremble; nay, what is yet more extraordinary, made Cæſar alter his determined purpoſe, and acquit the man he had reſolved to condemn.

You will not ſuſpect that I attribute too much to the power of numerous compoſition, when you recollect the inſtance which Tully produces of it's wonderful effect. He informs us, you may remember, in one of his rhetorical treatiſes, that he was himſelf a witneſs of it's influence as Carbo was once haranguing to the people. When that orator pronounced the following ſentence, *Patris dictum ſapiens, temeritas filii cōmprōbāvit*—it was aſtoniſhing, ſays he, to obſerve the general applauſe which followed that harmonious cloſe. A modern ear, perhaps, would not be much affected upon this occaſion; and, indeed, it is more than probable, that we are ignorant of the art of pronouncing that period with it's genuine emphaſis and cadence. We are certain, however, that the muſic of it conſiſted in the *dichoree* with which it is terminated: for Cicero himſelf aſſures us, that if the final meaſure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been abſolutely deſtroyed.

This art was firſt introduced among the Greeks by Thraſymachus, though ſome of the admirers of Iſocrates attributed the invention to that orator. It does not appear to have been obſerved by the Romans till near the times of Tully, and even then it was by no means univerſally received. The antient and leſs numerous manner of compoſition, had ſtill many admirers, who were ſuch enthuſiaſts to antiquity as to adopt her very defects. A diſpoſition of the ſame kind may, perhaps, prevent it's being received with us; and while the archbiſhop ſhall maintain his authority as an orator, it is not to be expected that any great advancement will be made in this ſpecies of eloquence. That ſtrength of underſtanding likewiſe, and ſolidity of reaſon, which is ſo eminently our national characteriſtic, may add ſomewhat

ſomewhat to the difficulty of reconciling us to a ſtudy of this kind; as at firſt glance it may ſeem to lead an orator from his grand and principal aim, and tempt him to make a ſacrifice of ſenſe to ſound. It muſt be acknowledged, indeed, that in the times which ſucceeded the diſſolution of the Roman republic, this art was ſo perverted from it's true end as to become the ſingle ſtudy of their enervated orators. Pliny the younger often complains of this contemptible affectation; and the polite author of that elegant dialogue which, with very little probability, is attributed either to Tacitus or Quinctilian, aſſures us it was the ridiculous boaſt of certain orators in the time of the declenſion of genuine eloquence, that their harangues were capable of being ſet to muſic, and ſung upon the ſtage. But it muſt be remembered, that the true end of this art I am recommending, is to aid, not to ſuperſede reaſon; that it is ſo far from being neceſſarily effeminate, that it not only adds grace but ſtrength to the powers of perſuaſion. For this purpoſe Tully and Quinctilian, thoſe great maſters of numerous compoſition, have laid it down as a fixed and invariable rule, that it muſt never appear the effect of labour in the orator; that the tuneful flow of his periods muſt always ſeem the caſual reſult of their diſpoſition; and that it is the higheſt offence againſt the art, to weaken the expreſſion, in order to give a more muſical tone to the cadence. In ſhort, that no unmeaning words are to be thrown in merely to fill up the requiſite meaſure, but that they muſt ſtill riſe in ſenſe as they improve in ſound. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

TO CLEORA.

AUGUST 11, 1738.

THOUGH it is but a few hours ſince I parted from my Cleora; yet I have already, you ſee, taken up my pen to write to her. You muſt not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future letters, that I ſay fine things to you; ſince I only intend to tell you true ones. My heart is too full to be regular, and too ſincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the manner, not the ſtyle of my former converſations: and I write to you, as I uſed to talk to you, without form or art. Tell me then, with the ſame undiſſembled ſincerity, what effect this abſence has upon your uſual chearfulneſs? as I will honeſtly confeſs on my own part, that I am too intereſted to wiſh a circumſtance, ſo little conſiſtent with my own repoſe, ſhould be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to purſue your advice, and divert myſelf by the ſubject you recommended to my thoughts: but it is impoſſible, I perceive, to turn off the mind at once from an object, which it has long dwelt upon with pleaſure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from her neſt, is ſtill returning to the place of it's affections, and after ſome vain efforts to fly off, ſettles again where all it's cares and all it's tenderneſs are centered. Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

TO PHILOTES.

AUGUST 20, 1739.

I Fear I ſhall loſe all my credit with you as a gardener, by this ſpecimen which I venture to ſend you of the produce of my walls. The ſnails, indeed, have had more than their ſhare of my peaches and nectarines this ſeaſon: but will you not ſmile when I tell you, that I deem it a ſort of cruelty to ſuffer them to be deſtroyed? I ſhould ſcarce dare to acknowledge this weakneſs, (as the generality of the world, no doubt, would call it) had I not experienced, by many agreeable inſtances, that I may ſafely lay open to you every

ſentiment of my heart. To confeſs the truth then, I have ſome ſcruples with reſpect to the liberty we aſſume in the *unlimited* deſtruction of theſe lower orders of exiſtence. I know not upon what principle of reaſon and juſtice it is, that mankind have founded their right over the lives of every creature that is placed in a ſubordinate rank of being to themſelves. Whatever claim they may have in right of food and ſelf-defence, did they extend their privilege no farther than thoſe articles would reaſonably carry them, numberleſs beings might enjoy their lives in peace, who are now hurried out of them by the moſt wanton and unneceſſary cruelties. I cannot, indeed, diſcover why it ſhould be thought leſs inhumane to cruſh to death a harmleſs inſect, whoſe ſingle offence is that he eats that food which nature has prepared for it's ſuſtenance; than it would be, were I to kill any more bulky creature for the ſame reaſon. There are few tempers ſo hardened to the impreſſions of humanity, as not to ſhudder at the thought of the latter; and yet the former is univerſally practiſed without the leaſt check of compaſſion. This ſeems to ariſe from the groſs error of ſuppoſing, that every creature is really in itſelf contemptible, which happens to be cloathed with a body infinitely diſproportionate to our own; not conſidering that *great* and *little* are merely relative terms. But the inimitable Shakeſpeare would teach us, that

> The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
> In corp'ral ſuff'rance feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies.

And this is not thrown out in the latitude of poetical imagination, but ſupported by the diſcoveries of the moſt improved philoſophy: for there is every reaſon to believe that the ſenſations of many inſects are as exquiſite as thoſe of creatures of far more enlarged dimenſions; perhaps even more ſo. The millepedes, for inſtance, rolls itſelf round, upon the ſlighteſt touch; and the ſnail gathers in her horns upon the leaſt approach of your hand. Are not theſe the ſtrongeſt indications of *their* ſenſibility? and is it any evidence of *ours*, that we are not therefore induced to treat them with a more ſympathizing tenderneſs?

I was extremely pleaſed with a ſentiment I met with the other day in honeſt Montaigne. That good-natured author remarks, that there is a certain general claim of kindneſs and benevolence which every ſpecies of creatures has a right to from us. It is to be regretted, that this generous maxim is not more attended to, in the affair of education, and preſſed home upon tender minds in it's full extent and latitude. I am far, indeed, from thinking that the early delight which children diſcover in tormenting flies, &c. is a mark of any *innate* cruelty of temper; becauſe this turn may be accounted for upon other principles, and it is entertaining unworthy notions of the Deity to ſuppoſe he forms mankind with a propenſity to the moſt deteſtable of all diſpoſitions. But moſt certainly, by being unreſtrained in ſports of this kind, they may acquire by habit what they never would have learned from nature, and grow up into a confirmed inattention to every kind of ſuffering but their own. Accordingly the ſupreme court of judicature at Athens thought an inſtance of this ſort not below it's cognizance, and puniſhed a boy for putting out the eyes of a poor bird, that had unhappily fallen into his hands.

It might be of ſervice, therefore, it ſhould ſeem, in order to awaken as early as poſſible in children an extenſive ſenſe of humanity, to give them a view of ſeveral ſorts of inſects as they may be magnified by the aſſiſtance of glaſſes, and to ſhew them that the ſame evident marks of wiſdom and goodneſs prevail in the formation of the minuteſt inſect, as in that of the moſt enormous Leviathan: that they are equally furniſhed with whatever is neceſſary not only to the preſervation but the happineſs of their beings in that claſs of exiſtence to which Providence has aſſigned them: in a word, that the whole conſtruction of their reſpective organs diſtinctly proclaims them the objects of the divine benevolence, and therefore that they juſtly ought to be ſo of ours. I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

FEBRUARY 1, 1738.

YOU ſee how much I truſt to your good-nature and your judgment, whilſt I am the only perſon, perhaps, among your friends, who have ventured to omit a congratulation in form. I am not, however, intentionally guilty; for I really deſigned you a viſit before now: but hearing that your acquaintance flowed in upon you from all quarters, I thought it would be more agreeable to you, as well as to myſelf, if I waited till the inundation was abated. But if I have not joined in the general voice of congratulation, I have not, however, omitted the ſincere, though ſilent wiſhes, which the warmeſt friendſhip can ſuggeſt to a heart entirely in your intereſts. Had I not long ſince forſaken the regions of poetry, I would tell you, in the language of that country, how often I have ſaid, May

All heav'n,
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence! MILT.

But plain proſe will do as well for plain truth; and there is no occaſion for any art to perſuade you, that you have, upon every occurrence of your life, my beſt good wiſhes. I hope ſhortly to have an opportunity of making myſelf better known to Aſpaſia. When I am ſo, I ſhall rejoice with her on the choice ſhe has made of a man, from whom I will undertake to promiſe her all the happineſs which the ſtate ſhe has entered into can afford. Thus much I do not ſcruple to ſay of her huſband to *you*: the reſt I had rather ſay to *her*. If upon any occaſion you ſhould mention me, let it be in the character which I moſt value myſelf upon, that of your much obliged and very affectionate friend.

LETTER XVIII.

TO HORTENSIUS.

JULY 5, 1739.

I Can by no means ſubſcribe to the ſentiments of your laſt letter, nor agree with you in thinking, that the love of fame is a paſſion which either reaſon or religion condemns. I confeſs, indeed, there are ſome who have repreſented it as inconſiſtent with both; and I remember in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature delineated*, has treated it as highly irrational and abſurd. As the paſſage falls in ſo thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the ſame time, as a very great authority on your ſide. 'In reality,' (ſays that writer) 'the man is not known ever the more 'to poſterity, becauſe his name is tranſ'mitted to them: *He* doth not live be'cauſe his *name* does. When it is 'ſaid, Julius Cæſar ſubdued Gaul, 'conquered Pompey, &c. it is the ſame 'thing as to ſay, the conqueror of 'Pompey was Julius Cæſar, i. e. 'Cæſar and the conqueror of Pompey 'is the ſame thing; Cæſar is as much 'known by one deſignation as by the 'other. The amount then is only 'this; that the conqueror of Pompey 'conquered Pompey; or ſomebody 'conquered ſomebody; or rather, ſince 'Pompey is as little known now as 'Cæſar, *ſomebody* conquered *ſomebody*. 'Such a poor buſineſs is this boaſted 'immortality! and ſuch is the thing 'called glory among us! To diſcern'ing men this fame is mere air, and 'what they deſpiſe, if not ſhun.'

But ſurely, *'twere to conſider too curiouſly* (as Horatio ſays to Hamlet) *to conſider thus*. For though fame with poſterity ſhould be, in the ſtrict analyſis of it, no other than what it is here deſcribed, a mere unintereſting propoſition, amounting to nothing more than that *ſomebody* acted meritoriouſly; yet it would not neceſſarily follow, that true philoſophy would baniſh the deſire of it from the human breaſt. For this

paſſion

paſſion may be (as moſt certainly it is) wiſely implanted in our ſpecies, notwithſtanding the correſponding object ſhould in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our moſt refined and even contemplative pleaſures owe their exiſtence to our miſtakes? It is but extending (I will not ſay improving) ſome of our ſenſes to a higher degree of acuteneſs than we now poſſeſs them, to make the faireſt views of nature, or the nobleſt productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To ſee things as they truly and in themſelves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who ſhall certainly aſſure us, that the pleaſure of virtuous fame dies with it's poſſeſſor, and reaches not to a farther ſcene of exiſtence? There is nothing, it ſhould ſeem, either abſurd or unphiloſophical in ſuppoſing it poſſible at leaſt, that the praiſes of the good and the judicious, *that ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear* in this world, may be echoed back to the manſions of the next: that the poet's deſcription of Fame may be literally true, and though ſhe walks upon earth, ſhe may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reaſonable to extinguiſh a paſſion which nature has univerſally lighted up in the human breaſt, and which we conſtantly find to burn with moſt ſtrength and brightneſs in the nobleſt and beſt formed boſoms? Accordingly Revelation is ſo far from endeavouring (as you ſuppoſe) to eradicate the ſeed which nature has thus deeply planted, that ſhe rather ſeems, on the contrary, to cheriſh and forward it's growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be had *in everlaſting remembrance*, are in the number of thoſe encouragements which the Jewiſh diſpenſation offered to the virtuous; as the perſon from whom the ſacred Author of the Chriſtian ſyſtem received his birth, is herſelf repreſented as rejoicing that *all generations ſhould call her bleſſed*.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cheriſhing this high regard to poſterity, this noble deſire of an after-life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the hiſtory of the antient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, Hortenſius, which produced that exalted ſtrain of virtue in *thoſe* days, that may well ſerve as a model to *theſe*? Was it not the *conſentiens laus honorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantium*, (as Tully calls it) the concurrent approbation of the *good*, the uncorrupted applauſe of the *wiſe*, that animated their moſt generous purſuits?

To confeſs the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to leſſen the motives of right acting, or to raiſe any ſuſpicion concerning their ſolidity. The tempers and diſpoſitions of mankind are ſo extremely different, that it ſeems neceſſary they ſhould be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while ſome are willing to wed Virtue for her perſonal charms, others are engaged to take her for the ſake of her expected dowry: and ſince her followers and admirers have ſo little to hope from her in preſent, it were pity, methinks, to reaſon them out of any imagined advantage in reverſion. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO CLEORA.

I Think, Cleora, you are the trueſt female hermit I ever knew. At leaſt I do not remember to have met with any among your ſex of the ſame order with yourſelf; for as to the religious on the other ſide of the water, I can by no means eſteem them worthy of being ranked in your number. They are a ſort of people who either have ſeen nothing of the world, or too much: and where is the merit of giving up what one is not acquainted with, or what one is weary of? But you are a far more illuſtrious recluſe, who have entered into the world with innocency, and retired from it with good humour. That ſort of life, which makes ſo amiable a figure in the deſcription of poets and philoſophers, and which kings and heroes have profeſſed to aſpire after, Cleora actually enjoys: ſhe lives her own, free from the follies and impertinences, the hurry and

disappointments of false pursuits of every kind. How much do I prefer one hour of such solitude to all the glittering, glaring, gaudy days of the ambitious? I shall not envy them their gold and their silver, their precious jewels, and their changes of raiment, while you permit me to join you and Alexander in your hermitage. I hope to do so on Sunday evening, and attend you to the siege of Tyre, or the desarts of Africa, or wherever else your hero shall lead you. But should I find you in more elevated company, and engaged with the rapturous ****, even then, I hope, you will not refuse to admit me of your party. If I have not yet a proper *goût* for the mystic writers, perhaps I am not quite incapable of acquiring one; and as I have every thing of the hermit in my composition except the enthusiasm, it is not impossible but I may catch that also, by the assistance of you and ****. I desire you would receive me as a probationer at least, and as one who is willing, if he is worthy, to be initiated into your secret doctrines. I think I only want this taste and a relish of the marvellous, to be wholly in your sentiments. Possibly I may be so happy as to attain both in good time: I fancy at least there is a close connection between them, and I shall not despair of obtaining the one, if I can by any means arrive at the other. But which must I endeavour at first? shall I prepare for the mystic by commencing with the romance, or would you advise me to begin with Malbranch before I undertake Clelia? Suffer me, however, ere I enter the regions of fiction, to bear testimony to one constant truth, by assuring you that I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

OCTOBER 10, 1742.

I Have often mentioned to you the pleasure I received from Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad: but my admiration of that inimitable performance has increased upon me, since you tempted me to compare the copy with the original. To say of this noble work, that it is the best which ever appeared of the kind, would be speaking in much lower terms than it deserves; the world perhaps scarce ever before saw a truly poetical translation: for, as Denham observes,

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few, but those who cannot write, translate.

Mr. Pope seems, in most places, to have been inspired with the same sublime spirit that animates his original; as he often takes fire from a single hint in his author, and blazes out even with a stronger and brighter flame of poetry. Thus the character of Thersites, as it stands in the English Iliad, is heightened, I think, with more masterly strokes of satire than appear in the Greek; as many of those similes in Homer, which would appear, perhaps, to a modern eye too naked and unornamented, are painted by Pope in all the beautiful drapery of the most graceful metaphor. With what propriety of figure, for instance, has he raised the following comparison!

Ευτ' ορεος κορυφησι Νοτος καλεχευεν ομιχλην,
Ποιμεσιν ουτι φιλην, κλεπτην δε τε νυκτος αμεινων,
Τοσσον τις τ' επιλευσσει, οσον τ' επι λαανησιν·
Ως αρα των υπο πασσι κονισσαλος ωρνυτ' αελλης
Ερχομενων. Ill. iii. 10.

Thus from his flaggy wings when Eurus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade;
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade:
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:
So wrapt in gath'ring dust the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on and hid the plain.

When Mars, being wounded by Diomed, flies back to heaven, Homer compares him in his passage to a dark cloud raised by summer heats, and driven by the wind.

Οιη δ' εκ νεφεων ερεβεννη φαινεται αηης,
Καυματος εξ ανεμοιο δυσαεος ορνυμενοιο.
Il. v. 864.

The inimitable translator improves this image, by throwing in some circumstances, which, though not in the original, are exactly in the spirit of Homer:

As

As vapours, blown by Auſter's ſultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and ſhedding ſeeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius riſe,
Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the ſkies:
In ſuch a cloud the god, from combat driv'n,
High o'er the duſty whirlwind ſcales the heav'n.

There is a deſcription in the eighth book, which Euſtathius, it ſeems, eſteemed the moſt beautiful night-piece that could be found in poetry. If I am not greatly miſtaken, however, I can produce a finer: and I am perſuaded even the warmeſt admirer of Homer will allow, the following lines are inferior to the correſponding ones in the tranſlation:

Ως δ' οτ' εν ουρανῳ αστερα φαεινην αμφι σεληνην
Φαινετ' αριπρεπεα, οτε τ' επλετο νηνεμος αιθηρ,
Εκ τ' εφανον πασαι σκοπιαι και πρωονες ακροι,
Και ναπαι· ουρανοθεν δ' αϛ' υπερϛαγη ασπετος αιθηϛ,
Παντα δε τ' ειδεται αστρα, γεγηθε δε τε φρενα ποιμην. Il. viii. 551.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light;
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies;
The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.

I fear the enthuſiaſtic admirers of Homer would look upon me with much indignation, were they to hear me ſpeak of any thing in modern language as equal to the ſtrength and majeſty of that great father of poetry. But the following paſſage having been quoted by a celebrated author of antiquity, as an inſtance of the true ſublime, I will leave it to you to determine whether the tranſlation has not at leaſt as juſt a claim to that character as the original.

Ως δ' οτε χειμαρροι ποταμοι κατ' ορεσφι ρεοντες,
Εϛ μισγαϛκειαν συμβαλλετον οβριμον υδωρ,
Κρηνων εκ μεγαλων, κοιλης εντοσθε καραδρης,
Των δε τε τηλοσε δουπον εν ορεσιν εκλυε ποιμην.
Ως των μισγομενων γενετο ιαχη τε φοβος τε.

As torrents roll, encreas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills,
Ruſh to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar thro' a thouſand channels to the main;
The diſtant ſhepherd trembling hears the ſound:
So mix both hoſts, and ſo their cries rebound.

There is no antient author more likely to betray an injudicious interpreter into meanneſſes, than Homer; as it requires the utmoſt ſkill and addreſs to preſerve that venerable air of ſimplicity which is one of the characteriſtical marks of that poet, without ſinking the expreſſion or the ſentiment into contempt. Antiquity will furniſh a very ſtrong inſtance of the truth of this obſervation, in a ſingle line which is preſerved to us from a tranſlation of the Iliad by one Labeo, a favourite poet, it ſeems, of Nero. It is quoted by an old ſcholiaſt upon Perſius, and happens to be a verſion of the following paſſage in the fourth book:

Ωμον βιβρωθοις Πριαμον Πριαμοιο τε παιδας.

which Nero's admirable poet rendered literally thus:

Crudum manduces Priamum Priamique pi-ſinnos.

I need not indeed have gone ſo far back for my inſtance: a Labeo of our own nation would have ſupplied me with one much nearer at hand. Ogilby or Hobbs (I forget which) has tranſlated this very verſe in the ſame ridiculous manner:

And eat up Priam and his children all.

But among many other paſſages of this ſort I obſerved one in the ſame book, which raiſed my curioſity to examine in what manner Mr. Pope had conducted it. Juno, in a general council of the gods, thus accoſts Jupiter:

Αινοτατε Κρονιδη,
Πως εθελεις αλιον θειναι πονον ηδ' ατελεϛον
Ιδρωθ', ον ιδρωσα μογῳ; καμεειν δε μοι ιππους
Λαον αγειρουϛη, Πριαμῳ κακα, τοιο τε παιϛιν.

which is as much as if ſhe had ſaid in plain Engliſh, 'Why ſurely, Jupiter, 'you won't be ſo cruel as to render in-'effectual all my expence of labour and 'ſweat. Have I not tired both my 'horſes, in order to raiſe forces to ruin 'Priam and his family?' It requires the moſt delicate touches imaginable, to raiſe ſuch a ſentiment as this into any tolerable degree of dignity. But a ſkilful artiſt knows how to embelliſh the moſt ordinary ſubject; and what would be

be low and ſpiritleſs from a leſs maſterly pencil, becomes pleaſing and graceful when worked up by Mr. Pope's.

Shall then, O tyrant of th' etherial plain,
My ſchemes, my labours and my hopes be vain?
Have I for this ſhook Ilion with alarms,
Aſſembled nations, ſet two worlds in arms?
To ſpread the war I flew from ſhore to ſhore,
Th' immortal courſers ſcarce the labour bore.

But to ſhew you that I am not ſo enthuſiaſtic an admirer of this glorious performance, as to be blind to it's imperfections; I will venture to point out a paſſage or two (amongſt others which might be mentioned) wherein Mr. Pope's uſual judgment ſeems to have failed him.

When Iris is ſent to inform Helen that Paris and Menelaus were going to decide the fate of both nations by ſingle combat, and were actually upon the point of engaging; Homer deſcribes her as haſtily throwing a veil over her face, and flying to the Scæan gate, from whence ſhe might have a full view of the field of battle.

Αὐλικα δ' αργεννησι καλυψαμενη οθονησιν,
Ωρματ' εκ θαλαμοιο, τερεν κατα δακρυ χεουσα.
Ουκ οιη· αμα τηγε και αμφιπολοι δυ εποντο, &c.
Αιψα δ' επειθ' ικανον, οθι Σκαιαι πυλαι ησαν.
Il. iii. 142.

Nothing could poſſibly be more intereſting to Helen, than the circumſtances in which ſhe is here repreſented: it was neceſſary therefore to exhibit her, as Homer we ſee has, with much eagerneſs and impetuoſity in her motion. But what can be more calm and quiet than the attitude wherein the Helen of Mr. Pope appears?

O'er her fair face a ſnowy veil ſhe threw,
And ſoftly ſighing from the loom *withdrew*:
Her handmaids ———— *wait*
Her *ſilent* footſteps to the Scæan gate.

Thoſe expreſſions of ſpeed and impetuoſity which occur ſo often in the original lines, viz. αυτικα—ωρματο—αιψα ικανον, would have been ſufficient, one ſhould have imagined, to have guarded a tranſlator from falling into an impropriety of this kind.

This brings to my mind another inſtance of the ſame nature, where our Engliſh poet, by not attending to the particular expreſſion of his author, has given us a picture of a very different kind than what Homer intended. In the firſt Iliad the reader is introduced into a council of the Grecian chiefs, where very warm debates ariſe between Agamemnon and Achilles. As nothing was likely to prove more fatal to the Grecians than a diſſenſion between thoſe two princes, the venerable old Neſtor is repreſented as greatly alarmed at the conſequences of this quarrel, and riſing up to moderate between them with a vivacity much beyond his years. This circumſtance Homer has happily intimated by a ſingle word:

τοισι δε Νεςωρ
ΑΝΟΡΟΥΣΕ.

Upon which one of the commentators very juſtly obſerves—*Ut in re magna et periculoſa, non placidè aſſurgentem facit, ſed* prorumpentem *ſenem quoque.* A circumſtance which Horace ſeems to have had particularly in his view in the epiſtle to Lollius:

Neſtor componere lites
Inter Peleiden feſtinat *et inter Atriden.*
Ep. i. 2.

This beauty Mr. Pope has utterly overlooked, and ſubſtituted an idea very different from that which the verb ανορουσε ſuggeſts: he renders it,

Slow from his ſeat aroſe the Pylian ſage.

But a more unfortunate word could ſcarcely have been joined with *aroſe*, as it deſtroys the whole ſpirit of the piece, and is juſt the reverſe of what both the occaſion and the original required.

I doubt, Euphronius, you are growing weary: will you have patience, however, whilſt I mention one obſervation more, and I will interrupt you no longer?

When Menelaus and Paris enter the liſts, Pope ſays,

Amidſt the dreadful vale the chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and ſhake the threat'ning lance.

In the original it is,

Εις μεσσον Τρωων και Αχαιων εςικοσαντ ο Δεινον δερκομενοι.
Il. iii. 341.

But does not the expreſſion—*all pale with rage*—call up a very contrary idea to δεινον δερκομενοι? The former ſeems to ſuggeſt to one's imagination the ridiculous paſſion of a couple of female ſcolds; whereas the latter conveys the terrifying image of two indignant heroes, animated with calm and deliberate valour. Farewel. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

TO CLEORA.

MARCH 3, 1739.

AFTER having read your laſt letter, I can no longer doubt of the truth of thoſe ſalutary effects, which are ſaid to have been produced by the application of certain written words. I have myſelf experienced the poſſibility of the thing: and a few ſtrokes of your pen have abated a pain, which of all others is the moſt uneaſy, and the moſt difficult to be relieved; even the pain, my Cleora, of the mind. To ſympathize with my ſufferings, as Cleora kindly aſſures me ſhe does, is to aſſuage them; and half the uneaſineſs of her abſence is removed, when ſhe tells me that ſhe regrets mine.

Since I thus aſſuredly find that you can work miracles, I will believe likewiſe that you have the gift of prophecy; and I can no longer deſpair that the time will come, when we ſhall again meet, ſince you have abſolutely pronounced that it will. I have ventured, therefore, (as you will ſee by my laſt letter) already to name the day. In the mean time, I amuſe myſelf with doing every thing that looks like a preparation for my journey; *e gia apro le braccia per ſtringervi affettuoſamente al mio ſenno.*

The truth is, you are every inſtant in my thoughts, and each occurrence that ariſes ſuggeſts you to my remembrance. If I ſee a clear ſky, I wiſh it may extend to you; and if I obſerve a cloudy one, I am uneaſy leſt my Cleora ſhould be expoſed to it. I never read an intereſting ſtory, or a pertinent remark, that I do not long to communicate it to you, and learn to double my reliſh by hearing your judicious obſervations. I cannot take a turn in my garden, but every walk calls you into my mind. Ah, Cleora! I never view thoſe ſcenes of our former converſations, without a ſigh. Judge then how often I ſigh, when every object that ſurrounds me brings you freſh to my imagination. You remember the attitude in which the faithful Penelope is drawn in Pope's Odyſſey, when ſhe goes to fetch the bow of Ulyſſes for the ſuitors:

Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,
And penſive ſat, and tears began to flow.

I find myſelf in numberleſs ſuch tender reveries; and if I were ever ſo much diſpoſed to baniſh you from my thoughts, it would be impoſſible I ſhould do ſo, in a place where every thing that preſents itſelf to me, reminds me that you were once here. I muſt not expect (I ought not, indeed, for the ſake of your repoſe to wiſh) to be thus frequently and thus fondly the ſubject of your meditations: but may I not hope that you employ a few moments at leaſt of every day, in thinking of him whoſe whole attention is fixed upon you?

I have ſent you the hiſtory of the Conqueſt of Mexico, in Engliſh, which, as it is tranſlated by ſo good a hand, will be equally pleaſing and leſs troubleſome, than reading it in the original. I long to be of this party in your expedition to the new world, as I lately was in your conqueſts of Italy. How happily could I ſit by Cleora's ſide, and purſue the Spaniards in their triumphs, as I formerly did the Romans; or make a tranſition from a nation of heroes to a republic of ants! Glorious days indeed! when we paſſed whole mornings either with dictators or butterflies; and ſometimes ſent out a colony of Romans, and ſometimes of emmits! Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

TO PALEMON.

DECEMBER 18, 1740.

THOUGH I am not convinced by your arguments, I am charmed by your eloquence, and admire the preacher at the ſame time that I condemn the doctrine. But there is no ſort of perſons whoſe opinions one is more inclined

clined to wiſh right, than thoſe who are ingeniouſly in the wrong; who have the art to add grace to error, and can dignify miſtakes.

Forgive me then, Palemon, if I am more than commonly ſolicitous that you ſhould review the ſentiments you advanced, (I will not ſay, ſupported) with ſo much elegance in your laſt letter, and that I preſs you to re-conſider your notions again and again. Can I fail, indeed, to wiſh that you may find reaſon to renounce an opinion, which may poſſibly one day or other deprive me of a friend, and my country of a patriot? while Providence, perhaps, would yet have ſpared him to both. Can I fail to regret, that I ſhould hold one of the moſt valuable enjoyments of my life upon a tenure more than ordinarily precarious, and that, beſides thoſe numberleſs accidents by which chance may ſnatch you from the world, a gloomy ſky or a croſs event may determine Palemon to put an end to a life, which all who have been a witneſs to, muſt for ever admire.

But, 'Does the Supreme Being' (you aſk) 'diſpenſe his bounty upon condi-'tions different from all other bene-'factors, and will he force a gift upon 'me which is no longer acceptable?'

Let me demand in return, Whether a creature, ſo confined in it's perceptions as man, may not miſtake his true intereſt, and reject, from a partial regard, what would be well worth accepting upon a more comprehenſive view? May not even a mortal benefactor better underſtand the value of that preſent he offers, than the perſon to whom it is tendered? And ſhall the ſupreme Author of all beneficence be eſteemed leſs wiſe in diſtinguiſhing the worth of thoſe grants he confers? I agree with you, indeed, that we were called into exiſtence in order to receive happineſs: but I can by no means infer from thence, that we are at liberty to reſign our being whenever it becomes a burden. On the contrary, thoſe premiſſes ſeem to lead to a concluſion directly oppoſite; and if the gracious Author of my life created me with an intent to make me happy, does it not neceſſarily follow, that I ſhall moſt certainly obtain that privilege, if I do not juſtly forfeit it by my own miſconduct? Numberleſs ends may be anſwered in the ſchemes of Providence, by turning aſide or interrupting that ſtream of bounty, which our limited reaſon can in no ſort diſcover. How preſumptuous then muſt it be, to throw back a grant upon the hands of the great Governor of the univerſe, merely becauſe we do not immediately feel, or underſtand, it's full advantages!

That it is the intention of the Deity we ſhould remain in this ſtate of being till his ſummons calls us away, ſeems as evident as that we at firſt entered into it by his command: for we can no more continue, than we could begin to exiſt, without the concurrence of the ſame ſupreme interpoſition. While, therefore, the animal powers do not ceaſe to perform thoſe functions to which they were directed by their great Author, it may juſtly, I think, be concluded, that it is his deſign they ſhould not.

Still, however, you urge, 'That by 'putting a period to your own exiſtence 'here, you only alter the modification 'of matter; and how (you aſk) is the 'order of Providence diſturbed by 'changing the combination of a parcel 'of atoms from one figure to another?'

But ſurely, Palemon, there is a fallacy in this reaſoning: ſuicide is ſomething more than changing the component parts of the animal machine. It is ſtriking out a ſpiritual ſubſtance from that rank of beings wherein the wiſe Author of nature has placed it, and forcibly breaking in upon ſome other order of exiſtence. And as it is impoſſible for the limited powers of reaſon to penetrate the deſigns of Providence, it can never be proved that this is not diſturbing the ſchemes of nature. We poſſibly may be, and indeed moſt probably are, connected with ſome higher rank of creatures: now philoſophy will never be able to determine, that thoſe connections may not be diſconcerted by prematurely quitting our preſent manſion.

One of the ſtrongeſt paſſions implanted in human nature, is the fear of death. It ſeems, indeed, to be placed by Providence as a ſort of guard to retain mankind within their appointed ſtation. Why elſe ſhould it ſo univerſally and almoſt invariably operate? It is obſervable that no ſuch affection appears in any ſpecies of beings below us. They have no temptation, or no ability, to deſert the poſt aſſigned to them, and therefore, it ſhould ſeem, they have no checks of this kind to keep them within their preſcribed limits. This general horror then in mankind at the apprehenſion of their diſſolution,

diſſolution, carries with it, I think, a very ſtrong preſumptive argument in favour of the opinion I am endeavouring to maintain. For if it were not given to us for the purpoſe I have ſuppoſed, what other can it ſerve? Can it be imagined that the benevolent Author of nature would have ſo deeply wove it into our conſtitution, only to interrupt our preſent enjoyments?

I cannot, I confeſs, diſcover how the practice of ſuicide can be juſtified upon any principle, except upon that of downright atheiſm. If we ſuppoſe a good Providence to govern the world, the conſequence is undeniable, that we muſt entirely rely upon it. If we imagine an evil one to prevail, what chance is there of finding that happineſs in another ſcene, which we have in vain ſought for in this? The ſame malevolent omnipotence can as eaſily purſue us in the next remove, as perſecute us in this our firſt ſtation.

Upon the whole, Palemon, prudence ſtrongly forbids ſo hazardous an experiment as that of being our own executioners. We know the worſt that can happen in ſupporting life under all it's moſt wretched circumſtances: and if we ſhould be miſtaken in thinking it our duty to endure a load, which, in truth, we may ſecurely lay down; it is an error extremely limited in it's conſequences. They cannot extend beyond this preſent exiſtence, and poſſibly may end much earlier: whereas no mortal can, with the leaſt degree of aſſurance, pronounce what may not be the effects of acting agreeably to the contrary opinion. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

TO CLYTANDER.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1733.

I Am by no means in the ſentiments of that Grecian of your acquaintance, who, as often as he was preſſed to marry, replied, either that it was too ſoon or too late: and I think my favourite author, the honeſt Montaigne, a little too ſevere when he obſerves upon this ſtory, *qu'il faut refuſer l'opportunité à toute action importune:* for,

> Higher of the genial bed by far,
> And with myſterious reverence I deem.
> MILTON.

However, I am not adventurous enough to join with thoſe friends you mention, who are ſoliciting you, it ſeems, to look out for an engagement of this kind. It is an union which requires ſo much delicacy in the cementing; it is a commerce where ſo many nice circumſtances muſt concur to render it ſucceſsful; that I would not venture to pronounce of any two perſons, that they are qualified for each other.

I do not know a woman in the world who ſeems more formed to render a man of ſenſe and generoſity happy in this ſtate, than Amaſia: yet I ſhould ſcarcely have courage to recommend even Amaſia to my friend. You have ſeen her, I dare ſay, a thouſand times; but I am perſuaded ſhe never attracted your particular obſervation, for ſhe is in the number of thoſe who are ever overlooked in a crowd. As often as I converſe with her, ſhe puts me in mind of the golden age: there is an innocency and ſimplicity in all her words and actions, that equals any thing the poets have deſcribed of thoſe pure and artleſs times. Indeed, the greateſt part of her life has been ſpent much in the ſame way as the early inhabitants of the world, in that blameleſs period of it, uſed, we are told, to diſpoſe of theirs; under the ſhade and ſhelter of her own venerable oaks, and in thoſe rural amuſements which are ſure to produce a confirmed habit both of health and chearfulneſs. Amaſia never ſaid, or attempted to ſay, a ſprightly thing in all her life; but ſhe has done ten thouſand generous ones: and if ſhe is not the moſt conſpicuous figure at an aſſembly, ſhe never envied or maligned thoſe who are. Her heart is all tenderneſs and benevolence: no ſucceſs ever attended any of her acquaintance, which did not fill her boſom with the moſt diſintereſted complacency; as no misfortune ever reached her knowledge, that ſhe did not relieve or participate by her generoſity. If ever ſhe ſhould fall into the hands of a man ſhe loves, (and I am per-

ſuaded ſhe would eſteem it the worſt kind of proſtitution to reſign herſelf into any other) her whole life would be one continued ſeries of kindneſs and compliance. The humble opinion ſhe has of her own uncommon merit, would make her ſo much the more ſenſible of her huſband's; and thoſe little ſubmiſſions on his ſide, which a woman of more pride and ſpirit would conſider only as a claim of right, would be eſteemed by Amaſia as ſo many additional motives to her love and gratitude.

But if I dwell any longer upon this amiable picture, I may be in danger, perhaps, of reſembling that ancient artiſt, who grew enamoured of the production of his own pencil: for my ſecurity, therefore, as well as to put an end to your trouble, it will be beſt, I believe, to ſtop here. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

TO ORONTES.

I Was apprehenſive my laſt had given you but too much occaſion of recollecting the remark of one of your admired antients, that 'the art of eloquence is taught by man, but it is the 'Gods alone that inſpire the wiſdom of 'ſilence.' That wiſdom, however, you are not willing I ſhould yet practiſe; and you muſt needs, it ſeems, have my farther ſentiments upon the ſubject of Oratory. Be it then as my friend requires; but let him remember, it is a hazardous thing to put ſome men upon talking on a favourite topic.

One of the moſt pleaſing exerciſes of the imagination, is that wherein ſhe is employed in comparing diſtinct ideas, and diſcovering their various reſemblances. There is no ſingle perception of the mind that is not capable of an infinite number of conſiderations in reference to other objects; and it is in the novelty and variety of theſe unexpected connections, that the richneſs of a writer's genius is chiefly diſplayed. A vigorous and lively fancy does not tamely confine itſelf to the idea which lies before it, but looks beyond the immediate object of it's contemplation, and obſerves how it ſtands in conformity with numberleſs others. It is the prerogative of the human mind thus to bring it's images together, and compare the ſeveral circumſtances of ſimilitude that attend them. By this means Eloquence exerciſes a kind of magic power; ſhe can raiſe innumerable beauties from the moſt barren ſubjects, and give the grace of novelty to the moſt common. The imagination is thus kept awake by the moſt agreeable motion, and entertained with a thouſand different views both of art and nature, which ſtill terminate upon the principal object. For this reaſon I prefer the metaphor to the ſimile, as a far more pleaſing method of illuſtration. In the former, the action of the mind is leſs languid, as it is employed at one and the ſame inſtant in comparing the reſemblance with the idea it attends; whereas, in the latter, it's operations are more ſlow, being obliged to ſtand ſtill as it were, in order to contemplate firſt the principal object, and then it's correſponding image.

Of all the flowers, however, that embelliſh the regions of eloquence, there is none of a more tender and delicate nature; as there is nothing wherein a fine writer is more diſtinguiſhed from one of an ordinary claſs, than in the conduct and application of this figure. He is at liberty, indeed, to range through the whole compaſs of creation, and collect his images from every object that ſurrounds him. But though he may be thus amply furniſhed with materials, great judgment is required in chuſing them: for to render a metaphor perfect, it muſt not only be apt, but pleaſing; it muſt entertain, as well as enlighten. Mr. Dryden, therefore, can hardly eſcape the imputation of a very unpardonable breach of delicacy, when, in the dedication of his Juvenal, he obſerves to the Earl of Dorſet, that 'ſome bad poems 'carry their owners marks about them— 'ſome brand or other on this *buttock* or 'that *ear*, that it is notorious who are 'the owners of the cattle.' The poet Manilius ſeems to have raiſed an image of the ſame injudicious kind, in that compliment

compliment which he pays to Homer in the following verſes:

Cujuſque ex ore profuſos
Omnis poſteritas latices in carmine duxit.

I could never read theſe lines without calling to mind thoſe groteſque heads, which are fixed to the roof of the old building of King's College in Cambridge; which the ingenious architect has repreſented in the act of vomiting out the rain, that falls through certain pipes moſt judiciouſly ſtuck in their mouths for that purpoſe. Mr. Addiſon recommends a method of trying the propriety of a metaphor, by drawing it out in viſible repreſentation. Accordingly, I think this curious conceit of the builder might be employed to the advantage of the youth in that univerſity, and ſerve for as proper an illuſtration of the abſurdity of the poet's image, as that antient picture which Ælian mentions, where Homer was figured with a ſtream running from his mouth, and a groupe of poets lapping it up at a diſtance.

But beſides a certain decorum which is requiſite to conſtitute a perfect metaphor, a writer of true taſte and genius will always ſingle out the moſt obvious images, and place them in the moſt unobſerved points of reſemblance. Accordingly, all alluſions which point to the more abſtruſe branches of the arts or ſciences, and with which none can be ſuppoſed to be acquainted but thoſe who have gone far into the deeper ſtudies, ſhould be carefully avoided, not only as pedantic, but impertinent; as they pervert the ſingle uſe of this figure, and add neither grace nor force to the idea they would elucidate. The moſt pleaſing metaphors, therefore, are thoſe which are derived from the more frequent occurrences of art or nature, or the civil tranſactions and cuſtoms of mankind. Thus how expreſſive, yet at the ſame time how familiar, is that image which Otway has put into the mouth of Metellus, in his play of Caius Marius, where he calls Sulpicius

That mad wild bull whom Marius lets looſe
On each occaſion, when he'd make Rome feel him,
To toſs our laws and liberties i' th' air!

But I never met with a more agreeable, or a more ſignificant alluſion, than one in Quintus Curtius, which is borrowed from the moſt ordinary object in common life. That author repreſents Craterus as diſſuading Alexander from continuing his Indian expedition, againſt enemies too contemptible, he tells him, for the glory of his arms; and concludes his ſpeech with the following beautiful thought: *Cito gloria obſoleſcit in ſordidis hoſtibus; nec quidquam indignius eſt quam* conſumi *eam ubi non poteſt* oſtendi. Now I am got into Latin quotations, I cannot forbear mentioning a moſt beautiful paſſage, which I lately had the pleaſure of reading, and which I will venture to produce as equal to any thing of the ſame kind, either in antient or modern compoſition. I met with it in the ſpeech of a young orator, to whom I have the happineſs to be related, and who will one day, I perſuade myſelf, prove as great an honour to his country, as he is at preſent to that learned ſociety of which he is a member. He is ſpeaking of the writings of a celebrated prelate, who received his education in that famous ſeminary to which he belongs, and illuſtrates the peculiar elegance which diſtinguiſhes all that author's performances, by the following juſt and pleaſing aſſemblage of diction and imagery: *In quodcunque opus ſe parabat (et per omnia ſane verſatile illius ſe duxit ingenium) neſcio quâ luce ſibi ſoli propriâ, id illuminavit; haud diſſimili ei aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliſcens eam verè ſuam denunciat.* As there is nothing more entertaining to the imagination than the productions of the fine arts; there is no kind of ſimilitudes or metaphors which are in general more ſtriking, than thoſe which allude to their properties and effects. It is with great judgment, therefore, that the ingenious author of the dialogue concerning the Decline of Eloquence among the Romans, recommends to his orator a general acquaintance with the whole circle of the polite arts. A knowledge of this ſort furniſhes an author with illuſtrations of the moſt agreeable kind, and ſets a gloſs upon his compoſitions which enlivens them with ſingular grace and ſpirit.

Were I to point out the beauty and efficacy of metaphorical language, by particular inſtances, I ſhould rather draw my examples from the moderns than the ancients; the latter being ſcarcely, I think, ſo exact and delicate in this article of compoſition as the former. The

great improvements, indeed, in natural knowledge, which have been made in theſe later ages, have opened a vein of metaphor entirely unknown to the antients, and enriched the fancy of modern wits with a new ſtock of the moſt pleaſing ideas: a circumſtance which muſt give them a very conſiderable advantage over the Greeks and Romans. I am ſure at leaſt, of all the writings with which I have been converſant, the works of Mr. Addiſon will afford the moſt abundant ſupply of this kind, in all it's variety and perfection. Truth and beauty of imagery is, indeed, his characteriſtical diſtinction, and the principal point of eminence which raiſes his ſtyle above that of every author in any language that has fallen within my notice. He is every where highly figurative; yet, at the ſame time, he is the moſt eaſy and perſpicuous writer I have ever peruſed. The reaſon is, his images are always taken from the moſt natural and familiar appearances; as they are choſen with the utmoſt delicacy and judgment. Suffer me only to mention one out of a thouſand I could name, as it appears to me the fineſt and moſt expreſſive that ever language conveyed. It is in one of his inimitable papers upon Paradiſe Loſt, where he is taking notice of thoſe changes in nature which the author of that truly divine poem deſcribes as immediately ſucceeding the fall. Among other prodigies, Milton repreſents the ſun in an eclipſe; and at the ſame time a bright cloud in the weſtern region of the heavens deſcending with a band of angels. Mr. Addiſon, in order to ſhew his author's art and judgment in the conduct and diſpoſition of this ſublime ſcenery, obſerves, 'The 'whole *theatre* of nature is *darkened*, 'that this glorious *machine* may appear 'in all it's luſtre and magnificence.' I know not, Orontes, whether you will agree in ſentiment with me; but I muſt confeſs I am at a loſs which to admire moſt upon this occaſion, the poet or the critic.

There is a double beauty in images of this kind when they are not only metaphors, but alluſions. I was much pleaſed with an inſtance of this uncommon ſpecies, in a little poem intitled *The Spleen*. The author of that piece, (who has thrown together more original thoughts than I ever read in the ſame compaſs of lines) ſpeaking of the advantages of exerciſe in diſſipating thoſe gloomy vapours, which are ſo apt to hang upon ſome minds, employs the following image—

Throw but a ſtone, the giant dies.

You will obſerve, Orontes, that the metaphor here is conceived with great propriety of thought, if we conſider it only in it's primary view; but when we ſee it pointing ſtill farther, and hinting at the ſtory of David and Goliath, it receives a very conſiderable improvement from this double application.

It muſt be owned, ſome of the greateſt authors, both antient and modern, have made many remarkable ſlips in the management of this figure, and have ſometimes expreſſed themſelves with as much impropriety as an honeſt ſailor of my acquaintance, a captain of a privateer, who wrote an account to his owners of an engagement, in which he had the good fortune, he told them, of having only one of his *hands* ſhot through the noſe. The great caution therefore ſhould be, never to join any idea to a figurative expreſſion, which would not be applicable to it in a literal ſenſe. Thus Cicero, in his treatiſe *De Claris Oratoribus*, ſpeaking of the family of the Scipios, is guilty of an impropriety of this kind: *O generoſam ſtirpem*, ſays he, *et tanquam in unam arborem tlura genera, ſic in iſtam domum multorum inſitam atque* illuminatam *ſapientiam*. Mr. Addiſon, likewiſe, has fallen into an error of the ſame ſort, where he obſerves, 'There is not a ſingle view of human 'nature, which is not ſufficient to *ex-* '*tinguiſh* the *ſeeds* of pride.' In this paſſage he evidently unites images together, which have no connection with each other. When a ſeed has loſt it's power of vegetation, I might in a metaphorical ſenſe ſay it is *extinguiſhed*: but when in the ſame ſenſe I call that diſpoſition of the heart which produces pride the *ſeed* of that paſſion, I cannot, without introducing a confuſion of ideas, apply any word to *ſeed*, but what correſponds with it's real properties or circumſtances.

Another miſtake in the uſe of this figure is, when different images are crouded too cloſe upon each other, or (to expreſs myſelf after Quinctilian) when a ſentence ſets out with ſtorms and tempeſts, and ends with fire and flames. A judicious reader will obſerve an impro-

priety

priety of this kind in one of the late eſſays of the inimitable author laſt quoted, where he tells us, That women were formed to temper mankind, not to ſet an *edge* upon their minds, and blow up in them thoſe paſſions which are too apt to riſe of their own accord. Thus a celebrated orator, ſpeaking of that little blackening ſpirit in mankind, which is fond of diſcovering ſpots in the brighteſt characters, remarks, that when perſons of this caſt of temper have mentioned any virtue in their neighbour, It is well, if, to balance the matter, they do not clap ſome fault into the oppoſite ſcale, that ſo *the enemy may not go off with flying colours.* Dr. Swift alſo, whoſe ſtyle is the moſt pure and ſimple of any of our claſſic writers, and who does not ſeem in general very fond of the figurative manner, is not always free from cenſure in his management of the metaphorical language. In his eſſay on the Diſſenſions of Athens and Rome, ſpeaking of the populace, he takes notice, That though in their corrupt notions of divine worſhip they are apt to multiply their gods, yet their earthly devotion is ſeldom paid to above one *idol* at a time, whoſe *oar* they pull with leſs murmuring, and much more ſkill, than when they ſhare the *lading*, or even hold the *helm*. The moſt injudicious writer could not poſſibly have fallen into a more abſurd inconſiſtency of metaphor, than this eminent wit has inadvertently been betrayed into, in this paſſage. For what connection is there between worſhipping and *rowing*, and who ever heard before of pulling the *oar* of an idol?

As there are certain metaphors which are common to all languages; there are others of ſo delicate a nature, as not to bear tranſplanting from one nation into another. There is no part, therefore, of the buſineſs of a tranſlator more difficult to manage than this figure, as it requires great judgment to diſtinguiſh when it may, and may not, be naturalized with propriety and elegance. The want of this neceſſary diſcernment has led the common race of tranſlators into great abſurdities, and is one of the principal reaſons that performances of this kind are generally ſo inſipid. What ſtrange work, for inſtance, would an injudicious interpreter make with the following metaphor in Homer?

Νυν γαρ παντεσσιν επι ξυρα ιςαται ακης.
Il. x. 173.

But Mr. Pope, by artfully dropping the particular image, yet retaining the general idea, has happily preſerved the ſpirit of his author, and at the ſame time humoured the different taſte of his own countrymen:

Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtriſe,
Stands on the *ſharpeſt edge* of death or life.

And now, Orontes, do you not think it high time to be diſmiſſed from this fairy land? Permit me, however, juſt to add, that this figure, which caſts ſo much light and beauty upon works of genius, ought to be entirely baniſhed from the ſeverer compoſitions of philoſophy. It is the buſineſs of the latter to ſeparate reſemblances, not to find them, and to deliver her diſcoveries in the plaineſt and moſt unornamented expreſſions. Much diſpute, and, perhaps, many errors, might have been avoided, if metaphor had been thus confined within it's proper limits, and never wandered from the regions of eloquence and poetry. I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

TO PHILOTES.

AUGUST 5, 1744.

DON'T you begin to think that I ill deſerve the preſcription you ſent me, ſince I have ſcarce had the manners even to thank you for it? It muſt be confeſſed I have neglected to *honour my phyſician with the honour due unto him*: that is, I have omitted not only what I ought to have performed in good-breeding, but what I am expreſsly enjoined by my Bible. I am not, however, entirely without excuſe; a ſilly one, I own; nevertheleſs, it is the truth. I have lately been a good deal out of ſpirits. But at length the fit is over. Amongſt the number of thoſe things which are wanting to ſecure me from a return of it, I muſt always reckon the company of my friend. I have,

have, indeed, frequent occaſion for you; not in the way of your profeſſion, but in a better: in the way of friendſhip. There is a healing quality in that intercourſe, which a certain author has, with infinite propriety, termed *the medicine of life*. It is a medicine, which unluckily lies almoſt wholly out of my reach; fortune having ſeparated me from thoſe few friends whom I pretend or deſire to claim. General acquaintances, you know, I am not much inclined to cultivate; ſo that I am at preſent as much ſecluded from ſociety as if I were a *ſojourner in a ſtrange land*. Though retirement is my dear delight, yet, upon ſome occaſions, I think I have too much of it; and I agree with Balzac, *que la ſolitude eſt certainement une belle choſe: mais il y a plaiſir d'avoir quelqu'un qui ſache repondre; à qui on puiſſe dire de tems en tems, que la ſolitude eſt une belle choſe.* But I muſt not forget, that as I ſometimes want company, you may as often wiſh to be alone; and that I may, perhaps, be at this inſtant breaking in upon one of thoſe hours which you deſire to enjoy without interruption. I will only detain you, therefore, whilſt I add, that I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

MAY 1, 1745.

IF that friend of yours, whom you are deſirous to add to the number of mine, were endued with no other quality than the laſt you mentioned in the catalogue of his virtues, I ſhould eſteem his acquaintance as one of my moſt valuable privileges. When you aſſured me, therefore, of the generoſity of his diſpoſition, I wanted no additional motive to embrace your propoſal of joining you and him at * *. To ſay truth, I conſider a generous mind as the nobleſt work of the creation, and am perſuaded, wherever it reſides, no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the moſt ſingular of all the moral endowments: I am ſure, at leaſt, it is often imputed where it cannot juſtly be claimed. The meaneſt ſelf-love, under ſome refined diſguiſe, frequently paſſes upon common obſervers for this godlike principle; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a ſource than the ſuggeſtions of concealed vanity. G odnature, as it has many features in common with this virtue, is uſually miſtaken for it: the former, however, is but the effect, poſſibly, of a happy diſpoſition of the animal ſtructure, or, as Dryden ſomewhere calls it, of a certain 'milkineſs of blood:' whereas the latter is ſeated in the mind, and can never ſubſiſt where good-ſenſe and enlarged ſentiments have no exiſtence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon juſtneſs of thought: which, perhaps, is the reaſon this virtue is ſo little the characteriſtic of mankind in general. A man, whoſe mind is warped by the ſelfiſh paſſions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of ſects or parties, if he does not want honeſty, muſt undoubtedly want underſtanding. The ſame clouds that darken his intellectual views, obſtruct his moral ones; and his generoſity is extremely circumſcribed, becauſe his reaſon is extremely limited.

It is the diſtinguiſhing pre-eminence of the Chriſtian ſyſtem, that it cheriſhes this elevated principle in one of it's nobleſt exertions. Forgiveneſs of injuries, I confeſs indeed, has been inculcated by ſeveral of the heathen moraliſts; but it never entered into the eſtabliſhed ordinances of any religion, till it had the ſanction of the great Author of ours. I have often, however, wondered that the antients, who raiſed ſo many virtues and affections of the mind into divinities, ſhould never have given a place in their temples to Generoſity; unleſs, perhaps, they included it under the notion of FIDES or HONOS. But ſurely ſhe might reaſonably have claimed a ſeparate altar, and ſuperior rites. A principle of honour may reſtrain a man from counteracting the ſocial ties, who yet has nothing of that active flame of generoſity, which is too powerful to be confined within the humble boundaries of mere negative duties. True generoſity riſes above the ordinary rules of ſocial conduct, and flows with much too full a ſtream to be comprehended within the preciſe marks of formal precepts. It is a vigorous

a vigorous principle in the ſoul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond thoſe which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced ſingly by motives of the latter kind, aims no higher than at certain authoritative ſtandards, without ever attempting to reach thoſe glorious elevations, which conſtitute the only true heroiſm of the ſocial character. Religion, without this ſovereign principle, degenerates into ſlaviſh fear, and wiſdom into a ſpecious cunning; learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit it's more pleaſing kind of madneſs. In a word, generoſity ſanctifies every paſſion, and adds grace to every acquiſition of the ſoul; and if it does not neceſſarily include, at leaſt it reflects a luſtre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

But I am running into a general panegyric upon generoſity, when I only meant to acknowledge the particular inſtance you have given me of yours, in being deſirous of communicating to me a treaſure, which I know much better how to value than how to deſerve. Be aſſured, therefore, though Euphronius had none of thoſe polite accompliſhments you enumerate, yet, after what you have informed me concerning his heart, I ſhould eſteem his friendſhip of more worth than all the learning of antient Greece, and all the *virtù* of modern Italy. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

TO SAPPHO*.

MARCH 10, 1731.

WHILE yet no am'rous youths around thee bow,
Nor flatt'ring verſe conveys the faithleſs vow;
To graver notes will Sappho's ſoul attend,
And ere ſhe hears the lover, hear the friend?
Let maids leſs bleſs'd employ their meaner arts
To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts;
May Sappho learn (for nobler triumphs born)
Thoſe little conqueſts of her ſex to ſcorn.
To form thy boſom to each gen'rous deed;
To plant thy mind with ev'ry uſeful ſeed;
Be theſe thy arts; nor ſpare the grateful toil,
Where nature's hand has bleſs'd the happy ſoil.
So ſhalt thou know, with pleaſing ſkill to blend
The lovely Miſtreſs and inſtructive Friend:
So ſhalt thou know, when unrelenting Time
Shall ſpoil thoſe charms yet op'ning to their prime,
To eaſe the loſs of beauty's tranſient flow'r,
While reaſon keeps what rapture gave before.
And oh! whilſt wit, fair dawning, ſpreads it's ray,
Serenely riſing to a glorious day,
To hail the growing luſtre oft be mine,
Thou early fav'rite of the ſacred Nine!
And ſhall the Muſe with blameleſs boaſt pretend,
In youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend:
That urg'd by me ſhe ſhunn'd the dang'rous way,
Where heedleſs maids in endleſs error ſtray;
That ſcorning ſoon her ſex's idler art,
Fair praiſe inſpir'd and virtue warm'd her heart;
That fond to reach the diſtant paths of fame,
I taught her infant genius where to aim?
Thus when the feather'd choir firſt tempt the ſky,
And, all unſkill'd, their feeble pinions try,
Th' experienc'd ſire preſcribes the advent'rous height,
Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends the flight.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

YES, Phidippus, I entirely agree with you: the antients moſt certainly had much loftier notions of Friendſhip, than ſeem to be generally entertained at preſent. But may they not juſtly be conſidered on this ſubject, as

* A young lady of thirteen years of age.

downright

downright enthuſiaſts? Whilſt, indeed, they talk of friendſhip as a virtue, or place it in a rank little inferior, I can admire the generous warmth of their ſentiments; but when they go ſo far as to make it a ſerious queſtion, whether Juſtice herſelf ought not in ſome particular caſes to yield to this their ſupreme affection of the heart; there, I confeſs, they leave me far behind.

If we had not a treatiſe extant upon the ſubject, we ſhould ſcarce believe this fact upon the credit of thoſe authors who have delivered it down to us: but Cicero himſelf has ventured to take the affirmative ſide of this debate in his celebrated dialogue inſcribed Lælius. He followed, it ſeems, in this notion, the ſentiments of the Grecian Theophraſtus, who publickly maintained the ſame aſtoniſhing theory.

It muſt be confeſſed, however, theſe admirers of the falſe ſublime in Friendſhip talk upon this ſubject with ſo much caution and in ſuch general terms, that one is inclined to think they themſelves a little ſuſpected the validity of thoſe very principles they would inculcate. We find, at leaſt, a remarkable inſtance to that purpoſe, in a circumſtance related of Chilo, one of thoſe famous ſages who are diſtinguiſhed by the pompous title of the Wiſe Men of Greece.

That celebrated philoſopher, being upon his death-bed, addreſſed himſelf, we are informed, to his friends who ſtood round him, to the following effect—'I cannot, through the courſe of a long 'life, look back with uneaſineſs upon 'any ſingle inſtance of my conduct, 'unleſs, perhaps, on that which I am 'going to mention, wherein, I confeſs, 'I am ſtill doubtful whether I acted as 'I ought, or not. I was once appointed judge in conjunction with two 'others, when my particular friend was 'arraigned before us: were the laws 'to have taken their free courſe, he 'muſt inevitably have been condemned 'to die. After much debate therefore with myſelf, I reſolved upon this 'expedient: I gave my own vote according to my conſcience, but at the ſame 'time employed all my eloquence to 'prevail with my aſſociates to abſolve 'the criminal. Now I cannot but reflect upon this act with concern, as 'fearing there was ſomething of perfidy, in perſuading others to go counter to what I myſelf eſteemed right.'

It does not, certainly, require any great depth of caſuiſtry to pronounce upon a caſe of this nature. And yet, had Tully, that great maſter of reaſon, been Chilo's confeſſor upon this occaſion, it is very plain he would have given him abſolution, to the juſt ſcandal of the moſt ignorant curate that ever lulled a country village.

What I have here obſerved, will ſuggeſt, if I miſtake not, a very clear anſwer to the queſtion you propoſe—'Whence 'it ſhould happen, that we meet with 'inſtances of friendſhip among the 'Greeks and Romans, far ſuperior to 'any thing of the ſame kind which 'modern times have produced?' For while the greateſt geniuſes among them employed their talents in exalting this noble affection, and it was encouraged even by the laws themſelves; what effects might one not expect to ariſe from the concurrence of ſuch powerful cauſes? The ſeveral examples of this kind which you have pointed out, are undoubtedly highly animating and ſingular; to which give me leave to add one inſtance no leſs remarkable, though, I think, not ſo commonly obſerved.

Eudamidas, the Corinthian, (as the ſtory is related in Lucian's Toxaris) though in low circumſtances himſelf, was happy in the friendſhip of two very wealthy perſons, Charixenus and Aretheus. Eudamidas, finding himſelf drawing near his end, made his will in the following terms: 'I leave my mo'ther to Aretheus, to be maintained 'and protected by him in her old age. 'I bequeath to Charixenus the care of 'my daughter; deſiring that he would 'ſee her diſpoſed of in marriage, and 'portion her at the ſame time with as 'ample a fortune as his circumſtances 'ſhall admit: and, in caſe of the death 'of either of theſe my two friends, I 'ſubſtitute the ſurvivor in his place.'

This will was looked upon by ſome (as we may well imagine) to be extremely ridiculous: however, the legatees received information of it with very different ſentiments, accepting of their reſpective legacies with great ſatisfaction. It happened that Charixenus died a few days after his friend the teſtator; the ſurvivorſhip therefore taking place in favour of Aretheus, he accordingly

not,

not only took upon himſelf the care of his friend's mother, but alſo made an equal diſtribution of his eſtate between this child of Eudamidas, and an only daughter of his own, ſolemnizing both their marriages on the ſame day.

I do not recollect that any of the moderns have raiſed their notions of friendſhip to theſe extravagant heights, excepting only a very ſingular French author, who talks in a more romantic ſtrain upon this ſubject than even the antients themſelves. Could you, Phidippus, believe a man in earneſt, who ſhould aſſert that the ſecret one has ſworn never to reveal, may without perjury be diſcovered to one's friend? Yet the honeſt Montaigne has ventured gravely to advance this extraordinary doctrine in clear and poſitive terms. But I never knew a ſenſible man in my life, that was not an enthuſiaſt upon ſome favourite point; as indeed there is none where it is more excuſable than in the article of friendſhip. It is that which affords the moſt pleaſing ſunſhine of our days; if therefore we ſee it now and then break out with a more than reaſonable warmth and luſtre, who is there that will not be inclined to pardon an exceſs, which can only flow from the moſt generous principles? Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

JULY 3, 1746.

WHEN I mentioned *grace* as eſſential in conſtituting a fine writer, I rather hoped to have found my ſentiments reflected back with a clearer light by yours, than imagined you would have called upon me to explain in form, what I only threw out by accident. To confeſs the truth, I know not whether, after all that can be ſaid to illuſtrate this uncommon quality, it muſt not at laſt be reſolved into the poet's *nequeo monſtrare et ſentio tantùm*. In caſes of this kind, where language does not ſupply us with proper words to expreſs the notions of one's mind, we can only convey our ſentiments in figurative terms: a defect which neceſſarily introduces ſome obſcurity.

I will not, therefore, undertake to mark out with any ſort of preciſion, that idea which I would expreſs by the word *grace:* and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly deſcribed than juſtly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compoſitions of genius, I would reſemble it to that eaſy air, which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhes certain perſons of a genteel and liberal caſt. It conſiſts, not only in the particular beauty of ſingle parts, but ariſes from the general ſymmetry and conſtruction of the whole. An author may be juſt in his ſentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expreſſion; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finiſhed writers. Thoſe ſeveral members muſt be ſo agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other: their arrangement muſt be ſo happily diſpoſed as not to admit of the leaſt tranſpoſition without manifeſt prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the alluſions, and the diction, ſhould appear eaſy and natural, and ſeem to ariſe like ſo many ſpontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced, or affected in the ſentiments; whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expreſſion, is the very reverſe of *grace*. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquet; ſhe is regular without formality, and ſprightly without being fantaſtical. Grace, in ſhort, is to good writing, what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only ſhews all the figures in their ſeveral proportions and relations, but ſhews them in the moſt advantageous manner.

As gentility (to reſume my former illuſtration) appears in the minuteſt action, and improves the moſt inconſiderable geſture; ſo *grace* is diſcovered in the placing even of a ſingle word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpreſſible quality confined to one ſpecies of compoſition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble paſtoral as well as to the lofty

Epic; from the ſlighteſt letter to the moſt ſolemn diſcourſe.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be conſidered as the firſt of our proſe authors who introduced a graceful *manner* into our language. At leaſt that quality does not ſeem to have appeared early, or ſpread far, amongſt us. But whereſoever we may look for it's origin, it is certainly to be found in it's higheſt perfection in the eſſays of a gentleman whoſe writings will be diſtinguiſhed ſo long as politeneſs and good-ſenſe have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully eſteemed the criterion of fine compoſition, and which every reader, he ſays, imagines ſo eaſy to be imitated, yet will find ſo difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteriſtic of all that excellent author's moſt elegant performances. In a word, one may juſtly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, ſays of Ariſtophanes; that the *Graces* having ſearched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, ſettled at laſt in the breaſt of Mr. Addiſon. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XXX.

TO CLYTANDER.

CAN it then be true, Clytander, that after all the fine things which have been ſaid concerning the love of our country, it owes it's riſe to the principles you mention, and was originally propagated among mankind in order to cheat them into the ſervice of the community? And is it thus, at laſt, that the moſt generous of the human paſſions, inſtead of bearing the ſacred ſignature of nature, can produce no higher marks of it's legitimacy than the ſuſpicious impreſs of art? The queſtion is worth, at leaſt, a few thoughts; and I will juſt run over the principal objections in your letter, without drawing them up, however, in a regular form.

That the true happineſs of the individual cannot ariſe from the ſingle exerciſe of the mere ſelfiſh principles, is evident, I think, above all reaſonable contradiction. If a man would thoroughly enjoy his own being, he muſt of neceſſity look beyond it; his private ſatisfactions always encreaſing in the ſame proportion with which he promotes thoſe of others. Thus ſelf-intereſt, if rightly directed, flows through the nearer charities of relations, friends, and dependents, till it riſes, and dilates itſelf into general benevolence. But if every addition which we make to the welfare of others, be really an advancement of our own; the love of our country muſt neceſſarily, upon a principle of ſelf-intereſt, be a paſſion founded in the ſtricteſt reaſon: becauſe it is a diſpoſition pregnant with the greateſt poſſible good which the limited powers of man are capable of producing. Benevolence, therefore, points to our country, as to her only adequate mark: whatever falls ſhort of that glorious end, is too ſmall for her full gratification; and all beyond is too immenſe for her graſp.

Thus our country appears to have a claim to our affection, as it has a correſpondent paſſion in the human breaſt: a paſſion, not raiſed by the artifices of policy, or propagated by the infection of enthuſiaſm, but neceſſarily reſulting from the original conſtitution of our ſpecies, and conducive to the higheſt *private* advantage of each individual. When Curtius, therefore, or the two Decii, ſacrificed their lives, in order to reſcue their community from the calamities with which it was threatened; they were by no means impelled (as you ſeemed to repreſent them) by a political phrenzy, but acted on the moſt ſolid and rational principles. The method they purſued for that purpoſe, was dictated, I confeſs, by the moſt abſurd and groundleſs ſuperſtition: yet while the impreſſion of that national belief remained ſtrong upon their minds, and they were thoroughly perſuaded, that falling in the manner we are aſſured they did, was the only effectual means of preſerving their country from ruin; they took the moſt rational meaſures of conſulting their private happineſs, by thus conſenting to become the public victims. Could it even be admitted, (what, with any degree of proba-

probability, never, indeed, can be admitted) that these glorious heroes considered fame as the vainest of shadows, and had no hopes of an after-life in any other scene of existence; still, however, their conduct might be justified as perfectly wise. For, surely, to a mind that was not wholly immersed in the lowest dregs of the most contracted selfishness; that had not totally extinguished every generous and social affection; the thoughts of having preferred a mere joyless existence (for such it must have been) to the supposed preservation of numbers of one's fellow-creatures, must have been far more painful than a thousand deaths.

I cannot, however, but agree with you, that this affection was productive of infinite mischief to mankind, as it broke out among the Romans, in the impious spirit of their unjust conquests. But it should be remembered, at the same time, that it is the usual artifice of ambition, to mask herself in the semblance of patriotism. And it can be no just objection to the noblest of the social passions, that it is capable of being inflamed beyond it's natural heat, and turned, by the arts of policy, to promote those destructive purposes, which it was originally implanted to prevent.

This zeal for our country may, indeed, become irrational, not only when it thus pushes us on to act counter to the natural rights of any other community; but likewise when it impels us to take the measures of violence in opposition to the general sense of our own. For may not public happiness be estimated by the same standard as that of private? and as every man's own opinion must determine his particular satisfaction, shall not the general opinion be considered as decisive in the question concerning general interest? Far am I, however, from insinuating, that the true welfare of mankind in their collective capacities depends singly upon a prevailing fancy, any more than it does in their separate: undoubtedly in both instances they may equally embrace a false interest. But whenever this is the case, I should hardly imagine that the love of our country, on the one hand, or of our neighbour, on the other, would justify any methods of bringing them to a wiser choice, than those of calm and rational persuasion.

I cannot at present recollect which of the ancient authors it is, that mentions the Cappadocians to have been so enamoured of subjection to a despotic power, as to refuse the enjoyment of their liberties, though generously tendered to them by the Romans. Scarcely, I suppose, can there be an instance produced of a more remarkable depravity of national taste, and of a more false calculation of public welfare: yet even in this instance it should seem the highest injustice to have attempted by force, and at the expence, perhaps, of half the lives in the state, the introduction of a more improved system of government.

In this notion I am not singular, but have the authority of Plato himself on my side, who held it as a maxim of undoubted truth in politics, that the prevailing sentiments of a state, how much soever mistaken, ought by no means to be opposed by the measures of violence: a maxim, which if certain pretended or misguided patriots had happily embraced, much effusion of civil blood had been lately spared to our nation. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

TO PALAMEDES.

NOVEMBER 4, 1740.

THE dawn is overcast, the morning lours,
And heavily with clouds brings on the day.

How then can I better disappoint the gloomy effects of a louring sky, than by calling my thoughts off from the dull scene before me, and placing them upon an object which I always consider with pleasure? Much, certainly, are we indebted to that happy faculty, by which, with a sort of magic power, we can bring before one's mind whatever has been the subject of it's most agreeable con-

contemplation. In vain, therefore, would that lovely dame, who has ſo often been the topic of our converſations, pretend to enjoy you to herſelf: in ſpite of your favourite philoſophy, or even of a more powerful divinity; in ſpite of Fortune herſelf, I can place you in my view, though half a century of miles lies between us. But am I for ever to be indebted to imagination only for your preſence? and will you not ſometimes let me owe that pleaſure to yourſelf? Surely you might ſpare me a few week before the ſummer ends, without any inconvenience to that noble plan upon which I know you are ſo intent. As for my own ſtudies, they go on but ſlowly: I am, like a traveller without a guide in an unknown country, obliged to enquire the way at every turning, and conſequently cannot advance with all the expedition I could wiſh. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

AUGUST 10, 1745.

FORGIVE me, Palamedes, if I miſtruſt an art, which the greateſt of philoſophers has called the art of deceiving, and by which the firſt of orators could perſuade the people that he had conquered at the athletic games, though they ſaw him fall at his adverſary's feet. The voice of Eloquence ſhould ever, indeed, be heard with caution; and ſhe, whoſe boaſt it has formerly been, to make little things appear conſiderable, may diminiſh objects, perhaps, as well as enlarge them, and leſſen even the charms of repoſe. But I have too long experienced the joys of retirement, to quit her arms for a more lively miſtreſs; and I can look upon ambition, though adorned in all the ornaments of your oratory, with the cool indifference of the moſt confirmed Stoic. To confeſs the whole truth, I am too proud to endure a repulſe, and too humble to hope for ſucceſs: qualities little favourable, I imagine, to the pretenſions of him who would claim the glittering prizes which animate thoſe that run the race of ambition. Let thoſe honours, then, you mention, be inſcribed on the tombs of others; be it rather told on mine, that I lived and died

Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir or ſlave.

And is not this a privilege as valuable as any of thoſe which you have painted to my view, in all the warmeſt colours of your enlivening eloquence? Bruyere, at leaſt, has juſt now aſſured me, That to pay one's court to no man, nor expect any to pay court to you, is the moſt agreeable of all ſituations; 'it is the 'true golden age,' ſays he, 'and the 'moſt natural ſtate of man.'

Believe me, however, I am not in the miſtake of thoſe whom you juſtly condemn, as imagining that wiſdom is the companion only of retirement, and that virtue enters not the more open and conſpicuous walks of life: but I will confeſs at the ſame time, that though it is to Tully I give my applauſe, it is Atticus that has my affection.

'Life,' ſays a celebrated antient, 'may be compared to the Olympic 'games: ſome enter into thoſe aſſem-'blies for glory, and others for gain; 'while there is a third party (and thoſe 'by no means the moſt contemptible) 'who chuſe to be merely ſpectators.' I need not tell you, Palamedes, how early it was my inclination to be numbered with the laſt; and as Nature has not formed me with powers, am I not obliged to her for having diveſted me of every inclination for bearing a part in the ambitious contentions of the world? Providence, indeed, ſeems to have deſigned ſome tempers for the obſcure ſcenes of life; as there are ſome plants which flouriſh beſt in the ſhade. But the loweſt ſhrub has it's uſe, you are ſenſible, as well as the loftieſt oak; and, perhaps, your friend may find ſome method of convincing you, that even the humbleſt talents are not given in vain. Farewel. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

TO PALEMON.

MAY 28, 1748.

IS it poſſible you can thus deſcend from the higheſt concerns to the loweſt, and, after deliberating upon the affairs of Europe, have the humility to enquire into mine? But the greateſt ſtatemen, it ſeems, have their trifling as well as their ſerious hours; and I have read of a Roman conſul that amuſed himſelf with gathering cockle-ſhells, and of a Spartan monarch who was found riding upon a hobby-horſe. Or ſhall I rather ſay, that friendſhip gilds every object upon which ſhe ſhines? as it is the ſingular character of Palemon to preſerve that generous flame in all it's ſtrength and luſtre amidſt that ambitious atmoſphere which is generally eſteemed ſo unfavourable to every brighter affection.

It is upon one or other of thoſe principles alone, that you can be willing to ſuſpend your own more important engagements, by attending to an account of mine. They have lately, indeed, been more diverſified than uſual, and I have paſſed theſe three months in a continual ſucceſſion of new ſcenes. The moſt agreeable, as well as the fartheſt part of my progreſs, was to the ſeat of Hortenſius; and I am perſuaded you will not think my travels have been in vain, ſince they afford me an opportunity of informing you, that our friend is in poſſeſſion of all that happineſs which I am ſure you wiſh him. It is probable, however, you have not yet heard that he owes the chief part of it to female merit; for his marriage was concluded even before thoſe friends, who are moſt frequently with him, had the leaſt ſuſpicion of his intentions. But though he had ſome reaſons for concealing his deſigns, he has none for being aſhamed of them now they are executed. I ſay not this from any haſty approbation, but as having long known and eſteemed the lady whom he has choſen: and as there is a pleaſure in bringing two perſons of merit to the knowledge of each other, will you allow me, in the remainder of this letter, to introduce her to your acquaintance?

Hortenſia is of a good ſtature, and perfectly well proportioned; but one cannot ſo properly ſay her air is genteel, as that it is pleaſing: for there is a certain unaffected careleſſneſs in her dreſs and mien, that wins by degrees rather than ſtrikes at firſt ſight. If you were to look no farther than the upper part of her face, you would think her handſome; were you only to examine the lower, you would immediately pronounce the reverſe; yet there is ſomething in her eyes, which, without any pretence to be called fine, gives ſuch an agreeable livelineſs to her whole countenance, that you ſcarce obſerve, or ſoon forget, all her features are not regular. Her converſation is rather chearful than gay, and more inſtructive than ſprightly. But the principal and moſt diſtinguiſhed faculties of her mind are her memory and her judgment, both which ſhe poſſeſſes in a far higher degree than one uſually finds even in perſons of our ſex. She has read moſt of the capital authors both in French and Engliſh; but her chief and favourite companions of that kind have lain among the hiſtorical and dramatic writers. There is hardly a remarkable event in antient or modern ſtory, of which ſhe cannot give a very clear and judicious account; as ſhe is equally well verſed in all the principal characters and incidents of the moſt approved ſtage-compoſitions. The mathematics is not wholly a ſtranger to her; and though ſhe did not think proper to purſue her inquiries of that kind to any great length, yet the very uncommon facility with which ſhe entered into the reaſonings of that ſcience, plainly diſcovered ſhe was capable of attaining a thorough knowledge of all it's moſt abſtruſe branches. Her taſte in performances of polite literature is always juſt; and ſhe is an excellent critic, without knowing any thing of the artificial rules of that ſcience. Her obſervations, therefore, upon ſubjects of that ſort, are ſo much the more to be relied upon, as they are the pure and unbiaſſed dictates of nature and good-ſenſe.

ſenſe. Accordingly, Hortenſius, in the ſeveral pieces which, you know, he has publiſhed, conſtantly had recourſe to her judgment; and I have often heard him upon thoſe occaſions apply, with ſingular pleaſure, and with equal truth, what the tender Propertius ſays of his favourite Cynthia—

Me juvat in gremio doctæ legiſſe puellæ,
Auribus et puris ſcripta probaſſe mea:
Hæc ubi contigerint, populi confuſa valeto
Fabula; nam, dominâ judice, tutus ero.

But her uncommon ſtrength of underſtanding has preſerved her from that fatal rock of all female knowledge, the impertinent oſtentation of it: and ſhe thinks a reſerve in this article an eſſential part of that modeſty which is the ornament of her ſex. I have heard her obſerve, that it is not in the acquired endowments of the female mind, as in the beauties of her perſon, where it may be ſufficient praiſe, perhaps, to follow the example of the virgin deſcribed by Taſſo, who

Non copre ſue bellezze, e non l'eſpoſe.

On the contrary, ſhe eſteems it a point of decency to throw a veil over the ſuperior charms of her underſtanding; and if ever ſhe draws it aſide, you plainly perceive it is rather to gratify her good-nature than her vanity; leſs in compliance with her own inclinations, than with thoſe of her company.

Her refined ſenſe and extenſive knowledge have not, however, raiſed her above the more neceſſary acquiſitions of female ſcience: they have only taught her to fill that part of her character with higher grace and dignity. She enters into all the domeſtic duties of her ſtation with the moſt conſummate ſkill and prudence. Her œconomical deportment is calm and ſteady; and ſhe preſides over her family like the Intelligence of ſome planetary orb, conducting it in all it's proper directions without violence or diſturbed efforts.

Theſe qualities, however conſiderable they might appear in a leſs ſhining character, are but under parts in Hortenſia's: for it is from the virtues of her heart that ſhe derives her moſt irreſiſtible claim to eſteem and approbation. A conſtant flow of uniform and unaffected chearfulneſs gladdens her own breaſt, and enlivens that of every creature around her. Her behaviour under the injuries ſhe has received (for injuries even the blameleſs Hortenſia has received) was with all the calm fortitude of the moſt heroic patience; as ſhe firmly relied, that Providence would either put an end to her misfortunes, or ſupport her under them. And with that elevated hope ſhe ſeemed to feel leſs for herſelf, than for the unjuſt and inhuman author of her ſufferings, generouſly lamenting to ſee one, ſo nearly related to her, ſtand condemned by that ſevereſt and moſt ſignificant of ſentences, the united reproaches of the world and of his conſcience.

Thus, Palemon, I have given you a faithful copy of an excellent original: but whether you will join with me in thinking my pencil has been true to it's ſubject, muſt be left to ſome future opportunity to determine. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO HORTENSIUS.

DECEMBER 10, 1738.

I Have read over the treatiſe you recommended to me, with attention and concern. I was ſorry to find an author, who ſeems ſo well qualified to ſerve the cauſe of truth, employing his talents in favour of what appears to me a moſt dangerous error. I have often wondered, indeed, at the policy of certain philoſophers of this caſt, who endeavour to advance religion by depreciating human nature. Methinks it would be more for the intereſt of virtue, to repreſent her congenial (as congenial ſhe ſurely is) with our make, and agreeable to our untainted conſtitution of ſoul; to prove that every deviation from moral rectitude is an oppoſition to our native bias, and contrary to thoſe characters of dignity which the Creator has univerſally impreſſed upon the mind. This, at leaſt, was the principle which many of the antient philoſophers laboured to inculcate;

culcate; as there is not, perhaps, any ſingle topic in ethics that might be urged with more truth or greater efficacy.

It is upon this generous and exalted notion of our ſpecies, that one of the nobleſt precepts of the excellent Pythagoras is founded: Παντων δε μαλιϛα (ſays that philoſopher) αισχυνεο σ'αυτον. The firſt and leading diſpoſition to engage us on the ſide of virtue was, in that ſage's eſtimation, to preſerve above all things a conſtant reverence to our own mind, and to dread nothing ſo much as to offend againſt it's native dignity. The ingenious Mr. Norris, I remember, recommends this precept as one of the beſt, perhaps, that was ever given to the world. May one not juſtly then be ſurpriſed to find it ſo ſeldom enforced in our modern ſyſtems of morality? To confeſs the truth, I am ſtrongly inclined to ſuſpect, that much of that general contempt of every manly principle, which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhes the preſent times, may fairly be attributed to the humour of diſcarding this animating notion of our kind. It has been the faſhion to paint human nature in the harſheſt and moſt unpleaſing colours. Yet there is not, ſurely, any argument more likely to induce a man to act unworthily, than to perſuade him that he has nothing of innate worthineſs in his genuine diſpoſition; than to reaſon him out of every elevated notion of his own grandeur of ſoul; and to deſtroy, in ſhort, every motive that might juſtly inſpire him with a principle of ſelf reverence; that ſureſt *internal* guard Heaven ſeems to have aſſigned to the human virtues. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

TO CLEORA.

THOUGH it was not poſſible for me to celebrate with you, as uſual, that happy anniverſary which we have ſo many reaſons to commemorate; yet I could not ſuffer ſo joyful a feſtival to paſs by me without a thouſand tender reflections. I took pleaſure in tracing back that ſtream to it's riſe, which has coloured all my ſucceeding days with happineſs; as my Cleora, perhaps, was at that very inſtant running over in her own mind thoſe many moments of calm ſatisfaction which ſhe has derived from the ſame ſource.

My heart was ſo entirely poſſeſſed with the ſentiments which this occaſion ſuggeſted, that I found myſelf raiſed into a ſort of poetical enthuſiaſm; and I could not forbear expreſſing in verſe, what I have often ſaid in proſe of the dear author of my moſt valuable enjoyments. As I imagined Teraminta would by this time be with you, I had a view to her harpſichord in the compoſition; and I deſire you would let her know I hope ſhe will ſhew me, at my return, to what advantage the moſt ordinary numbers will appear, when judiciouſly accompanied with a fine voice and inſtrument.

I muſt not forget to tell you, it was in your favourite grove, which we have ſo often traverſed together, that I indulged myſelf in theſe pleaſing reveries; as it was not, you are to ſuppoſe, without having firſt invoked the Genius of the place, and called upon the Muſes in due form, that I broke out in the following rhapſody.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

AIR I.

THRICE has the circling earth, ſwift-pacing, run,
And thrice again, around the ſun,
Since firſt the white-rob'd prieſt, with ſacred band,
Sweet union! join'd us hand in hand.

CHORUS.

All Heav'n, and ev'ry friendly pow'r
Approv'd the vow, and bleſs'd the hour.

RECITATIVE.

What tho' in ſilence ſacred Hymen trod,
Nor lyre proclaim'd, nor garland crown'd the God:
What tho' nor feaſt nor revel dance was there,
(Vain pomp of joy the happy well may ſpare!)
Yet Love unfeign'd, and conſcious Honour led
The ſpotleſs virgin to the bridal bed;
Rich tho' *deſpoil'd* of all her little ſtore;
For who ſhall *ſeize* fair virtue's better dow'r?

AIR

AIR II.

Bleſt with ſenſe, with temper bleſt,
Wiſdom o'er thy lips preſides;
Virtue guards thy gen'rous breaſt,
Kindneſs all thy actions guides.

AIR III.

Ev'ry home-felt bliſs is mine,
Ev'ry matron-grace is thine;
Chaſte deportment, artleſs mien,
Converſe ſweet, and heart ſerene.

Sinks my ſoul with gloomy pain?
See, ſhe ſmiles!—'tis joy again:
Swells a paſſion in my breaſt?
Hark, ſhe ſpeaks! and all is reſt.

Oft as clouds my paths o'erſpread,
(Doubtful where my ſteps ſhould tread)
She, with judgment's ſteady ray,
Marks, and ſmooths, the better way.

CHORUS.

Chief amongſt ten thouſand ſhe,
Worthy, ſacred Hymen! thee.

While ſuch are the ſentiments which I entertain of my Cleora, can I find myſelf obliged to be thus diſtant from her, without the higheſt regret? The truth, believe me, is, though both the company and the ſcene wherein I am engaged are extremely agreeable, yet I find a vacancy in my happineſs, which none but you can fill up. Surely thoſe who have recommended theſe little ſeparations as neceſſary to revive the languor of the married ſtate, have ill underſtood it's moſt refined gratifications: there is no ſatiety in the mutual exchange of tender offices.

There ſeems to have been a time, when a happineſs of this kind was conſidered as the higheſt glory, as well as the ſupreme bleſſing of human life. I remember, when I was in Italy, to have ſeen ſeveral conjugal inſcriptions upon the ſepulchral monuments of antient Rome, which, inſtead of running out into a pompous panegyric upon the virtues of the deceaſed, mentioned ſingly, as the moſt ſignificant of encomiums, how many years the parties had lived together in full and uninterrupted harmony. The Romans, indeed, in this, as in many other inſtances, afford the moſt remarkable examples; and it is an obſervation of one of their writers, that, notwithſtanding divorces might very eaſily be obtained among them, their republic had ſubſiſted many centuries before there was a ſingle inſtance of that privilege ever having been exerted. Thus, my Cleora, you ſee, however unfaſhionable I may appear in the preſent generation, I might have been kept in countenance in a former, and by thoſe too, who had as much true gallantry and good-ſenſe as one uſually meets with in this.—But affections which are founded in truth and nature ſtand not in need of any precedent to ſupport them; and I eſteem it my honour no leſs than my happineſs, that I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO CLYTANDER.

DID you imagine I was really in earneſt when I talked of quitting ***, and withdrawing from thoſe gilded proſpects which ambition had once ſo ſtrongly ſet in my view? But my vows, you ſee, are not in the number of thoſe which are made to be broken: for the retreat I had long meditated, is now, at laſt, happily executed. To ſay truth, my friend, the longer I lived in the high ſcenes of action, the more I was convinced that nature had not formed me for bearing a part in them: and though I was once ſo unexperienced in the ways of the world as to believe I had talents, as I was ſure I had inclination, to ſerve my country, yet every day's converſation contributed to wean me by degrees from that flattering deluſion.

How indeed could a man hope to render himſelf acceptable to the various parties which divide our nation, who profeſſes it as his principle, that there is no ſtriking wholly into the meaſures of any, without renouncing either one's ſenſe or one's integrity? and yet, as the world is at preſent conſtituted, it is ſcarce poſſible, I fear, to do any good in one's generation, (in public life I mean) without liſting under ſome or other of thoſe various banners, which diſtinguiſh the ſeveral corps in theſe our political warfares. To thoſe, therefore, who may have curioſity enough to enter

into

into my concerns, and aſk a reaſon for my quitting the town, I anſwer, in the words of the hiſtorian, *Civitatis morum tædet pigetque*. But I am wandering from the purpoſe of my letter, which was not ſo much to juſtify my retreat, as to incline you to follow me into it: to follow me, I mean, as a viſitor only; for I love my country too well to call you off from thoſe great ſervices you are capable of doing her.

I have pitched my tent upon a ſpot which I am perſuaded will not diſpleaſe you. My villa (if you will allow me to call by that fine name, what, in truth, is no better than a neat farm-houſe) is ſituated upon a gentle riſe, which commands a ſhort, though agreeable view of about three miles in circumference. This is bounded on the north by a ridge of hills, which afford me at once both a ſecure ſhelter and a beautiful proſpect: for they are as well cultivated as the moſt fertile valleys. In the front of my houſe, which ſtands ſouth-eaſt, I have a view of the river that runs, at the diſtance of ſomewhat leſs than a quarter of a mile, at the end of my grounds; and after making ſeveral windings and returns, ſeems to loſe itſelf at the foot of thoſe hills I juſt now mentioned. As for my garden, I am obliged to nature for it's chief beauties; having no other (except a ſmall ſpot which I have allotted for the purpoſes of my table) but what the fields and meadows afford. Theſe, however, I have embelliſhed with ſome care, having intermixed among the hedges all the ſeveral ſorts of flowering ſhrubs.

But I muſt not forget to mention what I look upon to be the principal ornament of the place; as indeed I do not recollect to have ſeen any thing of the kind in our Engliſh plantations. I have covered a ſmall ſpot with different ſorts of ever-greens, many of which are of a ſpecies not very uſual in our country. This little plantation I have branched out into various labyrinth-walks, which are all terminated by a ſmall temple in the centre. I have a double advantage from this artificial wood: for it not only affords me a very ſhady retreat in ſummer, but, as it is ſituated oppoſite to my library, ſupplies me in winter with a perſpective of the moſt agreeable verdure imaginable.

What heightens my reliſh of this retirement, is the company of my Cleora; as indeed many of the beſt improvements I have made in it, are owing to hints which I have received from her exquiſite taſte and judgment. She will rejoice to receive you as her gueſt here; and has given it me in charge, to remind you, that you have promiſed to be ſo. As the buſineſs of parliament is now drawing to a concluſion, I may urge this to you without any imputation upon my patriotiſm; though at the ſame time, I muſt add, I make a very conſiderable ſacrifice of private intereſt whenever I reſign you for the ſake of the public. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO HORTENSIUS.

ARE you aware, Hortenſius, how far I may miſlead you, when you are willing to reſign yourſelf to my guidance, through the regions of criticiſm? Remember, however, that I take the lead in theſe paths, not in confidence of my own ſuperior knowledge of them, but in compliance with a requeſt, which I never yet knew how to refuſe. In ſhort, Hortenſius, I give you my ſentiments, becauſe it is my ſentiments you require: but I give them at the ſame time rather as doubts than deciſions.

After having thus acknowledged my inſufficiency for the office you have aſſigned me, I will venture to confeſs that the poet who has gained over your approbation, has been far leſs ſucceſsful with mine. I have ever thought, with a very celebrated modern writer, that

Le vers le mieux rempli, la plus noble penſée,
Ne peut plaire à l'eſprit quand l'oreille eſt bleſſée. BOILEAU.

Thus, though I admit there is both wit in the raillery, and ſtrength in the ſentiments of your friend's moral epiſtle, it by no means falls in with thoſe notions I have formed to myſelf con-

cerning the eſſential requiſites in compoſitions of this kind. He ſeems, indeed, to have widely deviated from the model he profeſſes to have had in view, and is no more like Horace, than *Hyperion to a Satire.* His deficiency in point of verſification, not to mention his want of elegance in the general manner of his poem, is ſufficient to deſtroy the pretended reſemblance. Nothing, in truth, can be more abſurd, than to write in poetical meaſure, and yet neglect harmony; as of all the kinds of falſe ſtyle, that which is neither proſe nor verſe, but I know not what inartificial combination of powerleſs words bordered with rhyme, is far, ſurely, the moſt inſufferable.

But you are of opinion, I perceive, (and it is an opinion in which you are not ſingular) that a negligence of this kind may be juſtified by the authority of the Roman ſatiriſt: yet ſurely thoſe who entertain that notion, have not thoroughly attended either to the precepts or the practice of Horace. He has attributed, I confeſs, his ſatirical compoſition to the inſpiration of a certain Muſe, whom he diſtinguiſhes by the title of the *Muſa pedeſtris:* and it is this expreſſion which ſeems to have miſled the generality of his imitators. But though he will not allow her to fly, he by no means intends ſhe ſhould creep: on the contrary, it may be ſaid of the Muſe of Horace, as of the Eve of Milton, that

Grace is in all her ſteps.

That this was the idea which Horace himſelf had of her, is evident, not only from the general air which prevails in his Satires and Epiſtles, but from ſeveral expreſs declarations which he lets fall in his progreſs through them. Even when he ſpeaks of her in his greateſt fits of modeſty, and deſcribes her as exhibited in his own moral writings, he particularly inſiſts upon the eaſe and harmony of her motions. Though he humbly diſclaims, indeed, all pretenſions to the higher poetry, the *acer ſpiritus et vis,* as he calls it; he repreſents his ſtyle as being governed by the *tempora certa modoſque,* as flowing with a certain regular and agreeable cadence. Accordingly, we find him particularly condemning his predeceſſor Lucilius for the diſſonance of his numbers; and he profeſſes to have made the experiment, whether the ſame kind of moral ſubjects might not be treated in more ſoft and eaſy meaſures:

Quid vetat et noſmet Lucili ſcripta legentes,
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos et euntes
Mollius?

The truth is, a tuneful cadence is the ſingle prerogative of poetry which he pretends to claim to his writings of this kind: and ſo far is he from thinking it uneſſential, that he acknowledges it as the only ſeparation which diſtinguiſhes them from proſe. If that were once to be broken down, and the muſical order of his words deſtroyed, there would not, he tells us, be the leaſt appearance of poetry remaining:

Non
Invenias etiam diſjecti membra poetæ.

However, when he delivers himſelf in this humble ſtrain, he is not, you will obſerve, ſketching out a plan of this ſpecies of poetry in general; but ſpeaking merely of his own performances in particular. His demands riſe much higher, when he informs us what he expects of thoſe who would ſucceed in compoſitions of this moral kind. He then not only requires flowing numbers, but an expreſſion conciſe and unincumbered; wit exerted with good breeding, and managed with reſerve; as upon ſome occaſions the ſentiments may be enforced with all the ſtrength of eloquence and poetry: and though in ſome parts the piece may appear with a more ſerious and ſolemn caſt of colouring, yet upon the whole, he tells us, it muſt be lively and *riant.* This I take to be his meaning in the following paſſage:

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures;
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poëtæ;
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto.

Such, then, was the notion which Horace had of this kind of writing. And if there is any propriety in theſe his rules, if they are founded on the truth of taſte and art; I fear the performance in queſtion, with numberleſs others of the ſame ſtamp, (which have not however wanted admirers) muſt inevitably ſtand condemned. The truth of it is, moſt of the pieces which are uſually produced

duced upon this plan, rather give one an image of Lucilius, than of Horace: the authors of them ſeem to miſtake the awkward negligence of the favourite of Scipio, for the eaſy air of the friend of Mæcenas.

You will ſtill tell me, perhaps, that the example of Horace himſelf is an unanſwerable objection to the notion I have embraced; as there are numberleſs lines in his Satires and Epiſtles, where the verſification is evidently neglected, But are you ſure, Hortenſius, that thoſe lines which ſound ſo unharmonious to a modern ear, had the ſame effect upon a Roman one? For myſelf, at leaſt, I am much inclined to believe the contrary: and it ſeems highly incredible, that he who had ventured to cenſure Lucilius for the uncouthneſs of his numbers, ſhould himſelf be notoriouſly guilty of the very fault againſt which he ſo ſtrongly exclaims. Moſt certain it is, that the delicacy of the antients with reſpect to numbers, was far ſuperior to any thing that modern taſte can pretend to; and that they diſcovered differences, which are to us abſolutely imperceptible. To mention only one remarkable inſtance: A very antient writer has obſerved upon the following verſe in Virgil—

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris—

that if inſtead of *primus* we were to pronounce it *primis*, (*is* being long, and *us* ſhort) the entire harmony of the line would be deſtroyed. But whoſe ear is now ſo exquiſitely ſenſible, as to perceive the diſtinction between thoſe two quantities? Some refinement of this kind might probably give muſic to thoſe lines in Horace, which now ſeem ſo untuneable.

In ſubjects of this nature it is not poſſible, perhaps, to expreſs one's ideas in any very preciſe and determinate manner. I will only therefore in general obſerve with reſpect to the requiſite ſtyle of theſe performances, that it conſiſts in a natural eaſe of expreſſion, an elegant familiarity of phraſe, which though formed of the moſt uſual terms of language, has yet a grace and energy no leſs ſtriking than that of a more elevated diction. There is a certain lively colouring peculiar to compoſitions in this way, which, without being ſo bright and glowing as is neceſſary for the higher poetry, is nevertheleſs equally removed from whatever appears harſh and dry. But particular inſtances will perhaps better illuſtrate my meaning, than any thing I can farther ſay to explain it. There is ſcarce a line in the Moral Epiſtles of Mr. Pope, which might not be produced for this purpoſe. I chuſe, however, to lay before you the following verſes, not as preferring them to many others which might be quoted from that inimitable ſatiriſt; but as they afford me an opportunity of comparing them with a verſion of the ſame original lines, of which they are an imitation; and, by that means, of ſhewing you at one view what I conceive is, and is not, in the true manner of Horace:

Peace is my dear delight — not Fleury's more,
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore:
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time,
Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burden of ſome merry ſong.

I will refer you to your own memory for the Latin paſſage, from whence Mr. Pope has taken the general hint of theſe verſes; and content myſelf with adding a tranſlation of the lines from Horace by another hand:

Behold me blameleſs bard, how fond of peace!
But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)
Had better take a lion by the beard;
His eyes ſhall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad ſung.

There is a ſtrength and ſpirit in the former of theſe paſſages, and a flatneſs and languor in the latter, which cannot fail of being diſcovered by every reader of the leaſt delicacy of diſcernment; and yet the words which compoſe them both, are equally ſounding and ſignificant. The rules then, which I juſt now mentioned from Horace, will point out the real cauſe of the different effects which theſe two paſſages produce in our minds; as the paſſages themſelves will ſerve to confirm the truth and juſtice of the rules. In the lines from Mr. Pope, one of the principal beauties will be found to conſiſt in the ſhortneſs of the expreſſion; whereas the ſentiments in the other are too much encumbered with words. Thus, for inſtance,

Peace is my dear delight,

is pleaſing, becauſe it is conciſe; as—

Behold me blameleſs bard, how fond of peace!

is, in compariſon of the former, the *verba laſſas onerantia aures*. Another diſtinguiſhing perfection in the imitator of Horace, is that ſpirit of gaiety which he has diffuſed through theſe lines, not to mention thoſe happy, though familiar, images of *ſliding* into verſe, and *hitching* in a rhyme; which can never be ſufficiently admired. But the tranſlator, on the contrary, has caſt too ſerious an air over his numbers, and appears with an emotion and earneſtneſs that diſappoints the force of his ſatire:

Nay, I will be heard,
has the mien of a man in a paſſion; and
His eyes ſhall weep the folly of his tongue:

though a good line in itſelf, is much too ſolemn and tragical for the undiſturbed pleaſantry of Horace.

But I need not enter more minutely into an examination of theſe paſſages. The general hints I have thrown out in this letter will ſuffice to ſhew you wherein I imagine the true manner of Horace conſiſts. And after all, perhaps, it can no more be explained, than acquired, by rules of art. It is what true genius can only execute, and juſt taſte alone diſcover. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

NOVEMBER 7, 1730.

YOUR admired poet, I remember, ſomewhere lays it down as a maxim, that

The proper ſtudy of mankind is man.

There cannot, indeed, be a more uſeful, nor, one ſhould imagine, a more eaſy ſcience: ſo many leſſons of this kind are every moment forcing themſelves upon our obſervation, that it ſhould ſeem ſcarce poſſible not to be well acquainted with the various turns and diſpoſitions of the human heart. And yet there are ſo few who are really adepts in this article, that to ſay of a man, *he knows the world*, is generally eſteemed a compliment of the moſt ſignificant kind.

The reaſon, perhaps, of the general ignorance which prevails in this ſort of knowledge, may ariſe from our judging too much by univerſal principles. Whereas there is a wonderful diſparity in mankind, and numberleſs characters exiſt which cannot properly be reduced to any regular and fixed ſtandard. Monſieur Paſchal obſerves, that the greater ſagacity any man poſſeſſes, the more originals he will diſcern among his ſpecies; as it is the remark of Sir William Temple, that no nation under the ſun abounds with ſo many as our own. Plutarch, if I remember right, is of opinion, that there is a wider difference between the individuals of our own kind, than what is obſervable between creatures of a ſeparate order; while Montaigne (who ſeems to have known human nature perfectly well) ſuppoſes the diſtance to be ſtill more remote, and aſſerts that the diſtinction is much greater between man and man, than between man and beaſt.

The comic writers have not, I think, taken all the advantage they might of this infinite diverſity of humour in the human race. A judicious obſerver of the world might ſingle out abundant materials for ridicule, without having recourſe to thoſe worn-out characters which are for ever returning upon the ſtage. If I were acquainted with any genius in this claſs of writers, I think I could furniſh him with an original, which, if artfully repreſented and connected with proper incidents, might be very ſucceſsfully introduced into comedy. The perſon I have in view is my neighbour Stilotes.

Stilotes in his youth was eſteemed to have good ſenſe and a tolerable taſte for letters; as he gained ſome reputation at the univerſity in the exerciſes uſual at that place. But as ſoon as he was freed from the reſtraint of tutors, the natural reſtleſſneſs of his temper broke out, and he has never, from that time to this, applied himſelf for half an hour together to any ſingle purſuit. He is extremely active in his diſpoſition; but his whole life is one inceſſant whirl of trifles. He riſes, perhaps, with a full intent of amuſing himſelf all the morning with his gun;

gun; but before he has got half the length of a field, he recollects that he owes a viſit, which he muſt inſtantly pay: accordingly his horſe is ſaddled, and he ſets out. But in his way he remembers that he has not given proper orders about ſuch a flower, and he muſt abſolutely return, or the whole œconomy of his nurſery will be ruined. Thus, in whatever action you find him engaged, you may be ſure it is the very reverſe of what he propoſed. Yet with all this quickneſs of tranſition and vivacity of ſpirits, he is ſo indolent in every thing which has the air of buſineſs, that he is at leaſt two or three months before he can perſuade himſelf to open any letter he receives: and from the ſame diſpoſition, he has ſuffered the dividends of his ſtocks to run on for many years without receiving a ſhilling of the intereſt. Stilotes is poſſeſſed of an eſtate in Dorſetſhire, but that being the place where his chief buſineſs lies, he chuſes conſtantly to reſide with a friend near London. This perſon ſubmits to his humour and his company, in hopes that Stilotes will conſider him in his will: but it is more than poſſible, that he will never endure the fatigue of ſigning one. However, having here every thing provided for him but clothes and pocket-money, he lives perfectly to his ſatisfaction, in full employment without any real buſineſs; and while thoſe who look after his eſtate take care to ſupply him with ſufficient to anſwer thoſe two articles, he is entirely unconcerned as to all the reſt: though, when he is diſpoſed to appear more than ordinarily important, he will gravely harangue upon the roguery of ſtewards, and complain that his rents will ſcarce maintain him in powder and ſhot half the partridge ſeaſon. In ſhort, Stilotes is one of the moſt extraordinary compounds of indolence and activity that I ever met with; and as I know you have a taſte for curioſities, I preſent you with his character as a rarity that merits a place in your collection. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

'TIS well, my friend, that the age of transformation is no more: otherwiſe I ſhould tremble for your ſevere attack upon the Muſes, and expect to ſee the ſtory of your metamorphoſis embelliſh the poetical miracles of ſome modern Ovid. But it is long ſince the fate of the Piërides has gained any credit in the world, and you may now, in full ſecurity, contemn the divinities of Parnaſſus, and ſpeak irreverently of the daughters of Jove himſelf. You ſee, nevertheleſs, how highly the antients conceived of them, when they thus repreſented them as the offspring of the great father of Gods and men. You reject, I know, this article of the heathen creed: but I may venture, however, to aſſert, that philoſophy will confirm what fable has thus invented, and that the Muſes are, in ſtrict truth, of heavenly extraction.

The charms of the fine arts are, indeed, literally derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and conſtitution of the human mind. Accordingly, the general principles of *taſte* are common to our whole ſpecies, and ariſe from that internal ſenſe of beauty which every man, in ſome degree at leaſt, evidently poſſeſſes. No rational mind can be ſo wholly void of all perceptions of this ſort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that ſurround him with one equal coldneſs and indifference. There are certain forms which muſt neceſſarily fill the ſoul with agreeable ideas; and ſhe is inſtantly determined in her approbation of them, previous to all reaſonings concerning their uſe and convenience. It is upon theſe general principles, that what is called fine taſte in the arts is founded; and conſequently is by no means ſo precarious and unſettled an idea as you chuſe to deſcribe it. The truth is, taſte is nothing more than this univerſal ſenſe of beauty, rendered more exquiſite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the ſimple and original ideas of this ſort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole circle of the imi-

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tative and oratorical arts is governed by the ſame general rules of criticiſm; and to prove the certainty of theſe with reſpect to any one of them, is to eſtabliſh their validity with regard to all the reſt. I will therefore conſider the criterion of taſte in relation only to fine writing.

Each ſpecies of compoſition has it's diſtinct perfections: and it would require a much larger compaſs than a letter affords, to prove their reſpective beauties to be derived from truth and nature; and conſequently reducible to a regular and preciſe ſtandard. I will only mention therefore thoſe general properties which are eſſential to them all, and without which they muſt neceſſarily be defective in their ſeveral kinds. Theſe, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in the deſign, variety and reſemblance in the metaphors and ſimilitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now ſome or all of theſe qualities conſtantly attend our ideas of beauty, and neceſſarily raiſe that agreeable perception of the mind, in what object ſoever they appear. The charms of fine compoſition then, are ſo far from exiſting only in the heated imagination of an enthuſiaſtic admirer, that they reſult from the conſtitution of Nature herſelf. And perhaps the principles of criticiſm are as certain and indiſputable, even as thoſe of the mathematics. Thus, for inſtance, that order is preferable to confuſion, that harmony is more pleaſing than diſſonance, with ſome few other axioms upon which the ſcience is built; are truths which ſtrike at once upon the mind with the ſame force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of it's parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both caſes, the propoſitions which reſt upon theſe plain and obvious maxims, ſeem equally capable of the ſame evidence of demonſtration.

But as every intellectual as well as animal faculty is improved and ſtrengthened by exerciſe, the more the ſoul exerts this her internal ſenſe of beauty upon any particular object, the more ſhe will enlarge and refine her reliſh of that peculiar ſpecies. For this reaſon the works of thoſe great maſters, whoſe performances have been long and generally admired, ſupply a farther criterion of fine taſte, equally fixed and certain as that which is immediately derived from Nature herſelf. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raiſing agreeable ſenſations of the intellectual kind; and therefore, as by examining thoſe original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what thoſe qualities are which conſtitute beauty in general; ſo by obſerving the peculiar conſtruction of thoſe compoſitions of genius which have always pleaſed, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in perſons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the teſt of the true ſublime; and he might with equal juſtice have extended the ſame criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant compoſition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great maſters of antiquity, is fixed upon juſt and ſolid reaſons: it is not becauſe Ariſtotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticiſm, that we ſubmit to their authority; it is becauſe thoſe rules are derived from works which have been diſtinguiſhed by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind from their earlieſt appearance down to this preſent hour. For whatever, through a long ſeries of ages, has been univerſally eſteemed as beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our juſt and natural ideas of beauty.

The oppoſition, however, which ſometimes divides the opinions of thoſe whoſe judgments may be ſuppoſed equal and perfect, is urged as a powerful objection againſt the reality of a fixed canon of criticiſm: it is a proof, you think, that after all which can be ſaid of fine taſte, it muſt ultimately be reſolved into the peculiar reliſh of each individual. But this diverſity of ſentiments will not, of itſelf, deſtroy the evidence of the criterion; ſince the ſame effect may be produced by numberleſs other cauſes. A thouſand accidental circumſtances may concur in counteracting the force of the rule, even allowing it to be ever ſo fixed and invariable, when left in it's free and uninfluenced ſtate. Not to mention that falſe bias which party or perſonal diſlike may fix upon the mind, the moſt unprejudiced critic will find it difficult to diſengage himſelf entirely from thoſe partial affections in favour of particular beauties, to which either the general courſe of his ſtudies, or the peculiar caſt

caſt of his temper, may have rendered him moſt ſenſible. But as perfection in any works of genius reſults from the united beauty and propriety of it's ſeveral diſtinct parts, and as it is impoſſible that any human compoſition ſhould poſſeſs all thoſe qualities in their higheſt and moſt ſovereign degree; the mind, when ſhe pronounces judgment upon any piece of this ſort, is apt to decide of it's merit, as thoſe circumſtances which ſhe moſt admires, either prevail or are deficient. Thus, for inſtance, the excellency of the Roman maſters in painting, conſiſts in beauty of deſign, nobleneſs of attitude, and delicacy of expreſſion; but the charms of good colouring are wanting. On the contrary, the Venetian ſchool is ſaid to have neglected deſign a little too much; but at the ſame time has been more attentive to the grace and harmony of well-diſpoſed lights and ſhades. Now it will be admitted by all admirers of this noble art, that no compoſition of the pencil can be perfect, where either of theſe qualities are abſent; yet the moſt accompliſhed judge may be ſo particularly ſtruck with one or other of theſe excellencies, in preference to the reſt, as to be influenced in his cenſure or applauſe of the whole tablature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am perſuaded, the occaſion of that diverſity of ſentences which we occaſionally hear pronounced by the moſt improved judges, on the ſame piece. But this only ſhews, that much caution is neceſſary to give a fine taſte it's full and unobſtructed effect; not that it is in itſelf uncertain and precarious. I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

TO PALAMEDES.

YOUR reſolution to decline thoſe overtures of acquaintance which Mezentius, it ſeems, has lately made to you, is agreeable to the refined principles which have ever influenced your conduct. A man of your elegant notions of integrity will obſerve the ſame delicacy with reſpect to his companions, as Cæſar did with regard to his wife, and refuſe all commerce with perſons even but of ſuſpected honour. It would not, indeed, be doing juſtice to Mezentius, to repreſent him in that number: for though his hypocriſy has preſerved to him ſome few friends, and his immenſe wealth draws after him many followers, the world in general are by no means divided in their ſentiments concerning him.

But, whilſt you can have his picture from ſo many better hands, why are you deſirous of ſeeing it by mine? It is a painful employment to contemplate human nature in it's deformities; as there is nothing, perhaps, more difficult than to execute a portrait of the characteriſtical kind with ſtrength and ſpirit. However, ſince you have aſſigned me the taſk, I do not think myſelf at liberty to refuſe it; eſpecially as it is your intereſt to ſee him delineated in his true form.

Mezentius, with the deſigns and artifice of a Catiline, affects the integrity and patriotiſm of a Cato. Liberty, juſtice, and honour, are words which he knows perfectly well how to apply with addreſs; and having them always ready upon proper occaſions, he conceals the blackeſt purpoſes under the faireſt appearances. For void, as in truth he is, of every worthy principle, he has too much policy not to pretend to the nobleſt; well knowing, that counterfeit virtues are the moſt ſucceſsful vices. It is by arts of this kind, that, notwithſtanding he has ſhewn himſelf unreſtrained by the moſt ſacred engagements of ſociety, and uninfluenced by the moſt tender affections of nature, he has ſtill been able to retain ſome degree of credit in the world: for he never ſacrifices his honour to his intereſt, that he does not, in ſome leſs conſiderable, but more open inſtance, make a conceſſion of his intereſt to his honour; and thus, while he ſinks his character on one ſide, very artfully raiſes it on the other. Accordingly, under pretence of the moſt ſcrupulous delicacy of conſcience, he lately reſigned a poſt which he held under my Lord Godolphin; when at the ſame time he was endeavouring, by the moſt

moſt ſhameleſs artifices and evaſions, to deceive and defraud a friend of mine in one of the moſt ſolemn and important tranſactions that can paſs between man and man.

But will you not ſuſpect that I am deſcribing a phantom of my own imagination, when I tell you after this, that he has erected himſelf into a reformer of manners, and is ſo injudiciouſly officious as to draw the enquiry of the world upon his own morals by attempting to expoſe the defects of others. A man who ventures publicly to point out the blemiſhes of his contemporaries, ſhould at leaſt be free from any uncommon ſtain himſelf, and have nothing remarkably dark in the complexion of his own private character. But Mezentius, not ſatisfied with being vitious, has at length determined to be ridiculous; and after having wretchedly ſquandered his youth and his patrimony in riot and diſſoluteneſs, is contemptibly miſpending his old age in meaſuring impotent ſyllables, and dealing out pointleſs abuſe. Farewel.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLI.

TO ORONTES.

MARCH 10, 1738.

WHAT haughty Sachariſſa has put you out of humour with her whole ſex? for it is ſome diſappointment, I ſuſpect, of the tender kind, that has thus ſharpened the edge of your ſatire, and pointed it's invective againſt the fairer half of our ſpecies. You were not miſtaken, however, when you ſuppoſed I ſhould prove no convert to your doctrine; but riſe up as an advocate, where I profeſs myſelf an admirer. I am not, 'tis true, altogether of old Montaigne's opinion, that the ſouls of both ſexes *ſont jettez*, as he expreſſes it, *en meſme moules*: on the contrary, I am willing enough to join with you in thinking, that they may be wrought off from different models. Yet the *caſts* may be equally perfect, though it ſhould be allowed that they are eſſentially different. Nature, it is certain, has traced out a ſeparate courſe of action for the two ſexes; and as they are appointed to diſtinct offices of life, it is not improbable that there may be ſomething diſtinct likewiſe in the frame of their minds; that there may be a kind of ſex in the very ſoul.

I cannot therefore but wonder, that Plato ſhould have thought it reaſonable to admit them into an equal ſhare of the dignities and offices of his imaginary commonwealth; and that the wiſdom of the antient Egyptians ſhould have ſo ſtrangely inverted the evident intentions of Providence, as to confine the men to domeſtic affairs, whilſt the women, it is ſaid, were engaged abroad in the active and laborious ſcenes of buſineſs. Hiſtory, it muſt be owned, will ſupply ſome few female inſtances of all the moſt maſculine virtues: but appearances of that extraordinary kind are too uncommon to ſupport the notion of a general equality in the natural powers of their minds.

Thus much, however, ſeems evident, that there are certain moral boundaries which nature has drawn between the two ſexes, and that neither of them can paſs over the limits of the other, without equally deviating from the beauty and decorum of their reſpective characters. Boadicea in armour is, to me at leaſt, as extravagant a ſight, as Achilles in petticoats.

In determining, therefore, the comparative merit of the two ſexes, it is no derogation from female excellency, that it differs in kind from that which diſtinguiſhes the male part of our ſpecies. And if in general it ſhall be found (what, upon an impartial enquiry, I believe, will moſt certainly be found) that women fill up their appointed circle of action with greater regularity and dignity, than men; the claim of preference cannot juſtly be decided in our favour. In the prudential and œconomical parts of life, I think it undeniable that they riſe far above us. And if true fortitude of mind is beſt diſcovered by a chearful reſignation to the meaſures of Providence, we ſhall not find reaſon, perhaps, to claim that moſt ſingular of the human virtues as our peculiar privilege. There are numbers of the other ſex, who, from the natural delicacy of their conſtitution,

tion, pass through one continued scene of suffering, from their cradles to their graves, with a firmness of resolution that would deserve so many statues to be erected to their memories, if heroism were not estimated more by the splendor than the merit of actions.

But whatever real difference there may be between the moral or intellectual powers of the male and female mind; nature does not seem to have marked the distinction so strongly as our vanity is willing to imagine: and after all, perhaps, education will be found to constitute the principal superiority. It must be acknowledged, at least, that in this article we have every advantage over the softer sex, that art and industry can possibly secure to us. The most animating examples of Greece and Rome are set before us, as early as we are capable of any observation; and the noblest compositions of the antients are given into our hands, almost as soon as we have strength to hold them: while the employments of the other sex, at the same period of life, are generally the reverse of every thing that can open and enlarge their minds, or fill them with just and rational notions. The truth of it is, female education is so much worse than none, as it is better to leave the mind to it's natural and uninstructed suggestions, than to lead it into false pursuits, and contract it's views, by turning them upon the lowest and most trifling objects. We seem, indeed, by the manner in which we suffer the youth of that sex to be trained, to consider women agreeably to the opinion of certain Mahometan doctors, and treat them as if we believed they have no souls: why else are they

Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye? MILT.

This strange neglect of cultivating the female mind, can hardly be allowed as good policy, when it is considered how much the interest of society is concerned in the rectitude of their understandings. That season of every man's life which is most susceptible of the strongest impressions, is necessarily under female direction; as there are few instances, perhaps, in which that sex is not one of the secret springs which regulates the most important movements of private or public transactions. What Cato observed of his countrymen, is in one respect true of every nation under the sun—'The 'Romans,' said he, 'govern the world, 'but it is the women that govern the 'Romans.' Let not, however, a certain pretended Cato of your acquaintance take occasion from this maxim to *insult* a second time that *innocence* he has so often *injured:* for I will tell him another maxim as true as the former, That there are *circumstances* where no woman has power enough to controul a man of spirit.

If it be true, then, (as true beyond all peradventure it is) that female influence is thus extensive; nothing, certainly, can be of more importance, than to give it a proper tendency, by the assistance of a well-directed education. Far am I from recommending any attempts to render women learned; yet surely it is necessary they should be raised above ignorance. Such a general tincture of the most useful sciences as may serve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of it's powers, might very justly enter into the plan of female erudition. That sex might be taught to turn the course of their reflections into a proper and advantageous channel, without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In a word, I would have them considered as designed by Providence for use as well as shew, and trained up not only as women, but as rational creatures. Adieu.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLII.

TO PALEMON.

MAY 5, 1746.

WHILST you are engaged in turning over the records of past ages, and tracing our constitution from it's rise, through all it's several periods; I sometimes amuse myself with reviewing certain annals of an humbler kind, and considering the various turns and revolutions that have happened in the sen-

timents and affections of thoſe with whom I have been moſt connected. A hiſtory of this ſort is not, indeed, ſo ſtriking as that which exhibits kings and heroes to our view; but may it not be contemplated, Palemon, with more private advantage?

Methinks we ſhould ſcarce be ſo imbittered againſt thoſe who differ from us in principle or practice, were we oftener to reflect how frequently we have varied from ourſelves in both thoſe articles. It was but yeſterday that Lucius, whom I once knew a very zealous advocate for the moſt controverted points of faith, was arguing with equal warmth and vehemence on the principles of Deiſm; as Bathillus, who ſet out in the world a cool infidel, has lately drawn up one of the moſt plauſible defences of the myſtic devotees, that, perhaps, was ever written. The truth is, a man muſt either have paſſed his whole life without reflecting, or his thoughts muſt have run in a very limited channel, who has not often experienced many remarkable revolutions of the mind.

The ſame kind of inconſtancy is obſervable in our purſuits of happineſs as well as truth. Thus our friend Curio, whom we both remember in the former part of his life, enamoured of every fair face he met, and enjoying every woman he could purchaſe, has at laſt collected this diffuſive flame into a ſingle point, and could not be tempted to commit an infidelity to his marriage vow, though a form as beautiful as the Venus of Apelles was to court his embrace: whilſt Apemanthes, on the other hand, who was the moſt ſober and domeſtic man I ever knew till he loſt his wife, commenced a rake at five and forty, and is now for ever in a tavern or a ſtew.

Who knows, Palemon, whether even this humour of moralizing, which, as you often tell me, ſo ſtrongly marks my character, may not wear out in time, and be ſucceeded by a brighter and more lively vein? Who knows but I may court again the miſtreſs I have forſaken, and die at laſt in the arms of ambition? Cleora, at leaſt, who frequently rallies me upon that fever of my youth, aſſures me I am only in the intermiſſion of a fit, which will certainly return. But though there may be ſome excuſe, perhaps, in exchanging our follies or our errors, there can be none in reſuming thoſe we have once happily quitted: for ſurely he muſt be a very injudicious ſportſman, who can be tempted to beat over thoſe fields again which have ever diſappointed him of his game. Farewel.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

JULY 2, 1742.

IT is a pretty obſervation, which I have ſomewhere met, That the moſt pleaſing of all harmony ariſes from the cenſure of a ſingle perſon, when mixed with the general applauſes of the world. I almoſt ſuſpect, therefore, that you are conſidering the intereſt of your admired author, when you call upon me for my farther objections to his performance: and are for joining me, perhaps, to the number of thoſe who advance his reputation, by oppoſing it. The truth, however, is, you could not have choſen a critic (if a critic I might venture to call myſelf) who has a higher eſteem for all the compoſitions of Mr. Pope: as indeed I look upon every thing that comes from his hands, with the ſame degree of veneration as if it were conſecrated by antiquity. Nevertheleſs, though I greatly revere his judgment, I cannot abſolutely renounce my own: and ſince ſome have been bold enough to advance, that even the Sacred Writings themſelves do not always ſpeak the language of the Spirit; I may have leave to ſuſpect of the poets what has been aſſerted of the prophets, and ſuppoſe that their pens are not, at all ſeaſons, under the guidance of inſpiration. But as there is ſomething extremely ungrateful to the mind, in dwelling upon thoſe little ſpots that neceſſarily attend the luſtre of all human merit; you muſt allow me to join his beauties with his imperfections, and admire with rapture after having condemned with regret.

There is a certain modern figure of ſpeech, which the authors of *The art of ſinking in poetry* have called the *diminiſhing*. This, ſo far as it relates to words only, conſiſts in debaſing a great idea,

by

by expreſſing it in a term of meaner import. Mr. Pope has himſelf now and then fallen into this kind of the *profound*, which he has with ſuch uncommon wit and ſpirit expoſed in the writings of others. Thus Agamemnon, addreſſing himſelf to Menelaus and Ulyſſes, aſks—

'And can you, chiefs, without a bluſh, ſurvey
'Whole *troops* before you, *lab'ring* in the
'*fray*?' B. iv.

So likewiſe Pandarus, ſpeaking of Diomed, who is performing the utmoſt efforts of heroiſm in the field of battle, ſays—

'Some guardian of the ſkies,
'Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the *fray*.'
V. 235.

But what would you think, Euphronius, were you to hear of the 'impervi-'ous foam,' and 'rough waves of a '*brook*?' Would it not put you in mind of that droll thought of the ingenious Dr. Young, in one of his epiſtles to our author, where he talks of a puddle *in a ſtorm*? yet, by thus confounding the properties of the higheſt objects with thoſe of the loweſt, Mr. Pope has turned one of the moſt pleaſing ſimiles in the whole Iliad, into downright burleſque—

As when ſome ſimple ſwain his cot forſakes,
And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a ſwelling *brook* his paſſage ſtay,
And *foam impervious* croſs the wand'rer's way,
Confus'd he ſtops, a length of country paſt,
Eyes *the rough waves*, and tir'd, returns at laſt.
V. 734.

This ſwelling brook, however, of Mr. Pope, is in Homer a rapid river, ruſhing with violence into the ſea—

Στην επ' ωκυροω ποταμω αλαδε προρεοντι.
V. 598.

It is one of the eſſential requiſites of an epic poem, and indeed of every other kind of ſerious poetry, that the ſtyle be raiſed above common language; as nothing takes off ſo much from that ſolemnity of diction, from which the poet ought never to depart, as idioms of a vulgar and familiar caſt. Mr. Pope has ſometimes neglected this important rule, but moſt frequently in the introduction of his ſpeeches. To mention only a few inſtances.

That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the ſign.
ix. 291.

With that ſtern Ajax his long ſilence broke.
ix. 735.

With that the venerable warrior roſe.
x. 150.

With that they ſtepp'd aſide, &c.
x. 415.

whereas Homer generally prefaces his ſpeeches with a dignity of phraſe, that calls up the attention of the reader to what is going to be uttered. Milton has very happily copied his manner in this particular, as in many others; and though he often falls into a flatneſs of expreſſion, he has never once, I think, committed that error upon occaſions of this kind. He uſually uſhers in his harangues with ſomething characteriſtical of the ſpeaker, or that points out ſome remarkable circumſtance of his preſent ſituation, in the following manner:

Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence, thus began.
i. 82.

Him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.
i. 125.

He ended frowning:
On the other ſide uproſe Belial,
And with perſuaſive accents thus began.
ii. 106.

If you compare the effect which an introduction of this deſcriptive ſort has upon the mind, with thoſe low and unawakening expreſſions which I have marked in the lines I juſt now quoted from our Engliſh Iliad; you will not, perhaps, conſider my objection as altogether without foundation.

All oppoſition of ideas ſhould be carefully avoided in a poem of this kind, as unbecoming the gravity of the heroic Muſe. But does not Mr. Pope ſometimes ſacrifice ſimplicity to falſe ornament, and loſe the majeſty of Homer in the affectations of Ovid? Of this ſort a ſevere critic would, perhaps, eſteem his calling an army marching with ſpears erect, *a moving iron wood*:

Such and ſo thick th' embattled ſquadrons *ſtood*
With ſpears erect, *a moving iron wood*.

There ſeems alſo to be an inconſiſtency in the two parts of this deſcription; for the troops are repreſented as ſtanding ſtill, at the ſame time that the circumſtance mentioned of the ſpears, ſhould rather imply (as indeed the truth is) that

they were in motion. But if the tranſlator had been faithful to his author in this paſſage, neither of theſe objections could have been raiſed: for in Homer it is—

Τοιαι
πυκιναι κινυντο φαλαγγες
Κυανεαι, σακεσιν τε και εγχεσι πεφριχυιαι.
iv. 280.

Is there not likewiſe ſome little tendency to a pun, in thoſe upbraiding lines which Hector addreſſes to Paris?

'For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
'Till heaps of dead alone defend the wall.'

Mr. Pope at leaſt deſerts his guide, in order to give us this conceit of dead men *defending* a town; for the original could not poſſibly lead him into it. Homer, with a plainneſs ſuitable to the occaſion, only tells us—

Λαοι μεν φθινυθουσι περι πτολιν, αιπυ τε τειχος,
Μαρναμενοι. vi. 327.

Teucer, in the eighth book, aims a dart at Hector, which, miſſing it's way, ſlew Gorythio; upon which we are told—

Another ſhaft the raging archer threw;
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew.
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the *flying wound*)
Yet fell not *dry* or *guiltleſs* to the ground.

A *flying wound* is a thought exactly in the ſpirit of Ovid; but highly unworthy of Pope as well as of Homer: and, indeed, there is not the leaſt foundation for it in the original. But what do you think of the ſhaft that fell *dry* or *guiltleſs?* where, you ſee, one figurative epithet is added as explanatory of the other. The doubling of epithets, without raiſing the idea, is not allowable in compoſitions of any kind; but leaſt of all in poetry. 'It is,' ſays Quinctilian, 'as if every common ſoldier in an army 'were to be attended with a valet; you 'encreaſe your number without adding 'to your ſtrength.'

But if it be a fault to croud epithets of the ſame import one upon the other; it is much more ſo to employ ſuch as call off the attention from the principal idea to be raiſed, and turn it upon little or foreign circumſtances. When Æneas is wounded by Tydides, Homer deſcribes Venus as conducting him through the thickeſt tumult of the enemy, and conveying him from the field of battle. But while we are following the hero with our whole concern, and trembling for the danger which ſurrounds him on all ſides; Mr. Pope leads us off from our anxiety for Æneas, by an unintereſting epithet relating to the ſtructure of thoſe inſtruments of death, which were every where flying about him; and we are coldly informed, that the darts were *feathered:*

Safe thro' the ruſhing horſe and *feather'd* flight
Of ſounding ſhafts, ſhe bears him thro' the fight. V. 393.

But as his epithets ſometimes debaſe the general image to be raiſed; ſo they now and then adorn them with a falſe brilliancy. Thus, ſpeaking of a perſon ſlain by an arrow, he calls it a *pointed death*, iv. 607. Deſcribing another who was attacked by numbers at once, he tells us—

'A grove of lances *glitter'd* at his breaſt.'
iv 621.

And repreſenting a foreſt on fire, he ſays—

'In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
'And one *refulgent* ruin levels all.'
x. 207.

But one of the moſt unpardonable inſtances of this kind is, where he relates the death of Hypſenor, a perſon who, it ſeems, exerciſed the ſacerdotal office.

On his broad ſhoulder fell the forceful brand,
Thence glancing downward lopt his holy hand,
And ſtain'd with ſacred blood the *bluſhing* ſand.

To take the force of this epithet, we muſt ſuppoſe that the redneſs which appeared upon the ſand on this occaſion, was an effect of it's bluſhing to find itſelf ſtained with the blood of ſo ſacred a perſon: than which there cannot be a more forced and unnatural thought. It puts me in mind of a paſſage in a French dramatic writer, who has formed a play upon the ſtory of Pyramus and Thiſbe. The hapleſs maid, addreſſing herſelf to the dagger, which lies by the ſide of her lover, breaks out into the following exclamation—

'*Ah! voici le poignard qui du ſang de ſon maître*
'*S'eſt ſouillé lachement: il en rougit le traître.*'

Boileau,

Boileau, taking notice of these lines, observes, *Toutes les glaces du Nord enſemble ne ſont pas, à mon ſens, plus froides que cette penſée.* But of the two poets, I know not whether Mr. Pope is not moſt to be condemned: for whatever ſhame the poignard might take to itſelf, for being concerned in the murder of the lover; it is certain that the ſand had not the leaſt ſhare in the death of the prieſt.

The antient critics have inſiſted much upon propriety of language; and, indeed, one may with great juſtice ſay what the inſulted Job does to his impertinent friends, *How forcible are right words!* The truth is, though the ſentiment muſt always ſupport the expreſſion, yet the expreſſion muſt give grace and efficacy to the ſentiment; and the ſame thought ſhall frequently be admired or condemned, according to the merit of the particular phraſe in which it is conveyed. For this reaſon J. Cæſar, in a treatiſe which he wrote concerning the Latin language, calls a judicious choice of words, *the origin of eloquence:* as indeed neither oratory nor poetry can be raiſed to any degree of perfection, where this their principal root is neglected. In this art Virgil particularly excels; and it is the inimitable grace of his words (as Mr. Dryden ſomewhere juſtly obſerves) wherein that beauty principally conſiſts, which gives ſo inexpreſſible a pleaſure to him who beſt underſtands their force. No man was ever a more ſkilful maſter of this powerful art than Mr. Pope; as he has, upon ſeveral occaſions throughout this tranſlation, raiſed and dignified his ſtyle with certain antiquated words and phraſes, that are moſt wonderfully ſolemn and majeſtic. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning an inſtance, where he has employed an obſolete term leſs happily, I think, than is his general cuſtom. It occurs in ſome lines which I juſt now quoted for another purpoſe:

'On his broad ſhoulder fell the forceful *brand*,
'Thence glancing downward lopt his holy hand.' V. 105.

Brand is ſometimes uſed by Spenſer for a ſword; and in that ſenſe it is here introduced. But as we ſtill retain this word in a different application, it will always be improper to adopt it in it's antiquated meaning, becauſe it muſt neceſſarily occaſion ambiguity: an error in ſtyle of all others the moſt to be avoided. Accordingly, every reader of the lines I have quoted, muſt take up an idea very different from that which the poet intends, and which he will carry on with him, till he arrives at the middle of the ſecond verſe. And if he happens to be unacquainted with the language of our old writers, when he comes to—

Lopt his holy hand,

he will be loſt in a confuſion of images, and have abſolutely no idea remaining.

There is another uncommon elegance in the management of words, which requires a very ſingular turn of genius, and great delicacy of judgment to attain. As the art I juſt before mentioned, turns upon employing antiquated words with force and propriety; ſo this conſiſts in giving the grace of novelty to the received and current terms of a language, by applying them in a new and unexpected manner:

Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Hor.

The great caution, however, to be obſerved in any attempt of this kind, is ſo judiciouſly to connect the expreſſions, as to remove every doubt concerning the ſignification in which they are deſigned: for as perſpicuity is the end and ſupreme excellency of writing, there cannot be a more fatal objection to an author's ſtyle, than that it ſtands in need of a commentator. But will not this objection lie againſt the following verſe?

Next *artful* Phereclus untimely fell. V. 75.

The word *artful* is here taken out of it's appropriated acceptation, in order to expreſs

ος χερσιν επιστατο δαιδαλα παντα
Τευχειν.

But however allowable it may be (as indeed it is not only allowable, but graceful) to raiſe a word above it's ordinary import, when the *callida junctura* (as Horace calls it) determines at once the ſenſe in which it is uſed: yet it ſhould never be caſt ſo far back from it's cuſtomary meaning, as to ſtand for an idea which has no relation to what it implies, in it's primary and natural ſtate. This would be introducing uncertainty and confuſion into a language, and turning every ſentence into a riddle. Accordingly, after we have travelled on through the

the ſeveral ſucceeding lines in this paſſage, we are obliged to change the idea with which we ſet out; and find, at laſt, that by the *artful* Phereclus we are to underſtand, not what we at firſt apprehend, a man of cunning and deſign; but one who is ſkilled in the mechanical arts.

It is with a liberty of the ſame unſucceſsful kind, that Mr. Pope has rendered

Τον πρότερος προσέειπε Λυκαονος αγλαος υιος. v. 276.

Stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.

I know not by what figure of ſpeech the whole race of a man can denote his next immediate deſcendant: and I fear, no ſynecdoche can acquit this expreſſion of nonſenſe. The truth is, whoever ventures to ſtrike out of the common road, muſt be more than ordinarily careful, or he will probably loſe his way.

This reminds me of a paſſage or two, where our poet has been extremely injurious to the ſenſe of his author, and made him talk a language which he never uſes; the language, I mean, of abſurdity. In the ſixth Iliad, Agamemnon aſſures Menelaus—

πάντες
Ιλιν εξαπολοιατ', αχηδεες. vi. 60.

But in Mr. Pope's verſion, that chief tells his brother—

Ilion ſhall periſh whole and *bury* all.

Perhaps it may be over-nice to remark, that as the deſtruction of Troy is firſt mentioned, it has a little the appearance of nonſenſe to talk afterwards of her burying her ſons. However, the latter part of this verſe directly contradicts the original: for Agamemnon is ſo far from aſſerting that Ilion ſhould bury all her inhabitants, that he pronounces poſitively, they ſhould not be buried at all: a calamity, in the opinion of the antients, of all others the moſt terrible. But poſſibly the error may lie in the printer, not in the poet; and perhaps the line originally ſtood thus:

Ilion ſhall periſh whole, *unbury'd*, all.

If ſo, both my objections vaniſh: and thoſe who are converſant with the preſs, will not think this ſuppoſition improbable; ſince much more unlikely miſtakes often happen by the careleſſneſs of compoſitors.

But though I am willing to make all the allowance poſſible to an author, who raiſes our admiration too often not to have a right to the utmoſt candour, wherever he fails; yet I can find no excuſe for an unaccountable abſurdity he has fallen into in tranſlating a paſſage of the tenth book. Diomed and Ulyſſes, taking advantage of the night, ſet out in order to view the Trojan camp. In their way they meet with Dolon, who is going from thence to the Grecian, upon an errand of the ſame kind. After having ſeized this unfortunate adventurer, and examined him concerning the ſituation and deſigns of the enemy; Diomed draws his ſword, and ſtrikes off Dolon's head, in the very inſtant that he is ſupplicating for mercy:

Φθεγγομενε δ' αρα τε γε καρη κονιησιν εμιχθη. x. 457.

Mr. Pope has turned this into a moſt extraordinary miracle, by aſſuring us that the head ſpoke after it had quitted the body:

The head yet ſpeaking, *mutter'd as it fell.*

This puts me in mind of a wonder of the ſame kind in the Fairy Queen, where Corflambo is repreſented as blaſpheming, after his head had been ſtruck off by Prince Arthur:

He ſmote at him with all his might and main
So furiouſly, that, ere he wiſt, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground,
The whiles his babbling tongue did yet blaſpheme,
And curs'd his God, that did him ſo confound. Book iv. 8.

But Corflambo was the ſon of a gianteſs, and could conquer whole kingdoms by only looking at them. We may, perhaps, therefore allow him to talk, when every other man muſt be ſilent: whereas there is nothing in the hiſtory of poor Dolon, that can give him the leaſt pretence to this ſingular privilege. The truth is, Mr. Pope ſeems to have been led into this blunder by Scaliger, who has given the ſame ſenſe to the verſe, and then with great wiſdom and gravity obſerves, *falſum eſt a pulmone caput avulſum loqui poſſe.*

The moſt pleaſing picture in the whole Iliad,

Iliad, is, I think, the parting of Hector and Andromache: and our excellent tranſlator has, in general, very ſucceſsfully copied it. But in ſome places he ſeems not to have touched it with that delicacy of pencil, which graces the original; as he has entirely loſt the beauty of one of the figures. Hector is repreſented as extending his arms to embrace the little Aſtyanax, who being terrified with the unuſual appearance of a man in armour, throws himſelf back upon his nurſe's breaſt, and falls into tears. But though the hero and his ſon were deſigned to draw our principal attention, Homer intended likewiſe that we ſhould caſt a glance towards the nurſe. Accordingly, he does not mark her out merely by the name of her office; but adds an epithet to ſhew that ſhe makes no inconſiderable figure in the piece: he does not ſimply call her τιθηνη, but εϋζωνος τιθηνη. This circumſtance Mr. Pope has entirely overlooked:

Ως ειπων, ῃ παιδος ορεξατο φαιδιμος Εκτωρ.
Αψ δ' ο παις προς κολπον εϋζωνοιο τιθηνης
Εκλιθη ιαχων, πατρος φιλῃ οψιν ατυχθεις,
Ταρβησας χαλκον τε, ιδε λοφον ιπποχαιτην,
Δεινον απ' ακροτατης κορυθος νευοντα νοησας.
Εκ δ' εγελασσε πατηρ τε φιλος, και ποτνια μητηρ.
Αυτικ' απο κρατος κορυθ' ειλετο φαιδιμος Εκτωρ,
Και την μεν κατεθηκεν επι χθονι παμφανοωσαν.
vi. 466.

Thus having ſaid, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his *nurſe*'s breaſt,
Scar'd by the dazzling helm and nodding creſt:
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child:
The *glitt'ring terrors* from his head unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.

I was going to object to the *glittering terrors*, in the laſt line but one: but I have already taken notice of theſe little affected expreſſions, where the ſubſtantive is ſet at variance with it's attribute.

It is the obſervation of Quinctilian, that no poet ever excelled Homer in the ſublimity with which he treats great ſubjects, or in the delicacy and propriety he always diſcovers in the management of ſmall ones. There is a paſſage in the ninth Iliad, which will juſtify the truth of the latter of theſe obſervations. When Achilles receives Ajax and Ulyſſes in his tent, who were ſent to him in the name of Agememnon, in order to prevail with him to return to the army; Homer gives a very minute account of the entertainment which was prepared for them upon that occaſion. It is impoſſible, perhaps, in modern language, to preſerve the ſame dignity in deſcriptions of this kind, which ſo conſiderably raiſes the original: and indeed Mr. Pope warns his readers not to expect much beauty in the picture. However, a tranſlator ſhould be careful not to throw in any additional circumſtances, which may lower and debaſe the piece; which yet Mr. Pope has, in his verſion of the following line:

Πυρ δε Μενοιτιαδης δαιεν μεγα, ισοθεος φως.
ix. 211.

Mean while Patroclus *ſweats*, the fire to raiſe.

Own the truth, Euphronius: does not this give you the idea of a greaſy cook at a kitchen fire? whereas nothing of this kind is ſuggeſted in the original. On the contrary, the epithet ισοθεος ſeems to have been added by Homer, in order to reconcile us to the meanneſs of the action, by reminding us of the high character of the perſon who is engaged in it; and, as Mr. Addiſon obſerves of Virgil's huſbandman, that 'he toſſes about his dung with an 'air of gracefulneſs;' one may, with the ſame truth, ſay of Homer's hero, that he lights his fire with an air of dignity.

I intended to have cloſed theſe haſty objections, with laying before you ſome of thoſe paſſages, where Mr. Pope ſeems to have equalled, or excelled his original. But I perceive I have already extended my letter beyond a reaſonable limit: I will reſerve therefore that more pleaſing, as well as much eaſier taſk, to ſome future occaſion. In the mean time, I deſire you will look upon thoſe remarks, not as proceeding from a ſpirit of cavil, (than which I know not any more truly contemptible) but as an inſtance of my having read your favourite poet with that attention, which his own unequalled merit, and your judicious recommendation, moſt deſervedly claim. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

TO PALAMEDES.

APRIL 18, 1739.

I Have had occaſion a thouſand times ſince I ſaw you, to wiſh myſelf *in the land where all things are forgotten*; at leaſt, that I did not live in the memory of certain reſtleſs mortals of your acquaintance, who are viſitors by profeſſion. The misfortune is, no retirement is ſo remote, nor ſanctuary ſo ſacred, as to afford a protection from their impertinence; and though one were to fly to the deſart, and take refuge in the cells of ſaints and hermits, one ſhould be alarmed with their unmeaning *voice, crying* even *in the wilderneſs*. They ſpread themſelves, in truth, over the whole face of the land, and lay waſte the faireſt hours of converſation. For my own part, (to ſpeak of them in a ſtyle ſuitable to their taſte and talents) I look upon them, not as paying viſits, but *viſitations*; and am never obliged to give audience to one of this ſpecies, that I do not conſider myſelf as under a judgment for thoſe numberleſs hours which I have ſpent in vain. If theſe ſons and daughters of idleneſs and folly would be perſuaded to enter into an excluſive ſociety among themſelves, the reſt of the world might poſſeſs their moments unmoleſted: but nothing leſs will ſatisfy them than opening a general commerce, and ſailing into every port where choice or chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, to the years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to reſign ſome part of one's own time, in charitable relief of the unſufferable weight of theirs; but ſince the days of man are ſhrunk into a few haſty revolutions of the ſun, whole afternoons are much too conſiderable a ſacrifice to be offered up to tame civility. What heightens the contempt of this character, is, that they who have ſo much of the form, have always leaſt of the power of friendſhip: and though they will *craze their chariot wheels* (as Milton expreſſes it) to deſtroy your repoſe; they would not drive half the length of a ſtreet to aſſiſt your diſtreſs.

It was owing to an interruption from one of theſe obſequious intruders, that I was prevented keeping my engagement with you yeſterday; and you muſt indulge me in this diſcharge of my invective againſt the ridiculous occaſion of ſo mortifying a diſappointment. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XLV.

TO HORTENSIUS.

MAY 2, 1747.

TO be able to ſuppreſs my acknowledgments of the pleaſure I received from your approbation, were to ſhew that I do not deſerve it; for is it poſſible to value the praiſe of the judicious as one ought, and yet be ſilent under it's influence? I can with ſtrict truth ſay of you what a Greek poet did of Plato, who, reading his performance to a circle where that great philoſopher was preſent, and finding himſelf deſerted at length by all the reſt of the company, cried out—'I will proceed, nevertheleſs, for Plato is himſelf an audience.'

True fame, indeed, is no more in the gift than in the poſſeſſion of numbers, as it is only in the diſpoſal of the wiſe and the impartial. But if both thoſe qualifications muſt concur to give validity to a vote of this kind, how little reaſon has an author to be either depreſſed or elated by general cenſure or applauſe?

The triumphs of genius are not like thoſe of ancient heroiſm, where the meaneſt captive made a part of the pomp, as well as the nobleſt. It is not the multitude, but the dignity of thoſe that compoſe her followers, that can add any thing to her real glory; and a ſingle attendant may often render her more truly illuſtrious, than a whole train of common admirers. I am ſure, at leaſt,

I have

I have no ambition of drawing after me vulgar acclamations; and whilſt I have the happineſs to enjoy your applauſe, I ſhall always conſider myſelf in poſſeſſion of the trueſt fame. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

TO CLYTANDER.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1738.

YOU who never forget any thing, can tell me, I dare ſay, whoſe obſervation it is, That of all the actions of our life nothing is more uncommon, than to laugh or cry with a good grace. But though I cannot recollect the author, I ſhall always retain his maxim; as, indeed, every day's occurrences ſuggeſt the truth of it to my mind. I had particularly an occaſion to ſee one part of it verified in the treatiſe I herewith return you: for never, ſurely, was mirth more injudiciouſly directed, than that which this writer of your acquaintance has employed. To drole upon the eſtabliſhed religion of a country, and laugh at the moſt ſacred and inviolable of her ordinances, is as far removed from good politics, as it is from good manners. It is indeed upon maxims of policy alone, that one can reaſon with thoſe who purſue the principles, which this author has embraced: I will add, therefore, (ſince, it ſeems, you ſometimes communicate to him my letters) that to endeavour to leſſen that veneration which is due to the religious inſtitutions of a nation, when they neither run counter to any of the great lines of morality, nor oppoſe the natural rights of mankind, is a ſort of zeal which I know not by what epithet ſufficiently to ſtigmatize: it is attacking the ſtrongeſt hold of ſociety, and attempting to deſtroy the firmeſt guard of human ſecurity. Far am I, indeed, from thinking there is no other; or that the notion of a moral ſenſe is a vain and groundleſs hypotheſis. But wonderfully limited muſt the experience of thoſe philoſophers undoubtedly be, who imagine, that an implanted love of virtue is ſufficient to conduct the generality of mankind through the paths of moral duties, and ſuperſede the neceſſity of a farther and more powerful guide. A ſenſe of honour, likewiſe, where it operates in it's true and genuine vigour, is, I confeſs, a moſt noble and powerful principle; but far too refined a motive of action, even for the more cultivated part of our ſpecies to adopt in general: and, in fact, we find it much oftener profeſſed, than purſued. Nor are the laws of a community ſufficient to anſwer all the reſtraining purpoſes of government; as there are many moral points, which it is impoſſible to ſecure by expreſs proviſions. Human inſtitutions can reach no farther than to certain general duties, in which the collective welfare of ſociety is more particularly concerned. Whatever elſe is neceſſary for the eaſe and happineſs of ſocial intercourſe, can be derived only from the aſſiſtance of religion; which influences the nicer connections and dependencies of mankind, as it regulates and corrects the heart. How many tyrannies may I exerciſe as a parent, how many hardſhips may I inflict as a maſter, if I take the ſtatutes of my country for the only guides of my actions, and think every thing lawful that is not immediately penal? The truth is, a man may be injured in a variety of inſtances far more atrociouſly, than by what the law conſiders either as a fraud or a robbery. Now in caſes of this kind, (and many very important caſes of this kind there are) to remove the bars of religion, is to throw open the gates of oppreſſion: it is to leave the honeſt expoſed to the injurious inroads of thoſe (and they are far, perhaps, the greateſt part of mankind) who, though they would never *do juſtice and love mercy*, in compliance with the dictates of nature; would ſcrupulouſly practiſe both in obedience to the rules of revelation.

The groſs of our ſpecies can never, indeed, be influenced by abſtract reaſoning, nor captivated by the naked charms of virtue: on the contrary, nothing ſeems more evident than that the generality of mankind muſt be engaged by ſenſible objects; muſt be wrought upon by their hopes and fears. And this has been the conſtant maxim of all

the celebrated legiſlators, from the earlieſt eſtabliſhment of government, to this preſent hour. It is true, indeed, that none have contended more warmly than the ancients for the dignity of human nature, and the native diſpoſition of the ſoul to be enamoured with the beauty of virtue: but it is equally true, that none have more ſtrenuouſly inculcated the expediency of adding the authority of religion to the ſuggeſtions of nature, and maintaining a reverence to the appointed ceremonies of public worſhip. The ſentiments of Pythagoras (or whoever he be who was author of thoſe verſes which paſs under that philoſopher's name) are well known upon this ſubject:

Αθανατους μεν πρωτα θεους, νομῳ ως διακειται,
Τιμα.

Many indeed are the antient paſſages which might be produced in ſupport of this aſſertion, if it were neceſſary to produce any paſſages of this kind to you, whom I have ſo often heard contend for the ſame truth with all the awakening powers of learning and eloquence. Suffer me, however, for the benefit of your acquaintance, to remind you of one or two, which I do not remember ever to have ſeen quoted.

Livy has recorded a ſpeech of Appius Claudius Craſſus, which he made in oppoſition to certain demands of the tribunes. That zealous ſenator warmly argues againſt admitting the plebeians into a ſhare of the conſular dignity; from the power of taking the auſpices being originally and ſolely veſted in the patrician order. 'But perhaps,' ſays Craſſus, 'I ſhall be told, that the pecking of a 'chicken, &c. are trifles unworthy of 'regard: trifling, however, as theſe ce'remonies may now be deemed, it was 'by the ſtrict obſervance of them, that 'our anceſtors raiſed this common'wealth to it's preſent point of gran'deur.' *Parva ſunt hæc: ſed parva iſta non contemnendo, majores noſtri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.* Agreeably to this principle, the Roman hiſtorian of the life of Alexander deſcribes that monarch, after having killed his friend Clitus, as conſidering, in his cool moments, whether the gods had not permitted him to be guilty of that horrid act, in puniſhment for his irreligious neglect of their ſacred rites. And Juvenal * imputes the ſource of that torrent of vice which broke in upon the age in which he wrote, to the general diſbelief that prevailed of the public doctrines of their eſtabliſhed religion. Thoſe tenets, he tells us, that influenced the glorious conduct of the Curii, the Scipios, the Fabricii, and the Camilli, were, in his days, ſo totally exploded, as ſcarce to be received even by children. It were well for ſome parts of the Chriſtian world, if the ſame obſervation might not with juſtice be extended beyond the limits of antient Rome: and I often reflect upon the very judicious remark of a great writer of the laſt century, who takes notice, That the generality of Chriſtendom is now well-nigh arrived at that fatal condition, which immediately preceded the deſtruction of the worſhip of the antient world; when the face of religion, in their public aſſemblies, was quite different from that apprehenſion which men had concerning it in private.

Nothing, moſt certainly, could leſs plead the ſanction of reaſon, than the general rites of pagan worſhip. Weak and abſurd, however, as they were in themſelves, and indeed in the eſtimation too of all the wiſer ſort; yet the more thinking and judicious part, both of their ſtateſmen and philoſophers, unanimouſly concurred in ſupporting them as ſacred and inviolable: well perſuaded, no doubt, that religion is the ſtrongeſt cement in the great ſtructure of moral government. Farewel.

I am, &c.

* Sat. II. 149.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

TO CLEORA.

SEPTEMBER 1.

I Look upon every day wherein I have not ſome communication with my Cleora as a day loſt; and I take up my pen every afternoon to write to you, as regularly as I drink my tea, or perform any the like important article of my life.

I frequently bleſs the happy art that affords me a means of conveying myſelf to you at this diſtance, and, by an eaſy kind of magic, thus tranſports me to your parlour at a time when I could not gain admittance by any other method. Of all people in the world, indeed, none are more obliged to this paper commerce, than friends and lovers. It is by this they elude, in ſome degree, the malevolence of fate, and can enjoy an intercourſe with each other, though the Alps themſelves ſhall riſe up between them. Even this imaginary participation of your ſociety is far more pleaſing to me, than the real enjoyment of any other converſation the whole world could ſupply. The truth is, I have loſt all reliſh for any but yours; and if I were invited to an aſſembly of all the wits of the Auguſtan age, or all the heroes that Plutarch has celebrated, I ſhould neither have ſpirits nor curioſity to be of the party. Yet, with all this indolence or indifference about me, I would take a voyage as far as the pole to ſup with Cleora off a lettuce, or only to hold the bowl while ſhe mixed the ſyllabub. Such happy evenings I once knew: ah, Cleora! will they never return? Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

I Have read the performance you communicated to me, with all the attention you required; and I can with ſtrict ſincerity apply to your friend's verſes, what an antient has obſerved of the ſame number of Spartans who defended the paſſage of Thermopylæ—*Nunquam vidi plures trecentos!* Never, indeed, was there greater energy of language and ſentiment united together in the ſame compaſs of lines: and it would be an injuſtice to the world, as well as to himſelf, to ſuppreſs ſo animated and ſo uſeful a compoſition.

A ſatiriſt of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whoſe cenſures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applauſe of every friend to virtue. He may be conſidered as a ſort of ſupplement to the legiſlative authority of his country; as aſſiſting the unavoidable defects of all legal inſtitutions for the regulating of manners, and ſtriking terror even where the divine prohibitions themſelves are held in contempt. The ſtrongeſt defence, perhaps, againſt the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our ſpecies, is well-directed ridicule: they who fear nothing elſe, dread to be marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no ſucceeding in the ſecret purpoſes of diſhoneſty, without preſerving ſome ſort of credit among mankind; as there cannot exiſt a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expoſe, therefore, the falſe pretenſions of counterfeit virtue, is to diſarm it at once of all power of miſchief, and to perform a public ſervice of the moſt advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honeſt ſatiriſt is not only beneficial to the world, as giving alarm againſt the deſigns of an enemy ſo dangerous to all ſocial intercourſe; but as proving likewiſe the moſt efficacious preventive to others, of aſſuming the ſame character of diſtinguiſhed infamy. Few are ſo totally vitiated, as to have abandoned all ſentiments of ſhame; and when every other principle of integrity is ſurrendered, we generally find the conflict is ſtill maintained in this laſt poſt of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it

ſhould ſeem, the function of a ſatiriſt may be juſtified, notwithſtanding it ſhould be true (what an excellent moraliſt has aſſerted) that his chaſtiſements rather exaſperate, than reclaim thoſe on whom they fall. Perhaps, no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himſelf; and the principal benefit that ſeems to be derived from civil puniſhments of any kind, is their reſtraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every arm, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable blow. The arrows of ſatire, when they are not pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil back upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace reſts the whole ſucceſs of writings of this ſort upon the poet's being *integer ipſe*; free himſelf from thoſe immoral ſtains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the ſame time a more contemptible character than that of a vitious ſatiriſt—

Quis cælum terris non miſceat & mare cælo,
Si fur diſpliceat Verri, homicida Miloni?
Juv.

The moſt favourable light in which a cenſor of this ſpecies could poſſibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the puniſhment on others which he has already merited himſelf. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for ſo wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from a ſatiriſt of known diſhoneſty, but his applauſe. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

TO PALAMEDES.

AUGUST 2, 1734.

CEREMONY is never more unwelcome, than at that ſeaſon in which you will probably have the greateſt ſhare of it; and as I ſhould be extremely unwilling to add to the number of thoſe, who, in pure good-manners, may interrupt your enjoyments, I chuſe to give you my congratulations a little prematurely. After the happy office ſhall be compleated, your moments will be too valuable to be laid out in forms; and it would be paying a compliment with a very ill grace, to draw off your eyes from the higheſt beauty, though it were to turn them on the moſt exquiſite wit. I hope, however, you will give me timely notice of your wedding-day, that I may be prepared with my epithalamium. I have already laid in half a dozen deities extremely proper for the occaſion, and have even made ſome progreſs in my firſt ſimile. But I am ſomewhat at a loſs how to proceed, not being able to determine whether your future bride is moſt like Venus or Hebe. That ſhe reſembles both, is univerſally agreed, I find, by thoſe who have ſeen her. But it would be offending, you know, againſt all the rules of poetical juſtice, if I ſhould only ſay ſhe is as handſome as ſhe is young, when after all, perhaps, the truth may be, that ſhe has even more beauty than youth. In the mean while, I am turning over all the tender compliments that love has inſpired, from the Leſbia of Catullus to the Chloe of Prior, and hope to gather ſuch a collection of flowers as may not be unworthy of entering into a garland compoſed for your Stella. But before you introduce me as a poet, let me be recommended to her by a much better title, and aſſure her, that I am your, &c.

LETTER L.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

I Am much inclined to join with you in thinking, that the Romans had no peculiar word in their language, which anſwers preciſely to what we call *good-ſenſe* in ours. For though *prudentia* indeed ſeems frequently uſed by their beſt writers to expreſs that idea, yet it is not confined to that ſingle meaning, but is often

often applied by them to ſignify ſkill in any particular ſcience. But good-ſenſe is ſomething very diſtinct from knowledge; and it is an inſtance of the poverty of the Latin language, that ſhe is obliged to uſe the ſame word as a mark for two ſuch different ideas.

Were I to explain what I underſtand by good-ſenſe, I ſhould call it right reaſon; but right reaſon that ariſes, not from formal and logical deductions, but from a ſort of intuitive faculty in the ſoul, which diſtinguiſhes by immediate perception: a kind of innate ſagacity, that in many of it's properties ſeems very much to reſemble inſtinct. It would be improper, therefore, to ſay, that Sir Iſaac Newton ſhewed his good-ſenſe by thoſe amazing diſcoveries which he made in natural philoſophy: the operations of this gift of Heaven are rather inſtantaneous, than the reſult of any tedious proceſs. Like Diomed, after Minerva had endowed him with the power of diſcerning gods from mortals, the man of good-ſenſe diſcovers *at once* the truth of thoſe objects he is moſt concerned to diſtinguiſh; and conducts himſelf with ſuitable caution and ſecurity.

It is for this reaſon, poſſibly, that this quality of the mind is not ſo often found united with learning as one could wiſh: for Good-ſenſe being accuſtomed to receive her diſcoveries without labour or ſtudy, ſhe cannot ſo eaſily wait for thoſe truths, which being placed at a diſtance, and lying concealed under numberleſs covers, require much pains and application to unfold.

But though good-ſenſe is not in the number, nor always, it muſt be owned, in the company of the ſciences; yet it is, as the moſt ſenſible of poets has juſtly obſerved,

Fairly worth the ſeven.

Rectitude of underſtanding is indeed the moſt uſeful, as well as the moſt noble of human endowments, as it is the ſovereign guide and director in every branch of civil and ſocial intercourſe.

Upon whatever occaſion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always ſure to act with diſtinguiſhed eminence; but it's chief and peculiar province ſeems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly we may obſerve, that thoſe who have converſed more with men than with books, whoſe wiſdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation, generally poſſeſs this happy talent with ſuperior perfection: for good-ſenſe, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved; and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the moſt kindly ſoil for it's cultivation.

I know not whether true good-ſenſe is not a more uncommon quality even than true wit; as there is nothing, perhaps, more extraordinary than to meet with a perſon, whoſe entire conduct and notions are under the direction of this ſupreme guide. The ſingle inſtance at leaſt, which I could produce of it's acting ſteadily and invariably throughout the whole of a character, is that which Euphronius, I am ſure, would not allow me to mention: at the ſame time, perhaps, I am rendering my own pretenſions of this kind extremely queſtionable, when I thus venture to throw before you my ſentiments upon a ſubject, of which you are univerſally acknowledged ſo perfect a maſter. I am, &c.

LETTER LI.

TO PALEMON.

MAY 29, 1743.

I Eſteem your letters in the number of my moſt valuable poſſeſſions, and preſerve them as ſo many prophetical *leaves* upon which the fate of our diſtracted nation is inſcribed. But in exchange for the maxims of a patriot, I can only ſend you the reveries of a recluſe, and give you *the ſtones of the brook* for *the gold of Ophir*. Never, indeed, Palemon, was there a commerce more unequal, than that wherein you are contented to engage with me; and I could ſcarce anſwer it to my conſcience to continue a traffic, where the whole benefit accrues ſingly to myſelf, did I not know, that to confer without the poſſibility of an advantage, is the moſt pleaſing exerciſe of generoſity. I will venture then to make uſe of a privilege which I have long enjoyed; as I well know you love to mix the meditations of the philoſopher with the reflections of the

the ſtateſman, and can turn with equal reliſh from the politics of Tacitus to the morals of Seneca.

I was in my garden this morning ſomewhat earlier than uſual, when the ſun, as Milton deſcribes him,

With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray.

There is ſomething in the opening of the dawn at this ſeaſon of the year, that enlivens the mind with a ſort of chearful ſeriouſneſs, and fills it with a certain calm rapture in the conſciouſneſs of it's exiſtence. For my own part at leaſt, the riſing of the ſun has the ſame effect on me, as it is ſaid to have had on the celebrated ſtatue of Memnon: and I never obſerve that glorious luminary breaking out upon me, that I do not find myſelf harmonized for the whole day.

Whilſt I was enjoying the freſhneſs and tranquillity of this early ſeaſon, and conſidering the many reaſons I had to join in offering up that *morning incenſe*, which the poet I juſt now mentioned repreſents as particularly ariſing at this hour *from the earth's great altar*; I could not but eſteem it as a principal bleſſing, that I was entering upon a new day with health and ſpirits. To awake with recruited vigour for the tranſactions of life, is a mercy ſo generally diſpenſed, that it paſſes, like other the ordinary bounties of Providence, without making it's due impreſſion. Yet were one never to riſe under theſe happy circumſtances, without reflecting what numbers there are, who (to uſe the language of the moſt pathetic of authors) when they ſaid—*My bed ſhall comfort me, my couch ſhall eaſe my complaint*; were, like him, *full of toſſings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day*, or *ſcared with dreams, and terrified through viſions*—were one to conſider, I ſay, how many paſs their nights in all the horrors of a diſturbed imagination, or all the wakefulneſs of real pains, one could not find one's ſelf exempt from ſuch uneaſy ſlumbers or ſuch terrible vigils, without double ſatisfaction and gratitude. There is nothing, indeed, contributes more to render a man contented with that draught of life which is poured out to himſelf, than thus to reflect on thoſe more bitter ingredients which are ſometimes mingled in the cup of others.

In purſuing the ſame vein of thought, I could not but congratulate myſelf, that I had no part in that turbulent drama which was going to be re-acted upon the great ſtage of the world; and rejoiced that it was my fortune to ſtand a diſtant and unengaged ſpectator of thoſe ſeveral characters that would ſhortly fill the ſcene. This ſuggeſted to my remembrance a paſſage in the Roman tragic poet, where he deſcribes the various purſuits of the buſy and ambitious world in very juſt and lively colours—

'Ille ſuperbos aditus regum
'Duraſque fores, expers ſomni,
'Colit: Hic nullo fine beatus
'Componit opes, gazis inhians,
'Et congeſto pauper in auro eſt.
'Illum populi favor attonitum,
'Fluctuque magis mobile vulgus,
'Aura tumidum tollit inani.
'Hic clamoſi rabioſa fori
'Jurgia vendens improbus, iras
'Et verba locat.'

And I could not forbear ſaying to myſelf, in the language of the ſame author—

"Me mea tellus
"Lare ſecreto tutoque tegat!"

Yet this circumſtance, which your friend conſiders as ſo valuable a privilege, has been eſteemed by others as the moſt ſevere of afflictions. The celebrated Count de Buſſy Rabutin has written a little treatiſe, wherein, after having ſhewn that the greateſt men upon the ſtage of the world are generally the moſt unhappy, he cloſes the account by producing himſelf as an inſtance of the truth of what he had been advancing. But can you gueſs, Palemon, what this terrible diſaſter was, which thus entitled him to a rank in the number of theſe unfortunate heroes? He had compoſed, it ſeems, certain ſatirical pieces which gave offence to Lewis the XIVth; for which reaſon that monarch baniſhed him from the ſlavery and dependence of a court, to live in eaſe and freedom at his country-houſe. But the world had taken too ſtrong poſſeſſion of his heart, to ſuffer him to leave even the worſt part of it without reluctance; and, like the patriarch's wife, he looked back with regret upon the ſcene from which he was kindly driven, though there was nothing in the proſpect but flames. Adieu. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER. LII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

AUGUST 20, 1742.

SURELY, Euphronius, the ſpirit of criticiſm has ſtrangely poſſeſſed you. How elſe could you be willing to ſtep aſide ſo often from the amuſements of the gayeſt ſcenes, in order to examine with me certain beauties, far other than thoſe which at preſent, it might be imagined, would wholly engage your attention? Who, indeed, that ſees my friend over-night ſupporting the vivacity of the moſt ſprightly aſſemblies, would expect to find him the next morning gravely poring over antiquated Greek, and weighing the merits of antient and modern geniuſes? But I have long admired you as an elegant *ſpectator formarum*, in every ſenſe of the expreſſion; and you can turn, I know, from the charms of beauty to thoſe of wit, with the ſame refinement of taſte and rapture. I may venture therefore to reſume our critical correſpondence without the form of an apology; as it is the ſingular character of Euphronius, to reconcile the philoſopher with the man of the world, and judiciouſly divide his hours between action and retirement.

What has been ſaid of a celebrated French tranſlator, may with equal juſtice be applied to Mr. Pope, That it is doubtful whether the dead or the living are moſt obliged to him. His tranſlations of Homer, and imitations of Horace, have introduced to the acquaintance of the Engliſh reader, two of the moſt conſiderable authors in all antiquity; as indeed they are equal to the credit of ſo many original works. A man muſt have a very conſiderable ſhare of the different ſpirit which diſtinguiſhes thoſe moſt admirable poets, who is capable of repreſenting, in his own language, ſo true an image of their reſpective *manners*. If we look no farther than theſe works themſelves, without conſidering them with reſpect to any attempts of the ſame nature which have been made by others, we ſhall have ſufficient reaſon to eſteem them for their own intrinſic merit. But how will this uncommon genius riſe in our admiration, when we compare his claſſical tranſlations with thoſe ſimilar performances, which have employed ſome of the moſt celebrated of our poets? I have lately been turning over the Iliad with this view; and perhaps it will be no unentertaining amuſement to you, to examine the ſeveral copies which I have collected of the original, as taken by ſome of the moſt conſiderable of our Engliſh maſters. To ſingle them out for this purpoſe according to the order of the particular books, or paſſages, upon which they have reſpectively exerciſed their pencils, the pretenſions of Mr. Tickel ſtand firſt to be examined.

The action of the Iliad opens, you know, with the ſpeech of Chryſes, whoſe daughter, having been taken captive by the Grecians, was allotted to Agamemnon. This venerable prieſt of Apollo is repreſented as addreſſing himſelf to the Grecian chiefs, in the following pathetic ſimplicity of eloquence:

Ατρειδαι τε, και αλλοι ευκνημιδες Αχαιοι,
Υμιν μεν θεοι δοιεν, ολυμπια δωματ' εχοντες,
Εκπερσαι Πριαμοιο πτολιν, ευ δ' οικαδ' ικεσθαι·
Παιδα δε μοι λυσαιτε φιλην, τα δ' αποινα δεχεσθε,
Αζομενοι Διος υιον εκηβολον Απολλωνα.

i. 17.

'Great Atreus' ſons, and warlike Greece,
'attend,
'So may th' immortal Gods your cauſe defend,
'So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
'And rich in gather'd ſpoils to Greece return,
'As, for theſe gifts, my daughter you beſtow,
'And rev'rence due to great Apollo ſhew,
'Jove's fav'rite offspring, terrible in war,
'Who ſends his ſhafts unerring from afar.'

TICKEL.

That affecting tenderneſs of the father, which Homer has marked out by the melancholy flow of the line, as well as by the endearing expreſſion of

Παιδα δε μοι λυσαιτε φιλην,

is entirely loſt by Mr. Tickel. When Chryſes coldly mentions his daughter, without a ſingle epithet of concern or affection, he ſeems much too indifferent himſelf to move the audience in his favour. But the whole paſſage, as it ſtands in Mr. Pope's Iliad, is in general animated with a far more lively ſpirit of poetry. Who can obſerve the moving

poſture

posture of supplication in which he has drawn the venerable old priest, stretching out his arms in all the affecting warmth of intreaty, without sharing in his distress, and melting into pity?

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground:
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore:
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again.
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.
POPE.

The insinuation with which Chryses closes his speech, that the Grecians must expect the indignation of Apollo would pursue them if they rejected the petition of his priest, is happily intimated by a single epithet—

And dread *avenging* Phœbus;

whereas the other translator takes the compass of three lines to express the same thought less strongly.

When the heralds are sent by Agamemnon to Achilles, in order to demand Briseis; that chief is prevailed upon to part with her: and accordingly directs Patroclus to deliver up this contested beauty into their hands:

Πατροκλῆϊ δὲ Φίλῳ ἐπιπείθεθ' ἑταίρῃ,
Ἐκ δ' ἄγαγε κλισίης Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρηον,
Δῶκε δ' ἄγειν· τὼ δ' αὖθις ἴτην παρὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
Ἡ δ' ἄεκουσ' ἅμα τοῖσι γυνὴ κίεν. I. 345.

The beauty of Chryseis, as described in these lines, together with the reluctance with which she is here represented as forced from her lord, cannot but touch the reader in a very sensible manner. Mr. Tickel, however, has debased this affecting picture, by the most unpoetical and familiar diction. I will not delay you with making my objections in form to his language; but have distinguished the exceptionable expressions, in the lines themselves:

Patroclus *his dear friend* oblig'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid;
Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
TICKEL.

Our British Homer has restored this piece to it's original grace and delicacy:

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought:
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
POPE.

The tumultuous behaviour of Achilles, as described by Homer in the lines immediately following, afford a very pleasing and natural contrast to the more composed and silent sorrow of Briseis. The poet represents that hero as suddenly rushing out from his tent, and flying to the sea-shore, where he gives vent to his indignation; and in bitterness of soul complains to Thetis, not only of the dishonour brought upon him by Agamemnon, but of the injustice even of Jupiter himself:

αὐταρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Δακρυσας, εταρων αφας εζετο νοσφι λιασθεις,
Θιν' ἐπ' αλος πολιης, οθροων εκι οινοπα ποντον.
Πολλα δε μητρι φιλῃ χειρας ορεγνυς.
&c. I. 348.

Mr. Tickel, in rendering the sense of these lines, has risen into a somewhat higher flight of poetry than usual. However, you will observe his expression in one or two places is exceedingly languid and prosaical; as the epithet he has given to the waves is highly injudicious. *Curling billows* might be very proper in describing a calm, but suggests too pleasing an image to be applied to the ocean when represented as *black with storms*.

The widow'd hero, when the Fair *was gone*,
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears, alone.
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
Where, black with storms, the *curling billows* rise.
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
With out-stretch'd arms *to his fond mother pray'd*.
TICKEL.

Mr. Pope has opened the thought in these lines with great dignity of numbers, and exquisite propriety of imagination; as the additional circumstances which he has thrown in, are so many beautiful improvements upon his author:

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore:
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from which his mother sprung:
Then bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.
POPE.

Apollo

Apollo having ſent a plague among the Grecians, in reſentment of the injury done to his prieſt Chryſes by detaining his daughter, Agamemnon conſents that Chryſeïs ſhall be reſtored. Accordingly a ſhip is fitted out under the command of Ulyſſes, who is employed to conduct the damſel to her father. That hero and his companions being arrived at Chryſa, the place to which they were bound, deliver up their charge; and having performed a ſacrifice to Apollo, ſet ſail early the next morning for the Grecian camp. Upon this occaſion Homer exhibits to us a moſt beautiful ſea-piece:

Ημος δ' ηελιος καλεδυ, και επι κνεφας ηλθε,
Δη τοτε κοιμησαντο παρα πρυμνησια νηος.
Ημος δ' ριγενεια φανη ροδοδακτυλος Ηως,
Και τοτ' επειτ' αναϛολο μεϛα ϛρατον ευρυν Αχαιων
Τοισιν δ' ικμενον ηρονιει εκαεργος Απολλων.
Οι δ' ιϛον ϛησαντ', ανα δ' ιϛια λευκα πεϛασαν.
Εν δ' ανεμος πρησεν μεϛον ιϛιον, αμφι δε κυμα
Στειρη πορφυρεον μεγαλ' ιαχε, νεος ιουσης·
Η δ' εθεεν καλα κυμα διαπρησσουσα πελευθα.
i. 474.

If there is any paſſage throughout Mr. Tickel's tranſlation of this book, which has the leaſt pretence to ſtand in competition with Mr. Pope's verſion; it is undoubtedly that which correſponds with the Greek lines juſt now quoted. It would indeed be an inſtance of great partiality not to acknowledge, they breathe the true ſpirit of poetry; and I muſt own myſelf at a loſs which to prefer upon the whole; though I think Mr. Pope is evidently ſuperior to his rival, in his manner of opening the deſcription:

At ev'ning thro' the ſhore diſpers'd they ſleep,
Huſh'd by the diſtant roarings of the deep.
When now, aſcending from the ſhades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her roſy light,
The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their courſe renew.
The breezes freſhen: for with friendly gales
Apollo ſwell'd their wide-diſtended ſails;
Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,
And in hoarſe murmurs break on either ſide.
TICKEL.

'Twas night: the chiefs beſide their veſſel lie,
Till roſy morn had purpled o'er the ſky:
Then launch, and hoiſe the maſt; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the ſwelling ſails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows ſwift they flew,
&c. POPE.

There is ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in that judicious pauſe, which Mr. Pope has placed at the beginning of theſe lines. It neceſſarily awakens the attention of the reader, and gives a much greater air of ſolemnity to the ſcene, than if the circumſtance of the time had been leſs diſtinctly pointed out, and blended, as in Mr. Tickel's tranſlation, with the reſt of the deſcription.

Homer has been celebrated by antiquity for thoſe ſublime images of the Supreme Being, which he ſo often raiſes in the Iliad. It is Macrobius, if I remember right, who informs us, that Phidias being aſked from whence he took the idea of his celebrated ſtatue of Olympian Jupiter, acknowledged that he had heated his imagination by the following lines:

Η, και κυανεηϛιν επ' οφρυϛι νευϛε Κρονιων·
Αμβροϛιαι δ' αρα χαιται επερρωσαντο ανακτος,
Κρειων απ' αθανατοιο· μεγαν δ' ελελιξεν Ολυμπον.
i. 528.

But whatever magnificence of imagery Phidias might diſcover in the original, the Engliſh reader will ſcarce, I imagine, conceive any thing very grand and ſublime from the following copy:

This ſaid, his kingly brow the ſire inclin'd,
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick ſhadowing the ſtern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.
TICKEL.

That our modern ſtatuaries, however, may not have an excuſe for burleſquing the figure of the great father of gods and men, for want of the benefit of ſo animating a model; Mr. Pope has preſerved it to them in all it's original majeſty:

He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls and gives the nod;
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the god:
High heav'n with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the centre ſhook. POPE.

I took occaſion, in a former letter, to make ſome exceptions to a paſſage or two in the parting of Hector and Andromache, as tranſlated by your favourite poet. I ſhall now produce a few lines from the ſame beautiful epiſode for another purpoſe, and in order to ſhew, with how much more maſterly a hand, even than Dryden himſelf, our great improver of Engliſh poetry has worked upon the ſame ſubject.

As Andromache is going to the tower

of Ilion, in order to take a view of the field of battle, Hector meets her, together with her son the young Astyanax, at the Scæan gate. The circumstances of this sudden interview are finely imagined. Hector in the first transport of his joy is unable to utter a single word, at the same time that Andromache tenderly embracing his hands, bursts out into a flood of tears:

Ητοι ο μεν μειδησεν ιδων ες παιδα σιωπη·
Ανδρομαχη δε οι αγχι παρισταδο δακρυχεουσα,
Εν τ' αρα οι φυ χειρι, επω τ' εφατ', εκ τ' ονομαζε.
vi. 404.

Dryden has translated this passage with a cold and unpoetical fidelity, to the mere letter of the original:

Hector beheld him with a silent smile,
His tender wife stood weeping by the while,
Press'd in her own his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.
DRYDEN.

But Pope has judiciously taken a larger compass, and by heightening the piece with a few additional touches, has wrought it up in all the affecting spirit of tenderness and poetry:

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
POPE.

Andromache afterwards endeavours to persuade Hector to take upon himself the defence of the city, and not hazard a life so important, she tells him, to herself and his son, in the more dangerous action of the field.

Την δ' αυτε προσεειπε μεγας κορυθαιολος Εκτωρ
Η και εμοι ταδε παντα μελει, γυναι· αλλα μαλ' αινως
Αιδεομαι Τρωας και Τρωαδας ελκεσιπεπλους,
Αιψα, κακως, νοσφιν αλυσκαζω πολεμοιο.
vi. 440.

To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd—
'That and the rest are in my daily care;
'But should I shun the dangers of the war,
'With scorn the Trojans would reward my
'pains,
'And their proud ladies with their sweeping
'trains.
'The Grecian swords and lances I can bear:
'But loss of honour is my only care.' DRYD.

Nothing can be more flat and unanimated than these lines. One may say upon this occasion, what Dryden himself, I remember somewhere observes, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his dead carcase would be to his living body. To catch, indeed, the soul of our Grecian bard, and breathe his spirit into an English version, seems to have been a privilege reserved solely for Pope:

The chief reply'd—'That post shall be my
'care;
'Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
'How would the sons of Troy, in arms re-
'nown'd,
'And Troy's proud dames, whose garments
'sweep the ground,
'Attaint the lustre of my former name,
'Should Hector basely quit the fields of
'fame?' POPE.

In the farther prosecution of this episode Hector propheses his own death, and the destruction of Troy; to which he adds, that Andromache should be led captive into Argos, where, among other disgraceful offices, which he particularly enumerates, she should be employed, he tells her, in the servile task of drawing water. The different manner in which this last circumstance is expressed by our two English poets, will afford the strongest instance, how much additional force the same thought will receive from a more graceful turn of phrase:

Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
DRYDEN.

Or bring
The *weight of waters* from Hyperia's spring.
POPE.

It is in certain peculiar turns of diction that the language of poetry is principally distinguished from that of prose; as indeed the same words are, in general, common to them both. It is in a turn of this kind, that the beauty of the last quoted line consists. For the whole grace of the expression would vanish, if, instead of the two substantives which are placed at the beginning of the verse, the poet had employed the more common syntax of a substantive with it's adjective.

When this faithful pair have taken their final adieu of each other, Hector returns to the field of battle, at the same time that the disconsolate Andromache joins her maidens in the palace. Homer describes this circumstance in the following tender manner—

Ως αρα φωνησας κορυθ' ειλετο φαιδιμ@ Εκτωρ
Ιππουρι· αλοχ@ δε φιλη οικονδε βεβηκει
Εντροπαλιζομενη, θαλερον κατα δακρυ χεουσα.
Αιψα δ' επειθ' ικανε δομους ευ ναιεταοντας
Εκτορ@· ανδροφονοιο· κιχησατο δ' ενδοθι πολλας
Αμφιπολους, τησιν δε γοον πασησιν ενωρσεν.
Αι μεν ετι ζωον γοον Εκτορα ω ενι οικω. vi. 494.

I will make no remarks upon the different ſucceſs of our two celebrated poets in tranſlating this paſſage; but, after having laid both before you, leave their verſions to ſpeak for themſelves. The truth is, the diſparity between them is much too viſible to require any comment to render it more obſervable—

At this for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back, in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments.
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids reſtore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.
DRYDEN.

Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at ev'ry look: then moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all the train the ſoft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled ſorrow ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.
POPE.

As I purpoſe to follow Mr. Pope through thoſe ſeveral parts of the Iliad, where any of our diſtinguiſhed poets have gone before him; I muſt lead you on till we come to the ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus, in the xiith book.

Γλαυκε, τιη δη νωϊ τετιμημεσθα μαλιστα
Εδρη τε, κρεασιν τε, ιδε πλειοις δεπαεσσιν,
Εν Λυκιη, παντες δε, θεος ως εισοροωσι,
Και τεμενος νεμομεσθα μεγα Ξανθοιο παρ' οχθας,
Καλον, φυταλιης και αρουρης πυροφοροιο;
Τω νυν χρη Λυκιοισι μετα πρωτοισιν εοντας,
Εστημεν, ηδε μαχης καυστειρης ανιεσθαι·
Οφρα τις ωδ' ειπη Λυκιων πυκα θωηκλαων,
Ου μαν ακλειες Λυκιην καλακοιραγεουσιν
Ημετεροι βασιληες, εδυσι τε πιονα μηλα,
Οινον τ' εξαιτον, μελιηδεα· αλλ' αρα και ις
Εσθλη, επει Λυκιοισι μετα πρωτοισι μαχονται.
Ω πεπον· ει μεν γαρ πολεμου περι τονδε φυγοντες,
Αιει δη μελλοιμεν αγηρω τ' αθανατω τε
Εσσεσθ', ουτε κεν αυτος ενι πρωτοισι μαχοιμην,
Ουτε κε σε ες πολεμον μαχην ες κυδιανειραν.
Νυν δ' (εμπης γαρ κηρες εφεστασιν θανατοο
Μυριαι, ας ου τις φυγειν βροτος ουδ' υπαλυξαι)
Ιομεν· η τω ευχος ορεξομεν, η τις ημιν.
xii. 310.

This ſpirited ſpeech has been tranſlated by the famous author of Cooper's Hill:

Above the reſt why is our pomp and pow'r?
Our flocks, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?
Why all the tributes land and ſea affords,
Heap'd in great chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our chearful gueſts carouſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilſt muſic charms their ears.
Why, as we paſs, do thoſe on Xanthus' ſhore
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We ſtand the firſt: that when our Lycians ſee
Our brave examples, they admiring ſay—
'Behold our gallant leaders! theſe are they
'Deſerve their greatneſs; and unenvy'd ſtand,
'Since what they act tranſcends what they
'command.'
Could the declining of this fate, oh! friend,
Our date to immortality extend,
Or if death ſought not them, who ſeek not death,
Would I advance? or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a glorious folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with fortune nature doth conſpire;
Since age, diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble end,
Tho' not leſs certain, does our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period led
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common ſacrifice to honour fall.
DENHAM.

Mr. Pope paſſes ſo high an encomium on theſe lines, as to aſſure us, that, if his tranſlation of the ſame paſſage has any ſpirit, it is in ſome degree due to them. It is certain they have great merit, conſidering the ſtate of our Engliſh verſification when Denham flouriſhed: but they will by no means ſupport Mr. Pope's compliment, any more than they will bear to ſtand in competition with his numbers. And I dare ſay, you will join with me in the ſame opinion, when you conſider the following verſion of this animated ſpeech:

Why boaſt we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain?
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield?
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?

Why on theſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous powers above;
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy dare not imitate.
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life, which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give. POPE.

If any thing can be juſtly objected to this tranſlation, it is, perhaps, that in one or two places it is too diffuſed and deſcriptive for that agitation in which it was ſpoken. In general, however, one may venture to aſſert, that it is warmed with the ſame ardour of poetry and heroiſm that glows in the original: as thoſe ſeveral thoughts, which Mr. Pope has intermixed of his own, naturally ariſe out of the ſentiments of his author, and are perfectly conformable to the character and circumſtances of the ſpeaker.

I ſhall cloſe this review with Mr. Congreve; who has tranſlated the petition of Priam to Achilles for the body of his ſon Hector, together with the lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen.

Homer repreſents the unfortunate king of Troy, as entering unobſerved into the tent of Achilles; and illuſtrates the ſurprize which aroſe in that chief and his attendants, upon the firſt diſcovery of Priam, by the following ſimile:

Ως δ' οταν ανδρ' ατη πυκινη λαβη, ος τ' ενι πατρη
Φωτα κατακτεινας αλλον εξικετο δημον,
Ανδρος ες αφνειου, θαμβος δ' εχει εισοροωντας·
Ως Αχιλευς θαμβησεν, ιδων Πριαμον θεοειδεα.
xxiv. 480.

Nothing can be more languid and inelegant than the manner in which Congreve has rendered this paſſage:

But as a wretch, who has a murder done,
And ſeeking refuge, does from juſtice run;
Ent'ring ſome houſe, in haſte, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on:
So did Achilles gaze, ſurpriz'd to ſee
The godlike Priam's royal miſery. CONG.

But Pope has raiſed the ſame thought with his uſual grace and ſpirit:

As when a wretch, who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime,
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd.
POPE.

The ſpeech of Priam is wonderfully pathetic and affecting. He tells Achilles, that out of fifty ſons he had one only remaining; and of him he was now unhappily bereaved by his ſword. He conjures him by his tenderneſs for his own father to commiſerate the moſt wretched of parents, who, by an uncommon ſeverity of fate, was thus obliged to kiſs thoſe hands which were imbrued in the blood of his children:

τω νυ ειναιομ' ικανω υπας αχαιων,
Λυσομενος παρα σειο φερων απερειτ' αποινα.
Αλλ' αιδειο θεους, Αχιλευ, αυτος τ' ελεησον,
Μνησαμενος σου πατρος εμου· εγω δ' ελεεινοτερος περ,
Ετλην δ', οι απω τις επιχθονιος βροτος αλλος,
Ανδρος παιδοφονοιο τοι χειρα προς στομα βαλλειν.
v. 501.

These moving lines Mr. Congreve has debaſed into the loweſt and moſt unaffecting proſe:

For his ſake only I am hither come;
Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endleſs ſum;
All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
A worthleſs ranſom for ſo brave a ſon.
Fear the juſt gods, Achilles, and on me
With pity look, think, you your father ſee;
Such as I am he is; alone in this,
I can no equal have in miſeries;
Of all mankind moſt wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with ſuch weight as never has been borne:
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The ſpring and ſource of all my ſorrows come;
With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
And kiſs thoſe hands which have my children ſlain.
CONGREVE.

Nothing could compenſate the trouble of labouring through theſe heavy and taſteleſs rhimes, but the pleaſure of being relieved at the end of them with a more lively proſpect of poetry:

For him thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

Think

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
Th' firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery;
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'lling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore.
POPE.

Achilles having at length conſented to reſtore the dead body of Hector, Priam conducts it to his palace. It is there placed in funeral pomp, at the ſame time that mournful dirges are ſung over the corpſe, intermingled with the lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen—

τον μεν επειτα
Τρητοις εν λεχεεσσι θεσαν, παρα δ' εισαν αοιδους,
Θρηνων εξαρχους οιτε γοοεσσαν αοιδην,
Οι μεν αρ' εθρηνεον, επι δε γεναχοντο γυναικες.
v. 719.

There is ſomething extremely ſolemn and affecting in Homer's deſcription of this ſcene of ſorrow. A tranſlator, who was touched with the leaſt ſpark of poetry, could not, one ſhould imagine, but riſe beyond himſelf, in copying after ſo noble an original. It has not, however, been able to elevate Mr. Congreve above his uſual flatneſs of numbers;

Then laid
With care the body on a ſumptuous bed,
And round about were ſkilful fingers plac'd,
Who wept and ſigh'd, and in ſad notes expreſs'd
Their moan: all in a chorus did agree
Of univerſal, mournful harmony.
CONGREVE.

It would be the higheſt injuſtice to the following lines to quote them in oppoſition to thoſe of Mr. Congreve: I produce them, as marked with a vein of poetry much ſuperior even to the original.

They weep, and place him on a bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around
With plaintive ſighs and muſic's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at ev'ry pauſe of art.
POPE.

Thus, Euphronius, I have brought before you ſome of the moſt renowned of our Britiſh bards, contending, as it were, for the prize of poetry: and there can be no debate to whom it juſtly belongs. Mr. Pope ſeems, indeed, to have raiſed our numbers to the higheſt poſſible perfection of ſtrength and harmony: and, I fear, all the praiſe that the beſt ſucceeding poets can expect, as to their verſification, will be, that they have happily imitated his manner. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER LIII.

TO ORONTES.

JULY 2, 1741.

YOUR letter found me juſt upon my return from an excurſion into Berkſhire, where I had been paying a viſit to a friend, who is drinking the waters at Sunning Hill. In one of my morning rides over that delightful country, I accidently paſſed through a little village, which afforded me much agreeable meditation; as in times to come, perhaps, it will be viſited by the lovers of the polite arts, with as much veneration as Virgil's tomb, or any other celebrated ſpot of antiquity. The place I mean is Binfield, where the poet to whom I am indebted (in common with every reader of taſte) for ſo much exquiſite entertainment, ſpent the earlieſt part of his youth. I will not ſcruple to confeſs that I looked upon the ſcene where he planned ſome of thoſe beautiful performances which firſt recommended him to the notice of the world, with a degree of enthuſiaſm; and could not but conſider the ground as ſacred that was impreſſed with the footſteps of a genius that undoubtedly does the higheſt honour to our age and nation.

The ſituation of mind in which I found myſelf upon this occaſion, ſuggeſted to my remembrance a paſſage in Tully, which I thought I never ſo thoroughly entered into the ſpirit of before. That noble author, in one of his philoſophical converſation-pieces, introduces his friend Atticus as obſerving the pleaſing effect which ſcenes of this nature are wont

wont to have upon one's mind: *Movemur enim* (says that polite Roman) *nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ, non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus.*

Thus, you see, I could defend myself by an example of great authority, were I in danger upon this occasion of being ridiculed as a romantic visionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined sentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehension he will condemn the impressions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation a circumstance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's sepulchre, gave you a more favourable opinion of his taste, you confessed, than any thing in his works was able to raise.

It is certain that some of the greatest names of antiquity have distinguished themselves by the high reverence they shewed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, desired to be laid in the same tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to pardon that successful madman Alexander many of his extravagancies, for the generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the sacking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in poetry, that raises the possessors of that very singular talent, far higher in the estimation of the world in general, than those who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been distinguished by antiquity with the most remarkable honours. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyrna; as the citizens of Mytilene stamped the image of Sappho upon their public coin: Anacreon received a solemn invitation to spend his days at Athens; and Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, fitted out a splendid vessel in order to transport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience rose up and saluted him with the same respect as they would have paid to Augustus himself.

Painting, one should imagine, has the fairest pretensions of rivalling her sister-art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thousand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are still extant, while those of the former have perished long since: for is not Milton's Paradise Lost more universally esteemed than Raphael's cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in some degree at least, a tolerable ear, but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon possession. For as words are the universal medium which all men employ in order to convey their sentiments to each other; it seems a just consequence that they should be more generally formed for relishing and judging of performances in that way: whereas the art of representing ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common use, and is therefore less adapted to the taste of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this observation, in the hopes of drawing from you your sentiments upon a subject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the conversation of Orontes that I am indebted for the discovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious assistance, would have lain concealed to me with other common observers. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER LIV.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

I Am by no means surprized that the interview you have lately had with Cleanthes, has given you a much lower opinion of his abilities, than what you had before conceived: and since it has raised your curiosity to know my sentiments of his character, you shall have them with all that freedom you may justly expect.

I have always, then, considered Cleanthes

anthes as poſſeſſed of the moſt extraordinary talents: but his talents are of a kind, which can only be exerted upon uncommon occaſions. They are formed for the greateſt depths of buſineſs and affairs; but abſolutely out of all ſize for the ſhallows of ordinary life. In circumſtances that require the moſt profound reaſonings, in incidents that demand the moſt penetrating politics, there Cleanthes would ſhine with ſupreme luſtre. But view him in any ſituation inferior to theſe; place him where he cannot raiſe admiration, and he will moſt probably ſink into contempt. Cleanthes, in ſhort, wants nothing but the addition of certain minute accompliſhments, to render him a finiſhed character: but being wholly deſtitute of thoſe little talents which are neceſſary to render a man uſeful or agreeable in the daily commerce of the world, thoſe great abilities which he poſſeſſes lie unobſerved or neglected.

He often, indeed, gives one occaſion to reflect how neceſſary it is to be maſter of a ſort of under-qualities, in order to ſet off and recommend thoſe of a ſuperior nature. To know how to deſcend with grace and eaſe into ordinary occaſions, and to fall in with the leſs important parties and purpoſes of mankind, is an art of more general influence, perhaps, than is uſually imagined.

If I were to form, therefore, a youth for the world, I ſhould certainly endeavour to cultivate in him [illegible] ſecondary qualifications; and train him up to an addreſs in thoſe lower arts, which render a man agreeable in converſation, or uſeful to the innocent pleaſures and accommodations of life. A general ſkill and taſte of this kind with moderate abilities will, in moſt inſtances, I believe, prove more ſucceſsful in the world, than a much higher degree of capacity without them. I am, &c.

LETTER LV.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

JULY 17, 1730.

IF the temper and turn of Timanthes had not long prepared me for what has happened, I ſhould have received your account of his death with more ſurprize; but I ſuſpected, from our earlieſt acquaintance, that his ſentiments and diſpoſition would lead him into a ſatiety of life, much ſooner than nature would probably carry him to the end of it. When unſettled principles fall in with a conſtitutional gloominеſs of mind, it is no wonder the *tædium vitæ* ſhould gain daily ſtrength, till it puſhes a man to ſeek relief againſt this moſt deſperate of all diſtempers, from the point of a ſword, or the bottom of a river.

But to learn to accommodate our taſte to that portion of happineſs which Providence has ſet before us, is, of all the leſſons of philoſophy, ſurely the moſt neceſſary. High and exquiſite gratifications are not conſiſtent with the appointed meaſures of humanity: and, perhaps, if we would fully enjoy the reliſh of our being, we ſhould rather conſider the miſeries we eſcape, than too nicely examine the intrinſic worth of the happineſs we poſſeſs. It is, at leaſt, the buſineſs of true wiſdom to bring together every circumſtance which may light up a flame of chearfulneſs in the mind: and though we muſt be inſenſible if it ſhould perpetually burn with the ſame unvaried brightneſs; yet prudence ſhould preſerve it as a ſacred fire, which is never to be totally extinguiſhed.

I am perſuaded, this diſguſt of life is frequently indulged out of a principle of mere vanity. It is eſteemed as a mark of uncommon refinement, and as placing a man above the ordinary level of his ſpecies, to ſeem ſuperior to the vulgar feelings of happineſs. True good-ſenſe, however, moſt certainly conſiſts, not in deſpiſing, but in managing, our ſtock of life to the beſt advantage; as a chearful acquieſcence in the meaſures of Providence, is one of the ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of a well-conſtituted mind. Self-wearineſs is a circumſtance that ever attends folly; and to contemn our being, is the greateſt, and, indeed, the peculiar infirmity of human nature. It is a noble ſentiment which Tully puts into the mouth of Cato, in his treatiſe upon old age—*Non lubet mihi*, ſays that venerable Roman, *deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, ſæpe fecerunt; neque me*

me vixiſſe pœnitet: quoniam ita vixi, ut non fruſtra me natum exiſtimem.

It is in the power, indeed, of but a very ſmall proportion of mankind, to act the ſame glorious part that afforded ſuch high ſatisfaction to this diſtinguiſhed patriot: but the number is yet far more inconſiderable of thoſe, who can not, in any ſtation, ſecure to themſelves a ſufficient fund of complacency to render life juſtly valuable. Who is it that is placed out of the reach of the higheſt of all gratifications, thoſe of the generous affections; and that cannot provide for his own happineſs by contributing ſomething to the welfare of others? As this diſeaſe of the mind generally breaks out with moſt violence in thoſe who are ſuppoſed to be endowed with a greater delicacy of taſte and reaſon than is the uſual allotment of their fellow creatures; one may aſk them, whether there is any ſatiety in the purſuits of uſeful knowledge? or, if one can ever be weary of benefiting mankind? Will not the fine arts ſupply a laſting feaſt to the mind? Or can there be wanting a pleaſurable employment, ſo long as there remains even one advantageous truth to be diſcovered or confirmed? To complain that life has no joys, while there is a ſingle creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, aſſiſt by our counſels, or enliven by our preſence, is to lament the loſs of that which we poſſeſs, and is juſt as rational as to die of thirſt with the cup in our hands. But the misfortune is, when a man is ſettled into a habit of receiving all his pleaſures from the mere ſelfiſh indulgencies; he wears out of his mind the reliſh of every nobler enjoyment, at the ſame time that his powers of the ſenſual kind are growing more languid by each repetition. It is no wonder, therefore, he ſhould fill up the meaſure of his gratifications, long before he has compleated the circle of his duration; and either wretchedly ſit down the remainder of his days in diſcontent, or raſhly throw them up in deſpair. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER LVI.

TO TIMOCLEA.

OCTOBER 1, 1743.

CERTAINLY, Timoclea, you have a paſſion for the marvellous beyond all power of gratification. There is not an adventurer throughout the whole regions of chivalry, with whom you are unacquainted; and have wandered through more folios than would furniſh out a decent library. Mine, at leaſt, you have totally exhauſted; and have ſo cleared my ſhelves of knights-errant, that I have not a ſingle hero remaining that ever was regaled in bower or hall. But though you have drained me of my whole ſtock of romance, I am not entirely unprovided for your entertainment; and have incloſed a little Grecian fable for your amuſement, which was lately tranſmitted to me by one of my friends. He diſcovered it, he tells me, among ſome old manuſcripts, which have been long, it ſeems, in the poſſeſſion of his family: and, if you will rely upon his judgment, it is a tranſlation by Spenſer's own hand.

This is all the hiſtory I have to give you of the following piece: the *genuineneſs* of which I leave to be ſettled between my friend and the critics; and am, &c.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON AND EUPHORMIUS.

I.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that ſuffer wrong,
Ne thou, O man! who deal'ſt the tort, miſween
The equal gods, who heav'n's ſky manſions throng,
(Though viewleſs to the eyne they diſtant ſheen)
Spectators reckleſs of our actions been.
Turning the volumes of grave ſages old,
Where auncient ſaws in fable may be ſeen,
This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd,
Which for enſample drad my Muſe ſhall here unfold.

II.

What time Arcadia's flowret vallies fam'd
Pelaſgus, firſt of monarchs old, obey'd,
There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
Unaw'd by conſcience, of no gods afraid,
Ne juſtice rul'd his heart, ne mercy ſway'd.

Some

Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
Which heav'n's high tow'rs with mad emprize assay'd;
And some his cruel lynage did ytrace
From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

III.

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
And claim'd alliaunce with the Sisters nine;
And deem'd himself (what deems not pride so vain?)
The peerless paragon of wit divine,
Vaunting that ev'ry foe should rue it's stine.
Right doughty wight! yet, sooth, withouten smart,
All pow'rless fell the losels shafts malign:
'Tis vertue's arm to wield wit's heav'nly dart,
Point it's keen barb with force, and send it to the heart.

IV.

One only impe he had, Pastora hight,
Whose sweet amenaunce pleas'd each shepherd's eye:
Yet pleas'd she not base Lycon's evil spright,
Tho' blame in her not malice moten spy,
Clear, without spot, as summer's cloudless sky.
Hence poets feign'd, Lycean Pan array'd
In Lycon's form, enflam'd with passion high,
Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade;
And from the stol'n embrace ysprong the heav'nly maid.

V.

Thus fabling they: mean while the damsel fair
A shepherd youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
She deftly pac'd elong so debonair:
Seem'd she as one of Dian's chosen train.
Full many a fond excuse he knew to feign,
In sweet converse to while with her the day,
'Till love unwares his heedless heart did gain.
Nor dempt he, simple wight, no mortal may
The blinded God once harbour'd, when he list, foresay.

VI.

Now much he meditates if yet to speak,
And now resolves his passion to conceal:
But sure, quoth he, my seely heart will break
If aye I smother what I aye must feel.
At length by hope emboldened to reveal,
The lab'ring secret dropped from his tong.
Whiles frequent singults check'd his falt'ring tale,
In modest wise her head Pastora hong:
For never maid more chaste inspired shepherd's song.

VII.

What needs me to recount in long detail
The tender parley which these lemans held?
How oft he vow'd his love her ne'er should fail;
How oft the stream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
Doubting if constancy yet ever dwell'd
In heart of youthful wight: suffice to know,
Each rising doubt he in her bosome quell'd.
So parted they, more blithsome both, I trow:
For rankling love conceal'd, me seems, is deadly woe.

VIII.

Eftsoons to Lycon swift the youth did fare,
(Lagg'd ever youth when cupid rul'd his way?)
And straight his gentle purpose did declare,
And sooth the mount'naunce of his herds display.
Ne Lycon meant his suiten to foresay:
'Be thine Pastora, quoth the masker sly,
'And twice two thousand sheep her dow'r
'shall pay.'
Beat then the lover's heart with joy aunce high;
Ne dempt that aught his bliss could now betray,
Ne gues'd that foul deceit in Lycon's bosome lay.

IX.

So forth he yode to seek his rev'rend sire;
(The good Euphormius shepherds him did call)
How sweet Pastora did his bosome fire,
Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.
'Ah! nere, my son, let Lycon thee enthrall,'
Reply'd the sage, in wise experience old,
'Smooth is his tong, but full of guile withal,
'In promise faithless, and in vaunting bold:
'Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold.'

X.

With words prophetic thus Euphormius spake:
And fact confirm'd what wisdom thus foretold.
Full many a mean devise did Lycon make,
The hoped day of spousal to with-hold,
Framing new trains when nought mote serve his old.
Nath'less he vow'd, Cyllene, cloud-topt hill,
Should sooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,
Than he his plighted promise nould fulfill:
But when, perdy, or where, the caitive sayen nill.

XI.

Whiles thus the tedious suns had journey'd round,
Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,
Ne truft was there, ne truth in Lycon found;
The maid with matron Juno for her guide,
The youth by *Concord* led, in secret hy'd

To Hymen's sacred fane: The honest deed
Each god approv'd, and close the bands were ty'd.
Certes, till happier moments should succeed,
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprize mote areed.

XII.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
(Right practick in disguise) to hope beware.
He trac'd their covert steps to Hymen's fane,
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid snare.
Algates, in lemblaunt ire, he 'gan to swear,
And roaren loud as in displeasaunce high;
Then out he hurlen forth his daughter fair,
Forelore, the houseless child of misery,
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

XIII.

Ah! whither now shall sad Pastora wend,
To want abandon'd and by wrongs oppress?
Who shall the wretched out-cast's teen befriend?
Lives mercy then, if not in parent's breast?
Yes, Mercy lives, the gentle goddess blest,
At Jove's right hand, to Jove forever dear.
Aye at his feet she pleads the cause distrest,
To sorrow's plaints she turns his equal ear,
And wafts to heav'n's star-throne fair vertue's silent tear.

XIV.

'Twas She that bade Euphormius quell
each thought
That well mote rise to check his gen'rous aid.
Tho' high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
Tho' few the flocks his humble pastures fed;
When as he learn'd Pastora's hapless sted,
His breast humane with wonted pity flows.
He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
Beneath his roof; a decent drapet throws
O'er her cold limbs, and sooths her undeserved woes.

XV.

Now loud-tongu'd Rumour bruited round the tale:
Th' attoned swains uneath could credence give,
That in Arcadia's unambitious vale
A traitor false as Lycon e'er did live.
But Jove (who in high heav'n does mortals prive,
And ev'ry deed in golden ballance weighs)
To earth his flaming charet baden drive,
And down descends, enwrapt in peerless blaze,
To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

XVI.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a wood,
His silver stream through dasy'd vales does lead,
Stretch'd on the flow'ry marge, in reckless mood,
Proud Lycon sought by charm of jocund reed
To lull the dire remorse of tortious deed.
Him Jove accosts, in rev'rend semblaunce dight
Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed
Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,
Of nature's tender tye, of sacred rule of right.

XVII.

With lofty eyne, half loth to looke so low,
Him Lycon view'd, and with swol'n surquedry
'Gan rudely treat his sacred old: when now
Forth stood the God confest that rules the sky,
In sudden sheen of drad divinity—
'And know, false man,' the Lord of thunders said,
'Not unobserv'd by Heav'n's all-perfent eye
'Thy cruel deeds: nor shall be unappay'd:
'Go! be in form that best beseems thy
'thews, array'd.'

XVIII.

Whiles yet he spake, th' affrayed trembling wight
Transmew'd to blatant beast, with hideous howl
Rush'd headlong forth, in well-deserved plight,
'Midst dragons, minotaurs, and fiends to prowl,
A wolf in form as erst a wolf in soul!
To Pholoë, forest wild, he hy'd away,
The horrid haunt of savage monsters foul.
There helpless innocence is still his prey,
Thief of the bleating fold, and shepherd's dire dismay.

XIX.

Tho' Jove to good Euphormius' cot did wend,
Where peaceful dwelt the man of vertue high,
Each shepherd's praise and eke each shepherd's friend,
In ev'ry act of sweet humanity.
Him Jove approaching in mild majesty,
Greeted all hail! then bade him join the throng
Of glit'rand lights that gild the glowing sky.
There shepherds nightly view his orb yhong,
Where bright he shines eterne, the brightest stars among.

LETTER

F. H. Barney del. Heath sculp.

Plate II.

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LETTER LVII.

TO CLYTANDER.

FEBRUARY 8, 1739.

IF there was any thing in my former letter inconſiſtent with that eſteem which is juſtly due to the Antients, I deſire to retract it in this; and diſavow every expreſſion which might ſeem to give precedency to the moderns in works of genius. I am ſo far indeed from entertaining the ſentiments you impute to me, that I have often endeavoured to account for that ſuperiority which is ſo viſible in the compoſitions of their poets: and have frequently aſſigned their religion as in the number of thoſe cauſes, which probably concurred to give them this remarkable preheminence. That enthuſiaſm which is ſo eſſential to every true artiſt in the poetical way, was conſiderably heightened and enflamed by the whole turn of their ſacred doctrines; and the fancied preſence of their Muſes had almoſt as wonderful an effect upon their thoughts and language, as if they had been really and divinely inſpired. Whilſt all nature was ſuppoſed to ſwarm with divinities, and every oak and fountain was believed to be the reſidence of ſome preſiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of ſuch exalted ſociety, and found himſelf tranſported beyond the ordinary limits of ſober humanity? The mind, when attended only by mere mortals of ſuperior powers, is obſerved to riſe in her ſtrength; and her faculties open and enlarge themſelves when ſhe acts in the view of thoſe for whom ſhe has conceived a more than common reverence. But when the force of ſuperſtition moves in concert with the powers of imagination, and genius is enflamed by devotion, poetry muſt ſhine out in all her brighteſt perfection and ſplendor.

Whatever therefore the philoſopher might think of the religion of his country, it was the intereſt of the poet to be thoroughly orthodox. If he gave up his creed, he muſt renounce his numbers; and there could be no inſpiration where there were no Muſes. This is ſo true, that it is in compoſitions of the poetical kind alone that the antients ſeem to have the principal advantage over the moderns: in every other ſpecies of writing one might venture perhaps to aſſert that theſe latter ages have, at leaſt, equalled them. When I ſay ſo, I do not confine myſelf to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend likewiſe thoſe of our neighbours: and with that extent the obſervation will poſſibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of hiſtory and oratory.

But whatever may with juſtice be determined concerning that queſtion, it is certain, at leaſt, that the practice of all ſucceeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of paganiſm have many ages ſince been thrown down, and groves are no longer ſacred; yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are ſtill adored in modern verſe. Is not this a confeſſion, that fancy is enlivened by ſuperſtition, and that the antient bards catched their rapture from the old mythology? I will own, however, that I think there is ſomething ridiculous in this unnatural adoption, and that a modern poet makes but an aukward figure with his antiquated gods. When the pagan ſyſtem was ſanctified by popular belief, a piece of machinery of that kind, as it had the air of probability, afforded a very ſtriking manner of celebrating any remarkable circumſtance, or raiſing any common one. But now that this ſuperſtition is no longer ſupported by vulgar opinion, it has loſt it's principal grace and efficacy, and ſeems to be, in general, the moſt cold and unintereſting method in which a poet can work up his ſentiments. What, for inſtance, can be more unaffecting and ſpiritleſs, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis the XIVth, on his famous paſſage over the Rhine? He repreſents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river-god aſſumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort, in order to exhort the garriſon to ſally out

and diſpute the intended paſſage. Accordingly they range themſelves in form of battle with the Rhine at their head, who, after ſome vain efforts, obſerving Mars and Bellona on the ſide of the enemy, is ſo terrified with the view of thoſe ſuperior divinities, that he moſt gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet poſſeſſion of his banks. I know not how far this may be reliſhed by critics, or juſtified by cuſtom; but as I am only mentioning my particular taſte, I will acknowledge, that it appears to me extremely inſipid and puerile.

I have not however ſo much of the ſpirit of Typhœus in me, as to make war upon the gods without reſtriction, and attempt to exclude them from their whole poetical dominions. To repreſent natural, moral, or intellectual qualities and affections as perſons, and appropriate to them thoſe general emblems by which their powers and properties are uſually typified in pagan theology, may be allowed as one of the moſt pleaſing and graceful figures of poetical rhetoric. When Dryden, addreſſing himſelf to the month of May as to a perſon, ſays—

For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;

one may conſider him as ſpeaking only in metaphor: and when ſuch ſhadowy beings are thus juſt ſhewn to the imagination, and immediately withdrawn again, they certainly have a very powerful effect. But I can reliſh them no farther than as figures only: when they are extended in any ſerious compoſition beyond the limits of metaphor, and exhibited under all the various actions of real perſons, I cannot but conſider them as ſo many abſurdities, which cuſtom has unreaſonably authoriſed. Thus Spenſer, in one of his paſtorals, repreſents the god of Love as flying, like a bird from bough to bough. A ſhepherd, who hears a ruſtling among the buſhes, ſuppoſes it to be ſome game, and accordingly diſcharges his bow. Cupid returns the ſhot, and after ſeveral arrows had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate ſwain diſcovers whom it is he is contending with: but as he is endeavouring to make his eſcape, receives a deſperate wound in the heel. This fiction makes the ſubject of a very pretty idyllium in one of the Greek poets; yet is extremely flat and diſguſting as it is adopted by our Britiſh bard. And the reaſon of the difference is plain: in the former it is ſupported by a popular ſuperſtition; whereas no ſtrain of imagination can give it the leaſt air of probability, as it is worked up by the latter:

Quodcunque mihi oſtendis ſic, incredulus odi.
HOR.

I muſt confeſs, at the ſame time, that the inimitable Prior has introduced this fabulous ſcheme with ſuch uncommon grace, and has paid ſo many genteel compliments to his miſtreſs by the aſſiſtance of Venus and Cupid, that one is carried off from obſerving the impropriety of this machinery, by the pleaſing addreſs with which he manages it: and I never read his tender poems of this kind, without applying to him what Seneca ſomewhere ſays upon a ſimilar occaſion: *Major ille eſt qui judicium abſtulit, quam qui meruit.*

To ſpeak my ſentiments in one word, I would leave the gods in full poſſeſſion of allegorical and burleſque poems: in all others I would never ſuffer them to make their appearance in perſon and as agents, but to enter only in ſimile, or alluſion. It is thus Waller, of all our poets, has moſt happily employed them: and his application of the ſtory of Daphne and Apollo will ſerve as an inſtance, in what manner the antient mythology may be adopted with the utmoſt propriety and beauty. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

AUGUST 8, 1741.

I Know not in what diſpoſition of mind this letter may find you; but I am ſure you will not preſerve your uſual chearfulneſs of temper when I tell you that poor Hydaſpes died laſt night.

I will not at this time attempt to offer that conſolation to you, of which I ſtand in ſo much need myſelf. But may it not ſomewhat abate the anxiety of our mutual grief, to reflect, that however

ever considerable our own loss is, yet with respect to himself, it scarce deserves to be lamented that he arrived so much earlier at the grave than his years and his health seemed to promise? For who, my friend, that has any experience of the world, would wish to extend his duration to old age? What indeed is length of days, but to survive all one's enjoyments, and, perhaps, to survive even one's very self? I have somewhere met with an ancient inscription founded upon this sentiment, which infinitely pleased me. It was fixed upon a bath, and contained an imprecation, in the following terms, against any one who should attempt to remove the building:

QVISQVIS. HOC. SVSTVLERIT.
AVT. IVSSERIT.
VLTIMVS. SVORVM. MORIATVR.

The thought is conceived with great delicacy and justness; as there cannot, perhaps, be a sharper calamity to a generous mind, than to see itself stand single amidst the ruins of whatever rendered the world most desirable.

Instances of the sort I am lamenting, while the impressions remain fresh upon the mind, are sufficient to damp the gayest hopes, and chill the warmest ambition. When one sees a person in the full bloom of life, thus destroyed by one sudden blast, one cannot but consider all the distant schemes of mankind as the highest folly.

It is amazing indeed that a creature such as man, with so many memorials around him of the shortness of his duration, and who cannot ensure to himself even the next moment, should yet plan designs which run far into futurity. The business however of life must be carried on, and it is necessary for the purposes of human affairs, that mankind should resolutely act upon very precarious contingencies. Too much reflection, therefore, is as inconsistent with the appointed measures of our station, as too little; and there cannot be a less desirable turn of mind, than one that is influenced by an over-refined philosophy. At least it is by considerations of this sort, that I endeavour to call off my thoughts from pursuing too earnestly those reasonings, which the occasion of this letter is apt to suggest. This use, however, one may justly make of the present accident, that whilst it contracts the circle of friendship, it should render it so much the more valuable to *us* who yet walk within it's limits. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER LIX.

TO HORTENSIUS.

MAY 4, 1740.

IF the ingenious piece you communicated to me, requires any farther touches of your pencil; I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though in the present instance your delicacy seems far too refined, yet, in general, I must agree with you, that works of the most permanent kind are not the effects of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections: *Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur*, is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the result (if I am not misinformed) of much application: and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has it's peculiar expression, and every word it's precise place, which do not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials before they can be properly adjusted: not to mention the more important difficulties, which necessarily occur in settling the plan and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what pangs it cost even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular production,

tion, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most antient of authors—'*Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!*' A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection which are impressed upon his mind. 'Never was any thing,' says Tully, 'more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists.' In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imaged to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal who, agreeably to the notions of the antients, was supposed to bring her young into the world a mere rude and shapeless mass: he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his Æneid, he intended to have set apart three more for the revisal of that glorious performance. But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy Mr. Dryden tells us, that had he taken more time in translating this author, he might possibly have succeeded better; but never, he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not contented with those little transient flashes of applause which attend the ordinary race of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation, and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. What Sir William Temple observes of poetry, may be applied to every other work where taste and imagination are concerned: 'It requires the greatest contraries to compose it; a genius both penetrating and solid; an expression both strong and delicate. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct: there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both flower and fruit.' But though, I know, you would not value yourself upon any performance, wherein these very opposite and very singular qualities were not conspicuous; yet I must remind you at the same time, that when the file ceases to polish, it must necessarily weaken. You will remember therefore, that there is a medium between the immoderate caution of that orator, who was three olympiads in writing a single oration; and the extravagant expedition of that poet, whose funeral pile was composed of his own numberless productions. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER LX.

TO PALEMON.

MAY 28, 1739.

I Write this while Cleora is angling by my side, under the shade of a spreading elm that hangs over the banks of our river. A nightingale, more harmonious even than Strada's, is serenading us from a hawthorn bush which smiles with all the gaiety of youth and beauty; while

Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. MILT.

Whilst

Plate I.

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Whilſt I am thus enjoying the innocent luxury of this vernal delight, I look back upon thoſe ſcenes of turbulence, wherein I was once engaged, with more than ordinary diſtaſte; and deſpiſe myſelf for ever having entertained ſo mean a thought as to be rich and great. One of our monarchs uſed to ſay, That he looked upon thoſe to be the happieſt men in the nation, whoſe fortune had placed them in the country, above a high-conſtable, and below the trouble of a juſtice of peace. It is in a mediocrity of this happy kind that I here paſs my life: with a fortune far above the neceſſity of engaging in the drudgery of buſineſs, and with deſires much too humble to have any reliſh for the ſplendid baits of ambition.

You muſt not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my paſſions: the ſum of my philoſophy amounts to no more than to cheriſh none but ſuch as I may eaſily and innocently gratify, and to baniſh all the reſt as ſo many bold intruders upon my repoſe. I endeavour to practiſe the maxim of a French poet, by conſidering every thing that is not within my poſſeſſion, as not worth having.

Pour m'aſſûrer le ſeul bien
Que l'on doit eſtimer au monde,
Tout ce que je n'ai pas, je le compte pour rien.

Is it not poſſible, Palemon, to reconcile you to theſe unaſpiring ſentiments, and to lower your flight to the humble level of genuine happineſs? Let me at leaſt prevail with you to ſpare a day or two from the *certamina divitiarum*, (as Horace I think calls them) from thoſe ſplendid conteſts in which you are engaged, juſt to take a view of the ſort of life we lead in the country. If there is any thing wanting to complete the happineſs I here find, it is that you are ſo ſeldom a witneſs to it. Adieu. I am, &c.

LETTER LXI.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

JULY 3, 1744.

THE beauties of ſtyle ſeem to be generally conſidered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. I know not, therefore, whether I may venture to acknowledge, that among the numberleſs graces of your late performance, I particularly admired that ſtrength and elegance with which you have enforced and adorned the nobleſt ſentiments.

There was a time however (and it was a period of the trueſt refinements) when an excellence of this kind was eſteemed in the number of the politeſt accompliſhments; as it was the ambition of ſome of the greateſt names of antiquity to diſtinguiſh themſelves in the improvements of their native tongue. Julius Cæſar, who was not only the greateſt hero, but the fineſt gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was deſirous of adding this talent to his other moſt ſhining endowments: and we are told he ſtudied the language of his country with much application; as we are ſure he poſſeſſed it in it's higheſt elegance. What a loſs, Euphronius, is it to the literary world, that the treatiſe which he wrote upon this ſubject, is periſhed with many other valuable works of that age? But though we are deprived of the benefit of his obſervations, we are happily not without an inſtance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the beſt and brighteſt exemplar, not only of true generalſhip, but of fine writing. He publiſhed them, indeed, only as materials for the uſe of thoſe who ſhould be diſpoſed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman ſtory; yet the purity and gracefulneſs of his ſtyle were ſuch, that no judicious writer durſt attempt to touch the ſubject after him.

Having produced ſo illuſtrious an inſtance in favour of an art, for which I have ventured to admire you; it would be impertinent to add a ſecond, were I to cite a leſs authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they poſſeſſed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he ſhould prefer the ho-

nour

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upon that little humourous ſally of our Engliſh Rabelais, in ſome ſuch manner as this—

EPIGRAM

ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

Strange all this difference ſhould be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

TWEEDLE-dum and Tweedle-dee.] I am perſuaded the poet gave it *Twiddle drum* and *Twiddle key*. To *twiddle* ſignifies to make a certain ridiculous motion with the fingers: what word, therefore, could be more proper to expreſs this epigram-writer's contempt of the performances of thoſe muſicians, and of the folly of his contemporaries in running into parties upon ſo abſurd an occaſion? The *drum* was a certain martial inſtrument uſed in thoſe times; as the word *key* is a technical term in muſic, importing the fundamental note which regulates the whole compoſition. It means alſo thoſe little pieces of wood which the fingers ſtrike againſt in an organ, &c. in order to make the inſtrument ſound. The alteration here propoſed is ſo *obvious* and *natural*, that I am ſurpriſed none of the commentators hit upon it before. *L. C. D.*

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.] Theſe words have greatly embarraſſed the critics, who are extremely expert in finding a difficulty where there is none. Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee are *moſt undoubtedly* the names of the two muſicians: and though they are ſtiled by different appellations in the title of this epigram, yet that is *no objection*; for it is well known that perſons in thoſe times had more ſurnames than one. *S. M.*— Abſurd! here is evidently an error of the preſs, for there is not a ſingle hint in all antiquity of the family of the *Tweedle-dums* and *Tweedle-dees*. The learned *S. M.* therefore nodded when he undertook to explain this paſſage. The ſenſe will be very plain if we read with a ſmall alteration. *Wheedle Tom* and *Waddle THE*, *THE* being a known contraction for Theodore, as Tom is for Thomas. *Waddle* and *Wheedle* are likewiſe claſſical words. Thus Pope—

As when a dab-chick *waddles* thro' the copſe.
Dun. ii. 59.

Obliquely *waddling* to the mark in view.
Ib. ii. 150.

And though indeed I do not recollect to have met with the verb *to wheedle*, in any pure author, yet it is *plain* that it was in uſe, ſince we find the participle *wheedling* in an antient tragedy compoſed about theſe times—

A laughing, toying, *wheedling*, whimp'ring ſhe,
Will make him amble on a goſſip's meſſage,
And hold the diſtaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules. JANE SHORE.

Thomas and Theodore, therefore, were *moſt certainly* the Chriſtian names of theſe two muſicians, to the contractions of which the words *wheedle* and *waddle* are added as characteriſtical of the perſons and diſpoſitions of the men; the former implying that Tom was a mean ſycophant, and the latter that THE had an aukward and ridiculous gait. *F. J. Z.*

I know not, Orontes, how I ſhall eſcape your ſatire, for venturing to be thus free with a ſcience which is ſometimes, I think, admitted into a ſhare of your meditations: yet, tell me honeſtly, is not this a faithful ſpecimen of the ſpirit and talents of the *general* claſs of critic-writers? Far am I, however, from thinking irreverently of thoſe uſeful members of the republic of letters, who with modeſty and proper diffidence have offered their aſſiſtance in throwing a light upon obſcure paſſages in antient authors. Even when this ſpirit breaks out in it's higheſt pride and petulance of reformation, if it confines itſelf to claſſical enquiries, I can be contented with treating it only as an object of ridicule. But, I muſt confeſs, when I find it, with an aſſured and confident air, ſupporting religious or political doctrines upon the very uncertain foundation of various readings, forced analogies, and precarious conjectures, it is not without ſome difficulty I can ſuppreſs my indignation. Farewel. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

TO PHILOTES.

TUNBRIDGE, AUGUST 4

I Think I promiſed you a letter from this place: yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got ſafe hither. To any other man I ſhould make an apology for troubling him with an information ſo trivial; but among true friends there is nothing indifferent, and what would ſeem of no conſequence to others, has in intercourſes of this nature it's weight and value. A by-ſtander, unacquainted with play, may fancy, perhaps, that the counters are of no more worth than they appear; but thoſe who are engaged in the game, know they are to be conſidered at a higher rate. You ſee I draw my alluſions from the ſcene before me: a propriety which the critics, I think, upon ſome occaſions recommend.

I have often wondered what odd whim could firſt induce the healthy to follow the ſick into places of this ſort, and lay the ſcene of their diverſions amidſt the moſt wretched part of our ſpecies: one ſhould imagine an hoſpital the laſt ſpot in the world, to which thoſe who are in purſuit of pleaſure would think of reſorting. However, ſo it is; and by this means the company here furniſh out a tragi-comedy of the moſt ſingular kind. While ſome are literally dying, others are expiring in metaphor; and in one ſcene you are preſented with the real, and in another with the fantaſtical pains of mankind. An ignorant ſpectator might be apt to ſuſpect, that each party was endeavouring to qualify itſelf for acting in the oppoſite character: for the infirm cannot labour more earneſtly to recover the ſtrength they have loſt, than the robuſt to diſſipate that which they poſſeſs. Thus the diſeaſed paſs not more anxious nights in their beds, than the healthy at the hazard-tables; and I frequently ſee a game at quadrille occaſion as ſevere diſquietudes as a fit of the gout. As for myſelf, I perform a ſort of middle part in this motley drama, and am ſometimes diſpoſed to join with the invalids in envying the healthy, and ſometimes have ſpirits enough to mix with the gay in pitying the ſplenetic.

The truth is, I have found ſome benefit by the waters; but I ſhall not be ſo ſanguine as to pronounce with certainty of their effects, till I ſee how they enable me to paſs through the approaching winter. That ſeaſon, you know, is the time of trial with me; and if I get over the next with more eaſe than the laſt, I ſhall think myſelf obliged to celebrate the nymph of theſe ſprings in grateful ſonnet.

But let times and ſeaſons operate as they may, there is one part of me over which they will have no power; and in all the changes of this uncertain conſtitution, my heart will ever continue fixed and firmly yours. I am, &c.

LETTER LXV.

TO ORONTES.

MAY 6, 1735.

LET others conſider you for thoſe ample poſſeſſions you enjoy: ſuffer me to ſay, that it is your application of them alone which renders either them or you valuable in my eſtimation. Your ſplendid roofs and elegant accommodations I can view without the leaſt emotion of envy: but when I obſerve you in the full power of exerting the noble purpoſes of your exalted generoſity—it is then, I confeſs, I am apt to reflect, with ſome regret, on the humbler ſupplies of my own more limited finances. *Nihil habet* (to ſpeak of you in the ſame language that the firſt of orators addreſſed the greateſt of emperors) *fortuna tua majus, quàm ut poſſis; nec natura melius, quàm ut velis ſervare quamplurimos.* To be able to ſoften the calamities of mankind, and inſpire gladneſs into a heart oppreſſed with want, is indeed the nobleſt privilege of an en-

larged fortune: but to exercise that privilege in all it's generous refinements, is an instance of the most uncommon elegance both of temper and understanding.

In the ordinary dispensations of bounty, little address is required: but when it is to be applied to those of a superior rank and more elevated mind, there is as much charity discovered in the *manner* as in the measure of one's benevolence. It is something extremely mortifying to a well-formed spirit, to see itself considered as an object of compassion; as it is the part of improved humanity to humour this honest pride in our nature, and to relieve the necessities without offending the delicacy of the distressed.

I have seen charity (if charity it might be called) insult with an air of pity, and wound at the same time that it healed. But I have seen too the highest munificence dispensed with the most refined tenderness, and a bounty conferred with as much address as the most artful would employ in soliciting one. Suffer me, Orontes, upon this single occasion, to gratify my own inclinations in violence to yours, by pointing out the particular instance I have in my view; and allow me, at the same time, to join my acknowledgments, with those of the unfortunate person I recommend to your protection, for the generous assistance you lately afforded him. I am, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

TO CLEORA.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1737.

SHALL I own to you that I cannot repent of an offence which occasioned so agreeable a reproof? A censure conveyed in such genteel terms, charms more than corrects, and tempts rather than reforms. I am sure, at least, though I should regret the crime, I shall always admire the rebuke, and long to kiss the hand that chasteneth in so pleasing a manner. However, I shall for the future strictly pursue your orders, and have sent you in this second parcel no other books than what my own library supplied. Among these you will find a collection of letters: I do not recommend them to you, having never read them; nor indeed am I acquainted with their characters; but they presented themselves to my hands as I was tumbling over some others: so I threw them in with the rest, and gave them a chance of adding to your amusement. I wish I could meet with any thing that had even the least probability of contributing to mine. But—

Forlorne of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
MILT.

Time, that reconciles one to most things, has not been able to render your absence in any degree less uneasy to me. I may rather be said to haunt the house in which I live, than to make one of the family. I walk in and out of the rooms like a restless spirit: for I never speak till I am spoken to, and then generally answer, like Banco's ghost in Macbeth, with a deep sigh and a nod. Thus abstracted from every thing about me, I am yet quite ruined for a hermit, and find no more satisfaction in retirement, than you do in the company of * * *.

How often do I wish myself in possession of that famous ring you were mentioning the other day, which had the property of rendering those who wore it invisible! I would rather be master of this wonderful *unique*, than of the kingdom which Gyges gained by means of it; as I might then attend you, like your guardian angel, without censure or obstruction. How agreeable would it be to break out upon you, like Æneas from his cloud, where you least expected me; and join again the dear companion of my fortunes, in spight of that relentless power who has raised so many cruel storms to destroy us! But whilst I employed this extraordinary ring to these and a thousand other pleasing purposes, you would have nothing to apprehend from my being invested with such an invisible faculty. That innocence which guards and adorns my Cleora in her most gay and public hours, attends her, I well know, in her most private and retired ones; and she who always acts as under the eye of the best of Beings, has nothing to fear from the secret inspection of any mortal. Adieu. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

MAY 5, 1743.

IF you received the first account of my loss from other hands than mine, you must impute it to the dejection of mind into which that accident threw me. The blow, indeed, fell with too much severity, to leave me capable of recollecting myself enough to write to you immediately; as there cannot, perhaps, be a greater shock to a breast of any sensibility, than to see it's earliest and most valuable connections irreparably broken; than to find itself for ever torn from the first and most endeared object of it's highest veneration. At least, the affection and esteem I bore to that excellent parent were founded upon so many and such uncommon motives, that his death has given me occasion to lament not only a most tender father, but a most valuable friend.

That I can no longer enjoy the benefit of his animating example, is one among the many aggravating circumstances of my affliction; and I often apply to myself, what an excellent antient has said upon a similar occasion, *Vereor ne nunc negligentius vivam.* There is nothing, in truth, puts us so much upon our guard, as to act under the constant inspection of one, whose virtues, as well as years, have rendered venerable. Never, indeed, did the dignity of goodness appear more irresistible in any man: Yet there was something at the same time so gentle in his manners, such an innocency and chearfulness in his conversation, that he was as sure to gain affection as to inspire reverence.

It has been observed (and I think, by Cowley) That a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or the world will make him a fool. If there is any truth in this observation, it is not, however, without an exception. My father was early engaged in the great scenes of business, where he continued almost to his very last hour; yet he preserved his integrity firm and unbroken, through all those powerful assaults he must necessarily have encountered in so long a course of action.

If it were justice, indeed, to his other virtues, to single out any particular one as shining with superior lustre to the rest, I should point to his probity as the brightest part of his character. But the truth is, the whole tenor of his conduct was one uniform exercise of every moral quality that can adorn and exalt human nature. To defend the injured, to relieve the indigent, to protect the distressed, was the chief end and aim of all his endeavours, and his principal motive both for engaging and persevering in his profession was, to enable himself more abundantly to gratify so glorious an ambition.

No man had a higher relish of the pleasures of retired and contemplative life; as none was more qualified to enter into those calm scenes with greater ease and dignity. He had nothing to make him desirous of flying from the reflections of his own mind, nor any passions which his moderate patrimony would not have been more than sufficient to have gratified. But to live for himself only, was not consistent with his generous and enlarged sentiments. It was a spirit of benevolence that led him into the active scenes of the world; which upon any other principle he would either never have entered, or soon have renounced. And it was that godlike spirit which conducted and supported him through his useful progress, to the honour and interest of his family and friends, and to the benefit of every creature that could possibly be comprehended within the extensive circle of his beneficence.

I well know, my dear Euphronius, the high regard you pay to every character of merit in general, and the esteem in which you held this most valuable man in particular. I am sure, therefore, you would not forgive me, were I to make an apology for leaving with you this private monument of my veneration for a parent, whose least and lowest claim to my gratitude and esteem is, that I am indebted to him for my birth. Adieu. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

TO PHILOTES.

I Am particularly pleaſed with a paſſage in Homer, wherein Jupiter is repreſented as taking off his eyes, with a ſort of ſatiety, from the horror of the field of battle, and relieving himſelf with a view of the Hippomolgi, a people famous, it ſeems, for their innocence and ſimplicity of manners. It is in order to practiſe the ſame kind of experiment, and give myſelf a ſhort remiſſion from that ſcene of turbulence and contention in which I am engaged, that I now turn my thoughts on you, Philotes, whoſe temperance and moderation may well juſtify me in calling you a modern Hippomolgian.

I forget which of the antients it is, that recommends this method of thinking over the virtues of one's acquaintance: but I am ſure it is ſometimes neceſſary to do ſo, in order to keep one's ſelf in humour with our ſpecies, and preſerve the ſpirit of philanthropy from being entirely extinguiſhed. Thoſe who frequent the ambitious walks of life, are apt to take their eſtimate of mankind from the ſmall part of it that lies before them, and conſider the reſt of the world as practiſing, in different and underparts, the ſame treachery and diſſimulation which marks out the characters of their ſuperiors. It is difficult indeed to preſerve the mind from falling into a general contempt of our race, whilſt one is converſant with the worſt part of it. I labour, however, as much as poſſible, to guard againſt that ungenerous diſpoſition; as nothing is ſo apt to kill thoſe ſeeds of benevolence which every man ſhould endeavour to cultivate in his breaſt.

Ill ſurely, therefore, have thoſe wits employed their talents, who have made our ſpecies the object of their ſatire, and affected to ſubdue the vanity, by derogating from the virtues, of the human heart. But it will be found, I believe, upon an impartial examination, that there is more folly than malice in our natures, and that mankind oftener act wrong through ignorance than deſign. Perhaps the true meaſure of human merit is neither to be taken from the hiſtories of former times, nor from what paſſes in the more ſtriking ſcenes of the preſent generation. The greateſt virtues have, probably, been ever the moſt obſcure; and, I am perſuaded, in all ages of the world, more genuine heroiſm has been overlooked and unknown, than either recorded or obſerved. That *aliquid divinum*, as Tully calls it, that celeſtial ſpark which every man, who coolly contemplates his own mind, may diſcover within him, operates where we leaſt look for it, and often raiſes the nobleſt productions of virtue in the ſhade and obſcurity of life.

But it is time to quit ſpeculation for action, and return to the common affairs of the world. I ſhall certainly do ſo with more advantage, by keeping Philotes ſtill in my view; as I ſhall enter into the intereſts of mankind with more alacrity, by thus conſidering the virtues of his honeſt heart as leſs ſingular than I am ſometimes inclined to ſuppoſe. Adieu, I am, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

AUGUST 3, 1735.

LET it not be any diſcouragement to you, Philotes, that you have hitherto received but little ſatisfaction from thoſe noble ſpeculations wherein you are employed. 'Truth,' to uſe the expreſſion of the excellent Mr. Wollaſton, 'is the offſpring of unbroken meditations, and of thoughts often reviſed and corrected.' It requires indeed great patience and reſolution to diſſipate that cloud of darkneſs which ſurrounds her; or (if you will allow me to go to an

an old philoſopher for my alluſion) to draw her up from that profound well in which ſhe lies concealed.

There is, however, ſuch a general connection in the operations of nature, that the diſcovery even of a ſingle truth opens the way to numberleſs others; and when once the mind has hit upon a right ſcent, ſhe cannot wholly purſue her enquiries in vain:

Canes ut montivagæ perſæpe ferai
Naribus inveniunt intectas fronde quietes,
Cum ſemel inſtiterunt veſtigia certa viai:
Sic aliud ex alio per te tute ipſe videre
—in rebus poteris, cæcaſque latebras
Inſinuare omnes, et verum protrahere inde.
LUCRET.

It muſt be owned, nevertheleſs, that, after having exerted all our ſagacity and induſtry, we ſhall ſcarce arrive at certainty in many ſpeculative truths. Providence does not ſeem to have intended that we ſhould ever be in poſſeſſion of *demonſtrative* knowledge, beyond a very limited compaſs; though at the ſame time it cannot be ſuppoſed, without the higheſt injuſtice to the benevolent Author of our natures, that he has left any *neceſſary* truths without evident notes of diſtinction. But while the powers of the mind are thus limited in their extent, and greatly fallible likewiſe in their operations, is it not amazing, Philotes, that mankind ſhould inſult each other for difference in opinion, and treat every notion that oppoſes their own with obloquy and contempt? Is it not amazing that a creature with talents ſo precarious and circumſcribed, ſhould uſurp that confidence which can only belong to much ſuperior beings and claim a deference which is due to perfection alone? Surely the greateſt arrogance that ever entered into the human heart, is that which not only pretends to be poſitive itſelf in points wherein the beſt and wiſeſt have diſagreed, but looks down with all the inſolent ſuperiority of contemptuous pity on thoſe whoſe impartial reaſonings have led them into oppoſite concluſions.

There is nothing, perhaps, more evident, than that our intellectual faculties are not formed by one general ſtandard; and conſequently that diverſity of opinion is of the very eſſence of our natures. It ſeems probable that this diſparity extends even to our ſenſitive powers; and though we agree indeed in giving the ſame names to certain viſible appearances, as whiteneſs, for inſtance, to ſnow; yet it is by no means demonſtration, that the particular body which affects us with that ſenſation, raiſes the ſame preciſe idea in any two perſons who ſhall happen to contemplate it together. Thus I have often heard you mention your youngeſt daughter as being the exact counter-part of her mother: now ſhe does not appear to me to reſemble her in any ſingle feature. To what can this diſagreement in our judgments be owing, but to a difference in the ſtructure of our organs of ſight? Yet as juſtly, Philotes, might you diſclaim me for your friend, and look upon me with contempt for not diſcovering a ſimilitude which appears ſo evident to your eyes; as any man can abuſe or deſpiſe another for not apprehending the force of that argument which carries conviction to his own underſtanding.

Happy had it been for the peace of the world, if our maintainers of ſyſtems, either in religion or politics, had conducted their ſeveral debates with the full impreſſion of this truth upon their minds. Genuine philoſophy is ever, indeed, the leaſt dogmatical; and I am always inclined to ſuſpect the force of that argument which is obtruded with arrogance and ſufficiency.

I am wonderfully pleaſed with a paſſage I met with the other day in the preface to Mr. Boyle's Philoſophical Eſſays; and would recommend that cautious ſpirit, by which he profeſſes to have conducted himſelf in his phyſical reſearches, as worthy the imitation of enquirers after truth of every kind.

'Perhaps you will wonder,' ſays he, 'that in almoſt every one of the following eſſays, I ſhould uſe ſo often, *perhaps, it ſeems, 'tis not improbable*, as argue a diffidence of the truth of the opinions I incline to; and that I ſhould be ſo ſhy of laying down principles, and ſometimes of ſo much as venturing at explications. But I muſt freely confeſs, that having met with many things of which I could give myſelf no one probable cauſe, and ſome things of which ſeveral cauſes may be aſſigned ſo differing, as not to agree in any thing, unleſs in their being all of them probable enough; I have often found ſuch difficulties in ſearching into the cauſes and manner of things, and I am ſo ſenſible of my own diſabi-

lity

'lity to ſurmount thoſe difficulties, that 'I dare ſpeak confidently and poſitively 'of very few things, except matter of 'fact. And when I venture to deliver 'any thing by way of opinion, I ſhould, 'if it were not for mere ſhame, ſpeak 'yet more diffidently than I have been 'wont to do. Nor have my thoughts 'been altogether idle—in forming no-'tions and attempting to deviſe hypo-'theſes. But I have hitherto (though 'not always, yet not unfrequently) 'found that what pleaſed me for a while, 'was ſoon after diſgraced by ſome far-'ther or new experiment. And, in-'deed, I have the leſs envied many (for 'I ſay not *all*) of thoſe writers who 'have taken upon them to deliver the 'cauſes of things, and explicate the 'myſteries of nature, ſince I have had 'opportunity to obſerve how many of 'their doctrines, after having been for 'a while applauded and even admired, 'have afterwards been confuted by ſome 'new phænomenon in nature, which 'was either unknown to ſuch writers, 'or not ſufficiently conſidered by them.'

If poſitiveneſs could become any man in any point of mere ſpeculation, it muſt have been this truly noble philoſopher when he was delivering the reſult of his ſtudies in a ſcience, wherein, by the united conf ſion of the whole world, he ſo eminently excelled. But he had too much generoſity to preſcribe his own notions as a meaſure to the judgment of others, and too much good ſenſe to aſſert them with heat or confidence.

Whoever, Philotes, purſues his ſpeculations with this humble unarrogating temper of mind, and with the beſt exertion of thoſe faculties which Providence has aſſigned him, though he ſhould not find the conviction, never, ſurely, can he fail of the reward of truth. I am, &c.

LETTER LXX.

TO PALAMEDES.

IF malice had never broke looſe upon the world, till it ſeized your reputation, I might reaſonably condole with you on falling the firſt prey to it's unreſtrained rage. But this ſpectre has haunted merit almoſt from it's earlieſt exiſtence: and when all mankind were as yet included within a ſingle family, one of them, we know, roſe up in malignity of ſoul againſt his innocent brother. Virtue, it ſhould ſeem, therefore, has now been too long acquainted with this her conſtant perſecutor, to be either terrified or dejected at an appearance ſo common. The truth of it is, ſhe muſt either renounce her nobleſt theatre of action, and ſeclude herſelf in cells and deſarts, or be contented to enter upon the ſtage of the world with this fiend in her train. She cannot triumph, if ſhe will not be traduced; and ſhe ſhould conſider the clamours of cenſure, when joined with her own conſcious applauſe, as ſo many acclamations that confirm her victory.

Let thoſe who harbour this worſt of human diſpoſitions, conſider the many wretched and contemptible circumſtances which attend it: but it is the buſineſs of him who unjuſtly ſuffers from it, to reflect how it may be turned to his advantage. Remember then, my friend, that Generoſity would loſe half her dignity, if malice did not contribute to her elevation; and he that has never been injured, has never had it in his power to exerciſe the nobleſt privilege of heroic virtue. There is another conſolation which may be derived from the rancour of the world, as it will inſtruct one in a piece of knowledge of the moſt ſingular benefit in our progreſs through it: it will teach us to diſtinguiſh genuine friendſhip from counterfeit. For he only who is warmed with the real flame of amity, will riſe up to ſupport his ſingle negative, in oppoſition to the clamorous votes of an undiſtinguiſhing multitude.

He, indeed, who can ſee a cool and deliberate injury done to his friend, without feeling himſelf wounded in his moſt ſenſible part, has never known the force of the moſt generous of all the human affections. Every man, who has not taken the ſacred name of friendſhip in vain, will ſubſcribe to thoſe ſentiments which Homer puts into the mouth of Achilles, and which Mr. Pope has opened and enlarged with ſuch inimitable ſtrength and ſpirit.

A gen'rous

A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſts and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
ix. 609.

It may greatly alſo allay the pain which attends the wounds of defamation, and which are always moſt ſeverely felt by thoſe who leaſt deſerve them, to reflect, that though malice generally flings the firſt ſtone, it is folly and ignorance, it is indolence or irreſolution, which are principally concerned in ſwelling the heap. When the tide of cenſure runs ſtrongly againſt any particular character, the generality of mankind are too careleſs or too impotent to withſtand the current; and thus, without any particular malice in their own natures, are often indolently carried along with others, by tamely falling in with the general ſtream. The number of thoſe who really mean one harm, will wonderfully leſſen after the deductions which may fairly be made of this ſort: and the cup of unjuſt reproach muſt ſurely loſe much of it's bitterneſs, where one is perſuaded that malevolence has the leaſt ſhare in mingling the draught. For nothing, perhaps, ſtings a generous mind more ſenſibly in wrongs of this ſort, than to conſider them as evidences of a general malignity in human nature. But from whatever cauſes theſe ſtorms may ariſe, Virtue would not be true to her own native privileges, if ſhe ſuffered herſelf to ſink under them. It is from that ſtrength and firmneſs, which upright intentions will ever ſecure to an honeſt mind, that Palamedes, I am perſuaded, will ſtand ſuperior to thoſe unmerited reproaches which aſſault his character, and preſerve an unbroken repoſe amidſt the little noiſe and ſtrife of ignorant or malicious tongues. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

TO PHILOTES.

APRIL 9, 1740.

THERE is no advantage which attends a popular genius that I am ſo much inclined to envy, as the privilege of rendering merit conſpicuous. An author who has raiſed the attention of the public to his productions, and gained a whole nation for his audience, may be conſidered as guardian of the temple of Fame, and inveſted with the prerogative of giving entrance to whomſoever he deems worthy of that glorious diſtinction. But the praiſe of an ordinary writer obſtructs rather than advances the honour due to merit, and ſullies the luſtre it means to celebrate. Impotent panegyric operates like a blight wherever it falls, and injures all that it touches. Accordingly, Henry the IV. of France was wont humorouſly to aſcribe his early grey hairs to the effect of numberleſs wretched compliments, which were paid him by a certain ridiculous orator of his times. But though the wreaths of folly ſhould not diſgrace the temple they ſurround; they wither, at leaſt, as ſoon as received: and if they ſhould not be offenſive, moſt certainly, however, they will be tranſient. Whereas thoſe, on the contrary, with which an Horace or a Boileau, an Addiſon or a Pope, have crowned the virtues of their contemporaries, are as permanent as they are illuſtrious, and will preſerve their colours and fragrance to remoteſt ages.

If I could thus weave the garlands of unfading applauſe; if I were in the number of thoſe choſen ſpirits whoſe approbation is fame, your friend ſhould not want that diſtinguiſhing tribute which his virtues deſerve, and you requeſt. I would tell the world (and tell it in a voice that ſhould be heard far and remembered long) that Euſebes, with all the knowledge and experience of theſe later ages, has all the innocence and ſimplicity of the earlieſt: that he enforces the doctrines of his ſacred function, not with the vain pomp of oſtentatious eloquence, but with the far more powerful perſuaſion of active and exemplary virtue: that he ſoftens the ſeverity of precept with the eaſe and familiarity of converſation, and by generouſly mingling with the meaneſt committed to his care, inſinuates the inſtructor under the air of the companion: that whilſt he thus fills up the circle of his private ſtation,

he ſtill turns his regards to the public, and employs his genius, his induſtry, and his fortune, in proſecuting and perfecting thoſe diſcoveries, which tend moſt to the general benefit of mankind: in a word, that whilſt others of his order are contending for the ambitious prizes of eccleſiaſtical dignities, it is his glorious preheminence to merit the higheſt, without enjoying or ſoliciting even the loweſt. This, and yet more than this, the world ſhould hear of your friend, if the world were inclined to liſten to my voice. But though you, perhaps, Philotes, may be willing to give audience to my Muſe,

Namque Tu ſolebas
Meas eſſe aliquid putare nugas. CATUL.

can ſhe hope to find favour likewiſe in the ſight of the public? Let me, then, rather content myſelf with the ſilent admiration of thoſe virtues, which I am not worthy to celebrate; and leave it to others to place the good works of Euſebes where they may *ſhine forth before men*. I am, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

DECEMBER 7, 1737.

THE viſits of a friend, like thoſe of the ſun at this ſeaſon, are extremely enlivening. I am ſure at leaſt they would both be particularly acceptable to me at preſent, when my mind is as much overcaſt as the heavens. I hope, therefore, you will not drop the deſign your letter intimates, of ſpending a few days with me in your way to ***. Your company will greatly contribute to diſperſe thoſe clouds of melancholy which the loſs of a very valuable friend has hung over me. There is ſomething, indeed, in the firſt moments of ſeparation from thoſe, whom a daily commerce and long habitude of friendſhip has grafted upon the heart, that diſorders our whole frame of thought, and diſcolours all one's enjoyments. Let Philoſophy aſſiſt with the utmoſt of her vaunted ſtrength, the mind cannot immediately recover the firmneſs of it's poſture, when thoſe amicable props upon which it uſed to reſt, are totally removed. Even the moſt indifferent objects with which we have long been familiar, take ſome kind of root in our hearts; and 'I ſhould hardly care,' as a celebrated author has, with great good-nature, obſerved, 'to have an old 'poſt pulled up, which I remembered 'ever ſince I was a child.'

To know how to receive the full ſatisfaction of a preſent enjoyment, with a diſpoſition prepared at the ſame time to yield it up without reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcileable to humanity: pain in being diſunited from thoſe we love, is a tax we muſt be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of the ſocial affections. One would not wiſh, indeed, to be wholly inſenſible to diſquietudes of this kind; and we muſt renounce the moſt refined reliſh of our being, if we would upon all occaſions poſſeſs our ſouls in a Stoical tranquillity.

That antient philoſopher, whoſe precept it was to converſe with our friends as if they might one day prove our enemies, has been juſtly cenſured as advancing a very ungenerous maxim. To remember, however, that we muſt one day moſt certainly be divided from them, is a reflection, methinks, that ſhould enter with us into our tender connections of every kind. From the preſent diſcompoſure, therefore, of my own breaſt, and from that ſhare which I take in whatever may affect the repoſe of yours, I cannot bid you adieu, without reminding you at the ſame time of the uſeful caution of one of your poetical acquaintance:

Quicquid amas, cupias non placuiſſe nimis.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

TO PALAMEDES.

FEBRUARY 13, 1741.

IF one would rate any particular merit according to it's true valuation, it may be neceſſary, perhaps, to conſider how far it can be juſtly claimed by mankind in general. I am ſure, at leaſt, when I read the very uncommon ſentiments of your laſt letter, I found their judicious author riſe in my eſteem, by reflecting, that there is not a more ſingular character in the world than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a ſucceſſion of ideas, which lightly ſkim over the mind, that can with any propriety be ſtiled by that denomination. It is obſerving them ſeparately and diſtinctly, and ranging them under their reſpective claſſes; it is calmly and ſteadily viewing our opinions on every ſide, and reſolutely tracing them through all their conſequences and connections, that conſtitutes the man of reflection, and diſtinguiſhes reaſon from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not ſeem to have formed any very conſiderable number of our ſpecies for an extenſive exerciſe of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are neceſſarily reſtrained within the ordinary purpoſes of animal life. But even if we look up to thoſe who move in much ſuperior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leiſure to exerciſe their underſtandings; we ſhall find, that thinking is one of the leaſt exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obſtructions to check it's juſt and free direction; but there are two principles which prevail more or leſs in the conſtitutions of moſt men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the ſoul unemployed: I mean pride and indolence. To deſcend to truth through the tedious progreſſion of well-examined deductions, is conſidered as a reproach to the quickneſs of underſtanding; as it is much too laborious a method for any but thoſe who are poſſeſſed of a vigorous and reſolute activity of mind. For this reaſon the greater part of our ſpecies generally chuſe either to ſeize upon their concluſions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as beſt ſuiting with their vanity or their lazineſs. Accordingly Mr. Locke obſerves, that there are not ſo many errors and wrong opinions in the world, as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but becauſe the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about thoſe doctrines concerning which they raiſe the greateſt clamour. Like the common ſoldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even enquiring, into the cauſe for which they ſo warmly contend.

This will account for the ſlow ſteps by which truth has advanced in the world, on one ſide; and for thoſe abſurd ſyſtems which, at different periods, have had an univerſal currency on the other. For there is a ſtrange diſpoſition in human nature, either blindly to tread the ſame paths that have been traverſed by others, or to ſtrike out into the moſt devious extravagancies: the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reaſon, or reaſon only from the wild ſuggeſtions of an heated imagination.

From the ſame ſource may be derived thoſe diviſions and animoſities, which break the union both of public and private ſocieties, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourſe into diſſonance and contention. For while men judge and act by ſuch meaſures as have not been proved by the ſtandard of diſpaſſionate reaſon, they muſt equally be miſtaken in their eſtimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occaſion, perhaps, to remark, that thinking is no leſs uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of thoſe writers who can with any juſtneſs of expreſſion be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both antient and modern times have produced. Neceſſarily, I

imagine, muſt one exclude from a collection of this ſort, all critics, commentators, modern Latin poets, tranſlators, and, in ſhort, all that numerous undertribe in the commonwealth of literature that owe their exiſtence merely to the thoughts of others. I ſhould reject for the ſame reaſon ſuch compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius: though it muſt be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preſerve to us ſeveral curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwiſe have entirely worn out. Thoſe teeming geniuſes likewiſe, who have propagated the fruits of their ſtudies through a long ſeries of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reaſon I cannot regret the loſs of thoſe incredible numbers of compoſitions which ſome of the antients are ſaid to have produced:

Quale fuit Caſſi rapido ferventius amni
Ingenium; capſis quem fama eſt eſſe, libriſque
Ambuſtum propriis. HOR.

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inſerted a ſingle quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words *, that he himſelf compoſed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca aſſures us, that Didymus the Grammarian wrote no leſs than four thouſand; but Origen, it ſeems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to ſix thouſand treatiſes. It is obvious to imagine with what ſort of materials the productions of ſuch expeditious workmen were wrought up: ſound thought and well-matured reflections could have no ſhare, we may be ſure, in theſe haſty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilſt authors are ſcarce; and ſo much eaſier is it to write than to think! But ſhall I not myſelf, Palamedes, prove an inſtance that it is ſo, if I ſuſpend any longer your own more important reflections, by interrupting you with ſuch as mine? Adieu.

I am, &c.

LETTER. LXXIV.

TO ORONTES.

IT is with much pleaſure I look back upon that philoſophical week which I lately enjoyed at * * *; as there is no part, perhaps, of ſocial life, which affords more real ſatisfaction, than thoſe hours which one paſſes in rational and unreſerved converſation. The free communication of ſentiments amongſt a ſet of ingenious and ſpeculative friends, ſuch as thoſe you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the moſt advantageous exerciſe, and ſhews the ſtrength or weakneſs of it's opinions with greater force of conviction, than any other method we can employ.

That *it is not good for man to be alone*, is true in more views of our ſpecies than one; and ſociety gives ſtrength to our reaſon, as well as poliſh to our manners. The Soul, when left entirely to her own ſolitary contemplations, is inſenſibly drawn by a ſort of conſtitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the ſide of her inclinations. Hence it is that ſhe contracts thoſe peculiarities of reaſoning, and little *habits* of thinking, which ſo often confirm her in the moſt fantaſtical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this falſe bent, than the counterwarmth of impartial debate. Converſation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every ſide, and holds them up to a light that diſcovers thoſe latent flaws, which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abſtraction. Ac-

* This paſſage is to be found in Aulus Gellius, who quotes it from a treatiſe which Varro had written concerning the wonderful effects of the number Seven. But the ſubject of this piece cannot be more ridiculous than the ſtyle in which it appears to have been compoſed: for that moſt learned author of his times (as Cicero, if I miſtake not, ſomewhere calls him) informed his readers in that performance, *ſe jam duodecimam annorum hebdomadam ingreſſum eſſe, et ad eum diem ſeptuaginta hebdomadas librorum conſcripſiſſe*

Aul. Gell. iii. 10

cordingly

cordingly one may remark, that moſt of thoſe wild doctrines which have been let looſe upon the world, have generally owed their birth to perſons whoſe circumſtances or diſpoſitions have given them the feweſt opportunities of canvaſſing their reſpective ſyſtems, in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypotheſis diſcuſſed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the obſervation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made, (or never at leaſt with ſo much juſtice) that There is no opinion ſo abſurd, but has ſome philoſopher or other to produce in it's ſupport.

Upon this principle, I imagine, it is that ſome of the fineſt pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue-manner. Plato and Tully, it ſhould ſeem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage, than amidſt the amicable oppoſition of well-regulated converſe. It is probable, indeed, that ſubjects of a ſerious and philoſophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman converſations, than they are of ours; as the circumſtances of the world had not yet given occaſion to thoſe prudential reaſons which may now, perhaps, reſtrain a more free exchange of ſentiments amongſt us. There was ſomething, likewiſe, in the very ſcenes themſelves, where they uſually aſſembled, that almoſt unavoidably turned the ſtream of their converſations into this uſeful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the ſtatues of the greateſt maſters of reaſon that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Ariſtotle ſtood in their view, it is no wonder their diſcourſe fell upon thoſe ſubjects, which ſuch animating repreſentations would naturally ſuggeſt. It is probable, therefore, that many of thoſe antient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue-manner, were no imaginary converſations invented by their authors, but faithful tranſcripts from real life. And it is this circumſtance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compoſitions which have been formed upon the ſame plan. I am ſure, at leaſt, I could ſcarce name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language, worthy of notice. My Lord Shafteſbury's dialogue, intitled, *The Moraliſts*; Mr. Addiſon's upon Antient Coins; Mr. Spence's upon the Odyſſey; together with thoſe of my very ingenious friend Philemon to Hydaſpes; are, almoſt, the only productions in this way, which have hitherto come forth amongſt us with advantage. Theſe, indeed, are all maſterpieces of the kind, and written in the true ſpirit of learning and politeneſs. The converſation in each of theſe moſt elegant performances is conducted, not in the uſual abſurd method of introducing one diſputant to be tamely ſilenced by the other; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a juſt contraſt of characters is preſerved throughout, and where the ſeveral ſpeakers ſupport their reſpective ſentiments with all the ſtrength and ſpirit of a well-bred oppoſition.

But of all the converſation pieces, whether antient or modern, either of the moral or polite kind, I know not one which is more elegantly written than the little anonymous dialogue concerning the riſe and decline of Eloquence among the Romans. I call it anonymous, though I am ſenſible it has been aſcribed not only to Tacitus and Quinctilian, but even to Suetonius. The reaſons, however, which the critics have reſpectively produced, are ſo exceedingly precarious and inconcluſive; that one muſt have a very extraordinary ſhare of claſſical faith indeed, to receive it as the performance of any of thoſe celebrated writers. It is evidently, however, a compoſition of that period in which they flouriſhed; and if I were diſpoſed to indulge a conjecture, I ſhould be inclined to give it to the younger Pliny. It exactly coincides with his age; it is addreſſed to one of his particular friends and correſpondents; it is marked with ſome ſimilar expreſſions and ſentiments. But as arguments of this kind are always more impoſing than ſolid, I recommend it to you as a piece, concerning the author of which nothing ſatisfactory can be collected. This I may one day or other, perhaps, attempt to prove in form, as I have amuſed myſelf with giving it an Engliſh dreſs. In the mean time I have encloſed my tranſlation in this packet; not only with a view to your ſentiments, but in return to your favour. I was

perſuaded

perſuaded I could not make you a better acknowledgment for the pleaſure of that converſation which I lately participated through your means, than by introducing you to one, which (if my copy is not extremely injurious to it's original) I am ſure, you cannot attend to without equal entertainment and advantage. Adieu. I am, &c.

A DIALOGUE CONCERNING ORATORY*.

TO FABIUS.

YOU have frequently, my friend, required me to aſſign a reaſon whence it has happened, that the Oratorical character, which ſpread ſuch a glorious luſtre upon former ages, is now ſo totally extinct amongſt us, as ſcarce to preſerve even it's name. It is the antients alone, you obſerved, whom we diſtinguiſh with that appellation; while the eloquent of the preſent times are ſtiled only pleaders, patrons, advocates, or any thing, in ſhort, but Orators.

Hardly, I believe, ſhould I have attempted a ſolution of your difficulty, or ventured upon the examination of a queſtion, wherein the genius of the moderns, if they cannot, or their judgment, if they will not, riſe to the ſame heights, muſt neceſſarily be given up; had I nothing of greater authority to offer upon the ſubject, than my own particular ſentiments. But having been preſent, in the very early part of my life, at a converſation between ſome perſons of great eloquence, conſidering the age in which they lived, who diſcuſſed this very point; my memory, and not my judgment, will be concerned, whilſt I endeavour, in their own ſtyle and manner, and according to the regular courſe of their debate, to lay before you the ſeveral reaſonings of thoſe celebrated geniuſes: each of them, indeed, agreeably to the peculiar turn and character of the ſpeaker, alledging different, though probable cauſes, of the ſame fact; but all of them ſupporting their reſpective ſentiments with ingenuity and good-ſenſe. Nor were the orators of the preſent age without an advocate in this debate: for one of the company took the oppoſite ſide, and treating the antients with much ſeverity and contempt, declared in favour of modern eloquence.

Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, two diſtinguiſhed geniuſes of our forum, made a viſit to Maternus the day after he had publicly recited his tragedy of Cato; a piece which gave, it ſeems, great offence to thoſe in power, and was much canvaſſed in all converſations. Maternus, indeed, ſeemed throughout that whole performance to have conſidered only what was ſuitable to the character of his hero, without paying a proper regard to thoſe prudential reſtraints which were neceſſary for his own ſecurity. I was at that time a warm admirer and conſtant follower of thoſe great men; inſomuch, that I not only attended them when they were engaged in the courts of judicature; but, from my fond attachment to the arts of eloquence, and with a certain ardency peculiar to youth, I joined in all their parties, and was preſent at their moſt private converſations. Their great abilities, however, could not ſecure them from the critics. They alledged, that Secundus had by no means an eaſy elocution; whilſt Aper, they pretended, owed his reputation as an orator, more to nature than to art. It is certain, nevertheleſs, that their objections were without foundation. The ſpeeches of the former were always delivered with ſufficient fluency; and his expreſſion was clear, though conciſe; as the latter had, moſt undoubtedly, a general tincture of literature. The truth is, one could not ſo properly ſay, he was *without*, as *above* the aſſiſtance of learning. He imagined, perhaps, the powers and application of his genius would be ſo much the more

* It is neceſſary to inform thoſe readers of the following Dialogue, who may be diſpoſed to compare it with the original, that the edition of Heumannus, printed at Gottingen, 1719, has been generally followed.

admired,

admired, as it ſhould not appear to derive any of it's luſtre from the acquired arts.

We found Maternus, when we entered his apartment, with the tragedy in his hand which he had recited the day before. 'Are you, then,' ſaid Secundus, addreſſing himſelf to him, 'ſo little diſcouraged with the malicious inſinuations of theſe ill-natured cenſures, 'as ſtill to cheriſh this obnoxious tragedy of yours? Or, perhaps, you are 'reviſing it, in order to expunge the exceptionable paſſages; and purpoſe to 'ſend your Cato into the world, I will 'not ſay with ſuperior charms, but, at 'leaſt, with greater ſecurity than in it's 'original form?'—'You may peruſe 'it,' returned he, 'if you pleaſe; you 'will find it remains juſt in the ſame 'ſituation as when you heard it read. 'I intend, however, that Thyeſtes ſhall 'ſupply the defects of Cato: for I am 'meditating a tragedy upon that ſubject, and have already, indeed, formed the plan. I am haſtening, therefore, the publication of this play in my 'hand, that I may apply myſelf entirely 'to my new deſign.'—'Are you, then, 'in good earneſt,' replied Aper, 'ſo 'enamoured of dramatic poetry, as to 'renounce the buſineſs of oratory, in 'order to conſecrate your whole leiſure 'to—Medea, I think, it was before, and 'now, it ſeems, to Thyeſtes? when the 'cauſes of ſo many worthy friends, the 'intereſts of ſo many powerful communities, demand you in the forum: a 'taſk more than ſufficient to employ 'your attention, though neither Cato 'nor Domitius had any ſhare of it; 'though you were not continually 'turning from one dramatic performance to another, and adding the tales 'of Greece to the hiſtory of Rome.'

'I ſhould be concerned,' anſwered Maternus, 'at the ſeverity of your rebuke, if the frequency of our debates 'upon this ſubject had not rendered it 'ſomewhat familiar to me. But how,' added he, ſmiling, 'can you accuſe me 'of deſerting the buſineſs of my profeſſion, when I am every day engaged 'in *defending* poetry againſt your accuſations? And I am glad,' continued he, looking towards Secundus, 'that 'we have now an opportunity of diſcuſſing this point before ſo competent 'a judge. His deciſion will either determine me to renounce all pretenſions 'to poetry for the future, or (which I 'rather hope) will be a ſanction for my 'quitting that confined ſpecies of oratory, in which, methinks, I have ſufficiently laboured, and authorize the 'devoting myſelf to the more enlarged 'and ſacred eloquence of the Muſes.'

'Give me leave,' interpoſed Secundus, 'before Aper takes exception to 'his judge, to ſay, what all honeſt ones 'uſually do in the ſame circumſtances, 'that I deſire to be excuſed from ſitting 'in judgment upon a cauſe, wherein I 'muſt acknowledge myſelf biaſſed in 'favour of a party concerned. All the 'world is ſenſible of that ſtrict friendſhip which has long ſubſiſted between 'me and that excellent man, as well as 'great poet, Saleius Baſſus. To which 'let me add, if the Muſes are to be arraigned, I know of none who can offer more prevailing bribes.'

'I have nothing to alledge againſt Baſſus,' returned Aper, 'or any other 'man, who, not having talents for the 'bar, chuſes to eſtabliſh a reputation of 'the poetical kind. Nor ſhall I ſuffer 'Maternus (for I am willing to join iſſue with him before you) to evade my 'charge by drawing others into his 'party. My accuſation is levelled 'ſingly againſt him; who, formed as 'he is by nature with a moſt maſculine 'and truly oratorical genius, chuſes to 'ſuffer ſo noble a faculty to lie waſte 'and uncultivated. I muſt remind him, 'however, that by the exerciſe of this 'commanding talent, he might at once 'both acquire and ſupport the moſt important friendſhips, and have the glory 'to ſee whole provinces and nations rank 'themſelves under his patronage: a talent, of all others, the moſt advantageous, whether conſidered with reſpect 'to intereſt, or to honours; a talent, in 'ſhort, that affords the moſt illuſtrious 'means of propagating a reputation, 'not only within our own walls, but 'throughout the whole compaſs of the 'Roman empire, and, indeed, to the 'moſt diſtant nations of the globe.

'If utility ought to be the governing 'motive of every action and every deſign of our lives; can we poſſibly be 'employed to better purpoſe, than in 'the exerciſe of an art, which enables a 'man, upon all occaſions, to ſupport 'the intereſt of his friend, to protect the 'rights of the ſtranger, to defend the 'cauſe of the injured? that not only

'renders

'renders him the terror of his open and 'secret adversaries, but secures him, as 'it were, by the most firm and perma-'nent guard?

'The particular usefulness, indeed, of 'this profession is evidently manifested 'in the opportunities it supplies of 'serving others, though we should have 'no occasion to exert it in our own be-'half: but should we, upon any occur-'rence, be ourselves attacked, the sword 'and buckler is not a more powerful 'defence in the day of battle, than 'Oratory in the dangerous season of 'public arraignment. What had Mar-'cellus lately to oppose to the united 'resentment of the whole senate, but 'his eloquence? Yet, supported by that 'formidable auxiliary, he stood firm 'and unmoved, amidst all the assaults 'of the artful Helvidius; who, not-'withstanding he was a man of sense 'and elocution, was totally inexpert in 'the management of this sort of con-'tests. But I need not insist farther on 'this head; well persuaded as I am, 'that Maternus will not controvert so 'clear a truth. Rather let me observe 'the pleasure which attends the exer-'cise of the persuasive art: a pleasure, 'which does not arise only once, per-'haps, in a whole life, but flows in 'a perpetual series of gratifications. 'What can be more agreeable to a li-'beral and ingenuous mind, formed 'with a relish of rational enjoyments, 'than to see one's levée crouded with 'a concourse of the most illustrious per-'sonages; not as followers of your in-'terest or your power; not because you 'are rich and destitute of heirs; but 'singly in consideration of your supe-'rior qualifications. It is not unusual, 'upon these occasions, to observe the 'wealthy, the powerful, and the child-'less, addressing themselves to a young 'man (and probably no rich one) in 'favour of themselves or their friends. 'Tell me, now, has authority or wealth 'a charm, equal to the satisfaction of 'thus beholding persons of the highest 'dignity, venerable by their age, or 'powerful by their credit, in the full 'enjoyment of every external advan-'tage, courting your assistance, and ta-'citly acknowledging, that, great and 'distinguished as they are, there is 'something still wanting to them more 'valuable than all their possessions? Re-'present to yourself the honourable 'crowd of clients conducting the ora-'tor from his house, and attending him 'in his return; think of the glorious 'appearance he makes in public, the 'distinguishing respect that is paid to 'him in the courts of judicature, the 'exultation of heart when he rises up 'before a full audience, hushed in so-'lemn silence, and fixed attention, pres-'sing round the admired speaker, and 'receiving every passion he deems proper 'to raise! Yet these are but the ordi-'nary joys of eloquence, and visible to 'every common observer. There are 'others, and those far superior, of a 'more concealed and delicate kind, and 'of which the orator himself can alone 'be sensible. Does he stand forth pre-'pared with a studied harangue? As 'the composition, so the pleasure, in 'this instance, is more solid and equal. 'If, on the other hand, he rises in a new 'and unexpected debate, the previous 'solicitude, which he feels upon such 'occasions, recommends and improves 'the pleasure of his success; as indeed 'the most exquisite satisfaction of this 'kind is, when he boldly hazards the 'unpremeditated speech. For it is in 'the productions of genius, as in the 'fruits of the earth; those which arise 'spontaneously are ever the most agree-'able. If I may venture to mention 'myself, I must acknowledge, that nei-'ther the satisfaction I received when 'I was first invested with the laticlave, 'nor even when I entered upon the se-'veral high posts in the state; though 'the pleasure was heightened to me, not 'only as those honours were new to my 'family, but as I was born in a city by 'no means favourable to my preten-'sions:—the warm transports, I say, 'which I felt at those times, were far 'inferior to the joy which has glowed 'in my breast, when I have successfully 'exerted my humble talents in defence 'of those causes and clients committed 'to my care. To say truth, I imagined 'myself, at such seasons, to be raised 'above the highest dignities, and in the 'possession of something far more valu-'able, than either the favour of the 'great, or the bounty of the wealthy, 'can ever bestow.

'Of all the arts or sciences, there is 'no one, which crowns it's votaries with 'a reputation in any degree comparable 'to that of eloquence. It is not only 'those of a more exalted rank in the

'state,

‘ ſtate, who are witneſſes of the orator's ‘ fame; it is extended to the obſerva- ‘ tion even of our very youth of any ‘ hopes or merit. Whoſe example, for ‘ inſtance, do parents more frequently ‘ recommend to their ſons? or who are ‘ more the gaze and admiration of the ‘ people in general? whilſt every ſtran- ‘ ger that arrives, is curious of ſeeing ‘ the man, of whoſe character he has ‘ heard ſuch honourable report. I will ‘ venture to affirm, that Marcellus, ‘ whom I juſt now mentioned, and Vi- ‘ bius, (for I chuſe to produce my in- ‘ ſtances from modern times, rather ‘ than from thoſe more remote) are as ‘ well known in the moſt diſtant corners ‘ of the empire, as they are at Capua ‘ or Vercellæ, the places, it is ſaid, of ‘ their reſpective nativity: an honour, ‘ for which they are by no means in- ‘ debted to their immenſe riches. On ‘ the contrary, their wealth may juſtly, ‘ it ſhould ſeem, be aſcribed to their ‘ eloquence. Every age, indeed, can ‘ produce perſons of genius, who, by ‘ means of this powerful talent, have ‘ raiſed themſelves to the moſt exalted ‘ ſtation. But the inſtances I juſt now ‘ mentioned, are not drawn from diſ- ‘ tant times: they fall within the ob- ‘ ſervation of our own eyes. Now the ‘ more obſcure the original extraction ‘ of thoſe illuſtrious perſons was, the ‘ more humble the patrimony to which ‘ they were born, ſo much ſtronger proof ‘ they afford of the great advantage of ‘ the oratorical arts. Accordingly, with- ‘ out the recommendation of family or ‘ fortune, without any thing very ex- ‘ traordinary in their virtues, (and one of ‘ them rather contemptible in his ad- ‘ dreſs) they have for many years main- ‘ tained the higheſt credit and authority ‘ among their fellow-citizens. Thus, ‘ from being chiefs in the forum, where ‘ they preſerved their diſtinguiſhed emi- ‘ nence as long as they thought proper; ‘ they have paſſed on to the enjoyment ‘ of the ſame high rank in Veſpaſian's ‘ favour, whoſe eſteem for them ſeems ‘ to be mixed even with a degree of re- ‘ verence: as indeed they both ſupport ‘ and conduct the whole weight of his ‘ adminiſtration. That excellent and ‘ venerable prince (whoſe ſingular cha- ‘ racter it is, that he can endure to hear ‘ truth) well knows that the reſt of his ‘ favourites are diſtinguiſhed only as ‘ they are the objects of his munificence; ‘ the ſupplies of which he can eaſily ‘ raiſe, and with the ſame facility con- ‘ fer on others. Whereas Criſpus and ‘ Marcellus recommended themſelves to ‘ his notice by advantages which no ‘ earthly potentate either did, or could, ‘ beſtow. The truth of it is, inſcrip- ‘ tions, and ſtatues, and enſigns of dig- ‘ nity, could claim but the loweſt rank, ‘ amidſt *their* more illuſtrious diſtinc- ‘ tions. Not that they are unpoſſeſſed ‘ of honours of this kind, any more ‘ than they are deſtitute of wealth or ‘ power: advantages, much oftener af- ‘ fectedly depreciated than ſincerely de- ‘ ſpiſed.

‘ Such, my friends, are the orna- ‘ ments, and ſuch the rewards of an ‘ early application to the buſineſs of the ‘ forum, and the arts of oratory! But ‘ Poetry, to which Maternus wiſhes to ‘ devote his days, (for it was that which ‘ gave riſe to our debate) confers nei- ‘ ther dignity to her followers in parti- ‘ cular, nor advantage to ſociety in ge- ‘ neral. The whole amount of her pre- ‘ tenſions is nothing more than the tran- ‘ ſient pleaſure of a vain and fruitleſs ‘ applauſe. Perhaps what I have al- ‘ ready ſaid, and am going to add, may ‘ not be very agreeable to my friend ‘ Maternus: however, I will venture to ‘ aſk him, what avails the eloquence of ‘ his Jaſon or Agamemnon? what mor- ‘ tal does it either defend or oblige? ‘ Who is it that courts the patronage, or ‘ joins the train, of Baſſus, that ingeni- ‘ ous, (or, if you think the term more ‘ honourable) that illuſtrious poet? ‘ Eminent as he may be, if his friend, ‘ his relation, or himſelf, were involved ‘ in any litigated tranſactions, he would ‘ be under the neceſſity of having re- ‘ courſe to Secundus, or, perhaps, to ‘ you, my friend*: but by no means, ‘ however, as you are a poet, and in or- ‘ der to ſolicit you to beſtow ſome verſes ‘ upon him: for verſes he can compoſe ‘ himſelf, fair, it ſeems, and goodly.— ‘ Yet, after all, when he has, at the coſt ‘ of much time, and many a laboured ‘ lucubration, ſpun out a ſingle canto, ‘ he is obliged to traverſe the whole ‘ town in order to collect an audience. ‘ Nor can he procure even this compli- ‘ ment, ſlight as it is, without actually

* Maternus.

'purchasing it: for the hiring a room, 'erecting a stage, and dispersing his 'tickets, are articles which must necessarily be attended with some expence. 'And let us suppose his poem is approved: the whole admiration is over 'in a day or two, like that of a fine 'flower which dies away without producing any fruit. In a word, it secures to him neither friend nor patron, 'nor confers even the most inconsiderable favour upon a single creature. 'The whole amount of his humble 'gains is the fleeting pleasure of a clamorous applause! We looked upon it, 'lately, as an uncommon instance of 'generosity in Vespatian, that he presented Bassus with fifty thousand sesterces*. Honourable, I grant, it is, 'to possess a genius which merits the 'imperial bounty: but how much more 'glorious (if a man's circumstances will 'admit of it) to exhibit in one's own 'person an example of munificence and 'liberality? Let it be remembered likewise, if you would succeed in your 'poetical labours, and produce any 'thing of real worth in that art, you 'must retire, as the poets express themselves,

"To silent grottoes and sequester'd groves:"

'that is, you must renounce the conversation of your friends, and every civil 'duty of life, to be concealed in gloomy 'and unprofitable solitude.

'If we consider the votaries of this 'idle art with respect to fame, that 'single recompence which they pretend 'to derive, or indeed to seek, from their 'studies; we shall find, they do not by 'any means enjoy an equal proportion 'of it with the sons of Oratory. For 'even the best poets fall within the notice of but a very small proportion of 'mankind; whilst indifferent ones are 'universally disregarded. Tell me, 'Maternus, did ever the reputation of 'the most approved rehearsal of the poetical kind reach the cognizance even 'of half the town; much less extend 'itself to distant provinces? Did ever 'any foreigner, upon his arrival here, 'enquire after Bassus? Or if he did, it 'was merely as he would after a picture 'or a statue; just to look upon him, and 'pass on. I would in no sort be understood as discouraging the pursuit 'of Poetry in those who have no talents 'for Oratory; if happily they can, by 'that means, amuse their leisure and 'establish a just character. I look upon 'every species of Eloquence as venerable 'and sacred; and prefer her, in whatever guise she may think proper to appear, before any other of her sister-arts: 'not only, Maternus, when she exhibits herself in your chosen favourite, 'the solemn tragedy, or lofty heroic, 'but even in the pleasant lyric, the 'wanton elegy, the severe iambic, the 'witty epigram, or, in one word, in 'whatever other habit she is pleased to 'assume. But (I repeat it again) my 'complaint is levelled singly against 'you; who, designed as you are by nature for the most exalted rank of eloquence, chuse to desert your station, 'and deviate into a lower order. Had 'you been endued with the athletic vigour of Nicostratus, and born in 'Greece, where arts of that sort are 'esteemed not unworthy of the most refined characters; as I could not patiently have suffered that uncommon 'strength of arm, formed for the nobler 'combat, to have idly spent itself in 'throwing the javelin, or tossing the 'coit: so I now call you forth from 'rehearsals and theatres, to the forum, 'and business, and high debate; especially since you cannot urge the same 'plea for engaging in poetry which is 'now generally alledged, that it is less 'liable to give offence than oratory. 'For the ardency of your genius has 'already flamed forth, and you have 'incurred the displeasure of our superiors: not, indeed, for the sake of a 'friend; *that* would have been far less 'dangerous; but in support, truly, of '*Cato!* Nor can you offer in excuse, 'either the duty of your profession, justice to your client, or the unguarded 'heat of debate. You fixed, it should 'seem, upon this illustrious and popular 'subject with deliberate design, and as 'a character that would give weight and 'authority to your sentiments. You 'will reply, I am aware—"It was "that very circumstance which gained "you such universal applause, and rendered you the general topic of dis-"course." Talk no more then, I beseech you, of security and repose, 'whilst you thus industriously raise up

* About 400*l.* of our money.

'to

'to yourself so potent an adversary. 'For my own part, at least, I am contented with engaging in questions of a 'more modern and private nature; 'wherein, if in defence of a friend I am 'under a necessity of taking liberties 'unacceptable, perhaps, to my superiors, the honest freedom of my zeal 'will, I trust, not only be excused but 'applauded.'

Aper having delivered this with his usual warmth and earnestness, 'I am prepared,' replied Maternus, in a milder tone and with an air of pleasantry, 'to 'draw up a charge against the orators, 'no less copious than my friend's panegyric in their behalf. I suspected, 'indeed, he would turn out of his road, 'in order to attack the poets: though, 'I must own at the same time, he has 'somewhat softened the severity of his 'satire, by certain concessions he is 'pleased to make in their favour. He 'is willing, I perceive, to allow those 'whose genius does not point to oratory, to apply themselves to poetry. 'Nevertheless, I do not scruple to acknowledge, that with some talents, 'perhaps, for the forum, I chuse to 'build my reputation on dramatic poetry. The first attempt I made for 'this purpose, was by exposing the 'dangerous power of Vatinius: a power 'which even Nero himself disapproved, 'and which that infamous favourite 'abused, to the prophanation of the 'sacred Muses. And I am persuaded, 'if I enjoy any share of fame, it is to 'poetry rather than to oratory that I 'am indebted for the acquisition. It is 'my fixed purpose, therefore, entirely to 'withdraw myself from the fatigue of 'the bar. I am by no means ambitious of that splendid concourse of clients, which Aper has represented in 'such pompous colours, any more than 'I am of those sculptured honours 'which he mentioned; though I must 'confess they have made their way into 'my family, notwithstanding my inclinations to the contrary. Innocence 'is, now at least, a surer guard than 'eloquence; and I am in no apprehension I shall ever have occasion to open 'my lips in the senate, unless, perhaps, 'in defence of a friend.

'Woods and groves and solitude, the 'objects of Aper's invective, afford me, 'I will own to him, the most exquisite 'satisfaction. Accordingly, I esteem 'it one of the great privileges of poetry, 'that it is not carried on in the noise 'and tumult of the world, amidst the 'painful importunity of anxious suitors, 'and the affecting tears of distressed 'criminals. On the contrary, a mind 'enamoured of the Muses retires into 'scenes of innocence and repose, and 'enjoys the sacred haunts of silence and 'contemplation. Here genuine Eloquence received her birth, and *here* 'she fixed her sacred and sequestered 'habitation. 'Twas *here*, in decent 'and becoming garb, she recommended 'herself to the early notice of mortals, 'inspiring the breasts of the blameless 'and the good: *here* first the voice divine of oracles was heard. But *she* 'of modern growth, offspring of lucre 'and contention, was born in evil days, 'and employed (as Aper very justly 'expressed it) instead of *weapon:* whilst 'happier times, or, in the language 'of the Muses, the golden age, free 'alike from orators and from crimes, 'abounded with inspired poets, who 'exerted their noble talents, not in defending the guilty, but in celebrating 'the good. Accordingly no character was ever more eminently distinguished, or more augustly honoured: 'first by the gods themselves, to whom 'the poets were supposed to serve as 'ministers at their feasts, and messengers of their high behests; and afterwards by that sacred offspring of the 'gods, the first venerable race of legislators. In that glorious list we read 'the names, not of orators indeed, but 'of Orpheus, and Linus, or, if we are 'inclined to trace the illustrious roll still 'higher, even of Apollo himself.

'But these, perhaps, will be treated 'by Aper as heroes of Romance. He 'cannot however deny, that Homer has 'received as signal honours from posterity, as Demosthenes; or that the fame 'of Sophocles or Euripides is as extensive as that of Lysias or Hyperides; 'that Cicero's merit is less universally 'confessed than Virgil's; or that not 'one of the compositions of Asinius or 'Messala is in so much request as the 'Medea of Ovid, or the Thyestes of 'Varius. I will advance even farther, 'and venture to compare the unenvied 'fortune and happy self-converse of the 'poet with the anxious and busy life 'of the orator; notwithstanding the hazardous contentions of the latter may

‘possibly raise him even to the consular dignity. Far more desirable, in my estimation, was the calm retreat of Virgil: where yet he lived not unhonoured by his prince, nor unregarded by the world. If the truth of either of these assertions should be questioned, the letters of Augustus will witness the former; as the latter is evident from the conduct of the whole Roman people, who when some verses of that divine poet were repeated in the theatre, where he happened to be present, rose up to a man, and saluted him with the same respect that they would have paid to Augustus himself. But to mention our own times: I would ask whether Secundus Pomponius is any thing inferior, either in dignity of life, or solidity of reputation, to Afer Domitius? As to Crispus or Marcellus, to whom Aper refers me for an animating example, what is there in their present exalted fortunes really desirable? Is it that they pass their whole lives either in being alarmed for themselves, or in striking terror into others? Is it that they are daily under a necessity of courting the very men they hate; that, holding their dignities by unmanly adulation, their masters never think them sufficiently slaves, nor the people sufficiently free? And, after all, what is this their so much envied power? Nothing more, in truth, than what many a paltry freedman has frequently enjoyed. But “—Me let the lovely Muses lead” (as Virgil sings) “ to silent groves and “ heavenly-haunted streams, remote “ from business and from care; and “ still superior to the painful necessity of “ acting in wretched opposition to my “ better heart. Nor let me more, with “ anxious steps, and dangerous, pur- “ sue pale Fame amidst the noisy fo- “ rum! May never clamorous suitors, “ nor panting freed-man with officious “ haste, awake my peaceful slumbers! “ Uncertain of futurity, and equally “ unconcerned, ne'er may I bribe the “ favour of the great; by rich bequests “ to avarice inflatiate; nor, accumula- “ tion vain! amass more wealth than I “ may transfer as inclination prompts, “ whenever shall arrive my life's last “ fatal period: and then, not in horrid “ guise of mournful pomp, but crown- “ ed with chaplets gay, may I be en- “ tombed nor let a friend, with un- “ availing zeal, solicit the useless tribute “ of posthumous memorials!”

Maternus had scarce finished these words, which he uttered with great emotion, and with an air of inspiration, when Messalla entered the room; who, observing much attention in our countenances, and imagining the conversation turned upon something of more than ordinary import—‘ Perhaps,’ said he, ‘ you are engaged in a *consultation*; and, ‘ I doubt, I am guilty of an unseasonable interruption.’—‘ By no means,’ answered Secundus: ‘ on the contrary, ‘ I wish you had given us your company sooner; for, I am persuaded, you ‘ would have been extremely entertained. Our friend Aper has, with great ‘ eloquence, been exhorting Maternus ‘ to turn the whole strength of his genius and his studies to the business of ‘ the forum: while Maternus, on the ‘ other hand, agreeably to the character of one who was pleading the cause ‘ of the Muses, has defended his favourite art with a boldness and elevation of style more suitable to a poet ‘ than an orator.’

‘ It would have afforded me infinite ‘ pleasure,’ replied Messalla, ‘ to have ‘ been present at a debate of this kind. ‘ And I cannot but express my satisfaction, in finding the most eminent ‘ orators of our times, not confining ‘ their geniuses to points relating to their ‘ profession, but canvassing such other ‘ topics in their conversation, as give a ‘ very advantageous exercise to their faculties, at the same time that it furnishes an entertainment of the most ‘ instructive kind, not only to themselves, but to those who have the privilege of being joined in their party. ‘ And believe me, Secundus, the world ‘ received with much approbation your ‘ history of J. Asiaticus, as an earnest ‘ that you intend to publish more pieces ‘ of the same nature. On the other ‘ side,’ continued he, with an air of irony, ‘ it is observed with equal satisfaction, that Aper has not yet bid ‘ adieu to the questions of the schools, ‘ but employs his leisure rather after the ‘ example of the modern rhetoricians, ‘ than of the antient orators.’

‘ I perceive,’ returned Aper, ‘ that ‘ you continue to treat the moderns ‘ with your usual derision and contempt; ‘ while the antients alone are in full

‘ possession

'poſſeſſion of your eſteem. It is a max-
'im, indeed, I have frequently heard
'you advance, (and, allow me to ſay,
'with much injuſtice to yourſelf, and
'to your brother) that there is no ſuch
'thing in the preſent age as an orator.
'This you are the leſs ſcrupulous to
'maintain, as you imagine it cannot be
'imputed to a ſpirit of envy; ſince you
'are willing at the ſame time to exclude
'yourſelf from a character which every
'body elſe is inclined to give you.'

'I have hitherto,' replied Meſſalla,
'found no reaſon to change my opi-
'nion: and I am perſuaded, that even
'you yourſelf, Aper, (whatever you
'may ſometimes affect to the contrary)
'as well as my other two friends here,
'join with me in the ſame ſentiments.
'I ſhould, indeed, be glad, if any of
'you would diſcuſs this matter, and ac-
'count for ſo remarkable a diſparity,
'which I have often endeavoured in my
'own thoughts. And what to ſome
'appears a ſatisfactory ſolution of this
'phænomenon, to me, I confeſs,
'heightens the difficulty: for I find the
'very ſame difference prevails among
'the Grecian orators; and that the
'prieſt Nicetes, together with others of
'the Epheſian and Mitylenean ſchools,
'who humbly content themſelves with
'raiſing the acclamations of their taſte-
'leſs auditors, deviate much farther
'from Æſchines or Demoſthenes, than
'you, my friends, from Tully or Aſi-
'nius.'

'The queſtion you have ſtarted,' ſaid Secundus, 'is a very important one, 'and well worthy of conſideration. 'But who ſo capable of doing juſtice 'to it as yourſelf? who, beſides the 'advantages of a fine genius and great 'literature, have given, it ſeems, par-'ticular attention to this enquiry.'—'I 'am very willing,' anſwered Meſſalla, 'to lay before you my thoughts upon 'the ſubject, provided you will aſſiſt me 'with yours as I go along.'—'I will 'engage for two of us,' replied Mater-nus: 'Secundus and myſelf will ſpeak 'to ſuch points as you ſhall, I do not 'ſay omit, but, think proper to leave 'us. As for Aper, you juſt now in-'formed us, it is uſual with him to 'diſſent from you in this article: and, 'indeed, I ſee he is already preparing 'to oppoſe us, and will not look with 'indifference upon this our aſſociation 'in ſupport of the antients.'

'Undoubtedly,' returned Aper, 'I 'ſhall not tamely ſuffer the moderns to 'be condemned, unheard and unde-'fended. But firſt let me aſk, whom 'it is you call *antients?* What age of 'orators do you diſtinguiſh by that de-'ſignation? The word always ſug-'geſts to me a Neſtor, or an Ulyſſes; 'men who lived above a thouſand years 'ſince: whereas you ſeem to apply it to 'Demoſthenes and Hyperides, who, it 'is agreed, flouriſhed ſo late as the 'times of Philip and Alexander, and, 'indeed, ſurvived them. It appears 'from hence, that there is not much 'above four hundred years diſtance be-'tween our age and that of Demoſthenes: 'a portion of time, which, conſidered 'with reſpect to human duration, ap-'pears, I acknowledge, extremely long; 'but, if compared with that immenſe 'æra which the philoſophers talk of, 'is exceedingly contracted, and ſeems 'almoſt but of yeſterday. For if it be 'true, what Cicero obſerves in his trea-'tiſe inſcribed to Hortenſius, that the 'great and genuine year is that period 'in which the heavenly bodies return 'to the ſame poſition, wherein they 'were placed when they firſt began their 'reſpective orbits; and this revolution 'contains 12,954 of our ſolar years; 'then Demoſthenes, this antient De-'moſthenes of yours, lived in the ſame 'year, or rather I might ſay, in the 'ſame month, with ourſelves. But to 'mention the Roman orators: I pre-'ſume, you will ſcarcely prefer Mene-'nius Agrippa (who may with ſome 'propriety, indeed, be called an an-'tient) to the men of eloquence among 'the moderns. It is Cicero, then, I 'ſuppoſe, together with Cœlius, Cæſar, 'and Calvus, Brutus, Aſinius, and 'Meſſalla, to whom you give this ho-'nourable precedency: yet I am at a 'loſs to aſſign a reaſon, why theſe 'ſhould be deemed antients rather than 'moderns. To inſtance in Cicero: he 'was killed, as his freedman Tiro in-'forms us, on the 26th of Decem-'ber, in the conſulſhip of Hirtius and 'Panſa, in which year Auguſtus and 'Pedius ſucceeded them in that digni-'ty. Now, if we take fifty-ſix years 'for the reign of Auguſtus, and add 'twenty-three for that of Tiberius, 'about four for that of Caius, fourteen 'a-piece for Claudius and Nero, one 'for Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, to-

'gether

'gether with the six that our present 'excellent * prince has enjoyed the em-'pire, we shall have about one hun-'dred and twenty years from the 'death of Cicero to these times: a period 'to which it is not impossible that a 'man's life may extend. I remember, 'when I was in Britain, to have met 'with an old soldier, who assured me, 'he had served in the army which op-'posed Cæsar's descent upon that 'island. If we suppose this person, by 'being taken prisoner, or by any other 'means, to have been brought to Rome, 'he might have heard Cæsar and Ci-'cero, and likewise any of our con-'temporaries. I appeal to yourselves, 'whether, at the last public donative, 'there were not several of the populace 'who acknowledged they had received 'the same bounty, more than once, 'from the hands of Augustus? It is 'evident, therefore, that these people 'might have been present at the plead-'ings both of Corvinus and Asinius: 'for Corvinus was alive in the middle 'of the reign of Augustus, and Asinius 'towards the latter end. Surely, then, 'you will not split a century, and call 'one orator an antient, and another a 'modern, when the very same person 'might be an auditor of both; and 'thus, as it were, render them contem-'poraries.

'The conclusion I mean to draw from 'this observation is, that whatever ad-'vantages these orators might derive to 'their characters from the period of 'time in which they flourished, the same 'will extend to us: and, indeed, with 'much more reason than to S. Galba, 'or to C. Carbonius. It cannot be de-'nied that the compositions of these last 'are very inelegant and unpolished per-'formances; as I could wish, that not 'only your admired Calvus and Cæ-'lius, but, I will venture to add too, 'even Cicero himself, (for I shall deli-'ver my sentiments with great freedom) 'had not considered them as the proper 'models of their imitation. Suffer me 'to premise, however, as I go along, 'that eloquence changes it's qualities as 'it runs through different ages. Thus 'as Gracchus, for instance, is much 'more copious and florid than old Cato, 'so Crassus rises into a far higher strain 'of politeness and refinement than 'Gracchus. Thus, likewise, as the 'speeches of Tully are more regular, 'and marked with superior elegance and 'sublimity, than those of the two ora-'tors last mentioned; so Corvinus is 'considerably more smooth and harmo-'nious in his periods, as well as more 'correct in his language, than Tully. 'I am not considering which of them 'is most eloquent: all I endeavour to 'prove at present is, that oratory does 'not manifest itself in one uniform fi-'gure, but is exhibited by the antients 'under a variety of different appear-'ances. However, it is by no means 'a just way of reasoning, to infer that 'one thing must necessarily be worse 'than another, merely because it is not 'the same. Yet such is the unaccount-'able perverseness of human nature, that 'whatever has antiquity to boast, is 'sure to be admired, as every thing no-'vel is certainly disapproved. There 'are critics, I doubt not, to be found, 'who prefer even Appius Cœcus to 'Cato; as it is well known that Cicero 'had his censurers, who objected that 'his style was swelling and redundant, 'and by no means agreeable to the ele-'gant conciseness of Attic eloquence. 'You have certainly read the letters of 'Calvus and Brutus to Cicero. It ap-'pears by those epistolary collections, 'that Cicero considered Calvus as a 'dry, unanimated orator, at the same 'time that he thought the style of Bru-'tus negligent and unconnected. These, 'in their turn, had their objections, it 'seems, to Cicero: Calvus condemned 'his oratorical compositions, for being 'weak and enervated; as Brutus (to 'use his own expression) esteemed them '*feeble* and *disjointed*. If I were to give 'my opinion, I should say, they each 'spoke truth of one another. But I 'shall examine these orators separately 'hereafter: my present design is only 'to consider them in a general view.

'The admirers of antiquity are agreed, 'I think, in extending the æra of the

* From this passage Fabricius asserts that this dialogue was written i the 6th year of Vespatian's reign: but he evidently mistakes the time in which the scen ((fit is laid, for that in which it was composed. It is upon arguments not better founded that the critics have given Tacitus and Quintilian the honour of this elegant performan (. *Vid. Fabric. Bib. Lat.* V. 1. 559.

'antients

'antients as far as Caſſius Severus; 'whom they aſſert to have been the firſt 'that ſtruck out from the plain and ſim- 'ple manner, which till then prevailed. 'Now I affirm that he did ſo, not 'from any deficiency in point of ge- 'nius or learning, but from his ſupe- 'rior judgment and good-ſenſe. He 'ſaw it was neceſſary to accommodate 'oratory, as I obſerved before, to the 'different times and taſte of the audi- 'ence. Our anceſtors, indeed, might 'be contented (and it was a mark of 'their ignorance and want of politeneſs 'that they were ſo) with the immode- 'rate and tedious length of ſpeeches, 'which was in vogue in thoſe ages; as, 'in truth, to be able to harangue for 'a whole day together was itſelf look- 'ed upon, at that illiterate period, as a 'talent worthy of the higheſt admira- 'tion. The immeaſurable introduction, 'the circumſtantial detail, the endleſs 'diviſion and ſubdiviſion, the formal 'argument drawn out into a dull va- 'riety of logical deductions, together 'with a thouſand other impertinencies 'of the ſame taſteleſs ſtamp, which you 'may find laid down among the pre- 'cepts of thoſe drieſt of all writers, 'Hermagoras and Apollodorus, were 'then held in ſupreme honour. And, 'to compleat all, if the orator had juſt 'dipped into philoſophy, and could 'ſprinkle his harangue with ſome of 'the moſt trite maxims of that ſcience, 'they thundered out his applauſes to 'the ſkies. For theſe were new and 'uncommon topics to them; as indeed 'very few of the orators themſelves had 'the leaſt acquaintance with the writ- 'ings either of the philoſophers or the 'rhetoricians. But in our more en- 'lightened age, where even the loweſt 'part of an audience have at leaſt ſome 'general notion of literature, Eloquence 'is conſtrained to find out new and 'more florid paths. She is obliged to 'avoid every thing that may fatigue or 'offend the ears of her audience; eſpe- 'cially as ſhe muſt now appear before 'judges, who decide, not by law, but 'by authority; who preſcribe what li- 'mits they think proper to the orator's 'ſpeech; nor calmly wait till he is 'pleaſed to come to the point, but call 'upon him to return, and openly teſtify 'their impatience whenever he ſeems 'diſpoſed to wander from the queſtion. 'Who, I beſeech you, would, in our 'days, endure an orator, who ſhould 'open his harangue with a tedious apo- 'logy for the weakneſs of his conſtitu- 'tion? Yet almoſt every oration of 'Corvinus ſets out in that manner. 'Would any man *now* have patience 'to hear out the five long books againſt 'Verres? or thoſe endleſs volumes of 'pleading in favour of Tully, or Cæ- 'cina? The vivacity of our modern 'judges even prevents the ſpeaker; and 'they are apt to conceive ſome ſort of 'prejudice againſt all he utters, unleſs 'he has the addreſs to bribe their at- 'tention by the ſtrength and ſpirit of 'his arguments, the livelineſs of his 'ſentiments, or the elegance and bril- 'liancy of his deſcriptions. The very 'populace have ſome notion of the 'beauty of language, and would no 'more reliſh the uncouthneſs of anti- 'quity in a modern orator, than they 'would the geſture of old Roſcius or 'Ambivius in a modern actor. Our 'young ſtudents too, who are forming 'themſelves to eloquence, and for that 'purpoſe attend the courts of judica- 'ture, expect not merely to *hear*, but 'to carry home ſomething worthy of 'remembrance: and it is uſual with 'them not only to canvaſs among them- 'ſelves, but to tranſmit to their reſpec- 'tive provinces whatever ingenious 'thought or poetical ornament the ora- 'tor has happily employed. For even 'the embelliſhments of poetry are now 'required; and thoſe too, not copied 'from the heavy and antiquated man- 'ner of Attius or Pacuvius, but form- 'ed in the lively and elegant ſpirit of 'Horace, Virgil, and Lucan. Agree- 'ably, therefore, to the ſuperior taſte 'and judgment of the preſent age, our 'orators appear with a more poliſhed 'and graceful aſpect. And moſt cer- 'tainly it cannot be thought that their 'ſpeeches are the leſs efficacious, be- 'cauſe they ſoothe the ears of the au- 'dience with the pleaſing modulation 'of harmonious periods. Has Elo- 'quence loſt her power, becauſe ſhe has 'improved her charms? Are our tem- 'ples leſs durable than thoſe of old, 'becauſe they are not formed of rude 'materials, but ſhine out in all the poliſh 'and ſplendor of the moſt coſtly orna- 'ments?

'To confeſs the plain truth, the ef- 'fect which many of the antients have 'upon me, is to diſpoſe me either to

'laugh

'laugh or ſleep. Not to mention the 'more ordinary race of orators, ſuch as 'Canutius, Arrius, or Fannius, with 'ſome others of the ſame dry and un-'affecting caſt; even Calvus himſelf 'ſcarce pleaſes me in more than one or 'two ſhort orations: though he has left 'behind him, if I miſtake not, no leſs 'than one and twenty volumes. And 'the world in general ſeems to join 'with me in the ſame opinion of them: 'for how few are the readers of his 'invectives againſt Fſcinius or Druſus? 'Whereas thoſe againſt Vatinius are in 'every body's hands, particularly the 'ſecond, which is indeed, both in ſen-'timent and language, a well-written 'piece. It is evident, therefore, that 'he had an idea of juſt compoſition, 'and rather wanted genius than incli-'nation, to reach a more graceful and 'elevated manner. As to the orations 'of Cœlius, though they are by no 'means valuable upon the whole, yet 'they have their merit, ſo far as they 'approach to the exalted elegance of 'the preſent times. Whenever, indeed, 'his compoſition is careleſs and uncon-'nected, his expreſſion low, and his 'ſentiments groſs; it is then he is truly 'an antient: and I will venture to affirm, 'there is no one ſo fond of antiquity as 'to admire him in that part of his cha-'racter. We may allow Cæſar, on 'account of the great affairs in which 'he was engaged; as we may Bru-'tus, in conſideration of his philoſophy; 'to be leſs eloquent than might other-'wiſe be expected of ſuch ſuperior ge-'niuſes. The truth is, even their 'warmeſt admirers acknowledge, that 'as orators they by no means ſhine with 'the ſame luſtre which diſtinguiſhed 'every other part of their reputation. 'Cæſar's ſpeech in favour of Decius, 'and that of Brutus in behalf of King 'Dejotarus, with ſome others of the ſame 'coldneſs and languor, have ſcarcely, I 'imagine, met with any readers; un-'leſs, perhaps, among ſuch who can re-'liſh their verſes. For verſes, we know, 'they writ, (and publiſhed too) I will 'not ſay with more ſpirit, but un-'doubtedly with more ſucceſs, than 'Cicero, becauſe they had the good 'fortune to fall into much fewer hands. 'Aſinius, one would gueſs, by his air, 'and manner, to have been contein-'porary with Menenius, and Appius; 'though in fact he lived much nearer to 'our times. It is viſible he was a cloſe 'imitator of Attius and Pacuvius, not 'only in his tragedies, but alſo in his 'orations; ſo remarkably dry and un-'poliſhed are all his compoſitions! But 'the beauty of eloquence, like that of 'the human form, conſiſts in the 'ſmoothneſs, ſtrength, and colour of 'it's ſeveral parts. Corvinus I am in-'clined to ſpare; though it was his own 'fault that he did not equal the elegant 'refinements of modern compoſitions, 'as it muſt be acknowledged his ge-'nius was abundantly ſufficient for that 'purpoſe.

'The next I ſhall take notice of, is 'Cicero; who had the ſame conteſt with 'thoſe of his own times, as mine, my 'friends, with you. They, it ſeems, 'were favourers of the antients; whilſt 'He preferred the eloquence of his con-'temporaries: and, in truth, he excels 'the orators of his own age in nothing 'more remarkably, than in the ſolidity 'of his judgment. He was the firſt who 'ſet a poliſh upon oratory; who ſeem-'ed to have any notion of delicacy of 'expreſſion, and the art of compoſi-'tion. Accordingly he attempted a 'more florid ſtyle: as he now and then 'breaks out into ſome lively flaſhes of 'wit; particularly in his later perform-'ances, when much practice and expe-'rience (thoſe beſt and ſureſt guides) 'had taught him a more improved man-'ner. But his earlier compoſitions are 'not without the blemiſhes of antiquity. 'He is tedious in his exordiums, too 'circumſtantial in his narrations, and 'careleſs in retrenching luxuriances. 'He ſeems not eaſily affected, and is 'but rarely fired; as his periods are ſel-'dom either properly rounded, or hap-'pily pointed: he has nothing, in fine, 'you would wiſh to make your own. 'His ſpeeches, like a rude edifice, have 'ſtrength, indeed, and permanency; 'but are deſtitute of that elegance and 'ſplendor which are neceſſary to render 'them perfectly agreeable. The ora-'tor, however, in his compoſitions, as 'the man of wealth in his buildings, 'ſhould conſider ornament as well as 'uſe: his ſtructure ſhould be, not only 'ſubſtantial, but ſtriking; and his fur-'niture not merely convenient, but 'rich, and ſuch as will bear a cloſe and 'frequent inſpection; whilſt every thing 'that has a mean and aukward appear-'ance ought to be totally baniſhed.

'Let

'Let our orator then reject every expreſſion that is obſolete, and grown ruſty, as it were, by age: let him be careful not to weaken the force of his ſentiments by a heavy and inartificial combination of words, like our dull compilers of annals: let him avoid all low and inſipid raillery: in a word, let him vary the ſtructure of his periods, nor end every ſentence with the ſame uniform cloſe.

'I will not expoſe the meanneſs of Cicero's conceits, nor his affectation of concluding almoſt every other period with, *as it ſhould ſeem*, inſtead of pointing them with ſome lively and ſpirited turn. I mention even theſe with reluctance, and paſs over many others of the ſame injudicious caſt. It is ſingly, however, in little affectations of this kind, that they who are pleaſed to ſtyle themſelves *antient orators* ſeem to admire and imitate him. I ſhall content myſelf with deſcribing their characters, without mentioning their names: but, you are ſenſible, there are certain pretenders to taſte who prefer Lucilius to Horace, and Lucretius to Virgil; who hold the eloquence of your favourite Baſſus or Nonianus in the utmoſt contempt, when compared with that of Siſenna or Varro; in a word, who deſpiſe the productions of our modern rhetoricians, yet are in raptures with thoſe of Calvus. Theſe curious orators prate in the courts of judicature after the *manner of the antients*, (as they call it) till they are deſerted by the whole audience, and are ſcarce ſupportable even to their very clients. The truth of it is, that ſoundneſs of eloquence which they ſo much boaſt, is but an evidence of the natural weakneſs of their genius, as it is the effect alone of tame and cautious art. No phyſician would pronounce a man to enjoy a proper conſtitution, whoſe health proceeded entirely from a ſtudied and abſtemious regimen. To be only not indiſpoſed, is but a ſmall acquiſition; it is ſpirits, vivacity, and vigour, that I require: whatever comes ſhort of this, is but one remove from imbecillity.

'Be it then (as with great eaſe it may, and in fact is) the glorious diſtinction of you, my illuſtrious friends, to ennoble our age with the moſt refined eloquence. It is with infinite ſatisfaction, Meſſalla, I obſerve, that you ſingle out the moſt florid among the antients for your model. And you, my other two ingenious friends *, ſo happily unite ſtrength of ſentiment with beauty of expreſſion; ſuch a pregnancy of imagination, ſuch a ſymmetry of ordonnance diſtinguiſh your ſpeeches; ſo copious or ſo conciſe is your elocution, as different occaſions require; ſuch an inimitable gracefulneſs of ſtyle, and ſuch an eaſy flow of wit, adorn and dignify your compoſitions: in a word, ſo abſolutely you command the paſſions of your audience, and ſo happily temper your own, that, however the envy and malignity of the preſent age may withhold that applauſe which is ſo juſtly your due, poſterity, you may rely upon it, will ſpeak of you in the advantageous terms which you well deſerve.'

When Aper had thus finiſhed—'It muſt be owned,' ſaid Maternus, 'our friend has ſpoken with much force and ſpirit. What a torrent of learning and eloquence has he poured forth in defence of the moderns! and how compleatly vanquiſhed the antients with thoſe very weapons which he borrowed from them! However,' continued he, applying himſelf to Meſſalla, 'you muſt not recede from your engagement. Not that we expect you ſhould enter into a defence of the antients, or ſuppoſe (however Aper is pleaſed to compliment) that any of us can ſtand in competition with them. Aper himſelf does not ſincerely think ſo, I dare ſay; but takes the oppoſite ſide in the debate, merely in imitation of the celebrated manner of antiquity. We do not deſire you, therefore, to entertain us with a panegyric upon the antients: their well-eſtabliſhed reputation places them far above the want of our encomiums. But what we requeſt of you is, to account for our having ſo widely departed from that noble ſpecies of eloquence which they diſplayed: eſpecially ſince we are not, according to Aper's calculation, more than a hundred and twenty years diſtant from Cicero.'

'I ſhall endeavour,' returned Meſſalla, 'to purſue the plan you have laid

* Maternus and Secundus.

'down to me. I ſhall not enter into 'the queſtion with Aper, (though in- 'deed he is the firſt that ever made it 'one) whether thoſe who flouriſhed 'above a century before us, can pro- 'perly be ſtyled antients. I am not 'diſpoſed to contend about words: let 'them be called antients, or anceſtors, 'or whatever other name he pleaſes, ſo 'it be allowed their oratory was ſupe- 'rior to ours. I admit too, what he 'juſt now advanced, that there are va- 'rious kinds of eloquence diſcernible in 'the ſame period; much more in dif- 'ferent ages. But as among the Attic 'orators, Demoſthenes is placed in the 'firſt rank, then Æſchines, Hyperides 'next, and after him Lyſias and Ly- 'curgus; an æra, which on all hands 'is agreed to have been the prime ſeaſon 'of oratory: ſo amongſt us, Cicero is 'by univerſal conſent preferred to all his 'contemporaries; as after him, Calvus, 'Aſinius, Cæſar, Cœlius, and Brutus, 'are juſtly acknowledged to have ex- 'celled all our preceding or ſubſequent 'orators. Nor is it of any importance 'to the preſent argument, that they dif- 'fer in manner, ſince they agree in 'kind. The compoſitions of Calvus, 'it is confeſſed, are diſtinguiſhed by 'their remarkable conciſeneſs; as thoſe 'of Aſinius are by the harmonious flow 'of his language. Brilliancy of ſenti- 'ment is Cæſar's characteriſtic; as 'poignancy of wit is that of Cœlius. 'Solidity recommends the ſpeeches of 'Brutus; while copiouſneſs, ſtrength, 'and vehemence, are the predominant 'qualities in Cicero. Each of them, 'however, diſplays an equal ſoundneſs 'of eloquence; and one may eaſily diſ- 'cover a general reſemblance and kind- 'red likeneſs run through their ſeveral 'works, though diverſified, indeed, ac- 'cording to their reſpective geniuſes. 'That they mutually detracted from 'each other, (as it muſt be owned there 'are ſome remaining traces of malignity 'in their letters) is not to be imputed 'to them as orators, but as men. Cal- 'vus, Aſinius, and even Cicero him- 'ſelf, were liable, no doubt, to be in- 'fected with jealouſy, as well as with 'other human frailties and imperfec- 'tions. Brutus, however, I will ſingly 'except from all imputations of malig- 'nity, as I am perſuaded he ſpoke the 'ſincere and impartial ſentiments of 'his heart: for can it be ſuppoſed that 'HE ſhould envy Cicero, who does not 'ſeem to have envied even Cæſar him- 'ſelf? As to Galba, Lælius, and ſome 'others of the antients, whom Aper 'has thought proper to condemn, I am 'willing to admit that they have ſome 'defects, which muſt be aſcribed to a 'growing and yet immature eloquence.

'After all, if we muſt relinquiſh the 'nobler kind of oratory, and adopt 'ſome lower ſpecies, I ſhould certainly 'prefer the impetuoſity of Gracchus, 'or the incorrectneſs of Craſſus, to the 'ſtudied foppery of Mæcenas, or the 'childiſh jingle of Gallio: ſo much ra- 'ther would I ſee eloquence cloathed 'in the moſt rude and negligent garb, 'than decked out with the falſe colours 'of affected ornament! There is ſome- 'thing in our preſent manner of elocu- 'tion, which is ſo far from being orato- 'rical, that it is not even manly; and 'one would imagine our modern plead- 'ers, by the levity of their wit, the af- 'fected ſmoothneſs of their periods, and 'licentiouſneſs of their ſtyle, had a view 'to the ſtage in all their compoſitions. 'Accordingly, ſome of them are not 'aſhamed to boaſt (which one can ſcarce 'even mention without a bluſh) that 'their ſpeeches are adapted to the ſoft 'modulation of ſtage-muſic. It is this 'depravity of taſte which has given riſe 'to the very indecent and prepoſterous, 'though very frequent, expreſſion, that 'ſuch an orator ſpeaks *ſmoothly*, and 'ſuch a dancer moves *eloquently*. I am 'willing to admit, therefore, that Caſ- 'ſius Severus, (the ſingle modern whom 'Aper has thought proper to name) 'when compared to theſe his degenerate 'ſucceſſors, may juſtly be deemed an 'orator; though, it is certain, in the 'greater part of his compoſitions there 'appears far more ſtrength than ſpirit. 'He was the firſt who neglected chaſtity 'of ſtyle, and propriety of method. In- 'expert in the uſe of thoſe very wea- 'pons with which he engages, he ever 'lays himſelf open to a thruſt, by al- 'ways endeavouring to attack; and one 'may much more properly ſay of him, 'that he puſhes at random, than that 'he comports himſelf according to the 'juſt rules of regular combat. Never- 'theleſs, he is greatly ſuperior, as I 'obſerved before, in the variety of his 'learning, the agreeableneſs of his wit, 'and the ſtrength of his genius, to thoſe 'who ſucceeded him: not one of whom, 'however,

'however, has Aper ventured to bring 'into the field. I imagined, that after 'having depoſed Aſinius, and Cœlius, 'and Calvus, he would have ſubſtituted another ſet of orators in their 'place, and that he had numbers to 'produce in oppoſition to Cicero, to 'Cæſar, and the reſt whom he rejected; 'or at leaſt, one rival to each of them. 'On the contrary, he has diſtinctly and 'ſeparately cenſured all the antients, 'while he has ventured to commend 'the moderns in general only. He 'thought, perhaps, if he ſingled out 'ſome, he ſhould draw upon himſelf 'the reſentment of all the reſt: for every 'declaimer among them modeſtly ranks 'himſelf, in his own fond opinion, before 'Cicero, though indeed after Gabinianus. But what Aper was not hardy 'enough to undertake, I will be bold 'to execute for him; and draw out his 'oratorical heroes in full view, that it 'may appear by what degrees the ſpirit 'and vigour of antient eloquence was 'impaired and broken.'

'Let me rather intreat you,' ſaid Maternus, interrupting him, 'to enter, 'without any farther preface, upon the 'difficulty you firſt undertook to clear. 'That we are inferior to the antients in 'point of eloquence, I by no means 'want to have proved, being entirely 'of that opinion; but my preſent enquiry is how to account for our ſinking ſo far below them? A queſtion, 'it ſeems, you have examined, and 'which I am perſuaded you would diſcuſs with much calmneſs, if Aper's 'unmerciful attack upon your favourite 'orators had not a little diſcompoſed 'you.'—'I am nothing offended,' returned Meſſalla, 'with the ſentiments 'which Aper has advanced; neither 'ought you, my friends, remembering 'always that it is an eſtabliſhed law in 'debates of this kind, that every man 'may with entire ſecurity diſcloſe his 'unreſerved opinion.'—'Proceed then, 'I beſeech you,' replied Maternus, 'to 'the examination of this point concerning the antients, with a freedom equal 'to theirs: from which I ſuſpect, alas! 'we have more widely degenerated, 'than even from their eloquence.'

'The cauſe,' ſaid Meſſalla, reſuming his diſcourſe, 'does not lie very remote; 'and, though you are pleaſed to call 'upon me to aſſign it, is well known, 'I doubt not, both to you and to the 'reſt of this company. For is it not 'obvious that Eloquence, together with 'the reſt of the politer arts, has fallen 'from her antient glory, not for want 'of admirers, but through the diſſoluteneſs of our youth, the negligence 'of parents, the ignorance of preceptors, and the univerſal diſregard of 'antient manners? Evils, which derived 'their ſource from Rome, and thence 'ſpread themſelves through Italy, and 'over all the provinces; though the miſchief, indeed, is moſt obſervable within our own walls. I ſhall take notice, 'therefore, of thoſe vices to which the 'youth of this city are more peculiarly 'expoſed; which riſe upon them in 'number as they increaſe in years. But 'before I enter farther into this ſubject, 'let me premiſe an obſervation or two 'concerning the judicious method of 'diſcipline practiſed by our anceſtors, 'in training up their children.

'In the firſt place, then, the virtuous matrons of thoſe wiſer ages did not 'abandon their infants to the mean 'hovels of mercenary nurſes, but tenderly reared them up at their own 'breaſts; eſteeming the careful regulation of their children and domeſtic 'concerns as the higheſt point of female merit. It was cuſtomary with 'them likewiſe to chuſe out ſome elderly female relation, of approved conduct, with whom the family in general 'entruſted the care of their reſpective 'children, during their infant years. 'This venerable perſon ſtrictly regulated, not only their more ſerious purſuits, but even their very amuſements; 'reſtraining them, by her reſpected preſence, from ſaying or acting any thing 'contrary to decency and good manners. In this manner, we are informed, Cornelia the mother of the two 'Gracchi, as alſo Aurelia and Attia, to 'whom Julius and Auguſtus Cæſar 'owed their reſpective births, undertook this office of family education, 'and trained up thoſe ſeveral noble 'youths to whom they were related. 'This method of diſcipline was attended with one very ſingular advantage: 'the minds of young men were conducted ſound and untainted to the ſtudy of 'the noble arts. Accordingly, whatever profeſſion they determined upon, 'whether that of arms, eloquence, or 'law, they entirely devoted themſelves 'to that ſingle purſuit, and with undiſ-

'ſipated application, poſſeſſed the whole 'compaſs of their choſen ſcience.

'But, in the preſent age, the little 'boy is delegated to the care of ſome 'paltry Greek chamber-maid, in con-'junction with two or three other ſer-'vants, (and even thoſe generally of 'the worſt kind) who are abſolutely un-'fit for every rational and ſerious of-'fice. From the idle tales and groſs 'abſurdities of theſe worthleſs people, 'the tender and uninſtructed mind is 'ſuffered to receive it's earlieſt impreſ-'ſions. It cannot, indeed, be ſuppoſed, 'that any caution ſhould be obſerved 'among the domeſtics; ſince the parents 'themſelves are ſo far from training 'their young families to virtue and mo-'deſty, that they ſet them the firſt ex-'amples of luxury and licentiouſneſs. 'Thus our youth gradually acquire a 'confirmed habit of impudence, and a 'total diſregard of that reverence they 'owe both to themſelves and to others. 'To ſay truth, it ſeems as if a fondneſs 'for horſes, actors, and gladiators, the 'peculiar and diſtinguiſhing folly of 'this our city, was impreſſed upon 'them even in the womb: and when 'once a paſſion of this contemptible 'ſort has ſeized and engaged the mind, 'what opening is there left for the noble 'arts?'

'All converſation in general is in-'fected with topics of this kind; as 'they are the conſtant ſubjects of diſ-'courſe, not only amongſt our youth 'in their academies, but even of their 'tutors themſelves. For it is not by 'eſtabliſhing a ſtrict diſcipline, or by 'giving proofs of their genius, that this 'order of men gain pupils: it is by the 'meaneſt compliances and moſt ſervile 'flattery. Not to mention how ill in-'ſtructed our youth are in the very ele-'ments of literature, ſufficient pains 'is by no means taken in bringing them 'acquainted with the beſt authors, or 'in giving them a proper notion of hiſ-'tory, together with a knowledge of 'men and things. The whole that ſeems 'to be conſidered in their education, is, 'to find out a perſon for them called a 'Rhetorician. I ſhall take occaſion im-'mediately, to give you ſome account of 'the riſe and progreſs of this profeſſion 'in Rome, and ſhew you with what 'contempt it was received by our an-'ceſtors. But it will be neceſſary to 'lay before you a previous view of that 'ſcheme of diſcipline which the antient 'orators practiſed; of whoſe amazing 'induſtry and unwearied application to 'every branch of the polite arts, we meet 'with many remarkable accounts in 'their own writings.

'I need not inform you, that Cicero, 'in the latter end of his treatiſe intitled 'Brutus, (the former part of which is 'employed in commemorating the an-'tient orators) gives a ſketch of the 'ſeveral progreſſive ſteps by which he 'formed his eloquence. He there ac-'quaints us, that he ſtudied the civil 'law under Q. Mucius; that he was in-'ſtructed in the ſeveral branches of phi-'loſophy by Philo the Academic, and 'Diodorus the Stoic; that not ſatisfied 'with attending the lectures of thoſe 'eminent maſters, of which there were 'at that time great numbers in Rome, 'he made a voyage into Greece and 'Aſia, in order to enlarge his know-'ledge, and embrace the whole circle 'of ſciences. Accordingly he appears 'by his writings to have been maſter 'of logic, ethics, aſtronomy, and na-'tural philoſophy, beſides being well 'verſed in geometry, muſic, grammar, 'and, in ſhort, in every one of the fine 'arts. For thus it is, my worthy 'friends; from deep learning and the 'united confluence of the arts and 'ſciences, the reſiſtleſs torrent of that 'amazing eloquence derived it's ſtrength 'and rapidity.

'The faculties of the orator are not 'exerciſed, indeed, as in other ſciences, 'within certain preciſe and determinate 'limits: on the contrary, eloquence is 'the moſt comprehenſive of the whole 'circle of arts. Thus he alone can 'juſtly be deemed an orator, who 'knows how to employ the moſt per-'ſuaſive arguments upon every queſ-'tion; who can expreſs himſelf ſuitably 'to the dignity of his ſubject, with all 'the powers of grace and harmony; in 'a word, who can penetrate into every 'minute circumſtance, and manage the 'whole train of incidents to the great-'eſt advantage of his cauſe. Such, at 'leaſt, was the high idea which the an-'tients formed of this illuſtrious cha-'racter. In order however to attain 'this eminent qualification, they did 'not think it neceſſary to declaim in the 'ſchools, and idly waſte their breath up-'on feigned or frivolous controverſies. 'It was their wiſer method, to apply

'themſelves

'themſelves to the ſtudy of ſuch uſeful 'arts as concern life and manners, as 'treat of moral good and evil, of juſtice 'and injuſtice, of the decent and the 'unbecoming in actions. And, indeed, 'it is upon points of this nature that the 'buſineſs of the orator principally turns. 'For example, in the judiciary kind it 'relates to matters of equity; as in the 'deliberate it is employed in determin-'ing the fit and the expedient: ſtill, 'however, theſe two branches are not 'ſo abſolutely diſtinct, but that they are 'frequently blended with each other. 'Now it is impoſſible, when queſtions 'of this kind fall under the conſidera-'tion of an orator, to enlarge upon 'them in all the elegant and enlivening 'ſpirit of an efficacious eloquence, un-'leſs he is perfectly well acquainted 'with human nature; unleſs he under-'ſtands the power and extent of moral 'duties, and can diſtinguiſh thoſe ac-'tions which do not partake either of 'vice or virtue.

'From the ſame ſource, likewiſe, he 'muſt derive his influence over the paſ-'ſions. For if he is ſkilled, for inſtance, 'in the nature of indignation, he will 'be ſo much the more capable of ſooth-'ing or enflaming the breaſts of his 'judges: if he knows wherein compaſ-'ſion conſiſts, and by what workings of 'the heart it is moved, he will the more 'eaſily raiſe that tender affection of the 'ſoul. An orator trained up in this diſ-'cipline, and practiſed in theſe arts, 'will have full command over the 'breaſts of his audience, in whatever 'diſpoſition it may be his chance to find 'them: and thus furniſhed with all the 'numberleſs powers of perſuaſion, will 'judiciouſly vary and accommodate his 'eloquence, as particular circumſtances 'and conjunctures ſhall require. There 'are ſome, we find, who are moſt ſtruck 'with that manner of elocution, where the 'arguments are drawn up in a ſhort and 'cloſe ſtyle: upon ſuch an occaſion the 'orator will experience the great advan-'tage of being converſant in logic. 'Others, on the contrary, admire flow-'ing and diffuſive periods, where the 'illuſtrations are borrowed from the or-'dinary and familiar images of common 'obſervation: here the Peripatetic writ-'ers will give him ſome aſſiſtance; as 'indeed they will, in general, ſupply 'him with many uſeful hints in all the 'different methods of popular addreſs. 'The Academics will inſpire him with 'a becoming warmth: Plato with ſub-'limity of ſentiments, and Xenophon 'with an eaſy and elegant diction. 'Even the exclamatory manner of Epi-'curus, or Metrodorus, may be found, 'in ſome circumſtances, not altogether 'unſerviceable. In a word, what the 'Stoics pretend of their wiſe man, 'ought to be verified in our orator; and 'he ſhould actually poſſeſs all human 'knowledge. Accordingly, the an-'tients who applied themſelves to elo-'quence, not only ſtudied the civil laws, 'but alſo grammar, poetry, muſic, and 'geometry. Indeed, there are few 'cauſes (perhaps I might juſtly ſay 'there are none) wherein a ſkill in the 'firſt is not abſolutely neceſſary; as 'there are many in which an acquaint-'ance with the laſt mentioned ſciences is 'highly requiſite.

'If it ſhould be objected, that "Elo-"quence is the ſingle ſcience requiſite "for the orator; as an occaſional re-"courſe to the others will be ſufficient "for all his purpoſes:" I anſwer; in 'the firſt place, there will always be a 'remarkable difference in the manner 'of applying what we take up, as it 'were, upon loan, and what we proper-'ly poſſeſs; ſo that it will ever be mani-'feſt, whether the orator is indebted to 'others for what he produces, or de-'riyes it from his own unborrowed 'fund. And in the next, the ſciences 'throw an inexpreſſible grace over our 'compoſitions, even where they are not 'immediately concerned; as their ef-'fects are diſcernible where we leaſt ex-'pect to find them. This powerful 'charm is not only diſtinguiſhed by the 'learned and the judicious, but ſtrikes 'even the moſt common and popular 'claſs of auditors; inſomuch that one 'may frequently hear them applauding 'a ſpeaker of this improved kind, as a 'man of genuine erudition; as enriched 'with the whole treaſures of eloquence; 'and, in one word, acknowledge the 'complete orator. But I will take the 'liberty to affirm, that no man ever did, 'nor indeed ever can, maintain that ex-'alted character, unleſs he enters the 'forum ſupported by the full ſtrength 'of the united arts. Accompliſhments, 'however, of this ſort, are now ſo to-'tally neglected, that the pleadings of 'our orators are debaſed by the loweſt 'expreſſions; as a general ignorance

'both

'both of the laws of our country and 'the acts of the ſenate, is viſible 'throughout their performances. All 'knowledge of the rights and cuſtoms 'of Rome is profeſſedly ridiculed, and 'philoſophy ſeems at preſent to be con-'ſidered as ſomething that ought to be 'ſhunned and dreaded. Thus Elo-'quence, like a dethroned potentate, is 'baniſhed her rightful dominions, and 'confined to barren points and low con-'ceits: and ſhe who was once miſtreſs 'of the whole circle of ſciences, and 'charmed every beholder with the 'goodly appearance of her glorious 'train, is now ſtripped of all her at-'tendants, (I had almoſt ſaid of all her 'genius) and ſeems as one of the mean-'eſt of the mechanic arts. This, there-'fore, I conſider as the firſt, and the 'principal reaſon of our having ſo 'greatly declined from the ſpirit of the 'antients.

'If I were called upon to ſupport my 'opinion by authorities, might I not 'juſtly name, among the Grecians, 'Demoſthenes? who, we are informed, 'conſtantly attended the lectures of 'Plato: as among our own country-'men, Cicero himſelf aſſures us, (and 'in theſe very words, if I rightly re-'member) That he owed whatever ad-'vances he had made in eloquence, not 'to the Rhetoricians, but to the Acade-'mic philoſophers.

'Other, and very conſiderable, rea-'ſons might be produced for the decay 'of eloquence. But I leave them, my 'friends, as it is proper I ſhould, to be 'mentioned by you; having performed 'my ſhare in the examination of this 'queſtion: and with a freedom, which 'will give, I imagine, as uſual, much 'offence. I am ſure, at leaſt, if certain 'of our contemporaries were to be in-'formed of what I have here maintain-'ed, I ſhould be told, that in laying it 'down as a maxim, That a knowledge 'both of law and philoſophy are eſſen-'tial qualifications in an orator, I have 'been fondly purſuing a phantom of 'my own imagination.'

'I am ſo far from thinking,' replied Maternus, 'you have completed the 'part you undertook, that I ſhould ra-'ther imagine you had only given us 'the firſt general ſketch of your deſign. 'You have marked out to us, indeed, 'thoſe ſciences wherein the antient ora-'tors were inſtructed, and have placed 'in ſtrong contraſt their ſucceſsful in-'duſtry, with our unperforming igno-'rance. But ſomething farther ſtill re-'mains: and as you have ſhewn us the 'ſuperior acquirements of the orators 'in thoſe more improved ages of elo-'quence, as well as the remarkable de-'ficiency of thoſe in our own times, I 'ſhould be glad you would proceed to 'acquaint us with the particular exer-'ciſes by which the youth of thoſe ear-'lier days were wont to ſtrengthen and 'improve their geniuſes. For I dare 'ſay you will not deny, that oratory is 'acquired by practice far better than by 'precept: and our other two friends 'here ſeem willing, I perceive, to ad-'mit it.'

To which, when Aper and Secundus had ſignified their aſſent, Meſſalla, re-ſuming his diſcourſe, continued as fol-lows:

'Having, then, as it ſhould ſeem, 'diſcloſed to your ſatisfaction the ſeeds 'and firſt principles of antient elo-'quence, by ſpecifying the ſeveral kinds 'of arts to which the antient orators 'were trained; I ſhall now lay before 'you the method they purſued, in order 'to gain a facility in the exertion of 'eloquence. This, indeed, I have in 'ſome meaſure anticipated, by mention-'ing the preparatory arts to which they 'applied themſelves: for it is impoſſible 'to make any progreſs in a compaſs ſo 'various and ſo abſtruſe, unleſs we not 'only ſtrengthen our knowledge by re-'flection, but improve a general apti-'tude by frequent exerciſe. Thus it 'appears that the ſame ſteps muſt be 'purſued in exerting our Oratory, as 'in attaining it. But if this truth 'ſhould not be univerſally admitted; if 'any ſhould think, that Eloquence may 'be poſſeſſed without paying previous 'court to her attendant ſciences; moſt 'certainly, at leaſt, it will not be de-'nied, that a mind duly impregnated 'with the polite arts, will enter with ſo 'much the more advantage upon thoſe 'exerciſes peculiar to the oratorical cir-'cus.

'Accordingly, our anceſtors, when 'they deſigned a young man for the 'profeſſion of Eloquence, having pre-'viouſly taken due care of his domeſtic 'education, and ſeaſoned his mind with 'uſeful knowledge, introduced him to 'the moſt eminent orator in Rome. 'From that time the youth commenced

'his

'his conſtant follower, attending him 'upon all occaſions, whether he ap- 'peared in the public aſſemblies of the 'people, or in the courts of civil judi- 'cature. Thus he learned, if I may 'uſe the expreſſion, the arts of oratori- 'cal conflict in the very field of battle. 'The advantages which flowed from 'this method were conſiderable: it 'animated the courage and quickened 'the judgment of youth, thus to receive 'their inſtructions in the eye of the 'world, and in the midſt of affairs; 'when no man could advance an ab- 'ſurd or a weak argument without be- 'ing rejected by the bench, expoſed by 'his adverſary, and, in a word, de- 'ſpiſed by the whole audience. By this 'method they imbibed the pure and 'uncorrupted ſtreams of genuine elo- 'quence. But though they chiefly at- 'tached themſelves to one particular 'orator, they heard, likewiſe, all the 'reſt of their contemporary pleaders, in 'many of their reſpective debates. 'Hence, alſo, they had an opportunity 'of acquainting themſelves with the va- 'rious ſentiments of the people, and of 'obſerving what pleaſed or diſguſted 'them moſt in the ſeveral orators of the 'forum. By this means they were ſup- 'plied with an inſtructor of the beſt and 'moſt improving kind, exhibiting, not 'the feigned ſemblance of Eloquence, 'but her real and lively manifeſtation: 'not a pretended, but a genuine adver- 'ſary, armed in earneſt for the combat; 'an audience ever full and ever new, 'compoſed of foes as well as friends, 'and where not a ſingle expreſſion could 'fall uncenſured, or unapplauded. For 'you will agree with me, I am well 'perſuaded, when I aſſert that a ſolid 'and laſting reputation of Eloquence 'muſt be acquired by the cenſure of our 'enemies, as well as by the applauſe of 'our friends; or rather, indeed, it is 'from the former that it derives it's 'ſureſt and moſt unqueſtioned ſtrength 'and firmneſs. Accordingly, a youth 'thus formed to the bar, a frequent and 'attentive hearer of the moſt illuſtrious 'orators and debates, inſtructed by the 'experience of others, acquainted with 'the popular taſte, and daily converſant 'in the laws of his country; to whom 'the ſolemn preſence of the judges, and 'the awful eyes of a full audience, were 'familiar, roſe at once into affairs, and 'was equal to every cauſe. Hence it 'was that Craſſus at the age of nine- 'teen, Cæſar at twenty-one, Pollio at 'twenty-two, and Calvus when he 'was but a few years older, pronounced 'thoſe ſeveral ſpeeches againſt Carbo, 'Dolabella, Cato, and Vatinius, which 'we read to this hour with admira- 'tion.

'On the other hand, our modern 'youth receive their education under 'certain declaimers called Rhetoricians: 'a ſet of men who made their firſt ap- 'pearance in Rome a little before the 'time of Cicero. And that they were 'by no means approved by our anceſ- 'tors, plainly appears from their being 'enjoined, under the cenſorſhip of Craſ- 'ſus and Domitius, to ſhut up their 'ſchools of *impudence*, as Cicero ex- 'preſſes it.—But I was going to ſay, 'we are ſent to certain academies, where 'it is hard to determine whether the 'place, the company, or the method of 'inſtruction, is moſt likely to infect the 'minds of young people, and produce a 'wrong turn of thought. For nothing, 'certainly, can there be of an affecting 'ſolemnity in an audience, where all 'who compoſe it are of the ſame low de- 'gree of underſtanding; nor any ad- 'vantage to be received from their fel- 'low-ſtudents, where a parcel of boys 'and raw youths of unripe judgments 'harangue before each other, without 'the leaſt fear or danger of criticiſm. 'And as for their exerciſes, they are 'ridiculous in their very nature. They 'conſiſt of two kinds, and are either de- 'clamatory or controverſial. The firſt, 'as being eaſier and requiring leſs ſkill, 'is aſſigned to the younger lads: the 'other is the taſk of more mature years. 'But, good gods! with what incredible 'abſurdity are they compoſed! The truth 'is, the ſtyle of their declamations is as 'falſe and contemptible, as the ſubjects 'are uſeleſs and fictitious. Thus, being 'taught to harangue in a moſt pompous 'diction, on the rewards due to tyran- 'nicides, on the election to be made by 'deflowered virgins*, on the licentiouſ- 'neſs of married women, on the cere-

* It was one of the queſtions uſually debated in theſe rhetoric ſchools, whether the party who had been raviſhed ſhould chuſe to marry the violator of her chaſtity, or rather have him put to death.

'monies

'monies to be obſerved in times of 'peſtilence, with other topics of the 'ſame unconcerning kind, which are 'daily debated in the ſchools, and ſcarce 'ever at the bar; "they appear abſo-"lute novices in the affairs of the "world, and are by much too elevated "for common life."

"* Here Meſſalla pauſed: when Se-"cundus, taking his turn in the conver-"ſation, began with obſerving, that'—'The true and lofty ſpirit of genuine 'eloquence, like that of a clear and vi-'gorous flame, is nouriſhed by proper 'fuel, excited by agitation, and ſtill 'brightens as it burns. It was in this 'manner,' ſaid he, 'that the oratory of 'our anceſtors was kindled and ſpread it-'ſelf. The moderns have as much merit 'of this kind, perhaps, as can be acquired 'under a ſettled and peaceable govern-'ment: but far inferior, no doubt, to 'that which ſhone out in the times of 'licentiouſneſs and confuſion, when He 'was deemed the nobleſt orator, who 'had moſt influence over a reſtleſs and 'ungoverned multitude. To this ſi-'tuation of public affairs was owing 'thoſe continual debates concerning 'the Agrarian laws, and the popularity 'conſequent thereupon; thoſe long ha-'rangues of the magiſtrates, thoſe im-'peachments of the great, thoſe factions 'of the nobles, thoſe hereditary enmi-'ties in particular families, and, in fine, 'thoſe inceſſant ſtruggles between the 'ſenate and the commons: which, 'though each of them prejudicial to the 'ſtate, yet moſt certainly contributed to 'produce and encourage that rich vein 'of Eloquence which diſcovered itſelf in 'thoſe tempeſtuous days. The way to 'dignities lay directly through the paths 'of Eloquence. The more a man ſig-'nalized himſelf by his abilities in this 'art, ſo much the more eaſily he open-'ed his road to preferment, and main-'tained an aſcendant over his col-'leagues, at the ſame time that it 'heightened his intereſt with the no-'bles, his authority with the ſenate, 'and his reputation with the people in 'general. The patronage of theſe ad-'mired orators was courted even by fo-'reign nations; as the ſeveral magi-'ſtrates of our own endeavoured to re-'commend themſelves to their favour 'and protection, by ſhewing them the 'higheſt marks of honour whenever 'they ſet out for the adminiſtration of 'their reſpective provinces, and by ſtu-'dioufly cultivating a friendſhip with 'them at their return. They were 'called upon, without any ſolicitation 'on their own part, to fill up the ſu-'preme dignities of the ſtate. Nor 'were they even in a private ſtation 'without great power, as by means of 'the perſuaſive arts they had a very 'conſiderable influence over both the 'ſenate and the people. The truth is, 'it was an eſtabliſhed maxim in thoſe 'days, that without the oratorical ta-'lents, no man could either acquire or 'maintain any high poſt in the govern-'ment. And no wonder, indeed, that 'ſuch notion ſhould univerſally prevail; 'ſince it was impoſſible for any perſon 'endued with this commanding art, to 'paſs his life in obſcurity, how much 'ſoever it might be agreeable to his 'own inclinations; ſince it was not 'ſufficient merely to vote in the ſe-'nate, without ſupporting that vote 'with good-ſenſe and eloquence; ſince 'in all public impeachments or civil 'cauſes, the accuſed was obliged to an-'ſwer to the charge in his own perſon; 'ſince written depoſitions were not ad-'mitted in judicial matters, but the wit-'neſſes were called upon to deliver their 'evidence in open court. Thus our 'anceſtors were eloquent, as much by 'neceſſity as by encouragements. To 'be poſſeſſed of the perſuaſive talents, 'was eſteemed the higheſt glory; as the 'contrary character was held in the ut-'moſt contempt. In a word, they were

* The latter part of Meſſalla's diſcourſe, together with what immediately followed it in the original, is loſt: the chaſm, however, does not ſeem to be ſo great as ſome of the commentators ſuſpect. The tranſlator therefore has ventured to fill it up in his own way, with thoſe lines which are diſtinguiſhed by inverted comma's. He has likewiſe given the next ſubſequent part of the converſation to Secundus, though it does not appear in the original to whom it belongs. It would be of no great importance to the Engliſh reader, to juſtify this laſt article; though, perhaps, it would not be very difficult, if it were neceſſary.

To ſave the reader the trouble of turning to a ſecond note upon a like occaſion, it is proper to obſerve, in this place, that he will find the ſame inverted comma's in p 118. The words included between them are alſo an addition of the tranſlator's, and for the ſame reaſon as that juſt now mentioned.

'incited

'incited to the purſuit of Oratory by a 'principle of honour as well as by a 'view of intereſt. They dreaded the 'diſgrace of being conſidered rather as 'clients than patrons; of loſing thoſe 'dependents which their anceſtors had 'tranſmitted to them, and ſeeing them 'mix in the train of others; in ſhort, 'of being looked upon as men of mean 'abilities, and conſequently either paſſed 'over in the diſpoſal of high offices, 'or deſpiſed in the adminiſtration of 'them.

'I know not whether thoſe antient hiſ-'torical pieces, which were lately col-'lected and publiſhed by Mucianus from 'the old libraries where they have hi-'therto been preſerved, have yet fallen 'into your hands. This collection con-'ſiſts of eleven volumes of the public 'journals, and three of epiſtles; by which 'it appears that Pompey and Craſſus 'gained as much advantage from their 'eloquence as their arms; that Lucullus, 'Metellus, Lentulus, Curio, and the 'reſt of thoſe diſtinguiſhed chiefs, de-'voted themſelves with great applica-'tion to this inſinuating art: in a word, 'that not a ſingle perſon in thoſe times 'roſe to any conſiderable degree of 'power, without the aſſiſtance of the 'rhetorical talents.

'To theſe conſiderations may be far-'ther added, that the dignity and im-'portance of the debates in which the 'antients were engaged, contributed 'greatly to advance their eloquence. 'Moſt certain, indeed, it is, that an 'orator muſt neceſſarily find great dif-'ference with reſpect to his powers, 'when he is to harangue only upon 'ſome trifling robbery, or a little paltry 'form of pleading; and when the facul-'ties of his mind are warmed and en-'livened by ſuch intereſting and ani-'mating topics as bribery at elections, 'as the oppreſſion of our allies, or the 'maſſacre of our fellow-citizens. Evils 'theſe, which, beyond all peradventure, 'it were better ſhould never happen; 'and we have reaſon to rejoice that we 'live under a government where we are 'ſtrangers to ſuch terrible calamities: 'ſtill it muſt be acknowledged, that 'wherever they did happen, they were 'wonderful incentives to eloquence. 'For the orator's genius riſes and ex-'pands itſelf in proportion to the dig-'nity of the occaſion upon which it is 'exerted; and I will lay it down as a 'maxim, that it is impoſſible to ſhine 'out in all the powerful luſtre of ge-'nuine eloquence, without being in-'flamed by a ſuitable importance of 'ſubject. Thus the ſpeech of Demoſt-'henes againſt his guardians, ſcarcely, 'I imagine, eſtabliſhed his character; 'as it was not the defence of Archias, 'or Quinctius, that acquired Cicero the 'reputation of a conſummate orator. It 'was Catiline, and Milo, and Verres, 'and Mark Antony, that warmed him 'with that noble glow of eloquence, 'which gave the finiſhing brightneſs to 'his unequalled fame. Far am I from 'inſinuating, that ſuch infamous cha-'racters deſerve to be tolerated in a 'ſtate, in order to ſupply convenient 'matter of oratory: all I contend for 'is, that this art flouriſhes to moſt ad-'vantage in turbulent times. Peace, 'no doubt, is infinitely preferable to 'war; but it is the latter only that forms 'the ſoldier. It is juſt the ſame with 'Eloquence: the oftener ſhe enters, if I 'may ſo ſay, the field of battle, the more 'wounds ſhe gives and receives; the 'more powerful the adverſary with 'which ſhe contends, ſo much the more 'ennobled ſhe appears in the eye of 'mankind. For it is the diſpoſition of 'human nature, always to admire what 'we ſee is attended with danger and 'difficulty in others, how much ſoever 'we may chuſe eaſe and ſecurity for 'ourſelves.

'Another advantage which the antient 'orators had over the moderns, is, that 'they were not confined in their plead-'ings, as we are, to a few hours. On 'the contrary, they were at liberty to 'adjourn as often as they thought pro-'per; they were unlimited as to the num-'ber of days or of counſel, and every 'orator might extend his ſpeech to the 'length moſt agreeable to himſelf. Pom-'pey, in his third conſulſhip, was the 'firſt who curbed the ſpirit of eloquence: 'ſtill, however, permitting all cauſes to 'be heard, agreeably to the laws, in the 'forum and before the Prætors. How 'much more conſiderable the buſineſs 'of thoſe magiſtrates was, than that of 'the Centumvirs, who at preſent deter-'mine all cauſes, is evident from this 'circumſtance, that not a ſingle oration 'of Cicero, Cæſar, or Brutus, or, in 'ſhort, of any one celebrated orator, was 'ſpoken before theſe laſt, excepting only 'thoſe of Pollio in favour of the heirs of

'Urbinia. But then it must be remembered, that these were delivered about the middle of the reign of Augustus, when a long and uninterrupted peace abroad, a perfect tranquillity at home, together with the general good conduct of that wise prince, had damped the flames of eloquence as well as those of sedition.

'You will smile, perhaps, at what I am going to say, and I mention it for that purpose: but is there not something in the present confined garb of our orators, that has an ill effect even upon their elocution, and makes it appear low and contemptible? May we not suppose, likewise, that much of the spirit of Oratory is sunk, by that close and despicable scene wherein many of our causes are now debated? For the orator, like a generous steed, requires a free and open space wherein to expatiate; otherwise the force of his powers is broken, and half the energy of his talents is checked in their career. There is another circumstance also exceedingly prejudicial to the interest of Eloquence, as it prevents a due attention to style: we are now obliged to enter upon our speech whenever the judge calls upon us; not to mention the frequent interruptions which arise by the examination of witnesses. Besides, the courts of judicature are at present so unfrequented, that the orator seems to stand alone, and talk to bare walls. But Eloquence rejoices in the clamour of loud applause, and exults in a full audience, such as used to press round the antient orators when the forum stood thronged with nobles; when a numerous retinue of clients, when foreign ambassadors, and whole cities, assisted at the debate; and when even Rome herself was concerned in the event. The very appearance of that prodigious concourse of people, which attended the trials of Bestia, Cornelius, Scaurus, Milo, and Vatinius, must have enflamed the breast of the coldest orator. Accordingly we find, that of all the antient orations now extant, there are none which have more eminently distinguished their authors, than those which were pronounced under such favourable circumstances. To these advantages we may farther add, likewise, the frequent general assemblies of the people, the privilege of arraigning the most considerable personages, and the popularity of such impeachments; when the sons of Oratory spared not even Scipio, Sylla, or Pompey; and when, in consequence of such acceptable attacks upon suspected power, they were sure of being heard by the people with the utmost attention and regard. How must these united causes contribute to raise the genius, and inspire the eloquence of the antients!

"Maternus, who, you will remember, was in the midst of his harangue in favour of Poetry when Messalla first entered into the room, finding Secundus was now silent, took that opportunity of resuming his invective against the exercise of the oratorical arts in general." 'That species of eloquence,' said he, 'wherein poetry is concerned, is calm and peaceable, moderate and virtuous: whereas that other supreme kind which my two friends here have been describing, is the offspring of licentiousness, (by fools miscalled liberty) and the companion of sedition; bold, obstinate, and haughty, unknowing how to yield or how to obey, an encourager of a lawless populace, and a stranger in all well-regulated communities. Who ever heard of an [illegible] in Lacedæmon or Crete? cities where exercised the severest discipline, and were governed by the strictest laws. We have no account of Persian or Macedonian eloquence, or indeed of that of any other state which submitted to a regular administration of government. Whereas Rhodes and Athens (places of popular rule, where all things lay open to all men) swarmed with orators innumerable. In the same manner, Rome, while she was under no settled policy; while she was torn with parties, dissentions, and factions; while there was no peace in the forum, no harmony in the senate, no moderation in the judges; while there was neither reverence paid to superiors, nor bounds prescribed to magistrates—Rome, under these circumstances, produced, beyond all dispute, a stronger and brighter vein of eloquence; as some valuable plants will flourish even in the wildest soil. But the tongue of the Gracchi did nothing compensate the republic for their seditious laws; nor the superior eloquence of Cicero

'make

'make him any amends for his ſad ca-
'taſtrophe.

'The truth is, the forum (that ſingle
'remain which now ſurvives of antient
'oratory) is, even in it's preſent ſitua-
'tion, an evident proof that all things
'amongſt us are not conducted in that
'well-ordered manner one could wiſh.
'For, tell me, is it not the guilty or the
'miſerable alone, that fly to us for aſ-
'ſiſtance? When any community im-
'plores our protection, is it not becauſe
'it either is inſulted by ſome neighbour-
'ing ſtate, or torn by domeſtic feuds?
'And what province ever ſeeks our pa-
'tronage, till ſhe has been plundered
'or oppreſſed? But far better it ſurely
'is, never to have been injured, than at
'laſt to be redreſſed. If there was a
'government in the world free from
'commotions and diſturbances, the pro-
'feſſion of oratory would there be as
'uſeleſs, as that of medicine to the
'ſound: and as the phyſician would
'have little practice or profit among the
'healthy and the ſtrong, ſo neither would
'the orator have much buſineſs or ho-
'nour where obedience and good man-
'ners univerſally prevail. To what
'purpoſe are ſtudied ſpeeches in a ſe-
'nate, where the better and the major
'part of the aſſembly are already of one
'mind? What the expediency of ha-
'ranguing the populace, where public
'affairs are not determined by the voice
'of an ignorant and giddy multitude,
'but by the ſteady wiſdom of a ſingle
'perſon? To what end voluntary in-
'formations, where crimes are unfre-
'quent and inconſiderable? or of la-
'boured and invidious defences, where
'the clemency of the judge is ever on
'the ſide of the accuſed? Believe me,
'then, my worthy (and, as far as the
'circumſtances of the age require, my
'eloquent) friends, had the gods re-
'verſed the date of your exiſtence, and
'placed *You* in the times of thoſe an-
'tients we ſo much admire, and *Them*
'in yours; *You* would not have fallen
'ſhort of that glorious ſpirit which di-
'ſtinguiſhed their oratory, nor would
'*they* have been deſtitute of a proper
'temperature and moderation. But ſince
'a high reputation for eloquence is not
'conſiſtent with great repoſe in the
'public; let every age enjoy it's own
'peculiar advantages, without dero-
'gating from thoſe of a former.'

Maternus having ended, Meſſalla ob-
ſerved, that there were ſome points
which his friend had laid down, that
were not perfectly agreeable to his ſenti-
ments; as there were others, which he
wiſhed to hear explained more at large—
'But the time is now,' ſaid he, 'too
'far advanced.'—'If I have main-
'tained any thing,' replied Maternus,
'which requires to be opened more ex-
'plicitly, I ſhall be ready to clear it up
'in ſome future conference.' At the ſame
time, riſing from his ſeat and em-
bracing Aper—'Meſſalla and I,' con-
tinued he, ſmiling, 'ſhall arraign you,
'be well aſſured, before the poets and
'admirers of the antients.'—'And I
'both of you,' returned Aper, 'before
'the rhetoricians.' Thus we parted in
mutual good humour.

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FINIS.

HARRISON's EDITION.

ESSAYS

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

BY

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

'Every ſingle obſervation that is publiſhed by a man of genius, be it 'ever ſo trivial, ſhould be eſteemed of importance; becauſe he ſpeaks 'from his own impreſſions: whereas common men publiſh com- 'mon things, which they have perhaps gleaned from frivolous 'writers.'

ESSAY XXVI. N° LXIV.

ESSAYS

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

ESSAY I.

ON PUBLICATIONS.

'TIS not unamuſing to conſider the ſeveral apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at leaſt a ſeeming violation of modeſty; a preſumption on the writer's ſide, that he is able to inſtruct or to entertain the world; which implies a ſuppoſition that he can communicate what they cannot draw from their own reflections.

To remove any prejudice this might occaſion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely ſolicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addreſſing him by the moſt tender and endearing appellations. He is in general ſtyled the moſt loving, candid, and courteous creature, that ever breathed; with a view, doubtleſs, that he will deſerve the compliment; and that his favour may be ſecured at the expence of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a compoſition; the danger of an imperfect and ſurreptitious publication; the preſſing and indiſcreet inſtances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irreſiſtible commands of perſons in high life; have been excuſes often ſubſtituted in place of the real motives, vanity and hunger.

The moſt allowable reaſons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amuſement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man poſſeſſed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private uſe, than the mean-ſpirited miſer, that did the ſame by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treaſures, even while he renders others the better for them. A compoſition that enters the world with a view of improving or amuſing it, (I mean only, amuſing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmoſt indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

When a writer's private intereſt appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger ſcope for accuſation, if he be a ſufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be ſaid to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be diſappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other caſes, to make the worſt of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts upon a man of genius, the case appears to stand thus. The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is grounded on comparison. Every one then is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority; and to disallow his pretensions upon the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the capacity of the other more discernible. Examination, however, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, though a writer be a while detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it, (for there is no previous test on this occasion, he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology. When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a penny-worth for his penny; and has reason to asperse his honesty if he finds himself deceived. Also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people. When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably lose in point of modesty: otherwise, we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it.

After all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

ESSAY II:

ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

I Happened to fall into company with a Citizen, a Courtier, and an Academic.

Says the Citizen—'I am told continually of taste, refinement, and politeness; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landskip, a building, or a play, that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them; that mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur: but they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator.'

Says the Courtier—'I cannot answer for every individual instance: but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves.

'It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

'It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. "Such a soup or "olio," say they, "is much in vogue; "and if you do not like it, you must "learn to like it."

'But in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading.

'Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind 'uncultivated,

'uncultivated, can be applied to their 'proper counterparts. Their beauty, 'of conſequence, is like a picture to a 'blind man.

'How many of theſe peculiarities in 'poetry turn upon a knowledge of phi-'loſophy and hiſtory; and let me add, 'theſe latent beauties give the moſt de-'light to ſuch as can unfold them.

'I might launch out much farther 'in regard to the narrow limits of their 'apprehenſions. What I have ſaid may 'exclude their infallibility; and it is my 'opinion they are ſeldom right.'

The Academic ſpoke little, but to the purpoſe; aſſerting that all ranks and ſtations have their different ſpheres of judging: that a clown of native taſte enough to reliſh Handel's Meſſiah, might unqueſtionably be ſo inſtructed as to reliſh it yet more: that an author, before he prints, ſhould not flatter himſelf with a confuſed expectation of pleaſing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in compariſon, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he ſhould always meaſure out his plan for the ſize of underſtanding he would fit. If he can content himſelf with the mob, he is pretty ſure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may eſcape the organs of ſuch readers; but he will have a chance for ſuch applauſe as will more ſenſibly affect him. Let a writer then in his firſt performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applauſe entirely: let him addreſs himſelf to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His firſt appearance on the ſtage of letters will engroſs the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

ESSAY III:

ON ALLOWING MERIT IN OTHERS.

A Certain gentleman was expreſſing himſelf as follows—

'I confeſs, I have no great taſte for 'poetry; but, if I had, I am apt to 'believe I ſhould read no other poetry 'than that of Mr. Pope. The reſt but 'barely arrive at a mediocrity in their 'art; and, to be ſure, poetry of that 'ſtamp can afford but ſlender pleaſure.'

'I know not,' ſays another, 'what 'may be the gentleman's motive to give 'this opinion: but I am perſuaded, 'numbers pretend the ſame through 'mere jealouſy or envy.'

A reader conſiders an author as one who lays claim to a ſuperior genius. He is ever inclined to diſpute it, becauſe, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at leaſt one ſuperior the leſs. Now though a man's abſolute merit may not depend upon the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to purſue the ſingle point of admitting no more into the claſs of ſuperiors, than it is impoſſible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would ſoon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refuſed his honours, but that the very conſtraint, and even abſurdity, of people's ſhutting their eyes, grew as diſagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but diſcover.

But ſelf-love obtains it's wiſhes in another reſpect alſo. It hereby not only depreſſes the characters of many that have wrote, but ſtifles the genius of ſuch as might hereafter riſe from amongſt our inferiors.

Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praiſes which a perſon enamoured of poetry would beſtow on one that excelled in it: but let us conſider Parnaſſus rather as a republic than a monarchy; where, although ſome may be in poſſeſſion of a more cultivated ſpot, yet others may poſſeſs land as fruitful, upon equal cultivation.

On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the ſoil, and the extent of it's fertility, muſt remain undiſcovered, if the gentleman's deſponding principle ſhould meet with approbation.

Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term conſolidating or condenſing ſentences, yet preſerving eaſe and

and perſpicuity. In ſmoothneſs of verſe, perhaps, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, excelled.

Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be eſteemed our trueſt models, Mr. Pope is much more witty, and leſs ſimple, than his own Horace appears in any of his writings. More witty, and leſs ſimple, than the modern Monſieur Boileau, who claimed the merit of uniting the ſtyle of Juvenal and Perſius with that of Horace.

Satire gratifies ſelf-love. This was one ſource of his popularity; and he ſeems even ſo very conſcious of it, as to ſtigmatize many inoffenſive characters.

The circumſtance of what is called alliteration, and the nice adjuſtment of the pauſe, have conſpired to charm the preſent age, but have at the ſame time given his verſes a very cloying peculiarity.

But, perhaps, we muſt not expect to trace the flow of Waller, the landſkip of Thomſon, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakeſpeare, the ſimplicity of Spenſer, the courtlineſs of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addiſon, the tenderneſs of Otway, and the invention, the ſpirit and ſublimity of Milton, joined in any ſingle writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, ſhould allow ſome praiſe to thoſe who ſhine in any branch of it, and only range them into claſſes according to that ſpecies in which they ſhine.

'Quare agite, O juvenes!'

Baniſh the ſelf-debaſing principle, and ſcorn the diſingenuity of readers. Humility has depreſſed many a genius into an hermit; but never yet raiſed one into a poet of eminence.

ESSAY IV.

THE IMPROMPTU.

THE critics, however unable to fix the time which it is moſt proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have univerſally agreed that ſome certain ſpace is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Ariſtotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely ſilent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greateſt epic writers: that, if they could not frame a law, they might at leaſt eſtabliſh a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, ſay they, confined the action of his Iliad, or rather his action may be reduced, to the ſpace of two months. His Odyſſey, according to Boſſu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's Æneid has raiſed very different opinions in his commentators. Taſſo's poem includes a ſummer.—But leaving ſuch knotty points to perſons that appear born for the diſcuſſion of them, let us endeavour to eſtabliſh laws that are more likely to be obeyed than controverted. An epic writer, though limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no ſort of reſtraint with regard to the time he takes to finiſh his poem. Far different is the caſe with a writer of Impromptu's. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can poſſibly take in his compoſition, but is rigidly circumſcribed with regard to the ſpace in which it is compleated. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this compoſition, it's peculiar merit muſt ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.

It appears indeed, to me, to have the nature of that kind of ſallad, which certain eminent adepts in chemiſtry have contrived to raiſe while a joint of mutton is roaſting. We do not allow ourſelves to blame it's unuſual flatneſs and inſipidity, but extol the little flavour it has, conſidering the time of it's vegetation.

An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horſe; not by the gracefulneſs of his motion, but the time he takes to finiſh his courſe. The beſt critic upon earth may err in determining his preciſe degree of merit, if he have neither a ſtop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more ſerious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of it's real worth, and the ſhortneſs of the time that is employed in it's production. By this rule, even Virgil's poem may be in ſome ſort deemed extemporaneous; as the time he took

took to perfect ſo extraordinary a compoſition, conſidered with it's real worth, appears ſhorter than the time employed to write the diſtichs of Coſconius.

On the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flaſhes of my friend S—— in the magazine, which have no ſort of claim to be called verſes, beſides their inſtantaneity.

Having ever made it my ambition to ſee my writings diſtinguiſhed for ſomething poignant, unexpected, or, in ſome reſpects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the Concetti. I have ſtung folks with my epigrams, amuſed them with acroſtics, puzzled them with rebuſſes, and diſtracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to ſucceed in the Impromptu, for which I was utterly diſqualified by a whoreſon ſlowneſs of apprehenſion.

Still deſirous, however, of the immortal honour to grow diſtinguiſhed for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpoſe in a dream. His anſwer was as follows: That whatever piece of wit, either written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous production, ſhall be ſaid or written within the time that the author ſupports himſelf on one leg. That Horace had explained his meaning, by the phraſe STANS PEDE IN UNO. And foraſmuch as one man may perſevere in the poſture longer than another, he would recommend it to all candidates for this extraordinary accompliſhment, that they would habituate themſelves to ſtudy in no other attitude whatſoever.

Methought I received this anſwer with the utmoſt pleaſure as well as veneration; hoping that, however I was debarred of the acumen requiſite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in ſtanding on one leg.

ESSAY V.

AN HUMOURIST.

TO form an eſtimate of the proportion which one man's happineſs bears to another's, we are to conſider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumſtances. It were ſuperfluous to evince that the ſame objects which one deſpiſes, are frequently to another the ſubſtantial ſource of admiration. The man of buſineſs and the man of pleaſure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has leſs charms for ſome, than they can diſcover in a butterfly. The more candid and ſage obſerver condemns neither for his purſuits, but for the deriſion he ſo profuſely laviſhes upon the diſpoſition of his neighbour. He concludes, that ſchemes infinitely various were at firſt intended for our purſuit and pleaſure; and that ſome find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of Lord Chief-Juſtice.

Having premiſed thus much, I proceed to give ſome account of a character which came within the ſphere of my own obſervation.

Not the entrance of a cathedral, not the ſound of a paſſing bell, not the furs of a magiſtrate, nor the ſables of a funeral, were fraught with half the ſolemnity of face!

Nay, ſo wonderfully ſerious was he obſerved to be on all occaſions, that it was found hardly poſſible to be otherwiſe in his company. He quaſhed the loudeſt tempeſt of laughter, whenever he entered the room; and men's features, though ever ſo much roughened, were ſure to grow ſmooth at his approach.

The man had nothing vitious, or even ill-natured in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial converſation; the young, the gay, found their ſpirits fly before him. Even the kitten and the puppy, as it were by inſtinct, would forego their frolics, and be ſtill. The depreſſion he occaſioned was like that of a damp, or vitiated air. Unconſcious of any apparent cauſe, you found your ſpirits ſink inſenſibly: and were any one to ſit for the picture of ill-luck, it is not poſſible the painter could ſelect a more proper perſon.

Yet he did not fail to boaſt of a ſuperior ſhare of reaſon, even for the want of that very faculty, riſibility, with which it is ſuppoſed to be always joined.

Indeed he acquired the character of the moſt ingenious perſon of his country, from

from this meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great diſcovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was writing ſomewhat for poſterity, compleated his reputation.

Numbers would have willingly depreciated his character, had not his known ſobriety and reputed ſenſe deterred them.

He was one day overheard at his devotions, returning his moſt ſincere thanks for ſome particularities in his ſituation, which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

'Accept,' ſaid he, 'the gratitude of 'thy moſt humble, yet moſt happy crea-'ture, not for ſilver or gold, the tinſel 'of mankind, but for thoſe amiable pe-'culiarities which thou haſt ſo graci-'ouſly interwoven both with my fortune 'and my complexion: for thoſe treaſ-'ures ſo well adapted to that frame of 'mind thou haſt aſſigned me.

'That the ſurname which has deſcended to me is liable to no pun.

'That it runs chiefly upon vowels 'and liquids.

'That I have a pictureſque counte-'nance, rather than one that is eſteemed 'of regular features.

'That there is an intermediate hill, 'intereepting my view of a nobleman's 'ſeat, whoſe ill-obtained ſuperiority I 'cannot bear to recollect.

'That my eſtate is over-run with 'brambles, reſounds with cataracts, and 'is beautifully varied with rocks and 'precipices, rather than an even culti-'vated ſpot, fertile of corn, or wine, or 'oil; or thoſe kinds of productions in 'which the ſons of men delight them-'ſelves.

'That as thou divideſt thy bounties 'impartially, giving riches to one, and 'the contempt of riches to another; ſo 'thou haſt given me, in the midſt of 'poverty, to deſpiſe the inſolence of 'riches, and, by declining all emulation 'that is founded upon wealth, to main-'tain the dignity and ſuperiority of the 'Muſes.

'That I have a diſpoſition either ſo 'elevated or ſo ingenuous, that I can 'derive to myſelf amuſement from the 'very expedients and contrivances with 'which rigorous neceſſity furniſhes my 'invention.

'That I can laugh at my own fol-'lies, foibles, and infirmities; and that 'I do not want infirmities to employ this 'diſpoſition.'

This poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the ſide of a cryſtal ſtream, by moonſhine. This afterwards terminated in a fever that was fatal to him. Since his death, I have been favoured with the inſpection of his poetry, of which I preſerved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

ON his dog, that growing corpulent, refuſed a cruſt when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches that had done him excellent ſervice.

Having loſt his truſty walking-ſtaff, he complaineth.

To his miſtreſs, on her declaring that ſhe loved parſnips better than potatoes.

On an ear-wig that crept into a nectarine, that it might be ſwallowed by Cloe.

On cutting an artichoke in his garden the day that Queen Anne cut her little finger.

Epigram on a wooden-peg.

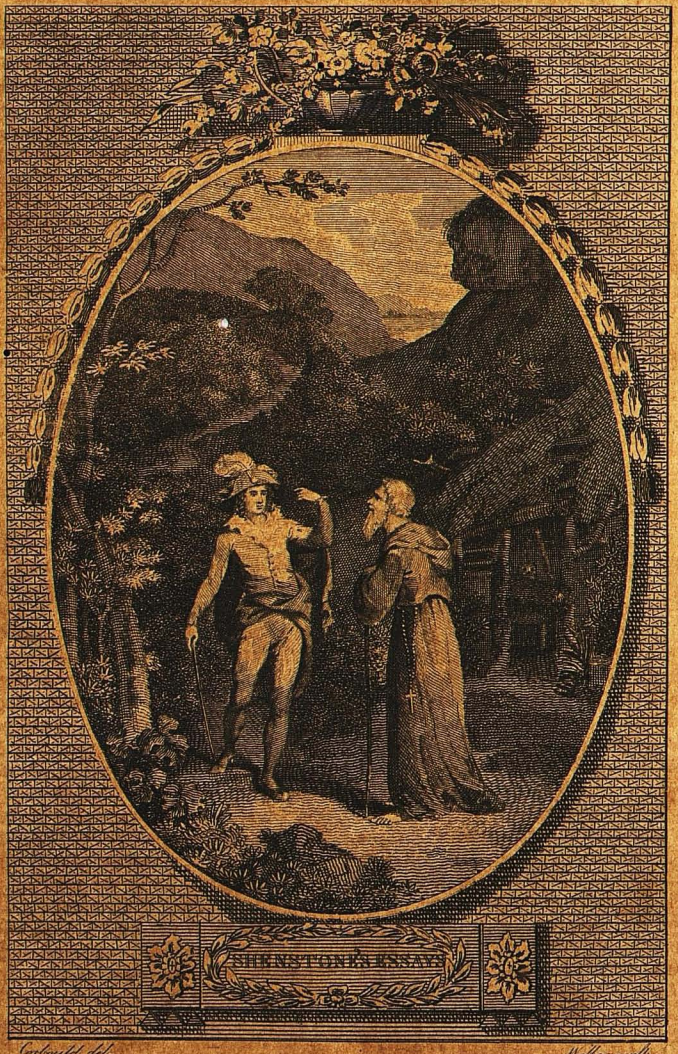
Ode to the memory of the great modern—who firſt invented ſhoe-buckles.

ESSAY VI.

THE HERMIT.

IN THE MANNER OF CAMBRAY.

'TWAS in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which moſt reveres this deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moſs; the violets, refreſhed by the moiſture of deſcending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the ſhower



Corbould del. Walker sculpt.

Plate I

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ſhower was paſt; the ſun diſperſed the vapours; and the ſky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muſes, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noiſe of mixt converſation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often ſmiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no leſs, at the vulgar caſt of theirs. He could never be content to paſs his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a news-paper, or in adjuſting the preciſe difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yeſterday. In ſhort, he was not void of ſome ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averſe to vindicate. As he never cenſured any one who indulged their humour inoffenſively, ſo he claimed no manner of applauſe for thoſe purſuits which gratified his own. But the ſentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obſcurity and oblivion. He mentioned, with applauſe, the youths who by merit had arrived at ſtation; but he thought that all ſhould, in life's viſit, leave ſome token of their exiſtence; and that their friends might more reaſonably expect it from them, than they from their poſterity.

There were few, he thought, of talents ſo very inconſiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and, in regard to ſuch as had a liberal education, he ever wiſhed that in ſome art or ſcience they would be perſuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be ſome pleaſure to reflect, that their names would at leaſt be honoured by their deſcendants, although they might eſcape the notice of ſuch as were not prejudiced in their favour.

'What a luſtre,' ſaid he, 'does the 'reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a 'Walſingham, caſt upon their remoteſt 'progeny! and who would not wiſh rather to be deſcended from them, than 'from the mere carcaſe of nobility?' Yet, wherever ſuperb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too tranſporting to be reſiſted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a ſort of wild, uninhabited country, was now aſcended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extenſive proſpect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landſkip. Fertile meadows, glittering ſtreams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But theſe, indeed, were much leſs the objects of his attention, than thoſe diſtant hills and ſpires that were almoſt concealed by one undiſtinguiſhed azure. The ſea, indeed, appeared to cloſe the ſcene, though, diſtant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly, indeed, were it diſtinguiſhable, but for the beams of a deſcending ſun, which at the ſame time warned our traveller to return, before the duſkineſs and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now deſcended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been ſurveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with ſhunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as poſſible to exclude all views of nature. He accoſted him in the manner following—'Father,' ſays he, 'it is with no 'ſmall ſurpriſe, that I obſerve your 'choice of ſituation, by which you ſeem 'to neglect the moſt diſtant and delightful landſkip that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you 'have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you ſuch a 'variety of natural curioſities, as, to a 'perſon ſo contemplative, muſt appear 'highly entertaining: and as the cell 'to which you are advancing is ſeemingly of your own contrivance, methinks 'twas probable you would ſo 'have placed it, as to preſent them, in 'all their beauty, to your eye.'

The hermit made him this anſwer—'My ſon,' ſays he, 'the evening approaches, and you have deviated from 'your way. I would not therefore detain you by my ſtory, did not I imagine the moon would prove a ſafer 'guide to you, than that ſetting ſun, 'which you muſt otherwiſe rely upon. 'Enter, therefore, for a while into my 'cave, and I will give you then ſome 'account of my adventures, which will 'ſolve your doubts, perhaps, more effectually, than any method I can pro-

'pose. But before you enter my lone 'abode, calculated only for the use of 'meditation, dare to contemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself 'worthy of the Being I contemplate.

'Know, then, that I owe what the 'world is pleased to call my ruin (and 'indeed justly, were it not for the use 'which I have made of it) to an assured 'dependence, in a literal sense, upon 'confused and distant prospects: a con'sideration, which hath indeed so affect'ed me, that I shall never henceforth 'enjoy a landskip that lies at so remote 'a distance, as not to exhibit all it's 'parts. And, indeed, were I to form 'the least pretensions to what your world 'calls taste, I might even then perhaps 'contend that a well-discriminated land'skip was at all times to be preferred to 'a distant and promiscuous azure.

'I was born in the parish of a noble'man who arrived to the principal ma'nagement of the business of the nation. 'The heir of his family and myself were 'of the same age, and, for some time, 'school-fellows. I had made consider'able advances in his esteem; and the 'mutual affection we entertained for 'each other, did not long remain un'observed by his family or my own. 'He was sent early upon his travels, 'pursuant to a very injudicious custom, 'and my parents were solicited to con'sent that I might accompany him. In'timations were given to my friends, 'that a person of such importance as his 'father might contribute much more to 'my immediate promotion, than the ut'most diligence I could use in pursuit 'of it. My father, I remember, as'sented with reluctance: my mother, 'fired with the ambition of her son's 'future greatness, through much im'portunity "wrung from him his slow "leave." I, for my own part, wanted 'no great persuasion. We made what 'is called the great tour of Europe. We 'neither of us, I believe, could be said 'to want natural sense; but being ba'nished so early in life, were more at'tentive to every deviation from our own 'indifferent customs, than to any use'ful examination of their policies or 'manners. Judgment, for the most 'part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often 'expands her blossoms all at once.

'We were now returning home from 'a six year's absence; anticipating the 'caresses of our parents and relations, 'when my ever-honoured companion 'was attacked by a fever. All possible 'means of safety proving finally inef'fectual, he accosted me in one of his 'lucid intervals as follows.

"Alas! my Clytander, my life, they "tell me, is of very short continuance. "The next paroxysm of my fever will "probably be conclusive.

"The prospect of this sudden change "does not allow me to speak the grati"tude I owe thee; much less to reward "the kindness on which it is so justly "grounded. Thou knowest I was sent "away early from my parents, and the "more rational part of my life has been "passed with thee alone. It cannot be "but they will prove solicitous in their "enquiries concerning me. Thy narra"tive will awake their tenderness, and "they cannot but conceive some for their "son's companion and his friend. What "I would hope is, that they will render "thee some services, in place of those "their beloved son intended thee, and "which I can unfeignedly assert, would "have been only bounded by my power. "My dear companion, farewell! All "other temporal enjoyments have I ba"nished from my heart; but friendship "lingers long, and 'tis with tears I say, "Farewell!"

'My concern was truly so great, 'that, upon my arrival in my native 'country, it was not at all encreased by 'the consideration that the nobleman, 'on whom my hopes depended, was 'removed from all his places. I waited 'on him; and he appeared sensibly 'grieved that the friendship he had ever 'professed could now so little avail me. 'He recommended me, however, to a 'friend of his that was then of the suc'cessful party, and who, he was assur'ed, would, at his request, assist me to 'the utmost of his power. I was now 'in the prime of life, which I effectu'ally consumed upon the empty forms 'of court-attendance. Hopes arose be'fore me like bubbles upon a stream; 'as quick succeeding one another, as 'superficial and as vain. Thus busied 'in my pursuit, and rejecting the assist'ance of cool examination, I found the 'winter of life approaching, and no'thing procured to shelter or protect me 'when my second patron died. A race 'of new ones appeared before me, and 'even yet kept my expectations in play. 'I wished indeed I had retreated sooner;

'but

'but to retire at last unrecompensed, and 'when a few months attendance might 'happen to prove successful, was be-'yond all power of resolution.

'However, after a few years more at-'tendance, distributed in equal pro-'portions upon each of these new pa-'trons, I at length obtained a place of 'much trouble and small emolument. 'On the acceptance of this, my eyes 'seemed open all at once. I had no 'passion remaining for the splendor 'which was grown familiar to me, and 'for servility and confinement I enter-'tained an utter aversion. I officiated 'however for a few weeks in my post, 'wondering still more and more how I 'could ever covet the life I led. I was 'ever most sincere, but sincerity clash-'ed with my situation every moment 'of the day. In short, I returned home 'to a paternal income, not indeed in-'tending that austere life in which you 'at present find me engaged. I thought 'to content myself with common ne-'cessaries, and to give the rest, if aught 'remained, to charity; determined, 'however, to avoid all appearance of 'singularity. But, alas! to my great 'surprize, the person who supplied my 'expences had so far embroiled my lit-'tle affairs, that, when my debts, &c. 'were discharged, I was unable to sub-'sist in any better manner than I do at 'present. I grew at first entirely me-'lancholy; left the country where I was 'born, and raised the humble roof that 'covers me in a country where I am 'not known. I now begin to think 'myself happy in my present way of 'life: I cultivate a few vegetables to 'support me; and the little well there, 'is a very clear one. I am now an use-'less individual; little able to benefit 'mankind; but a prey to shame, and 'to confusion, on the first glance of 'every eye that knows me. My spirits 'are indeed something raised by a clear 'sky, or a meridian sun; but as to ex-'tensive views of the country, I think 'them well enough exchanged for the 'warmth and comfort which this vale 'affords me. Ease is at least the pro-'per ambition of age, and it is confes-'sedly my supreme one.

'Yet will I not permit you to depart 'from an hermit, without one instruc-'tive lesson. Whatever situation in 'life you ever wish or propose for your-'self, acquire a clear and lucid idea of 'the inconveniencies attending it. I 'utterly contemned and rejected, after 'a month's experience, the very post I 'had all my life-time been solicitous to 'procure.'

ESSAY VII.

ON DISTINCTIONS, ORDERS, AND DIGNITIES.

THE subject turned upon the na-ture of societies, ranks, orders, and distinctions, amongst men.

A gentleman of spirit, and of the po-pular faction, had been long declaim-ing against any kind of honours that tended to elevate a body of people into a distinct species from the rest of the nation. Particularly titles and blue rib-bands were the object of his indignation. They were, as he pretended, too invi-dious an ostentation of superiority, to be allowed in any nation that styled itself free. Much was said upon the subject of appearances, so far as they were coun-tenanced by law or custom. The bi-shop's lawn; the marshal's truncheon; the baron's robe; and the judge's peruke; were considered only as necessary substi-tutes, where genuine purity, real cou-rage, native dignity, and suitable pene-tration, were wanting to compleat the characters of those to whom they were assigned.

It was urged that policy had often ef-fectually made it a point to dazzle in order to enslave; and instances were brought of groundless distinctions borne about in the glare of day by certain per-sons, who, being stripped of them, would be less esteemed than the mean-est plebeian.

He acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honour, had hitherto shewn no complaisance to that sex whose softer dispositions rendered them more excusably fond of such pe-culiarities.

That, in favour of the ladies, he should esteem himself sufficiently happy

in the honour of inventing one order, which ſhould be ſtyled The moſt powerful order of beauties.

That their number in Great Britain ſhould be limited to five thouſand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who ſhould be ſtyled ſovereign of the order, and the reſt the companions.

That the inſtalment ſhould be rendered a thouſand times more ceremonious, the dreſſes more ſuperb, and the plumes more enormous, than thoſe already in uſe amongſt the companions of the garter.

That the diſtinguiſhing badge of this order ſhould be an artificial noſegay, to be worn on the left breaſt; conſiſting of a lilly and a roſe, the proper emblems of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree ſacred to Venus.

That inſtead of their ſhields being fixed to the ſtalls appointed for this order, there ſhould be a gallery erected to receive their pictures at full length. Their portraits to be taken by four painters of the greateſt eminence; and he whoſe painting was preferred, to be ſtyled A knight of the roſe and lilly.

That when any perſon addreſſed a letter to a lady of this order, the ſtyle ſhould always be To the Right Beautiful Miſs or Lady Such-a-one.

He ſeemed for ſome time undetermined whether they ſhould forfeit their title upon marriage; but at length, for many reaſons, propoſed it ſhould be continued to them.

And thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harangue; when it was objected that the queen, unleſs ſhe unaccountably choſe to mark out game for her huſband, could take no ſort of pleaſure in conferring this honour where it was moſt due: that as ladies grew in years, this epithet of Beautiful would burleſque them; and, in ſhort, conſidering the frailty of beauty, there was no laſting compliment that could be beſtowed upon it.

At this the orator ſmiled, and acknowledged it was true: but aſked at the ſame time, why it was more abſurd to ſtyle a lady right beautiful, in the days of her deformity, than to term a peer right honourable when he grew a ſcandal to mankind?

That this was ſometimes the caſe, he ſaid, was not to be diſputed; becauſe titles have been ſometimes granted to a worthleſs ſon, in conſequence of a father's enormous wealth moſt unjuſtly acquired. And few had ever ſurpaſſed in villainy the right honourable the Earl of A——.

The company was a little ſurpriſed at the ſophiſtry of our declaimant. However, it was replied to, by a perſon preſent, that Lord ——'s title being fictitious, no one ought to inſtance him to the diſadvantage of the peerage, who had, ſtrickly ſpeaking, never been of that number.

ESSAY VIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE declaimant I before mentioned, continued his harangue. 'There are (ſaid he) certain epithets which ſo frequently occur, that they are the leſs conſidered; and which are ſeldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that preſent themſelves.

'Of this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on it's firſt introduction, was given, I ſuppoſe, to freemen, in oppoſition to vaſſals; theſe being the two claſſes into which the nation was once divided*. The freeman was he, who was poſſeſſed of land, and could therefore ſubſiſt without manual labour; the vaſſal, he who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the neceſſaries of life. The different manners, we may preſume, that ſprung from their different ſituations and connections, occaſioned the one to be denominated a ci-

* As the author is not writing a treatiſe on the feudal law, but a moral eſſay, any little inaccuracies, it is to be hoped, will be over-looked by thoſe, who, from ſeveral late treatiſes on this ſubject, might expect great exactneſs and preciſion in a ſerious diſcuſſion of this point.

vilized

vilized or gentle perſonage; and the other to obtain the name of a mere ruſtic or villain.

'But upon the publication of cruſades, the ſtate of things was conſiderably altered: it was then that every freeman diſtinguiſhed the ſhield which he wore with ſome painted emblem or device; and this, in order that his fellow-combatants might attribute to him his proper applauſe; which, upon account of ſimilar accoutrements, might be otherwiſe ſubject to miſapplication.

'Upon this there aroſe a diſtinction betwixt freeman and freeman. All who had ſerved in thoſe religious wars continued the uſe of their firſt devices, but all devices were not illuſtrated by the ſame pretenſions to military glory.

'However, theſe campaigns were diſcontinued: freſh families ſprung up; who, without any pretence to mark themſelves with ſuch devices as theſe holy combatants, were yet as deſirous of reſpect, of eſtimation, of diſtinction. It would be tedious enough to trace the ſteps by which money eſtabliſhes even abſurdity. A court of heraldry ſprung up to ſupply the place of cruſade exploits, to grant imaginary ſhields and trophies to families that never wore real armour, and it is but of late that it has been diſcovered to have no real juriſdiction.

'Yet cuſtom is not at once overthrown; and he is even now deemed a gentleman who has arms recorded in the Herald's Office, and at the ſame time follows none except a liberal employment.

'Allowing this diſtinction, it is obvious to all who conſider, that a churliſh, moroſe, illiterate clown; a lazy, beggarly, ſharping vagabond; a ſtupid, lubberly, inactive ſot, or pick-pocket, nay even an highwayman, may be nevertheleſs a gentleman as by law eſtabliſhed. In ſhort, that the definition may, together with others, include alſo the filth, the ſcum, and the dregs of the creation.

'But do we not appear to diſallow this account, when we ſay, "ſuch or ſuch "an action was not done in a gentle-"man-like manner—ſuch uſage was "not the behaviour of a gentleman," and ſo forth. We ſeem thus to inſinuate that the appellation of Gentleman regards morals as well as family; and that integrity, politeneſs, generoſity, and affability, have the trueſt claim to a diſtinction of this kind. Whence then ſhall we ſuppoſe was derived this contradiction? Shall we ſay that the plebeians, having the virtues on their ſide, by degrees removed this appellation from the baſis of family to that of merit; which they eſteemed, and not unjuſtly, to be the true and proper pedeſtal? This the gentry will ſcarce allow. Shall we then inſiſt that every thing great and god-like was heretofore the atchievement of the gentry? But this, perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

'To reconcile the difference, let us ſuppoſe the denomination may belong equally to two ſorts of men. The one, what may be ſtyled a gentleman de jure, viz. a man of generoſity, politeneſs, learning, taſte, genius, or affability; in ſhort, accompliſhed in all that is ſplendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable, on the one ſide: and on the other, a gentleman de facto, or what, to Engliſh readers, I would term a gentleman as by law eſtabliſhed.

'As to the latter appellation, what is really eſſential, or, as logicians would ſay, "quarto modo proprium," is a real, or at leaſt a ſpecious, claim to the inheritance of certain coat armour from a ſecond or more diſtant anceſtor; and this unſtained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

'We may diſcover, on this ſtate of the caſe, that, however material a difference this diſtinction ſuppoſes, yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman de jure to render himſelf in ſome ſort a gentleman de facto. A certain ſum of money, depoſited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rouge-dragon, will convey to him a coat of arms deſcending from as many anceſtors as he pleaſes. On the other hand, the gentleman de facto may become a gentleman alſo de jure, by the acquiſition of certain virtues, which are rarely all of them unattainable. The latter, I muſt acknowledge, is the more difficult taſk; at leaſt we may daily diſcover crowds acquire ſufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that poſſeſs the virtues which ennoble human nature, and (in the beſt ſenſe of the word) conſtitute a GENTLEMAN.'

ESSAY

ESSAY IX.

A CHARACTER.

—HE was a youth ſo amply furniſhed with every excellence of mind, that he ſeemed alike capable of acquiring or diſregarding the goods of fortune. He had indeed all the learning and erudition that can be derived from univerſities, without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the moſt intenſe aſſiduity, he poſſeſſed by nature; I mean, that elegance of taſte, which diſpoſed him to admire beauty under it's great variety of appearances. It paſſed not unobſerved by him either in the cut of a ſleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a ſtatue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him ſenſations of beauty; that beauty which inferior geniuſes are taught coldly to diſtinguiſh, or to diſcern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the ſtudent, who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obſcure ſo great accompliſhments, beſide the want, the total want, of a deſire to exhibit them. Through this it came to paſs, that what would have raiſed another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him paſſed over unregarded. For, in reſpect to ordinary obſervers, it is requiſite to lay ſome ſtreſs yourſelf, on what you intend ſhould be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in ſome degree diminiſhed his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary converſation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with ſentiment, the uſual fault of rigid ſtudents; and this he would in ſome degree have regulated better, did not the univerſality of his genius, together with the method of his education, ſo largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of aukwardneſs (ſince his modeſty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the ſtiffneſs of a fine piece of brocade, whoſe turgeſcency indeed conſtitutes, and is inſeparable from, it's value. He gave delight by an happy boldneſs in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humourouſly ridicule: and he had ſuch entire poſſeſſion of the hearts as well as underſtandings of his friends, that he could ſoon make the moſt ſurprizing paradoxes believed and well accepted. His image, like that of a ſovereign, could give an additional value to the moſt precious ore; and we no ſooner believed our eyes that it was he who ſpake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to ſay. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talent of rendering the greateſt virtues unenvied: whereas the latter ſhone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable, I mean in regard to thoſe few he had to exerciſe his ſkill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore manner, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

ESSAY X.

ON RESERVE.

A FRAGMENT.

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following obſervation. 'There is not,' ſays he, 'any one quality ſo inconſiſtent with reſpect, as what is commonly 'called familiarity. You do not find 'one in fifty, whoſe regard is proof 'againſt it. At the ſame time, it is 'hardly poſſible to inſiſt upon ſuch a 'deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be ſupported by common 'ſenſe.

'ſenſe. Thus much at leaſt is evident, 'that your demands will be ſo ſucceſsful, as to procure a greater ſhare than 'if you had made no ſuch demand. I 'may frankly own to you, Leander, 'that I frequently derived uneaſineſs 'from a familiarity with ſuch perſons as 'deſpiſed every thing they could obtain 'with eaſe. Were it not better, therefore, to be ſomewhat frugal of our 'ability, at leaſt to allot it only to the 'few perſons of diſcernment who can 'make the proper diſtinction betwixt 'real dignity and pretended: to neglect 'thoſe characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are at the ſame 'time very far from familiarity proof: 'to have poſthumous fame in view, 'which affords us the moſt pleaſing 'landſkip: to enjoy the amuſement of 'reading, and the conſciouſneſs that 'reading paves the way to general eſteem: to preſerve a conſtant regularity 'of temper, and alſo of conſtitution, 'for the moſt part but little conſiſtent 'with a promiſcuous intercourſe with 'men: to ſhun all illiterate, though 'ever ſo joyful aſſemblies, inſipid, perhaps, when preſent, and upon reflection painful: to meditate on thoſe abſent or departed friends, who value 'or valued us for thoſe qualities with 'which they were beſt acquainted: to 'partake with ſuch a friend as you, the 'delights of a ſtudious and rational retirement—Are not theſe the paths that 'lead to happineſs?'

In anſwer to this (for he ſeemed to feel ſome late mortification) I obſerved, that what we loſt by familiarity in reſpect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an abſolute ſolitude was ſo very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from ſociety but for a ſingle fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the ſight of the firſt beggar that he ſaw.

What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further diſcourſe upon the ſubject; without order or connection, as they occur to my remembrance.

Some reſerve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and ſimplicity of converſation is a debt to good-nature.

There would not be any abſolute neceſſity for reſerve, if the world were honeſt: yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it ſeems neceſſary that people ſhould imagine you have more accompliſhments than you diſcover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you ſomething ever to imagine: and ſuch is the conſtitution of the human mind, that we think ſo highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not ſee the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniouſly obſerves, affords the pleaſure when we ſurvey a Cylinder*; and Sir John Suckling ſays—

'They who know all the wealth they have,
are poor;
'He's only rich who cannot tell his ſtore.'

A perſon that would ſecure to himſelf great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by ſilence, as effectually as by any thing he can ſay.

To be, however, a niggard of one's obſervations, is ſo much worſe than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the ſame time.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their reſpect to real deſert; but a ſupercilious reſerve and diſtance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears ſo very manifeſt to many perſons of the lofty character, that they uſe no better means to acquire reſpect than like highwaymen to make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their character.

It is from the ſame principle of diſtance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things; as is the caſe in ſome countries.

'Men, while no human form or fault they
ſee,
Excuſe the want of ev'n humanity:
And eaſtern kings, who vulgar view diſdain,
Require no worth to fix their awful reign.
You cannot ſay in truth what may diſgrace
'em:
You know in what predicament to place 'em.
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,
Ev'n virtue charms us leſs than vice conceal'd!'

'For ſome ſmall worth he had, the man was
priz'd,
He added frankneſs—and he grew deſpis'd.'

We want comets, not ordinary planets:
Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.
TERENCE.

* Treatiſe of the Sublime and Beautiful.

Hunc

Hunc cœlum, & ſtellas, & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectent.

Virtues, like eſſences, loſe their fragrance when expoſed. They are ſenſitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to diſtinguiſh modeſty, which is ever amiable, from reſerve, which is only prudent. A man is hated ſometimes for pride, when it was an exceſs of humility gave the occaſion.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The reſerved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the moſt part, fonder of him, than the perſons of a more affable character; i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he diſtinguiſhes them more.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The moſt reſerved of men, that will not exchange two ſyllables together in an Engliſh coffee-houſe, ſhould they meet at Iſpahan, would drink ſherbet, and eat a meſs of rice together.

The man of ſhew is vain: the reſerved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination. The one is more frequently reſpected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæſar. Vide Salluſt.

What Cæſar ſaid of 'Rubicundos 'amo; pallidos timeo;' may be applied to familiarity, and to reſerve.

A reſerved man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good ſpeech: and I believe ſometimes proceeds ſo far as to leave company, becauſe he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like the mole, to imagine himſelf deep, when he is near the ſurface.

Were it prudent to decline this reſerve, and this horror of diſcloſing foibles; to give up a part of character to ſecure the reſt? The world will certainly inſiſt upon having ſome part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out ſome follies to the envious; as we give up counters to an highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to ſave one's money and one's ſhip: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can eſcape being ſtabbed in the heart.

The reſerved man ſhould drink double glaſſes.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden.

A reſerved man is in continual conflict with the ſocial part of his nature; and even grudges himſelf the laugh into which he ſometimes is betrayed.

'Seldom he ſmiles—
'And ſmiles in ſuch a ſort as he diſdained
'Himſelf—that could be moved to ſmile at any thing.'

'A fool and his words are ſoon part-
'ed;' for ſo ſhould the proverb run.

Common underſtandings, like cits in gardening, allow no ſhades to their picture.

Modeſty often paſſes for arrant haughtineſs; as what is deemed ſpirit in an horſe proceeds from fear.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

The reſerved man ſhould bring a certificate of his honeſty, before he be admitted into company.

Reſerve is no more eſſentially connected with underſtanding, than a church-organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature*.

ESSAY XI.

ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

THERE is a young gentleman in my pariſh, who, on account of his ſuperior equipage, is eſteemed univerſally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. 'Tis frequently hinted, that he is by no means intitled to ſo ſplendid an appearance, either by his birth, his ſtation, or his fortune; and

* Theſe were no other than a collection of hints, when I propoſed to write a poetical eſſay on Reſerve.

that

that it is, of conſequence, mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondneſs for external ſplendor, he is a moſt affable and ingenious man; and for this reaſon I am inclined to vindicate him, when theſe things are mentioned to his diſadvantage.

In the firſt place, it is by no means clear, that dreſs and equipage are ſure ſigns of pride. Where it is joined with a ſupercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative teſtimony. But this is not always the caſe: the refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the conſequence of an ambition to ſurpaſs and eclipſe our equals. Whoever thinks that taſte has nothing to do here, muſt confine the expreſſion to improper limits; aſſuredly imagination may find it's account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and conſiderations more invidious.

In the warmth of friendſhip for this gentleman, I am ſometimes prompted to go further. I inſiſt, it is not birth or fortune only that give a perſon claim to a ſplendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a ſhare.

I have ſometimes urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or ſciences, are a more reaſonable authority for a ſplendid appearance than thoſe which are commonly preſumed to be ſo. That there is ſomething more perſonal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and ſurely there ought to be ſome proportion obſerved betwixt the caſe and the thing encloſed. The propenſity of rich and worthleſs people to appear with a ſplendour upon all occaſions, puts one in mind of the country ſhopkeeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. It is not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you ſee a piece of candle honoured with a crown.

I have generally conſidered thoſe as privileged people, who are able to ſupport the character they aſſume. Thoſe who are incapable of ſhining but by dreſs, would do well to conſider that the contraſt betwixt them and their cloaths turns out much to their diſadvantage. It is on this account I have ſometimes obſerved with pleaſure ſome noblemen of immenſe fortune to dreſs exceedingly plain.

If dreſs be only allowable to perſons of family, it may then be conſidered as a ſort of family livery, and Jack the groom may, with equal juſtice, pride himſelf upon the gaudy wardrobe his maſter gives him. Nay more—For a gentleman, before he hires a ſervant, will require ſome teſtimony of his merit; whereas the maſter challenges his own right to ſplendour, though poſſeſſed of no merit at all.

Upon my preſent ſcheme of dreſs, it may ſeem to anſwer ſome very good purpoſes. It is then eſtabliſhed on the ſame foundation as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dreſs were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we ſhould find many aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of the ſubſequent diſtinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a ſtar and garter would one never knighted: and men would uſe as commendable a diligence to qualify themſelves for a brocaded waiſtcoat, or a gold ſnuff-box, as they now do to procure themſelves a right of inveſting their limbs in lawn or ermine. We ſhould not eſteem a man a coxcomb for his dreſs, till, by frequent converſation, we diſcovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would ſeem foreign to his circumſtances. A man ſhould not wear a French dreſs, till he could give an account of the beſt French authors; and he ſhould be verſed in all the Oriental languages before he ſhould preſume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greateſt merit may not be able to ſhew it in their dreſs, on account of their ſlender income. But here it ſhould be conſidered that another part of the world would find their equipage ſo much reduced by a ſumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of ſplendour would diſtinguiſh them more than a greater does at preſent.

What I propoſe, however, upon the whole, is, that men of merit ſhould be allowed to dreſs in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in ſo doing: as a nobleman lays aſide his garter, when he ſees no valuable conſequence in the diſcovery of his quality.

ESSAY XII.

A CHARACTER.

'ANIMÆ NIL MAGNÆ LAUDIS EGENTES.'

THERE is an order of perſons in the world whoſe thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects preſent themſelves, their obſervations are as uniform as though they were the conſequence of inſtinct. There is nothing places theſe men in a more inſignificant point of light, than a compariſon of their ideas with the refinements of ſome great genius. I ſhall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this ſtamp, who, together with the ſoundeſt health, often enjoy the greateſt equanimity: their paſſions, like dull ſteeds, being the leaſt apt to endanger or miſguide them: yet ſuch is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with moſt diſcretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greateſt impediment.

I was taking a view of Weſtminſter Abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honeſty, but the ſame degree of underſtanding as that I have deſcribed. There had nothing paſſed in our way thither, beſide the cuſtomary ſalutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy upon the preſent temperature of the weather. On paſſing over the threſhold, he obſerved with an air of thoughtfulneſs, that it was a brave ancient place.

I told him, I thought there was none more ſuitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the aſhes of men that had acquired a greater ſhare of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not ſeem to comprehend me.

Silence enſued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he ſtood collected in himſelf; aſſuring me, There was no ſort of excellence could exempt a man from death.

I applauded the juſtice of his obſervation; and ſaid, it was not only my preſent opinion, but had been ſo for a number of years. 'Right,' ſays he, 'and for my own part I ſeldom love to 'publiſh my remarks upon a ſubject, 'till I have had them confirmed to me 'by a long courſe of experience.'

This laſt maxim, ſomewhat beyond his uſual depth, occaſioned a ſilence of ſome few minutes. The ſpring had been too much bent to recover immediately it's wonted vigour. We had taken ſome few turns up and down the left-hand ayle, when he caught ſight of a monument ſomewhat larger than the reſt, and more calculated to make impreſſion upon an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raiſed to an anceſtor of the D. of Newcaſtle. 'Well,' ſays he, with an air of cunning, 'this 'is indeed a fine piece of workmanſhip; 'but I cannot conceive this finery is of 'any ſignification to the perſon buried 'there.' I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of reſpect to the deceaſed, people were frequently impoſed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had juſt peruſed enough to inform him that he was an eminent phyſician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as though ſome important diſcovery had ſtruck his fancy on a ſudden. I liſtened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to inſinuate that phyſicians themſelves could not ſave their lives when their time was come.

He had not proceeded many ſteps from it before he beckoned to our Ciceroni. 'Friend,' ſays he, pointing with his cane, 'how long has that gen-'tleman been dead?' The man ſet him right in that particular; after which putting on a woeful countenance—'Well,' ſays he, 'to behold how faſt time flies 'away! 'Tis but a ſmall time to look 'back upon, ſince he and I met at the 'Devil*. Alas!' continued he, 'we

* A well-known tavern near Temple Bar.

'ſhall

'shall never do so again.' Indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

This old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartic. But his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a most considerate person. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflection in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I have heard that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

ESSAY XIII.

AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where it is most essentially interwoven with religion.

The same credulity, which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of popish infatuation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? Men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even though it were their inclination.

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I go upon a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him, that either strikes our senses or our imagination.

Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination.

Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations, as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses.

I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronical, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? Imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could

have pourtrayed them! And how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife for long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost—The more faint so well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reason, why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity.

Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government: is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

Such appears to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

The reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

They are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person: which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century; the notion of ghosts has been, together, exploded: a reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

Most of those, who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects; of enthusiastic imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

Some few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white horse for a winding sheet.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our passions; to avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

ESSAY XIV.

ON CARDS.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * WE had passed our evening with some certain persons famous for their taste, their learning, and refinement: but, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the rest, had contrived to put themselves upon a level, by introducing a GAME AT CARDS.

'Tis a sign,' said he, 'the world 'is far gone in absurdity, or surely the 'fashion

'fashion of cards would be accounted 'no small one. Is it not surprising that 'men of sense should submit to join in 'this idle custom, which appears origi- 'nally invented to supply it's deficiency? 'But such is the fatality! imperfections 'give rise to fashions; and are follow- 'ed by those who do not labour under 'the defects that introduced them. Nor 'is the hoop the only instance of a fa- 'shion invented by those who found 'their account in it; and afterwards 'countenanced by others to whose figure 'it was prejudicial.

'How can men, who value them- 'selves upon their reflections, give en- 'couragement to a practice, which puts 'an end to thinking?'

I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that requires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He answered, this might be applicable, provided I could show, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it the profit and the pleasure.

'Cards, if one may guess from their 'first appearance, seem invented for the 'use of children; and, among the toys 'peculiar to infancy, the bells, the 'whistle, the rattle, and the hobby- 'horse, deserved their share of com- 'mendation. By degrees men, who 'came nearest to children in under- 'standing and want of ideas, grew en- 'amoured of the use of them as a suit- 'able entertainment. Others also, pleas- 'ed to reflect on the innocent part of 'their lives, had recourse to this amuse- 'ment, as what recalled it to their minds.' 'A knot of villains encreased the party; 'who, regardless of that entertainment 'which the former seemed to draw from 'cards, considered them in a more serious 'light, and made use of them as a more 'decent substitute to robbing on the 'road, or picking pockets. But men 'who propose to themselves a dignity of 'character, where will you find their 'inducement to this kind of game? 'For difficult indeed were it to deter- 'mine, whether it appear more odious 'among sharpers, or more empty and 'ridiculous among persons of charac- 'ter.'

'Perhaps,' replied I, 'your men of 'wit and fancy may favour this diver- 'sion, as giving occasion for the crop 'of jest and witticism, which naturally 'enough arises from the names and cir- 'cumstances of the cards.'

He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves.

'In short,' says he, 'as persons of 'ability are capable of furnishing out a 'much more agreeable entertainment; 'when a gentleman offers me cards, I 'shall esteem it as his private opinion 'that I have neither sense nor fancy.'

I asked how much he had lost—His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of a conversation, for which he would have given twenty..

ESSAY XV.

ON HYPOCRISY.

WERE hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon sanctity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters upon the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more easily discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and dark recesses of their character.

Notwithstanding the evidence of this, how often do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected! As religion sinks in one scale, pretence is exalted in the other.

Perhaps there is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a censorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in

in the purſuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is leſs induced to pity thoſe who deſert it for the flowery one. He expoſes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with a kind of triumph; not conſidering that vice is the proper object of compaſſion; or that propenſity to cenſure is almoſt a worſe quality than any it can expoſe.

Clelia was born in England, of Romiſh parents, about the time of the Revolution. She ſeemed naturally framed for love; if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averſe to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Perſons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty, ſued to her; nor had ſhe any reaſon to quarrel with Love for the ſhapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and ſhe ſeemed reſolved to paſs her days in all the auſterities of the moſt rigid convent. To this purpoſe ſhe ſought out an abbeſs that preſided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a ſmall community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary inſtances of ſelf-denial. The abbeſs herſelf exhibited a perſon in which chaſtity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before ſhe went to preſide over this little ſociety. Her virtues were indeed ſuch as ſhe thought moſt convenient to her circumſtances. Her faſts were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the ſpleen. She conſidered the cheapneſs of houſe-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuſeneſs to the ſeven deadly ſins. She knew ſackcloth to be cheaper than brocade, and aſhes than ſweet powder.

Her heart ſympathized with every cup that was broken, and ſhe inſtituted a faſt for each domeſtic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a ſtudy, and the greater part of her library conſiſted of manuals for faſting-days. By theſe arts, and this way of life, ſhe ſeemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate deſires, as the perſons might be ſuppoſed to do, who were favoured with her ſmiles or her converſation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted; and after the year of probation aſſumed the veil.

Among many others who had ſolicited her notice, before ſhe became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young phyſician of great learning and ingenuity. His perſonal accompliſhments were at leaſt equal to thoſe of any of his rivals, and his paſſion was ſuperior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inſpired by fondneſs, and recommended by perſon, dreſs, and equipage, could inſinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at ſolicitations with which ſhe reſolved never to comply, and which ſhe found ſo difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had aſſumed the veil, and Leander was the moſt miſerable of mortals. He had not ſo high an opinon of his fair-one's ſanctity and zeal, as ſome other of her admirers: but he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irreſiſtible. His extravagant paſſion had produced in him a jealouſy that was not eaſily eluded:

At regina dolos——
Quid non ſentit amor?

He had obſerved his miſtreſs go more frequently to her confeſſor, a young and blooming eccleſiaſtic, than was, perhaps, neceſſary for ſo much apparent purity, or, as he thought, conſiſtent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect upon Leander. His ſuſpicions were by no means leſſened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar ſupplied a confeſſional chair.

It happened that Leander was brought to the abbeſs in the capacity of a phyſician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

She, quite ſhocked at his appearance, burſt out into a ſudden rage, inveighing bitterly againſt his preſumption, and calling loudly on the name of the bleſſed Virgin and the holy friar. The convent was, in ſhort, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to allay, by ſuitable applications, the emotions raiſed by this unexpected interview.

Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communica-

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tions which paſſed between Clelia and the friar. This, however, he did not think himſelf fully warranted to diſcloſe, till an accident, of a ſingular nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample teſtimony.

The confeſſor had a favourite ſpaniel, which he had loſt for ſome time, and was informed at length that he was killed, at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at firſt not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had ſnapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A phyſician's advice was thought expedient on the occaſion, and Leander was the next phyſician. He told him with great frankneſs, that no preſcription he could write had the ſanction of ſo much experience as immerſion in ſea-water. The friar, therefore, the next day, ſet forward upon his journey; while Leander, not without a miſchievous kind of ſatisfaction, conveyed the following lines to Clelia.

MY CHARMING CLELIA,

THOUGH I yet love you to diſtraction, I cannot but ſuſpect that you have granted favours to your confeſſor, which you might, with greater innocence, have granted to Leander. All I have to add, is this, that amorous intercourſes of this nature, which you have enjoyed with friar Laurence, put you under the like neceſſity with him of ſeeking a remedy in the ocean. Adieu!

LEANDER.

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine her confuſion. To rail was inſignificant, and to blame her phyſician was abſurd, when ſhe found herſelf under a neceſſity of purſuing his advice. The whole ſociety was made acquainted with the journey ſhe was undertaking, and the cauſes of it. It were uncharitable to ſuppoſe the whole community under the ſame conſtraint with the unhappy Clelia. However, the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, ſome for exerciſe, ſome for amuſement, and the abbeſs herſelf as guardian of her train, and concerned in her ſociety's misfortunes.

What uſe Leander made of his diſcovery is not known. Perhaps, when he had been ſucceſsful in baniſhing the hypocrite, he did not ſhew himſelf very ſolicitous in his endeavours to reform the ſinner.

N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the ſalt-water.

ESSAY XVI.

ON VANITY.

HISTORY preſerves the memory of empires and of ſtates, with which it neceſſarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and ſtateſmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewiſe other ſubordinate teſtimonies, which ſerve to perpetuate, at leaſt prolong, the memories of men, whoſe characters and ſtations give them no claim to a place in ſtory. For inſtance, when a perſon fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himſelf, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilſt he is living, or with an inſcription upon his monument after his deceaſe. Inſcriptions have been ſo fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beſide elegance of ſtile. To inveigh againſt the writers for their manifeſt want of truth, were as abſurd as to cenſure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character: but even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the perſon who beſpeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

Falſehoods upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to ſome excuſe in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of ſurviving friends. Even grief itſelf diſpoſes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as viſible objects alſo appear larger through tears. But the man who, through an idle vanity, ſuffers his features to be bely'd or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be ſaid to loſe his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to bely his dreſs, he ſeems

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to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected.

I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigie, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his instrument to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lye to posterity.

The absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these.

But I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of spleen. I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expence, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprized at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

ESSAY XVII.

AN ADVENTURE.

——GAUDENT PRÆNOMINE MOLLES
AURICULÆ——

IT is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a person upon a journey to know the compellations with which it is proper to address those he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim. This will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his countenance; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance.

I was led into these observations by some solicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me on my setting out. At length, being something dubious concerning my way, I met a person, whom, from his night-cap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; a sort of subaltern character, in respect of which the world seems not invariably determined. It is, in short, what King Charles the Second esteemed the happiest of all stations; superior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of constable; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious decisions of a justice of peace. 'Honest man,' says I, 'be so good as to inform me whether I 'am in the way to Mirlington?' He replied, with a sort of surliness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust as though I had called him rogue or rascal.

I did not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural sprucenes; and beside him walked a girl in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mistress, I supposed a

compliment

compliment might not be disagreeable; and enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of 'Honesty.' The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face, (which I was well assured could be no guide to me) and that other parts would follow of consequence.

The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas; and, saluting him by the name of 'Sir,' desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey.

I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded in merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sun-dial in his garden. 'Friend,' says I, 'will you tell me 'what a clock it is?' He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper as with the confidence I placed in his. The refusal of an answer in this case was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of 'Dame;' and withal wished her a good-night.

But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age: but it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both.

I had by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet farther means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quicksands, by calling a girl 'Sweetheart,' instead of 'Madam;' and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another 'Forsooth,' who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by land floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my left-hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I was therefore meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and at last besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of 'Honest 'Friend.' He was not seemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps, (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong in the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you on some future occasion. In the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable but there is also a mind that it can influence.

When you reflect upon this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend ———, who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this species of dignity.

Learn to be wise, then, from others harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not chuse to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember—

Male si palpere, recalcitrat.

ESSAY XVIII.

ON MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

WHEN a man of genius does not print, he diſcovers himſelf by nothing more than by his abilities in diſpute. However, let him ſhew ſolidity in his opinions, together with eaſe, elegance, and vivacity, in his expreſſions; yet, if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he ſhall be judged inferior in other reſpects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to ſelect judges, they will form their opinions by another ſcale; with theſe, a ſingle epiſtle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit than an hundred defects in his converſation will demonſtrate the reverſe.

It is true, there is nothing diſplays a genius, I mean a quickneſs of genius, more than a diſpute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's luſtre. But perhaps the odds is much againſt the man of taſte in this particular.

Baſhfulneſs is more frequently connected with good ſenſe, than we find aſſurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright ſtupidity. On this account, the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagoniſt, as a race-horſe, carrying a ſmall weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modeſty, like the weight to which I allude, not ſuffering it's owner to exert his real ſtrength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment.

It may be urged, and juſtly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modeſt man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any reſtraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But, indeed, this can only happen where it meets with the moſt ingenuous judges. Otherwiſe, a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant ſide is generally beſt accommodated.

In order to put theſe antagoniſts upon a ſomewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following inſtrument; for the ſole ſtructure and ſale of which, I am not without hopes of procuring a patent. What I mean, is an artificial laughter. There are few ſo little converſant in toys, but muſt have ſeen inſtruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to ſuch perfection as even to delude the very ſpecies. The cuckow has been mimicked with no leſs accuracy. Would it not then be an eaſy matter to repreſent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itſelf ſomething artificial; and is not more affected than it is particular? For the convenience of the perſon that bears it, it's dimenſions ſhould be ſo contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not ſeem feaſible, that a laughter of this kind may be brought to anſwer every purpoſe of that noiſe which it reſembles? If there be occaſion for an expletive, let the owner ſeek it in his ſnuff; as his antagoniſt would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good ſounding cadence at the cloſe of a common period, it may not be amiſs to harmonize a ſentence by what may be called a finiſhing ſtroke. This inſtrument is ſo contrived as to produce all the variety of an human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your ſubject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but by the diſpoſition of the company, and the proper minute for ſuch an interlude. But to become a maſter of the ſaid machine, let the candidate for applauſe frequent the company of vociferous diſputants; among whom he may ſoon learn how to perform a converſation.

One or two of theſe inſtruments I have already finiſhed, though not indeed to the perfection at which I expect they may ſoon arrive. A gentleman viſited me t'other day, who has the juſteſt claim that can be to the uſe of them; having nothing in his character that can obſcure the greateſt merit, but the greateſt modeſty. I communicated my invention, deſiring him to make trial of it on the firſt occaſion. He did ſo; and when I ſaw him next, gave me leave to publiſh the following account of it's efficacy in my next advertiſement. 'The firſt time 'I employed it,' ſaid my friend, 'was 'in a ſort of controverſy with a beau; 'who had contrived means, by the uſe

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'of his ſnuff-box, to ſupply both want 'of language and of thought. In this 'manner he prolonged his argument; 'and really to the company, which con-'ſiſted of ladies, diſcovered more ſaga-'city without thinking, than I could do 'by it's aſſiſtance. I bethought myſelf 'immediately of your inſtrument, and 'had recourſe to it. I obſerved in what 'part of his diſcourſe he moſt employed 'his fingers, and had ſuddenly recourſe 'to mine, with equal emphaſis and ſig-'nificancy. The art was not diſcovered, 'ere I had routed my antagoniſt; hav-'ing ſeated myſelf in a dark corner, 'where my operations were not diſ-'cernible. I obſerved, that as he found 'himſelf more cloſely preſſed, he grew 'more and more aſſiduous in his appli-'cation to his ſnuff-box, much as an 'otter cloſely purſued is forced to throw 'up bubbles that ſhew his diſtreſs. I 'therefore diſcovered gradually leſs and 'leſs occaſion for ſpeaking, and for 'thinking, none at all. I plied only a 'flouriſh in anſwer to the argument at 'his finger's ends; and, after a while, 'found him as mortal in this part as in 'any other. When his cauſe was juſt 'expiring, after a very long purſuit, 'and many fruitleſs turnings and eva-'ſions in the courſe of it, I ſounded my 'inſtrument, with as much alacrity as 'a huntſman does his horn on the death 'of an hare.

'The next whom I engaged was a more 'formidable diſputant; and I own, with 'a ſenſe of gratitude, that your inſtru-'ment alone could render me a match 'for him. His ſtrength of argument 'was his ſtrength of lungs; and he was, 'unqueſtionably, an able antagoniſt. 'However, if your machine put me 'upon a par with him, I think I may 'ſay, without vanity, that, in point of 'reaſon, I had the upper hand. I ſhall 'only add, that as it was habitual for 'him to anſwer arguments by vocifera-'tion, ſo it became needleſs for me to 'give him any anſwer of a better 'kind.'

Thus far my friend. I do not queſtion but there will appear artiſts, that ſhall undertake to inſtruct the diffident, the ſubmiſſive, and the baſhful, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and riſible muſic: and as there is a kind of humourous laughter, which draws all others into it's own vortex, I need not here aſſert that I would have this branch very much inculcated.

Neither is this inſtrument of importance in diſpute alone, or controverſy; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will burſt one man's ſides, which will not diſturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almoſt as irkſome as a lamentation. 'Tis like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole pariſh ſhall be ſtunned with noiſe, becauſe they want that occaſion to rejoice, which the perſons at leaſt imagine to be their lot that occaſioned it. The ſounds are pleaſing to their ears, who find them conformable to their own ideas; but thoſe who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a ſtupefying repetition.

When, therefore, my mind is not in tune with another's, what ſtrikes his, will not vibrate on mine. All I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; which is an operation as artificial, as the machine I have been deſcribing.

ESSAY XIX.

THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO ****

THE actions of our lives, even thoſe we call moſt important, ſeem as much ſubject to trifles as our very lives themſelves. We frame very notable projects in imagination, and promiſe to ourſelves an equal term of life. 'Tis, however, in the power of the minuteſt accident, to ſhorten the one, and diſconcert the other. 'Tis with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whoſe motion may be ſtopped in the midſt of it's rapidity, by the interpoſition of ſtraw in a particular part of them.

The following tranſlation from the original Spaniſh will ſufficiently illuſtrate the foregoing aſſertion. Don Pedro **** was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a diſpoſition remarkably contemplative. 'Twas his cuſtom, on this account, to retire from the world at ſtated periods, and to in-

dulge himſelf in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened, as he one day ſat in his ſtudy, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring ſpider. The moſt trivial object (if any natural object can be termed ſo) ſerved him frequently for the foundation of ſome moral and ſublime reflection. He ſurveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was loſt in the excurſions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanſhip of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He obſerved the deficiency of human ſkill, and that no cunning could have contrived her ſo proper an habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He obſerved the road by which ſhe ſallied forth, ſerved to convey intelligence from without, at the ſame time that it added ſtrength and ſtability to the work within. He was at once ſurpriſed and pleaſed with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the ſame light, or with the ſame attention. From this inſtant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: and he often would declare it was this trivial incident that gave him a reliſh for that ſtudy, which he afterwards purſued with ſuch application and ſucceſs.

He ſpent, in ſhort, ſo much time upon the attainment of this ſcience, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as ſpeculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice, to complete the fame of his abilities. That, in ſhort, was his next purſuit. He became deſirous of experiencing, what had been ſo ſucceſsful in imagination, and to make thoſe mural ſallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by teſtimony of his friends, his qualifications for the poſt he ſought; and, on the firſt delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundeſt tranquillity: little agreeable to a perſon eager of glory, furniſhed with ſkill, and conſcious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and ſubtle paſſion is often moſt predominant when 'tis leaſt perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we find our reaſon grow ſubſervient, and, inſtead of checking or contradicting, it ſtoops to flatter and to authorize it. Inſtead of undeceiving, ſhe confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and ſmooths the obſtructions, which it is her natural province to interpoſe. This was the caſe of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taſte encreaſed his ſenſibility; and his ſenſibility made him more a ſlave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more viſible impreſſions. The pureſt ſpirits are the ſooneſt apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his paſſions, ſeduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable ſchemes.

He had in brief, conceived a project, to give his maſter an univerſal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmoſt labour and preciſion, and intended, within a few days, to preſent his project to the king.

Spain was then in a ſtate of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raiſing an immenſe one. 'Twere impoſſible to anſwer for the poſſible events that might deſtroy their hopes of ſuch an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the moſt feaſible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the poſture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumſtances that conſpired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without ſome particular interpoſition of fortune, been attended with ſucceſs—But Fortune did not put herſelf to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vaſt deſigns, was one day walking in his fields. He was promiſed next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himſelf for a converſation, which might prove of ſo much conſequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along, and regardleſs of his path, his foot happened to ſtumble and to overturn an ant's-neſt. He caſt his eyes upon the ground, to ſee

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the occaſion of his miſtake, where he ſpyed the little animals in the moſt miſerable confuſion. He had the delicacy of ſentiment to be really ſorry for what he had done; and, putting himſelf in their condition, began to reflect upon the conſequence. It might be an age, to them, ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a ſort of ſmile, to find the anxiety they underwent for ſuch periſhable habitations. Yet he conſidered that his contempt was only the effect of his own ſuperiority; and that there might be ſome created beings, to whom his own ſpecies muſt appear as trifling. His remark did not ceaſe here. He conſidered his future enterprize, with an eye to ſuch a race of beings. He found it muſt appear to them in a light as diſadvantageous, as the ambition and vain glory of an ant would, to himſelf. 'How ridiculous,' he ſaid, 'muſt this republic appear to 'me, could I diſcern it's actions, as it 'has probably many, that are analo'gous to thoſe of human nature! Sup'poſe them at continual variance about 'the property of a grain of ſand. Sup'poſe one, that had acquired a few 'ſands more to his portion—as alſo one 'grain of wheat, and one ſmall particle 'of barley flour—ſhould think himſelf 'qualified to tyrannize over his equals, 'and to lord it, uncontrouled. Conſi'der him, on this account, not contented 'to make uſe of the numerous legs with 'which nature has ſupplied him, borne 'aloft by a couple of ſlaves within the 'hollow of an huſk of wheat, five or ſix 'others, at the ſame time, attending ſo'lemnly upon the proceſſion. Suppoſe, 'laſtly, that among this people, the 'prime miniſter ſhould perſuade the reſt 'to levy war upon a neighbouring co'lony; and this in order to be ſtiled the 'ſovereign of two hillocks, inſtead of 'one; while perhaps their preſent con'dition leaves them nothing to wiſh 'beſides ſuperfluities. At the ſame 'time, it is in the power of the moſt in'conſiderable among mankind, nay, of 'any ſpecies of animals ſuperior to 'their own, to deſtroy at once the mi'niſter and people all together: this is 'doubtleſs very ridiculous; yet this is 'doubtleſs my own caſe, in reſpect to 'many ſubordinate beings, and very 'certainly of the Supreme one. Fare'wel, then, ye air-built citadels! Fare'wel, viſions of unſolid glory! Don 'Pedro will ſeek no honour of ſo equi'vocal an acceptation, as to degrade his 'character to a ſuperior ſpecies, in pro'portion as it exalts him before his 'own.'

See here a juſt concluſion! In ſhort, he found it ſo fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimſical relation it may be well enough obſerved, That a ſpider had enſlaved the world, had not an ant obſtructed his deſign.

ESSAY XX.

UPON ENVY.

TO A FRIEND, R. G.

WHENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impoſſible to envy you, although, hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do ſo? For, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more ſuperfluous, to wiſh you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wiſh you ambition enough to make your honours ſatisfactory.

It ſeems an hard caſe, that envy ſhould be the conſequence of merit, at the ſame time that ſcorn ſo naturally attends the want of it. 'Tis however in ſome meaſure, perhaps, an unavoidable (and perhaps in ſome ſenſe an uſeful) paſſion, in all the moſt heroic natures; where, refined through certain ſtrainers, it takes the name of emulation. 'Tis a pain ariſing in our breaſts, on contemplation of the ſuperior advantages of another: and it's tendency is truly good, under ſome certain regulations.

All honour very evidently depends upon compariſon; and conſequently, the more numerous are our ſuperiors, the ſmaller portion of it falls to our ſhare. Conſidered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants; though, conſidered abſolutely, we are neither. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the uſe of emulation is to excite our diligence in purſuit of power, for the ſake of beneficence. The inſtances of it's perverſion are obvious to

every

every one's obſervation. A vicious mind, inſtead of it's own emolument, ſtudies the debaſement of his ſuperior. A perſon, to pleaſe one of this caſt, muſt needs diveſt himſelf of all uſeful qualities; and in order to be beloved, diſcover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very ſafely fix our eſteem on thoſe whom we hear ſome people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the ſun itſelf to the birds of darkneſs. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men; and ſuffer his ſatisfaction to ariſe in due proportion to their diſcontent. Their diſapprobation will ſufficiently influence every generous boſom in his favour; and I would as implicitly give my applauſe to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worſhip thoſe that have been devoured by apes.

'Tis another perverſion of this paſſion, though of a leſs enormous nature, when it merely ſtimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinſic worth. To equal others in the uſeleſs parts of learning; to purſue riches for the ſake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jockeyſhip, or cunning at a bett. Theſe, and many other rivalſhips, anſwer not the genuine purpoſes of emulation.

I believe the paſſion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man poſſeſſed of ſome particular advantage, and we immediately reflect upon it's deficiency in ourſelves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accompliſhments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the ſcale. Should we aſk our own boſoms whether we would change ſituations altogether, I fancy ſelf-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our ſentiments remain the ſame after ſuch an examination, all we can juſtly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate his detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the ſame time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depreſs ourſelves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

ESSAY XXI.

A VISION.

INGENIOUS was the device of thoſe celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, firſt pretended to divine inſpiration. Peace be to their manes! May the turf lie lightly on their breaſt, and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they, queſtionleſs, that a proceeding of this nature muſt afford an excuſe to their modeſty, as well as add a weight to their inſtructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the hiſtories of the beſt repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to ſurprizing lies. There was indeed neceſſary a degree of credit, previous to this delight; and there was as neceſſary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But ſo it was, that the pleaſure roſe, in a proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of a ſword, a bloated ſibyl, or a three foot ſtool.

Of all writers that bear any reſemblance to theſe originals, thoſe who approach the neareſt, are ſuch as deſcribe their extraordinary dreams and viſions. Of oſtentation we may not, peradventure, accuſe them, who claim to themſelves no other than the merit of ſpectators. Of want of abilities we muſt not cenſure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has in thoſe various figures which ſome crafty artiſt repreſents thereon.

The firſt meditation of a ſolitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. 'Hapleſs ſpecies,' I cry'd, 'how very 'groſsly art thou miſtaken! How very 'ſupine, while youth permits thee to 'gain the prize of virtue by reſtraint! 'How very reſolute, when thine age 'leaves nothing to reſtrain thee! Thou 'giveſt a looſe to thine inclinations, 'till

'till they loſe their very being; and, 'like a lamp overwhelmed with oil, are 'extinguiſhed by indulgence. What 'folly to dream of virtue, when there 'is no longer room for ſelf-denial; or, 'when the enemy expires by ſickneſs, 'to demand the honour of a triumph!'—Muſing upon this ſubject, I fell into a profound ſlumber; and the viſion with which it furniſhed me, ſhall ſupply materials for this eſſay.

I was, methought, tranſported into a winding valley, on each ſide of whoſe area, ſo far as my eye could ſee, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleaſing objects either of art or nature. Hills roſe one beyond another, crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contraſted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded ſpires enlivened even the ſunſhine; and loneſome ruins, by the ſide of woods, gave a ſolemnity to the ſhade. It would be needleſs, or rather impoſſible, to give an idea of the vaſt variety. It ſeemed as though people, of whatever inclinations, might here meet with their favourite object.

While I ſtood amazed, and even confounded, at ſo aſtoniſhing a landſkip; an old man approached towards me, and offered his aſſiſtance in alleviating my ſurprize. 'You obſerve,' ſays he, 'in the middle path, a train of ſprightly 'female pilgrims*, conducted by a 'matron† of a graver caſt. She is habited, 'as you may obſerve, in a robe far 'more plain and ſimple than that of 'any amidſt her followers. It is her 'province to reſtrain her pupils, that 'the objects glittering on each ſide may 'not ſeduce them to make excurſions, 'from which they ſcarce ever find their 'right way again. You may not, perhaps, ſuſpect the gulphs and precipices that lie intermixed amidſt a ſcenery ſo delightful to the eye. You 'ſee, indeed, at a conſiderable diſtance, 'the gilt dome of a temple raiſed on columns of the whiteſt marble. I muſt 'inform you, that within this temple 'reſides a lady‡, weaving wreaths of 'immortal amaranth for that worthy 'matron, if ſhe exert her authority; 'and, as their obedience is more or leſs 'entire, ſhe has alſo garlands of inferior luſtre to recompenſe the ladies in 'her train.

'Your own ſagacity,' added he, 'will ſupply the place of farther in'ſtructions;' and then vaniſhed in an inſtant.

The ſpace before me, as it appeared, was croſſed by four ſucceſſive rivers. Over theſe were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of theſe ſtreams the ground ſeemed to vary it's degree of luſtre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the ſide of each of theſe rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; ſo that the journey ſeemed to be portioned into four diſtinct ſtages. It is poſſible that theſe were meant to repreſent the periods of a man's life, which may be diſtinguiſhed by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the firſt ſtage, our travellers proceeded without much diſturbance. Their excurſions were of no greater extent than to crop a primroſe, or a daiſy, that grew on the way-ſide: and in theſe their governeſs indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occaſion. But when they arrived at the ſecond period, the caſe then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew viſibly enamoured of the beauties on each ſide; and the governeſs began to feel a conſciouſneſs of her duty to reſtrain them. They petitioned clamorouſly to make one ſhort excurſion, and met with a decent refuſal. One of them, that viſibly ſhewed herſelf the greateſt vixen and romp § amongſt them, had a thouſand arts and ſtratagems to circumvent her well-meaning governeſs. I muſt here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that ſome of the pupils felt greater attractions in one ſtage; and ſome in another. And the ſcene before them being well variegated with moſſy banks and purling ſtreams, friſking lambs and piping ſhepherds; inſpired a longing that was inexpreſſible, to one that ſeemed of an amorous complexion. She requeſted to make a ſhort digreſſion; pointed to the band of ſhepherds dancing; and, as I obſerved, preſented a glaſs, through which the matron might diſtinctly view them. The governeſs applied the glaſs, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much conſtancy oppoſed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands;

* The Paſſions. † Reaſon. ‡ Virtue. § Love.

and,

and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline; softened the language of dissent; and with a gentle reprimand, suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reason good she had, considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority.

They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer.

Another now took the lead; and seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hoodwinked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and confusion. They led their guide along, blind-fold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few*, who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclinations gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chace, and a grub or beetle was a suitable companion. But to return to the vagabonds.

The lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time, bore the chief rule; and held the rest in a state of servitude †. She seemed to be indeed formed for that power and grandeur, which was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would sometimes insist upon some temporary gratification. As they shaped their way to a great city, one ‡ would loll and loiter on a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with § one into the covert. A‖ third would not move a step farther, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. One** intoxcated herself with cordials; another †† went in quest of lace and equipage. The ‡‡ lady, however, at this time the most enterprizing, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discovered a strange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, embroidered stars, and golden collars. However difficult it seemed to reach them, or how little necessary soever they seemed to happiness, these alone engaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes aspired. Nay, she went so far as, in failure of these, to resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

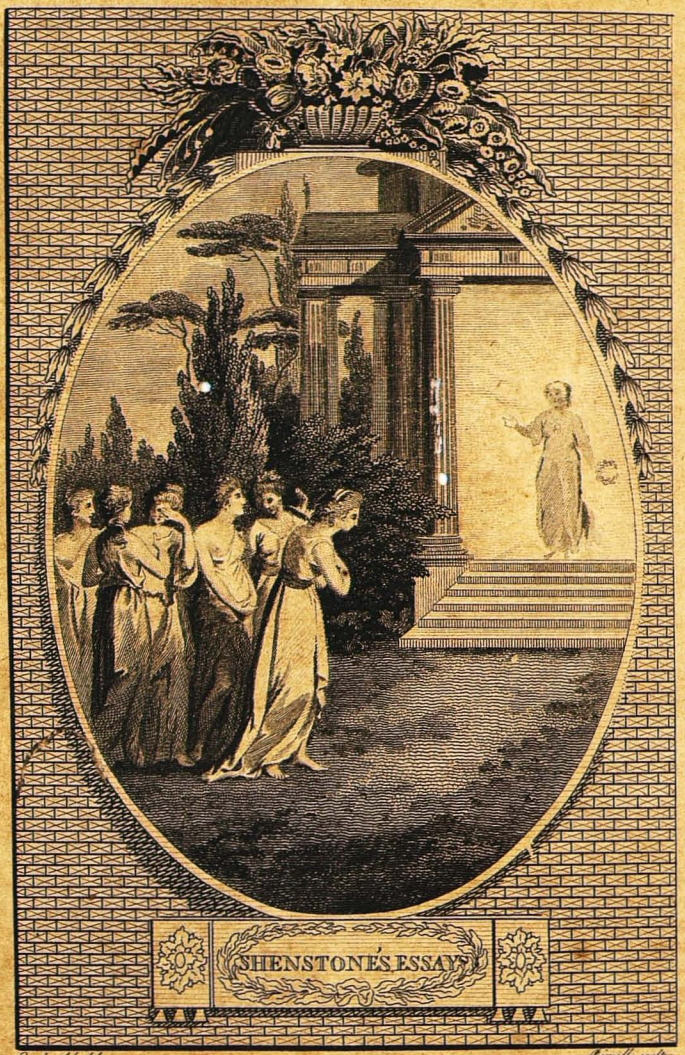
She at length succeeded, at least so far as to find how little they enhanced her happiness, and her former compeers, having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; insomuch that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

She promised to procure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

Our travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, repentant, and demissive; the governess, more rigid and imperious than ever. The former withered, decrepid, languishing; the latter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her a very opposite effect to that it wrought in her companions. She seemed, indeed, no more that easy ductile creature, insulted and borne away by the whims of her companions. She appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous in the execution. In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those

* The Virtuoso passion. † Ambition. ‡ Indolence. § Gallantry.
‖ Avarice. ** Ebriety. †† Pride and Vanity. ‡‡ Ambition.

whom



Cruikshank del. Carroll sculp.

Plate II.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. May 26. 1787.

whom she conducted, united to make way for her unlimited authority. Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have secured obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects on each side the way. One alone I must except, whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents. The governess represented, in the strongest terms, that these materials could not be imported into the realms they were about to enter. That, were this even the case, they could be there of no importance. However, she had not extirpated the bias of this craving dame, when they approached the temple to which I formerly alluded.

The temple stood upon a lofty hill, half encircled with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Doric order, the bases gilt, as also the capitals) a blaze of glory issued, of such superior lustre, that none beside the governess was able to approach it. She, indeed, with a dejected countenance, drew near unto the goddess; who gently waved her hand in the way of salutation.

The matron seemed less dazzled, than delighted, with her excessive beauty. She accosted her with reverence, and with much diffidence began to mention their pretension to her favour. 'She must own, 'she had been too remiss in the beginning of her government; she hoped 'it would be attributed to inexperience 'in the subtle wiles of her fellow-travellers. She flattered herself, that her 'severity towards the conclusion of her 'journey might in some sort make atonement for her misbehaviour in the beginning. Lastly, that she sometimes 'found it impossible to hear the dictates 'of the goddess amid the clamours of 'her pupils, and the din of their persuasions.'

To this the goddess made reply—

'You have heard,' said she, 'no 'doubt, that the favours I bestow, are 'by no means consistent with a state of 'inactivity. The only time when you 'were allowed an opportunity to deserve them, was the time when your 'pupils were the most refractory and 'perverse. The honours you expect in 'my court are proportioned to the difficulty of a good undertaking. May 'you, hereafter, partake them, in reward of your more vigorous conduct: 'for the present, you are little entitled 'to any recompence from me. As to 'your pupils, I observe, they have 'passed sentence upon themselves.'

At this instant of time the bell rung for supper, and awaked me: I found the gardener by my side, prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had slumbered away the hours, in which I should have given him suitable directions.

ESSAY XXII.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

GARDENING may be divided into three species—kitchen-gardening—parterre-gardening—and landskip, or picturesque-gardening: which latter is the subject intended in the following pages. It consists in pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandeur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no share here, any farther than as it pleases the imagination.

Perhaps the division of the pleasures of imagination, according as they are struck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my present purpose: why each of them affects us with pleasure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutchinson, Gerard, the Theory of agreeable Sensations, &c*.

There seem however to be some objects, which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us, nor majestic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflection on decayed magnificence. For this reason, an able gardener should avail himself of objects, perhaps, not very striking; if they serve to connect ideas, that convey reflections of the pleasing kind.

* Garden-scenes may perhaps be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive; to which last I know not but we may assign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composed of both. See Burke's Sublime.

Objects ſhould indeed be leſs calculated to ſtrike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

It is no objection to the pleaſure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more diſagreeable. It is enough that it produces a ſuperiority betwixt things in other reſpects equal. It ſeems, on ſome occaſions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet, when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleaſure equal to more ſhapely ſcenes? Thus a ſeries of lawn, though ever ſo beautiful, may ſatiate and cloy, unleſs the eye paſſes to them from wilder ſcenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

Variety appears to me to derive good part of it's effect from novelty; as the eye, paſſing from one form or colour, to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in it's preſent object, which affords immediate ſatisfaction.

Variety however, in ſome inſtances, may be carried to ſuch exceſs as to loſe it's whole effect. I have obſerved ceilings ſo crammed with ſtucco-ornaments, that, although of the moſt different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A ſufficient quantity of undecorated ſpace is neceſſary to exhibit ſuch decorations to advantage.

Ground ſhould firſt be conſidered with an eye to it's peculiar character; whether it be the grand, the ſavage, the ſprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of theſe characters prevail, one may ſomewhat ſtrengthen it's effect, by allowing every part ſome denomination, and then ſupporting it's title by ſuitable appendages. For inſtance, The lover's walk may have aſſignation ſeats, with proper mottoes—urns to faithful lovers—trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

What an advantage muſt ſome Italian ſeats derive from the circumſtance of being ſituate on ground mentioned in the claſſics? And even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the ſcene of any event in hiſtory, one would ſurely avail one's ſelf of that circumſtance, to make it more intereſting to the imagination. Mottoes ſhould allude to it; columns, &c. record it; verſes moralize upon it; and curioſity receive it's ſhare of pleaſure.

In deſigning a houſe and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a ſubordination of parts; the houſe ſo luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole deſign. I have ſometimes thought that there was room for it to reſemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wiſhed than required, that the more ſtriking ſcenes may ſucceed thoſe which are leſs ſo.

Taſte depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer—Hagley to Perſfield, and Perſfield to the Welſh mountains. This occaſions the different preferences that are given to ſituations. A garden ſtrikes us moſt, where the grand and the pleaſing ſucceed, not intermingle with, each other.

I believe, however, the ſublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I uſe the words Landſkip and Proſpect, the former as expreſſive of home ſcenes, the latter of diſtant images. Proſpects ſhould take in the blue diſtant hills; but never ſo remotely, that they be not diſtinguiſhable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

Landſkip ſhould contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad teſt, as I think the landſkip-painter is the gardener's beſt deſigner. The eye requires a ſort of balance here; but not ſo as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a houſe or obeliſk; for exactneſs would be diſpleaſing. We form our notions from what we have ſeen; and though, could we comprehend the univerſe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we ſee of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye ſhould always look rather down upon water: cuſtomary nature makes this requiſite. I know nothing more ſenſibly diſpleaſing than Mr. T—'s flat ground betwixt his terras and his water.

It is not eaſy to account for the fondneſs of former times for ſtraight-lined avenues to their houſes; ſtraight-lined walks through their woods; and, in ſhort, every kind of ſtraight line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumſtance is one objection. Another, ſomewhat of the ſame kind, is the repetition of the ſame object, tree after tree, for a length

of

of way together. A third is, that this identity is purchaſed by the loſs of that variety, which the natural country ſupplies every where, in a greater or leſs degree. To ſtand ſtill and ſurvey ſuch avenues, may afford ſome ſlender ſatisfaction, through the change derived from perſpective; but to move on continually and find no change of ſcene in the leaſt attendant on our change of place, muſt give actual pain to a perſon of taſte. For ſuch an one to be condemned to paſs along the famous viſta* from Moſcow to Peterſburg, or that other from Agra to Lahor in India, muſt be as diſagreeable a ſentence, as to be condemned to labour at the gallies. I conceived ſome idea of the ſenſation he muſt feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt Lord D—'s high ſhorn yew-hedges; which run exactly parallel, at the diſtance of about ten feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatſoever.

When a building, or other object, has been once viewed from it's proper point, the foot ſhould never travel to it by the ſame path which the eye has travelled over before. Loſe the object, and draw nigh, obliquely.

The ſide-trees in viſtas ſhould be ſo circumſtanced as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

Ruinated ſtructures appear to derive their power of pleaſing from the irregularity of ſurface, which is VARIETY; and the latitude they afford the imagination, to conceive an enlargement of their dimenſions, or to recollect any events or circumſtances appertaining to their priſtine grandeur, ſo far as concerns grandeur and ſolemnity. The breaks in them ſhould be as bold and abrupt as poſſible. If mere beauty be aimed at, (which however is not their chief excellence) the waving line, with more eaſy tranſitions, will become of greater importance. Events relating to them may be ſimulated by numberleſs little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and ſudden deſcents are moſt ſuitable to caſtles; and fertile vales, near wood and water, moſt imitative of the uſual ſituation for abbeys and religious houſes; large oaks, in particular, are eſſential to theſe latter;

Whoſe branching arms, and reverend height,
Admit a dim religious light.

A cottage is a pleaſing object, partly on account of the variety it may introduce; on account of the tranquillity that ſeems to reign there; and perhaps (I am ſomewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature:

Longi alterius ſpectare laborem.

In a ſcene preſented to the eye, objects ſhould never lie ſo much to the right or left, as to give it any uneaſineſs in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this diſadvantage. They ſhould elſe never be ſeen beyond a certain angle. The eye muſt be eaſy, before it can be pleaſed.

No mere ſlope from one ſide to the other can be agreeable ground: the eye requires a balance, i. e. a degree of uniformity; but this may be otherwiſe effected, and the rule ſhould be underſtood with ſome limitation.

—Each alley has it's brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

Let us examine what may be ſaid in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope expoſes. Might he not ſeemingly as well object to the diſpoſition of an human face, becauſe it has an eye or cheek that is the very picture of it's companion? Or does not Providence, who has obſerved this regularity in the external ſtructure of our bodies and diſregarded it within, ſeem to conſider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the ſeveral parts of them correſpond, but it is not the ſame caſe with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally ſolicitous for a kind of balance in a landſkip; and, if I am not miſtaken, the painters generally furniſh one: a building for inſtance on one ſide, contraſted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a riſing hill, on the other. Whence then does this taſte proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the ſhape of ground, the diſpoſition of trees, and the figure of water, muſt be ſacred to nature; and no forms muſt be allowed that make a diſcovery of art.

All trees have a character analogous to that of men: oaks are in all reſpects the perfect image of the manly character: in former times I ſhould have

* In Monteſquieu, on Taſte.

ſaid, and in preſent times I think I am authoriſed to ſay, the Britiſh one. As a brave man is not ſuddenly either elated by proſperity or depreſſed by adverſity, ſo the oak diſplays not it's verdure on the ſun's firſt approach; nor drops it, on his firſt departure. Add to this it's majeſtic appearance, the rough grandeur of it's bark, and the wide protection of it's branches.

A large, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the moſt venerable of all inanimate objects.

Urns are more ſolemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if leſs and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the ſituation of them ſhould ſtill co-operate with it.

By the way, I wonder that lead ſtatues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not expreſs the finer lines of an human body, yet they ſeem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embelliſh landſkips, were they ſome degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A ſtatue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a ſtatue. A ſtatue in a garden is to be conſidered as one part of a ſcene or landſkip; the minuter touches are no more eſſential to it, than a good landſkip-painter would eſteem them were he to repreſent a ſtatue in his picture.

Apparent art, in it's proper province, is almoſt as important as apparent nature. They contraſt agreeably; but their provinces ever ſhould be kept diſtinct.

Some artificial beauties are ſo dexterouſly managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; ſome natural ones ſo extremely fortunate, that one is ready to ſwear they are artificial.

Concerning ſcenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The ſhape of ground, the ſite of trees, and the fall of water, nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treaſon.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of art need have no other reference to nature than that they afford the ευπρεπειαν with which the human mind is delighted.

Art ſhould never be allowed to ſet a foot in the province of nature, otherwiſe than clandeſtinely and by night. Whenever ſhe is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromiſe the difference—night, gothicism, confuſion, and abſolute chaos, are come again.

To ſee one's urns, obeliſks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedneſs of our beloved miſtreſſes, the Naiads and the Dryads, expoſed by that ruffian Winter to univerſal obſervation; is a ſeverity ſcarcely to be ſupported by the help of blazing hearths, chearful companions, and a bottle of the moſt grateful Burgundy.

The works of a perſon that builds, begin immediately to decay; while thoſe of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promiſes a more laſting pleaſure than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at beſt begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumſtance that ſuits our taſte, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they cauſe our love of life to take root and flouriſh with them; whereas the very ſameneſs of our ſtructures will, without the help of dilapidation, ſerve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a cuſtom in ſome countries to condemn the characters of thoſe (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

The taſte of the citizen and of the mere peaſant are in all reſpects the ſame. The former gilds his balls; paints his ſtonework and ſtatues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-ſquare or conic; or gives them what he can of the reſemblance of birds, or bears, or men; ſquirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in ſhort, admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects a ſurprize becauſe it is unnatural. The peaſant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that ſublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every ſcene we ſee in nature is either tame and inſipid, or compounded of thoſe. It often happens that the ſame ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of ſublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this caſe it remains to be conſidered in which light they can be rendered moſt remarkable,

remarkable, whether as objects of beauty or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor ſhould not perhaps be wholly diſregarded: for certain complexions of ſoul will prefer an orange-tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However, this ſhould not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of ſhrubbery; or inveſt a mountain with a garb of roſes. This would be like dreſſing a giant in a ſarſenet gown, or a Saracen's head in a Bruſſels nightcap. Indeed the ſmall circular clumps of firs, which I ſee planted upon ſome fine large ſwells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I ſay, a gardener ſhould not do this, any more than a poet ſhould attempt to write of the king of Pruſſia in the ſtyle of Philips. On the other ſide, what would become of Leſbia's ſparrow, ſhould it be treated in the ſame language with the anger of Achilles?

Gardeners may be divided into three ſorts, the landſkip gardener, the parterre gardener, and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our firſt diviſion of gardens.

I have uſed the word landſkip-gardeners; becauſe, in purſuance of our preſent taſte in gardening, every good painter of landſkip appears to me the moſt proper deſigner. The misfortune of it is, that theſe painters are apt to regard the execution of their work much more than the choice of ſubject.

The art of diſtancing and approximating comes truly within their ſphere: the former by the gradual diminution of diſtinctneſs, and of ſize; the latter by the reverſe. A ſtraight-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with ewe-trees, then firs, then with trees more and more fady, till they end in the almond-willow, or ſilver oſier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be encreaſed, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than thoſe at the end of the avenue that are more fady.

To diſtance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different-coloured greens. Ever-greens are beſt for all ſuch purpoſes. Suppoſe the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. the conſequence will be that the imagination immediately allows a ſpace betwixt theſe circles, and another betwixt the houſe and them; and as the imagined ſpace is indeterminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconſiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microſcopic glaſs. And on this head, I have known ſome inſtances, where, by ſhewing intermediate ground, the diſtance has appeared leſs, than while an hedge or grove concealed it.

Hedges, appearing as ſuch, are univerſally bad. They diſcover art in nature's province.

Trees in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more ſudden and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in ſuch manner as to mark out the former hedge.

Water ſhould ever appear as an irregular lake, or winding ſtream.

Iſlands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but leſſen grandeur through variety.

It was the wiſe remark of ſome ſagacious obſerver, That familiarity is, for the moſt part, productive of contempt. Graceleſs offſpring of ſo amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whoſe enjoyments muſt be either checked, or prove deſtructive of themſelves. Our paſſions are permitted to ſip a little pleaſure; but are extinguiſhed by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the firſt impreſſion. Thus, negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-faſhioned gardens.

Art, indeed, is often requiſite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but ſhould never be ſuffered to ſet her mark upon them: I mean, in regard to thoſe articles that are of nature's province; the ſhaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the diſpoſition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will ſoon occur, which, however, ſhe is allowed to regulate, ſomewhat clandeſtinely, upon the following account—Man is not capable of comprehending the univerſe at one ſurvey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be cenſured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the ſame, as if, in his preſent

preſent ſituation, he ſtrove to find amuſement in contriving the fabric of an ant's neſt, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a ſphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a ſtation, proper to give us an univerſal view; or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and diſpoſitions of the ſyſtem. We perceive many breaks and blemiſhes, ſeveral neglected and unvariegated places in the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a ſnail to be ſatisfied with the beauty of our parterres, ſlopes, and terraſſes; or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries; as that man ſhall be ſatisfied, without a ſingle thought that he can improve the ſpot that falls to his ſhare. But, though art be neceſſary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reaſon is ſhe authorized to thwart and to oppoſe her? Why fantaſtically endeavour to humanize thoſe vegetables, of which nature, diſcreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent upon the ſoil? Here art ſeems very affectedly to make a diſplay of that induſtry, which it is her glory to conceal. The ſtone which repreſents an aſteriſk, is valued only on account of it's natural production: nor do we view with pleaſure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artiſts. We view, with much more ſatisfaction, ſome plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but leſs viſibly, induſtrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the ſhining texture of the ſilk-worm; but we loath the puny author, when ſhe thinks proper to emerge, and to diſguſt us with the appearance of ſo vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the moſt abject vaſſal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The caſe is different where ſhe has the direction of buildings, uſeful or ornamental: or, perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inſcribed. Here then it is her intereſt to be ſeen as much as poſſible: and, though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contraſt her ſtructures furniſh, it is not eaſy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her ſide, will not repay.

A rural ſcene, to me, is never perfect, without the addition of ſome kind of building: indeed I have known a ſcar of rock-work, in great meaſure, ſupply the deficiency.

In gardening, it is no ſmall point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by ſurprize; for inſtance, by abrupt tranſition from their contraries—but to lay a ſtreſs upon ſurprize only; for example, on the ſurprize occaſioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpoſe; is a ſymptom of bad taſte, and a violent fondneſs for mere concetto.

Grandeur and beauty are ſo very oppoſite, that you often diminiſh the one as you encreaſe the other. Variety is moſt a-kin to the latter, ſimplicity to the former.

Suppoſe a large hill varied by art with large patches of different-coloured clumps, ſcars of rock, chalk quarries, villages, or farm-houſes; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful ſcene, but much leſs grand than it was before.

In many inſtances, it is moſt eligible to compound your ſcene of beauty and grandeur—Suppoſe a magnificent ſwell ariſing out of a well-variegated valley; it would be diſadvantageous to encreaſe it's beauty, by means deſtructive to it's magnificence.

There may poſſibly, but there ſeldom happens to be any occaſion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwiſe. It is for the moſt part the gardener's buſineſs to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

The hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordſhire afford a moſt beautiful ſcenery, at the time they are in bloſſom: but the proſpect would be really grander, did it conſiſt of ſimple foliage. For the ſame reaſon, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the ſame in ſpring. The ſprightly green is then obfuſcated.

Smoothneſs and eaſy tranſitions are no ſmall ingredients in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the ſublime. Thus a tapering ſpire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

Many of the different opinions relating

ing to the preference to be given to ſeats, villas, &c. are owing to want of diſtinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter pleaſe: but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

Mr. Addiſon thought an open, uninclоſed champaign country, formed the beſt landſkip. Somewhat here is to be conſidered. Large unvariegated, ſimple objects, have the beſt pretenſions to ſublimity; a large mountain, whoſe ſides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then it's beauty is proportionably leſs.

However, I think a plain ſpace near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: and then the picture, whether you chuſe the grand or beautiful, ſhould be held up at it's proper diſtance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and ſimplicity is eſſential to grandeur.

Offenſive objects, at a proper diſtance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for inſtance, ſtubble fallow ground———

ESSAY XXIII.

ON POLITICS.

PERHAPS men of the moſt different ſects and parties very frequently think the ſame; only vary in their phraſe and language. At leaſt, if one examines their firſt principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to conſider the reſt as nothing more.

A courtier's dependent is a beggar's dog.

If national reflections are unjuſt, becauſe there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the ſame footing?

A government is inexcuſable for employing fooliſh miniſters; becauſe they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I fancy, the proper means of encreaſing the love we bear our native country, is to reſide ſome time in a foreign one.

The love of popularity ſeems little elſe than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a perſon aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honeſt, but in their end pernicious and deſtructive.

There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in ſociety as well as butchers; and who knows but the neceſſity of butchers (inflaming and ſtimulating the paſſions with animal food) might at firſt occaſion the neceſſity of heroes? Butchers, I believe, were prior.

The whole myſtery of a courtly behaviour ſeems included in the power of making general favours appear particular ones.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to paſs by a piece of wit, if it happens to border on abuſe. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticiſm indiſcriminately.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

It ſeems idle to rail at ambition merely becauſe it is a boundleſs paſſion; or rather is not this circumſtance an argument in it's favour? If one would be employed or amuſed through life, ſhould we not make choice of a paſſion that will keep one long in play?

A ſportſman of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diverſion: a fox, that will ſupport the chace till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment.

The ſubmiſſion of Prince Hal to the civil magiſtrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conqueſts of Henry the Fifth in France.

The moſt animated ſocial pleaſure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a ſucceſsful engagement, or in it: I mean, by ſuch commanders as have ſouls equal to their occupation. This, however, ſeems paradoxical, and requires ſome explanation.

Reſiſtance to the reigning powers is juſtifiable, upon a conviction that their government is inconſiſtent with the good of the ſubject; that our interpoſition tends to eſtabliſh better meaſures; and this without a probability of occaſioning evils that may over-balance them. But theſe conſiderations muſt never be ſeparated.

People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, becauſe they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention——

or

or admiration: likewiſe, becauſe one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumſtances, I believe the largeſt cities are the moſt vicious of all others.

Laws are generally found to be nets of ſuch a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle-ſized are alone entangled in.

Though I have no ſort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour to make ſome diſtinction between the immorality of it's abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-ſpeech, remarks, with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worſt of crimes. And in regard to civil ſocieties, I believe there are none but madmen will diſpute it. But ſurely, with regard to conſcience, erroneous judgments, and ill-grounded convictions, may render it ſome people's duty. Sin does not conſiſt in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend upon the underſtanding, but the will. Now, if it appears that a man's opinion has happened to miſplace his duty; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious deſire of indulging his appetites—in ſhort, if his own reaſon, liable to err, have biaſſed his will, rather than his will any way contributed to biaſs and deprave his reaſon, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none beſide an earthly tribunal.

A perſon's right to reſiſt depends upon a conviction that the government is ill-managed; that others have more claim to manage it, or will adminiſter it better: that he, by his reſiſtance, can introduce a change to it's advantage, and this without any conſequential evils that will bear proportion to the ſaid advantage.

Whether this were not in appearance the caſe of Balmerino, I will not preſume to ſay: how conceived, or from what deluſion ſprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honeſt man, in other reſpects, one may gueſs his behaviour was rather owing to the miſrepreſentations of his reaſon, than to any depravity, perverſeneſs, or diſingenuity of his will.

If a perſon ought heartily to ſtickle for any cauſe, it ſhould be that of moderation. Moderation ſhould be his party.

ESSAY XXIV.

EGOTISMS.

FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS.

I.

I Hate maritime expreſſions, ſimiles, and alluſions; my diſlike, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from the unnaturalneſs of ſhipping, and the great ſhare which art ever claims in that practice.

II.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

III.

May I always have an heart ſuperior, with œconomy ſuitable, to my fortune!

IV.

Inanimates, toys, utenſils, ſeem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various viciſſitudes. I have often viewed my watch, ſtandiſh, ſnuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendſhip, which there are ſome men who do not deſerve:

'Midſt many faithleſs only faithful found!'

V.

I loved Mr. Somervile, becauſe he knew ſo perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification of money.

VI.

It is with me in regard to the earth itſelf, as it is in regard to thoſe that walk upon it's ſurface. I love to paſs by crowds, and to catch diſtant views of the country as I walk along; but I inſenſibly chuſe to ſit where I cannot ſee two yards before me.

VII.

I begin, too ſoon in life, to ſlight the world more than is conſiſtent with making a figure in it. The *non eſt tanti* of Ovid grows upon me ſo faſt that in a few years I ſhall have no paſſion.

VIII.

I am obliged to the perſon that ſpeaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who ſpeaks well of me

me in my abſence alſo. Should I be aſked whether I choſe to have a perſon ſpeak well of me when abſent or preſent, I ſhould anſwer the latter; for were all men to do ſo, the former would be inſignificant.

IX.

I feel an avarice of ſocial pleaſure, which produces only mortification. I never ſee a town or city in a map, but I figure to myſelf many agreeable perſons in it, with whom I could wiſh to be acquainted.

X.

It is a miſerable thing to be ſenſible of the value of one's time, and yet reſtrained by circumſtances from making a proper uſe of it. One feels one's ſelf ſomewhat in the ſituation of admiral Hoſier.

XI.

It is a miſerable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconſiſtent.

XII.

The modern world conſiders it as a part of politeneſs, to drop the mention of kindred in all addreſſes to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and eſteem upon a leſs partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not ſuffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation: it ſerves to connect us cloſer. Wherever I diſeſteemed, I would abdicate my firſt-couſin.

XIII.

Circumlocutory, philoſophical obſcenity, appears to me the moſt nauſeous of all ſtuff. Shall I ſay it takes away the ſpirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a *caput mortuum?* or ſhall I ſay, rather, it is a Sir—e in an envelope of fine gilt-paper, which only raiſes expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obſcenely with a grace, it were downright country fellows, who uſe an unaffected language: but even among theſe, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

XIV.

It is ſome loſs of liberty to reſolve on ſchemes before-hand.

XV.

There are a ſort of people to whom one would allot good wiſhes and perform good offices: but they are ſometimes thoſe, with whom one would by no means ſhare one's time.

XVI.

I would have all men elevated to as great an height, as they can diſcover a luſtre to the naked eye.

XVII.

I am ſurely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a falſe diſdain, than an unreal eſteem.

XVIII.

Yet why repine? I have ſeen manſions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-houſe into an Hampton-court, and where they ſpeak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by compariſon.

XIX.

I do not ſo much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expence of being ſo: the generality of mankind being ſeldom in good-humour but whilſt they are impoſing upon you in ſome ſhape or other.

XX.

I cannot avoid comparing the eaſe and freedom I enjoy, to the eaſe of an old ſhoe; where a certain degree of ſhabbineſs is joined with the convenience.

XXI.

Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chineſe language, ſeems half ſo difficult to me, as the language of refuſal.

XXII.

I actually dreamt that ſomebody told me I muſt not print my pieces ſeparate. That certain ſtars would, if ſingle, be hardly conſpicuous; which, united in a narrow compaſs, form a very ſplendid conſtellation.

XXIII.

The ways of ballad-ſingers, and the cries of halfpenny pamphlets, appeared ſo extremely humourous, from my lodgings in Fleet Street, that it gave me pain to obſerve them without a companion to partake. For, alas! laughter is by no means a ſolitary entertainment.

XXIV.

Had I a fortune of eight or ten thouſand pounds a year, I would, methinks, make myſelf a neighbourhood. I would firſt build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of ſome branch of trade that was ſuitable to the country round. I would then, at proper diſtances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thouſand pounds apiece, and amuſe myſelf with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taſte. Theſe would I people with a ſelect number of well-choſen

friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house, of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant.—How plausible soever this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution.

XXV.

I think, I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. '*Malè sarta gratia necqu cquam coit, & resciditur.*' A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

XXVI.

There is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a mere person of rank and fortune. It is *crambe bis cocta*. The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit.

XXVII.

What pleasure it is to pay one's debts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttelton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection: it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound œconomy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

XXVIII.

It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place. And this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding should, I think, be as regularly observed as the distribution of vacant ribbons, upon the death of knights of the garter.

XXIX.

It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a person, whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart: but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge: to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

XXX.

I have been formerly so silly as to hope, that every servant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. People's characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men; but yet it is probable, from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts: but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience; and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are however some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

ESSAY

ESSAY XXV.

ON DRESS.

I.

DRESS, like writing, ſhould never appear the effect of too much ſtudy and application. On this account, I have ſeen parts of dreſs, in themſelves extremely beautiful, which at the ſame time ſubject the wearer to the character of foppiſhneſs and affectation.

II.

A man's dreſs in the former part of life ſhould rather tend to ſet off his perſon, than to expreſs riches, rank or dignity: in the latter, the reverſe.

III.

Extreme elegance in liveries, I mean ſuch as is expreſt by the more languid colours, is altogether abſurd. They ought to be rather gawdy than genteel; if for no other reaſon, yet for this, that elegance may more ſtrongly diſtinguiſh the appearance of the gentleman.

IV.

It is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are moſt properly the judges of the men's dreſs, and the men of that of the ladies.

V.

I think, till thirty, or with ſome a little longer, people ſhould dreſs in a way that is moſt likely to procure the love of the oppoſite ſex.

VI.

There are many modes of dreſs, which the world eſteems handſome, which are by no means calculated to ſhew the human figure to advantage.

VII.

Love can be founded upon nature only; or the appearance of it—For this reaſon, however a peruke may tend to ſoften the human features, it can very ſeldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it diſcovers.

VIII.

A rich dreſs adds but little to the beauty of a perſon. It may poſſibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love:

'*Non benè conveniunt nec in una ſede morantur*
'*Majeſtas & amor.*' OVID.

IX.

Simplicity can ſcarce be carried too far; provided it be not ſo ſingular as to excite a degree of ridicule. The ſame caution may be requiſite in regard to the value of your dreſs: though ſplendor be not neceſſary, you muſt remove all appearance of poverty: the ladies being rarely enough ſagacious to acknowledge beauty through the diſguiſe of poverty. Indeed, I believe ſometimes they miſtake grandeur of dreſs for beauty of perſon.

X.

A perſon's manner is never eaſy, whilſt he feels a conſciouſneſs that he is fine. The country-fellow, conſidered in ſome lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dreſt on Sundays, with a large noſegay in his boſom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with eaſe, and thinks himſelf equal to his apparel.

XI.

When a man has run all lengths himſelf with regard to dreſs, there is but one means remaining which can add to his appearance. And this conſiſts in having recourſe to the utmoſt plainneſs in his own apparel, and at the ſame time richly garniſhing his footman or his horſe. Let the ſervant appear as fine as ever you pleaſe, the world muſt always conſider the maſter as his ſuperior. And this is that peculiar excellence ſo much admired in the beſt painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: where ſomewhat is left to be ſupplied by the ſpectator's and reader's imagination.

XII.

Methinks, apparel ſhould be rich in the ſame proportion as it is gay: it otherwiſe carries the appearance of ſomewhat unſubſtantial: in other words, of a greater deſire than ability to make a figure.

XIII.

Perſons are oftentimes miſled in regard to their choice of dreſs, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than ſelecting ſuch colours as may encreaſe their own beauty.

XIV.

I cannot ſee why a perſon ſhould be eſteemed haughty, on account of his taſte for fine cloaths, any more than one who diſcovers a fondneſs for birds,

flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influences both to seek amusement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendour without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste but when a person demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this essential distinction.

XV.

The first instance an officer gives you of his courage, consists in wearing cloaths infinitely superior to his rank.

XVI.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at best invidious: and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit; and it was from hence, I presume, that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.

XVII.

There are certain shapes and physiognomies, of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarce win respect even in the country, though they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth.

XVIII.

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover it's tenuity.

XIX.

Why are perfumes so much decryed? When a person on his approach diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the antients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings, 'veiled 'in a cloud of fragrance?'

XX.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

ESSAY XXVI.

ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

I.

FINE writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style.

II.

Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

III.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

IV.

Instead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their Muse, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth.

V.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

VI.

'*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam*
'*Viribus.*'

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

VII.

There is no word in the Latin language, that signifies a female friend. 'Amica' means a mistress; and perhaps there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

VIII.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

IX.

One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he stoops; and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him.

X.

The national opinion of a book or treatise

treatise is not always right—'est ubi 'peccat.'—Milton's Paradise Lost is one instance. I mean, the cold reception it met with at first.

XI.

Perhaps, an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility; sensibility strengthens passion; and passion makes people humourists.

Yet a person of genius is often expected to shew more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately give the denomination of a man of genius.

XII.

An actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a musician by playing on a bad instrument.

XIII.

Poets seem to have tame, in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business, to be respected: too often feared or envied, to be beloved.

XIV.

Tully ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man devoid of courage may be a spirited writer.

XV.

One would rather be a stump of laurel than the stump of a church-yard yew-tree.

XVI.

'Degere more feræ*.' Virg. Vanbrugh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miss Hoyden envying the liberty of a greyhound bitch.

XVII.

There is a certain slimziness of poetry, which seems expedient in a song.

XVIII.

Dido, as well as Desdemona†, seems to have been a mighty admirer of strange atchievements:

'*Heu! quibus ille*
'*Jactatus fatis! quæ bella exhausta canebat!*
'*Si mihi non*,' &c.

This may shew that Virgil, Shakespeare, and Shaftesbury, agreed in the same opinion.

XIX.

It is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friends for the sake of a joke. Candour may discover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the less degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.

XX.

People in high or in distinguished life ought to have a greater circumspection in regard to their most trivial actions. For instance, I saw Mr. Pope—and what was he doing when you saw him?—why, to the best of my memory, he was picking his nose.

XXI.

Even Joe Miller in his jests has an eye to poetical justice; generally gives the victory or turns the laugh on the side of merit. No small compliment to mankind!

XXII.

To say a person writes a good style, is originally as pedantic an expression as to say he plays a good fiddle.

XXIII.

The first line of Virgil seems to patter like an hail-storm—'*Tityre, tu patulæ*,' &c.

XXIV.

The vanity and extreme self-love of the French is no where more observable than in their authors; and among these, in none more than Boileau; who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, though he have removed it from the text for the sake of one ever so much better.

XXV.

The writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.

A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

XXVI.

Long periods and short seem analogous to Gothic and modern stair-cases; the former were of such a size as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter such, that they might command half a dozen.

* To lead the life of a beast.

† Lord Shaftesbury.

I think

I think nothing truly poetic, at leaſt no poetry worth compoſing, that does not ſtrongly affect one's paſſions: and this is but ſlenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies:

'Incredulus odi.' HOR.

XXVII.

A preface very frequently contains ſuch a piece of criticiſm, as tends to countenance and eſtabliſh the peculiarities of the piece.

XXVIII.

I hate a ſtyle, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that ſlides along like an eel, and never riſes to what one can call an inequality.

XXIX.

It is obvious to diſcover that imperfections of one kind have a viſible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily diſadvantages muſt incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foreſaw that he muſt have languiſhed in obſcurity. The advantages of perſon are a good deal eſſential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but alſo of the ladies.

XXX.

Pope, I think, never once mentions Prior; though Prior ſpeaks ſo handſomely of Pope in his Alma. One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he was to the former for ſuch numberleſs beauties, ſhould have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, to ſome modification of ſelfiſhneſs.

XXXI.

Virgil never mentions Horace, though indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

XXXII.

Pope ſeems to me the moſt correct writer ſince Virgil; the greateſt genius only, ſince Dryden.

XXXIII.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical ſubjects.

XXXIV.

Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the condenſation of thoughts. I think, no other Engliſh poet ever brought ſo much ſenſe into the ſame number of lines with equal ſmoothneſs, eaſe, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this peruſe his Eſſay on Man with attention. Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could not eaſily have ſwerved: perhaps, he could not have ſufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce that flimzineſs which is required in a ballad or love-ſong. His Monſter of Raguſa and his Tranſlations from Chaucer have ſome little tendency to invalidate this obſervation.

XXXV.

I durſt not have cenſured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, you ſay. True. A writer ſurrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and ſlippers.

XXXVI.

Pope's religion is often found very advantageous to his deſcriptive talents, as it is no doubt embelliſhed with the moſt pompous ſcenes and oſtentatious imagery: for inſtance,

'When from the cenſer clouds of,' &c.

XXXVII.

Pope has made the utmoſt advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pauſe with the utmoſt ſucceſs:

'Die and endow a college or a cat,' &c. &c.

It is an eaſy kind of beauty. Dryden ſeems to have borrowed it from Spenſer.

XXXVIII.

Pope has publiſhed fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

XXXIX.

It is no doubt extremely poſſible to form an Engliſh proſody; but to a good ear it were almoſt ſuperfluous, and to a bad one uſeleſs; this laſt being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with ſound judgment; but is ſurely never united with taſte, which is the life and ſoul of poetry.

XL.

Rhymes, in elegant poetry, ſhould conſiſt of ſyllables that are long in pronunciation; ſuch as 'are, ear, ire, ore, 'your;' in which a nice ear will find more agreeableneſs than in theſe 'gnat, 'net, knit, knot, nut.'

XLI.

There is a vaſt beauty (to me) in uſing a word of a particular nature in the eighth

eighth and ninth ſyllables of an Engliſh verſe. I mean what is virtually a dactyl. For inſtance—

'And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains.'

Let any perſon of an ear ſubſtitute 'liquid,' inſtead of 'watry,' and he will find the diſadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our verſification through a judicious diſpoſition of the pauſe) ſeems not enough aware of this beauty.

XLII.

As to the frequent uſe of alliteration, it has probably had it's day.

XLIII.

It has ever a good effect when the ſtreſs of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice moſt naturally pronounces with an emphaſis.

'*I nunc & verſus-tecum meditare*,' &c. HOR.

'*Quam vellent æthere in alto*
'*Nunc & pauperiem*,' &c. VIRG.

'*O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia*,' &c. VIRG.

'*At regina gravi jamdudum*,' &c. VIRG.

Virgil, whoſe very metre appears to affect one's paſſions, was a maſter of this ſecret.

XLIV.

There are numbers in the world, who do not want ſenſe, to make a figure; ſo much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon recording their obſervations, and allowing them the ſame importance which they do to thoſe which others print.

XLV.

A good writer cannot with the utmoſt ſtudy produce ſome thoughts, which will flow from a bad one with eaſe and precipitation. The reverſe is alſo true. A bad writer, &c.

XLVI.

'Great wits have ſhort memories,' is a proverb; and as ſuch has undoubtedly ſome foundation in nature. The caſe ſeems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumſtances, which make no ſlight impreſſion in every-day minds. But ſure it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection of paſſages, either to illuſtrate or contraſt with any preſent occaſion. It is probably the fate of a common underſtanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of thoſe things which almoſt every one remembers, renders his caſe the more remarkable, and thus explains the myſtery.

XLVII.

Prudes allow no quarter to ſuch ladies as have fallen a ſacrifice to the gentle paſſions; either becauſe themſelves, being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other ſo powerful as to occaſion them any difficulty; or becauſe no one has tempted them to tranſgreſs that way themſelves. It is the ſame caſe with ſome critics, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers.

XLVIII.

It ſeems with wit and good-nature, '*Utrum horum mavis accipe*.' Taſte and good-nature are univerſally connected.

XLIX.

Voiture's compliments to ladies are honeſt on account of their exceſs.

L.

Poetry and conſumptions are the moſt flattering of diſeaſes.

LI.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

LII.

Some men uſe no other means to acquire reſpect, than by inſiſting on it; and it ſometimes anſwers their purpoſe, as it does an highwayman's in regard to money.

LIII.

There is nothing exerts a genius ſo much as writing plays: the reaſon is, that the writer puts himſelf in the place of every perſon that ſpeaks.

LIV.

Perfect characters in a poem make but little better figure than regular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and level ſheets of water, in the formation of a landſkip. The reaſon is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety.

* Pope has given numberleſs inſtances of the beauties here pointed out by our author. One of them will ſuffice, in this place, to illuſtrate the aſſertion.

When Ajax *ſtrives* ſome *rock's vaſt weight* to *throw*,
The line too *labours*, and the words *move ſlow*.

LV.

Trifles diſcover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a perſon is off his guard, and thinks it not material to uſe diſguiſe. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the diſcovery of a man's character, to ſay he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his ſleeve.

LVI.

A grammarian ſpeaks of firſt and ſecond perſon: a poet of Celia and Corydon: a mathematician of A and B: a lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quinteſſence of pedantry!

LVII.

Shakeſpeare makes his very bombaſt anſwer his purpoſe, by the perſons he chuſes to utter it.

LVIII.

A poet, till he arrives at thirty, can ſee no other good than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to diſcover ſome other.

LIX.

The plan of Spenſer's Fairy Queen appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extenſive, is yet ſomewhat leſs ſo, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one conſiders the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has ſome advantages, though, in many reſpects, exceptionable. His good-nature is viſible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the Pagan and Chriſtian ſcheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting ſimultaneouſly) wholly inexcuſable. Much art and judgment are diſcovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain ſome doubt whether the peruſal of his monſtrous deſcriptions be not as prejudicial to true taſte, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spenſer, to be ſure, expands the laſt; but then he expands it beyond it's due limits. After all, there are many favourite paſſages in his Fairy Queen, which will be inſtances of a great and cultivated genius miſapplied.

LX.

A poet that fails in writing, becomes often a moroſe critic. The weak and inſipid white-wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

LXI.

People of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of eſtabliſhed writers, not ſo much upon account of the ſocial pleaſure, as the credit of it: the former would induce them to chuſe perſons of leſs capacities, and tempers more conformable.

LXII.

Language is to the underſtanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a perſon may be ſuperior to another in underſtanding, that has not an equal dignity of expreſſion; and a man may boaſt an handſomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

LXIII.

The words 'no more' have a ſingular pathos; reminding us at once of paſt pleaſure and the future excluſion of it.

LXIV.

Every ſingle obſervation that is publiſhed by a man of genius, be it ever ſo trivial, ſhould be eſteemed of importance; becauſe he ſpeaks from his own impreſſions: whereas common men publiſh common things, which they have perhaps gleaned from frivolous writers.

LXV.

It is providential that our affection diminiſhes in proportion as our friends power encreaſes. Affection is of leſs importance whenever a perſon can ſupport himſelf. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may trace the ſame law throughout the animal creation.

LXVI.

The time of life when fancy predominates, is youth; the ſeaſon when judgment decides beſt, is age. Poets, therefore, are always, in reſpect of their diſpoſition, younger than other perſons: a circumſtance that gives the latter part of their lives ſome inconſiſtency. The cool phlegmatic tribe diſcover it in the former.

LXVII.

One ſometimes meets with inſtances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not uſed more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For inſtance (after Falſtaff's diſappointment in ſerving Shallow at court)

'Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand
'pounds.' SHAKESPEARE.

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther againſt England,

England, but to ſheath the ſword he had drawn at the Pope's own inſtigation:

'Now it had already coſt Philip eighty
'thouſand pound in preparations.'

After the detail of King John's abject ſubmiſſion to the Pope's legate:

'Now John was hated and deſpiſed before.'

But, perhaps, the ſtrongeſt of all may be taken from the Scripture, (concluſion of a chapter in St. John)

'Now Barabbas was a robber.'

LXVIII.

A poet hurts himſelf by writing proſe; as a race-horſe hurts his motions by condeſcending to draw in a team.

LXIX.

The ſuperior politeneſs of the French is in nothing more diſcernible than in the phraſes uſed by them and us to expreſs an affair being in agitation. The former ſays, 'Sur la tapis;' the latter, 'Upon the anvil.' Does it not ſhew alſo the ſincerity and ſerious face with which we enter upon buſineſs, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the moſt important?

LXX.

There are two qualities adherent to the moſt ingenious authors: I do not mean without exception. A decent pride that will admit of no ſervility, and a ſheepiſh baſhfulneſs that keeps their worth concealed: the '*ſuperbia quæſita meritis*,' and the '*malus pudor*,' of Horace. The one will not ſuffer them to make advances to the great; the other diſguiſes that merit for which the great would ſeek out them. Add to theſe the frequent indolence of ſpeculative tempers.

LXXI.

A poetical genius ſeems the moſt elegant of youthful accompliſhments; but it is entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, ſprightlineſs of dreſs, and a blooming aſpect, conſpire very amicably to their mutual embelliſhment; but the poetic talent has no more to do with age, than it would avail his Grace of Canterbury to have a knack at country dances, or a genius for a catch.

LXXII.

The moſt obſequious Muſes, like the fondeſt and moſt willing courtezans, ſeldom leave us any reaſon to boaſt much of their favours.

LXXIII.

If you write an original piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the beſt of ſubjects before you; if a tranſlation, of the beſt authors.

LXXIV.

The antient poets ſeem to value themſelves greatly upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their cotemporaries. Indeed the circumſtance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying ſome of their vainglorious prophecies. Otherwiſe, the hiſtorians appear more equal to the taſk of conferring immortality. An hiſtory will live, though written ever ſo indifferently; and is generally leſs ſuſpected, than the rhetoric of the Muſes.

LXXV.

I wonder authors do not diſcover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory addreſs, than to the title-page. It is, perhaps, for the ſake of an F.R.S. or an LL. D. at the end of it.

LXXVI.

It ſhould ſeem, the many lies, diſcernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the Engliſh, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey* a ſtrange idea of the Engliſh underſtanding.

LXXVII.

Might not the poem on the Seaſons have been rendered more 'uni,' by giving out the deſign of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards conſidering all the varieties of ſeaſon as means aiming at one end?

LXXVIII.

Critics muſt excuſe me, if I compare them to certain animals called aſſes; who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

LXXIX.

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverſe will not hold.

LXXX.

We want a word to expreſs the *Hoſpes* or *Hoſpita* of the ancients; among them, perhaps, the moſt reſpectable of

* Miſſionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that diſlikes them.

all characters; yet with us tranſlated 'Hoſt,' which we apply alſo to an Innkeeper. Neither have we any word to expreſs *Amica*, as if we thought a woman always was ſomewhat more or leſs than a friend.

LXXXI.

I know not where any Latin author uſes *Ignotos* otherwiſe than as 'obſcure 'perſons,' as the modern phraſe implies, 'whom nobody knows;' yet it is uſed differently on Mrs. L——'s monument.

LXXXII.

The philoſopher, who conſidered the world as one vaſt animal, could eſteem himſelf no other than a louſe upon the back of it.

LXXXIII.

Orators and ſtage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments, and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cauſe and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots.

LXXXIV.

It is idle to be much aſſiduous in the peruſal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taſte in compoſition; and a perſon's own imagination ſhould be able to ſupply the reſt.

In the ſame manner, it is ſuperfluous to purſue inferior degrees of fame. One truly ſplendid action, or one well-finiſhed compoſition, includes more than all the reſults from more trivial performances. I mean this for perſons who make fame their only motive.

Very few ſentiments are proper to be put in a perſon's mouth, during the firſt attack of grief.

Every thing diſguſts, but mere ſimplicity; the ſcriptural writers deſcribe their heroes uſing only ſome ſuch phraſe as this: 'Alas! my brother!' 'O Abſalom, my ſon! my ſon!' &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuſe, but at the ſame time entirely ſimple.

Angling is literally deſcribed by Martial—

——*Tremulâ piſcem deducere ſetâ.*

From *Ictum fœdus* ſeems to come the Engliſh phraſe and cuſtom of ſtriking a bargain.

I like Ovid's Amours better than his Epiſtles. There ſeems a greater variety of natural thoughts: whereas, when one has read the ſubject of one of his epiſtles, one foreſees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination.

The plan of his Elegies, for the moſt part well deſigned. The anſwers of Sabinus, nothing.

Neceſſity may be the mother of lucrative invention; but is the death of poetical.

If a perſon ſuſpects his phraſe to be ſomewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he ſhould accuſtom himſelf to compoſe in blank verſe: but let him be much upon his guard againſt Antient Piſtol's phraſeology.

Providence ſeems altogether impartial in the diſpenſation which beſtows riches upon one and a contempt of riches upon another.

Reſpect is the general end for which riches, power, place, title, and fame, are implicitly deſired. When one is poſſeſſed of the end, through any one of theſe means, is it not wholly unphiloſophical to covet the remainder?

Lord Shafteſbury, in the genteel management of ſome familiar ideas, ſeems to have no equal. He diſcovers an elolignment from vulgar phraſes much becoming a perſon of quality. His ſketches ſhould be ſtudied, like thoſe of Raphael. His Enquiry is one of the ſhorteſt and cleareſt ſyſtems of morality.

The queſtion is, whether you diſtinguiſh me, becauſe you have better ſenſe than other people; or whether you ſeem to have better ſenſe than other people, becauſe you diſtinguiſh me.

One feels the ſame kind of diſguſt in reading Roman hiſtory, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too eaſily foreſee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too ſeldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conſpicuous than in their anſwers to ambaſſadors.

There is an important omiſſion in moſt of our grammar-ſchools, through which what we read, either of fabulous or real hiſtory, leaves either faint or confuſed impreſſions. I mean the neglect of old geographic maps. Were maps of antient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in uſe there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the caſe.

A perſon of a pedantic turn will ſpend five years in tranſlating, and contending for the beauties of a worſe poem than he might write in five weeks himſelf. There

ſeem

ſeem to be authors who wiſh to ſacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.

Boileau has endeavoured to prove, in one of his admirable ſatires, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before thoſe of the brute creation. Oldham has tranſlated him: my Lord Rocheſter has imitated him: and even Mr. Pope declares—

That, reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct how you can,
In this 'tis God directs; in that 'tis man.

Indeed, the Eſſay on Man abounds with illuſtrations of this maxim; and it is amazing to find how many plauſible reaſons may be urged to ſupport it. It ſeems evident that our itch of reaſoning, and ſpirit of curioſity, precludes more happineſs than it can poſſibly advance. What numbers of diſeaſes are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We diſreliſh and deny ourſelves cheap and natural gratifications, through ſpeculative preſciences and doubts about the future. We cannot diſcover the deſigns of our Creator. We ſhould learn then of brutes to be eaſy under our ignorance, and happy in thoſe objects that ſeem intended, obviouſly, for our happineſs: not overlook the flowers of the garden, and fooliſhly perplex ourſelves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I wiſh but two editions of all books whatſoever. One of the ſimple text, publiſhed by a ſociety of able hands: another with the various readings, and remarks of the ableſt commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

If one would think with philoſophers, one muſt converſe but little with the vulgar. Theſe, by their very number, will force a perſon into a foudneſs for appearance, a love of money, a deſire of power; and other plebeian paſſions: objects which they admire, becauſe they have no ſhare in, and have not learning to ſupply the place of experience.

Livy, the moſt elegant and principal of the Roman hiſtorians, was, perhaps, as ſuperſtitious as the moſt unlearned plebeian. We ſee, he never is deſtitute of appearances, accurately deſcribed and ſolemnly aſſerted, to ſupport particular events by the interpoſition of exploded deities. The puerile attention to chickens feeding in a morning—And then a piece of gravity: *Parva ſunt hæc, ſed parva iſta non contemnenda; majores noſtri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.*

It appears from the Roman hiſtorians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet 'Felix' ſeems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am miſtaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an oppoſite manner. Numbers amongſt them have been canonized upon the ſingle merit of misfortunes.

How different appears antient and modern dialogue, on account of ſuperficial ſubjects upon which we now generally converſe Add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which ſome kings clog and encumber converſation.

The celebrated boldneſs of an eaſtern metaphor is, I believe, ſometimes allowed it for the inconſiderable ſimilitude it bears to it's ſubject.

The ſtyle of letters, perhaps, ſhould not riſe higher than the ſtyle of refined converſation.

Love-verſes written without real paſſion, are often the moſt nauſeous of all conceits. Thoſe written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful ſeaſon of youth, and poetry, and love.

Virgil gives one ſuch exceſſive pleaſure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the moſt perfect harmony of metre, with the moſt pleaſing ideas or images:

Qualem virgineo demeſſum pollice florem;

And

Argentum Pariuſve lapis———

With a thouſand better inſtances.

Nothing tends ſo much to produce drunkenneſs, or even madneſs, as the frequent uſe of parentheſes in converſation.

Few greater images of impatience, than a general ſeeing his brave army overmatched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to ſee his ally approach with forces to his aſſiſtance. See Shakeſpeare.

When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Caſt many a northward look to ſee his father
Bring up his pow'rs—but he did look in vain.

ESSAY XXVII.

BOOKS, &c.

SIMILES, drawn from odd circumſtances and effects ſtrangely accidental, bear a near relation to falſe wit. The beſt inſtance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller:

He graſp'd at love, and fill'd his hand with bays.

Virgil diſcovers leſs wit, and more taſte, than any writer in the world. Some inſtances.

——*Longumque bibebat amorem.*

What Lucretius ſays of the *Edita doctrinæ ſapientum templa*—The temples of philoſophers—appears in no ſenſe more applicable than to a ſnug and eaſy chariot:

Diſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.

i. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-paſſengers, ſee them wandering on each ſide you, and pick their way through the dirt:

——Seriouſly
From learning's tow'ring height to gaze around,
And ſee plebeian ſpirits range below.

There is a ſort of maſonry in poetry, wherein the pauſe repreſents the joints of building; which ought in every line and courſe to have their diſpoſition varied.

The difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taſte is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, ſo he joins them ſurpriſingly. The latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and ſtudies ſimplicity rather than ſurprize in his manner of introduction.

It may in ſome meaſure account for the difference of taſte in the reading of books, to conſider the difference of our ears for muſic. One is not pleaſed without a perfect melody of ſtyle, be the ſenſe what it will: another, of no ear for muſic, gives to ſenſe it's full weight without any deduction on account of harſhneſs.

Harmony of period and melody of ſtyle have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we paſs upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of Scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we moſt remember and quote, either in verſe or proſe, and we ſhall find them to be only muſical ones.

I wonder the antient mythology never ſhews Apollo enamoured of Venus; conſidering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more conſonantly, when they ſuppoſe the nightingale enamoured of the roſe; the moſt harmonious bird of the faireſt and moſt delightful flower.

Hope is a flatterer: but the moſt upright of all paraſites; for ſhe frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his ſuperior.

What is [illegible] humour in proſe, I conceive, would be conſidered as burleſque in poetry: of which inſtances may be given.

Perhaps, burleſque may be divided into ſuch as turns chiefly upon the thought, and ſuch as depends more upon the expreſſion; or we may add a third kind, conſiſting in thoughts ridiculouſly dreſſed in language much above or below their dignity.

The Splendid Shilling of Mr. Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler, are the moſt obvious inſtances. Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhimes. In other reſpects, to declare my own ſentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humorous one.

Scenes below verſe, merely verſified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

Swift in poetry deſerves a place ſomewhere betwixt Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epiſtles and ſatires. I believe, few people diſcover leſs humour in Don Quixote than myſelf. For beſide the general ſameneſs of adventure, whereby it is eaſy to foreſee what he will do on moſt occaſions, it is not ſo eaſy to raiſe a laugh from the wild atchievements of a madman. The natural paſſion in that caſe is pity, with ſome ſmall portion of

mirth

mirth at moſt. Sancho's character is indeed comic; and, were it removed from the romance, would diſcover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote.

It is a fine ſtroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, ſick of his government, makes no anſwer to his comforters, but aims directly at his ſhoes and ſtockings.

ESSAY XXVIII.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

I.

THE arguments againſt pride drawn ſo frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumſtances, and cataſtrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and inſignificant. Man is not proud as a ſpecies, but as an individual; not as comparing himſelf with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

II.

I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableneſs, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own perſons.

III.

It is happy enough that the ſame vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our conſtitution, that the one may not ſurvive the other.

IV.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

V.

The word Folly is, perhaps, the pretticſt word in the language. Amuſement and Diverſion are good well-meaning words: but Paſtime is what never ſhould be uſed but in a bad ſenſe: it is vile to ſay ſuch a thing is agreeable, becauſe it helps to paſs the time away.

VI.

Dancing in the rough is one of the moſt natural expreſſions of joy, and coincides with jumping. When it is regulated, it is merely *cum ratione inſanire*.

VII.

A plain, downright, open-hearted fellow's converſation, is as inſipid, ſays Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amuſement of thinking.

VIII.

The fortunate have many paraſites: Hope is the only one that vouchſafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

IX.

A man of genius miſtaking his talent loſes the advantage of being diſtinguiſhed; a fool of being undiſtinguiſhed.

X.

Jealouſy is the fear or apprehenſion of ſuperiority: Envy our uneaſineſs under it.

XI.

What ſome people term Freedom is nothing elſe than a liberty of ſaying and doing diſagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

XII.

I cannot ſee why people are aſhamed to acknowledge their paſſion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

XIII.

The ridicule with which ſome people affect to triumph over their ſuperiors, is as though the moon under an eclipſe ſhould pretend to laugh at the ſun.

XIV.

Zealous men are ever diſplaying to you the ſtrength of their belief, while judicious men are ſhewing you the grounds of it.

XV.

I conſider your very teſty and quarrelſome people, in the ſame light as I do a loaded gun; which may by accident go off and kill one.

XVI.

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguiſher to a candle.

XVII.

Many perſons, when exalted, aſſume an inſolent humility, who behaved before with an inſolent haughtineſs.

XVIII.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

XIX. Men

XIX.

Men of fine parts, they ſay, are often proud; I anſwer, dull people are ſeldom ſo, and both act upon an appearance of reaſon.

XX.

It was obſerved of a moſt accompliſhed lady, that ſhe was withal ſo very modeſt, that one ſometimes thought ſhe neglected the praiſes of her wit, becauſe ſhe could depend on thoſe of her beauty; at other times, that ſhe ſlighted thoſe of her beauty, knowing ſhe might rely on thoſe of her wit.

XXI.

The only difference betwixt wine and ale ſeems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

XXII.

It is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableneſs: I mean, when, ſeeming to wander from the ſubject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common inſtance: 'I wiſh it was capable of a preciſe demonſtration how much I eſteem, love, and honour you, beyond all the rich, the gay, the great, of this ſublunary ſphere: but I believe that both divines and laymen will agree that the ſublimeſt and moſt valuable truths are oftentimes leaſt capable of demonſtration.'

XXIII.

It is a noble piece of policy that is uſed in ſome arbitrary governments, (but ſuitable to none other) to inſtil it into the minds of the people, that their Great Duke knoweth all things.

XXIV.

In a heavy oppreſſive atmoſphere, when the ſpirits ſink too low, the beſt cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

XXV.

Pride and modeſty are ſometimes found to unite together in the ſame character: and the mixture is as ſalutary as that of wine and water. The worſt combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obſtructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean is, expence.

XXVI.

A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flouriſhes, put one in mind of a lark's deſcent to the ground.

XXVII.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, 'I am inclined to think ſo and ſo;' not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

XXVIII.

The firſt part of a newſpaper which an ill natured man examines, is, the liſt of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

XXIX.

The chief thing which induces men of ſenſe to uſe airs of ſuperiority, is the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwiſe run away with the men of ſenſe's privileges.

XXX.

To be entirely engroſſed by antiquity, and as it were eaten up with ruſt, is a bad compliment to the preſent age.

XXXI.

Aſk to borrow ſixpence of the Muſes, and they tell you, at preſent they are out of caſh, but hereafter they will furniſh you with five thouſand pounds.

XXXII.

The argument againſt reſtraining our paſſions, becauſe we ſhall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much ſtronger for their reſtraint, than it is for their indulgence.

XXXIII.

Few men, that would cauſe reſpect and diſtance merely, can ſay any thing by which their end will be ſo effectually anſwered as by ſilence.

XXXIV.

There is nothing more univerſally commended than a fine day; the reaſon is, that people can commend it without envy.

XXXV.

One may, modeſtly enough, calculate one's appearance for reſpect upon the road, where reſpect and convenience ſo remarkably coincide.

XXXVI.

Although a man cannot procure himſelf a title at pleaſure, he may vary the appellation he goes by, conſiderably. As, from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Muſgrove, to Thomas Muſgrove, Eſquire. And this by a behaviour of reſerve, or familiarity.

XXXVII.

For a man of genius to condeſcend in converſation with vulgar people, gives the ſenſation that a tall man feels on being forced to ſtoop in a low room.

XXXVIII.

There is nothing more univerſally prevalent than flattery. Perſons, who diſcover

diſcover the flatterer, do not always diſapprove him, becauſe he imagines them conſiderable enough to deſerve his applications. It is a tacit ſort of compliment, that he eſteems them to be ſuch as it is worth his while to flatter:

'And when I tell him he hates flattery,
'He ſays he does, being then moſt flattered.'

SHAKESPEARE.

XXXIX.

A perſon has ſometimes more public than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their anceſtor; but that of all the world was internal and ſincere.

Your plain domeſtic people, who talk of their humility and home-felt ſatisfactions, will in the ſame breath diſcover how much they envy a ſhining character. How is this conſiſtent?

'You are prejudiced,' ſays Pedanticus; 'I will not take your word, or 'your character, of that man.'—'But 'the grounds of my prejudice are the 'ſource of my accuſation.'

A proud man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reaſon is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condeſcenſion.

The ſituation of a king is ſo far from being miſerable, as pedants term it; that, if a perſon have magnanimity, it is the happieſt I know; as he has aſſuredly the moſt opportunities of diſtinguiſhing merit, and conferring obligations.

XL.

Contemptæ dominus ſplendidior rei.

A man, a gentleman, evidently appears more conſiderable by ſeeming to deſpiſe his fortune, than a citizen and mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

XLI.

What man of ſenſe, for the benefit of coal-mines, would be plagued with colliers converſation!

XLII.

Modeſty makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favour.

XLIII.

Third thoughts often coincide with the firſt, and are generally the beſt grounded. We firſt reliſh nature and the country; then artificial amuſements, and the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

XLIV.

While we labour to ſubdue our paſſions, we ſhould take care not to extinguiſh them. Subduing our paſſions, is diſengaging ourſelves from the world; to which, however, whilſt we reſide in it, we muſt always bear relation; and we may detach ourſelves to ſuch a degree as to paſs an uſeleſs and inſipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our exiſtence here is at leaſt one part of a ſyſtem.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

XLV.

Anger and the thirſt of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting, and law-ſuits, bleeding; at leaſt, an evacuation. The latter occaſions a diſſipation of money; the former of thoſe fiery ſpirits which cauſe a preternatural fermentation.

XLVI.

Were a man of pleaſure to arrive at the full extent of his ſeveral wiſhes, he muſt immediately feel himſelf miſerable. It is one ſpecies of deſpair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happineſs.

His following wiſh muſt then be to wiſh he had ſome freſh object for his wiſhes. A ſtrong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

XLVII.

I have ſeen one evil underneath the ſun, which gives me particular mortification.

The reſerve or ſhyneſs of men of ſenſe generally confines them to a ſmall acquaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the ſimilarity of whoſe taſtes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondeſt friends.

XLVIII.

A mere relator of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of juſtice.

XLIX.

If a man be of ſuperior dignity to a woman, a woman is ſurely as much ſuperior to a man that is effeminated. Lilly's rule in the grammar has well enough adjuſted this ſubordination. 'The maſculine is more worthy than 'the feminine, and the feminine more 'worthy than the neuter.'

L.

A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his eſtate is inconſiderable; that he can never make

ſo

ſo much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to ſhew his riches; ſays, that he employs ſo many hands; he keeps his wife a chaiſe and one; and talks much of his Chineſe ornaments at his paltry cake-houſe in the country. They both aim at praiſe, but of a very diſtinct kind. Now, ſuppoſing the Cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the Gentleman ſurely chuſes the better method of oſtentation, who conſiders himſelf as ſuperior to his fortune, than he who ſeems to look up at his fortune, and conſequently ſets himſelf beneath it.

LI.

The only kind of revenge which a man of ſenſe need take upon a ſcoundrel, is, by a ſeries of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and eſteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animoſity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falſtaff might ſay, 'turning even quarrels to commodity.'

LII.

It is poſſible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a prieſt, to unite a man and woman; but of all aſſociations, the moſt effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former ſeems ſo framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may ſeize and devour him as his proper prey.

LIII.

The ſame degree of penetration that ſhews you another in the wrong, ſhews him alſo, in reſpect to that inſtance, your inferior: hence the obſervation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

LIV.

There is none can baffle men of ſenſe, but fools, on whom they can make no impreſſion.

LV.

The regard one ſhews œconomy, is like that we ſhew an old aunt who is to leave us ſomething at laſt. Our behaviour on this account is as much conſtrained as that

'Of one well-ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
'To pleaſe his granam.' SHAKESP.

LVI.

Faſhion is a great reſtraint upon your perſons of taſte and fancy; who would otherwiſe, in the moſt trifling inſtances, be able to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the vulgar.

LVII.

A writer who pretends to poliſh the human underſtanding, may beg by the ſide of Rutter's chariot, who ſells a powder for the teeth.

LVIII.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honeſty, ſeems to be chiefly in the motive. The mere honeſt man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the ſake of character.

LIX.

The proverb ought to run—'A fool 'and his words are ſoon parted; a man 'of genius and his money.'

LX.

A man of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it ſomething hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no learning, ſhould have a greater ſhare of wealth and honours; not conſidering that their own accompliſhment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reaſon that a perſon worth five thouſand pounds, ſhould on that account have a claim to twenty.

LXI.

A wife ought in reality to love her huſband above all the world; but this preference I think ſhould, in point of politeneſs, be concealed. The reaſon is, that it is diſguſting to ſee an amiable woman monopolized; and it is eaſy, by proper management, to wave (all I contend for) the appearance.

LXII.

There are ſome wounds given to reputation, that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice, while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be compleated otherwiſe.

LXIII.

Amongſt all the vain-glorious profeſſors of humility, you find none that will not diſcover how much they envy a ſhining character; and this either by cenſuring it themſelves, or ſhewing a ſatisfaction in ſuch as do, Now there is this advantage at leaſt ariſing from ambition, that it diſpoſes one to diſregard a thouſand inſtances of middling grandeur; and reduces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient diſpoſition in a country place, where one is encompaſſed with ſuch as are merely richer, keep fine horſes, a table, footmen; make a decent figure

figure as rural eſquires; yet, after all, diſcover no more than an every-day plebeian character. Theſe a perſon of little ambition might envy; but another of a more extenſive one may, in any kind of circumſtances, diſregard.

LXIV.

It is with ſome men as with ſome horſes: what is eſteemed ſpirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the ſource of that ſeeming ſpirit diſcovered by Tully, in regard to his antagoniſt M. Antony. He knew he muſt deſtroy him, or be deſtroyed himſelf.

LXV.

The ſame qualities, joined with virtue, often furniſh out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furniſh out an Highwayman; I mean, courage and ſtrong paſſions. And they may both join in the ſame expreſſion, though with a meaning ſomewhat varied——

Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſum
Tollere humo.

i. e. 'Be promoted, or be hanged.'

LXVI.

True Honour is to honeſty, what the court of Chancery is to common law.

LXVII.

Miſers, as death approaches, are heaping up a cheſt of reaſons to ſtand in more awe of him.

LXVIII.

A man ſooner finds out his own foibles in a ſtranger, than any other foibles.

LXIX.

It is favourable enough on the ſide of learning, that if an hiſtorian mentions a good author, it does not ſeem abſurd to ſtile him a great man: whereas the ſame phraſe would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

LXX.

It is leſs wonderful to ſee a wretched man commence an hero, than an happy one.

LXXI.

An high-ſpirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It ſometimes operates no otherwiſe than like the *vis inertiæ*; at others, it induces men to buſtle and make their part good among their ſuperiors. As Mr. Pope ſays—

Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their crowns.

It is by no means leſs forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of thoſe with whom he cannot converſe on equal terms; it leads him into ſolitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may at leaſt conceal his inferiority. It is ſullen, obſtinate, diſdainful, haughty, in no leſs a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and leſs citizen-like. Sometimes the other ſucceeds, and then it is eſteemed preferable; but, in caſe it fail, it not only expoſes a perſon's meanneſs, but his impatience under it; both of which the reſerved ſpirit is able to diſguiſe—but then it ſtands no chance of removing. *Pudor malus ulcera celat.*

LXXII.

Every ſingle inſtance of a friend's inſincerity encreaſes our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external reſpect, when one is diſappointed of that which is internal and ſincere. This, perhaps, with decaying paſſions, contributes to render age covetous.

LXXIII.

When phyſicians write of diſeaſes, the prognoſtics and the diagnoſtics, the ſymptoms and the paroxyſms, they give one fatal apprehenſions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you ſeem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover. In ſhort, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

LXXIV.

One ſhould no more truſt to the ſkill of moſt apothecaries, than one would aſk the opinion of their peſtle and mortar; yet both are uſeful in their way.

LXXV.

I believe there was never ſo reſerved a ſolitary, but felt ſome degree of pleaſure at the firſt glimpſe of an human figure. The ſoul, however unconſcious of it's ſocial bias in a crowd, will in ſolitude feel ſome attraction towards the firſt perſon that we meet.

LXXVI.

In courts, the motion of the body is eaſy, and thoſe of the ſoul conſtrained: in the country, the geſtures of the body are conſtrained, and thoſe of the ſoul ſupine and careleſs.

LXXVII.

One may eaſily enough guard againſt

ambition till five-and-twenty. It is not ambition's day.

LXXVIII.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

LXXIX.

Perhaps rustics, boors, and esquires, make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landskip.

LXXX.

Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit. They almost vary the species; yet as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit.

LXXXI.

What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty years, yet, if estimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick, the moment it is hatched.

LXXXII.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

LXXXIII.

Fools are very often found united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glued together.

LXXXIV.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth. There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

LXXXV.

High-spirit in a man, is like a sword; which though worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troublesome in a less degree to his friends. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company. It is more properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one.

LXXXVI.

A miser, if honest, can be only honest bare-weight.

Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whose alone it is, to give and not receive.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

A grasshopper is, perhaps, the best device for coat-armour of those who would be thought aborigines; agreeable to the Athenian use of them.

Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness.

When a person is so far engaged in a dispute as to wish to get the victory, he ought ever to desist. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

I have sometimes thought the mind so calculated, that a small degree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of pleasure or of pain; beyond which it will not pass, by any impetus whatsoever.

I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others which we are guilty of ourselves.

A man of thorough sense scarce admires even any one; but he must be an idiot that is the admirer of a fool.

It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amusement of the invidious; as a man willingly relinquishes his silver to save his gold from an highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score of morals, as one would be rather pulled by the hair than stabbed to the heart.

Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the system of things. Were a planet to fly from it's orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwise than they do. One ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the stupidity of a man than of a horse, except it be vincible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwise.

People say, 'Do not regard what he 'says, now he is in liquor.' Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded. *Aperit præcordia Liber.*

Patience is the Panacea, but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?

Wits uniformly exclaim against fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone they can learn what figure themselves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furnishes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are sure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or the ill-natured side.

We

We ſay, he is a man of ſenſe who acknowledges the ſame truths that we do; that he is a man of taſte who allows the ſame beauties. We conſider him as a perſon of better ſenſe and finer taſte, who diſcerns more truths and more beauties in conjunction with ourſelves: but we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us.

We deal out our genuine eſteem to our equals; our affection for thoſe beneath us; and a reluctant ſort of reſpect to thoſe that are above us.

Glory relaxes often and debilitates the mind; cenſure ſtimulates and contracts—both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium.

Perſons of new families do well to make magnificent funerals, ſumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a number of ſervants in rich and oſtentatious liveries; and to take every public occaſion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their ſuperiority. For ſo is deference obtained from that quarter.

Stupet in titulis & imaginibus.

One ſcarce ſees how it is poſſible for a country girl or a country fellow to preſerve their chaſtity. They have neither the philoſophical pleaſure of books, nor the luxurious pleaſure of a table, nor the refined amuſement of building, planting, drawing, or deſigning, to divert their imagination from an object to which they ſeem continually to ſtimulate it by provocative illuſions. Add to this the health and vigour that are almoſt peculiar to them.

I am afraid, there are many ladies who only exchange the pleaſures of incontinence for the pleaſure they derive from cenſure. At leaſt it is no injuſtice to conclude ſo, where a perſon is extravagantly cenſorious.

Perſons of judgment and underſtanding may be divided into two ſorts. Thoſe whoſe judgment is ſo extenſive as to comprehend a great deal; exiſtences, ſyſtems, univerſals: but as there are ſome eyes ſo conſtituted as to take in diſtant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near, ſo there are other underſtandings better calculated for the examination of particular objects.

The mind is at firſt an open field without partitions or incloſures. To make it turn to moſt account, it is very proper to divide and incloſe. In other words, to ſort our obſervations.

Some men are called ſagacious, merely on account of their avarice: whereas a child can clench it's fiſt the moment it is born.

It is a point of prudence, when you converſe with your inferior, to conſider yourſelf as converſing with his inferior, with whom no doubt he may have the ſame connection that you have with him: and to be upon your guard accordingly.

How deplorable then is a perſon's condition, when his mind can only be ſupported by flattery, and his conſtitution but by cordials! when the relief of his preſent complaint undermines it's own efficacy, yet increaſes the occaſion for which it is uſed! Short is then the duration of our tranquillity, or of our lives.

A man is not eſteemed ill-natured for any exceſs of ſocial affection; or an indiſcreet profuſion of his fortune upon his neighbours, companions, or friends; although the true meaſure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by ſelfiſhneſs.

If any one's curſe can effect damnation, it is not that of the pope, but that of the poor.

People of the fineſt and moſt lively genius have the greateſt ſenſibility, of conſequence the moſt lively paſſions; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools diſcern the weakneſſes which they have in common with themſelves; but are not ſenſible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretenſions; of courſe, always inclined to diſpute the ſuperiority.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment.

Virtue ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte, (and perhaps it is ſo more in this age, than in any preceding one) and ſhould as much avoid deceit or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as they would do puns, bad language, or falſe grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your ſentiments ſhould he die during the diſpute.

The man of a towering ambition, or a well regulated taſte, has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

Refined ſenſe, to a perſon that is to converſe alone with boors, is a manifeſt

inconvenience. As Falſtaff ſays, (with ſome little variation)

> Company, witty company, has been the ruin of me.

If envious people were univerſally to aſk themſelves, whether they would exchange their entire ſituations with the perſons envied, (I mean their minds, paſſions, notions, as well as their perſons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will preſume the ſelf-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition:

Quid ſtatis? nolint—atqui licet eſſe beatis.

If this rule were applied, as it ſurely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an univerſal cure for envy:

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret—Self-denial.

A perſon, elevated one degree above the populace, aſſumes more airs of ſuperiority than one that is raiſed ten. The reaſon is ſomewhat obvious. His ſuperiority is more conteſtable.

The character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man, ſeems more eaſily attainable by a perſon of no great parts or paſſions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is there no miſmanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the beſt he can do to render himſelf inoffenſive, and to keep his teeth clean. But the perſon who has talents for diſcourſe, and a paſſionate deſire to enliven converſation, ought to have many improprieties excuſed, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country eſquire, who, through zeal to ſerve her with a glaſs of claret, ſhould involve his ſpurs in her Bruſſels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in ſome ſenſe uſe the words of Horace—

Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo et
———omnis in hoc ſum)

would be entitled to no pardon for ſuch unaccountable miſconduct.

Man, in general, may be conſidered as a mechanic, and the formation of happineſs as his buſineſs or employment: virtue, his repoſitory or collection of inſtruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: in proportion as the workman, the inſtruments, and the materials, excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The ſilly cenſorious are the very *fel naturæ*, 'the moſt bitter of all bitter 'things;' from the hyſſop that grows upon the wall, to the ſatyriſt that piſſes againſt it.

I have known a ſenſible man of opinion that one ſhould not be ſolicitous about a wife's underſtanding. A woman's ſenſe was with him a phraſe to expreſs a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a huſband's happineſs. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our ſex, ſo fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs. If ſo, after honeſty of heart, what is there we ſhould ſo much require? A wife's beauty will ſoon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality firſt, or in our own opinion. Either of theſe is ſufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to ſeek for ſomething that will retain it's novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change it's ſhape when her perſon palls by it's identity. Fancy and genius bid faireſt for this, which have as many ſhapes, as there can happen occaſions to exert them. Good-nature, I always ſuppoſe. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preſerve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I have known ſome attornies of reputable families, and whoſe original diſpoſitions ſeemed to have been open and humane. Yet can I ſcarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the Chriſtian, and even the man, was not ſwallowed up in the lawyer: they are not only the greateſt tyrants, but the greateſt pedants of all mankind.

Reconciliation is the tendereſt part either of friendſhip or of love; the latter more eſpecially, in which the ſoul is more remarkably ſoftened. Were a perſon to make uſe of art in procuring the affection of his miſtreſs, it were, perhaps, his moſt effectual method to contrive a ſlight eſtrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The ſoul here diſcovers a kind of elaſticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

Virtue may be conſidered as the only means

means of diſpenſing happineſs in proper proportions to every moment of our time.

To judge whether one has ſufficient pleaſure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to ſay, 'Would you die?' Take away firſt the hope of better ſcenes in this life, the fears of worſe in another, and the bodily pain of dying.

The fear of death ſeems as natural as the ſenſation of luſt or of hunger: the firſt and laſt, for the preſervation of the individual; the other, for the continuation of the ſpecies.

It ſeems obvious that God, who created the world, intends the happineſs and perfection of the ſyſtem he created. To effect the happineſs of the whole, ſelf-love, in it's degree, is as requiſite as ſocial; for I am myſelf a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of aſcertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of ſelf-love and ſocial. *Proximus ſum egomet mihi—Tunica pallio propior.* 'Cha-'rity begins at home.' It is ſo. It ought to be ſo; nor is there any inconvenience ariſes to the public becauſe it is general. Were this away, the individual muſt ſoon periſh, and conſequently the whole body. A man has every moment occaſion to exert his ſelf-love for the ſake of ſelf-preſervation; conſequently this ought to be ſtronger, in order to keep him upon his guard. A centinel's attention ſhould be greater than that of a ſoldier on a review.

The ſocial, though alike conſtant, is not equally intenſe; becauſe the ſelfiſh, being univerſal, renders the ſocial leſs eſſential to the well-being of one's neighbour. In ſhort, the ſelf-love and the ſocial ought to bear ſuch proportion as we find they generally do. If the ſelfiſh paſſion of the reſt preponderate, it would be ſelf-deſtructive in a few individuals to be over-ſocially diſpoſed. If the ſocial one prevails generally, to be of remarkable ſelfiſhneſs muſt obſtruct the good of ſociety.

Many feel a ſuperfluous uneaſineſs for want of due attention to the following truth.

We are oftentimes in ſuſpence betwixt the choice of different purſuits. We chuſe one at laſt doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the ſcheme, which we have choſen, anſwer our expectation but indifferently. Moſt worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happineſs in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneaſineſs. We might at leaſt eſcape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable we had not been leſs ſo, had we made a different deciſion. This, however, relates to ſchemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious.

'Happy dogs,' ſays a certain ſplenetic, 'our footmen and the populace!' 'Farewell,' ſays Eſop, in Vanbrugh, 'whom I both envy and deſpiſe!' The ſervant meets with hundreds whoſe converſation can amuſe him, for one that is the leaſt qualified to be a companion for his maſter.

'A perſon cannot eat his cake and 'have it,' is, as Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, a proper anſwer to many ſplenetic people. But what imports it, to be in the poſſeſſion of a cake that you do not eat? 'If then the cake be made to 'be eaten,' ſays Lady L——, 'better 'eat it when you are moſt hungry.' Poor woman! ſhe ſeems to have acted by this maxim, but yet could not avoid crying for the cake ſhe had eaten.

You ſhould calculate your appearance for the place where you reſide. One would rather be a very Knight in the country than His honour Mr. Such-a-one.

The moſt conſummate ſelfiſhneſs would incline a perſon, at his death, to diſpoſe of his effects agreeably to duty; that he may ſecure an intereſt in the world to which he is going.

A juſtice and his clerk is now little more than a blind man and his dog. The profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine impudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the compariſon. The principal part of the ſimilitude will appear obvious to every one; I mean, that the juſtice is as much dependent on his clerk for ſuperior inſight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a ſtring. Add to this, that the offer of a cruſt will ſeduce the conductors of either to drag their maſters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by different perſons, under the ſame circumſtances of fortune! Two friends of mine upon a journey had ſo contrived as to reduce their finances to a ſingle ſix-

pence

pence each. The one, with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black-ſhoe-boy, who wiſhed his honour a thouſand bleſſings; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an inſtance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forbore to curſe him to his face.

A glaſs or two of wine extraordinary only raiſes a valetudinarian to that warmth of ſocial affection, which had naturally been his lot in a better ſtate of health.

Deference is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

Be cautious not to conſider a perſon as your ſuperior, merely becauſe he is your ſuperior in the point of aſſurance. This has often depreſſed the ſpirit of a perſon of deſert and diffidence.

A proper aſſurance, and competent fortune, are eſſential to liberty.

Taſte is purſued at a leſs expence than faſhion.

Our time in towns ſeems ſhort to paſs, and long to reflect upon; in the country, the reverſe.

Deference, before company, is the genteeleſt kind of flattery. The flattery of epiſtles affects one leſs, as they cannot be ſhewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is groſs. In ſhort, applauſe is of too coarſe a nature to be ſwallowed in the groſs, though the extract or tincture be ever ſo agreeable.

When a perſon, for a ſplendid ſervitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you pleaſe; but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than Tokay.

Though punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendſhip of ſome perſons that regard them. Indeed, it is almoſt an univerſal practice to rail at punctilio; and it ſeems in ſome meaſure a conſequence of our attachment to French faſhions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never cauſed half the quarrels that have riſen from the freedom of behaviour, which is it's oppoſite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the uſe of ceremony would be ſuperfluous: but as the caſe is, it at leaſt fixes ſome bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head.

There ſeem near as many people that want paſſion as want reaſon.

The world would be more happy, if perſons gave up more time to an intercourſe of friendſhip. But money engroſſes all our deference; and we ſcarce enjoy a ſocial hour, becauſe we think it unjuſtly ſtolen from the main buſineſs of our lives.

The ſtate of man is not unlike that of a fiſh hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and ſport, and vary our ſituation: but when we would extend our ſchemes, we diſcover our confinement, checked and limited by a ſuperior hand, who drags us from our element whenſoever he pleaſes.

The vulgar trace your faults; thoſe you have in common with themſelves: but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretenſions.

A perſon is ſomething taller by holding up his head.

A man of ſenſe can be adequately eſteemed by none other than a man of ſenſe: a fool by none but a fool. We ought to act upon this principle.

How melancholy is it to travel, late and fatigued, upon any ambitious project, on a winter's night; and obſerve the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at reſt in their beds. 'Some of them,' ſays W——, 'as wretched as princes, 'for aught we know to the contrary.'

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one ſo diſguſted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of ſtanding centinels in our own defence.

To behave with complaiſance, where one foreſees one muſt needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

Some perſons may with juſtice boaſt, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old: and that their preſent knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the ſmaller ones it encloſes.

It is poſſible to diſcover in ſome faces the features Nature intended, had ſhe not been ſomehow thwarted in her operations. Is it not eaſy to remark the ſame diſtortion in ſome minds? There is a phraſe pretty frequent amongſt the vulgar,

vulgar, and which they apply to abſolute fools—That they have had a rock too much in their cradles. With me, it is a moſt expreſſive idiom to deſcribe a diſlocated underſtanding: an underſtanding, for inſtance, which like a watch diſcovers a multitude of ſuch parts as appear obviouſly intended to belong to a ſyſtem of the greateſt perfection; yet which, by ſome unlucky jumble, falls infinitely ſhort of it.

Is it not the wound our pride ſuſtains by being deceived, that makes us more averſe to hypocrites, than to the moſt audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it ſeems as much a piece of juſtice to commend a man for talking more honeſtly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more diſhoneſtly than he talks. The ſum of the whole, however, is, that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence.

A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor ſtand, nor walk; nor, in ſhort, laugh, nor cry, nor take ſnuff, like a man of ſenſe. How obvious the diſtinction!

Independency may be found in comparative, as well as abſolute, abundance: I mean where a perſon contracts his deſires within the limits of his fortune.

There are very few perſons who do not loſe ſomething of their eſteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

The ſilly excuſe that is often drawn from want of time to correſpond, becomes no one beſides a cobler with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatching end.

One, perhaps, ought to make funerals as ſumptuous as poſſible, or as private: either by obſcurity to elude, or by ſplendour to employ, the attention, that it may not be engaged by the moſt ſhocking circumſtance of our humanity.

It happens a little unluckily, that the perſons who have the moſt intimate contempt of money are the ſame that have the ſtrongeſt appetites for the pleaſures it procures.

We are apt to look for thoſe virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some ſhining exceptions may be made to this rule: in general we may conſider their appearance with us in public, as one does our wearing apparel. 'Which 'lord do you wear to-day?'—'Why I 'did think to wear my Lord * * *'; 'but, as there will be little company in 'the Mall, I will e'en content myſelf 'to wear the ſame noble peer I wore 'yeſterday.'

The worſt inconvenience of a ſmall fortune is, that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of moſt men's yearly accounts, and a ſum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

It is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some can ſee objects at a greater diſtance more diſtinctly, at the ſame time leſs diſtinctly than others the objects that are near them.

Notwithſtanding the airs men give themſelves, I believe no one ſees family to more advantage, than the perſons that have no ſhare in it.

How important is the eye to the appearance of an human face! the chief index of temper, underſtanding, health, and love! What prodigious influence muſt the ſame misfortunes have on ſome perſons beyond others! as the loſs of an eye to a mere inſolent beauty, without the leaſt philoſophy to ſupport herſelf.

The perſon leaſt reſerved in his cenſure of another's exceſs in equipage, is commonly the perſon who would exhibit the ſame if it had been within his power; the ſource of both being a diſregard to decorum. Likewiſe he that violently arraigns or fondly indulges it, agree in conſidering it a little too ſeriouſly.

Amid the moſt mercenary ages, it is but a ſecondary ſort of admiration that is beſtowed upon magnificence.

An order of beauties, as of knights, with a ſtyle appropriated to them, (as, for inſtance, To the Right Beautiful Lady Such-a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other claſs, but would, at the ſame time, be the moſt invidious of any order that was ever inſtituted.

The firſt maxim a child is taught, is, that—

Learning is better than houſe and land;

but how little is it's influence as he grows up to maturity!

There is ſomewhat very aſtoniſhing in the record of our moſt celebrated victories! I mean, the ſmall number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered.

conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were ten thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy's accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that one is apt to disbelieve the historian. All the explanation one can find, is, that the gross slaughter is made when one side takes to flight.

A person that is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferior, should reflect, that he has also his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative.

It is impossible for a man of sense to guard against the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclite characters; because he cannot foresee them. A wit would cannot afford to discard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder upon such hints as most discompose you.

A man that is solicitous about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution, for the better instruction of his physician.

Ghosts have no more connection with darkness, than the mystery of a barber with that of a surgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather encrease the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts. First and third very often coincide. Indeed, second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of shewing penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity, and more of affectation. This, however, regards principally objects of taste and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators.

'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll 'ride,' is a common proverb and a real truth. The *novus homo* is an *inexpertus homo*, and consequently must purchase finery before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed, is perfect ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are at length discovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve the distinction, and is poor. France (by their dispute about trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the ante-diluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is sure to purchase distinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleases. It is so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honours should lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: and as the nobility find it very expedient to partake of their profits, so they, in return, should obtain a share in the others honours. One would, however, wish the acquisition of learning was as sure a road to dignity as that of riches.

ESSAY XXIX.

OF BOOKS AND WRITERS.

IT is often asserted, by pretenders to singular penetration, that the assistance fancy is supposed to draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chimerical; that all which the poets have urged on this head is absolute rant and enthusiasm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwise. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the noblest cordial. But persons of a phlegmatic constitution have those excellencies often suppressed, of which their imagination is truly capable, by reason of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raises low spirits to a pitch necessary for the exertion of fancy. It confutes the *non est tanti*, so frequently a maxim with speculative persons. It quickens that ambition, or that social bias, which makes a person wish to shine, or to please. Ask what tradition says of Mr. Addison's conversation.

But

But inſtances in point of converſation come within every one's obſervance. Why, then, may it not be allowed to produce the ſame effects in writing?

The affected phraſes I hate moſt, are thoſe on which your half-wits found their reputation. Such as, Pretty trifler, Fair plaintiff, Lovely architect, &c.

Doctor Young has a ſurpriſing knack of bringing thoughts from a diſtance, from their lurking-places, in a moment's time.

There is nothing ſo diſagreeable in works of humour as an inſipid, unſupported, vivacity; the very huſks of drollery; bottled ſmall-beer; a man outriding his horſe; lewdneſs and impotence; a fiery actor in a phlegmatic ſcene; an illiterate and ſtupid preacher diſcourſing upon Urim and Thummim, and beating the pulpit-cuſhion in ſuch a manner, as though he would make the duſt and the truth fly out of it at once.

An editor, or a tranſlator, collects the merits of different writers; and, forming all into a wreath, beſtows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demoſthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the ſublimity of Homer, the majeſty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal, (with every name of note he can poſſibly recall to mind) are given to ſome antient ſcribbler, in whom affectation, and the love of novelty, diſpoſes him to find out beauties.

Humour and Vanbrugh againſt Wit and Congreve.

The vacant ſkull of a pedant generally furniſhes out a throne and temple for vanity.

May not the cuſtom of ſcraping when we bow, be derived from the antient cuſtom of throwing their ſhoes backwards, off their feet?

'A bird in the air ſhall carry the tale, 'and that which hath wings ſhall tell 'the matter.' Such is alſo the preſent phraſe—'A little bird told it me,' ſays nurſe.

The preference which ſome give to Virgil before Homer, is often owing to complexion: ſome are more formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beautiful. But as for invention and ſublimity, the moſt ſhining qualities of imagination, there is ſurely no compariſon between them. Yet I enjoy Virgil more.

Agreeable ideas riſe, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

One reaſon why the ſound is ſometimes an echo to the ſenſe, is, that the pleaſanteſt objects have often the moſt harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative caſt will read poetry as proſe; will only regard the quantum it contains of ſolid reaſoning: juſt as a clown attacks a deſſert, conſidering it as ſo much victuals, and regardleſs of thoſe lively or emblematical decorations which the cook, for many ſleepleſs nights, has endeavoured to beſtow upon it.

Notwithſtanding all that Rouſſeau has advanced ſo very ingeniouſly upon plays and players, their profeſſion is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whoſe means are pleaſure, and whoſe end is virtue. They both alike, for a ſubſiſtence, ſubmit themſelves to public opinion: and the diſhonour that has attended the laſt profeſſion, ſeems not eaſily accountable.

As there are evidently words in Engliſh poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inſerted, have no ſmall beauty on that account, it ſeems abſurd to contract, or print them otherwiſe than at length.

'The looſe wall tottering o'er the trembling
'ſhade.' *Ogilvy's Day of Judgment.*

'Trembling' has alſo the force of a dactyle in a leſs degree—but cannot be written otherwiſe.

I have ſometimes thought Virgil ſo remarkably muſical, that were his lines read to a muſician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a perſon of capacity to give each word it's proper accent, he would not fail to diſtinguiſh in it all the graces of harmony.

I think, I can obſerve a peculiar beauty in the addition of a ſhort ſyllable, at the end of a blank verſe: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as ſure to flatten; which may be diſcerned in Prior's tranſlation of Callimachus, viz. 'The holy victim—'Dictæan, hearſt thou—Birth, Great 'Rhea—Inferior Reptile—' &c. &c. for the tranſlation abounds with them; and is rendered by that means proſaic.

The caſe is only, proſe being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it ſhould be lifted ſome degrees higher.

But in dialogue, the language ought never to leave nature the leaſt out of ſight; and eſpecially where pity is to be produced, it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this ſyllable occaſions. Let me produce a few inſtances from Otways tragedy of the Unhappy Marriage; and, in order to form a judgment, let the reader ſubſtitute a word of equal import, but of a ſyllable leſs, in the place of the inſtances I produce. (Some inſtances are numberleſs, where they familiarize and give an eaſe to dialogue.)

——Sure my ill fate's upon mĕ.

—Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,
With my poor parents, and at reſt as they ărĕ?

—I never ſee you now—you have been kindĕr.

—Why was I made with all my ſex's ſoftnĕſs,
Yet want the cunning to conceal it's folliĕs?
I'll ſee Caſtalio—tax him with his falſhood.

—Should you charge rough,
I ſhould but weep, and anſwer you with ſobbĭng.

—When thou art from me, every place is deſĕrt.

——Surely Paradiſe is round me,
And every ſenſe is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee ſpeak might calm a madman's frenzy,
'Till, by attention, he forgot his ſorrows.

—'Till good men wiſh him dead—or I offend hĭm.

—And hang upon you, like a drowning creature.

—Cropt this fair roſe, and rifled all it's ſweetneſs.

—Give me Chamont, and let the world forſake mĕ.

——I've drank an healing draught
For all my cares, and never more ſhall wrong thĕe.

—When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgotten,
May you be happy in a fairer bride,
But none can ever love you, like Monimia.

I ſhould imagine, that, in ſome or moſt of theſe examples, a particular degree of tenderneſs is owing to the ſupernumerary ſyllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the diſpoſition of it (for it muſt not be univerſal;) and, with this, may give at once an harmonious flow, a natural eaſe, an energy, tenderneſs, and variety to the language.

A man of dry ſound judgment attends to the truth of the propoſition—a man of ear and ſenſibility to the muſic of the verſification. A man of a well regulated taſte finds the former more deeply imprinted on him, by the judicious management of the latter.

It ſeems to me, that what are called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as parentheſes in writing) might be generally avoided, without injuring the thread of a diſcourſe. It is true, it might require ſome addreſs to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more agreeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by ſuch frequent avocations? How much more graceful, to play a tune upon one ſett of keys, with varied ſtops, than to ſeek the ſame variety, by an awkward motion from one ſett to another?

It bears a little hard upon our candour, that 'to take to pieces,' in our language, ſignifies the ſame as 'to expoſe;' and 'to expoſe,' has a ſignification, which good-nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology.

The ordinary letters from friend to friend ſeem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or profeſſions of friendſhip continually repeated. The eſtabliſhed maxim, to correſpond with eaſe, has almoſt excluded every uſeful ſubject. But may not exceſs of negligence diſcover affectation, as well as it's oppoſite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate ſolidity betwixt a Weſtphalia ham and a whipt ſyllabub.

I am aſtoniſhed to remark the defect of ear, which ſome tolerably harmonious poets diſcover in their Alexandrines. It ſeems wonderful, that an error ſo obvious, and ſo very diſguſtful to a nice ear, ſhould occur ſo frequently as the following:

'What ſeraph e'er could preach
'So choice a lecture as his wond'rous vir-
'tue's lore?'

The pauſe being after the ſixth ſyllable, it is plain the whole emphaſis of pronunciation is thrown upon the particle As. It ſeems moſt amazing to me, that this ſhould be ſo common a blunder.

*Simplex munditiis** has been eſteemed univerſally to be a phraſe at once very

* Dr. Lancaſter being aſked haſtily his idea of this expreſſion, anſwered, *Quakerly.*

expreſſive,

expreſſive, and of very difficult interpretation: at leaſt, not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that ſingle word, 'elegant,' which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one ſide, as much as it does dirt and ruſticity on the other?

The French uſe the word 'naïve,' in ſuch a ſenſe as to be explained by no Engliſh word; unleſs we will ſubmit to reſtrain ourſelves in the application of the word 'ſentimental.' It means the language of paſſion, or the heart, in oppoſition to the language of reflection and the head.

The moſt frequent miſtake that is made, ſeems to be that of the means for the end: thus riches for happineſs, and thus learning for ſenſe. The former of theſe is hourly obſervable: and as to the latter, methinks, this age affords frequent and ſurpriſing inſtances.

It is with real concern, that I obſerve many perſons of true poetical genius endeavouring to quench their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a ſingle ſpark of it. Nor is it uncommon to ſee an author tranſlate a book, when with half the pains he could write a better; but the tranſlation ſavours more of learning; and gives room for notes, which exhibit more.

Learning, like money, may be of ſo baſe a coin, as to be utterly void of uſe; or, if ſterling, may require good management, to make it ſerve the purpoſes of ſenſe or happineſs.

When a nobleman has once conferred any great favour on his inferior, he ought thenceforth to conſider, that his requeſts, his advice, and even his intimations, become commands; and to propoſe matters with the utmoſt tenderneſs. The perſon whom he obliges has otherwiſe loſt his freedom.

Hâc ego ſi compellar imagine, cuncta reſigno:
Nec ſ mnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium; nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

The amiable and the ſevere, Mr. Burke's ſublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the paſſions of love or fear. The beſt punch depends on a proper mixture of ſugar and lemon.

ESSAY XXX.

ON MEN AND MANNERS.

THERE are many perſons acquire to themſelves a character of inſincerity, from what is in truth mere inconſtancy. And there are perſons of warm, but changeable paſſions, perhaps the ſincereſt of any in the very inſtant they make profeſſion, but the very leaſt to be depended on through the ſhort duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to aſcertain the character of Lady Luxborough*; yet whatever were her principles, I eſteem Lord Bolingbroke's to have been the ſame. She ſeemed, in all reſpects, the female Lord Bolingbroke.

The principal, if not the only, difference betwixt honeſty and honour, ſeems to lie in their different motives: the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

It is the greateſt comfort to the poor, whoſe ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich muſt die as well as themſelves.

The common people call wit, mirth; and fancy, folly; fanciful and folliful, they uſe indiſcriminately. It ſeems to flow from hence, that they conſider money as of more importance than the perſons who poſſeſs it; and that no conduct is wiſe, beſide what has a tendency to enrich us.

One ſhould not deſtroy an inſect, one ſhould not quarrel with a dog, without a reaſon ſufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

The trouble occaſioned by want of a ſervant, is ſo much leſs than the plague of a bad one, as it is leſs painful to clean a pair of ſhoes than undergo an exceſs of anger.

The fund of ſenſible diſcourſe is limited; that of jeſt and badinerie is infinite. In many companies, then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing: to give and take in the way of raillery.

When a wife or miſtreſs lives as in a

* Siſter to Lord Bolingbroke. With her the author had enjoyed a literary correſpondence.

jail, the perſon that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

There ſeems ſome analogy betwixt a perſon's manner in every action of his life.

Lady Luxborough's hand-writing was at the ſame time delicate and maſculine. Her features, her air, her underſtanding, her motions, and her ſentiments, were the ſame. Mr. W—, in the ſame reſpects, delicate, but not maſculine. Mr. G—, rather more delicate than maſculine. Mr. J—, rather more maſculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three laſt, extends to their drawing, verſification, &c. &c. &c.

Riches deſerve the attention of young perſons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwiſe.

To conſume one's time and fortune at once, without pleaſure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's ſpirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or leſs fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a ſymptom leſs expreſſive of future judgment and ſolidity. It ſeems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but alſo delicacy of ſentiment. Neither does it ſeem any way conſiſtent with a ſenſibility of pleaſure, notwithſtanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all ſorts of pleaſure; but does not allow itſelf time to be ſucceſsful in ſecuring any. It is a buſy bee, whoſe whole time paſſes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without reſting upon any a ſufficient time to gather honey.

The queen of Sweden declared, She did not love men as men; but merely becauſe they were not women. What a ſpirited piece of ſatire!

In mixed converſation, or amongſt perſons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's ſelf in diſcourſe that is neither ingenious nor ſignificant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat ſerves to paſs away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted ſtrength, ſpirit, and flavour.

The making preſents to a lady one addreſſes, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a reſolution to recover it.

He that lies a-bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Spleen is often little elſe than obſtructed perſpiration.

The regard men externally profeſs for their ſuperiors, is oftentimes rewarded—in the manner it deſerves.

Methinks, all men ſhould meet with a reſpect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

Shining characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of a ruby.

Mankind ſuffers more by the conflict of contrary paſſions, than that of paſſion and reaſon: yet, perhaps, the trueſt way to quench one paſſion is to kindle up another.

Prudent men ſhould lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country eſquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horſes; that is, of an animal that may convey him with eaſe, credit, and ſafety, the little journeys he has to go. The philoſopher directs his ambition to ſome well-grounded ſcience, which may, with the ſame credit, eaſe, and ſafety, tranſport him through every ſtage of being; ſo that he may not be overthrown by paſſion, nor trailed inſipidly along by apathy.

Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing ſatisfied with the inconſiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

The beſt time to frame an anſwer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendſhip, and the intelligence received, moſt forcibly co-operate.

The philoſophers and antient ſages, who declaimed againſt the vanity of all external advantages, ſeem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cauſe of vanity than ſuperiority of judgment; as the perſon that wears an ornamental ſword is ever more vain than he that wears an uſeful one.

The perſon who has a ſuperiority in wit, is enabled by the means of it to ſee his ſuperiority: hence a deference expected,

pected, and offence taken upon the failure. Add to this, that wit, considered as fancy, renders all the paſſions more ſenſible; the love of fame more remarkably ſo; and you have ſome ſort of reaſon for the revenge taken by wits upon thoſe who neglect them.

In the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part—in the quarrels of mere acquaintance, it is needleſs, and perhaps impertinent.

When I have purchaſed aught by way of mere amuſement, your reflection upon the coſt not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it ſo.

'Had I the money thoſe paintings 'coſt,' ſays Torpor, 'methinks I would 'have diſcovered ſome better method of 'diſpoſing of it.'—'And in what would 'you have expended it?'—'I would buy 'ſome fine horſes.'—'But you have al-'ready what anſwer your purpoſe!'—'Yes, but I have a particular fancy for 'a fine horſe.'—'And have not I, who 'bought theſe pictures, the ſame argu-'ment on my ſide?' The truth is, he who extols his own amuſements, and condemns another perſon's, unleſs he does it as they bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find himſelf at a loſs for an argument.

People of real genius have ſtrong paſſions; people of ſtrong paſſions have great partialities: ſuch as Mr. Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Perſons of ſlow parts have languid paſſions, and perſons of languid paſſions have little partiality. They neither love, nor hate, nor look, nor move, with the energy of a man of ſenſe. The faults of the former ſhould be balanced with their excellencies; and the blameleſſneſs of the latter ſhould be weighed with their inſignificancy. Happineſs and virtue are, perhaps, generally diſpenſed with more equality than we are are aware.

Extreme volatile and ſprightly tempers ſeem inconſiſtent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time waſted in the mere tranſition from one object to another. No room for thoſe deep impreſſions, which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requiſite to any ſtrong ſenſation, either of pleaſure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the ſpider to gather poiſon, muſt abide ſome time upon the weed or flower. They whoſe fluids are mere ſal volatile, ſeem rather chearful than happy men. The temper above deſcribed is oftener the lot of wits than of perſons of great abilities.

There are no perſons more ſolicitous about the preſervation of rank, than thoſe who have no rank at all. Obſerve the humours of a country chriſtening; and you will find no court in Chriſtendom ſo ceremonious as the quality of Brentford.

Critics will ſometimes prefer the faulty ſtate of a compoſition to the improved one, through mere perverſeneſs: in like manner, ſome will extol a perſon's paſt conduct, to depreciate his preſent. Theſe are ſome of the numerous ſhifts and machinations of envy.

Trees afford us the advantage of ſhade in ſummer, as well as fuel in winter; as the ſame virtue allays the fervor of intemperate paſſions in our youth, and ſerves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

The term Indeciſion, in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of Irreſolution; yet it has a tendency to produce it; and, like that, has often it's original in exceſſive delicacy and refinement.

Perſons of proud, yet abject ſpirits, will deſpiſe you for thoſe diſtreſſes for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour to befriend you—A hint to whom only you ſhould diſcloſe, and from whom you ſhould conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from perſons of an oppoſite party.

The ſacrificing of our anger to our intereſt is oftentimes no more than the exchange of a painful paſſion for a pleaſurable.

There are not five in five hundred that pity, but, at the ſame time, alſo deſpiſe—A reaſon that you ſhould be cautious to whom and where you complain. The fartheſt a prudent man ſhould proceed in general, is to laugh at ſome of his own foibles: when this may be a means of removing envy from the more important parts of his character.

Effeminacy of appearance, and an exceſſive attention to the minuter parts of dreſs, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, eſteemed a ſymptom of irreſolution. But, yet, inſtances are ſeen to abound in the French nation to the contrary. And in our own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an inſtance equal to a thouſand. A ſnuff-box hinge, rendered

inviſible, was an object on which his happineſs appeared to turn; which, however, might be clouded by a ſpeck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his ſtocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was ſhewn beyond all contradiction. What ſhall we ſay then of Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet poſſeſſed of a poetical vein fraught with the nobleſt and ſublimeſt images, and of a mind remarkably well ſtored with the more maſculine parts of learning?—Here, perhaps, we muſt remain in ſuſpence. For though taſte does not imply manners, ſo neither does it preclude them: or what hinders, that a man ſhould feel that ſame delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dreſs?

If beneficence be not in a perſon's will, what imports it to mankind, that it is ever ſo much in his power? And yet we ſee how much more regard is generally paid to a worthleſs man of fortune, than to the moſt benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual bleſſing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's theſis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the moſt beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A perſon that is not merely ſtupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute paſſions, or the ſlow. The principle of revenge is meant for the ſecurity of the individual; and ſuppoſing a perſon has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly ſtrives to make himſelf remarkable for the perſeverance of his reſentment. Both theſe have the ſame motive, to impreſs a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future: and though the world be more inclined to favour the raſh than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to ſay which of the two has given riſe to more diſmal conſequences. The reaſon of this partiality may be deduced from the ſame original, as the preference that is given to downright impudence before hypocriſy. To be cheated into an ill-placed eſteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, diſcovers a contempt for our underſtanding, and leſſens the idea we entertain of it ourſelves. They hurt our pride more than open violence, or undiſguiſed impudence.

King James the Firſt, willing to involve the regal power in myſtery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it preſumption for a ſubject to ſay, 'what a 'king might do in the fullneſs of his 'power.' This was abſurd; but it ſeems preſumption in a man of the world, to ſay what means a man of genius may think inſtrumental to his happineſs. W—— uſed to ſay, it was preſumption for him to make conjectures on the occaſion. A perſon of refinement ſeems to have his pleaſures diſtinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world eſteems frivolous, ſeems eſſential to his tranquillity.

The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and ſometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in ſome meaſure diſſipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a ſort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment: and the grave ſolemnity of the hearſe, plumes, and eſcutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminiſh that of ſimple grief.

There are ſome people whom you cannot regard though they ſeem deſirous to oblige you; nay, even though they do you actual ſervices. This is the caſe wherever their ſentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a perſon truly avaricious can never make himſelf truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and ſciences. A perſon of exquiſite ſenſibility and tenderneſs can never be truly pleaſed with another of no feelings; who can ſee the moſt intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. Theſe, properly ſpeaking, can be ſaid to feel nothing but the point of a ſword; and one could more eaſily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philoſophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate is, with tempers thus different one ſhould never attempt any cloſe connection:

Lupis & agnis quanta ſortito obtigit,
Tecum mihi diſcordia eſt.

Yet it may be a point of prudence to ſhew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propenſities. To converſe much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own diſpoſition: and to aim at obtaining their applauſe,

applauſe, would only make your character inconſiſtent.

There are ſome people who find a gloomy kind of pleaſure in glouting, which could hardly be encreaſed by the ſatisfaction of having their wiſhes granted. This is, ſeemingly, a bad character, and yet often connected with a ſenſe of honour, of conſcious merit, with warm gratitude, great ſincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

There is a degree of underſtanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but abſolutely pleaſed. One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyſs.

The worſt conſequence of gratifying our paſſions, in regard to objects of an indifferent nature, is, that it cauſes them to proceed with greater violence towards other and other objects; and ſo *ad infinitum*. I wiſh, for my pocket, an elegant etui; and gold to remove the pain of wiſhing, and partake the pleaſure of enjoyment. I would part with the purchaſe money, for which I have leſs regard; but the gratification of this wiſh would generate fifty others, that would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore, adviſes to reſiſt the firſt.

Virtue and agreeableneſs are, I fear, too often ſeparated; that is, externals affect and captivate the fancy, where internal worth is wanting to engage and attach one's reaſon—A moſt perplexing circumſtance; and no where more remarkable, than when we ſee a wiſe man totally enſlaved by the beauty of a perſon he deſpiſes.

I know not whether encreaſing years do not cauſe one to eſteem fewer people, and to bear with more.

Quere, Whether friendſhip for the ſex do not tend to leſſen the ſenſual appetite; and *vice verſâ*.

I think, I never knew an inſtance of great quickneſs of parts being joined with great ſolidity. The moſt rapid rivers are ſeldom or never deep.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition and a bad taſte.

There are perſons who ſlide inſenſibly into an habit of contradiction. Their firſt endeavour, upon hearing aught aſſerted, is to diſcover wherein it may be plauſibly diſputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great ſagacity; and if they can mingle a jeſt with contradiction, think they diſplay great ſuperiority. One ſhould be cautious againſt the advances of this kind of propenſity, which loſes us friends, in a matter generally of no conſequence.

The ſolicitude of peers to preſerve, or to exalt their rank, is eſteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners, on the ſame ſubject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

An income for life only ſeems the beſt calculated for the circumſtances and ſituation of mortal man: the farther property in an eſtate encreaſes the difficulty of diſengaging our affections from this world, and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a ſyſtem from which we muſt be entirely ſeparated.

'I truſt that ſinking fund, my life.'
POPE.

Surprize quickens enjoyment, and expectation baniſhes ſurprize; this is the ſimple reaſon, why few pleaſures, that have engroſſed our attention previouſly, ever anſwer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and cauſes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object. Thus expectation does not only deſtroy the advantage of ſurprize, and ſo flattens pleaſure; but makes us hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of diſappointment.

ESSAY XXXI.

ON RELIGION.

PERHAPS, we ſhould not pray to God 'to keep us ſtedfaſt in any 'faith;' but conditionally, that it be a right one.

When a tree is falling, I have ſeen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the ſpot where they would wiſh it ſhould lie. Divines, underſtanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interpoſition in the article of death, to regulate a perſon's everlaſting happineſs. I fancy, the alluſion will hardly countenance their preſumption.

When misfortunes happen to ſuch as diſſent from us in matters of religion, we

we call them judgments: when to thoſe of our own ſect, we call them trials: when to perſons neither way diſtinguiſhed, we are content to impute them to the ſettled courſe of things.

In regard to church-muſic, if a man cannot be ſaid to be merry or good-humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why ſhould he be eſteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone-pipe of an organ? In anſwer to this it may be ſaid, that if ſuch an elevation of the ſpirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good conſequences; as it leaves a good impreſſion upon the mind, favourable to virtue and a religious life.

The rich man, adjoining to his country-ſeat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but, in truth, to his own vain-glory; furniſhes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will be never ſaid. The poor man kneels by his bed-ſide, and goes to heaven before him.

I ſhould think a clergyman might diſtinguiſh himſelf by compoſing a ſet of ſermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in claſſic writers, introducing the ornamental flouriſhes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. Againſt family-pride, might be taken from Juvenal's *Stemmata quid faciunt*, Horace's *Non quia Mæcenas*, and Marius's ſpeech in Salluſt. The text—'Is not this Joſeph the carpen-'ter's ſon?'

2. A ſermon upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embelliſhed from the claſſics, and would be both grateful and ſerviceable to the common people: as the chief paſſion from which they ſuffer is envy, I believe, miſplaced.

3. Another might be calculated for each ſeaſon of the year; illuſtrating the wiſdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence. How idle to forego ſuch fair and peaceable ſubjects, for the ſake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predeſtination and election; ſolving the Revelations; or aſcertaining the preciſe nature of Urim and Thummim!

It is a common argument amongſt divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has ſuch conſequences when we come to die. It is indeed true, but ſeems an argument of a ſubordinate kind: the article of death is more frequently of ſhort duration. Is it not a ſtronger perſuaſive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it ſmoothes the pillow of a death-bed?

It is a queſtion whether the remaining ſuperſtitions among the vulgar of the Engliſh nation ought wholly to be removed: the notion of a ghoſt's appearance for the diſcovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injuſtice; that 'what 'is got over the devil's back will be 'ſpent under his belly—that 'cards 'are the devil's books,' &c.

If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their ſpecies; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human ſacrifices; to leave their parents in deſerts of wild beaſts; to expoſe their offſpring as ſoon as born, &c. &c. there ſhould ſeem to be no univerſal moral ſenſe; and of conſequence, none. 'It is not now, 'We have ſeen his 'ſtar in the eaſt;' but, 'We have ſeen 'the ſtar on his breaſt, and are come to 'worſhip him.'

It is ſaid, and I believe juſtly enough, that crimes appear leſs heinous to a perſon that is about committing them, than to his conſcience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foreſaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? Perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word 'Religio,' amongſt the Romans, and the word 'Church,' among the Chriſtians, ſeem to have more interpretations than almoſt any other. '*Malus procidit eâ religione moti.*' Livy, p. 1150. Vol. II. Here religion ſeems to mean prodigy—'*Si quis tale ſacrum* '*ſolenne duceret, nec ſe ſine religione &* '*piaculo id omittere poſſe.*' Livy, 1157. Here it ſeemingly means impiety: *Piaculum* being ſuch an offence as required expiatory ſacrifices.

Tantum religio potuit ſuadere malorum.

Here it means ſuperſtition, as it does often in Lucretius.

The pope's wanton excommunications, his capricious pardon of ſins, his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, ſhew that (whatever religions may practiſe cruelty) it is peculiarly the church that makes a jeſt of God Almighty.

The

The word Church has these different senses:

1. A set of people ordained to assist at divine service.

2. The members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity.

3. A large piece of building, dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniences for those who meet to worship him.

4. A body of people, who too frequently harrass and infest the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in war to the peculiar favour of a just Providence! Perhaps this construction, as it is often applied, argues more of presumption than gratitude. In the first place, such is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps, two hostile nations may alike rely upon the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itself discover. In the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice. Again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than a means of destruction. And lastly, supposing success to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their desert; and if not individuals, why must we then suppose it to be the uniform recompence of society?

It is often given as a reason why it is incumbent on God Almighty's justice to punish or reward societies in this world, because hereafter they cannot be punished or rewarded on account of their dissolution. It is indeed true, that human vengeance must act frequently in the gross; and whenever a government declares war against a foreign society, or finds it needful to chastise any part of it's own, must of necessity involve some innocent individuals with the guilty. But it does not appear so evident, that an omniscient and omnipotent Being, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and is able to make a distinction in his punishments, will judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscriminate and imperfect laws.

Societies then are to be considered as the casual or arbitrary assortments of human institution. To suppose that God Almighty will, by means of punishments, often called judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to suppose that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wisdom. I mean to be understood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, præternatural interpositions of Providence. In a natural way, the constitution of the universe requires, that the good must often suffer with the bad part of society. But in regard to judgments upon whole bodies, (which we have days appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a case which may serve to illustrate the improbability.

Societies, I suppose then, are not divine, but human bundles.

Imagine a man to mix a large quantity of sand and gunpowder; then parcel out the composition into different heaps, and apply fire to them separately. The fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means consume, here and there, a bundle in the gross, but would affect that part of every portion that was combustible.

It may speciously enough be said, what greater injustice is it to punish a society promiscuously, than to involve an innocent son in the punishment due to a sinful father? To this I answer, the natural system (which we need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occasions both the good and bad to suffer many times indiscriminately. But they go much farther. They say God, as it were, interferes, in opposition to the settled course of things, to punish and include societies in one promiscuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punishments distinct from those which sin entails upon us, he surely would not regulate them by mere human assortments, but would make the juster distinction of good and evil individuals.

Neither do I see why it is so necessary, that societies, either here or hereafter, should be punished as societies. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall 'die.'

How happy may a lord biſhop render a peaſant at the hour of death, by beſtowing on him his bleſſing, and giving him aſſurance of ſalvation? It is the ſame with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and eſtabliſhed to their hearts content, becauſe they aſſent implicitly to the opinions of men who, they think, ſhould know. A perſon of diſtinguiſhed parts and learning has no ſuch advantages; friendleſs, wavering, ſolitary, and, through his very ſituation, incapable of much aſſiſtance: if the ruſtic's tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he alſo appears to approach nearer to their happineſs.

You pray for happineſs—Conſider the ſituation or diſpoſition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it.

In travelling, one contrives to allow day-light for the worſt part of the road. But in life, how hard is it that every unhappineſs ſeems united towards the cloſe of our journey! Pain, fatigue, and want of ſpirits; when ſpirits are more immediately neceſſary to our ſupport; of which nothing can ſupply the place beſide religion and philoſophy! But then the foundation muſt be laid in meditation and enquiry, at an unmoleſted ſeaſon, when our faculties are ſtrong and vigorous; or the tempeſt will moſt probably throw down the ſuperſtructure.

How is a man ſaid to be guilty of incredulity? Are there not ſizes of underſtandings adapted to the different ſorts, and as it were ſizes of narrations?

Conſcience is adſcititious; I mean influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain teſt of truth: but at moſt times a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor.

The attraction of bodies and ſocial affection of minds ſeem in many reſpects analogous.

Attractions of either kind are leſs perſpicuous, and leſs perceptible, through a variety of counter-attractions that diminiſh their effect. Were two perſons to meet in Iſpahan, though quite ſtrangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendſhip, on the ſingle ſcore of their being Engliſhmen? Would they not paſs a chearful evening together over rice and ſherbett? In like manner, ſuppoſe two or three cotemporaries only to meet on the ſurface of the globe, amid myriads of perſons of all other ages whatſoever, would they not diſcover a mutual tenderneſs, even though they had been enemies when living? What then remains, but that we revive the memory of ſuch relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? That we are all countrymen, is a conſideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a ſmaller number alſo. That we are cotemporaries, and perſons whom future hiſtory ſhall unite; who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumſtance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, ſhould be brought to mind as much as poſſible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be juſt, and requiſite, to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The beſt notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the ſoul is to the body:

—Deus eſt quodcunque vides, ubicunque moveris.

What is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whoſe very words are works; and all whoſe works are wonders!

Prayer is not uſed to inform, for God is omniſcient: not to move compaſſion, for God is without paſſions: not to ſhew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts. May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man, though he be ſilent?

'To honour God, is to conceive 'right notions of him,' ſays ſome antient that I have forgot.

I know not how Mr. Pope's aſſertion is conſiſtent with the ſcheme of a particular Providence:

———The Almighty cauſe
Acts not by partial, but by general laws.

What one underſtands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they purſue their original courſe, without deviating into ſuch eccentric motions as muſt immediately tend to the deſtruction of it. Thus a philoſopher is enabled to foretell eclipſes with preciſion;

ſion; and a ſtone thrown upward drops uniformly to the ground. Thus an injury awakes reſentment; and a good office endears to us our benefactor. And it ſeems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to ſuppoſe he at firſt conſtituted a ſyſtem, that ſtood in no need either of his counteracting or ſuſpending the firſt laws of motion.

But, after all, the mind remains; and can we ſhew it to be either impoſſible, or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the divine Being occaſions a ruin to fall miraculouſly, or in direct oppoſition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres; or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whoſe centre of gravity is unſupported, makes no material difference.

ESSAY XXXII.

ON TASTE.

I Believe that, generally ſpeaking, perſons eminent in one branch of taſte, have the principles of the reſt; and to try this, I have often ſolicited a ſtranger to hum a tune, and have ſeldom failed of ſucceſs. This, however, does not extend to talents beyond the ſphere of taſte; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himſelf born to command a troop of horſe.

Mankind, in general, may be divided into perſons of underſtanding and perſons of genius; each of which will admit of many ſubordinate degrees. By perſons of underſtanding, I mean perſons of ſound judgment; formed for mathematical deductions and clear argumentation. By perſons of genius, I would characterize thoſe in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this whether aſſiſted or not by cultivation.

I have thought that genius and judgment may, in ſome reſpects, be repreſented by a liquid and a ſolid. The former is, generally ſpeaking, remarkable for it's ſenſibility, but then loſes it's impreſſion ſoon: the latter is leſs ſuſceptible of impreſſion, but retains it longer.

Dividing the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjuſted.

Pedants	15
Perſons of common ſenſe	40
Wits	15
Fools	15
Perſons of a wild uncultivated taſte	10
Perſons of original taſte, improved by art	5

There is hardly any thing ſo uncommon as a true native taſte improved by education.

The object of taſte is corporeal beauty; for though there is manifeſtly a τὸ πρέπον; a *pulchrum*, an *honeſtum*, and *decorum*, in moral actions; and although a man of taſte that is not virtuous commits a greater violence upon his ſentiments than any other perſon; yet, in the ordinary courſe of ſpeaking, a perſon is not termed a man of taſte, merely becauſe he is a man of virtue.

All beauty may be divided into abſolute and relative, and what is compounded of both.

It is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote inſiſt upon the ſuperiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, demand that of others in favour of her accompliſhments. Thoſe of grave and ſober ſenſe cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are in truth ſupported by no criterion.

Every one, therefore, ought to fix ſome meaſure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the ſubject.

Every thing ſeems to derive it's pretenſions to beauty, on account of it's colour, ſmoothneſs, variety, uniformity, partial reſemblance to ſomething elſe, proportion, or ſuitableneſs to the end propoſed, ſome connection of ideas, or a mixture of all theſe.

As to the beauty of colours, their preſent effect ſeems in proportion to their impulſe; and ſcarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colours.

Reſemblances wrought by art; pictures, buſtos, ſtatues, pleaſe.

Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we ſuppoſe homogeneous materials; it is otherwiſe, in caſe we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, ſeems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppoſe the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requiſite in point of reſpiration, would not the preſent make of mouths have ſubjected a man to the name of Bocha chica?

It is probable, that a clown would require more colour in his Chloe's face, than a courtier.

We may ſee daily the ſtrange effects of habit, in reſpect of faſhion. To what colours, or proportions, does it not reconcile us!

Conceit is falſe taſte; and very widely different from no taſte at all.

Beauty of perſon ſhould, perhaps, be eſtimated according to the proportion it bears to ſuch a make and features as are moſt likely to produce the love of the oppoſite ſex. The look of dignity, the look of wiſdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, ſeem in ſome meaſure foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of ſenſibility may be one ingredient; and that of health, another. At leaſt, a cadaverous countenance is the moſt diſguſting in the world.

I know not, if one reaſon of the different opinions concerning beauty be not owing to ſelf-love. People are apt to form ſome criterion from their own perſons, or poſſeſſions. A tall perſon approves the look of a folio or octavo: a ſquare thick-ſet man is more delighted with a quarto. This inſtance, at leaſt, may ſerve to explain what I intend.

I believe, it ſometimes happens that a perſon may have what the artiſts call an ear and an eye, without taſte: for inſtance, a man may ſometimes have a quickneſs in diſtinguiſhing the ſimilitude or difference of lines and ſounds, without any ſkill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

Taſte produces different effects upon different complexions. It conſiſts, as I have often obſerved, in the appetite and the diſcernment; then moſt properly ſo called, when they are united in equal proportions.

Where the diſcernment is predominant, a perſon is pleaſed with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he ſees. Where the appetite prevails, he is ſo much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifeſted. I frankly own myſelf to be of this latter claſs: I love painting and ſtatuary ſo well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

The reaſon people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the reſemblance it bears to the original, ſeems no other than that they lay ſtreſs on different features in the original; and this different ſtreſs is owing to different complexions of mind.

People of little or no taſte commend a perſon for it's corpulency. I cannot ſee why an excreſcence of belly, cheek, or chin, ſhould be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body. Through a connection of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

There ſeems a pretty exact analogy betwen the objects and the ſenſes. Some tunes, ſome taſtes, ſome viſible objects, pleaſe at firſt, and that only; others only by degrees, and then long—(Raſpberry-jelly—Green-tea—Alley-Croaker—Air in Ariadne—a Baron's Robe—and a Biſhop's Lawn.) Perhaps, ſome of theſe inſtances may be ill enough choſen; but the thing is true.

Tunes with words, pleaſe me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are aſſigned. Scotch tunes often end high; their language does the ſame.

To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I preſume, the moſt regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features, is at the ſame time the moſt healthful one; the fitteſt to perform the functions and operations of the body. If ſo, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form—Health is beauty, and the moſt perfect health is the moſt perfect beauty. To have recourſe to experience: the moſt ſickly and cadaverous countenance is the leaſt provocative to love; or rather the moſt inconſiſtent with it. A florid look, to appear

pear beautiful, muſt be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever.

An obvious connection may be traced betwixt moral and phyſical beauty; the love of ſymmetry and the love of virtue; an elegant taſte and perfect honeſty. We may, we muſt, riſe from the love of natural to that of moral beauty: ſuch is the concluſion of Plato, and of my Lord Shafteſbury.

Wherever there is a want of taſte, we generally obſerve a love of money, and cunning; and whenever taſte prevails, a want of prudence, and an utter diſregard to money.

Taſte (or a juſt reliſh of beauty) ſeems to diſtinguiſh us from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or reaſon. We do not find that brutes have any ſenſation of this ſort. A bull is goaded by the love of ſex in general, without the leaſt appearance of any diſtinction in favour of the more beautiful individual. Accordingly, men devoid of taſte are in a great meaſure indifferent as to make, complexion, feature; and find a difference of ſex ſufficient to excite their paſſion in all it's fervour. It is not thus where there is a taſte for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The perſon of a good taſte requires real beauty in the object of his paſſion; and the perſon of bad taſte requires ſomething which he ſubſtitutes in the place of beauty.

Perſons of taſte, it has been aſſerted, are alſo the beſt qualified to diſtinguiſh, and the moſt prone to admire moral virtue: nor does it invalidate this maxim, that their practice does not correſpond. The power of acting virtuouſly depends in a great meaſure upon withſtanding a preſent, and perhaps ſenſual, gratification, for the ſake of a more diſtant and intellectual ſatisfaction. Now, as perſons of fine taſte are men of the ſtrongeſt ſenſual appetites, it happens that in balancing preſent and future, they are apt enough to allow an unreaſonable advantage to the former. On the other hand, a more phlegmatic character may, with no greater ſelf-denial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave the merely ſenſual indulgences; and let us conſider the man of taſte in regard to points of meum and tuum; in regard to the virtues of forgiveneſs; in regard to charity, compaſſion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taſte the glorious triumph which it deſerves.

There is a kind of counter-taſte, founded on ſurprize and curioſity, which maintains a ſort of rivalſhip with the true; and may be expreſſed by the name Concetto. Such is the fondneſs of ſome perſons for a knife-haft made from the royal oak, or a tobacco-ſtopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakeſpeare's own planting. It gratifies an empty curioſity. Such is the caſual reſemblance of Apollo and the nine Muſes in a piece of agate; a dog expreſſed in feathers, or a wood-cock in mohair. They ſerve to give ſurprize. But a juſt fancy will no more eſteem a picture becauſe it proves to be produced by ſhells, than a writer would prefer a pen becauſe a perſon made it with his toes. In all ſuch caſes, difficulty ſhould not be allowed to give a caſting weight; nor a needle be conſidered as a painter's inſtrument, when he is ſo much better furniſhed with a pencil*.

Perhaps no print, or even painting, is capable of producing a figure anſwerable to the idea which poetry or hiſtory has given us of great men: a Cicero, for inſtance, an Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The ſame, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of ſome antient buildings—And the reaſon is, that the effects of a pencil are diſtinct and limited, whereas the deſcriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indiſtinctneſs of out-line is one ſource of the ſublime.

What an abſurdity is it, in the framing even prints, to ſuffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground; deſtroying half the relievo the lights are intended to produce! Frames ought to contraſt with paintings; or to appear as diſtinct as poſſible: for which reaſon, frames of wood inlaid, or otherwiſe va-

* Cornelius Ketel, born at Gonda in 1548; landed in England 1573; ſettled at Amſterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers inſtead of pencils. The whim took—His ſucceſs increaſed—His fingers appearing too eaſy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet. See H. Walpole's Book of Painters.

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riegated with colours, are leſs ſuitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the beſt contraſt with colour.

The peculiar expreſſion in ſome portraits is owing to the greater or leſs manifeſtation of the ſoul in ſome of the features.

There is, perhaps, a ſublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, excluſive of any particular expreſſion of the ſoul; or, at leaſt, not expreſſive of any other than a tame diſpaſſionate one. We ſee often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almoſt totally unanimated by any diſcovery of the temper or underſtanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the ſtrong expreſſion of ſagacity and generoſity, concur in one face, the features are irreſiſtible.

But even here it is to be obſerved, that a ſort of ſympathy has a prodigious biaſs. Thus a penſive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a ſpectator of the penſive caſt; and ſo of the reſt.

The ſoul appears to me to diſcover herſelf moſt in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth ſeems the more expreſſive of the temper, and the eye of the underſtanding.

Is a portrait, ſuppoſing it as like as can be to the perſon for whom it is drawn, a more or leſs beautiful object than the original face? I ſhould think, a perfect face muſt be much more pleaſing than any repreſentation of it; and a ſet of ugly features, much more ugly than the moſt exact reſemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of ſhades; but not equal the force of real relievo: on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminiſhed; but, ſurely, never can be the intereſt of good ones.

Softneſs of manner ſeems to be in painting what ſmoothneſs of ſyllables is in language, affecting the ſenſe of ſight or hearing, previous to any correſpondent paſſion.

The 'theory of agreeable ſenſations' founds them upon the greateſt activity or exerciſe an object occaſions to the ſenſes, without proceeding to fatigue. Violent contraſts are upon the footing of roughneſs or inequality. Harmony or ſimilitude, on the other hand, are ſomewhat congenial to ſmoothneſs. In other words, theſe two recommend themſelves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of reſt. A medium, therefore, may be moſt agreeable to the generality.

An harmony in colours ſeems as requiſite, as a variety of lines ſeems neceſſary to the pleaſure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, ſhould be well varied; but yet the oppoſite ſides of any thing ſhould ſhew a balance, or an appearance of equal quantity, if we would ſtrive to pleaſe a well-conſtituted taſte.

It is evident enough to me, that perſons often occur, who may be ſaid to have an ear to muſic, and an eye for proportions in viſible objects, who nevertheleſs can hardly be ſaid to have a reliſh or taſte for either. I mean, that a perſon may diſtinguiſh notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a diſcerning choice to what is preferable in muſic. The ſame, in objects of ſight.

On the other hand, they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without a power of diſcriminating thoſe notes and proportions on which harmony and beauty ſo fully depend.

What is ſaid, in a treatiſe lately publiſhed, for beauty's being more common than deformity, (and ſeemingly with excellent reaſon) may be alſo ſaid for virtue's being more common than vice.

Quere, Whether beauty does not as much require an oppoſition of lines, as it does an harmony of colours?

The paſſion for antiquity, as ſuch, ſeems in ſome meaſure oppoſite to the taſte for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and puſillanimous diſpoſition, l oking back and reſting with pleaſure on the ſteps by which we have arrived thus far; than the bold and enterpriſing ſpirit of a genius, whoſe ambition fires him only to reach the goal. Such as is deſcribed (on another occaſion) in the zealous and active charioteer of Horace:

— Hunc atque hunc ſuperare laboret.
Iuſtat equis auriga ſuos vincentibus; illum
Prætritum temnens extremos inter euntem.

Again,

Again, the

Nil actum reputans, ſi quid reſtaret agendum,

is the leaſt applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian; who, inſtead of endeavouring to improve or to excel, contents himſelf, perhaps, with diſcovering the very name of a firſt inventor; or with tracing back an art that is flouriſhing, to the very firſt ſource of it's original deformity.

I have heard it claimed by adepts in muſic, that the pleaſure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared to what they feel themſelves from the moſt perfect compoſition. The ſtate of the queſtion may be beſt explained by a recourſe to objects that are analogous. Is a country-fellow leſs ſtruck with beauty than a philoſopher or an anatomiſt, who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the other hand, an attention to the cauſe may ſomewhat interfere with the attention to the effect—They may, indeed, feel a pleaſure of another ſort—The faculty of reaſon may obtain ſome kind of balance, for what the more ſenſible faculty of the imagination loſes.

I am much inclined to ſuppoſe our ideas of beauty depend greatly upon habit—what I mean is, upon the familiarity with objects which we happen to have ſeen ſince we came into the world. Our taſte for uniformity, from what we have obſerved in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beaſt, a bird, or inſect, &c.—our taſte for regularity from what is within our power to obſerve in the ſeveral perfections of the whole ſyſtem.

A landſkip, for inſtance, is always irregular; and to uſe regularity in painting, or gardening, would make our work unnatural and diſagreeable. Thus we allow beauty to the different, and almoſt oppoſite, proportions of all animals.

There is, I think, a beauty in ſome forms, independent of any uſe to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be reſolved into ſmoothneſs of ſurface; with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehenſible without much difficulty.

As to the dignity of colours, Quere, Whether thoſe that affect the eye moſt forcibly, for inſtance, ſcarlet, may not claim the firſt place; allowing their beauty to cloy ſooneſt: and other colours, the next, according to their impulſe; allowing them to produce a more durable pleaſure?

It may be convenient to divide beauty into the abſolute and the relative. Abſolute is that above-mentioned. Relative is that by which an object pleaſes, through the relation it bears to ſome other.

Our taſte of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This ſeems to occaſion the different opinions that prevail concerning it. For inſtance, a foreign eye eſteems thoſe features and dreſſes handſome, which we think deformed.

Is it not then likely that thoſe who have ſeen moſt objects, throughout the univerſe, *cæteris paribus*, will be the moſt impartial judges; becauſe they will judge trueſt of the general proportion which was intended by the Creator; and is beſt?

The beauty of moſt objects is partly of the abſolute and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has ſome beauty dependent on it's variety and ſmoothneſs; which I would call abſolute: it has alſo a relative beauty, dependent on it's taperneſs and foliage; which, authors ſay, was firſt copied from the leaves of plants, and the ſhape of a tree.

Uniformity ſhould, perhaps, be added as another ſource of abſolute beauty, (when it appears in one ſingle object.) I do not know any other reaſon, but that it renders the whole more eaſily comprehended. It ſeems that Nature herſelf conſiders it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to pleaſe the ſight; which is rarely the caſe of the internal, that are not ſeen.

Hutchinſon determines abſolute beauty to depend on this, and on variety; and ſays it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a ſquare; and a ſquare, a figure of unequal ſides; but carry variety to an extreme, and it loſes it's effect. For inſtance, multiply the number of angles till the mind loſes the uniformity of parts, and the figure

is

is leſs pleaſing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be ſaid to be robbed of it's variety.

But, amidſt all theſe eulogiums of variety, it is proper to obſerve, that novelty ſometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that ſome degree of familiarity introduces a diſcovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty. This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of ſome tunes, and the flavour of ſome diſhes. In ſhort, it requires ſome familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another.

Variety, in the ſame object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation, (which is the caſe in foliage, buſtos, baſſo-relievos, painting) requires uniformity. For inſtance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal ſides; which is at once various and diſagreeable.

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FINIS.

HARRISON's EDITION.

SKETCHES;

OR,

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

LAUNCELOT TEMPLE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

THE

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Papers chuſes to call them SKETCHES; as the leaſt imperfect amongſt them is to a laboured treatiſe, what the painter's outlines, or his firſt rude draughts, are to a finiſhed picture. This declaration, he hopes, will be accepted by the proper judges of writing, as a ſufficient apology for any thing, either in thought or expreſſion, that may be found careleſs or incorrect in his ESSAYS. He owns he could have given theſe little looſe fragments much bolder ſtrokes, as well as more delicate touches: but as an author's renown depends at preſent upon the mobility, he dreads the danger of writing too well; and feels the value of his own labour too ſenſibly, to beſtow it where, in all probability, it might only ſerve to depreciate his performance.

SKETCHES;

SKETCHES;

OR,

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

SKETCH I.

OF LANGUAGE.

ALMOST every one that can read, pretends to judge of the author's ſtyle, as it is called: but how few are there who really know good language from bad! Even the beſt judges are ſometimes divided in their opinions; for want, it would ſeem, of a common ſtandard by which the merits of different languages, as well as of different writers in the ſame language, might be compared. If I was to reduce my own private idea of the beſt language to a definition, I ſhould call it the ſhorteſt, cleareſt, and eaſieſt way of expreſſing one's thoughts, by the moſt harmonious arrangement of the beſt choſen words, both for meaning and ſound. The beſt language is ſtrong and expreſſive, without ſtiffneſs or affectation; ſhort and conciſe, without being either obſcure or ambiguous; and eaſy and flowing and diſengaged, without one undetermined or ſuperfluous word.

SKETCH II.

OF GENIUS.

THERE is a ſtandard of right and wrong in the nature of things, of beauty and deformity, both in the natural and moral world. And as different minds happen to be more or leſs exquiſite, the more or leſs ſenſibly do they perceive the various degrees of good and bad, and are the more or leſs ſuſceptible of being charmed with what is right or beautiful, and diſguſted with what is wrong or deformed. It is chiefly this ſenſibility that conſtitutes Genius; to which a ſound head and a good heart are as eſſential as a lively imagination. And a man of true Genius muſt neceſſarily have as exquiſite a feeling of the moral beauties, as of whatever is great or beautiful in the works of nature; or

maſterly

masterly in the arts which imitate nature, in poetry, painting, statuary, and music.

On the other side, where the heart is very bad, the genius and taste, if there happen to be any pretensions to them, will be found shocking and unnatural. Nero would be nothing less than a poet; but his verses were what one may call most *villainously* bad. His taste of magnificence and luxury was horribly glaring, extravagant, and unnatural, to the last degree.

Caligula's taste was so outrageously wrong, that he detested the works of the sweet Mantuan poet more passionately than ever Mœcenas admired them; and if Virgil had unfortunately lived down to those times in which that monster appeared, he would probably have been tortured to death for no other crime but that he wrote naturally, and like an honest man.

True Genius may be said to consist of a perfect polish of soul, which receives and reflects the images that fall upon it, without warping or distortion. And this fine polish of soul is, I believe, constantly attended with what philosophers call the moral truth.

There are minds which receive objects truly, and feel the impressions they ought naturally to make, in a very lively manner, but want the faculty of reflecting them; as there are people who, I suppose, feel all the charms of poetry without being poets themselves.

SKETCH III.

OF TASTE.

OUR notion of Taste may be easily understood by what has been said upon the subject of genius; for mere good Taste is nothing else but genius without the power of execution.

It must be born; and is to be improved chiefly by being accustomed, and the earlier the better, to the most exquisite objects of Taste in it's various kinds. For the Taste in writing and painting, and in every thing else, is insensibly formed upon what we are accustomed to; as well as Taste in eating and drinking. One who from his youth has been used to drink nothing but heavy dismal Port, will not immediately acquire a relish for Claret or Burgundy.

In the most stupid ages there is more good Taste than one would at first sight imagine. Even the present, abuse it with what contemptuous epithets you please, cannot be totally void of it. As long as there are noble, humane, and generous dispositions, amongst mankind, there must be good Taste. For in general, I do not say always, the Taste will be in proportion to those moral qualities and that sensibility of mind from which they take their rise. And while many, amongst the great and the learned, are allowed to have Taste for no better reason than that it is their own opinion, it is often possessed by those who are not conscious of it, and dream as little of pretending to it as to a star and garter. An honest farmer, or shepherd, who is acquainted with no language but what is spoken in his own county, may have a much truer relish of the *English* writers than the most dogmatical pedant that ever erected himself into a commentator; and from his *Gothic* chair, with an ill-bred arrogance, dictated false criticism to the gaping multitude.

But even those who are endued with good natural Taste, often judge implicitly and by rote, without ever consulting their own Taste. Instances of this passive indolence, or rather this unconsciousness of one's own faculties, appear every day; not only in the fine arts, but in cases where the mere *Taste*, according to the original meaning of the word, is alone concerned. For I am positive there are many thousands who, if they were to bring their own palate to a severe examination, would discover that they really find a more delicious flavour in mutton than in venison, in flounder than in turbot, and yet prefer middling or bad venison to the best mutton; that is, what is scarcest and dearest, and consequently what is, from the folly of mankind, the most in vogue, to what is really the most agreeable to their own private taste.

In matters of Taste, the public, for the most part, suffers itself to be led by a few who perhaps are really no judges: but who, under the favour of some advantages of title, place, or fortune, set up for judges, and are implicitly

ſtily followed even by thoſe who have taſte. Theſe waſhy dictators have learnt at ſchool to admire ſuch authors as have for ages been poſſeſſed of an undiſputed renown: but they would never have been the firſt to have diſcovered ſtrokes of true genius in a cotemporary writer, though they had lived at the court of Auguſtus or of Queen Elizabeth.

So undiſtinguiſhing is our Taſte, that if the moſt torpid dunce this fruitful age can boaſt of, could by ſome artful impoſture prepoſſeſs the public, that the moſt inſipid of all his own bread-ſauce compoſitions, to be publiſhed next winter, was a piece of Milton's, or any other celebrated author, recovered from duſt and obſcurity, it would be received with univerſal applauſe; and perhaps be tranſlated into French before the town had doated ſix weeks upon it. One might venture to ſay too, that if a work of true ſpirit and genius was to be introduced into the world, under the name of ſome writer of low reputation, it would be rejected even by the greateſt part of thoſe who pretend to lead the taſte. And no wonder, while an eminent vintner has miſtaken his own old hock at nine ſhillings the bottle for that at five.

SKETCH IV.

OF TURGID WRITING.

NOISE and bluſter is what paſſes for ſublime with the great majority of readers; and there are people who think nothing can be ſtrong or ſolid but what is clumſey. Yet the genteel dignity of Whitehall, and the elegant chearful ſimplicity of St. Paul's in Covent Garden, may ſtand as long as that purſe-proud wittol the Treaſury, or even the ſquat ſolidity of the Horſe Guards.

Unnatural, forced, exaggerated ſwelling, whether in ſentiments or language, is owing to falſe taſte and want of true genius. The Hercules of Goltzius is that very ſublime in perſon. It is intended to expreſs the moſt exceſſive robuſtneſs of figure: but the painter, in endeavouring to repreſent the human form in it's utmoſt degree of ſtrength, has aggravated the demi-god into a mere aukward monſter; as ridiculous a giant as either of the brothers at Guildhall.

To take it in another view, that clumſey robuſtneſs of manner, which, by the way, does not partake of true vigour, for that always performs it's buſineſs without ſtraining, is the ſame thing to the ſpirited eaſe which is neceſſary to good writing, that the aukward efforts of a huge, heavy, ill-ſhaped dray-horſe, and a lame one too, are to the eaſy actions of the moſt ſupple Arabian that ever was dreſſed by St. Amour.

That writing can never be very good which is not eaſy; but it does not follow that all eaſy writing is good. Writing may be very eaſy, and yet, Heaven knows, very inſipid. And when you begin to ſuſpect that your writing is eaſy indeed, but wants ſpirit, the wiſeſt thing you can do is to let your pen drop and go to bed.

SKETCH V.

OF AFFECTATION OF WIT, AND FLORID WRITING.

IT is not always ſo eaſy to get rid of an impertinent companion, as of a ſilly book; otherwiſe, to be for ever aiming at Wit, would be as teazing and intolerable in writing as in converſation. Too much even of genuine Wit is cloying, and the vanity of diſplaying it inceſſantly will fatigue and diſguſt every reader whoſe taſte is true. Olives, caveare, anchovies, and Dutch herrings, do very well in their place; but, in the name of all the hoſpitable powers, do not oblige us to dine upon them. Let us firſt lay a foundation of good plain beef or mutton, if you pleaſe: for there is no living upon pickles or ſweetmeats alone.

The ground-work of every performance, even of thoſe which admit or require the greateſt profuſion of ornaments, ought to be plain and ſimple. Obſerve Nature: in the meadow, the

ſweet green, which never dazzles the ſight, is the predominant colour; while the gaudy flowers, red, white, yellow, blue, and purple, are careleſsly interſperſed. This is infinitely more pleaſing and beautiful than that inſipid, childiſh, uncomfortable bauble called a flower-knot; and the wild variety of the woods as far excels the richeſt plantation of flowering ſhrubs. I would not be above taking a hint even from the mechanic arts: if a ſuit of cloaths is overcharged with lace, it becomes tawdry and ungenteel. In every work, the true taſte is to diſpoſe the ornaments with eaſe and propriety, and not to be affectedly or too oſtentatiouſly prodigal of them. By this means you beſtow upon your performance an elegant richneſs, and ſuch a modeſt dignity as will pleaſe every true eye, though it may quite eſcape the notice of the vulgar, and falſe critics of all ranks, who delight in nothing but what is glaring, tawdry, and oſtentatious.—No, I beg their pardon: for they are ſometimes in raptures, or ſeem to be ſo, with what is altogether inſipid.

Let the ornaments be never ſo well executed, if they are not eaſily and naturally introduced, they will have an aukward effect. The moſt beautiful woman may diſguſt you by oſtentation, and a declared intention to charm. As often as it is poſſible to contrive it ſo, the ornaments ſhould be, or at leaſt appear to be, of ſome uſe towards the main deſign of the work: but when they are bluntly produced, and with too barefaced a purpoſe to dazzle or entertain, inſtead of your admiration, they raiſe your contempt. A maſque, a coronation, or a proceſſion upon our ſtage, is, for the moſt part, an inſipid, tawdry, tireſome ſhew. But if it was really an ornament, to introduce it with propriety and grace, it ought to be contrived as an incident to help on the buſineſs of the piece: as in the maſque in Romeo and Juliet; and the funeral proceſſion, ſuch as it is, in Richard the Third; which, notwithſtanding ſome want of *decorum*, as the critics call it, and of probability in the ſcene, has ſtill ſome kind of pretence to aſſiſt in the buſineſs of the fable.

To conclude: the ornamental parts of a work coſt the leaſt trouble to a writer who has any luxuriance of imagination. To ſupport the plain parts with an eaſy dignity, ſo as they ſhall neither become flat on the one hand, nor diſguſtingly ſtiff on the other, is a much more difficult taſk. And yet, if you ſucceed never ſo well here, you will receive little thanks from the generality of readers; who will be apt to imagine they could eaſily perform the ſame kind of work themſelves, till they come to try it.

SKETCH VI.

OF OBSCURE WRITING.

AS the firſt end of all writing and ſpeaking is to be underſtood, it ſeems to follow, that Obſcurity muſt be the greateſt fault in either. One would think it needleſs to inſiſt upon this; yet there are readers ſo abſurd as to admire an author the more for every now and then plunging into the unintelligible: as a daſh of myſtery procures more reverence from weak minds to any ſcheme of religion, than it's moſt virtuous or moſt rational precepts. Some clumſey ſcholars too, who muſt needs be making aukward love to the ſcornful Muſes, and tumbling them with their coarſe paws; when they come to an obſcure paſſage in an author, whom they are determined to admire, tell us we muſt not always expect the ſame clearneſs in writers of the firſt claſs as in the more inferior ones. Such is their cant even in talking of dramatic writing, in which Obſcurity is more unpardonable than almoſt in any other kind of production. But the dulleſt and moſt ſhallow of thoſe critics could write obſcurely himſelf; and if he writes much, he muſt have *ill luck* not to do it ſometimes. For to write obſcurely requires no other talent or ſkill than to expreſs one's meaning imperfectly; or if that is not enough, to write without any meaning at all. However, amongſt a different kind of critics, perſpicuity has always been reckoned an eſſential quality to good writing; and if ſometimes a great author is found deficient in this article, it only ſhews how difficult it is to expreſs ſome things with clearneſs and eaſe. For one may very ſafely preſume that no good writer, where it was prudent to ſpeak out, ever expreſſed himſelf obſcurely from choice.

SKETCH

SKETCH VII.

OF THE MODERN ART OF SPELLING.

AN author ſeems reduced to great extremities, who flies to new Spelling to diſtinguiſh himſelf.

Theſe innovations are pedantic and conceited trifles; and the beſt, or rather the only good reaſon for ever altering a long eſtabliſhed Spelling, is, that the writing may come the nearer to the pronunciation. But our reformers in the art of Spelling, who at preſent chiefly confine themſelves to one claſs of words, to ſubſtantive nouns and verbs derived from the Latin, ſuch as *honour*, *favour*, *labour*, while they write *honor*, *favor*, *labor*, increaſe the diſtance between the writing and pronunciation, or rather they produce one where there was none before; for the *u* in all theſe words, except in a few where it is generally omitted in the common ſpelling, as *horror*, *terror*, is at leaſt as much felt in the pronunciation as the retained vowel *o*. Some have, unhappily enough, ſubjected to the ſame innovation other words, which contain the diphthong *ou*, though they have no relation at all to the Latin, and write, *endeavor*, *neighbor*, *behavior*. Why don't they proſcribe this hated *u* in *adjectives* too; and inſtead of *invidious*, *odious*, *glorious*, write *invidios*, *odios*, *glorios*? As they have gone ſo far, I can ſee no good reaſon why they ſhould ſtop ſhort here.

Trifles betray the character: and it is ſomewhat ſtrange, if it has eſcaped the penetration of thoſe philoſophers who have employed part of their talents in characteriſing the age, that there hardly needed any other inſtance to diſtinguiſh the preſent as an *unmanly* one than this very averſion to the honeſt vowel *u*; without whoſe aſſiſtance it would be impoſſible to pronounce ſome of the moſt important and moſt intereſting words, to any thing of a man, in the whole Engliſh language. And it is not unworthy our obſervation here, that a late noble Author, whoſe parts were manly enough in the earlier days of his life, did not begin to *caſtigate* his Spelling after this manner, till he was conſiderably advanced in years.

SKETCH VIII.

OF NEW WORDS.

IT is the eaſieſt thing imaginable to coin words. The moſt ignorant of the mobility are apt to do it every day, and are laughed at for it. What beſt can juſtify the introducing a new Word is neceſſity, where there is not an eſtabliſhed one to expreſs your meaning. But while all the world underſtands what is meant by the word *pleaſure*, which ſounds very well too, what occaſion can there be for ſaying *volupty* *?

Nothing can deform a language ſo much as an inundation of new words and phraſes. It is, indeed, the readieſt way to demoliſh it. If there is any need to illuſtrate the barbarous effects which a mixture of new words muſt produce, only conſider how a diſcourſe, patched all over with ſentences in different languages, would ſound; or how oddly it would ſtrike you in a ſerious converſation to hear, from the ſame perſon, a mixture of all the various dialects and tones of the ſeveral counties and ſhires of the three kingdoms: though it is ſtill the ſame language. To make it ſenſible to the eye; how greatly would a mixture of Roman, Italick, Greek, and Saxon characters, deform a page? A picture, imitating the ſtyle of different maſters, which is commonly called a Gallery of Painters, can never be pleaſing for the ſame reaſons, want of union and harmony.

The preſent licentious humour of coining and borrowing words, ſeems to portend no good to the Engliſh language; and it is grievous to think with what *vo-*

* See ſome poſthumous works of a right honourable Author, publiſhed not many years ago in *defence* of our holy religion.

lupty two or *poetararorencouroac** eminent perſonages have *opiniatred* the *inchoation* of ſuch *futile* barbariſms.

In ſhort, the liberty of coining words ought to be uſed with great modeſty. Horace, they ſay, gave but two, and Virgil only one to the Latin tongue, which was ſqueamiſh enough not to ſwallow thoſe, even from ſuch hands, without ſome reluctance.

I cannot conclude without putting our writers and ſpeakers in mind of an excellent advice from Mr. Pope, on this ſubject of new and old words:

Be not the firſt by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide†.

SKETCH IX.

OF SUPERANNUATED WORDS.

INSTEAD of creating a parcel of aukward new words, I imagine it would be an improvement to degrade many of the old ones from their peerage. I am but a private man, and without authority; but an abſolute prince, if he was of my opinion, would make it capital ever to ſay *encroach* or *encroachment*, or any thing that belongs to *encroaching*. I would commit *inculcate*, for all it's Latinity, to the care of the paviours; and it ſhould never appear above ground again. If you have the leaſt ſympathy with the human ear, never ſay *purport* while you breathe; nor *betwixt*, except you have firſt repeated *between* till we are quite tired of it. *Methinks* ſtrongly reſembles the broken language of a German in his firſt attempts to ſpeak Engliſh. *Methought* lies under the ſame objection, but it ſounds better.

It is full time that *froward* ſhould be turned out of all good company, eſpecially as *perverſe* is ready at hand to ſupply his place. *Vouchſafe* is a very civil gentleman; but as his courteſy is ſomewhat old-faſhioned, we wiſh he would *deign* or *condeſcend*, or *be pleaſed* to retire.

From what rugged road, I wonder, did *ſwerve deviate* into the Engliſh language?—But this *ſubject matter!*—In the name of every thing that is diſguſting and deteſtable, what is it? Is it one or two ugly words? What is the meaning of it? Confound me if ever I could gueſs! Yet one dares hardly ever peep into a preface, for fear of being ſtared in the face with this naſty *ſubject matter*.

Wittol is an old-faſhioned, ill-ſounding word; but as there is frequent occaſion for it, and no other word ſo perfectly expreſſes it's meaning, we cannot afford to part with it.

But to pick out all the aukward old words, which continue to be as current amongſt us as the worn-out ſixpences, it would be neceſſary to peruſe the dictionary from A to Z. A moſt deſperate uncomfortable labour! As heart-breaking a taſk as it would be to wade through half a volume of the *Statutes at Large*; nay, by Heaven! I would almoſt as ſoon take it upon me to read the moſt inſipid tragedy that has been brought upon the ſtage theſe ſeven years. But if one could ſubmit to this labour, and ſhould preſume to ſet a mark upon every word one did not reliſh, there may be people of a different opinion; and no private perſon has authority enough to prohibit the uſe of any word, if he finds it ever ſo intolerable to his own ear. For my part, I ſhall endeavour to paſs through life as inoffenſively as poſſible, both to the world and my own conſcience; and hope, and pray, I may never be reduced to the neceſſity of uſing

One *word*, which dying, I would wiſh to blot‡.

* The word for the number *three*, in one of the American languages; which, to judge by this ſpecimen, cannot be barbarous for want of polyſyllables.

† See Mr Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

‡ See the Epilogue to Mr. Thomſon's Coriolanus.

SKETCH X.

OF MUSIC.

MUSIC, I preſume, can no further be properly called one of the imitative arts, than as it expreſſes the Paſſions; and in this reſpect only can be admitted as the ſiſter of Poetry and Painting. So that mere harmony has little pretenſion to ſuch an alliance; for it is no more Muſic than mere verſification is poetry.

The Italian compoſitions, for the moſt part, mean nothing beyond harmonious ſound; and are as much inferior to whatever is truly pathetic in Muſic, as a tragedy, which depends upon noiſe and ſhew, is to a plain paſſionate one, which repreſents a natural and moving picture of life, and of the human mind. A family piece, even ſuch a one as the celebrated work of Vandyke at Wilton; where, though the drawing is exact, and the attitudes eaſy and natural, the figures are all gaping and unemployed; is a mighty tame performance when compared with a grand hiſtory by Raphael, Rubens, or the ſame Vandyke himſelf, where every thing is expreſſive, warm, paſſionate, and intereſting.

But it is not even mere harmony; difficulty of execution is the ſublime, at which the greateſt part of our modern maſters aſpire; as if it required the leaſt genius either to compoſe or execute difficult muſic. While theſe are the objects of emulation amongſt our compoſers and performers, the opera is likely to *continue* a moſt raviſhing entertainment.

We run mad, or rather fooliſh, after this imported muſic; while we have much better of our own. Moſt of the modern Italian compoſitions only trifle with the ear; the Welch, the Scotch, the Iriſh muſic, reaches the heart. The productions of our preſent Italian maſters are thrummed over for a ſeaſon, becauſe they are new; and forgot for ever afterwards, becauſe when you have heard them twenty times, you find them ſtill as inſipid as at firſt. The muſic, which charmed theſe iſlands long before the boaſted revival of this art in Italy, or rather in Flanders, is as eſtabliſhed as the antient claſſics; and thoſe compoſitions, ſhort and ſimple as they are, never become thread-bare, but give delight and rapture every time they are heard.

There is a certain reſemblance of air between the muſic of the antient Britons, the Iriſh, and the Scotch; and yet they are all very diſtinguiſhable from one another. There is a remarkable difference of character even between the muſic of the north and the ſouth of Scotland. The northern is generally martial, for the moſt part melancholy, and bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the Iriſh: the ſouthern is paſtoral and amorous, with ſuch an air of tender melancholy, as love and ſolitude, in a wild romantic country, are apt to inſpire. Each of them has a wildneſs peculiar to itſelf. The wild ſpirit of the ſouth breathes a ſweeter air of rural ſolitude; that of the north is more ſolemn, and ſometimes what one might almoſt call dreadful. Beſides, the gay ſprightly airs which each of them has produced, are in as different ſtyles as the genius and manners of the people in the two extremities of Scotland, or the face of the countries they inhabit; both of which are wild, but I believe, with a very different air.

The Britiſh poetry is univerſally allowed, by the beſt judges of both, to be much ſuperior to the Italian; and why ſhould you wonder to find the muſic of the one country brought into competition with that of the other? The muſic of theſe iſlands ſeems to agree in character with that of the antients; which, from the accounts we have of it, excelled in ſimplicity and paſſion. How ſimple the muſic muſt have been that delighted Greece in the days of Alcæus, Sappho, Pindar, and Anacreon, ſeems to appear from the very make of their capital inſtrument the Lyre.

SKETCH XI.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

RHYME, we have often been told, is a modern invention; though, if that was a crime, it might perhaps be proved to be not so very modern either. It is reckoned a barbarous one by some pedants; who finding, I suppose, from the opinion of better judges than themselves, that it is abominable in Greek and Latin, conclude that it must not be less so in French and in English. The contrary is evident to every one that has ears, and dares think for himself: for in English, rhyme is capable of much harmony; and the French can have no versification without it. But some people, who ought to know better, seem to make no allowance for the original deference between one language and another; and are ready to quarrel with the English as a barbarous language, because it is not Latin or Greek. They do not consider that every language has powers and graces peculiar to itself; and that what is becoming in one would be quite ridiculous in another. Of this it is sufficient to produce one obvious example: the transposition of words, which gives such a grace and spirit to the Greek and Latin languages, and without which they would become detestably flat and insipid, does not at all suit the genius of the English; except sometimes in poetry: and, by the way, I am afraid there are too many ungraceful transpositions current amongst our English poets.

But it is not only a few obscure pedants who are thus dissatisfied with their mother-tongue; and would be glad for it's improvement to torture it from it's native shape, some into Latin, and others into French: for attempts of this nature have been actually made by men of superior note. Sir Philip Sidney, who, notwithstanding his affected manner, must be allowed to have possessed a great share of genius, would every now and then spur up his gallant English into a most unbecoming ridiculous trot after the Greek and Latin hexameters. It is certainly impossible to introduce the Greek and Latin measures into English poetry with any success; yet Sir Philip was fond of this project, and pursued it with a strange obstinacy. He recommended it to Spenser; but Spenser had too true an ear to relish such aukward unnatural versification, or countenance it by his example. At least there is nothing remains of him to shew that he ever practised it. There have been attempts made since to the same purpose by Milton and some later authors. But there never was any thing seen so ungraceful, or so despicably pedantic, as all essays of that kind which have hitherto appeared. I do not know that it has ever yet been tried, except by Milton in some parts of his Samson; but of all the Greek or Latin measures, the Iambic seems the most capable of being adopted into the English poetry.

I have either read or heard that a poet of the last century, whom I shall not name, because I am not perfectly sure of the fact, pretended to some secrets in versification, which he did not chuse to communicate. If it was so, it shewed a jealousy unworthy of so great a master of numbers: he might safely enough, for his own superiority, have published those secrets, whatever they were; for it is impossible they could ever be of much use. He could easily advise you to vary your pauses, and tell you which are the most graceful: but these and all such precepts are nothing to the purpose; a good ear will naturally produce harmony without the least regard or attention to rules; and there is no cure for a bad one. The only way to improve the ear, whether good or bad, is to accustom it to the most harmonious writing.

Blank verse admits of a greater variety of pauses than rhyme, and is partly for that reason the fittest for works of any considerable length. But in English poetry I question whether it is possible, with any success, to write odes, epistles, elegies, pastorals, or satires, without rhyme. And it happens luckily, that in these short pieces the ear has not time to be tired with the return of the chimes: which, in my humble opinion, had better sometimes play a little false to one another than be for ever scrupulously exact; provided such licences never shock the ear.

It does not require a very exquisite

ear

ear to write two ſmooth or even harmonious lines running: yet in rhyme, a poet, who is always very careful to poliſh his couplet, may paſs with the multitude for a great maſter in verſification. But as long as his harmony is confined within ſuch narrow bounds, he writes but like a ſchool-boy, who keeps in the line only with the help of ruled paper.

Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope took offence, one does not know why, at the triplet, and very rarely condeſcended to admit it into their verſe. It is true, it had been uſed to a nauſeous exceſs by ſome taſteleſs writers; and Mr. Pope's own imitation of Rocheſter might juſtly enough give him a diſguſt to the triplet for his whole life. Yet it contributes not a little to the grace of Dryden's verſification: and I can ſee no reaſon why it ſhould be prohibited now; as it gives a variety to the numbers, which in rhyme are ſufficiently limited to require ſuch a help: beſides, it may often be in your power, by it's means, to compreſs within three lines what muſt otherwiſe ſtraggle into four, and of courſe become languid and ſpiritleſs.

Variety is the ſoul of verſification; and the march of the lines ought to be adapted to the ſubject. The meaſure is the ſame in both; but had Horace wrote his epiſtles or ſatires in the ſame kind of numbers with Virgil's Æneid, it would have been a monſtrous impropriety; like hunting the fox or hare on a war-horſe, with the equipage of a general at a review, or on the day of battle. He knew very well that, in familiar writing, dignity of verſification would be quite ridiculous. Accordingly in thoſe parts his numbers are looſe, rambling, and often almoſt proſaic. But in his moſt careleſs and licentious periods he ſeldom or never hurts the ear: and as often as there is any thing great in his ſentiment, his expreſſion and numbers riſe in proportion, and ſuſtain themſelves with a native unaffected dignity; till without falling he deſcends on eaſy and dextrous wings to the familiar again.

It does not ſeem quite foreign to the preſent ſubject to take ſome notice of a certain French author, who, after having given it as his opinion, that Mr. Pope *is the moſt harmonious of all the Engliſh poets*, adds, with a very plauſible aſſurance, that *he has reduced the ſharp hiſſings of the Engliſh trumpet to the ſweet ſounds of the flute**. It is no great wonder, that one who is apt to write much at random, ſhould preſume to talk ſo contemptuouſly of a manly, an elegant, and harmonious language, with which he plainly appears to have but a very ſuperficial acquaintance. But who ever talked before of the *hiſſings of a trumpet* —or of *ſharp hiſſings?* We have all heard of the *hoarſe trumpet*, but the *hiſſing trumpet* is an inſtrument with which we are not yet acquainted. However, to paſs theſe little improprieties, this compliment to Mr. Pope ſhews how well this critic is qualified to pronounce ſentence upon the Engliſh poets. No one is more ſenſible than I am of Mr. Pope's merit; but his blindeſt admirer might ſtartle at the preference beſtowed upon him here. For, not to mention the great names of Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, and Milton, upon ſuch an occaſion; let us only compare Mr. Pope in this point of view with a writer upon whom, as they ſay, he formed himſelf, and whom not only in his own opinion, but in that of many others, he is thought to have excelled in the art of verſifying. It is almoſt needleſs, after this, to ſay that I mean Dryden; whoſe verſification I take to be the moſt muſical that has yet appeared in rhyme. Round, ſweet, pompous, ſpirited, and various; it flows with ſuch a happy volubility, ſuch an animated and maſterly negligence, as I am afraid will not ſoon be excelled. From the fineneſs of his ear, his proſe too is perhaps the ſweeteſt, the moſt mellow and generous, that the Engliſh language has yet produced.

Had Mr. Voltaire known as much of the Engliſh poets as he pretends to do, he might have found ſomething like the *ſweet ſound of the flute* in Mr. Waller; who wrote before Mr. Pope was born. Mr. Voltaire, before he preſumed to compare the Engliſh poets, ſhould have known, that before Mr. Waller appeared, there was one Edmund Spenſer a poet, whoſe verſe was not merely indolently ſmooth, but ſpirited alſo and harmonious. And if Mr. Voltaire was

* Mr. Pope—Eſt, je crois, le poete le plus elegant, le plus correct, et ce qui eſt encore beaucoup, le plus harmonieux qu'ait en l'Angleterre. Il a reduit les ſifflemens aigres de la trompette Angloiſe au ſons doux de la flute. VOLTAIRE—*Lettres ſur les Anglois.*

a perfect

a perfect and a candid judge in this case, he would own, that there was more harmony in many of the English poets —much more than the French language can attain to, or an ear debauched by the French versification is capable of relishing.

SKETCH XII.

OF THE VERSIFICATION OF ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

THE greatest part of our modern writers of Tragedy seem to think it enough to write mere blank verse; no matter however hard it be, however void of swelling and harmony. Even those of them who write the best numbers, study to be solemn and pompous throughout, and affect a monotomy of heroic Versification, from the first appearance of the heroine with her confidante, to her last fatal exit; without the least regard to the variety of passions, which express themselves in quick or slow, flowing or interrupted, in languishing or impetuous movements.

The proper Versification of English Tragedy is most certainly blank verse; but as different from the solemn and majestic movement of heroic poetry as the Iambic is from the Hexameter. What a monstrous production would a Greek or Latin tragedy in hexameter verse appear! The ancients found the grave Iambic their proper measure for tragedy; as it is at the same time capable of all the dignity which that kind of poem requires, and descends with the greatest ease to the level of prose and conversation. Such as is the Iambic in Latin, is blank verse in English: but by no means the blank verse of Paradise Lost.

The numbers ought to be accommodated to the passion: and though in some parts of tragedy it is proper they should be slow, or solemn, or languishing, they ought for the most part to run somewhat rambling and irregular; and often rapid and subsultory, so as to imitate the natural cadence and quick turns of conversation.

Shakespeare, who I will venture to say had the most musical ear of all the English poets, is abundantly irregular in his Versification: but his wildest licences seldom hurt the ear; on the contrary, they give his verse a spirit and variety, which prevents it's ever cloying. Our modern tragedy-writers, instead of using the advantages of their own language, seem in general to imitate the monotony of the French Versification: and the only licence they ever venture upon, is that poor tame one, the supernumerary syllable at the end of a line; which they are apt to manage in such a manner as to give their verse a most ungraceful halt. But it is not want of ear alone which makes our common manufacturers of tragedy so insipidly solemn and so void of harmony: it is want of feeling. For let the ear be what it will, if the passions are warmly felt, they will naturally express themselves in their proper tones.

Tragedy requires a greater variety of numbers than any other poetical productions; as it is the most agitated with different passions. The march of every poem of any considerable length, but chiefly of tragedy, ought to resemble the course of a river through a large extent of country diversified with plains, hills, and mountains. The stream, according as the ground lies through which it flows, is either slow, smooth, and solemn; or brisk and sportful; or rapid, impetuous, and precipitate. Such and so various ought to be the Versification of tragedy; instead of that stiff affected importance of movement, which is now absurdly and awkwardly supported through the whole course of these sublime performances.

But besides this studied dignity; this inflexible gravity of pace; this unvaried exactness of measure without spirit or harmony; this immoveable hardness and want of fluctuation in the lines; there is no language so unnatural as that you meet with in most of our modern tragedies. The characters they represent are too heroic, it would seem, and too much exalted above common life, to speak *after the manner of men*. The misfortune is, most of our tragedy-writers labour with all their might, and keep themselves perpetually upon the rack, to say every thing poetically: for it

it never enters into their head, that the moſt natural is the moſt poetical way of ſaying common things; except ſometimes where you can properly raiſe your expreſſion by an eaſy metaphor. Let the ſentiments be ſuch as beſt ſuit the character and ſituation, and they cannot be expreſſed with too much plainneſs and ſimplicity, provided all vulgariſms are as much as poſſible avoided.

As to the Characters; if it was not for a very few exceptions, one would think the art of drawing them was loſt amongſt our dramatic writers. Thoſe that appear in moſt of our modern plays, tragedies call them, or comedies, are like bad portraits; which indeed repreſent the human features, but without life or meaning; or thoſe diſtinguiſhing ſtrokes which, in the incomparable Hogarth, and in every great hiſtory painter, make you imagine you have ſeen ſuch perſons as appear in the picture. In ſhort, thoſe mechanical performances are as imperfect as unnatural repreſentations of human life, of the manners and paſſions of mankind, as the Gothic knights which lie along in armour in the Temple church are of the human figure.

SKETCH XIII.

OF IMITATION.

THE humble vanity, as one may call it, of imitating another perſon's manner, is one great ſource of affectation; which is generally ridiculous, and always diſagreeable. A perſon whoſe natural turn is genteel, if he keeps good company, will inſenſibly acquire as much of their manner as becomes him; but if he ſets up any one as a pattern to be exactly imitated, his behaviour will grow conſtrained, ſtiff, and affected. Such will be the conſtant ſucceſs of ſo abſurd an attempt to confine the variety of nature; which plainly intends that mankind ſhould be diſtinguiſhable one from another by their air, voice, and manner, no leſs than by their faces.

A poet, a painter, or a player, that imitates cloſely, will never excel; and this will hold good in every thing elſe that belongs to genius. It is true, that education and ſtudy are neceſſary to the improvement of genius: but to this purpoſe it is ſufficient to be familiarly acquainted with the greateſt maſters; and the earlier in life the better. By this means, if you delight in them, and have any ſimilarity with them, you will catch their graces without affecting it; and your own original characteriſtical manner will ſtill diſtinguiſh itſelf. But if you ſtudy to form yourſelf upon them, you become only a copy of a copy. The greateſt of them excel by their happy ſkill in copying nature: and if you content yourſelf with ſervilely copying them, without drawing immediately from the common ſubject *nature*; you will always be inferior to your original, and have no chance ever to produce any thing great or ſtriking.

In the mean time, I do not imagine that true genius was ever much hurt by imitating. For though it is natural for young people to imitate a favourite author at firſt, it is not probable that true genius will ſubmit to be ſo fettered long.

SKETCH XIV.

OF WRITING TO THE TASTE OF THE AGE.

WHATEVER ſome have pretended, one may reaſonably enough doubt whether ever an author wrote much below himſelf from any cauſe but the neceſſity of writing too faſt. When this happens to a writer who, with the advantages of leiſure and eaſy circumſtances, is capable of producing ſuch works as might charm ſucceeding ages, it is a diſgrace to the nation and the times wherein ſuch a genius had the misfortune to appear.

It belongs to true genius to indulge it's own humour; to give a looſe to it's own fallies; and to be curbed, reſtrained, and directed, by that ſound judgment alone which neceſſarily attends it. It belongs to it to improve and correct the public taſte; not to humour or meanly proſtitute itſelf to the groſs or low taſte which it finds. And you may depend upon it, that whatever author labours to accommodate himſelf to the taſte of his age—ſuppoſe it, if you pleaſe, this preſent age—the ſickly wane, the impotent decline of the eighteenth century; which from a hopeful boy became a moſt inſignificant man; and, for any thing that appears at preſent, will die a very fat drowſy blockhead, and be damned to eternal infamy and contempt: every ſuch author, I ſay, though he may thrive as far as an author can in the preſent age, will by degrees languiſh into obſcurity in the next. For though naked and bare-faced vanity; though an active exertion of little arts, and the moſt unremitting perſeverance in them; though party, cabal, and intrigue; though accidental advantages, and even whimſical circumſtances; may conſpire to make a very moderate genius the idol of the implicit multitude: works that lean upon ſuch fickle props, that ſtand upon ſuch a falſe foundation, will not be long able to ſupport themſelves againſt the injuries of time. Such buildings begin to totter almoſt as ſoon as their ſcaffolding is ſtruck.

But if you find it neceſſary to comply with the humour of your age, the writing beſt calculated to pleaſe a falſe taſte, is what has ſomething of the air of good writing, without being really ſo. For to the vulgar eye the ſpecious is more ſtriking than the genuine. The beſt writing is apt to be too plain, too ſimple, too unaffected, and too delicate, to ſtir the callous organs of the generality of critics, who ſee nothing but the tawdry glare of tinſel; and are deaf to every thing but what is ſhockingly noiſy to a true ear. They are ſtruck with the fierce glaring colours of Old Frank; with attitudes and expreſſions violent, diſtorted, and unnatural: while the true, juſt and eaſy, the graceful, the moving, the ſublime repreſentations of Raphael, have not the leaſt power to attract them. The bullying, noiſy march in Judas Macchabeus, has perhaps more ſincere admirers than that moſt pathetic one in Saul: and in converſation pertneſs and mere vivacity is more felt by the general run of company than eaſy unaffected wit; as flaſhy, bouncing, flatulent cyder, boaſts of more ſpirit than the ſtill vigour of reſerved Madeira.

But the eaſieſt, as well as the moſt effectual, way of writing to the bad taſte of your age, is to ſet out while your genius is yet upon a level with it. Accordingly, if you have a ſon who begins to diſplay a hopeful bloom of imagination, be ſure to publiſh, with all the advantages that can be procured, the very firſt eſſays of his genius. They will hardly be too good to pleaſe; and, beſides, they have a chance to be received with particular favour and admiration, as the productions of a young muſe. When he has thus taken poſſeſſion of the public ear, he may venture, as his genius ripens, to do his beſt; he may write as well as he can, perhaps without much danger of ſinking in reputation. The renown of his firſt crude eſſays will be ſufficient to prejudice the mobility, great and ſmall, in favour of the moſt exquiſite pieces he can produce afterwards. But if he muſt live by his wit, the beſt thing you can do for him is to tranſplant him, as early as poſſible, to Paris; where, in the worſt of days, in the moſt Gothic muſe-deteſting age, there is ſtill ſome ſhelter afforded to the moſt delicate as well as the moſt uncommon flower that bloſſoms in the human mind. In that gay, ſerene, and genial climate, the Muſes are ſtill more or leſs cultivated, though not with the ſame ardour and paſſion in every age; as appears from the following paſſage tranſlated from a French author *, who wrote about the beginning of the preſent century. 'Almoſt 'all the arts have in their turns expe-'rienced that diſguſt and love of change 'which is natural to mankind. But I 'don't know that any one of them has 'felt it more than Poetry; which in 'ſome ages has been exalted to a tri-'umphal heighth, in others neglected, 'diſcouraged, and deſpiſed. About ſixty 'years ago, under the adminiſtration of 'one of the greateſt geniuſes that ever

* Defenſe de la Poeſie; par M. l'Abbé Meſſieu. *Memoires de Literature, Tome 2de.*

'France

'France produced, poetry found itself 'amongst us at it's higheſt pitch of 'glory. Thoſe who cultivated the 'Muſes were regarded with particular 'favour: this art was the road to for-'tune and dignified ſtations. But in 'theſe days this ardour ſeems to be 'conſiderably abated. We do not ap-'pear to be extremely ſenſible to poeti-'cal merit, &c.'

SKETCH XV.

OF PHYSIOGNOMY, OR THE SIMILITUDE BETWEEN THE PERSON AND THE MIND.

THAT the face is a falſe glaſs, is a vulgar error, and ſeems to have taken it's riſe from a few exceptions: for all mankind are ſo much phyſiognomiſts, that whoever happens to find himſelf miſtaken, though but for once, joins the cry of the proverb. All are not alike ſkilled in faces, any more than in unravelling of characters; even the moſt penetrating eye may be miſtaken: yet I will preſume to ſay, that the face is ſeldom a falſe glaſs; and when it proves ſo, it is generally the fault of the beholder. Perhaps indeed Nature has made ſome cheats, ſome to appear worſe, many much better, than they are. This is of a piece with her uſual variety, and was perhaps partly intended to check the preſumption of mankind in judging too raſhly of one another. Yet ſtill the face is not a falſe glaſs. On the contrary, where the qualities of the mind are eminent, it generally ſhews them. For the features of the mind commonly follow thoſe of the face; as the figure of moſt animals, whoſe characters are ſtrong, is expreſſive of their nature. Though you had never heard of a lion, a tiger, a ſerpent, or an alligator, it is natural to think you would at the firſt ſight be afraid of them rather than of a hare, or even a horſe, whoſe appearance might prove formidable, but more from his ſize than his make.

The mind is for the moſt part viſible in the perſon. Thus, a bearish figure is almoſt certainly the rhind or huſk of a rude rough ſoul, never to be poliſhed by any cultivation. If you find any ſweetneſs in the kernel of ſuch a rugged ſhell, it is more than you ought to expect; for a man is one thing, and a cheſnut another. The voice too is in general harſh or ſweet, conformably to the features; and where faces reſemble one another, you will perceive a remarkable ſimilitude in the voice.

Senſe and virtue are often to be found under a plain face and clumſey figure; but elegance and delicacy of mind generally appear in the perſon. Where a falſe and ſpecious elegance appears in the face, you may expect the ſame in the mind; and the herd of mankind will admire them more than the true. Sometimes you meet with a delicate and elegant mind under a face that cannot properly be called handſome: but then you will generally obſerve a ſpirit and expreſſion in ſuch a face that pleaſes a true eye much more than mere regular beauty; for the beſt part of beauty is air, meaning, and expreſſion.

The ancient Greeks, beſides their being the moſt ingenious and elegant, were the moſt beautiful race of mortals that ever appeared in the world. The modern Greeks preſerve the fine mould of their anceſtors; and, if they were bleſt with liberty, would probably in a ſhort time exceed all their neighbours in every excellence that human nature can boaſt of, whether ornamental or ſolid. Exquiſite organs are, I believe, for the moſt part, beautiful too; and it is better to have a handſome ear than a very large one; though the latter is by the laws of the animal œconomy more favourably contrived for the over-hearing of a whiſper.

It is a common obſervation, that the painter conſtantly draws the fineſt *hands* whoſe own is of an elegant make. This is univerſally aſcribed to a cauſe which is perhaps more obvious and plauſible than true: for the painter often draws a hand in attitudes in which he never ſees his own. It was probably more owing to ſomething within themſelves, than to the different ſtiles of nature to which they were accuſtomed, that Rubens and Raphael are ſo different in their ideas of beauty, and their repreſentations of the human form. Vandyke ſtudied under Rubens; and as he lived in the ſame country, was accuſtomed to the ſame

It belongs to true genius to indulge it's own humour; to give a looſe to it's own ſallies; and to be curbed, reſtrained, and directed, by that ſound judgment alone which neceſſarily attends it. It belongs to it to improve and correct the public taſte; not to humour or meanly proſtitute itſelf to the groſs or low taſte which it finds. And you may depend upon it, that whatever author labours to accommodate himſelf to the taſte of his age—ſuppoſe it, if you pleaſe, this preſent age—the ſickly wane, the impotent decline of the eighteenth century; which from a hopeful boy became a moſt inſignificant man; and, for any thing that appears at preſent, will die a very fat drowſy blockhead, and be damned to eternal infamy and contempt: every ſuch author, I ſay, though he may thrive as far as an author can in the preſent age, will by degrees languiſh into obſcurity in the next. For though naked and bare-faced vanity; though an active exertion of little arts, and the moſt unremitting perſeverance in them; though party, cabal, and intrigue; though accidental advantages, and even whimſical circumſtances; may conſpire to make a very moderate genius the idol of the implicit multitude: works that lean upon ſuch fickle props, that ſtand upon ſuch a falſe foundation, will not be long able to ſupport themſelves againſt the injuries of time. Such buildings begin to totter almoſt as ſoon as their ſcaffolding is ſtruck.

But if you find it neceſſary to comply with the humour of your age, the writing beſt calculated to pleaſe a falſe taſte, is what has ſomething of the air of good writing, without being really ſo. For to the vulgar eye the ſpecious is more ſtriking than the genuine. The beſt writing is apt to be too plain, too ſimple, too unaffected, and too delicate, to ſtir the callous organs of the generality of critics, who ſee nothing but the tawdry glare of tinſel; and are deaf to every thing but what is ſhockingly noiſy to a true ear. They are ſtruck with the fierce glaring colours of Old Frank; with attitudes and expreſſions violent, diſtorted, and unnatural: while the true, juſt and eaſy, the graceful, the moving, the ſublime repreſentations of Raphael, have not the leaſt power to attract them. The bullying, noiſy march in Judas Macchabeus, has perhaps more ſincere admirers than that moſt pathetic one in Saul: and in converſation pertneſs and mere vivacity is more felt by the general run of company than eaſy unaffected wit; as flaſhy, bouncing, flatulent cyder, boaſts of more ſpirit than the ſtill vigour of reſerved Madeira.

But the eaſieſt, as well as the moſt effectual, way of writing to the bad taſte of your age, is to ſet out while your genius is yet upon a level with it. Accordingly, if you have a ſon who begins to diſplay a hopeful bloom of imagination, be ſure to publiſh, with all the advantages that can be procured, the very firſt eſſays of his genius. They will hardly be too good to pleaſe; and, beſides, they have a chance to be received with particular favour and admiration, as the productions of a young muſe. When he has thus taken poſſeſſion of the public ear, he may venture, as his genius ripens, to do his beſt; he may write as well as he can, perhaps without much danger of ſinking in reputation. The renown of his firſt crude eſſays will be ſufficient to prejudice the mobility, great and ſmall, in favour of the moſt exquiſite pieces he can produce afterwards. But if he muſt live by his wit, the beſt thing you can do for him is to tranſplant him, as early as poſſible, to Paris; where, in the worſt of days, in the moſt Gothic muſe-deteſting age, there is ſtill ſome ſhelter afforded to the moſt delicate as well as the moſt uncommon flower that bloſſoms in the human mind. In that gay, ſerene, and genial climate, the Muſes are ſtill more or leſs cultivated, though not with the ſame ardour and paſſion in every age; as appears from the following paſſage tranſlated from a French author *, who wrote about the beginning of the preſent century. 'Almoſt 'all the arts have in their turns expe- 'rienced that diſguſt and love of change 'which is natural to mankind. But I 'don't know that any one of them has 'felt it more than Poetry; which in 'ſome ages has been exalted to a tri- 'umphal heighth, in others neglected, 'diſcouraged, and deſpiſed. About ſixty 'years ago, under the adminiſtration of 'one of the greateſt geniuſes that ever

* Defenſe de la Poeſie; par M. l'Abbé Meſſieu. *Memoires de Literature, Tome 2de.*

'France

'France produced, poetry found itself 'amongst us at it's highest pitch of 'glory. Those who cultivated the 'Muses were regarded with particular 'favour: this art was the road to for-'tune and dignified stations. But in 'these days this ardour seems to be 'considerably abated. We do not ap-'pear to be extremely sensible to poeti-'cal merit, &c.'

SKETCH XV.

OF PHYSIOGNOMY, OR THE SIMILITUDE BETWEEN THE PERSON AND THE MIND.

THAT the face is a false glass, is a vulgar error, and seems to have taken it's rise from a few exceptions: for all mankind are so much physiognomists, that whoever happens to find himself mistaken, though but for once, joins the cry of the proverb. All are not alike skilled in faces, any more than in unravelling of characters; even the most penetrating eye may be mistaken: yet I will presume to say, that the face is seldom a false glass; and when it proves so, it is generally the fault of the beholder. Perhaps indeed Nature has made some cheats, some to appear worse, many much better, than they are. This is of a piece with her usual variety, and was perhaps partly intended to check the presumption of mankind in judging too rashly of one another. Yet still the face is not a false glass. On the contrary, where the qualities of the mind are eminent, it generally shews them. For the features of the mind commonly follow those of the face; as the figure of most animals, whose characters are strong, is expressive of their nature. Though you had never heard of a lion, a tiger, a serpent, or an alligator, it is natural to think you would at the first sight be afraid of them rather than of a hare, or even a horse, whose appearance might prove formidable, but more from his size than his make.

The mind is for the most part visible in the person. Thus, a bearish figure is almost certainly the rhind or husk of a rude rough soul, never to be polished by any cultivation. If you find any sweetness in the kernel of such a rugged shell, it is more than you ought to expect; for a man is one thing, and a chesnut another. The voice too is in general harsh or sweet, conformably to the features; and where faces resemble one another, you will perceive a remarkable similitude in the voice.

Sense and virtue are often to be found under a plain face and clumsey figure; but elegance and delicacy of mind generally appear in the person. Where a false and specious elegance appears in the face, you may expect the same in the mind; and the herd of mankind will admire them more than the true. Sometimes you meet with a delicate and elegant mind under a face that cannot properly be called handsome: but then you will generally observe a spirit and expression in such a face that pleases a true eye much more than mere regular beauty; for the best part of beauty is air, meaning, and expression.

The ancient Greeks, besides their being the most ingenious and elegant, were the most beautiful race of mortals that ever appeared in the world. The modern Greeks preserve the fine mould of their ancestors; and, if they were blest with liberty, would probably in a short time exceed all their neighbours in every excellence that human nature can boast of, whether ornamental or solid. Exquisite organs are, I believe, for the most part, beautiful too; and it is better to have a handsome ear than a very large one; though the latter is by the laws of the animal œconomy more favourably contrived for the over-hearing of a whisper.

It is a common observation, that the painter constantly draws the finest *hands* whose own is of an elegant make. This is universally ascribed to a cause which is perhaps more obvious and plausible than true: for the painter often draws a hand in attitudes in which he never sees his own. It was probably more owing to something within themselves, than to the different stiles of nature to which they were accustomed, that Rubens and Raphael are so different in their ideas of beauty, and their representations of the human form. Vandyke studied under Rubens; and as he lived in the same country, was accustomed to the same

kind of objects with his master: yet their works are as different as their persons were; the one robust, but rather clumsey; the other handsome and genteel. In short, the productions of the genius seem to be a kind of propagation, and bear a family resemblance to the parent.

SKETCH XVI.

OF PREJUDICES, POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, OR NATIONAL.

THIS ungenerous spirit, these ill-natured humours only, are soextremely absurd, that if strong instances of them were not seen every day, it would be impossible for a man of sense to believe them. For my own part, if I am totally free from any of the common weaknesses of mankind, I take it to be this. What is it to me what any man's principles are as to religion or government? He has perhaps as good a right as I, perhaps a better, to keep steady to the principles in which he was educated. My religion may, for want of early instruction, appear as strange to him as his can to me. These things are all merely accidental and the effect of education: for a hot-headed churchman, bred at any Protestant university, or the surest Christian that ever dissented from the orthodox church of England, would have been as violent a Mahometan, if he had received his system of religion from the Mufti at Constantinople. Can it be supposed, that Heaven puts itself at the head of any religious party!—I humbly think it appears plainly enough, that the Almighty, who displays such infinite variety in all his works, no more intended that all mankind should be of the same religion, than that they should all be of one colour, speak the same language, observe the same customs, and wear the same dress: and it is not less reasonable than charitable to believe, that the virtuous of all religions are equally acceptable to the universal Father. For little as we know of Heaven, I hope we may, without any blasphemy, presume that the superior powers are at least as reasonable as the best of *us*.

It is still not quite out of nature for people in certain humours, whether from the wine or the weather, to grow sour to one another for matters of mere opinion; nay, and proceed to downright quarrelling, either for the glory of God or their own vanity. But the utmost effort of narrow-thinking, and what appears perfectly astonishing, is the aversion which some people bear in their minds to all those who did not happen to be born on the same spot, in the same little island, or the same corner of an island with themselves. Good God! would you have all the world to have been born in Ireland? In the name of every thing that is whimsical, what does it signify where a man was born? Can it be either a merit or a crime, an honour or a disgrace, to have been born in any particular spot of this globe; were it in St. Giles's, the Old Bailey, or even within the execrable walls of Newgate itself? One would think they must be at a prodigious loss for something to value themselves upon, who are proud of the place of their birth. Most people pretend to laugh at what is called family pride: and yet, though according to nice herald-like ceremony, the son, as the better gentleman, ought to take the wall of the father; this kind of pride is perhaps not quite a proper object of ridicule: for whoever esteems himself upon account of his noble ancestry, must of course emulate their virtues, and be afraid to violate their memory by any action unworthy of them. It is needless, and might be mistaken for flattery, to produce the many shining examples of this generous emulation which adorn the present age. Even without any very distinguishing merit of his own, the son has often some claim to a favourable reception for the sake of his father. But he stands upon a very bleak situation who has nothing to shelter him from contempt but the name of his country. For Heaven's sake, what country is it the most honourable to have been born in? What climate? What latitude? Under the Equator? Or what particular distance from it? I hope it is not in those climates where the weather is the finest, and the seasons the most agreeable. But is there a country, at least in Christendom, where the generality of the people, rough as they run, are not as stupid and as wicked as the arch enemy of mankind would wish to make them? The great bulk

bulk of the Iriſh, I am ſorry to ſay it, are bad enough, very ragged cattle indeed; it is in vain to deny it. The general run of the Scotch, as well as of the French, Spaniards, and Italians, is ſo very, ſo extremely little better, that it might puzzle the moſt ſagacious connoiſſeur to pronounce which is worſt. The Engliſh, though for every kind of merit as eſtimable as any nation in Europe, are, with regard to the great majority of their individuals, juſt as unhappy as the reſt. God preſerve us! what ſtrange animals, what ſhabby Chriſtians, have had the honour to be born in the metropolis of Great Britain!—of reputable, moſt reputable parents too!—in this very London! and not to talk of Rag Fair, or Drury Lane, in the ſuperb neighbourhood of Groſvenor Square, and St. James's itſelf.

But the merit or value ſtamped upon any animal from the meridian of it's nativity, is not more fantaſtical than that which it receives from the place of it's education. Yet there are thouſands who dream that no ſcience is to be learnt but within thoſe very walls, whence after many years reſidence themſelves had come into the world with a moderate enough ſhare of erudition. It would be highly unreaſonable to reflect upon any ſchool, becauſe a great number of dunces happened to have been bred there: but people of this narrow way of thinking are really a reproach to their tutors. One would be ſorry to ſee any illiberal jealouſy riſe amongſt our univerſities for ſuch a ſimple diſpute, (a yet *tetrior quam teterrima belli cauſa*) as which of them has ſent out the moſt numerous herd of learned blockheads. For any blockhead, whoſe genius leads him to much poring over heavy volumes, may become a man of great learning in the moſt illiterate ground, in the moſt unconſecrated you can name. But for their own ſakes it is to be hoped, that thoſe learned bodies will agree to ſuppreſs all animoſities of this nature; leſt in the courſe of their altercations it ſhould be diſcovered, that all thoſe ſeminaries of learning, however dignified with the ſpecious titles of Academies, Colleges, or Univerſities, are mere artful impoſitions upon the ignorance of mankind. For there are many inſtances to prove with what ſmall helps from education good natural parts may ſhine: and a man may turn out a very conſiderable blockhead without ever having been taught metaphyſics.

As the moſt hopeful antidote to the poiſon of this very domeſtic education, one would preſcribe a viſit to foreign parts. And if, after a ramble through Europe, the obſtinate malignity ſhould ſtill ſhew itſelf in freſh eruptions, it might be worth while to try a ſeven years reſidence in America: if the patient returns before he is thoroughly cured, I can ſee no good reaſon why he ſhould not be tranſplanted for life.

But a ſtrong obſtacle to the cure of this folly, is the advantage which ſome *honeſt* people find in fomenting it. For the mob, I mean the great bulk of mankind, in judging of men, are mere botaniſts: they diſtinguiſh them only by their outward types; the claſs or tribe they belong to, or *ſeem* to belong to. For want of being able to penetrate a little deeper into the character, they prefer a man for the cock or no cock of his hat, or the healths he toaſts; and are the more obſtinate in their attachment to him, the leſs reaſon they can give for it: as the votaries of any religion are the more zealous and violent, the further it's principles are removed from common ſenſe.

To conclude, as we begun, with Religion. It is nothing to me in whom or in what any man believes. I have no objection in the world to an honeſt man, becauſe he believes in Mahomet, as long as he gives himſelf no impertinent trouble about my faith. Nay, I could live upon good terms even with a Deiſt; provided he keeps within the bounds of decency, and does not carry with him through life that juvenile vanity, which will not ſuffer him to be quiet, till he has told all the world that he laughs at thoſe things which they conſider as the moſt ſacred and inviolable.

SKETCH XVII.

OF MORAL ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

ODERUNT HILAREM TRISTES, TRISTEMQ; JOCOSI,
SEDATUM CELERES, AGILEM GNAVUMQ; REMISSI.
HOR.

THE SULLEN HATE THE GAY, THE GAY THE SAD,
THE SLOW THE ACTIVE, AND THE QUICK THE STAID.

THIS was obſerved by one who knew mankind as thoroughly as moſt writers. And it is an obſervation that may juſtly be extended to all people of oppoſite diſpoſitions. For every knave naturally hates an honeſt man; and the dimmeſt moſt miſty blockhead has penetration enough, except you would rather call it inſtinct, to diſcover a man of parts; and cold virulence enough to deteſt him. The miſer abhors the man who generouſly enjoys his fortune; and hopes to ſee the prodigal ſtarve. As this is the caſe, it would require ſome ſkill in the doctrine of chances, to calculate how many enemies a man of ſenſe and integrity is likely to have for one friend.

On the other hand, people of ſimilar characters are apt to like one another. There is not a genuine ruffian in Turkey, not even in Chriſtendom, ſo abandoned to all ſenſe of humanity, ſo void of all ſympathy with the human-kind, that would not take ſome little pains at leaſt to favour the eſcape of the wretch who had juſt murdered his father. Upon theſe two principles of averſion and attachment, if they are not rather, in the preſent view, one and the ſame, it is probable that the moſt important of human affairs ſometimes depend. It is perhaps more owing to this than to any ſingle cauſe beſides, that one age is ſo different from another. For a very few individuals in a nation may have influence enough to throw the great weight of it's buſineſs into ſuch hands as ſhall render it either glorious or contemptible, either miſerable or proſperous.

But it is now full time to conclude: for when the writer is tired, it is highly probable the reader muſt begin to yawn, if he is not faſt aſleep already. For which reaſons, what I had further to ſay ſhall be diſpatched in as few words as poſſible, and without any over-ſcrupulous attention to method or regularity.

SKETCH XVIII.

SENTENCES.

THE ſententious manner of writing is apt to be dry, and to give diſguſt by it's oracular air, and a dogmatical over-bearing pretenſion to wiſdom. Perhaps it would be better, if it's ſeverity was alleviated with a comfortable mixture of human nonſenſe. For, to be perpetually *wiſe*, is forbidding, unſocial, and ſomething that does not become human nature, as it does not belong to it. Why ſhould a ſchool-maſter, a parſon, or an apothecary, affect to be as ſolemn and ſublime the whole year round, as if he was a ſeraph or an archangel come to *dwell amongſt us?*

The world has been ſhamefully impoſed upon by many an important fool: but no man of ſenſe ever took any pains to appear wiſe; as no honeſt man ever uſed any tricks to diſplay his own integrity.

Moſt fools, and many ſenſible people, are conceited: but people of the beſt ſenſe never are ſo.

Affectation labours with a diligence that fatigues every ſpectator, but with infallible ſucceſs, to defeat it's own purpoſe; for inſtead of creating love or admiration, it provokes our averſion and contempt. The moſt amiable people are

are always the leaſt affected. Let us make the beſt of what Nature has done for us: ſhe may be improved, but all attempts to alter her from her original ſhape will only expoſe us to ridicule. That aukward beaſt the dromedary, as long as he has any ſenſe, will never pretend to be a Bajazet or an Othello.

I knew a poor gentleman who uſed to be grievouſly tormented with violent fits of the head-ach, becauſe a celebrated poet was ſubject to that complaint. Such a head-ach I ſuppoſe as Jupiter felt juſt before he was delivered of Pallas by the rough midwifery of Vulcan's hammer; which ſeems to give a broad hint towards the cure of this kind of *Cephalalgia*, as the learned doctors delight to call it.

Affectation is the bane of every thing. An honeſt, plain, downright blockhead, ſuppoſing him at the ſame time good-natured, may not only be an uſeful but an agreeable creature. But when a blockhead is ſeized with the whim of being a fine gentleman or a wit, the Lord have mercy upon him—and us.

I am not offended at the inſipidity of Mr. Fitz Dotterell's obſervation, nor even at it's impertinence, becauſe I know he meant me no harm: what provokes me, is that he calls it a joke.

A fellow who, without a grain of wit or humour, will always be joking, is not only a diſagreeable and contemptible companion, but a dangerous one. For his aukward, unwary nonſenſe, will be apt one time or another to make him ſtumble into a quarrel; and he may loſe his friend, or perhaps his life, without the ſatisfaction of having had a good joke for it.

'T'other bottle wo'nt do—No, nor the other hogſhead neither—You great pale-eyed loggerhead, you muſt have patience—You muſt wait a good while before you rouſe Mr. Truewit's mettle—A long time indeed!—You muſt wait till your own wit begins to ſparkle—I am afraid you muſt wait till you're gone.—There is a ſecret power in your preſence enough to check every thing that's genial—You are worſe than a fog or the eaſt wind—The candles burn dim while you're here—and the Burgundy drinks as flat as Port. Good night. Here's to your good repoſe. May you ſleep like any porpus!—But hark ye, good Mr. Van Numb, before you go—You can't live without wit, it ſeems—Bleſs your fat head! are you ſure that you know wit when you hear it?—Let me be curſt if you do, even when you pore over it in print at the rate of an octavo page in an hour.'

It is illiberal, inhuman, and unreaſonable in the higheſt degree, to inſult any man for his being dull: but when dullneſs pretends to genius or parts, it becomes a fair object of ridicule.

True ſatire may be called the rage of probity, and even of good-nature. It is the indignation of virtue and wit againſt vice, ill-nature, and affectation.

From wit to metaphyſics is a deſperate ſtride, yet we will venture it rather than defer our opinion of this ſcience to any future occaſion. We take metaphyſics, in the degree to which they are carried by certain philoſophers, to be *the art of talking grave nonſenſe upon ſubjects that lie beyond the reach of the human underſtanding*. Better talk about the weather ſtill; or blunder through the miſt of politics; or retail thoſe inſipid daily lies we call *news*.

I have ſeen people, that were no fools, laugh at the wrong place, and without being tickled, that they might not appear dull at taking a joke. What is worſe, I have known people, who were not quite fools neither, affect to be angry without feeling any affront; becauſe they would not be thought to want apprehenſion or ſpirit.

Vanity, beſides the ſecret pleaſure it gives one's ſelf, is a very thriving quality; and it is not politic to be at any pains to diſguiſe it, except amongſt people of the beſt ſenſe. For the generality of the world will have the ſame opinion of you that you ſeem to have of yourſelf.

Falſe or middling genius is almoſt always arrogant and vain. The true may be provoked to do itſelf juſtice; but is ſeldom apt to overvalue itſelf.

Though vanity and pride are very different things, we may talk here of that kind of pride which hurts your inferiors, and keeps thoſe at a diſtance who are never likely to abuſe your familiarity. It ſeems to be the conſciouſneſs of little minds, who are afraid of being ſeen too near. It is to be proud only where you may, with the utmoſt ſafety, be ſo; for *thoſe* proud people are almoſt always mean and ſervile to ſuch as rank above themſelves.

Now

Now that we are talking of unreaſonable animals: there is a waſpiſh fellow who muſt diſcharge his venom where he dares; and every day uſes you like a dog—becauſe he's your *couſin* truly, and may be free with you. When the wind is eaſterly this *couſin* becomes abſolutely intolerable. Perhaps, after all, he intends you no great miſchief in the main. But, in my opinon, the beſt way to manage ſuch a *couſin* is to give him a moſt inhuman threſhing. He'll bounce, and fling, and raiſe a curſed outcry; but don't ſpare him: for with Heaven's bleſſing it will do him an infinite deal of good; and make him as civil, till he begins to forget it, as the politeſt enemy you ever had the happineſs to converſe with. Beſides, you'll find a ſublime pleaſure in the exerciſe of juſt vengeance—By all that's imperial, it is a luxury almoſt too high for a ſubject!

Superficial people are always the moſt oſtentatious. I ſuppoſe you may re-remember that you uſed to be the fondeſt and moſt vain of the thing you were but juſt beginning to learn.

Many ſhallow people make their fortunes by the mere force of goſſiping. With ſome it paſſes for knowledge of the world; whereas it is only practiſing an art which, though inſupportably tedious and inſipid to men of taſte and ſpirit, inſtead of coſting *them* any trouble, is their native element; for they were born goſſips.

The blunt ſword is the truſty weapon. And there is nothing ſo infallibly ſucceſsful in all trades and profeſſions as the parts of a blockhead; plodding, ſelfiſhneſs, cunning, and impudence; which laſt virtue may be reckoned the chief of *theſe* cardinal ones; for

Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit Impuendtia.

The ambition of a man of parts is often diſappointed for the want of ſome common quality, with whoſe aſſiſtance very moderate abilities are capable of making a great figure.

Some people have juſt parts enough to do their country a great deal of miſchief: for if their underſtanding was the ſmalleſt degree lower, it would be too glaringly ridiculous to employ them.

Some have died upon the ſcaffold for their faithful ſervices to their ungrateful country. You remember the ſhocking cataſtrophe of thoſe great and good men the De Wits.—By all that's ſtern and horrible! by the black-hung room! by the blood-thirſty ſaw-duſt! you're in the right—The ſureſt way to avoid ingratitude, is never to do one good thing while you live.

Many excellent geniuſes have been loſt. But we ought not to repine too much at this ſeeming inattention of Providence to human affairs; as from the ſame cauſe perhaps a much greater number of ſhocking monſters have been ſmothered and ſuppreſſed. For I am afraid there are more Neros and Caracallas than Tituſes or Trajans in private life, who want nothing but to be emperors to ſhew themſelves. Immortal gods! how many thouſand Claudiuſes *are at this hour aſleep* between Hyde Park Corner and Wapping!

I am afraid it is eaſier to corrupt good natural diſpoſitions by education and habit than to ſubdue bad ones.

There are people that were born liars; who tell you every day very ſeriouſly a parcel of inſipid unmeaning lyes, and probably believe them. It is a mere odd kind of weakneſs in them; they cannot help it; perhaps they are not ſenſible of it. Nay, I do not know whether there is not ſuch an abſurd creature as a thief that has little more ſcheme or meaning than a pilfering jackdaw.

Though there are ſtrange inconſiſtent mixtures in human nature, there never yet was a very fine underſtanding where the heart was bad.

There is a parcel of crazy worthleſs people who ſet up for wits, and bring the name of Poet under a kind of diſgrace with thoſe who do not know that there can be no true genius without a ſound underſtanding and an honeſt heart.

Some of thoſe people do more indiſcreet, irrational, abſurd things, than even nature prompts them to: ſome become ſots, and affect every thing that is indecent and ſhocking, merely that they may paſs, good God! for men of genius; and they are admitted as ſuch by the majority of their acquaintance for no other reaſon.

Oddities and ſingularities of behaviour may attend genius; when they do, they are it's misfortunes and it's blemiſhes. The man of true genius will be

be aſhamed of them: at leaſt, he never will affect to diſtinguiſh himſelf by whimſical particularities.

In ſhort, good ſenſe is the ſolid foundation of all genius, and of every thing that is truly ornamental. It is neceſſary, in ſome degree, even to a good fiddler: ſtill more ſo to one who compoſes muſic. A blockhead, drunk with mortal Port, might have drawled out ſuch a pitiful ſtrain as *God ſave our noble King*—or, *To Arms*, and *Britons ſtrike Home*; but he muſt have had taſte and genius who compoſed *Joy to great Cæſar*, or even *The Early Horn*.

Except Handel's Oratorio, one ſeldom goes to a muſical entertainment where the great bulk of the pieces is not inſipid. They have plenty of good muſic, but the performers are moſt provokingly frugal of the beſt. The reaſon I plainly take to be this: almoſt every ſcraper upon the violin has perhaps compoſed more or leſs muſic himſelf; and, inſtead of the works of the great maſters, they entertain you with their own. If reading was a public entertainment; if authors were the only readers, and the choice were left to them, I ſuppoſe the great writers of former ages would ſoon be forgotten.

It is a queſtion with me, whether the muſic of a country is to be performed, any more than it's language pronounced to perfection, but by thoſe that have been young in it; or, what comes nearly to the ſame thing, have been taught it young by a native of that country.

People of the fineſt ear very often have not the leaſt turn to mimickry: while, on the contrary, ſome of the beſt mimicks are miſ-tuned, and have not the leaſt ear to harmony.

It is impoſſible to make ſuch a definition of wit as ſhall comprehend every kind of it. But it ſeems to conſiſt chiefly in a happy faculty of comparing * diſtant objects, and ſurpriſing you with the diſcovery of a ſtriking reſemblance where you did not dream of finding any.

The wit of ſome, who have a large ſhare of it, is too much of one kind, and proves cloying for want of variety.

An author, who affects to be fine in every thing he ſays, and to write above his ſubject, is juſt as ridiculous a coxcomb as he who performs the moſt indifferent actions with a ſtudied grace. And this affectation is one principal cauſe of the aukward unnatural language which prevails in moſt of our modern tragedies.

Mr. Voltaire obſerves very juſtly of ſome authors, that they have done themſelves no good by endeavouring to be univerſal. It is a fooliſh enough piece of vanity to be ſure; for it requires no great genius to write a ſpiritleſs ode, an affected epiſtle, an inſipid ſatire, a flat comedy, a cold tragedy, and even a flimſy, foppiſh, unintereſting epic poem. Shakeſpeare perhaps poſſeſſed the greateſt compaſs of genius that ever man did, and could excel in every thing, from the nobleſt ſublime down to the burleſque.

In ſome ages the few people of genius ought to publiſh juſt enough to ſhew what they could have done in better times: more is not worth their while.

If there wants any thing beſides the applauſe of the beſt judges to eſtabliſh the reputation of your performance, it is the diſlike of the worſt. For falſe taſte, whatever it may pretend, though it may even impoſe upon itſelf, at it's heart naturally hates true genius.

I have heard talk of an Italian who thought the ſoldier in Vandyke's Beliſarius ſomething quite wonderful from a Flemiſh painter. It would ſeem he had never heard of one Rubens, a native of Flanders, who, *take him for all in all*, weigh him in the niceſt *balance*, is perhaps inferior to few painters that Italy has produced. True taſte is always candid, and naturally delights in true genius, without ever enquiring from what ſoil it ſprung.

I have been told, that ſome French Abbé, whoſe name I forget, pronounces, with a very deciſive air, that Shakeſpeare underſtood all the paſſions but *love*.—Good God!—Shakeſpeare not underſtand *love!*—Who does then?—Voltaire?

Love, anger, grief, all the paſſions are contagious.

Love is the cauſe of more indiſcretions in old people perhaps than in young.

Dr. Swift ſays, that no wiſe man ever wiſhed himſelf younger. The dean

* In ſome ingenious Eſſays, which appeared a few years ago in one of the daily papers, wit was called *a tall faculty of the mind*. There is ſomething odd in the expreſſion, but the meaning is good.

might perhaps have excepted a man renowned for wiſdom, who ſeems to have been gloomy and unhappy in his latter years merely for want of youth.

Died by the ſting of a ſnail would ſound oddly in the bills of mortality. Yet I have known a woman of beauty, ſenſe, and ſpirit, in love with one of the moſt inſipid fellows that ever glared weary ſtupidity from a large dead eye. Whence it appears, that the infatuation of Queen Mab in the Midſummer Night's Dream, however extravagant it ſeems, is not quite out of nature.

As there have been many *ſmall* obſervations made upon *great* claſſics, I muſt take the liberty to venture one. Iago en is his deſcription of a good woman with

She was a wight, if ever ſuch there were—

Here he ſtops, and Deſdemona aſks, *To do what?* It does not appear what leads her to this queſtion, except you add a little word, which ſeems to have dropt out of it's place here without being miſſed.—Suppoſe it was to be read thus:

She was a wight, if ever ſuch there were,
To—

Here the buffoon pauſes, to draw the lady into the queſtion, which it is now natural for her to make; and to give, what he is ready to add, it's full effect of ſurpriſing and diſappointing archly.

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had wit at will, and yet was never loud, &c.
— — —
She was a wight, if ever ſuch there were,
To—

Deſd. To do what?—

Iago. To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall-beer.

Why do the players, in the part of Richard the Third, always ſay—'Give 'me a horſe.' It not only ſounds much better, but the meaning is, in my opinion, more warm and ſpirited as it ſtands in Shakeſpeare—

Give me another horſe—Bind up my wounds—

As I feel it, there is a kind of tame impropriety, or even abſurdity, in that action of Hamlet where he pulls out the two miniatures of his father and uncle. It ſeems more natural to ſuppoſe, that Hamlet was ſtruck with the compariſon he makes between the two brothers, upon caſting his eyes on their pictures, as they hang up in the apartment where this conference paſſes with the queen. There is not only more nature, more elegance, and dignity, in ſuppoſing it thus; but it gives occaſion to more paſſionate and more graceful action, and is of conſequence likelier to be as Shakeſpeare's imagination had conceived it.

But I beg pardon for theſe trifles: and, in hopes that you may not all be ſo ill-natured as to take me at my word, ſhall conclude with a ſcrap of Latin that has, like many others, led a weary life; though it is almoſt as inſipid a thing of the kind as ever came upon the town—

Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.

Which, in plain Engliſh, means no more than that—'I am ſenſible all theſe 'Sketches and Sentences are mere no-'thing.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

SKETCHES;

OR,

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

SKETCH XIX.

OF BUSINESS.

I Should take the moſt natural and agreeable life to conſiſt in a well-proportioned mixture of buſineſs, amuſement, and pleaſure. A life of mere diſſipation and pleaſure muſt be expoſed to many weary, tedious, inſipid hours; and haunted with reflections mortifying to an ingenuous mind. A little buſineſs is neceſſary to keep off the languor which attends idleneſs, and to prepare you for enjoying the hours of indulgence with a proper quickneſs of appetite. Unhappy the man who is obliged to live by the buſineſs to which he has taken an averſion: though perhaps not more miſerable than ſome independent people, who, having nothing to do, have neither taſte nor genius to fill up their time agreeably.

A keen turn to amuſement, and to the common drudging buſineſs of the world, I believe ſeldom meet in the ſame perſon. A ſtrong diſpoſition to ſelfiſh induſtry, obtuſe ſenſations, (which are ſeldom unattended with a proper ſhare of confidence) and a moderate degree of diſcretion and judgment, are ſufficient, with the help of a very ſlight education, to qualify almoſt any man to ſucceed in any buſineſs. And it is evident, from numberleſs inſtances, that a man may arrive at the higheſt ſtation in ſome of the moſt ingenious profeſſions, by juſt the ſame kind of talents and arts as make an eminent taylor or a ſtay-maker.

SKETCH XX.

OF LUCK.

THAT ſenſible, or at leaſt that plauſible, old ſaying, *Quiſquis ſuæ fortunæ faber eſt*, which in plain Engliſh means that *every man is the carpenter or bricklayer of his own fortune*, is not to be admitted without a great many exceptions; for luck, good or bad, will every now and then be meddling, in

what regards the prosperity of such *reptiles*, such *vile worms*, as some humble philosophers are pleased to reckon the race of human kind.

Fortuna favet fortibus—'Fortune favours the brave,' says another. A third says, *Fortuna favet fatuis*—'Fortune favours fools.' This last observation seems to have more examples in it's favour than both the other two; for fools and weak people, they say, are generally remarkable for good luck. But though fortune interferes ever so evidently in their favour, few of them have the generosity or gratitude to own it; ascribing, or what ought rather to be called imputing, their success entirely to their own superior merit.

SKETCH XXI.

OF LARGE SOCIETIES.

WHEN a great number of weak heads and bad hearts are collected into a mass, they must naturally improve in vice and folly; and very fast too, if they are not kept in order by a wise discipline. It was probably from this consideration, amongst others, that in former times, a prince celebrated for wisdom thought it an object of the utmost consequence to a whole kingdom, to put a stop at once to the further growth of it's capital. In a very populous and over-grown city, especially if it happens to be the seat of an extensive commerce, great multitudes of people, without either education or good natural sense, must grow rich. These, in all popular dissentions, will generally throw their weight into the wrong scale; will join the clamour against the most salutary measures; raving for things unreasonable, impracticable, and what, with better eyes, they would often see detrimental and pernicious to themselves. Yet such heads as these lead the rest of the nation, who consider them as their true and incorrupted source of political intelligence; their vigilant guardians, their safe protectors; the soundest, ablest, and most disinterested judges of whatever belongs to the management of national affairs. God knows to what a contemptible degree they are mistaken! For there is nothing more true, than that the inhabitants of a certain metropolis are, in general, not only the most brutal, indecent, and immoral, but the most stupid and ignorant, of the whole people throughout the kingdom.

Oh!—to any one who feels for the honour and dignity of England, what a subject of shame and mortification it must be, that the bad manners of those who inhabit the capital, expose the whole nation to the contempt of all foreigners!—Oh! good God! to the contempt of all Europe; who must naturally form an unjust opinion of the more civilized and more sensible people in all the most distant corners of the kingdom, from what passes *here*. Where the master of the house is a clown, the whole family partakes in his disgrace; and is even apt to be infected by him. Pray don't call the people of this town Englishmen—for the honour of England, call them Londoners for ever—the yesty dregs of Great Britain and Ireland, the frothy scum of every nation in Europe, of every province in America, fermenting with the *Gowk-spittle* of Jamaica*, is their composition. Such Englishmen as these Londoners, good Heaven! are the only real enemies of England; which never can be ruined, but by their stupidity, their absurdity, their madness, and villainy. In this blessed meridian of Liberty, the French Protestants too; whose fathers, within the memory of some that are yet alive, fled hither for shelter from an inhuman persecution; are become, of a most humble colony of suppliants, a gang of profligate ruffians, that madly and ungratefully rebel against a government, to which they owed their protection then, and do to this day. In their own original country, the wheel, instead of the gallows, would long ago have put an end to *their* turbulence.

* This is the name by which the country people in Scotland call the white frothy substance, the nest, in which the gnats eggs are hatched amongst the branches of the sorrel and other plants. *Gowk* is their common word for the *Cuckow*.

SKETCH XXII.

VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

THIS ſentence muſt have been firſt roared out by an impudent leader of ſome villainous faction: and it is ſurprizing that even the implicit indolence of ſenſible people ſhould, to this day, have permitted it to paſs without the leaſt examination. What?—*The cry of the ſtupid, ignorant, profane populace, who conſtitute the great majority of mankind, the voice of God!*—Heaven preſerve us! That this horrible blaſphemy has been ſo long familiar to our ears, that we hear it without ſhuddering, and even acquieſce in it. If thoſe blind gentry are ever in the right, it muſt be by chance, and they have only ſtumbled upon it. The tools of knaves muſt always be in the wrong; and, even when left to themſelves, the multitude hardly ever fail to be miſtaken.

For inſtance: of all thoſe who have, in almoſt every various denomination, from time to time, become favourites with the vulgar here, great and ſmall, within this preſent century, how few will be remembered in the next, except with contempt and infamy! Of thoſe idols, from the moſt exalted ſtations downward to the meaneſt; from the monarch's palace down to the tradeſman's kitchen, how few have not already ſurvived their falſe renown, rotted alive, and diſcovered their deformities naked enough to be perceived by the blindeſt populace that ever diſgraced human nature! who, at the ſame time, are never by any experience, any diſappointments, or the moſt flagrant diſcoveries, to be cured of their natural propenſity to this abſurd and fatal idolatry. This ſtupid idolatry is indeed the only religion that now remains to them. Yet, void as they are both of religion and morals, any cunning impudent knave might ſo operate upon their ſtupidity and ignorance, as to throw them all into a holy ferment again, by ſcreaming out that *the church is in danger*.

SKETCH XXIII.

OF THE PRESS.

THE Liberty of the Preſs is gone, was not long ago wantonly bawled out every night and morning from the lurking holes of Grub Street, from the Fleet, the King's Bench, the Marſhalſea, and perhaps from Newgate itſelf, by a parcel of factious ſcribblers; who, at the ſame time, were weekly and daily flinging about ſuch indecent abuſe, and ſuch impudent pernicious lies, as no wiſe government, except the preſent, in any country, or in any age, would, for it's own dignity, or the peace, harmony, and happineſs of ſociety, have ſuffered. That the Liberty of the Preſs is gone, was, indeed, too true, at the time when this impudent diſingenuous complaint was the moſt clamorous—But how? and in what ſenſe? The daily and weekly conveyers of political intelligence, had, for a long time, almoſt univerſally, as I am told, ſhut up their *channels* to truth and common ſenſe; at leaſt, they ſeldom ſuffered any thing of that kind to paſs. They conveyed nothing almoſt but impudent lyes, nonſenſe, and villainy; which indeed is too much the caſe to this day.

I have for a long time, in ſad earneſt, conſidered the art of printing as a moſt pernicious invention. It puts it in the power of every blockhead and ſcoundrel to propagate ſtupidity, brutality, bad morals, deceit, and impoſture, throughout the land. In ſhort, the preſent indecency and licentiouſneſs of the Preſs, moſt evidently tends to the aboliſhing of it's Liberty, and that of the whole nation.

SKETCH

SKETCH XXIV.

OF THE POOR.

IN any country, opulent or not, it is a disgrace to government, that any one, who dares to claim it's protection, should ever perish for want of necessaries. There ought to be no distress from want. Employ the Poor that are able to work; supply the infirm and superannuated with a comfortable subsistence. The greatest miseries of life are often not to be cured, not even to be soothed, by all the advantages of wealth. And what a shameful inhuman crime it is to neglect those to which a wise police could always apply an infallible remedy!

I say again, there ought to be no distress from want. Employ your Poor that are able to work. But we cannot oblige a *free-born Briton* to work, if he is ever so poor—God forbid!—But why? You can confine this son of freedom in a nasty gaol for a trifling debt; you can send him to Tyburn for a pitiful theft; and yet you cannot oblige him to make himself happy, by earning a comfortable livelihood in the way of honest industry. Very true; for, as a *free Briton*, the poorest man is still his own master.—You mean, he has a right to make himself extremely miserable? But what right has he to recline himself an useless burden upon society? You'll say that society may leave him to starve; as it often does. But what's the good of that? The miserable wretch goes to the dogs; and society loses a hand that might have been of some use. Pray, why do you send your boys to school?—Why, surely, to learn to read and write, and qualify themselves for business, in one shape or another.—Would not they rather pass their time in play, d'ye think?—I suppose they would; but their masters won't suffer them to be idle.—Well, those idle fools we talk of are always children; and ought to be submitted to any authority, that kindly obliges them to be busy for their own happiness.

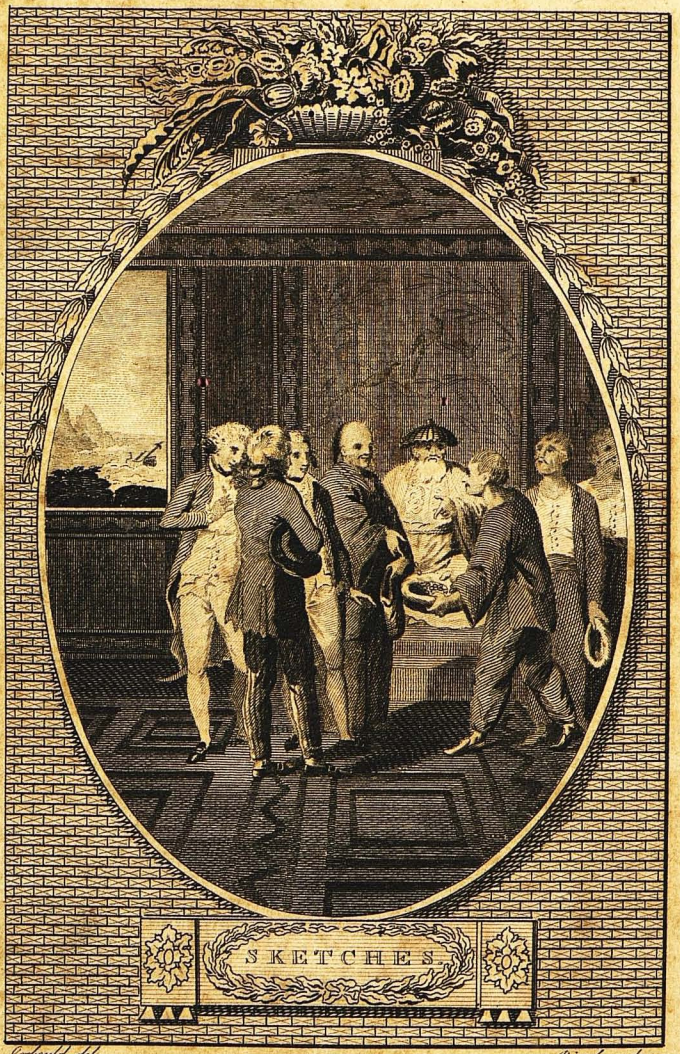
In a neighbouring country, whose plan of police is, perhaps, the most perfect that ever human wisdom contrived, and the best executed, the poorest creature that can work is not suffered to be idle; the poorest creature that cannot work is not left to starve.

SKETCH XXV.

AN ANECDOTE.

I Am naturally fond of strangers; and, where all other circumstances are equal, should find myself disposed to pay them more or less attention in proportion to their distance from home. Where all things else are equal, in performing any little duties of benevolence within my power, I should prefer a German to a Hollander or a Frenchman; a Greek, a Russian, or a Turk, to a German; a Persian to a Turk; and so on to the utmost limits of the East.—Of all the people upon earth, the Asiatics appear to me the most amiable, noble, and generous: they seem the most possessed with that virtuous heroic enthusiasm, which exalts human nature to it's highest degree of sublimity. One late well-attested instance of their generous humanity may perhaps not be too tiresome to the impatient reader. The gentleman is but lately dead who favoured me with the following relation of a fact which deserves to be more generally known; and I give it in his own words.

'In the year 1730, the Prince George, Captain Cross, from Bengal and Surat to Canton, was drove into Juncum Bay, on the coast of China, in a hard gale of wind, of such force as to make the supercargoes, Messrs. Stephenson and Harrison, with Mr. Alex. Wedderburn, purser, go ashore in the pinnace, in order to get a pilot, and such other help as their distress then required. The wind



Cobould del. *Birrel sculp.*

Plate I.

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wind all that night blowing fiercer, next morning they were told the ſhip was loſt, which they ſoon perceived to be too true. The Mandarine of that diſtrict immediately ordered, that the fore-mentioned gentlemen, with Mr. Barlow, fourth mate, who then acted as coxſwain of the pinnace, and the Laſcars, ſhould be provided with lodgings and all proper accommodations; and that every part of the wreck, and all the goods that could be ſaved, ſhould be carefully gathered together, and put into a ſecure place for them; all which was faithfully performed. The generous Mandarine's humanity did not end here; for he ordered a preſent of 350 tale* to Mr. Stephenſon, 300 to Mr. Harriſon, 250 to Mr. Wedderburn, 200 to Mr. Barlow, and to each Laſcar as much as was reckoned equal to their full wages, had the voyage been performed in the uſual time: and, at their departure, gave them an order from the court of Pekin for carriages, lodgings, and proviſions, through every diſtrict in their way to Canton.

'One would be glad to know, upon what Chriſtian ſhore any ſhipwrecked crew could have met with ſuch humane and generous treatment. What ſtill the more heightens the merit of this noble behaviour, it is well known that the Chineſe are not at all fond of trading with the Europeans; and it is probable enough, that ſome other Eaſtern nations may, in time, become as ſhy of them, from experience, as the ſagacious Chineſe have always been from theory and ſpeculation.

'As generous deeds do not appear every day, even in the moſt ſenſible, the moſt virtuous, and moſt magnificent of all poſſible ages; there is room here to pay ſome proper reſpect to a late act of humanity in the preſent Emperor of Morocco; which the following extract from his letter to the Grand Maſter of Malta will explain:

"In the name of God, the ſole Almighty. To the Prince of Malta, Grand-Maſter of the Religion of St. John, and to all his Council, the Emperor of Morocco, Fez, Mequinez, &c. wiſhes health and proſperity. In compaſſion of ſeveral Tuſcan ſlaves, who have long been in my poſſeſſion, and have never yet been demanded of me, I ſend them all to be preſented to you by my ſecretary Abladi Salciti: by this means, procuring myſelf at once the double ſatisfaction of making you a preſent, and of reſtoring liberty to thoſe unfortunate people. If you had no captives of ours in your poſſeſſion, I ſhould deſire nothing of you in return; but as I know you have, I ſhall with great pleaſure receive ſuch as you may be pleaſed to ſend me."

Along with this letter the Emperor ſent thirty-ſeven Chriſtian ſlaves; and that the Grand-Maſter of Malta returned exactly the ſame number of Mahometan captives, muſt have been owing to his having had no more.

SKETCH XXVI.

OF FABLE AND HISTORY.

FOR want of intelligence, or candour, or perhaps of both, there is often too great a mixture of fable in hiſtory. On the other hand, it is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that there is more true hiſtory amongſt the fables of the ancient poets than we generally imagine. And to compare the hiſtorian with the poet, the latter ſeems not only the moſt entertaining, but the moſt inſtructive, the moſt ingenuous, and moſt honeſt of the two; as he does not even expect your belief of every great and wonderful event or action he relates. The mixture of evident undiſguiſed improbabilities, and what the critics I think call the *marvellous* in Homer, has, in too great a meaſure, weakened his credit as an hiſtorian. Though even in this capacity he has, perhaps, ſhewn himſelf much ſuperior, in candour and impartiality, to many at leaſt of our modern hiſtory-writers. In ſupport of this obſervation, I can hardly think it neceſſary to take notice, that he has in general repreſented more worthy, amiable, and heroic characters, amongſt the Trojan heroes, than in thoſe of his own country.

* Three Tale are equal in value to one pound ſterling.

His commentators, I am told, have here and there been ſtruck with ſome glimpſes of true hiſtory in the Iliad and the Odyſſey. And indeed I ſhould imagine, that his narration in each of thoſe poems was built upon ſolid facts; enlivened with fable only to make it the more entertaining and wonderful; and, with the heightening of every ornament, to exalt an hiſtory into a poem. One particular circumſtance, which I don't know that any of thoſe commentators has obſerved in this light, ſeems ſtrongly to favour ſuch a conjecture. The hero of the Odyſſey, after having, with great bravery and addreſs, demoliſhed the profligate ſuitors, puts the poor female attendants, who might have been paſſively concerned in the riots of his houſe, upon the ſhocking office of removing the bodies of their ſlaughtered lovers: and as ſoon as they have, by his orders, ſwabbed the bloody hall, he hangs them all up in a ſtring againſt the wall of the court. Homer could never have *made* the hero of his poem guilty of ſuch an indecent unmanly piece of cruelty; but found himſelf obliged, by his attachment to true hiſtory, to record it as a real atchievement of the * *hard-hearted* Ulyſſes.

SKETCH XXVII.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is, in general, an uncomfortable fatiguing journey through a flat inſipid country; a tale too long for human patience. And after all, for want of intelligence and candour in the writers of hiſtory, you can ſeldom truſt to it's veracity. What different accounts are given of events that have happened even in our own times! For my part, I find myſelf much diſpoſed to be an infidel as to many diſputed points of hiſtory. A battle is an *affair* of ſuch confuſion, that few, even of thoſe who have been concerned in it, can explain it's circumſtances, or fairly recollect them. It is ſometimes as much as you can do to diſcover which army gained the victory. But what is yet more ſurpriſing, it has happened, that ſome very conſpicuous characters in hiſtory have been ſo falſely repreſented, that the moſt worthleſs and contemptible continue to be regarded with admiration; while the beſt and the moſt amiable are conſidered with deteſtation and abhorrence.

A lively ſpirited relation of a formidable conſpiracy, an important revolution, or any other intereſting event, may afford a very agreeable entertainment. But human life is too ſhort; and it requires all the phlegmatic patience of a well-feed lawyer, to attend to a long, drawling, inſipid ſtory, if it was ever ſo true. Livy is far from being a heavy, loitering, dozing, ſtory-teller. His ſubject is enriched with a great variety of entertaining events. Notwithſtanding his extravagant profuſion of coxcomical ornaments, in very good ſpeeches made by himſelf for people who never ſpoke them, he diſpatches the affairs of a prodigious empire, throughout a whole century of perpetual action, in much leſs than half the number of pages than one inſignificant reign of a king of France or of England has coſt to ſome laborious compilers. And yet, for all the ſpirit, elegance, and dignity of his narration, perhaps there are not many now alive who have had perſeverance enough to attend the great Latin hiſtorian to the end of his tale; even ſhortened as it is by the injuries of chance and time.

So much for hiſtory as an amuſement. As to it's uſe towards qualifying a ſtateſman for the management of publick affairs, I take it to be very inconſiderable. A general acquaintance with the hiſtory of his own country is perhaps enough for a *prime miniſter*; and ſome, I am told, have made a tolerable ſhift to ſtumble on for many years without even that. With a proper ſhare of ſagacity, reſolution, activity, and addreſs, an honeſt ſtateſman might, in the moſt troubleſome times, do great things for his country; though he had never turned over one leaf of either

* *Durus Ulyſſes.*

Livy,

Livy, Tacitus, or Salluſt. Mean time, alluſions and references to antient hiſtory have long been ſucceſsfully employed to give ſome credit, with an air of conſequence and dignity, to the deluſive lucubrations of your ſtate empiricks, and their venal journeymen. And this ſeems to be the only advantage which our ſtateſmen have ever yet drawn from the ſtudy of hiſtory.

SKETCH XXVIII.

OF FAME.

THERE is as much variety of taſte in this capital article of happineſs, as in any thing elſe. For there are multitudes who would be aſhamed of a virtuous renown, and proud of what they would think a glorious villainy. An inhuman, diſſolute, abandoned villain, will naturally admire the character of a Tiberius, a Nero, or a Domitian; and perhaps, without much affectation, deſpiſe that of a Titus or a Trajan.

If you are not perfectly indifferent as to the good opinion of the mob, you are one of them yourſelf. *Their* opinion, as far as all politick views are out of the queſtion, is much below the conſideration of every man who has any tolerable ſhare of underſtanding. But he who is above the opinion of the better and more ſenſible part of mankind; he who does not regard it with the utmoſt reverence; is moſt certainly capable of every thing that is baſe and villainous.

SKETCH XXIX.

OF REVENGE.

THE gratification of this paſſion in the hands of a ſenſible man, a perſon of moderation and humanity, will hardly ever, in cold blood, exceed the bounds of an exact retaliation. So far I ſhould reckon it juſt, and a proper ſupplement to the laws; which afford no redreſs in many caſes of the moſt inſupportable injuſtice. I could perhaps forgive an act of villainy which is not cognizable by the laws—but I don't chuſe it; it is againſt my principles; it is weak, impolitick, and abſurd. In ſuch caſes, you have nothing but the fearful apprehenſions of your own reſentment, to keep raſcals in awe.

Every act of juſt vengeance is *a terror to evil doers*; and contributes ſomewhat to the ſafety of honeſt and inoffenſive people: perhaps it might even to the ſtability of government; if it ſhould ever become ſo deſpicably weak, ſo tottering and paralytick, as tamely to bear the inſults of an abandoned, ſtupid, cowardly populace.

SKETCH XXX.

OF BLASPHEMY.

THERE is a ſet of vain crazy mortals, I was going to ſay half-witted fellows, but that would be too great a compliment: fools, that attempt to ſhine by talking blaſphemy. Good God! it would be a ſmall triumph to outſhine all thoſe geniuſes in that ſtile. I fear the thunder at leaſt as little as any of thoſe indecent reprobates; but I cannot be ſo ſtupidly ungrateful, as to inſult the adorable Author of my being, and all the pleaſures of my life. There ſurely needs very little wit to ridicule the ideal God of the vulgar; who conceive the ſtupendous Creator of the univerſe; the Almighty Spirit, who has produced every thing that is good, great, and beautiful; to be a teſty, ill-natured old man, with a long beard.

After all, to give the devil his due; a knave, who is always at bottom a fool, as indeed moſt of us are, is of all animals the leaſt unpardonable for complaining of his Maker.

SKETCH XXXI.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

WHAT we call Evil, as well as every thing that is good, moſt certainly ſprung from the great Fountain of all exiſtence. Heaven, which gave us corn, wine, and oil, ſent us alſo war, famine, and peſtilence. The moſt pernicious things have their uſes; and the rankeſt poiſons, ſkilfully managed, prove the moſt powerful medicines.

In moral life, a perfect character would be a monſter; at leaſt I ſhould hardly chuſe the ſociety of a man who was above all human weakneſſes. The amiable medium of virtue, to the beſt of my apprehenſion, lies between a rigid, ſevere, minute, exact, over ſcrupulous ſanctity, and a diſſolute profligacy. It avoids the one, as diſagreeable, uncomfortable, and forbidding; the other, as indecent, ſhocking, and contemptible.

I humbly conceive, that there cannot be much pleaſure in a ſtate that is not, in one ſhape or another, obnoxious to pain; and that none but the Almighty himſelf can enjoy an uninterrupted and immutable happineſs. The heathen elyſium has nothing to recommend it but eaſe and tranquillity; green fields and ſerene weather; which one would wiſh ſometimes to change for a ſtorm. The happy heroes there are a parcel of mere loungers; inſipid murderers of time; or rather, uſeleſs trifling waſters of eternity. It is difficult to imagine any thing ſo tireſome as their condition. The Mahometan paradiſe is flattering indeed as to one article of pleaſure; but that is hardly enough—for even love itſelf may, once in forty or fifty years, ſigh for a truce of a few hours; at leaſt for a little variety. Without variety, life is inſipid in this world: and the happieſt ſituation in the next may poſſibly enough be ſomewhat expoſed to diſagreeable rubs; that it may not ſink into a ſtate of inſipid diſſipation, or ſupine inactivity. You all know what horrible riots and combuſtions broke out in heaven at the time that Old Satan, or his Sulphureous Highneſs, (according to the title with which he has lately been dignified by a pulpit orator) loſt his wits, and rebelled againſt almighty power. What ſquabbles may have happened there ſince, Heaven only knows; as all hiſtorical intelligence from thence has been ſhut up ever ſince the ceſſation of inſpired writing.

In ſhort, the Chriſtian Hades, with a tolerable mixture of variety, would be a more eligible ſituation, than either the heathen Elyſium, or the Paradiſe of Mahomet. To fry for ever under the dog-days muſt be horrible. But with a reaſonable variety of cool air, freſh ſpring-water, iced cream, plenty of good Rheniſh, Old Hock, Moſelle, Cyder, Burgundy, and ſome other comfortable things, one might make a tolerable ſhift *there*; or even in Jamaica itſelf.

But to be very ſerious; without a certain mixture of what we call Evil, the beautiful and entertaining variety which the Almighty Creator exhibits both in the natural and moral world, muſt have been imperfect. If this mixture was not neceſſary to the beauty and perfection of nature, it muſt have been unavoidable. For it is beyond the power of God himſelf to perform things naturally impoſſible. There are numberleſs things, both in the natural and moral world, which no more depend upon the will of God, than that two and two make four; or that a ſphere is more capacious than any other figure under the ſame extent of ſurface. A proportionable ſenſibility of pain, muſt, I ſuppoſe, unavoidably attend that of pleaſure. God Almighty has given you ſenſe enough to take care of yourſelf; but, to be perfectly ſecured from burning or drowning, you muſt have a world without either fire or water.

To conclude; if *the ways of God to man* needed any *vindication*, why may we not preſume that, ſuppoſing a mixture of *real* evil to be unavoidable, the Almighty ſhould chuſe to admit ſome evil, rather than that there ſhould be no good; to expoſe his creatures to ſome chance of pain and miſery, rather than that there ſhould be no creation; rather than that infinite ſpace, the ſcene of his ſtupendouſly magnificent and moſt beautiful works, ſhould for ever remain waſte, empty, and deſolate?

SKETCH

SKETCH XXXII.

OF FASCINATION.

THE language of the eyes is ſo expreſſive, as to be underſtood at the firſt glance. But the art by which the rattle-ſnake, and others of the ſerpent family, can ogle a hare into their formidable jaws, or,

Drink from the midſt of heaven the ill-pois'd lark,

might deſerve ſome conſideration. Some honeſt ſenſible naturaliſts appear confident of the fact. For my part, though I have never yet ſeen it, ſtrange as it is, I have no right to ſay it is impoſſible. I can conceive a man in ſuch a ſtate of mind and circumſtances, as to find himſelf tempted to do the very thing that would give him the utmoſt horror. That moſt unhappy madman Caligula, they ſay, would often tell Cæſonia, of whom he was ſo paſſionately fond, *How eaſily could I ſtrike off this charming head of thine!*

I recollect, upon this occaſion, ſome lines in a poet, who of all mankind had the moſt intimate acquaintance with human nature—

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er it's baſe into the ſea—
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

If I remember right, Montaigne, who does not ſeem to have been of a melancholy complexion, ſomewhere ſays, that when he found himſelf upon the top of ſome hideous precipice in his mountainous neighbourhood, he had often felt an impulſe to leap down. The ſhocking fate of a young lady, who, according to report, within theſe two or three years, while ſhe was obſerving the dreadful figure of a large ſhark, ſlipt out of the cabin-window into the ſea, might poſſibly enough have been owing to ſome deſperate impulſe of this kind.

As one would do any thing reaſonable to reſcue the memory of a great man from unjuſt reproach, I think it impoſſible that Empedocles could have been ſo very weak, as by a fly ſlip out of this world, either to hope or wiſh to paſs for one of *the immortal gods*. The hollow ſurface might have failed him; he might have ſlipt in by the mere chance of an unlucky ſtep; he might have been ſuffocated by the ſulphureous ſteam; or, on the brink of the burning gulph, he might naturally enough have grown giddy; or have been ſeized with ſuch *Toys of deſperation*, as Shakeſpeare talks of. But neither envy, malice, nor jealouſy, have the leaſt acquaintance with generoſity or candour.

The very place puts *Toys* of deſperation
Without more motive into every brain,

SKETCH XXXIII.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON GENIUS.

THERE are people ſo bigoted to ſome particular theory, to falſe opinions and prejudices, as indolently to ſurrender even their own ſenſations to them. There are in this iſland ſome renegadoes abſurd enough to tell you, that Britain lies at too great a diſtance from the ſun to produce any Genius. It is really paying too much attention to ſuch taſteleſs, ignorant, ſuperficial connoiſſeurs, to aſk them, what country in Europe, what climate the neareſt to the ſun, has diſplayed a richer bloom of Genius, in almoſt any department, than has ſpontaneouſly ſprung up in this foggy iſland; without even any kind foſtering influences from the ſuperior powers—excepting thoſe alone of Heaven and Nature. In what kind of Genius is this iſland inferior to any nation under the ſun? How many Geniuſes has the happy climate of Italy produced, in any ſhape, ſince the days of Auguſtus? The genial fruitful latitude of Greece has now lain quite fallow for near two thouſand years. Spain ſhould be aſhamed

to boaſt of, or even to own her noble, generous, her delightful Cervantes, whom ſhe pitifully ſuffered to ſtarve. But what great Geniuſes has ever the warm climate of Africa produced? from the coaſt of Barbary to that of Guinea? from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good-Hope?

There are perhaps only two arts in which this iſland yields to any climate, however near the ſun. It appears that the vaineſt Romans did not pretend to vie with the Greeks in ſtatuary. Yet, what artiſts in that way has modern Italy produced ſuperior, or even equal to thoſe of old Rome?—Very few, I believe, and if it was not for Michael Angelo, perhaps one might venture to ſay none; though Italy, I ſuppoſe, lies as near the ſun as it did eighteen hundred years ago. If the Engliſh have not hitherto excelled in painting, it may be imputed to circumſtances that need no explanation. But, notwithſtanding all the obſtacles to true Genius in this iſland, it has, within theſe few years, loſt a painter of ſingular excellence; as natural and expreſſive, I'll venture to ſay it, in the comic and familiarly moral ſtyle, as Raphael was in the ſerious and ſublime. And you may wait many centuries before ſuch another flower blows in *any* climate. I reckon that ſtill, *even in this age*, our iſland may boaſt of ſeveral geniuſes, who, for inſtance, in portrait perhaps excel every painter in Europe ſince the days of Vandyke: to whom unprejudiced poſterity may find them at leaſt equal; ſome perhaps ſuperior. We have ſome too who are admirable in landſkip.—But theſe geniuſes are ſtill alive; and ſome of them may be ſeen at a coffee-houſe, where they look much like other people. A hundred years hence, a connoiſſeur may probably enough wiſh to make a journey of a thouſand miles to ſee them; and would be glorioufly happy, on his return home, to tell his neighbours he had ſhook them by the hand. As to hiſtory itſelf, beſides ſome promiſing ſpecimens of it at home, perhaps even this barren age has produced a genius, not indeed of Britiſh growth; unpatronized, and at preſent almoſt unknown; who may live to aſtoniſh, to terrify, and delight all Europe. But true genius is ſuch an uncommon production of nature, and is ſo much ſuperior to all quackiſh arts of recommending itſelf, that when it does appear, it is no wonder that a generation of people without taſte do not know it.

Genius may ſhoot up in a land quite inhoſpitable to it; it may perhaps even bloſſom in the moſt ungenial ſeaſon. But the roſe-buſh that diſplays it's bluſhing honours in the face of the ſurly uncomfortable eaſt wind, muſt have ſprung from a root of no ſmall vigour. In a certain iſland, the foſtering indulgences and kind attention which the narciſſus, the gilly-flower, the tuberoſe, the Cape jeſſamin, and all the delicate flowers that adorn the garden, deſerve and require; are moſt abſurdly and perniciouſly beſtowed upon ragwort, jack of the hedge, prieſt's what d'ye call it, biſhops weed, bearsfoot, nightſhade, and henbane.

SKETCH XXXIV.

THE TASTE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

AMONGST many other diſtinguiſhing marks of a ſtupid age, a bad crop of men, I have been told that the taſte in writing was never ſo falſe as at preſent. If it is really ſo, it may perhaps be owing to a prodigious ſwarm of inſipid traſhy writers: amongſt whom there are ſome who pretend to dictate to the public as critics, though they hardly ever fail to be miſtaken. But their dogmatic impudence, and ſomething like a ſcientific air of talking the moſt palpable nonſenſe, impoſes upon great numbers of people, who really poſſeſs a conſiderable ſhare of natural Taſte; of which at the ſame time they are ſo little conſcious, as to ſuffer themſelves paſſively to be miſled by thoſe blundering guides.

A Taſte worth cultivating is to be improved and preſerved by reading *only* the beſt writers. But whoever, after peruſing a ſatire of Horace, even in the dulleſt Engliſh tranſlation, can reliſh the ſtupid abuſe of a blackguard rhymſter, may as well indulge the natural depravity of his Taſte, and riot for life upon diſtiller's grains.

But the Taſte in writing is not, cannot

not be worſe, than it is in muſic, as well as in all theatrical entertainments. In architecture, indeed, there are ſome elegant and magnificent works ariſing, at a very proper time, to reſtore the nation to ſome credit with it's neighbours in this article; after it's having been expoſed to ſuch repeated diſgraces by a triumvirate of aukward clumſy piles, that are not aſhamed to ſhew their ſtupid heads in the neighbourhood of Whitehall: and one more, that ought to be demoliſhed, if it was for no other reaſon but to reſtore the view of an elegant church, which has now for many years been buried alive behind the Manſion Houſe.

It is, indeed, ſome comfort, that while Taſte and Genius happen to be very falſe and impotent in moſt of the fine arts, they are not ſo in all. The arts of gardening, particularly, and the elegant plan of a farm, have of late years diſplayed themſelves in a few ſpots to greater advantage in England, than perhaps ever before in any part of Europe. This is, indeed, very far from being univerſal; and ſome gardens, admired and celebrated ſtill, are ſo ſmoothly regular, ſo over-planted, and ſo crouded with affected, impertinent, ridiculous ornaments of temples, ruins, pyramids, obeliſks, ſtatues, and a thouſand other contemptible whims, that a continuation of the ſame ground, in it's rude natural ſtate, is infinitely more delightful. You muſt often have ſeen fine ſituations ruined with coſtly pretences to *improvement*. The moſt noble and romantic ſituation of any gardens I have ſeen, is near Chepſtow; and the gentleman who poſſeſſes that delightful ſpot, has ſhewn great judgment and a true taſte, in meddling ſo little with Nature, where ſhe wanted ſo little help.

This is one happy inſtance of an admirable ſituation, where nature is modeſtly and judiciouſly improved, not hurt, by art. An oppoſite inſtance of what art, ſkill, and taſte, may produce, without any particular advantages of ground or ſituation, is moſt agreeably diſplayed in the royal gardens at Kew. There you find an extent of flat ground, ſo eaſily, agreeably, and unaffectedly broken, that you would think it impoſſible to alter it but to the worſe. To paſs without any notice the agreeable and the elegant pieces of architecture, which without crouding adorn thoſe delightful gardens, perhaps there is not a phyſic-garden in Europe where any botaniſt can be more agreeably entertained, as to the variety of curious plants. But there is ſomething new, as far as I know, and particularly ingenious here, in the diſpoſition and management of them. Thoſe that naturally delight in the rocks, and the dry hungry ſoil, are here planted upon ridges of artificial rock-work; where they ſhew all the luxuriance of vegetation that they could amongſt the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Andes. While a very different tribe, the Aquatics, diſplay themſelves in a large ciſtern, where they are conſtantly ſupplied with their beſt and moſt natural nouriſhment, the rain-water, conveyed to them from the eves of the richeſt greenhouſe I have ever ſeen.

SKETCH XXXV.

OF THE DRAMATIC UNITIES.

I Suppoſe few architects will deny that walls, doors, windows, a roof and chimneys, are neceſſary to a convenient habitation. In my opinion, a ſtrict adherence to the three Unities, as they are eſtabliſhed upon the firm foundation of good ſenſe, is not leſs neceſſary in the ſtructure of both Tragedy and Comedy; which otherways, eſpecially as repreſented upon the ſtage, are irregular, ſlovenly, blundering, abſurd, and improbable. And that even *we* are not ſhocked at the daily treſpaſſes againſt them, is owing to cuſtom and Shakeſpeare. But it requires ſo much art to fill up five acts of a play with the buſineſs of one ſingle intereſting event; without one ſcene that is not neceſſary to forward it; without the leaſt change of place; and without exceeding the time of repreſentation; or even the compaſs of twelve hours, which is permitted by the courteſy of the critics; that it is no wonder moſt of our dramatic writers affect to deſpiſe rules ſo difficult to practiſe.

The three great French dramatic poets, Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, have in this article been much more ſucceſsful

ceſsful than the Engliſh: amongſt whom, if you except Ben Johnſon in three or four of his capital pieces, I am afraid we ſhall find very few who have built upon a regular plan; which is exactly the ſame thing to a play, as compoſition is to a hiſtory in painting. Shakeſpeare, indeed, without one perfect plan, has perhaps excelled all other dramatic poets as to detached ſcenes. But he was a wonder!—His deep knowledge of human nature, his prodigious variety of fancy and invention, and of characters drawn with the ſtrongeſt, trueſt, and moſt exquiſite ſtrokes, oblige you to forget his moſt violent irregularities. However, to compare two ſtupendous geniuſes in different departments; Shakeſpeare, for this mere diſregard of plan, appears leſs perfect than Raphael; who has heightened the trueſt and moſt maſterly expreſſions in his various characters, by the advantages of a compoſition the moſt auguſt and ſuperb imaginable, where it was proper; and always the moſt elegant, eaſy, happy, and natural.

The Samſon Agoniſtes of Milton was, it ſeems, recommended by a celebrated prelate to Mr. Pope, as a performance that he might eaſily mould into a perfect model of Tragedy.—A moſt deſperate taſk!—For, beſides that the dialogue in Samſon is for the greateſt part dry, metaphyſical, pedantic, and reads like a ſtarched, laborious, claviſh tranſlation from Euripides; I cannot help thinking, with all due deference to Milton and the B—— of Rocheſter, that the Samſon Agoniſtes is no more to a Tragedy, than a long Farce of one act would be to a Comedy. For the ſtage, if I remember right, is never once cleared of the perſons introduced from the firſt ſcene to the laſt.

SKETCH XXXVI.

OF TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

NOtwithſtanding the opinion of ſome old critic, that a perfect Tragedy is the nobleſt production of which the human wit is capable; it has long been a ſubject of learned diſpute, whether a perfect Comedy was not the more difficult undertaking of the two. The great majority of judges, who are not always in the right, have, I believe, ſtill given the preference to Comedy in this reſpect. They tell you, that as Comedy is a repreſentation of common life, and incidents that are expoſed to daily obſervation, it muſt be a work of more difficult execution; ſince moſt people truly are qualified to judge of what is natural in common life. But are we not equally judges of natural expreſſions in caſes of the moſt tragical diſtreſs? even in the moſt exalted perſonages? What ſhould hinder?—Do the paſſions operate differently in ſimilar ſituations, according to the different ranks of mankind? A king or an emperor may, upon occaſion, be as much enraged as a chafed dray-man; only he'll expreſs his anger with more dignity, and in more decent language.

It is, no doubt, equally the buſineſs of Tragedy and Comedy to repreſent life and characters naturally. And we have as good a right to expect true pictures of nature from the one as from the other.

Mean time, I imagine the working up of a good Tragedy to be by many degrees the more difficult and arduous taſk of the two. Except you think the ſublime productions of Raphael required leſs genius than thoſe of Hogarth; whom I would never be underſtood to mention but in terms of great eſteem and admiration. How many tolerable comedies have we ſeen for one tragedy, in which the paſſions are naturally repreſented, and expreſſed with propriety and ſpirit? Mouthing, big words, turgid unnatural language, and affected ſentiments, are nothing to the purpoſe; inſtead of moving the paſſions, they only create contempt and diſguſt in people of proper feelings. I would aſk, How many very good comic romances have appeared in the European languages for one tolerable epic poem? Let me aſk again, How many excellent comedians of both ſexes have appeared upon the Engliſh ſtage, within the memory of many now living, for one that has excelled in Tragedy?

As to what Moliere ſays upon this ſubject, I think it is in his *Critique de l' Ecole des Femmes*, it amounts to no more

more than this; that it is much eaſier to write a bad Tragedy than a good Comedy; which I ſuppoſe will be readily granted.

After all, I believe it muſt be allowed, that a loud, ranting, declamatory Tragedy, in which nature is perpetually kept at the truncheon's end; with the aſſiſtance eſpecially of magnificent dreſſes, changes of amuſing ſcenes, altars, ſacrifices, proceſſions, publick audiences of ambaſſadors, and ſuch other mechanical ornaments as are eaſily introduced; is much more likely to impoſe upon the eyes and ears of the multitude, than a cold inſipid Comedy.

SKETCH XXXVII.

OF THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

AS the Careleſs Huſband, though it has not appeared upon the ſtage perhaps once theſe thirty years, ſtill poſſeſſes the firſt rank amongſt our modern comedies, in the opinion of many thouſands who have never either read it or ſeen it repreſented; I had ſome time ſince the curioſity to give it a ſecond peruſal; becauſe, when I read it many years ago, I could not conceive how it came to be ſo particularly admired. And now, it does not by any means ſtrike me as the beſt even of the few modern Engliſh comedies with which I have any acquaintance. Sir Charles, the hero, the fine gentleman of the play, behaves rather brutally, and even with a needleſs, abſurd cruelty, to poor Edging, impertinent as ſhe is. What is ſtill worſe; in the tender ſcene between him and Lady Eaſy, where all art and inſincerity ought to be generouſly thrown aſide, he is diſingenuous enough to make a merit of parting with a miſtreſs he was tired of, and from whom he had juſt diſengaged himſelf. That return of affection to a wife, who was once become indifferent to him, ſeems hardly natural, to a man at leaſt of Sir Charles's character; and L. Eaſy has no great reaſon to depend much upon it. As to L. Betty Modiſh; ſuch a flippant coquette does not promiſe at all to be a happy match for ſuch an honeſt ſincere inamorato as L. Lovemore; but I hope he will never truſt her too long out of his ſight; not even with his friend and officious match-maker, Sir Charles. In ſhort, Sir Charles is no more than a mere man of pleaſure, of great indifference and *non chalance*; much ſuch another as Colley was himſelf: for I had the honour to be a little acquainted with Mr. Cibber; who, beſides his abilities as a writer, and the ſingular variety of his powers as an actor, was to the laſt one of the moſt agreeable, chearful, and beſt-humoured men, you would ever wiſh to converſe with. But to return to Sir Charles: the tenderneſs he expreſſes in the forementioned ſcene, ſhews a change of character too ſudden and too violent to be natural; and is contrived only to ſerve a purpoſe in the play.

The ſudden change of character in Lady Townly, in the Provoked Huſband, is not leſs unnatural than that of Sir Charles Eaſy. I have good authority for it, that Sir John Vanbrugh, who left the play unfiniſhed, never intended any ſuch reformation. And of all the dramatic poets who have appeared in this century, Vanbrugh ſeems to have had the trueſt knowledge of human nature: if you except any, it can be none but Fielding; whoſe admirable Parody upon the modern Engliſh Tragedies, might alone be ſufficient to procure him a high rank amongſt the Comic Poets.

SKETCH XXXVIII.

OF GLOOMY WRITING.

I Have read ſo little for many years upon any ſubject that did not immediately concern the political ſtate of the nation; of which every journeyman weaver, taylor, barber, every porter, chairman, coachman, drayman, carman, ſhoe-cleaner, and chimney-ſweeper, in London, ought to make himſelf maſter, for

for the good and ſafety of the whole; that I am grown quite out of acquaintance with the delights of thoſe writers they call the Claſſics. But, to recollect ſome juvenile impreſſions, I uſed to think that in the works of the beſt poets, there is generally an air of chearfulneſs and gaiety, wherever their ſubject in any degree admits of it. The inferior geniuſes are either inſipidly ſerene, or, when they affect the ſerious and ſublime, it is heavy, gloomy, and melancholy. Virgil is like the ſun, bright and chearful. Lucan is a ſubterraneous vault on fire; and when he wants to breathe the open air, would be the Stygian lake in a ſtorm, if he could. There is ſuch a gloomy ſolemnity in moſt of the writers of that age, with whom I have ever had any acquaintance, that you would think the ſun had always waded through a ſky of blood in the days of thoſe inhuman emperors.

SKETCH XXXIX.

OF A LINE IN LUCRETIUS.

IT cannot be leſs than thirty years ſince I have looked into Lucretius; and of the few lines in his elaborate poem that ſtick to my memory, there is one—

Nempe aliæ quoque ſunt; nempe hac ſine vixi-
mus ante—

that if it was not for other lines and one particular anecdote, would almoſt tempt one to imagine he had never been in love. What conſolation, I beſeech you, can it give a lover dying of his wounds, to tell him—'There are others as fair as 'ſhe; and you lived happily enough be-'fore you ever ſaw her.' Very true; but this is mere ſophiſtry, and nothing at all to the purpoſe. 'For,' ſays the intoxicated lover, 'I cannot live without this 'particular ſweet creature: of all the 'ſex, ſhe is the only one that can make 'me compleatly happy.' How ſoon, after poſſeſſing this bewitching angel, he may wiſh to get rid of her, is a queſtion not much to the purpoſe at preſent.

SKETCH XL.

OF THE GOOSE-PHOENIX.

THIS is, perhaps, one of the higheſt curioſities that has ever appeared even at court, either in bag-wig or tye. But as he is rather out of his place here, and deſerves a particular deſcription, I intend to exhibit him in my Natural Hiſtory, which I am preparing for the preſs, under the article of *Strange Birds*.

SKETCH XLI.

OF SINGING.

TALKING of birds—Pray, how d'ye reliſh the Italian Singers?—Why really not ſo much as many *pretend* to do: a great many, a prodigious multitude of all ranks, who reſign their own ſenſations to other people, and dare neither *hear* nor *ſee* for themſelves; who dare not even *eat* or *drink* for themſelves. For my part, I am ſincere enough to own, that the Singers at the opera ſeldom give me much pleaſure; and leaſt of all while they are warbling out a note to the length of a league. Beſides that I am in pain for their throats, I feel a contemptuous diſguſt, and a ſtrange diſagreeable ſenſation of ſhame both for them and the audience, who never fail to acknowledge thoſe flouriſhes with the loudeſt applauſe. But in almoſt all Singing, I cannot help lamenting what I think a moſt material imperfection. A ſweet tune, well ſung, gives a raviſhing grace

even

even to lines, that when you come to read them, you are ſurprized to find how flat and inſipid they are, and often how nonſenſical. What I complain of is, that few Singers pronounce the words diſtinctly enough to be underſtood. They might almoſt as well ſing *Fal al de ral* for ever and ever.

I have reaſon to ſuſpect, that the moſt exquiſite powers in this way, for want of aſſurance in thoſe who poſſeſs them, are ſometimes loſt, and remain quite unknown, except to a few of their moſt familiar friends. This diffidence is only to be regretted. But I can find no excuſe for thoſe volunteers in muſic, who have got that ſilly, impertinent, diſguſting, provoking habit, of humming a tune to themſelves in company, my dear honey; and at piquet, cribbage, or quadrille, even at *whiſt* itſelf, ſing over their cards.

SKETCH XLII.

OF A VULGAR ERROR.

I Have always conſidered it as a ſelf-evident abſurdity, to imagine that the Scottiſh tunes were compoſed by an Italian fidler. But I own that my opinion upon this ſubject has begun to totter, ever ſince it was diſcovered that the real author of Oſſian's Poems was one Korah Sukkubbit, Eſq. an idle drunken fellow, who ſome ten or twelve thouſand years ago, lived by making and mending of Jews-harps at the borough of Gomorrah, in the county of Paleſtine. Good God, how provoking this is!—Bleſs your ears! the greateſt part of the Scotch, Welſh, and Iriſh tunes, were compoſed long before the Italians, or even the Flemiſh, knew any thing of muſic. Excepting Corelli, Pergoleſi, and perhaps one or two more diſtinguiſhable maſters of that charming art, the Italian compoſers have ſeldom aſpired at any thing beyond mere mechanical harmony; in which any one who has a tolerable ear may ſucceed. But to expreſs the paſſions is a different affair: it is one of the greateſt powers that belongs to true genius; which happens to be a very uncommon gift of nature.

Handel was in general a noiſy overbearing bully in muſic; ſometimes indeed, but not often, pathetick—yet ſtill charming, as far as mere harmony goes. But it was not in him, ſtill leſs in David Rizzio, a mere old fidler, who only executed what other people had compoſed, to have even imitated, with any ſucceſs, the Scottiſh tunes; whether melancholy or gay; whether amorous, martial, or paſtoral; in a ſtyle highly original, and moſt feelingly expreſſive of all the paſſions, from the ſweeteſt to the moſt terrible. Who was it that threw out thoſe dreadful wild expreſſions of diſtraction and melancholy in *Lady Culroſs's Dream?* an old compoſition, now, I am afraid, loſt, perhaps becauſe it was almoſt *too terrible for the ear*. I'll venture to ſwear that David Rizzio was as innocent as any lamb of all ſuch frantic horrors.

SKETCH XLIII.

OF SOME OTHER VULGAR ERRORS.

SOME people ſeem to wonder that *Stupidity and Malice* ſhould meet. So far from being oppoſite qualities, they are, for the moſt part, huſband and wife. And why ſhould you attempt to ſeparate whom the devil has joined?

Even of fools afraid.—Is this a juſt reproach? Pray, what animal is ſo troubleſome or dangerous as a fool, whether he is your enemy or your friend?

Why are *Magnanimity and Meekneſs, Wit and Wiſdom,* ſuppoſed ſuch extraordinary combinations?—Good ſenſe is ſurely the ſolid foundation of true wit: and the trueſt magnanimity is above all the little turbulence of paſſion; which is ſometimes affected to diſguiſe fear.

A bad heart is by ſome people ſuppoſed almoſt inſeparable from an able head. It is quite the contrary: for where the heart is falſe, the head is never ſound. A fool may be honeſt; but the moſt plauſible knave never yet poſſeſſed a ſound underſtanding. In a word, the leſs moral a man is, the nearer he approaches to an aſs.

Mere vivacity is every day miſtaken for wit: and moſt people, when you talk of a Wit, ſuppoſe it a vain, pert, briſk, impudent, ill-natured creature, that ſays ſuch things as would be pardonable only to an impertinent child. True wit is ſeldom or never petulant: it would rather ſuppreſs even a good joke, than give the leaſt uneaſineſs to any perſon that is not a fair object of ſatire.

A ſerious diſpoſition and a reliſh of pleaſure, are reckoned oppoſite to one another by the generality of fools; who have not reflection enough to obſerve that the extaſies of pleaſure are of all things the moſt ſerious. This all ſenſible women know. The fools of the ſex, who are ſometimes as voluptuous as their betters, ſeem often to be out of this ſecret. But pray who is ſo grave, or ſhews ſuch a ſolemn front, as the huſband of the herd? The wether is an inſipid whiffling fellow to the ram; whoſe dignified gravity abates, and becomes leſs diſtinguiſhable, as ſoon as the genial ſeaſon is over. And I have been told by ſome ladies of very good ſenſe and conſiderable experience, that the grave rake is the man.

SKETCH XLIV.

OF CIVILITY.

A Few days ago, upon accidentally opening an old book, I found the following reflection: 'Incivility is not 'a vice of the ſoul, but the effect of 'many vices; of ridiculous vanity, of 'ignorance, idleneſs, ſtupidity, giddi-'neſs, contempt of others, of ill nature, 'and jealouſy.'

This I take to be a very juſt and true account of the various ingredients which compoſe Incivility. As to Civility, if I am not miſtaken, it is an univerſal duty; all mankind have a natural claim to it from one another, and without it there can be no intercourſe in ſociety, but what is diſagreeable, ſhocking, bruti ſh, and dangerous. Every good-natured, generous-ſpirited perſon, will practiſe it for pleaſure; every ſenſible man, whether good-natured or not, for his own convenience and quiet.

SKETCH XLV.

SENTENCES, MAXIMS, AND REVERIES.

THERE are many degrees of madneſs on this ſide of Bedlam. Thoſe too that ſtop ſhort of it, are by far the moſt dangerous kinds of inſanity; and it would be much happier for the public, as well as for many individuals, if ſome people were a little madder than they appear to be.

Moſt oddities, I apprehend, have a twang of madneſs in them; though they are often the exceſs of ſome good quality.

In education, it is perhaps proper and neceſſary for young people to be puſhed on to many hard and diſagreeable things; eſpecially as they are ſo often unavoidable in life. Had it depended upon one's own choice, who would have dared to have been born? Good God! to be received into the world by a frightful old woman of either ſex!—Hercules himſelf would have avoided it if he could.

What does a conſcience void of all *great offences* ſignify to one who torments himſelf for every little miſbehaviour, every inattention, of which, abſence, hurry, or a hypochondriacal fit of diffidence, may have made him guilty? For one trifling neglect in point of

of good manners, may give more pain of mind to a man of much ſenſibility, than all the horrible crimes of a moſt flagitious life ever gave to ſuch a profligate wretch as Cæſar Borgia; whom I take to be the greateſt of all modern villains. For the preſent are ſtill out of the queſtion.

Catiline was but half a villain—He ſtrikes you only with horror. The compleat villain affects you at the ſame time with horror and contempt.

I forget whether it is a reflection of Machiavel's or ſome other political writer, that the ſtate or empire muſt go to ruin in a great hurry, whoſe affairs are conducted by ſuch people as in low life muſt have belonged to a gang of thieves, or made perhaps ſome figure amongſt the banditti.

The characters that hiſtorians give of ſome eminent perſons are not always quite juſt. Caligula, for inſtance, has been repreſented by moſt of them as a monſter of cruelty. For my part, I cannot help conſidering him as *the beſt of emperors*; and have always admired the humanity of his wiſh, that the mob of Rome had but one neck, and himſelf a good ſharp ax to let drop upon it. A tyrant, whoſe taſte in the *virtu* led him to bloody exerciſes, would naturally have wiſhed that every Roman had at leaſt three heads, that he might never be diſtreſſed for want of *game*. Yet, after all, I'm afraid that this good-natured ſentiment of Caligula might, by ſome ſevere moraliſt, be imputed rather to indolence than to real humanity: for ſometimes, to be ſure, *Decipimur ſpecie recti—We are impoſed upon by falſe appearances of virtue.*

'How!—Caliban turned critic!'—'Which Caliban? for they're a numerous family, bleſs their ſweet bodies! and ſeveral of them critics.'—'Lord! I mean the great lubberly ſea-calf that was found ſnoring with open mouth upon the beach after the laſt ſpring tide.'—'O he!'—'Yes, a critic to be ſure; and, ſtupid as you may think him, he may be of excellent uſe to a reader who has his cue: for he muſt be read backwards; as the very reverſe of his opinions will generally, I don't ſay always, be juſt and true.' Moſt of our preſent critics naturally enough put me in mind of an arch thing that a certain witty gentleman ſaid upon a ſimilar occaſion: *Optat Ephippia bos piger—The heavy ox would gladly be as fine as a horſe.* Juſt as if an awkward, clumſey, dancing bear, ſhould be ſmit with the ambition of ſhining at the Ridotto.

As there are not perhaps, even in this ſenſible age, above three or four infallible men in all England; and one of them is ſometimes inacceſſible from cruel fits of the aſthma, and ſome naſty ſcorbutick complaints: I ſhould think it beſt, in all doubtful critical deciſive ſituations, to conſult the greateſt fool of your acquaintance. And if he adviſes a voyage to the Eaſt Indies, be ſure to throw yourſelf into the firſt ſhip that is to ſail for Jamaica. I am told that ſome of the antients uſed to pay a religious veneration to a certain kind of people; and they muſt have had ſome reaſon for it.

It would be a capital joke to obſerve how clever and ſenſible a fool thinks himſelf; if it was not ſo very common a ſight as it happens to be.

When there is the leaſt time for deliberation, one ſhould never do any thing in a hurry. A friend of mine, who does not want for a reaſonable ſhare of pride, told me ſome days ago, that he ſhould never forgive himſelf for having once, in a fit of abſence and fluttering ſpirits, too readily executed what was propoſed, by a very impertinent meſſage which came to him from a pair of people, whom he hardly knew further than by name. Though at the ſame time it happened to be the very thing he had intended to do; for the ſake of avoiding ſuch unreaſonable and illiberal reflections as in ſome ſituations are naturally to be apprehended from malice or ignorance.

'What d'ye mean by ſaying always '*ſame day, ſaid day?* Can't you ſay *the* '*ſame day*, you barbarian? I have 'often heard you ſay *lay*, where you 'ought to ſay *lye*. Bleſs your body! 'Why do you *put always*, inſtead of '*always put*, the adverb after the verb? 'It has a vile effect: but you may 'ſufficiently flatten your language without it; for it is languid and drawling 'enough at the beſt. You have got a 'deſpicable habit, too, of ſaying *neither* 'this *or* that. If you underſtood even 'the mechanical rules of grammar, you 'would ſay *neither* this, *nor* that, *nor* 'any thing. I ſuppoſe you'll ſet about 'coining new words by and by. But 'depend upon it you'll never make one

'that will find itself *admiſſible* to the 'Engliſh language. It will *reſpue* every 'word that is iſſued from your mint.— 'For my part, as it ſeems hitherto un- 'determined whether one ſhould ſay '*never* or *ever*, as in the following in- 'ſtance—*If a patriot was ever ſo active 'in attempting the ruin of his country*— 'till this ſubtle point is decided, I ſhall 'ſometimes ſay *ever*, ſometimes *never*, 'juſt as it happens to ſuit my ear.'

'Pray, why don't you roll about in 'your carriage again, as you did when 'you were many years younger, and 'could not ſo eaſily afford it as now?' —'Why, Sir, I am, thank Heaven, 'very able to walk: and without a great 'deal of exerciſe, I can neither eat nor 'ſleep. Beſides, Sir, I always hated 'that jolting over the ſtones; and every 'good day, when I envied all foot paſ- 'ſengers, I uſed to grudge myſelf the 'expence that either my own or other 'peoples vanity coſt me in that article. 'Now, whenever it rains, or the ſtreets 'are dirty, I can command a coach or 'a chair for a mere trifle.'—'But at this 'rate who will employ you?'—'None 'I hope but a few friends, to whom I 'moſt devoutly wiſh perpetual health; 'and as ſoon as this life is grown in- 'ſipid to them, an eaſy and quick paſ- 'ſage to a better; that my tranquillity 'may never be interrupted by their diſ- 'treſs. Nay, you are welcome to laugh 'at me as long as you pleaſe; but my 'preſent ſcheme is to paſs the time as 'agreeably as I can, and to have no 'more to do with buſineſs than is con- 'ſiſtent with that ſcheme.'—'Well, 'thou'rt a ſtrange fellow; a moſt un- 'happy mixture of ambition, indolence, 'love of pleaſure, and a kind of deli- 'cacy very ill calculated to ſucceed in 'the ſcramble of life.'—'No, I beg 'your pardon, I am pretty well cured 'of my ambition. For when I ſee what 'ſort of geniuſes very commonly make 'no ſmall noiſe and buſtle—But I would 'not be thought to envy where I have 'always deſpiſed—*Non equidem invi- 'deo, miror magis*. Though, after all, 'there is but little room here for won- 'der, conſidering what kind of people 'conſtitute the great majority of all 'ranks in a certain overgrown town: 'and how even many of them, that in 'other common affairs are not fools, to 'avoid the trouble of judging for them- 'ſelves, often follow the reſt in mat- 'ters of the utmoſt conſequence to their 'own precious lives.'

Impudence, the thriving ſon of Stupi- dity, will make very ſmall talents do great things.

That glaring dim-eyed pug is in ſuch vogue, that though I know him to be, in point of underſtanding, amongſt the moſt vulgar of the human race; I am almoſt tempted to impoſe ſo ſtrangely upon my own judgment, as to imagine there is ſomething in him.

'Pray, who is that facetious gentle- 'man? He can't ſo much as aſk how 'you do without laughing. He muſt 'lead a merry life. D'ye know him?'— 'Upon my word, not I. But I have 'obſerved that the dulleſt people gene- 'rally laugh the moſt: from a conſci- 'ouſneſs, perhaps, of their own inſipi- 'dity, which they endeavour to diſguiſe 'by the exerciſe of laughing.'

'For Heaven's ſake, my dear friend, 'don't make a trade of laughing. If 'your aim is to be witty every hour of 'the day, you'll turn out a teazing, diſ- 'agreeable companion. When the wea- 'ther or the company is againſt you, 'keep yourſelf quiet; and never be 'aſhamed to be dull amongſt block- 'heads, let them be never ſo noiſy. In 'converſation, wit ſhould be accidental; 'otherways you muſt naturally deſpiſe 'it's vanity and affectation. Meantime, 'after mangling a joke that has thrown 'ten or a dozen ſenſible people into a 'hearty fit of laughing, don't be ſo 'cruel as to doubt whether it really was 'a joke or not; and to conclude, be- 'cauſe you cannot recollect all the cir- 'cumſtances, that the mirth it produced 'muſt have been owing to the manner 'of ſaying it. Beſides, that ſometimes 'a very good joke can hardly be re- 'peated without loſing it's ſpirit; the 'beſt jokes, though they are felt imme- 'diately by people of proper ſenſations, 'are not always eaſily explained as to 'the *mode of titillation*, with which they 'affect the *riſible faculty*; except perhaps 'by ſome phlegmatic metaphyſical con- 'noiſſeur in wit, who never once felt a 'good joke in his life.—Pray, what is 'it that pleaſes you in the ſmell of a 'jonquil, a roſe, or a gilly-flower? If 'you're reſolved not to enjoy their fra- 'grance till that is explained, you may 'as well ſhut up your noſe for ever.'

I have ſeen a moſt unnatural extra- vagant piece of abſurdity received with great

great applauſe; while flaſhes of true wit have paſſed without the leaſt notice.

It is ſo eaſy to tickle fools with blaſphemy, petulance, and any kind of indecent ribaldry, that theſe are the common reſources of every crazy impudent fellow who would paſs for a wit.

You never meet with any impertinence in the company of well-bred people—while you are decent and inoffenſive yourſelf, you have no diſagreeable behaviour in any ſhape to apprehend from them. And the more wit any man has, you will, almoſt without exception, find him the leſs apt to be petulant.

There is nothing ſo provoking as the impertinent compliments of a fool who wiſhes you well; who ſhocks you while he thinks he is doing you a pleaſure.

It happened, as I have been informed, that ſeveral years ago a gentleman, whoſe name I cannot at preſent recollect, obſerved to Mr. T. that Mr. B. though he paſſed for a man of genius, was rather a hum-drum companion, and ſeldom ſaid any thing very remarkable. To which Mr. M. told me that Mr. T. replied—'Aye, but 'he never fails to improve what *you* 'ſay.' This ſeemed to be performing the part of rather a cold back friend. For I have known Mr. T. ſhine whole evenings together upon hints, in a manner whiſpered to him by the foreſaid Mr. B—; while he happened to be either too modeſt or too indolent to purſue them himſelf. But a man of tickliſh ſenſations may find it impoſſible to be happy and in good humour in the company of certain particular people, whom at the ſame time he may perhaps regard for ſome good qualities.

I forgot who told me that Mr. T. ſhould once upon a time have aſked how a certain gentleman, whoſe name has ſlipt through my memory, could poſſibly be a poet, as he had never once ſeen a hill. Now I apprehend that Mr. T. muſt have been miſinformed here; for I remember to have met the very gentleman in queſtion one Sunday evening, I think it might have been towards June or July, upon the utmoſt ſummit of *Conſtitution Hill*.

One evening, after the reſt of the company were gone, that moſt delightful companion Mr. Q. who *ſhould have died hereafter*, told an acquaintance of mine, that in caſe he outlived him, he would do a friendly office to his memory; and aſked him where he would chuſe to have his buſt ſet up. 'Any where,' replied the other, after thanking Mr. Q. for the great honour he intended him, 'but in Weſtmin-'ſter Abbey.'

To come to an end with anecdotes of this kind. One who had publiſhed ſome things with tolerable ſucceſs, told me, that his having paſſed for a poet, had done him more miſchief than any ſenſible perſon could eaſily conceive; but at the ſame time he could not help owning, that it had oftener than once procured him the honour of a bow, in paſſing along the Strand or Fleet Street, from a gentleman with whom he never had any further acquaintance. I have, oftener than once heard the ſame perſon mention one circumſtance with particular regret; that he had never been able to diſcover or gueſs amongſt all his acquaintances, to whom he was obliged for an elegant preſent, left at his lodgings ſome years ago by a gentleman who did not leave his name; and to whom, of courſe, he could not expreſs his due acknowledgments for a favour which he highly values.

'Sir,' ſays one, 'this piece, even 'if all the parts could be well perform-'ed, would hardly ſucceed here. It 'might, perhaps, at Paris; where every 'one that goes to the play, is as ſeri-'ouſly attentive as the moſt devout 'people here are to a ſermon. But in 'ſome places natural and unexagge-'rated repreſentations of life are not 'felt; the audience muſt be kept awake 'with ſhew, noiſe, and buſtle. Here 'the genteeler part of the company are 'indeed merely *ſpectators*; they go to 'ſee, and diſplay themſelves to one an-'other. And what other reaſonable 'motive can they have—conſidering 'what kind of entertainment the ſtage 'for the moſt part exhibits at preſent?'

'I tell you, Sir,' ſays another upon a different occaſion, 'this is ſtupid, 'indecent, villainous traſh.'—'But 'have you read it?'—'Yes, above a 'dozen lines.'—'That's hardly 'enough; read the whole, and then 'judge.'—'God forbid!—muſt I eat 'a whole

'a whole ſaddle of mutton before I have 'a right to ſay it is vile rotten ſtuff?'

That a writer with very middling, and even contemptible parts, may do a great deal more miſchief than thoſe of the firſt abilities can do good, is too evident. How much more ſucceſsful have a parcel of indecent, profligate, lying, inflammatory ſcribblers, been of late years, in ſtupifying, and brutalizing a whole nation; than thoſe elegant, genteel moral writers, who ſhone about the beginning of this century, were in refining and poliſhing it!—But it is much eaſier to ſet fire to a palace or a temple, than to white-waſh a cottage.

Some of thoſe black guard geniuſes are Poets too, God wot!—With crazy, ſtupid heads, and bad hearts; without one ſpark of imagination; without either ſenſe, verſification, or language, they are Poets; and the fitteſt indeed to gain the applauſe of the vulgar, *great and ſmall, high and low*. For they ſcribble juſt ſuch traſh as any of the rabble would that could ſcribble at all. Their works are truly *adapted to the meaneſt capacities*. Their poetry is the dulleſt proſe ſpurred up into an aukward, hobbling aſs-trot. Quite oppoſite to Orpheus, and thoſe *real* poets, whoſe moral harmony firſt humanized the woodland ſavages, and tamed them into ſocial life; theſe nightingales of Newgate, theſe black ſwans of Fleet Ditch, theſe infernal ſcreech-owls, ſing nothing but ſongs of diſcord, and ſedition, and treaſon. But not all the rage and fury of the moſt rancorous hearts can rouſe the poetical impotence of thoſe bards to any thing above the inſipidity of flat unmannerly abuſe, which they and their admirers call ſatire. However, they cannot laſt long. One may venture to propheſy a ſhort life, and an infamous memory, to the ſtupid ditties of all ſuch Poets; and it is an indiſputable truth that no Muſe ever yet dwelt in the breaſt of a ſcoundrel.

Several of theſe detached Sentences and Reveries were ſet down as materials for a poetical ſatire; but as the general run of readers here do not underſtand verſe, except it is ſo ſtupid as none but a muſe-bit blockhead can poſſibly write, it is ſaving ſome needleſs pains to ſend them out in their preſent ſhape. So let them go: and if our noble maſters the Mobility do not reliſh them, ſo much the better. They are the more likely to procure the approbation of thoſe few judges to whoſe praiſe alone one would chuſe to aſpire.

SKETCH XLVI.

A PLAN OF A DEDICATION.

THE late Mr. Cibber addreſſed the Apology for his Life *To a certain Gentleman*; whereas I LAUNCELOT TEMPLE preſume to addreſs my SKETCHES

TO AN UNCERTAIN GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

I Humbly beg leave to lay the following ſheets at your noble and magnificent feet. In an age where ſcarce any thing but falſe genius, and the moſt impudent quackery in every ſhape, meets with encouragement, I appeal to *you*, whom I have always deemed * *the conſummate judge of literary merit*: and I fly in a fluttering hurry to your *protection*. It would offend your modeſty, Sir, ſhould I give way to the enthuſiaſm with which I have conſtantly admired your amiable behaviour in private life; in the various characters of ſon, father, brother, huſband, uncle, couſin, lover, friend, debtor, creditor, maſter, &c. &c. together with your † *ſuperlative powers of*

* This compliment was made, ſeveral years ago, by a writer of uncommon genius and abilities, in a Dedication to a certain diſtinguiſhed perſonage; though ſome ſay it has never yet appeared upon what foundation.

† This is one of many news-paper compliments which I am *credibly informed* ſome *Patriots* from day to day have ſilly made to themſelves, with great ſucceſs, amongſt a parcel of blind, ignorant, credulous people, who never will learn to ſmell a rat, but where there is none.

of charming in converſation. But, good God! with what ſuperior *brilliancy* you ſhine the * *Cynoſure* of State, to guide it's weather-beaten hulk to the port of ſafety and tranquillity! To your wiſe, able, frugal, and moſt ſtrictly œconomical conduct, throughout the operations of a needleſs and pernicious war, which to be ſure you found unavoidable, it is chiefly owing that your country makes at preſent ſuch a figure as aſtoniſhes all it's neighbours. The raging flames of Veſuvius are a paltry, blackguard, patriotic illumination, compared to it's luſtre. You ſhine, Sir, equally in peace. To your noble perſeverance and obſtinacy in the cauſe of liberty and religion, this iſland owes the firm, ſteady, manly, adminiſtration of it's government, not leſs wiſe than virtuous; and the capital of your country ought particularly to thank you for the preſent ſtate of it's incomparable police. The nice diſcernment too, and the diſtinguiſhing taſte you have ſhewn in patronizing Genius in all it's variety of ſhapes, is none of your ſmalleſt excellencies.—But I beg pardon, Sir; for I am ſure you would never forgive me if I ſhould attempt to violate your delicacy with any thing ſo fulſome as bare-faced praiſe. Your virtues, Sir, and your fine qualities, are innumerable, and beyond all expreſſion. I could go further; but it would be invidious to ſay, that in an age moſt contemptibly weak, and moſt ſhockingly wicked, you ſtand almoſt alone to ſupport the dignity of human nature.

But as I know, Sir, you deſpiſe every thing that looks like flattery; and are too delicate to bear even the juſteſt praiſe with any degree of patience: to convince you, Sir, that, after all this appearance of compliment, I am no flatterer; and to ſhew you the ſincerity of my friendſhip—(begging pardon, my moſt noble and ſublime Patron, for the familiarity of the word)—as a ſudden ſquall of praiſe may eaſily overſet a veſſel that perhaps carries more ſail than ballaſt; and, to ſhift from one metaphor to another, as I ſhould be ſorry to give you ſuch an over-doſe of a ſweet poiſon as might drive you out of your ſenſes, and make you expoſe yourſelf ſtark naked through the whole town, as mad as any king who holds his reſidence at either of the palaces in Moorfields; I muſt be ſo plain as to tell you, Sir, that I do *not* as an author ſolicit your *protection*—Bleſs your dear ſweet *protection!*—If you have any ſecret to protect ſtupid writing from the contempt of good judges, keep up your *protection* for ſome other occaſion. It is not impoſſible that you may, one time or another, be ſmit with the vanity of turning author yourſelf. It might happen next moon, if it was not for *Arthur's* or *Newmarket.*

But ſhall I at laſt fairly and honeſtly preſent you with a peep of the cloven foot from under the long black gown of diſſimulation and hypocriſy!—You ſhall have it at once, without the leaſt ceremony.—Bleſs me! did you think me in earneſt all this time!—Are you ſo ſlow of apprehenſion, my noble Patron, as not to perceive that the high praiſes, with which I have at laſt in a whimſical fit taken it into my head to tickle your ear, are nothing but mere raſcally compliments, without the leaſt particle of ſincerity?—Is your vanity ſo irrecoverably blind, as to make it neceſſary to tell you, that all this is nothing but an exerciſe in the thriving art of adulation; very fairly practiſed upon one who has ſo long fed *me* with the delicious repaſt of flattery—for which I have been near the eighth part of a century over head and ears in your debt; and now endeavour to pay you my arrears at once in your own counters.—Mean time, I have the *honour* to be, with the moſt profound reſpect and eſteem, and the moſt inviolable attachment, Sir, your moſt faithful and *ſuperlatively* devoted humble ſervant,

LAUNCELOT TEMPLE.

* The ſtar called the Dog's Tail.

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FINIS.

HARRISON's EDITION.

THE

LOVER.

WRITTEN

IN IMITATION OF THE TATLER.

BY

MARMADUKE MYRTLE, GENT.

PHYLLIDA AMO ANTE ALIAS: NAM ME DISCEDERE FLEVIT. VIRG.

LONDON:
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M DCC LXXXVII.

TO

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

SIR,

AS ſoon as I thought of making the LOVER a preſent to one of my friends, I reſolved, without farther diſtracting my choice, to ſend it *To the beſt-natured Man*. You are ſo univerſally known for this character, that an Epiſtle ſo directed would find it's way to you without your name; and, I believe, nobody but you yourſelf would deliver ſuch a ſuperſcription to any other perſon.

This propenſity is the neareſt akin to Love; and Good-nature is the worthieſt affection of the mind, as Love is the nobleſt paſſion of it: while the latter is wholly employed in endeavouring to make happy one ſingle object, the other diffuſes it's benevolence to all the world.

As this is your natural bent, I cannot but congratulate to you the ſingular felicity that your profeſſion is ſo agreeable to your temper. For what condition is more deſirable than a conſtant impulſe to relieve the diſtreſſed, and a capacity to adminiſter that relief? When the ſick man hangs his eye on that of his phyſician, how pleaſing muſt it be to ſpeak comfort to his anguiſh, to raiſe in him the firſt motions of hope; to lead him into a perſuaſion that he ſhall return to the company of his friends, the care of his family, and all the bleſſings of being!

The manner in which you practiſe this heavenly faculty of aiding human life, is according to the liberality of ſcience, and demonſtrates that your heart is more ſet upon doing good than growing rich.

The pitiful artifices which empyricks are guilty of to drain caſh out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with GARTH to ſupply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for phyſick. How much more amiable, Sir, would the generoſity which is already applauded by all that know you, appear to thoſe whoſe gratitude you every day refuſe, if they knew that you reſiſt their preſents leſt you ſhould ſupply thoſe whoſe wants you know, by taking from thoſe with whoſe neceſſities you are unacquainted?

The families you frequent receive you as their friend and well-wiſher, whoſe concern, in their behalf, is as great as that of thoſe who are related to them by the ties of blood and the ſanctions of affinity. This tenderneſs interrupts the ſatisfactions of converſation, to which you are ſo happily turned; but we forgive you that our mirth is often inſipid to you, while you ſit abſent to what paſſes amongſt

amongſt us from your care of ſuch as languiſh in ſickneſs. We are ſenſible their diſtreſſes, inſtead of being removed by company, return more ſtrongly to your imagination by compariſon of their condition to the jollities of health.

But I forget I am writing a Dedication; and in an addreſs of this kind, it is more uſual to celebrate men's great talents, than thoſe virtues to which ſuch talents ought to be ſubſervient: yet where the bent of a man's ſpirit is taken up in the application of his whole force to ſerve the world in his profeſſion, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with thanks for what he is, than applauſes for what he is capable of being. Beſides, Sir, there is no room for ſaying any thing to you, as you are a man of wit and a great poet; all that can be ſpoken that is worthy an ingenuous ſpirit, in the celebration of ſuch faculties, has been incomparably ſaid by yourſelf to others, or by others to you. You have never been excelled in this kind, but by thoſe who have written in praiſe of you: I will not pretend to be your rival even with ſuch an advantage over you; but, aſſuring you, in Mr. Codrington's words*, that I do not know whether my love or admiration is greater,

I remain,

SIR,

Your moſt faithful Friend,

And moſt obliged,

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy:
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.

Codrington to Dr. Garth before the Diſpenſary.

THE

THE LOVER.

N° I. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1714.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO. HOR.

THERE have been many and laudable endeavours of late years, by ſundry authors, under different characters, and of different inclinations and capacities, to improve the world, by half-ſheet advertiſements, in learning, wit, and politics; but theſe works have not attentively enough regarded the ſofter affections of the mind, which being properly raiſed and awakened, make way for the operation of all good arts.

After mature deliberation with myſelf upon this ſubject, I have thought, that if I could trace the paſſion or affection of Love through all it's joys and inquietudes, through all the ſtages and circumſtances of life, in both ſexes, with ſtrict reſpect to virtue and innocence, I ſhould, by a juſt repreſentation and hiſtory of that one paſſion, ſteal into the boſom of my reader, and build upon it all the ſentiments and reſolutions which incline and qualify us for every thing that is truly excellent, great, and noble.

All you, therefore, who are in the dawn of life, as to converſation with a faithleſs and artful world, attend to one who has paſſed through almoſt all the mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befal you in the purſuit of Love. If you diligently obſerve me, I will teach you to avoid the temptations of lawleſs deſire, which leads to ſhame and ſorrow; and carry you into the paths of Love, which will conduct you to honour and happineſs. This paſſion is the ſource of our being; and as it is ſo, it is alſo the ſupport of it; for all the adventures which they meet with who ſwerve from Love, carry them ſo far out of the way of their true being, which cannot pleaſingly paſs on when it has deviated from the rules of honourable paſſion.

My purpoſe, therefore, under this title, is to write of ſuch things only which ought to pleaſe all men, even as men; and I ſhall never hope for prevailing under this character of *Lover*, from my force in the reaſon offered, but as that reaſon makes for the happineſs and ſatisfaction of the perſon to whom I addreſs. My reader is to be my miſtreſs; and I ſhall always endeavour to turn my thoughts ſo as that there ſhall be nothing in my writings too ſevere to be ſpoken before one unacquainted with learning, or too light to be dwelt upon before one who is either fixed already in the paths of virtue, or deſirous to walk in them for the future.

My aſſiſtants, in this work, are perſons whoſe conduct of life has turned upon the incidents which have occurred to them from this agreeable or lamentable paſſion, as they reſpectively are apt to call it, from the impreſſion it has left upon their imaginations, and which

Nº II. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

——MENTIS GRATISSIMUS ERROR. HOR.

I Cannot tell how many years, months, hours, days, or minutes, have paſſed away ſince I firſt ſaw Mrs. Ann Page; but certain I am, that they have ran by me, without my being much concerned in what was tranſacted in the world around me all that while. Mrs. Page being a gentlewoman on whom I have ever doated to diſtraction, has made me very particular in my behaviour upon all the occurrences on this earth, and negligent of thoſe things in which others terminate all their care and ſtudy; inſomuch, that I am very ſenſible it is only becauſe I am harmleſs, that the buſy world does not lock me up; for if they will not own themſelves mad, they muſt conclude I am, when they ſee me cold to the purſuits of riches, wealth, and power; and when people have been ſpeaking of great perſons and illuſtrious actions, I cloſe the whole with ſomething about Mrs. Page, they are apt to think my head turned, as well as I do theirs. However, I find conſolation in the ſimplicity of my diſtreſs, (which has baniſhed all other cares) and am reconciled to it. But however I may be looked upon by the ſilly crowds who are toiling for more than they want, I am, without doubt, in myſelf, the moſt innocent of all creatures; and a ſquirrel in a chain, whoſe teeth are cut out, is not more incapable of doing miſchief. Mrs. Ann Page had ſuch a turn with her neck, when I, thinking no harm, firſt looked upon her, that I was ſoon after in a fever, and had like to have left a world which I ever ſince deſpiſed, and been at reſt. But as Mrs. Ann's parents complied with her own paſſion for a gentleman of much greater worth and fortune than myſelf, all that was left for me was to lament or get rid of my paſſion by all the diverſions and entertainments I could. But I thank Mrs. Ann, (I am ſtill calling her by her maiden name) ſhe has always been civil to me, and permitted me to ſtand godfather at the baptiſm of one of her ſons.

This would appear a very humble favour to a man of ungoverned deſire; but as for me, as ſoon as I found Mrs. Ann was engaged, I could not think of her with hope any longer, any otherways than that I ſhould ever be ready to expreſs the paſſion I had for her, by civilities to any thing that had the moſt remote relation to her. But, alas! I am going on as if every body living was acquainted with Mrs. Ann Page and myſelf, when there is indeed no occaſion of mentioning either, but to inform the reader, that it is from the experience of a patient I am become a phyſician in love. I have been in it thirty years, juſt as long as the learned Sydenham had the gout; and though I cannot pretend to make cures, I can, like him, put you in a good regimen when you are down in a fit. As I was ſaying, this affection of mine left behind it a ſcorn of every thing elſe; and having an averſion to buſineſs, I have paſſed my time very much in obſervation upon the force and influence this paſſion has had upon other men, and the different turns it has given each reſpective generation, from the cultivation or abuſe of it. You will ſay I fell into very unhappy days for a lover of my complexion, who can be ſatisfied with diſtant good-will from the perſon beloved, and am contented that her circumſtances can allow me only her eſteem, when I acquaint you that my moſt vigorous years were paſſed away in the reign of the amorous Charles the Second. The licences of that court did not only make that love, which the vulgar call romantic, the object of jeſt and ridicule, but even common decency and modeſty were almoſt abandoned as formal and unnatural. The writers for the ſtage fell in with the court, and the theatre diffuſed the malignity into the minds of the nobility and gentry, by which means the degeneracy ſpread itſelf through the whole people, and ſhame itſelf was almoſt loſt: naked Innocence, that moſt charming of beauties, was confronted by that moſt hideous of monſters, barefaced Wickedneſs.

This made me place all my happineſs in hours of retirement; and as great diſtreſſes often turn to advantages, I im-

pute

pute it to the wickedneſs of the age, that I am a great maſter of the baſs-viol.

With this inſtrument I have paſſed many a heavy hour, and laid up treaſures of knowledge, drawn from contemplation, on what I had ſeen every day in the world, during the intervals from muſic and reading, which took up the principal part of my time. My purpoſe, at preſent, is to be a knight-errant with the pen, ſince that order of men who were ſo with their ſwords, are quite laughed out of the world. My buſineſs is to kill monſters, and to relieve virgins; but as it has been the cuſtom, time out of mind, for knights, who take upon them ſuch laudable and hazardous labours, to have a caſtle, a moat round it, and all other conveniencies within themſelves, it has luckily happened, that the ſpacious and magnificent apartment, which the ingenious Mr. Powell lately poſſeſſed in Covent Garden, has lately been relinquiſhed by him, upon ſome importunate words and menaces given him by a gentleman who has the ſovereignty of it, by virtue of ſome enchanted rolls of parchment, which convey that manſion unto the ſaid chief commander, vulgarly called a landlord. By this means, you are to underſtand, that the apartment, wherein the little Kings and Queens lately diverted ſo many of our nobility and gentry, is now mine. This ſpacious gallery, for ſuch I have made it for my muſings and wanderings of thought, I have dignified with the name of *The Lover's Lodge*, where, under fancied ſkies, and painted clouds, left by Mr. Powell, I ſit and read the true hiſtories of famous knights and beautiful damſels, which the ignorant call romances. To make my walk more gloomy, and adapted both for melody and ſadneſs, there lies before me, at preſent, a Death's head, my Baſs-viol, and the Hiſtory of Grand Cyrus. I cannot tell by what chance, I have alſo ſome ridiculous writers in my ſtudy, for I have an averſion for comics, and thoſe they call pleaſant fellows, for they are inſenſible of love. Thoſe creatures get into a familiarity with ladies, without reſpect on either ſide, and conſequently can neither ſee what is amiable, or be the objects of love. I wonder how theſe buffoons came into my head. But I was going to intimate, that the notions of gallantry are turned topſy-turvy, and the knight-errantry of this profligate age is deſtroying as many women as they can. It is notorious, that a young man of condition does no more than is expected from him, if, before he thinks of ſettling himſelf in the world, he is the ruin of half a dozen females, whoſe fortunes are unequal to that which his laborious anceſtors, whether ſucceſsful in virtue or iniquity, have left him.

Thus I every day ſee innocents abuſed, ſcorned, betrayed, and neglected, by brutes, who have no ſenſe of any thing but what indulges their appetites; and can no longer ſuffer the more charming and accompliſhed part of the ſpecies to want a friend and advocate. I ſhall enquire, in due time, and make every anti-hero in Great Britain give me an account why one woman is not as much as ought to fall to his ſhare; and ſhall ſhew every abandoned wanderer, that with all his bluſtering, his reſtleſs following every female he ſees, is much more ridiculous than my conſtant, imaginary attendance, on my fair-one, without ever ſeeing her at all.

But the main purpoſe of this chapter I had like to have ſlipped over, to wit, the more exact account of my bower. As it is not natural for a man in love to ſleep all night, but to be a great admirer of walking, I am at the charge of four tapers burning all night, and take my itinerations, with much gloomy ſatisfaction, from one end to the other of my long room, my field-bed being too ſmall to interrupt my paſſage, though placed in the middle of my apartment. No one who has not been polite enough to have viſited Mr. Powell's theatre, can have a notion how I am accommodated; but if you will ſuppoſe a ſingle man had Weſtminſter Hall for his bed-chamber, and lay in a truckle-bed in the midſt of it, it will give you a pretty good idea of the poſture in which I dream (but with honour and chaſtity) of the incomparable Mrs. Page.

My predeceſſors in knight-errantry, who were, as I above obſerved, men of the ſword, had their lodgings adorned with burniſhed arms round the cornices, limbs of dried giants over their heads, and all about the moat of their caſtle, where they walked by moon-light; but as I am a pen-champion, and live in town, and have quite another ſort of people to deal with, to wit, the critics, beaus, and rakes of Covent Garden, I have nothing but ſtand-diſhes, pens and

ink, and paper, on little tables at equal diſtance, that no thought may be loſt as I am muſing. I am forced to comply, more than my inclinations and high paſſions would otherwiſe permit, and tell the world how to correſpond with me, after their own method, in the common way: I am to ſignify, therefore, that I am more acceſſible than any other knights ever were before me, and in plain terms, that there is a coffee-houſe under my apartment; nay further, that a letter, directed to Mr. Marmaduke Myrtle, at the Lover's Lodge, to be left at Shanley's Coffee-houſe, Covent Garden, will find the gentleſt of mortals, your moſt enamoured, humble ſervant.

N°. III. TUESDAY, MARCH 2.

YOUNG NOBLES, TO MY LAWS ATTENTION LEND:
AND ALL YOU VULGAR OF MY SCHOOL, ATTEND.
ART OF LOVE, CONGREVE.

LOVER'S LODGE, MARCH 2.

NOW I have told all the world my name and place of abode, it is impoſſible for me to enjoy the ſtudious retirement I promiſed myſelf in this place. For moſt of the people of wit and quality who frequented theſe lodgings in Mr. Powell's time, have been here; and I having a ſilly creature of a footman, who never lived but with private gentlemen, and cannot ſtedfaſtly lie, they all ſee by his countenance he does not ſpeak truth when he denies me, and will break in upon me. It is an unſpeakable pleaſure that ſo many beauteous ladies have made me compliments upon my deſign to favour and defend the ſex againſt all pretenders without merit, and thoſe who have merit, and uſe it only to deceive and betray. The principal fair-ones of the town, and the moſt eminent toaſts, have ſigned an addreſs of thanks to me; and, in the body of it, laid before me ſome grievances, among which the greateſt are the evil practices of a ſet of perſons whom they call in their preſentation the *Lovers Vagabond*. There has been, indeed, ever ſince I knew this town, one man of condition or other, who has been at the head, and giving example to this ſort of companions, been the model for the faſhion. It would be a vain thing to pretend to property in a country where thieves were tolerated, and it is as much ſo to talk of honour and decency when the prevailing humour runs directly againſt them. The *Lovers Vagabond* are an order of modern adventurers, who ſeem to be the exact oppoſite to that venerable and chaſte fraternity, which were formerly called Knights-errant. As a knight-errant profeſſed the practice and protection of all virtues, particularly chaſtity, a *lover vagabond* tramples upon all rights, domeſtic, civil, human, and divine, to come at his own gratification in the corruption of innocent women. There are ſometimes perſons of good accompliſhments and faculties, who commence ſecretly *lovers vagabond*, but though amorous ſtealths have been imputed by ſome hiſtorians to the wiſeſt and greateſt of mankind, yet none but ſuperficial men have ever publicly entered into the liſt of the Vagabond. A *lover vagabond*, conſidering him in his utmoſt perfection and accompliſhment, is but a ſeeming man. He uſually has a command of inſignificant words, accompanied with eaſy action, which paſſes among the fillier part of the fair for eloquence and fine breeding. He has a mien of condeſcenſion, from the knowledge that his carriage is not abſurd, which he purſues to the utmoſt impudence. He can cover any behaviour, or clothe any idea with words that, to an unſkilful ear, ſhall bear nothing of offence. He has all the ſufficiency which little learning and general notices of things give to giddy heads, and is wholly exempt from that diffidence which almoſt always accompanies great ſenſe and great virtue in the preſence of the admired. But the *lover vagabond* loving no woman ſo much as to be diſtreſſed for the loſs of her, his manner is generally eaſy and janty, and it muſt be from very good ſenſe and experience in life that he does not appear amiable. It happens unfortunately for him, though much to the advantage of thoſe whom I have taken under my care, that the chief of this order, at preſent, among us in Great Britain,

Britain, is but a ſpeculative *debauchée*. He has the language, the air, the tender glance; he can hang upon a look; has moſt exactly the ſudden veneration of face, when he is catched ogling one whoſe pardon he would beg for gazing; he has the exultation at leading off a lady to her coach; can let drop an indifferent thing, or call her ſervants with a loudneſs, and a certain gay inſolence, well enough; nay, he will hold her hand too faſt for a man that leads her, and is indifferent to her, and yet come to that gripe with ſuch ſlow degrees, that ſhe cannot ſay he ſqueezed her hand, but for any thing further he has no inclination. This chieftain, however, I fear will give me more plague and diſturbance than any one man with whom I am to engage, or rather whom I am to circumvent. He is buſy in all places; an ample fortune and vigour of life enable him to carry on a ſhew of great deváſtation where-ever he comes. But I give him hereby fair warning to turn his thoughts to new entertainments, upon pain of having it diſcovered, that ſhe is ſtill a virgin upon whom he made his laſt ſettlement. The ſecret, that he is more innocent than he ſeems, is preſerved by great charge and expence on humble retainers and ſervants of his pleaſures. But ſome of the women, who are above the age of novices, have found him out, and have in a private gang given him the nick-name of the *Blight*, for that they find themſelves blaſted by him, though they are not ſenſible of his touch. It was the other day ſaid, at a viſit, Mr. Such-a-one, naming the Blight, had ruined a certain young lady. 'No,' ſaid a ſenſible female; 'if 'ſhe ſays ſo, I am ſure ſhe wrongs him. 'He may,' continued ſhe, with an air of a diſappointed woman, between rage and laughter, 'hire ruffians to abuſe 'her; but many a woman has come out 'of the Blight's hands even ſafer than 'ſhe wiſhed. I know one to whom, at 'parting, with a thouſand poetical re-'petitions, and preſſing her hands, he 'vowed he would tell nobody; but 'the Flirt, throwing out of his arms, 'anſwered pertly, "I don't make you "the ſame promiſe."

Though I ſhall from time to time diſplay the *Lovers Vagabond* in their proper colours, I here publiſh an act of indemnity to all females who took them for fine fellows until my writings appeared; that is to ſay, (for in a public act we muſt be very clear) I ſhall not look back to any thing that happened before Thurſday the 25th of February laſt paſt, that being the firſt day of my appearance in public.

I expect, therefore, to find, that on that day all vagrant deſires took their leave of the cities of London and Weſtminſter.

In order to recover ſimplicity of manners without the loſs of true gaiety of life, I ſhall take upon me the office of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. I cannot eaſily p t thoſe two Latin into two as expreſſive Engliſh words; but my meaning is, to ſet up for a judge of elegant pleaſures; and I ſhall dare to aſſert, in the firſt place, (to ſhew both the diſcerning and ſeverity of a juſt judge) that the greateſt elegance of delights conſiſts in the innocence of them. I expect, therefore, a ſeat to be kept for me at all balls, and a ticket ſent, that by myſelf, or a ſubordinate officer of mine, I may know what is done and ſaid at all aſſemblies of diverſion: I ſhall take care to ſubſtitute none, where I cannot be myſelf preſent, who are not fit for the beſt bred ſociety; in the choice of ſuch deputies, I ſhall have particular regard to their being accompliſhed in the little uſages of ordinary and common life, as well as in noble and liberal arts.

I have many youths, who, in the intermediate ſeaſons between the terms at the Univerſities, are under my diſcipline, after being perfect maſters of the Greek and Roman eloquence, to learn of me ordinary things, ſuch as coming in and going out of a room. Mr. Severn himſelf, whom I now make the pattern of good-breeding, and my top fine gentleman, was with me twice a day for ſix months upon his firſt coming to town, before he could leave the room with any tolerable grace: when he had a mind to be going, he never could move without bringing in the words, 'Well, 'Sir, I find I interrupt you;' or, 'Well, 'I fear you have other buſineſs;' or, 'Well, I muſt be going.' Hereupon I made him give me a certain ſum of money down in hand, under the penalty of forfeiting twenty ſhillings every time, upon going away, he pronounced the particle *well*. I will not ſay how much it coſt him before he could get well out of the room. Some ſilly particle or other,

others as it were to tack the taking leave with the reſt of the diſcourſe, is a common error of young men of good education.

Though I have already declared I ſhall not uſe words of foreign termination, I cannot help it if my correſpondents do it. A gentleman, therefore, who ſubſcribes Aronces, and writes to me concerning ſome regulations to be made among a ſett of country dancers, muſt be more particular in his account. His general complaint is, that the men who are at the expence of the ball, bring people of different characters together, and the libertine and innocent are huddled, to the danger of the latter, and encouragement of the former. I have frequently obſerved this kind of enormity, and muſt deſire Aronces to give me an exact relation of the airs and glances of the whole company, and particularly how Mrs. Gatty ſets, when it happens that ſhe is to paſs by the *lover vagabond*, who, I find, is got into that company by the favour of his couſin Jenny. For I deſign to have a very ſtrict eye upon theſe diverſions; and it ſhall not ſuffice, that, according to the author of *The Rape of the Lock*, all faults are laid upon Sylphs; when I make my enquiry, as the ſame author has it—

What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend and daring ſpark,
The glance by day, and whiſper in the dark?
When kind Occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?

Nº IV. THURSDAY, MARCH 4.

THE DANCER JOINING WITH THE TUNEFUL THRONG,
ADDS DECENT MOTION TO THE SPRIGHTLY SONG.
THIS STEP DENOTES THE CAREFUL LOVER; THIS,
THE HARDY WARRIOR, OR THE DRUNKEN SWISS.
HIS PLIANT LIMBS IN VARIOUS FIGURES MOVE,
AND DIFFERENT GESTURES DIFFERENT PASSIONS PROVE.
STRANGE ART! THAT FLOWS IN SILENT ELOQUENCE,
THAT TO THE PLEAS'D SPECTATOR CAN DISPENSE
WORDS WITHOUT SOUND, AND, WITHOUT SPEAKING, SENSE.

WEAVER's HISTORY OF DANCING.

THE great work which I have begun for the ſervice of the more polite part of this nation, cannot be ſuppoſed to be carried on by the invention and induſtry of a ſingle perſon only: it is, therefore, neceſſary that I invite all other ingenious perſons to aſſiſt me. Conſidering my title is *The Lover*, and that a good air and mien is (in one who pretends to pleaſe the fair) as uſeful as ſkill in all or any of the arts and ſciences, I am mightily pleaſed to obſerve, that the art of Dancing is, of late, come to take rank in the learned world, by being communicated in letters and characters, as all other parts of knowledge have for ſome ages been. I ſhall deſire all thoſe of the faculty of Dancing, to write me, from time to time, all the new ſteps they take in the improvement of the ſcience. I this morning read, with unſpeakable delight, in The Evening Poſt, the following advertiſement—

On Tueſday laſt was publiſhed, THE Bretagne, a French Dance, by Mr. Pecour, and writ by Mr. Siris; engraven in Characters and Figures, for the uſe of Maſters. Price 2s. 6d. *Note*, Mr. Siris's Ball Dances are likewiſe printed, and his original Art of Dancing by Characters and Figures. All ſold by J. Walſh, at the Harp and Hautboy, in Catharine Street, in the Strand.

Take this Dance in it's full extent and variety, it is the beſt I ever read; and though Mr. Siris, out of modeſty, may pretend that he has only tranſlated it, I cannot but believe, from the ſtile, that he himſelf writ it; and, if I know any thing of writing, he certainly penned the laſt *coupée*. This admirable piece is full of inſtruction; you ſee it is called the Bretagne, that is to ſay, the Britain. It is intended for a feſtival entertainment, (like Mr. Bays's Grand Dance) that,

that, upon occaſion of the peace with France and Spain, the whole nation ſhould learn a new Dance together. Some of the beſt experienced perſons in French dancing are to practiſe it at the Great Room in York Buildings; where, it ſeems, the Maſter of the Revels lives. He, as it is uſual, carries a white wand in his hand, and, at a motion made with it to the muſic, the Dance is to begin. I am credibly informed that, out of reſpect, and for diſtinction-ſake, he has ordered, that the firſt perſon who ſhall be taken out, is to be the Cenſor of Great Britain. I do not think this at all unlikely, nor below the gravity of that ſage; for it is well known, the judges of the land dance the firſt day of every term, and it is ſuppoſed, by ſome, they are to dance next after the Cenſor.

Mr. Siris has made the beginning of this movement very difficult for any one who has not, from his natural parts, a more than ordinary qualification that way. The Dance is written in the genius required by Mr. Weaver, in his Hiſtory of Dancing. 'The antients,' ſays that more than peripatetic philoſopher, Mr. Weaver, 'were ſo fond of 'dancing, that Pliny has given us 'Dancing iſlands; which paſſage of 'Pliny, Cælius Rodiginus quotes. 'There is alſo an account,' ſays he, 'that in the Torrhebian Lake, which is 'alſo called the Nymphæan, there are 'certain iſlands of the Nymphs, which 'move round in a ring at the ſound of 'the flutes, and are therefore called the 'Calamine Iſlands, from Calamus, a 'pipe or reed; and alſo the Dancing 'Iſlands, becauſe at the ſound of the 'ſymphony, they were moved by the 'beating of the feet of the ſingers.'

I appeal to all the learned etymologiſts in Great Britain, whether it is poſſible to aſſign a reaſon for calling this grand Dance The Britain, if the French did not think to make this a dancing iſland. The ſtile of Mr. Siris is apparently political, as any judicious reader will find, if he peruſes his Siciliana, which was writ to inſtruct another dancing iſland, taught by the French. Let any man who has read Machiavel, and underſtands dancing characters, caſt an eye on Mr. Siris's ſecond page. It is intituled—The Siciliana, Mr. Siris's New Dance for the Year 1714. Mr. Siris, a native of France, you may be ſure, ſees farther into the French motions for the enſuing year than we heavy Engliſhmen do, or he would never ſay it was made for that more than any other year, for all authors believe their works will laſt every year after they are written to the world's end. I take it for a ſly ſatire upon the awkward imitations of all nations which have not yet learned French dances, that the very next page to the Siciliana is called the *Baboon's Minuet*. Then, after that again, to intimidate the people who won't learn from the French, he calls the next the *Dragoon's Minuet*. I wiſh all good Proteſtants to be aware of this *movement*; for they tell me that, when it is teaching, a Jeſuit, in diſguiſe, plays on the kit.

But I forget that this is too elaborate for my character. All that I have to ſay to the matter of Dancing, is only as it regards lovers; and, as I would adviſe them to avoid dabbling in politics, I have explained theſe political dances, that the motions we learn may never end in warlike ones; like thoſe which were performed by the antients with claſhing of ſwords, deſcribed by Mr. Weaver (in the above-mentioned hiſtory) out of Claudian—

Here, too, the warlike dancers bleſs our ſight,
Their artful wand'ring, and their laws of flight,
An unconfus'd return and inoffenſive fight.
Soon as the maſter's blow proclaims the prize,
Their moving breaſts in tuneful changes riſe,
The ſhields ſalute their ſides, or ſtrait are ſhown
In air with waving, deep the targets groan,
Struck with alternate ſwords, which thence rebound,
And end the concert, and the ſacred ſound.

N° V. SATURDAY, MARCH 6.

——MY SOUL'S FAR BETTER PART,
CEASE WEEPING, NOR AFFLICT THY TENDER HEART.
FOR WHAT THY FATHER TO THY MOTHER WAS,
THAT FAITH TO THEE, THAT SOLEMN VOW I PASS.

ART OF LOVE, CONGREVE.

AS I have fixed my ſtand in the very centre of Covent Garden, a place for this laſt century particularly famed for wit and love; and am near the play-houſe, where one is repreſented every night by the other; I think I ought to be particularly careful of what paſſes in my neighbourhood; and, as I am a profeſſed knight-errant, do all that lies in my power to make the charming endowment of wit, and the prevailing paſſion of love, ſubſervient to the intereſts of honour and virtue. You are to underſtand, that having yeſterday made an excurſion from my lodge, there paſſed by me, near St. James's, the charmer of my heart. I have, ever ſince her parents firſt beſtowed her, avoided all places by her frequented; but accident once or twice in a year brings the bright phantom into my ſight, upon which there is a flutter in my boſom for many days following: when I conſider, that during this emotion I am highly exalted in my being, and my every ſentiment improved by the effects of that paſſion; when I reflect, that all the objects which preſent themſelves to me, now are viewed in a different light from that in which they had appeared, had I not lately been exhilarated by her preſence; in fine, when I find in myſelf ſo ſtrong an inclination to oblige and entertain all whom I meet with, accompanied with ſuch a readineſs to receive kind impreſſions of thoſe I converſe with; I am more and more convinced, that this paſſion is in honeſt minds the ſtrongeſt incentive that can move the ſoul of man to laudable accompliſhments. Is a man juſt? let him fall in love, and grow generous. Is a man good-natured? let him love, and grow public-ſpirited. It immediately makes the good which is in him ſhine forth in new excellencies, and the ill vaniſh away without the pain of of contrition, but with a ſudden amendment of heart. This ſort of paſſion, to produce ſuch effects, muſt neceſſarily be conceived towards a modeſt and virtuous woman; for the arts to obtain her muſt be ſuch as are agreeable to her, and the lover becomes immediately poſſeſſed with ſuch perfections or vices, as make way to the object of his deſires. I have plenty of examples to enforce theſe truths, every night that a play is acted in my neighbourhood: the noble reſolutions which heroes in tragedy take, in order to recommend themſelves to their miſtreſſes, are no way below the conſideration of the wiſeſt men; yet, at the ſame time, inſtructions the moſt probable to take place in the minds of the young and inconſiderate. But, in our degenerate age, the poet muſt have more than ordinary ſkill to raiſe the admiration of the audience ſo high, in the more great and public parts of his drama, to make a looſe people attend to a paſſion which they never, or that very faintly, felt in their own boſoms. That perfect piece, which has done ſo great honour to our nation and language, called Cato, excels as much in the paſſion of it's lovers, as in the ſublime ſentiments of it's hero; their generous love, which is more heroic than any concern in the chief characters of moſt dramas, makes but ſubordinate characters in this.

When Marcia reproves Juba for entertaining her with love in ſuch a conjuncture of affairs, wherein the common cauſe ſhould take place of all other thoughts, the prince anſwers in this noble manner:

——Thy reproofs are juſt,
Thou virtuous maid! I'll haſten to my troops,
And fire their languid ſouls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war ſhall ſtand ranged in it's juſt array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee!
O, lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And in the ſhock of charging hoſts, remember
What glorious deeds ſhould grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love.

It has been obſervable, that the ſtage in all times has had the utmoſt influence on the manners and affections of mankind; and as thoſe repreſentations of human life have tended to promote virtue or vice, ſo has the age been improved or debauched. I doubt not but the frequent reflections upon marriage and innocent love, with which our theatre has long abounded, have been the great cauſe of our corrupt ſentiments in this reſpect. It is not every youth that can behold the fine gentleman of the comedy repreſented with a good grace, leading a looſe and profligate life, and condemning virtuous affection as inſipid, and not be ſecretly emulous of what appears ſo amiable to a whole audience. Theſe gay pictures ſtrike ſtrong and laſting impreſſions on the fancy and imagination of youth, and are hardly to be eraſed in riper years, unleſs a commerce between virtuous and innocent lovers be painted with the ſame advantage, and with as lovely colours, by the moſt maſterly hands on the theatre. I have ſaid maſterly hands, becauſe they muſt be ſuch who can run counter to our natural propenſity to inordinate pleaſure; little authors are very glad of applauſe purchaſed any way; looſe appetites and deſires are eaſily raiſed; but there is a wide difference between that reputation and applauſe which is obtained from our wantonneſs, and that which flows from a capacity of ſtirring ſuch affections which upon cool thoughts contribute to our happineſs.

But I was going to give an account of the exultation which I am in, upon an accidental view of the woman whom I had long loved, with a moſt pure, though ardent paſſion; but as this is, according to my former repreſentations of the matter, no way expedient for her to indulge me in, I muſt break the force of it by leading a life ſuitable and analogous to it, and making all the town ſenſible how much they owe to her bright eyes which inſpire me in the performance of my preſent office, in which I ſhall particularly take all the youth of both ſexes under my care.

The two theatres, and all the polite coffee-houſes, I ſhall conſtantly frequent, but principally the coffee-houſe under my lodge, Button's, and the play-houſe in Covent Garden. But as I ſet up for the judge of pleaſures, I think it neceſſary to aſſign particular places of reſort to my young gentlemen as they come to town, who cannot expect to pop in at Mr. Button's on the firſt day of their arrival in town. I recommend it, therefore, to young men, to frequent Shanley's ſome days before they take upon them to appear at Button's. I have ordered, that no one look in the face of any new comer; and taken effectual methods that he may poſſeſs himſelf of any empty chair in the houſe without being ſtared at: but foraſmuch as ſome, who may have been in town for ſome months together heretofore, by long abſence have relapſed from the audacity they had arrived at, into their firſt baſhfulneſs and ruſticity, I have given them the ſame privilege of obſcure entry for ten days. I have directed alſo, that books be kept of all that paſſes in town in all the eminent coffee-houſes, that any gentleman, though juſt arrived out of exile from the moſt diſtant counties in Great Britain, may as familiarly enter into the town-talk as if he had lodged all that time in Covent Garden; but above all things I have provided, that proper houſes for bathing and cupping may be ready for thoſe country gentlemen whoſe too healthy viſages give them an air too robuſt and importunate for this polite region of lovers, who have ſo long avoided wind and weather, and have every day been outſtripped by them in the ground they have paſſed over by ſeveral miles. As to the orders under which I have put my female youth at aſſemblies, opera's, and plays, I ſhall declare them in a particular chapter, under the title of, 'The Government 'of the Eye in Publick Places.'

Nº VI. TUESDAY, MARCH 9.

ON ROWS OF HOMELY TURF THEY SAT TO SEE,
CROWN'D WITH THE WREATHS OF EVERY COMMON TREE.
THERE, WHILE THEY SIT IN RUSTIC MAJESTY,
EACH LOVER HAS HIS MISTRESS IN HIS EYE.

ART OF LOVE.

CORRESPONDENTS begin to grow numerous; and indeed I cannot but be pleaſed with the intelligence which one of them ſends me, for the novelty of it. The gentleman is a very great antiquary, and tells me he has ſeveral pieces by him, which are letters from the Sabine virgins to their parents, friends, and lovers, in their own country, after the famous rape which laid the foundation of the Roman people. He thinks theſe very proper memorials for one who writes an hiſtory under the title of Lover. He has alſo anſwers to thoſe letters, and pretends Ovid took the deſign of his Epiſtles from having had theſe very papers in his hands. This you'll ſay, is a very great curioſity; and for that reaſon I have reſolved to give the reader the following account, which was written by a Sabine lady to her mother, within ten days after that memorable mad wedding; and is as follows:

DEAR MOTHER,

THIS is to acquaint you, that I am better pleaſed with a very good-natured huſband in this little village here of Rome, than ever I was in all the ſtate and plenty at your houſe. When he firſt ſeized me, I muſt confeſs he was very rough and ungentle, but he grows much tamer every day than other, and I do not queſtion but we ſhall very ſoon be as orderly and ſober a couple as you and my father. My couſin Lydia nobody knows of certainly, but the poor girl had two or three huſbands in the rout, and as ſhe is very pretty, they ſay all contend for her ſtill. Romulus has appointed a day to fix the diſputed marriages; but it is very remarkable, that ſeveral can neither agree to live together, or to part: for if one propoſes it, that is taken ſo mortally ill, that the other will inſiſt upon ſtaying, at leaſt till the other conſents to ſtay; and then the party who denied demands a divorce, to be revenged of the ſame inclination in the other: thus they ſay they cannot conſent to cohabit till they are upon an equality in having each refuſed the other. This you muſt believe will make a great perplexity; but Romulus, who expects a war, will have great regard to let none who do not like each other ſtay together; and makes it a maxim, that a robuſt race is not to be expected to deſcend from wranglers. Pray let me know how my lover, who propoſed himſelf to you, bears the loſs of me. I muſt confeſs, I could not but reſent his being indifferent on this occaſion, after all the vows and proteſtations he made when you left us together. I don't queſtion but he will make jeſts upon the poverty of the Romans; but they threaten here, that if you are not very well contented with what has paſſed, they will make you a viſit with ſwords in their hands, and demand portions with your daughters. When I was made prize by my good man, who is remarkably valiant, (for which reaſon they left me undiſputed in his hands) he ſoon took off my firſt terrors from my obſervation of that his pre-eminence, and a certain determinate behaviour, with a dying fondneſs that glowed in his eyes. I told him, from what I ſaw other people ſuffer, I could not but think my lot very fortunate, that I had fallen into his hands; and begged of him he would indulge my curioſity in going with me to ſome eminence, and obſerve what befel the reſt of my friends and countrywomen. He did ſo, and from the place we ſtood on I obſerved what paſſed in all the hurly-burly, he obſerving to me the quality and merit of the huſbands, I giving to him an account of the wives. How ſtrangely truth will out! Hiſpulla, as I ſaw, when they were ſtruggling for her, has crooked legs; Chloe laughed ſo violently when ſhe was carried off, that I obſerved

ſerved her lover, as pretty as ſhe is, hardly thought it a purchaſe; while Dictynna, as homely as ſhe is, by muffling her face and ſhrieking, was contended for by twenty rivals. That arch creature Flora has eſcaped by offering herſelf: as ſoon as ſhe perceived what was intended, ſhe got upon a little hillock, and cried out, 'Who will 'have me? who will have me? Here 'I am; come, take me.' This forwardneſs made every man think her a common woman, and the flirt is now ſafe under the protection of Romulus, as a woman not yet diſpoſed of; but when her character and innocence is known, it is thought ſhe will fall to the lot of Marcius, for his generous behaviour to Thaleſtrina, who you know was betrothed to Cincinnatus. Marcius and Cincinnatus have long been mortal enemies, and met each other in ſkirmiſhes of our different nations, wherein ſometimes one, ſometimes the other, has been ſucceſsful. This noble virgin, whoſe beauty and virtue diſtinguiſhed her above all the Sabine youth, fell into the hands of Marcius. Our apartments here are not very lofty; and arbours and grottoes, ſtrewed with ruſhes, herbage, and flowers, make up the beſt bridal beds among the Romans: to ſuch an abode as this Marcius dragged the lovely Thaleſtrina. This people are not polite enough, eſpecially on this occaſion, to expreſs their paſſion by civility and ceremonious behaviour. When Thaleſtrina was convinced of Marcius's immediate purpoſe, ſhe fell into a ſwoon at his feet, and with a ſigh in her fall cried, 'Oh, Cin-'cinnatus!'

Marcius, at the ſuddenneſs of the accident, and the name of his enemy and rival for military glory, was ſurpriſed with many different paſſions and reſentments, which all ought to have given way to the care of Thaleſtrina; but in a nation of men only, and on the firſt day wherein they had a woman in their commonwealth, he was much at a loſs how to be aſſiſtant to her; but as he ſaw life revive in her, nature and good ſenſe dictated rather to abſent himſelf, than be preſent at the many diſtortions of her perſon in coming to herſelf. He retired, but entered the place again when he thought ſhe might be enough recovered to be capable of receiving what he had to ſay to her.

He approached as ſhe leaned againſt a tree which ſupported the bower, and delivered himſelf in theſe terms.

'Madam, the paſſion you were lately 'in, your noble form, and the perſon 'you called upon in your diſtreſs, give 'me to underſtand you are Thaleſtrina. 'I am Marcius, and have no debate 'with Cincinnatus, but on account of 'glory: were he a ſtranger to me, your 'paſſion for him ſhould ſecure you; 'were he my friend, you ſhould com-'mand all in my power, in ſpite of all 'the charms I ſee in you; and as he is 'my enemy, I ſcorn to wound him in 'a circumſtance wherein he is not capa-'ble of making a defence. You have 'common humanity, and the genero-'ſity of an enemy for your ſafeguard. 'I will return you to Cincinnatus; and 'I ſee, by the beautiful gratitude which 'I now read in your face, you will 'repreſent this conduct to the advan-'tage of the Romans, of whom there 'is not one who does not ſacrifice his 'private paſſions to the ſervice of his 'country. I aſſure you, I know not 'whether it is more beholden to me this 'day for the offering which I make of 'my anger, or my love.'

He did not put her to the pain of long acknowledgments of ſo great a bounty as that of her very ſelf, but conducted her into the preſence of Romulus, and told him, with a very joyous air, he had reſigned a fine woman from his bed, to purchaſe a brave man to his country.

I know Cincinnatus ſo well, that I doubt not but he will be a friend to Rome, and interpoſe his good offices for a peace between us and the Sabines. I hope all will join in the ſame mediation, who have children here; for I already know not to which party my heart would wiſh ſucceſs, if a war ſhould enſue; for I find a wife is no longer a daughter, or any other name which comes in competition with that relation: but hope things will ſo end, that I may have the pleaſure to be the faithful conſort of an honeſt man, without interfering with any other character, eſpecially that of,

Madam,

Your dutiful child,

MIRAMANTIS.

Nº VII. THURSDAY, MARCH 11.

——HABET ET SUA CASTRA CUPIDO. OVID.

THE BATTLE OF EYES.

IT has been always my opinion, that a man in love ſhould addreſs himſelf to his miſtreſs with paſſion and ſincerity; and that if this method fails, it is in vain for him to have recourſe to artifice or diſſimulation, in which he will always find himſelf worſted, unleſs he be a much better proficient in the art than any man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following letter is a very natural exemplification of what I have here advanced. I have called it The Battle of Eyes, as it brought to my mind ſeveral combats of the ſame nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. Ann Page.

SWEET MR. MYRTLE,

I Have for ſome time been ſorely ſmitten by Mrs. Lucy, who is a maiden lady in the twenty-eighth year of her age. She has ſo much of the coquette in her, that it ſupplies the place of youth, and ſtill keeps up the girl in her aſpect and behaviour. She has found out the art of making me believe that I have the firſt place in her affection, and yet ſo puzzles me by a double tongue, and an ambiguous look, that about once a fortnight I fancy I have quite loſt her. I was the other night at the opera, where ſeeing a place in the ſecond row of the Queen's box kept by Mrs. Lucy's livery, I placed myſelf in the pit directly over-againſt her footman, being determined to ogle her moſt paſſionately all that evening. I had not taken my ſtand there above a quarter of an hour, when *Enter Mrs. Lucy*. At her firſt coming in, I expected ſhe would have caſt her eye upon her humble ſervant; but, inſtead of that, after having dropped curtſey after curtſey to her friends in the boxes, ſhe began to deal her ſalutes about the pit in the ſame liberal manner. Although I ſtood in the full point of view, and, as I thought, made a better figure than any body about me, ſhe ſlid her eye over me, curtſied to the right and to the left, and would not ſee me for the ſpace of three minutes. I fretted inwardly to find myſelf thus openly affronted on every ſide, and was reſolved to let her know my reſentments by the firſt opportunity. This happened ſoon after; for Mrs. Lucy looking upon me, as though ſhe had but juſt diſcovered me, ſhe begun to ſink in the firſt offer to a curtſey; upon which, inſtead of making her any return, I cocked my noſe, and ſtared at the upper gallery; and immediately after raiſing myſelf on tiptoe, ſtretched out my neck, and bowed to a lady who ſat juſt behind her. I found, by my coquette's behaviour, that ſhe was not a little nettled at this my civility, which paſſed over her head. She looked as pale as aſhes, fell a talking with one that ſat next her, and broke out into ſeveral forced ſmiles and fits of laughter, which I dare ſay there was no manner of occaſion for. Being reſolved to puſh my ſucceſs, I caſt my eye through the whole circle of beauties, and made my bow to every one that I knew, and to ſeveral whom I never ſaw before in my life. Things were thus come to an open rupture, when the curtain riſing, I was forced to face about. I had not ſat down long, but my heart relented, and gave me ſeveral girds and twitches for the barbarous treatment which I had ſhewn to Mrs. Lucy. I longed to ſee the act ended, and to make reparation for what I had done. At the firſt riſing of the audience, between the acts, our eyes met; but as mine began to offer a parley, the hard-hearted ſlut conveyed herſelf behind an old lady, in ſuch a manner, that ſhe was concealed from me for ſeveral moments. This gave me new matter of indignation, and I begun to fancy I had loſt her for ever. While I was in this perplexity of thought, Mrs. Lucy lifted herſelf up from behind the lady who ſhadowed her, and peeped at me over her right-ſhoulder. 'Nay, Madam,' thinks I to myſelf, 'if thoſe are your tricks, I will 'give you as good as you bring:' upon which I withdrew, in a great paſſion, behind a tall broad-ſhouldered fellow, who was very luckily placed before me. I here lay *incog.* for at leaſt three ſeconds;

conds; *Snug* was the word; but being very uneaſy in that ſituation, I again emerged into open candle-light, when looking for Mrs. Lucy, I could ſee nothing but the old woman, who ſcreened her for the remaining part of the interlude. I was then forced to ſit down to the ſecond act, being very much agitated and tormented in mind. I was terribly afraid that ſhe had diſcovered my uneaſineſs, as well knowing, that if ſhe caught me at ſuch an advantage, ſhe would uſe me like a dog. For this reaſon I was reſolved to play the indifferent upon her at my next ſtanding up. The ſecond act, therefore, was no ſooner finiſhed, but I faſtened my eye upon a young woman who ſat at the further end of the boxes, whiſpering, at the ſame time, to one who was near me, with an air of pleaſure and admiration. I gazed upon her a long time, when ſtealing a glance at Mrs. Lucy, with a deſign to ſee how ſhe took it, I found her face was turned another way, and that ſhe was examining, from head to foot, a young well-dreſſed raſcal who ſtood behind her. This cut me to the quick; and, notwithſtanding I toſſed back my wig, rapped my ſnuff-box, diſplayed my handkerchief, and at laſt cracked a jeſt with an orange-wench to attract her eye, ſhe perſiſted in her confounded ogle, till Mrs. Robinſon came upon the ſtage to my relief. I now ſat down ſufficiently mortified; and determined, at the end of the opera, to make my ſubmiſſion in the moſt humble manner. Accordingly, riſing up, I put on a ſneaking penitential look; but, to my unſpeakable confuſion, found her back turned upon me.

I had now nothing left for it but to make amends for all by handing her to her chair. I buſtled through the crowd, and got to her box-door as ſoon as poſſible, when, to my utter confuſion, the young puppy, I have been telling you of before, bolted out upon me with Mrs. Lucy in his hand. I could not have ſtarted back with greater precipitation if I had met a ghoſt. The malicious girl ſy took no notice of me; but turning aſide her head, ſaid ſomething to her dog of a gentleman-uſher, with a ſmile that went to my heart. I could not ſleep all night for it, and the next morning writ the following letter to her.

MADAM,

I Proteſt I meant nothing by what paſſed laſt night, and beg you will put the moſt candid interpretation upon my looks and actions; for however my eyes may wander, there is none but Mrs. Lucy who has the entire poſſeſſion of my heart. I am, Madam, with a paſſion that is not to be expreſſed either by looks, words, or actions, your moſt unalienable, and moſt humble ſervant,

TOM WHIFFLE.

And now, Sir, what do you think was her anſwer? Why, to give you a true notion of her, and that you may gueſs at all her curſed tricks by this one —Here it is.

MR. WHIFFLE,

I Am very much ſurprized to hear you talk of any thing that paſſed between us laſt night, when, to the beſt of my remembrance, I have not ſeen you theſe three days. Your ſervant,

L. T.

N° VIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 13.

LINQUENDA TELLUS ET DOMUS ET PLACENS UXOR. HOR.

IN the calculation of a man's happineſs in life, there is no one circumſtance which ought more carefully to be conſidered, than the object of one's love. As that will certainly take full poſſeſſion of the heart, except it be reſiſted in time, it is the utmoſt madneſs to let your affections fix where you cannot expect the approbation of your reaſon. If a man does not take this precaution, his days will paſs away with frivolous pleaſures and ſolid vexations; his own reflections only muſt ſoften his misfortunes and afflictions; but he can have no recourſe, no help from his cooler thoughts, who dare not admit his reaſon into his council. We cannot look back upon the pleaſures which flow from looſe deſire, but with remorſe and contrition, and therefore the mind cannot recur to them

them on occaſions of diſtreſs, to borrow comfort; but honourable love, though it has all the ſoftneſs and tenderneſs which imagination can form, can be admitted under the ſevereſt affliction, and is the beſt inſtrument to break the force; but as it breaks the force of ſorrow, it does not do it by wholly removing it's affliction, but rather by diverſifying it. He that is under any great calamity, loſes the ſenſe of it, as it touches himſelf; and his affliction, which, perhaps, would have had in it the terrors of fear and ſhame, is, by the neglect of his own part in the affair, turned only into pity and compaſſion for a tender wife who participates it. This kind of concern carries an antidote to it's poiſon; and the merit of her regard to him has ſomething in it ſo pleaſing, that the ſoul feels a ſecret conſolation in the happineſs of being poſſeſſed of ſuch a companion, at the ſame time that he thinks her participation is the greateſt article of his diſtreſs. In all ages, men who have differed from the ſentiments of the world, when they have been precipitated by fury and party, and been ſacrificed to the rage of their enemies, have, in trials of this ſort, ſunk under their diſtreſſes, or behaved themſelves decently in them, according to the ſupport which they have met with from the domeſtic partners of their affliction. This is an opportunity to vent the ſecret pangs of heart to one whoſe love makes nothing ungrateful; or, to utter the ſenſe of injuries, where that appears conſcious virtue, which to any other audience would ſound like pride and arrogance.

There are indeed very tender things to be recited from the writings of poetical authors, which expreſs the utmoſt tenderneſs in an amorous commerce; but indeed I never read any thing which, to me, had ſo much nature and love, as an expreſſion or two in the following letter; but the reader muſt be let into the circumſtance of the matter, to have a right ſenſe of it. The epiſtle was written by a gentlewoman to her huſband, who was condemned to ſuffer death. The unfortunate cataſtrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whoſe name was Penruddock, to whom the letter was written, was barbarouſly ſentenced to die without the leaſt appearance of juſtice. He aſſerted the illegality of his enemies proceedings with a ſpirit worthy his innocence; and, the night before his death, his lady writ to him the letter which I ſo much admire, and is as follows.

MRS. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAR HEART,

MY ſad parting was ſo far from making me forget you, that I ſcarce thought upon myſelf ſince, but wholly upon you. Thoſe dear embraces which I yet feel, and ſhall never loſe, being the faithful teſtimonies of an indulgent huſband, have charmed my ſoul to ſuch a reverence of your remembrance, that, were it poſſible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to life again; and (with reverence) think it no ſin to rob Heaven a little while longer of a martyr. Oh, my dear! you muſt now pardon my paſſion, this being my laſt (oh fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the laſt minute that I can imagine you ſhall live, I will ſacrifice the prayers of a Chriſtian, and the groans of an afflicted Wife. And when you are not, (which ſure by ſympathy I ſhall know) I ſhall wiſh my own diſſolution with you, that ſo we may go hand in hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how turn'd out of doors becauſe I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge! I would fain diſcourſe longer with you, but dare not; paſſion begins to drown my reaſon, and will rob me of my *devoire*, which is all I have left to ſerve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thouſand times, my deareſt dear; and ſince I muſt never ſee you more, take this prayer: May your faith be ſo ſtrengthened, that your conſtancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will in a ſhort time (I hope) tranſlate, my dear, your ſad, but conſtant wife, even to love your aſhes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

MAY 3d, 1655, 11 AT NIGHT.

Your children beg your bleſſing, and preſent their duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any thing ſo affectionate as that line—'Thoſe dear embraces which yet I feel.' Mr. Penruddock's anſwer has an equal tenderneſs,

tenderneſs, which I ſhall recite alſo, that the town may diſpute whether the man or the woman expreſſed themſelves the more kindly, and ſtrive to imitate them in leſs circumſtances of diſtreſs; for from all, no couple upon earth are exempt.

MR. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER TO HIS LADY.

DEAREST, BEST OF CREATURES!

I Had taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recal my fondneſs for life, and enable me to reſign it. As I am ſure I ſhall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my reſolution to part from you; ſo, when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but ſuch as you, I recover my courage. But fondneſs breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your huſband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public ſpectacle; do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I ſee my ſand run ſo faſt, and I within a few hours am to leave you helpleſs, and expoſed to the mercileſs and inſolent, that have wrongfully put me to a ſhameleſs death, and will object that ſhame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodneſs to me; and will endeavour ſo to die, as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually ſupported each other, and for which I deſire you not to repine that I am firſt to be rewarded: ſince you ever preferred me to yourſelf in all other things, afford me, with chearfulneſs, the precedence in this.

I deſire your prayers in the article of death, for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

Nº IX. TUESDAY, MARCH 16.

QUANTA LABORAS IN CHARYBDI! HOR.

UPON my opening the Lover's Box this morning, I found nothing in it but the following letter, made up very nicely, and ſealed with a little Cupid holding a flaming heart in each hand, and circumſcribed, *Love unites us.* I find, by the contents of this letter, that my correſpondent will ſoon change his device, and perhaps make the figure of Hymen perform that part which, at preſent, he has aſſigned to Cupid.

SIR,

AS you are a man of experience in the world, I beg your advice in a matter of great importance to me. I have, for ſome time, been engaged in cloſe friendſhip with a fine woman: your knowledge of mankind will eaſily inform you of the purport of that phraſe. In ſhort, I have lived with her, as with a *ſhe-friend*, in the utmoſt propriety of that term: but, at preſent, I am under a very great embarraſs; for having run out moſt of my fortune in the courſe of my converſation with her, I find myſelf neceſſitated to go into a new way of life, and by that means to make myſelf whole again. A favourable opportunity preſents itſelf: a rich widow (the common refuge of us idle fellows) has ſpoke kindly of me, and I have reaſon to believe will very ſhortly put me in poſſeſſion of her perſon and jointure. Tell me, dear Mr. Myrtle, how I ſhall communicate this affair to the poor creature whom I am going to forſake. If I know her temper, ſhe loves me ſo well, that ſhe would rather ſee me beggar'd and undone, than in a ſtate of wealth and eaſe with another woman. She will call my endeavours to make myſelf happy, being falſe to her. Nay, I don't know but ſhe may be fool enough to make away with herſelf; for the laſt time I talked to her, and mentioned this affair at a diſtance, ſhe ſeemed to ſhew a curſed hankering after purling ſtreams. Let me conjure thee, old Marmaduke, if thou wilt not give me ſome advice, to give ſome to this poor woman; make her ſenſible that a man does not take a miſtreſs for better for worſe, and that there is ſome difference between a lover and a huſband. But you know better than I can tell you, what to ſay upon ſo nice a ſubject. I am your moſt humble ſervant,

W. T.

There

There is nothing which I more abhor, than that kind of wit which betrays a hardneſs of heart. Inhumanity is never ſo odious, as when it is practiſed with mirth and wantonneſs. If I may make ſo free with my correſpondent, he ſeems to be a man of this unlucky turn. I ſhall not fall into the ſame fault which I condemn in him; but, that I may be ſerious on ſuch an occaſion, will deſire my readers to conſider thoroughly the evils which they are heaping up to themſelves, when they engage in a criminal amour. If they die in it, they know very well what muſt be the dreadful conſequence. If either of them break looſe from the other, the melancholy and vexation that are produced on ſuch occaſions, are too dear a payment for thoſe pleaſures which preceded, and are paſt, as though they had never been.

The woman is generally the greateſt ſufferer in caſes of this nature; for by the long obſervations I have made on both ſexes, I have eſtabliſhed this as a maxim, that *women diſſemble their paſſions better than men, but that men ſubdue their paſſions better than women.*

I have heard a ſtory to my preſent purpoſe, which has very much affected me. The gentleman, from whom I heard it, was an eye-witneſs of ſeveral parts of it.

'About ten years ago there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a ſecret amour with a young lady of a conſiderable family. After a correſpondence of gallantries, which had laſted two or three years, the father of the young Count, whoſe family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his ſon ſenſible that he ought, in common prudence, to cloſe with it. The Count, upon the firſt opportunity, acquainted his miſtreſs very fairly with what had paſſed, and laid the whole matter before her, with ſuch freedom and openneſs of heart, that ſhe ſeemingly conſented to it. She only deſired of him that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting, was a grove, which ſtands at a little diſtance from the town. They converſed together in this place for ſome time, when on a ſudden the lady pulled out a pocket-piſtol, and ſhot her lover to the heart, ſo that he immediately fell down dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's houſe, telling every one ſhe met what ſhe had done. Her friends, upon hearing her ſtory, would have found out means for her to make her eſcape; but ſhe told them ſhe had killed her dear Count, becauſe ſhe could not live without him; and that for the ſame reaſon ſhe was reſolved to follow him by whatever way juſtice ſhould determine. She was no ſooner ſeized, but ſhe avowed her guilt, rejected all excuſes that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be ſpeedy. She was ſentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehenſive of nothing but that the intereſt of her friends ſhould obtain a pardon for her. When the confeſſor approached her, ſhe aſked him where he thought was the ſoul of the dead Count? He replied, that his caſe was very dangerous, conſidering the circumſtances in which he died. Upon this, ſo deſperate was her frenzy, that ſhe bid him leave her, for that ſhe was reſolved to go to the ſame place where the Count was. The prieſt was forced to give her better hopes of the deceaſed, from conſiderations that he was upon the point of breaking off ſo criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was ſo near her end. Upon the day of her execution ſhe dreſſed herſelf in all her ornaments, and walked towards the ſcaffold, more like an expecting bride than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me that he ſaw her placed in the chair, according to the cuſtom of that place; where, after having ſtretched out her neck with an air of joy, ſhe called upon the name of the Count, which was the appointed ſignal for the executioner, who, with a ſingle blow of his ſword, ſevered her head from her body.'

My reader may draw, without my aſſiſtance, a ſuitable moral out of ſo tragical a ſtory.

C. F. Burney del. Heath sculp.

Plate I.

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N° X. THURSDAY, MARCH 18.

——MAGIS ILLA PLACENT QUÆ PLURIS EMUNTUR.

I Have lately been very much teazed with the thought of Mrs. Anne Page, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. Anne was in a particular manner very fond of China ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a China dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and China. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are play-things for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian mandarin, as her great granddaughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of cloaths for this brittle ware. The potters of China have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast cloaths and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason my friend Tradewell, in the city, calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with China, his wife's wardrobe. 'In yonder corner,' says he, 'are above twenty suits of cloaths, and on that scrutoire above an hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, stays, and mantuas, went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is,' says he, 'a suit of cloaths is not suffered to last half it's time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of China, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife.'

There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for China, namely, that it administers to them great matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger, and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear countrywomen, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their servants wages in China fragments, which their carelessness has produced. 'If thou hast a 'piece of earthen ware, consider,' says Epictetus, 'that it is a piece of earthen 'ware, and by consequence very easy 'and obnoxious to be broken: be not, 'therefore, so void of reason, as to be 'angry or grieved when this comes to 'pass.' In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a China cup. I shall farther recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars. First, That all China ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, That the fashion of it is changeable. And, Thirdly, That it is of no use. And first of the First. The fragility of China is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set it's heart upon; though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with Seneca on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from it's brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason, I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But, as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable; which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of China may ſurvive all thoſe accidents to which it is by nature liable, and laſt for ſome years, if rightly ſituated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is ſo ordered that the ſhape of it ſhall grow unfaſhionable; which makes new ſupplies always neceſſary, and furniſhes employment for life to women of great and generous ſouls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myſelf remember when there were few China veſſels to be ſeen that held more than a diſh of coffee; but their ſize is ſo gradually enlarged, that there are many, at preſent, which are capable of holding half a hogſhead. The faſhion of the tea-cup is alſo greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, ſhape, and ſize.

But, in the laſt place, China ware is of no uſe. Who would not laugh to ſee a ſmith's ſhop furniſhed with anvils and hammers of China? The furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as abſurd: you ſee jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have ſeen horſes, and herds of cattle, in this fine ſort of porcelain; not to mention the ſeveral Chineſe ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough repreſented in theſe frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown juggs, and the like uſeful products of our Britiſh potteries, there would be ſome ſenſe in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and diſpoſed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture: but there is an objection to theſe which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of ſome uſe, and might be taken down on all occaſions, to be employed in ſervices of the family; beſides, that they are intolerably cheap, and moſt ſhamefully durable and laſting.

N° XI. SATURDAY, MARCH 20.

MÆCENAS ATAVIS EDITE REGIBUS. —BENTLEY'S HORACE.

THE following epiſtle is written to me from the pariſh of Gotham, in Herefordſhire, from one who had credentials from me to be received as an humble ſervant to a young lady of the family which he mentions. Becauſe it may be an inſtruction to all who court great alliances, I ſhall inſert it word for word as it came to my hands.

SWEET MR. MYRTLE,

ACCORDING to your perſuaſion, I came down here into the country, with a deſign to ingraft myſelf into the family to which you recommended me; but I wiſh you had thought a little more of it, before you gave me that advice; for a man is not always made happy by having ſettled himſelf in a powerful houſe; for riches and honour are ornamental to the poſſeſſors of them, only when thoſe poſſeſſors have ſuch arts or endowments which would render them conſpicuous without them: but theſe creatures to whom you adviſed me to be allied, are ſuch, whoſe intereſt it is to court privacy, and are made up of ſo many defects, that they could not better recommend themſelves to the world, or conſult their own intereſt, than by hiding; but they are ſo little inclined to ſuch a prudent behaviour, that they ſeem to think that their appearance, upon all occaſions, cannot chuſe but be advantageous to them; and yet, ſuch is the force of Nature in biaſſing all it's inſtruments to the uſes for which ſhe has made them moſt fit, that they are ever undertaking what would make the moſt beautiful of the human race appear as ugly as themſelves. Thus they take upon them to manage all things in this country; and if any man is to be accuſed, arreſted, or diſgraced, one of theſe hideous creatures has certainly a hand in it. By theſe methods and arts they govern thoſe who contemn them, and are perpetually followed by crowds who hate them: at the ſame time there is I know not what exceſſively comic and diverting, to behold theſe very odd fellows in their magnificencies.

You muſt know, they ſet up extremely for genealogies, old codes, and myſtic writings, and knowing abundance of what was never worth knowing in the ſeveral ages in which it was acted; but there is conſtantly, in all they pretend to, ſome circumſtance which ſecretly tends to raiſe the honour and antiquity of their family. Thus they are not contented, as all we the reſt of the world are, to become more antient every day than other as time paſſes on, but they grow

grow old backwards; and every now-and-then they make some new purchase of musty rolls and papers, which they tell you acquaints them with some new matter concerning their further antiquity. I met here, to my great surprize, Abednego the Jew, who used to transfer stock for me at Change Alley. I was going to salute him, but he tipped me the wink, and taking me apart at a proper opportunity, desired me not to discover him: 'For,' says he, laughing, 'I am come down here as a cheat.' He explained himself further, That his way was to get some paper that was mouldy, dusty, or moth-eaten, and write upon it Hebrew characters, which he sold to Sir Anthony Crabtree's library. You must know, there is nothing so monstrous but they can make pass upon the people; so terrible are the Crabtrees in this county. The last piece of antiquity which they produced, was a letter, written in Noah's own hand, to their ancestor, and found upon a mountain in Wales, (which, by the way, is said by them to be the oldest and highest mountain in the world) directed to their ancestor Sir Robert Crabtree, an Antediluvian knight. This, Sir, passes very currently here, and is well received; because all allow there have been no faces like theirs in any other family since the Flood.

It would be endless to give you a distinct account of these worthies in one letter, but I will go as far as I can in it. I was, when I declared my love, appointed an hour in their great hall; where were assembled all their relations and tenants; but instead of receiving me with civility, as one who desired to be of their family, as they know not how to shew power and greatness, but by doing things terrible and disagreeable, Mr. Peter Brickdust stands up before all the company, and enters into a downright invective against me, to shew that I was not fit to be entertained among them. They call him here at Gotham, and in all these parts, the *Accuser*, because it is his natural propensity to think the worst of every man. Though the Implement has a very great estate, the poverty of his soul is such, that he will do any thing for a further penny. He condescends to audit part of the rents of Sir Anthony's estate; and, though born to a better fortune than the knight himself, is his utter slave. His business about him is to find out somebody or other for him, from time to time, on whom to exercise his great power and interest. Peter has the very look of a wicked one of low practice. Peter is made for a lurcher; and, as being a creature of prey, he rises to the object he aims at, as if he were going to spring at some game; but he slinks, as you may have seen a cur at once exert and check his little anger when he sees a strange mastiff. Naturalists say all men have something in their aspect of other animals, which resemble them in constitution. Peter's countenance discovers him a creature of small prey; it is a mixture of the face of a cat, and that of an owl. He has the spiteful eagerness of the former, blended with the stupid gravity of the latter. He stood behind a post all the while he was talking, and groped it as if he were feeling for hobnails. All that he said was so extravagant, wild, and groundless, and urged with a mien so suitable to the falsehood and folly of it, that I was rather diverted than offended at Brickdust. When from another quarter of the hall, placed just under a gallery, there stood up the knight's brother. It is impossible to express the particularity of this gentleman. His mien is like that of a broken tradesman the first day he wears a sword: his aspect was sad; but rather the face of a man incapable of mirth, than under any sorrow; and yet he does not look dull neither, but attentive to both worlds at once, and has in his brow both the usurer and the saint. I observed great respect paid to him; but methought some leavings of conscience made him look somewhat abashed at the great civilities which were paid him. He roundly asserted I was not worth a groat, and indeed made it out in a moment; for by some trick or other, he had got in his custody all the writings which make out the title to my estate.

What made this whole matter the more extravagantly pleasant was, that there is an odd droning loudness in the brother's voice, which made a large Irish greyhound open at every pause he made. That great surly creature, made so docile and servile, was to me matter of much entertainment and curiosity. The knight's brother, I assure you, spoke with a good steady impudence; and having been long inured to talk what he does not mean, he looks as if he meant what he said.

The pleasantry of this excellent farce is, that all these fellows were bred Presbyterians, and are now set up for High-

churchmen. They carry it admirably well; and the partizans do not diſtinguiſh that there is a difference between thoſe who are of neither ſide, from generous principles, and thoſe who are diſintereſted only from having no principles at all. The knight himſelf was not in the country, but is expected every day; they ſay he is a precious one; they make me expect he will treat me after another way. His manner is very drole: he is very affable, and yet keeps you at a diſtance; for he talks to every body, but will let nobody underſtand him. Here is a gentleman in the country, a good intelligent companion, that gives me a very pleaſant idea of him: he ſays he has ſeen him go through his great hall full of company, and whiſper every man as he paſſed along; when they have all had the whiſper, they have held up their heads in a ſilly amazement, like geeſe when they are drinking. But perhaps more of this another time. You would marry me into this goodly houſe! I thank you for nothing, dear Sir; and am your humble ſervant for That.

P. S. Here is a ſtory here, that Mr. What-d'ye-call laughs at all they pretend to do againſt him, and is prepared for the worſt that can happen. To inure himſelf to be a public ſpectacle, they ſay, he rid an hour and an half, at noon-day, on Wedneſday laſt, behind Charles the Firſt, at Charing Croſs.

N° XII. TUESDAY, MARCH 23.

WHEN LOVE'S WELL TIM'D, TIS NOT A FAULT TO LOVE;
THE STRONG, THE BRAVE, THE VIRTUOUS, AND THE WISE,
SINK IN THE SOFT CAPTIVITY TOGETHER.

PORTIUS IN CATO.

THE following letter, written in the fineſt Italian female hand, as beautiful as a picture or draught of a letter, rather than the work of a pen, in the fineſt ſmall gilt paper, when opened, diffuſed the moſt agreeable odours, which very ſuddenly ſeize the brains of thoſe who have ever been ſick in love. There is no neceſſity, on ſuch an occaſion as this, that the epiſtle ſhould be filled with ſprightly expreſſions. The fold of the letter, the care in ſealing it, and the device on the ſeal, are the great points in favours of this kind from the fair; for when it is a condeſcenſion to do any thing at all, every thing that is not ſevere is gracious. As ſoon as I looked upon the hand, my poor fond head would needs perſuade itſelf that it came from Mrs. Page; but I read, and found it was the acknowledgment of an obligation I have not merit enough ever to be capable of laying upon any. The letter is thus.

MR. MYRTLE, MARCH 19, 1714.

SINCE you have taken upon yourſelf the province of Love, all tranſactions relating to that paſſion moſt properly belong to your paper. I beg the favour of you to inſert this my epiſtle in your very next, in order to give the earlieſt notice poſſible of my having received very great favour and honour done to me, by ſome one to whom I am more obliged than it can ever be in my power to return. I beg therefore that you will inſert the following Advertiſement, and you will oblige (though unknown) your ſervant, and great admirer,

A. B.

'A CERTAIN Preſent, with a Letter 'from an unknown hand, hath been very 'ſafely delivered to the party to whom 'directed.'

It is the niceſt part of commerce in the world, that of doing and receiving benefits. Benefits are ever to be conſidered rather by their quality than quantity; and there are ſo many thouſand circumſtances with reſpect to time, perſon, and place, which heighten and allay the value, that even in ordinary life it is almoſt an impoſſibility to lay down rules on this ſubject; becauſe it alters in every individual caſe that can happen; and there is ſomething ariſes in it, which is ſo inexplicable, that none but the perſons concerned can judge of them, and thoſe, as well as all other perſons, are incapable of giving judgment in their own caſe. All theſe circumſtances are ſtill more intricate in that part of life which is naturally above the

the rules of any laws, and muſt flow from the very ſoul to be of any regard at all; and are more exquiſitely valuable and conſiderable, as they proceed more from affection, without any manner of reſpect to the intrinſic worth of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of ribband or a jewel. The Lover in the comedy is not, methinks, abſurd, where he prates of his rules and obſervations on this ſubject:

'You muſt entertain women high, and 'bribe all about them. They talk of 'Ovid and his Art of Loving. Be li-'beral, and you outdo his precepts. 'The art of love, Sir, is the art of 'giving. Be free to women, they'll be 'free to you. Not every open-handed 'fellow hits it neither. Some give up 'lap-fulls, and yet never oblige. The 'manner, you know, of doing a thing, 'is more than the thing itſelf. Some 'drop a jewel, which had been refuſed 'if bluntly offered.

'Some loſe at play what they deſign 'a preſent.

'The ſkill is to be generous, and 'ſeem not to know it of yourſelf, 'tis 'done with ſo much eaſe; but a liberal 'blockhead preſents a miſtreſs as he'd 'give an alms.'

I intend all this upon the paſſion of love within the ſtricteſt rules; but benefits and injuries cannot touch to the quick, till the paſſion is arrived to ſuch a height as to be mutual. Before that, all preſents and ſervices are only the offerings of a ſlave to a tyrant; it is therefore neceſſary, to make them worthy to be received, to ſhew that they proceed from affection, and that all your talents are employed in ſubſerviency to that affection. The ſkill and addreſs which is uſed on theſe occaſions in conveying preſents, or doing any other obliging thing, is for this reaſon much more regarded than the preſents or actions themſelves. I knew a gentleman who affected making good company chearful, and diverting himſelf with a whimſical way he had of laying particular obligations upon ſeveral ladies by the ſame action, and making each believe it was done for her ſake. Thus he would make a ball, and tell one he wiſhed ſhe would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: another, that he was overjoyed to ſee her there, for that he was ſure, had ſhe not, nobody elſe would have been there that evening. He would whiſper a third, who was brought thither by a relation; and, without being named—'And did your cou-'ſin believe ſhe introduced you hither? 'There is a gentleman yonder ſaid, ſhe 'came with you, and not you with her.' By this wily way, he was by all eſteemed the moſt obliging fine gentleman; that was ſo genteelly ſaid, and t'other thing ſo prettily contrived, that who but Charles Myrtle with all the fair and delightful, in his time. About his flouriſhing years the ſtage had a particular livelineſs owing to this paſſion, but too often to this paſſion abuſed and miſrepreſented. Otway, who wrote then, expoſed, in his play of Venice Preſerved, the bounty of a ſilly diſagreeable old ſinner, who at that time was a great pretender to politics, in which he was the moſt ungainly creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than Antonio (for ſo he calls him) a politician, except Antonio a lover. This grim puzzled lecher is thus treated by his Aquilina, whom he keeps and viſits. In one of thoſe lovely moments ſhe ſays to him, 'I hate you, deteſt you, loath you; I 'am weary of you. I am ſick of you. 'Crazy in your head, and lazy in your 'body, you love to be meddling with 'every thing; and, if you had not mo-'ney, you are good for nothing.' This imperious wench of this fribbling politician was in the intereſts of thoſe who were then attempting to deſtroy his country: ſhe rates him in behalf of Pierre, who is her favourite, and is then plotting the deſtruction of Venice—'Where's my Lord, my Happineſs, my 'Love, my God, my Hero!' This contemptible image repreſents in a very lively manner, how offenſive every endeavour to pleaſe is in the man who is in himſelf diſagreeable. Poor Antonio, to ſatisfy an amorous itch, muſt not only maintain his wench, but ſupport every ruffian in her favour that is an enemy to his country; which will for ever be the fate of thoſe who attempt to be what nature never deſigned them, wits, politicians, and lovers.

But I will break off this diſcourſe to oblige a neighbour, who writes me the following letter.

GOOD MR. MYRTLE,

AS I am your near neighbour, within two doors of the Lover's Lodge, and within the ſound of your melodious baſs-viol,

viol, I cannot better expreſs my gratitude for that favour you do my ears, than by inviting you to divert your eyes in my large gallery, which is now garniſhed, from top to bottom, with the fineſt paintings Italy has ever produced. I dare promiſe myſelf you will find ſuch variety, and ſuch beautiful objects, of both hiſtory and landſcape, profane and ſacred, that it will not only be ſufficient to pleaſe and recreate the ſight, but alſo to yield ſatisfaction and pleaſure to your mind, and inſtructive enough to inform and improve every body's elſe. When you have well viewed and conſidered the whole collection, then I am to leave it to you, whether you will not think it may be of uſe to the readers of your Lover, (which I underſtand is to come out to-morrow, very luckily for me the day before my ſale begins) to recommend the viewing of my collection to them, as a very agreeable and inſtructive amuſement to all perſons in love. But this, and every thing elſe that may concern me or my collection, I leave to Mr. Myrtle's judgment, and known readineſs to ſerve mankind in their particular ſtations of life. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient, and obliged humble ſervant,

JAMES GRAME.

N° XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 25.

MULTI DE MAGNIS, PER SOMNUM, REBUS LOQUUNTUR.
LUCR.

THE ſtrong propenſity that, from my youth, I have had to Love, hath betrayed me into innumerable ſingularities, which the inſenſible part of mankind are apt to turn into ridicule. The aſtoniſhing accounts of ſympathy, faſcination, errantry, and enchantments, are thereby become ſo familiar to me, that my converſation, upon thoſe ſubjects, hath made ſeveral good people believe me to be no better than I ſhould be. My behaviour hath hereto fore been ſuitable to my opinions. I have loſt great advantages by waiting for lucky days, and have been looked upon ſeverely by fair eyes, while I expected the benign aſpect of my ſtars. Many a time have I miſſed a ball, for the pleaſure of walking by a purling ſtream; and choſe to wander in unfrequented ſolitudes, when I might have been a king at *queſtions and commands*. It is well known what a proſpect I had of riſing by the law, if I had not thought it more noble to fill my ſtudy with poems and romances, than with dull records, and mutable acts of parliament. I intend, at ſome convenient ſeaſon, to communicate to the public a catalogue of my books; and ſhall, every now and then, oblige the world with extracts out of thoſe manuſcripts, which love and leiſure have drawn from my pen. I have a romance, in ſeven neat folios, almoſt finiſhed; beſides novels, ditties, and madrigals, innumerable. The following ſtory is collected out of writers in ſo learned a language, that I am almoſt aſhamed to own it. I muſt ſay for my excuſe, that is was compiled in my twentieth year, upon my leaving the univerſity, and is adapted to the taſte of thoſe who are far gone in romance; not to mention the ſeveral morals that may be drawn from it. I have thought fit to call it—

THE DREAMS OF ENDYMION.

THE night was far advanced, and ſleep had ſealed the eyes of the moſt watchful lovers, when on a ſudden a confuſed ſound of trumpets, cymbals, and clarions, made all the inhabitants of Heraclea ſtart from their beds in terror and amazement. An eclipſe of the moon was the occaſion of this uproar; and a mixed multitude of all ages and conditions ran directly to the top of Mount Latmos with their inſtruments of muſic, to aſſiſt the fair planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her ſphere by the power of magical incantations. As ſoon as they had reſtored her to her former beauty, they returned home with joy and triumph, to take that benefit of repoſe which they thought their piety deſerved. Only Cleander, the amorous Cleander, gave himſelf up to his muſings, and wandering through the trees that clothe Mount Latmos, inſenſibly

E. F. Burney del. Anker Smith sculp.

Plate II.

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ſenſibly reached the ſummit of the mountain. He was feeding his eyes with the fine landſcape that was ſpread before him, when he heard a languiſhing voice utter theſe words, intermixed with ſighs; 'Cruel goddeſs! why wilt thou make 'me wretched by the remembrance of 'my happineſs!'—'Ye powers!' ſaid Cleander to himſelf, 'is not that the 'voice of Endymion?' He had no ſooner ſaid this, than he crept along whither the voice directed him, and ſaw to his inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment the following ſpectacle. This ſtrange object was a man ſtretched at length on a declivity of the mountain, with his arms acroſs his breaſt, and his eyes levelled at the moon. 'Thou fair regent of the Moon,' ſaid he, 'after the enjoyment of a god-'deſs, why wilt thou degrade thy lover, 'and throw him back to Mount Lat-'mos and mortality? Ah! inconſtant, 'thou thinkeſt no more of Endymion,' —'Tis he! 'tis he!' cried Cleander; 'tis 'Endymion, or the ghoſt of my friend!' With theſe words he ran to him, and caught him in his arms with the warmeſt expreſſions of tranſport. If Cleander was overjoyed, Endymion was no leſs; and their endearments had laſted a long time, if Cleander's curioſity had not ſpurred him to learn the cauſe of Endymion's long abſence from Heraclea, his adventures, and the reaſon of of his odd complaints. After repeated intreaties, Endymion delivered himſelf in the following manner.

'You may remember, that my frequent contemplation of the heavens 'had gained me the reputation of a 'great aſtronomer among the ſages 'of Heraclea. But had there not been 'more powerful motives, I had not, for 'thirſt of knowledge, abandoned the 'good-natured ladies of our city, with 'ſo much youth and vigour about me. 'You muſt know, that I had ſo often 'dreamt that Diana looked kindly on 'me, that I went to her temple at 'Epheſus to learn the will of the god-'deſs. I was ſurpriſed to find her famous ſtatue there entirely to reſemble 'the lovely image that had a thouſand 'times ſmiled on me in my viſions. 'The ſucceeding night I bribed the 'prieſteſs with a conſiderable ſum, to 'let me paſs the time within the temple. After I had ſaid whatever a 'violent paſſion could inſpire, I fell in 'a trance before the ſhrine that encom-'paſſed her ſtatue, and, to my inexpreſ-'ſible joy, ſaw the goddeſs deſcend, and 'bid me aſk her, with a ſmile, what-'ever I deſired. "Bright goddeſs," 'ſaid I, "were I to have my wiſh, I "would beg that the pleaſure I now "enjoy might be eternal. But ſince "that is too much, give me, I pray "thee, a ſeat among the ſtars that "may place me ever in thy view, and "neareſt to thy chariot. Or if the "number of the ſtars be compleat, and "the Deſtinies deny me this; grant me, "at leaſt, to be wholly thine upon earth; "and diſdain not the preſent that I "make thee of myſelf."—"Whether "in heaven or in earth," anſwered the 'goddeſs, "I will loſe no opportunity "to gratify thee." Scarce had ſhe uttered theſe words, but I loſt the ſight 'of her, and only heard the ſound of 'her quiver, as ſhe turned and glided 'away.

'I related my viſion the next morning 'to Evadne the prieſteſs, who expreſſed 'great joy at my ſucceſs, and having 'ſprinkled me with water from the ſa-'cred fountain, and ſpoken myſterious 'words, diſmiſſed me with a phial of 'powerful juices, and inſtructions how 'to uſe it. According to her com-'mands, I repaired to this mountain, 'where having drank off the enchant-'ed draught, I lay ſtretched upon the 'ground, and fixed my eyes with de-'light on the moon. Suddenly, me-'thought, the heavens were cleft, and 'an ivory chariot, drawn by horſes or 'dragons, took me up, and whirled me 'over cities, rivers, foreſts, and oceans, 'in a moment of time. I was at length 'ſet down in the middle of a wood, 'where the face of nature was more 'delicious than the imagination of poets, 'or painters has yet deſcribed. I had 'not walked long, before I heard the 'voices of women; and at my draw-'ing near I perceived Diana in the midſt 'of her nymphs. The beautiful virgins 'were placed round her, under the ſha-'dow of trees: ſome of them lay ſtretch-'ed on the graſs; others were viewing 'themſelves in the ſtreams: here was 'one ſharpening the point of an arrow; 'there another was ſtroaking a hound. 'Their horns were hung upon the 'boughs, and their bows and quivers 'were careleſsly ſcattered upon the 'ground. The queen herſelf was leſs 'diſtinguiſhed by her golden bow and

'ſilver

'silver crescent, than by that beauty 'which had long held me captive. I 'rustled a little too eagerly through the 'boughs where I had concealed myself, 'when a nymph that stood near her, 'casting a look towards me, cried out— "A man! a man!" At that word one 'of the oldest of the virgins bent her 'bow at me, and had shot me through 'the heart, if Diana had not seasonably 'interposed. "Hold!" cried the god-'dess, "if he must die, let him die by "my hand. Give me," continued she, "the bundle of arrows that Cupid pre-"sented me with the other day, when "we hunted in the Idalian grove." A 'pretty young nymph having put them 'in her hands, she threw arrow after 'arrow at me, till I had received a hun-'dred wounds, which conveyed such a 'subtle poison into my blood, that I lost 'my sight, staggered, and fell down 'dead. I had not lain long in that con-'dition, when, to my great amazement, 'I found myself in the arms of Diana, 'dressed after the manner of her nymphs; 'and I saw the light and her eyes at 'the same time. I found, after that, 'she had used that seeming cruelty to 'conceal our loves; and thenceforward 'I passed for one of her sex, and was 'looked upon as the favourite nymph 'of her train. My days were spent in 'those sports which she takes pleasure 'in. How often have we ranged the de-'serts of Hyrcania! How agreeably 'have we wandered on the banks of 'Peneus, or Eurotas! How many lions 'have we coursed in Getulia! How 'have we panted after the swiftest deer 'in Crete, and pursued the tigers of 'Armenia! But our nights—To what 'a pitch of glory and happiness was I 'raised! How much happier yet were 'my lot, if the mouth that tasted were 'allowed to reveal my joys! But, oh 'Cleander! what shall we think of the 'other sex, when I shall have assured 'thee, that goddesses themselves are 'inconstant! It is in the nature of fe-'males to be suddenly hurried from one 'extreme to another. Love or hate 'wholly possesses them; they have no 'third passion. What they will, they 'will absolutely, and demand unlimited 'obedience. They are ever prepared to 'shew how little they can value their 'lovers, and sacrifice what was once 'held dear to their ambition and thirst 'of dominion. When they cease to 'love, they endeavour to persuade us, 'by coldness and slighting usage, that 'we never were beloved. But not be-'ing able to impose so far on our un-'derstanding, and to give the lye to our 'senses, they endeavour to make us lose 'the memory, as they have lost the desire 'of possession. After so long a course 'of sighs, vows, fidelity, submission, 'and whatever lovers talk of, I was 'hurried away from the happy regions 'I have described, in the same manner 'that I went; and, not many hours 'since, found my body extended on this 'mountain, where the goddess descend-'ed with a veil over her face; but, upon 'hearing a noise of trumpets and cla-'rions, left me without speaking, and 'fled to the moon in an instant. The 'assurance that I was abandoned, made 'me vent those complaints, which were 'still the more just, because, after the 'favour of a goddess, I shall loathe the 'faint beauties of Heraclea.'

Endymion had no sooner spoke these words, than he and his friend were sur-prised with a loud laugh from behind a bush that grew near them. Instantly started up three young women, who had dogged Cleander in his solitary walk, one of which was his mistress. They ran so fast to Heraclea, that he could not overtake them; and, before ten that morning, all the women of the town had a fling at Endymion. Though they secretly believed his amours to be real, they had the malice to ridicule them, as the visions of a distempered imagination. Nay, these giggling gipsies had credit enough to get the poor gentleman jested into a proverb; insomuch, that if a lover blabbs out the secret, the Heracleans call him a lunatic; they ask a pretty fellow that conceals his intrigues, if he hath *a mistress in the clouds?* and to boast of favours, is, with them, *to have the dreams of Endymion.*

I could dream on much longer, with great delight to myself at least, but that I am awakened by the following letter from a gentleman, whom I have great reason to have a high respect for, having frequently been an eye-witness of his behaviour, both as to love and honour. I have seen him, as a lover, win by fair courtship at least fifty ladies; and as a soldier in open field, obtain compleat victories always over superior numbers, and sometimes observed the whole owing to his single valour.

SIR,

SIR,

I Am to have a benefit play on Monday next; and the ſtreſs of the ſtory depending upon Love, I hope it will find room in your paper.

It is the Albion Queens, with the Death of Mary Queen of Scotland: where that illuſtrious lover, the Duke of Norfolk, rather than he will deny his flame, gives up his life. Whenever I ſee you, I ſhall do you honour; and am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

GEORGE POWEL.

Nº XIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

ODERINT DUM METUANT.
MOTTO ON SIR ANTHONY CRABTREE'S COACH.

I Am to-day very buſy, having a wedding ſuit for a gentleman, and the knots of the bride, offered to my conſideration, and the wedding itſelf to be on Eaſter Tueſday; therefore the reader muſt be contented with this letter, all which I do not myſelf underſtand, for the entertainment of this day.

MR. MYRTLE,

READING the letter in your Lover of the 20th, from your friend, concerning the family of the Crabtrees, I was pleaſed at the non-reception of your friend into that ridiculous generation; in which family, as I am told, may be found an antique record in Hebrew, proving their original. Sir Anthony is cautious of ſhewing the manuſcript; but his ſecretary, with whom I'm well acquainted, and whoſe knowledge is great in crabbed characters, does aſſure me it's writ in the profane ignorant ſtyle uſed by the fanatics before the Reſtoration, and ſeems to be formed out of the phraſes of the Revelations, with many periods ending with the ſight of the beaſt, and the image of the beaſt, and the like. I think your friend ought to be thankful for his deliverance: however, I can't ſay Sir Anthony was always for deſtroying every thing, having once ſaved (not his country, but) his houſe. The ſtory is thus related by a ſervant then living in the family. It ſeems, in the time of Sir Ralph, father to this precious ſtick Anthony, there was in the family a man that had lived long, but wickedly, under the cloak of religion; but at length was diſcovered to have defiled the houſe with a maid-ſervant who proved with child, which was an abomination to Sir Ralph, who turned both out of doors without paying them their wages, being conſiderable; and ordered the bed wherein the crime had been committed, with the furniture of that room, to be burnt; which they were accordingly. The fellow thought, by marrying the woman, he might ſo far ingratiate himſelf into his maſter's favour as to get their wages; but Sir Ralph was too religious to allow that any thing could be due to the wicked. Upon which the fellow reſolved, ſince he was to be a loſer, his maſter ſhould be no gainer; therefore ſent a meſſage to Sir Ralph, to let him know, if he would pay him, he had ſomething of moment to impart to him, which might be for the good of him and his family. To this the old gentleman gave ear; and being ever apprehenſive of ſome plot or other againſt him, (in which Sir Anthony takes much after him) reſolved to pay the fellow, and have him examined; and when the great ſecret came out, it was, that he and the maid had lain together upon every bed in the houſe, and every room. Upon which the whole houſe and furniture was condemned to be burnt on a certain day; but, the night before the execution, Sir Anthony came down to his father's, and, with a high hand, ſaved houſe and goods. This is the plain well-known matter of fact; and this is the firſt houſe that I ever heard of to have been ſo near burning by the fire of Love. I can aſſure you the family is now grown much more polite; but having been bred in ſuch ſtrictneſs and formality during the time of good Sir Ralph, both Anthony and his brother Zachariah come into a wench's chamber with the ſame air they uſed to enter their congregations of ſaints. It is an hard thing to unlearn geſtures of the body; and though Anthony has quite got over all the prejudices of his education, not only as to ſuperſtition, but as to religion alſo, he makes a very queer

figure; and the perſecuted ſneak is ſtill in his face, though he now ſets up for a perſecutor.

If the four behaviour and hypocriſy, which the enemies to Diſſenters accuſe them of, was utterly forgotten, and which, by their freedom and more open communication with the reſt of the world from the Toleration, is really at an end; I ſay, if all this were wholly out of the memory of man, all their rancour, ſpite, and obſtinacy, might be revived among the Crabtrees. This particular, however, is to be more emphatically enlarged upon by thoſe who ſhall write their hiſtory; which is, that they are impudent to a jeſt. They having as little reſpect for mankind as mankind has for them, they do not care how groſs the thing is they attempt, ſo they can carry it. Sir Anthony wanting a cauſe, the laſt circuit, to keep up the face of his grandeur, and to make himſelf popular, ſpoke to Brickduſt to accuſe ſomebody for diſreſpect to an *illuſtrious family*. They could not find ſuch a one; but Brickduſt told him of a hawker who had books about him writ in favour of that houſe. Sir Anthony ſaid, that would do as well, provided they could perſuade people to pronounce the books were againſt that intereſt. Well, they got the poor hawker in amongſt them at a county court, and, in ſpite of all that the gentlemen of greateſt honour, quality, and eſtate, could ſay, the cry went againſt the pedlar. There were indeed a great many people of ſenſe and faſhion, who are carried away by the Crabtrees, ſolicited to call out, that the hawker ſhould be turned out of the place, when they ſaw, from the appearance for him, they could carry it no further. But they could procure nobody to do even this, but a natural fool, who had made ſport at a Wincheſter wedding, and is every where as much known for an idiot, as if he had his Mooriſh dancer's habit and bells on. Thus, between jeſt and earneſt, they turned out the pedlar, for the very contrary of what the fellow had done. Sir Anthony ſays this was right, and ſtill profeſſes he is a friend to that family: 'For,' ſays that merry cunning fellow, 'if I can bring it to that paſs, 'that nobody ſhall dare to ſpeak for 'them without my leave, I ſhall eaſily 'manage that nobody dare to be againſt 'them.' This is, Mr. Myrtle, the logic of the Crabtrees. But I know not how to relate half the fine things I know of them; read Sancho Panza's Government in Barataria; get Hudibras by heart; caſt your eye upon books of dreams, incantations, and witchcrafts; and it will give you ſome faint pictures of the exotic and comic deſigns of this unaccountable race, who are (according to their own different accounts of their parts and births) occaſionally Syrians, Egyptians, Saxons, Arabians, and every thing but Welch, Britiſh, Scotch, Iriſh, or any thing that is for the intereſt of theſe dominions. As you are the patron of Love, I deſire to know of you, whether, after this faithful repreſentation of things, you ought to lament that your friend has been rejected by the Crabtrees. Your moſt humble ſervant,

EPHRAIM CASTLESOAP.

N° XV. TUESDAY, MARCH 31.

CREDE MIHI, QUAMVIS CONTEMNAS MURMURA FAMÆ,
HIC TIBI PALLORI, CYNTHIA, VERSUS ERIT. PROPERT.

I Should be but a very ill guide to others in the ways of this town, if I continually kept in my Lodge: I do ſometimes make excurſions, and viſit my neighbours, whoſe manners and characters cannot but be of great uſe to the youth of this kingdom, whom I propoſe to conduct in ſafety, if they will follow my advice. It is the buſineſs of a pilot to diſcover ſhoals, rocks, and quick-ſands, in order to land his paſſengers in ſafety. I ſhall take pains to hang out lights; but if thoſe who ſail after me will rather chuſe to be ſtranded (where I have given them a ſignal of danger) than follow my courſe, their ſhipwreck is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

There are now in town, among the ladies who have given up all other conſiderations to gratify themſelves in one ſort of delight, three eminent above the reſt for their charms and vices. The firſt can only pleaſe novices; the ſecond ſeeks only men of buſineſs, and ſuch of them as are between fools and knaves; the

the third runs through the whole race of men, and has arts enough about her to enſnare them all, as well as deſire enough to entertain them all. Theſe ladies are profeſſed courtezans, and live upon it.

The firſt I ſhall give an account of is Jenny Lipſy. All creatures of prey have their particular game, and never dream of any other. Jenny never aims at any but novices; and ſhe makes her advances with ſo much ſkill, that ſhe is ſeldom without two or three in purſuit of her, who are in their firſt month of a town life. I ſate by her, a week or two ago, at a play. There was ſeated juſt before her a pretty ſnug Academic, who, I obſerved, was deſtined for her entertainment that evening. There ſate by her a coarſe Hoyden in a black ſcarf, who ſeemed a ſervant-maid ſtolen out with Jenny on this frolic to a play. Jenny, at every thing which paſſed in the play that had little ſenſe in it, was ſo delighted as not to contain herſelf from loud laughs; but particularly checked herſelf, with a well-acted romp-like confuſion, when ſhe was obſerved by the pretty young gentleman; her maid profeſſing, in a lower voice, ſhe would never come abroad with her again. Many kind looks, however, paſſed between my young gentleman and one he conceived as unſkilled in the town as himſelf. She begged his pardon two or three times for preſſing upon him negligently; and hoped there was no offence, in ſuch a tone and voice, and ſuch a natural impertinence and want of judgment, as would have deceived any man in town but Roger Veterane, who ſuſpects every thing. My young ſpark offered his ſervice, at the end of the play, to ſee her out: Jenny ſaid he was a ſtranger to her, though he looked like a civil body; but her maid interpoſed, and ſaid—'If the 'gentleman will get us out of the crowd, 'there can be no harm,' ſince ſhe would keep with her.

The ſecond woman of conſideration is that artful ſhy dame Madam Twilight. This lady has got a ſtep or two in age, experience, and addreſs, beyond Miſs Jenny above-mentioned. She has been above theſe ten years known for what ſhe is; but ſhe has preſerved ſuch a decency in her manners, and has ſo little frolic in her temper, that every lover takes it ſhe is as much pleaſed with him as he with her. Twilight, therefore, has paſſed her ten years libertiniſm in ſhort marriages, rather than different riots. The many gallants, whoſe relict ſhe is, treat her with civility and reſpect wherever they meet her; and every man flatters himſelf it is the neceſſity of her affairs made her take ſuch a looſe, but ſhe certainly loved nobody but him. Twilight, as I ſaid, is never outrageouſly joyful, but can comply with a whiſper, and retire very willingly with great reluctance, ſeldom diſcovering deſire enough to overcome the confuſion to which her compliance obliges her. But I muſt leave her character half drawn, and in the dreſs ſhe often affects, a veil, to haſten to her, who gives me moſt diſquiet of any of her ſex, when I am endeavouring to ſave the free and innocent from the ſlavery to which ſhe affects to reduce all mortals, eſpecially thoſe of merit.

This lady, who is the heroine of to-day's paper, as well acquainted with this town as the plains of Arcadia, dignified and diſtinguiſhed among the looſe wanderers of Love by the name of Clidamira Duſtgown, is miſtreſs of the whole art of women; ſhe can do what ſhe pleaſes, with whom ſhe pleaſes, and I have not yet known any one that could ſave himſelf from her but by flight. She can, as occaſion ſerves, be termagant and haughty, if the follower is in his nature ſervile; then again ſo humble and reſigning to thoſe who love and admire none but themſelves! She can lead the converſation among raw youths who are proud of being admitted into her company, and will liſp and grow ſo girliſh, and prevail upon hardened and experienced rakes of the town, who are above hurting any thing but innocence. Clidamira is a female rake: the male ones, I juſt now obſerved, affect moſtly to have to do with the innocent, and Clidamira's paſſion is to deceive and bubble the knowing. To indulge this humour in herſelf, ſhe has all the learning of a ſpark of the town; is deep in miſcellany poems, plays, novels, and romances; has the copies of verſes, ſcandals, and whiſpers, all the winter, which are brought forth in London and Weſtminſter; all the ſummer, thoſe produced at Epſom, Tunbridge, and the Bath. Her lewdneſs is as great, and her underſtanding greater, than that of any of her admirers: by the force of the latter ſhe is as much courted, even by thoſe who have had her, (as the phraſe is) as the fineſt woman whoſe

charms are yet untaſted; her ſkill is ſuch, that her practice in wickedneſs has not at all made her hypocriſy of innocence appear aukward or unlovely, but ſhe can be any thing ſhe ever was to thoſe who like what ſhe was better than what ſhe is, the moſt accompliſhed frolic, and diſſolute of all wenches. What makes me have no patience with Madam Duſtgown, is, that ſhe is now laying all her ſnares, and diſplaying all her charms, to withdraw my heart from Mrs. Page. But ſhe ſhall die; I will ſacrifice her, to gain a ſmile for that merit from my own incomparable fair-one.

Clidamira has at this time three different keepers; a rich citizen, whom ſhe has orders, upon occaſion, to write to in the ſtyle of a widow who wants his his charity; a married man of quality, whom ſhe is to addreſs ſo, as that his lady, who is as jealous as a ſtateſman, and admires her lord for the fineſt gentleman in the world, might read it; her third is a gentleman learned in the laws, whom ſhe writes to as his client, when ſhe has a mind to raiſe ſmall ſums to ſupport her laviſh gallant, who lives upon gratifying her real paſſion, and ſharing the hire of her proſtitution. It was neceſſary laſt week her dear comrade ſhould have a fine horſe he had ſeen; ſhe levied the price of him upon her ſlaves by the following method. She writes

TO HER CITY FRIEND,

SIR,

DID I not know what acts of charity your worſhip daily does, and that your good lady is as inclined to do good as yourſelf, I ſhould not take this liberty to move your compaſſion to the widow and fatherleſs. If your worſhip's buſineſs ſhould divert you from taking notice of this according to the direction hereunder written, I ſhall preſume to wait upon your lady myſelf. I am, &c.

The latter circumſtance being a threat, immediately produced a largeſs above her ordinary ſalary.

The great ſkill is to write letters that may fall into any hands, even a wife's, and diſcover nothing. Her ſtile to my Lord was thus.

MY LORD,

IS it poſſible you can doat with ſo much conſtancy on the charms of a wife, to be blind to the thouſand nameleſs things that I do and ſay before you, even in her preſence, to reveal a paſſion too ſtrong to be ſmothered?

My lady pouts ten days after the intercepting ſuch a billet, miſinterprets every look and ſentence of every friend ſhe has, and keeps my lord waking till he has dived into the matter, and fined for his quiet to Clidamira.

Her worthy Chamber-council is captivated at the prodigious wit of the creature, when ſhe ſends a bundle of old parchments from widow Lackitt, and has them lodged with his clerk with a couple of guineas, and underwrites ſhe will give him his brief at her own lodgings. The buſy creature, who is in joy when he is not actually taking pains, is ſo exquiſitely exalted at the wit, cunning, and addreſs, of deceiving that notable deep diſcerner his own clerk, that, for fear of appearing too dull for an hint himſelf, caſh is immediately conveyed to his client, as left with him from the perſon who is to lend the money upon the mortgage. Thus the ſly thief thews, though he is a man of buſineſs, if he would give his mind to it, he could be as notable a gallant as the beſt. She is accommodated, and her council is cheated in raptures.

Nº XVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 1.

————SOME GRAINS OF SENSE
STILL MIXT WITH VOLLIES OF IMPERTINENCE.

ROCHESTER's POEMS.

THE writer of the following letter being a perſon, if you will believe his own ſtory, the moſt impertinently croſſed in love that ever any mortal was, and allowing his letter to fit only for one day in the year, I have let him have his will, and made it the buſineſs of this

Mr.

MR. MYRTLE,

SINCE I writ my laſt to you, wherein I gave you ſome account of the confounded uſage which I met with from the miſchievous and ridiculous race of the Crabtrees, I have made it my buſineſs to enquire into, and conſider the arts and ſtratagems, by which a people ſo like in genius to the *Cercopitheci*, ſhould ſo long be ſuffered to impoſe upon many wiſe, brave, and learned gentlemen in this county. After much deliberation with myſelf, I am come to this reſolution, That all their ſucceſſes are owing to a certain graceleſs impudence in themſelves, and an unmanly modeſty in others. There is nothing but they will attempt from their want of deference to the reſt of the world; and there is nothing but others ſeem ready to ſuffer from a too great ſenſibility of what the world will think of them. Among other the extraordinary circumſtances by which this race is ſignalized, I am moſt diverted with their ſuperſtition: they are, you muſt know, great obſervers of lucky and unlucky days; and Sir Anthony, whoſe great talent lies in making fools of mankind, chuſes on the firſt of April to ſettle his ſchemes for the enſuing year; and yet, with all the hurry which he eternally appears in, he is the laziеſt thief living. One of his propoſitions for management is to affect buſtle, and avoid buſineſs: this, with ſeveral other as wiſe maxims, is ſet down by his ſecretary to be entered upon the firſt of April next. The next to that, as I could gather it out of Mr. Secretary's Coptic characters, is, Never to look before-hand, but do as well as you can in the preſent moment.

Sir Anthony has had great ſucceſs in following this latter poſition; but his noddle is ſo full, by being always extricating himſelf from ſome preſent difficulty, that he has not time to reflect, that though men will bear ſome hardſhips into which they are ſurpriſed, they may be rouzed by repeated injuries.

They tell me moſt incredible whimſies of him. Among the reſt, that he ſhall take a book of humour and ridicule, and take upon him to draw out a ſcheme of politics hid under thoſe ſeeming pleaſantries. A notable money-ſcrivener has informed me, that his knighthood has conceived a mighty opinion of South Sea Stock, not from the national and ſolid ſecurity that is given to ſupport the intereſt thereof, but from the following memorable paſſage in the 94th page of a book called A Tale of a Tub. Moſt people agree that that piece was written for the advancement of religion only; but Sir Anthony, who ſees more and leſs than any other man living, will have it to be a collection of politics; and the paragraph upon which he grounds his conception of the fund above-mentioned, is as follows.

'The firſt undertaking of Lord Peter 'was to purchaſe a large continent, 'lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in 'Terra Auſtralis Incognita. This tract 'of land he bought a very great penny-'worth from the diſcoverers themſelves, '(though ſome pretend to doubt whether they had ever been there) and 'then retailed it into ſeveral cantons to 'certain dealers, who carried over co-'lonies, but were all ſhipwrecked in 'the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter 'ſold the ſaid continent to other cuſto-'mers again, and again, and again, and 'again, with the ſame ſucceſs.'

Mr. Myrtle, if you publiſh this ribaldry I now ſend you, be ſure you chuſe the day auſpicious to the Crabtrees, to wit, the firſt of April, a day wherein, time out of mind, people have thought fit to divert themſelves with paſſing upon their neighbours nonſenſe and impoſition for wit and art. But to go on. In order to amaſs a vaſt ſum of money, which he deſigns to place in the fund, the benefits of which are ſo myſteriouſly deſcribed in the above-mentioned political diſcourſe, Sir Anthony has reſolved to part with the moſt valuable manuſcripts in his library, which are actually ſent to town to be ſold on the ſaid firſt day of April, and catalogues given gratis to all the fellows of the Royal Society. The things which he expects moſt for, are as follows. *Fobor Camolanthi's Rudiments of Letters*; being the firſt ſcrawls made by the ſaid Camolanthi with his own hand, before the invention of writing, wherein is to be ſeen the firſt B that ever was made.

The ſecond curioſity is the very *white Wax* which John a Gant had in his hand when he made the famous conveyance by an overt act of biting, and the following words:

In witneſs that this is ſooth,
I bite the white wax with my tooth.

The third is an *Egyptian Mummy*, very

very freſh, and fit to be kept as a predeceſſor to any houſe which is ſo antient as to have loſt the records of it's anceſtry.

The fourth is *the firſt hallowed Slipper which was kiſſed in honour of St. Peter*, who is reported by heretics to have worn none at all himſelf, but to have gone a fiſhing barefoot. It would be endleſs to tell you all circumſtances of theſe prodigious fellows, but Zachariah and Brickduſt are gone poſt to London to vouch for theſe antiquities. Zachariah, Sir Anthony ſays, has a very good countenance to ſtand by the *Mummy* at the ſale, as well as to vouch for the *white wax* in the conveyance. I don't know what they may do with you Londoners, but they have quite loſt themſelves at Gotham, and the twelve wiſe men are aſhamed of them; upon which the Crabtrees ſay they will have twelve others, but this is ſuppoſed to be only a bounce; for the Gothamites begin to perceive, though too late, that the Crabtrees are not ſuch cunning curs as they pretend; but are at the bottom fools, though they ſet up for the other character. I ſuppoſe you muſt have heard the ſtory of the Book-man: falling upon that inconſiderable fellow has explained them more than any thing that ever happened; and Sir Anthony, by all intelligent people, was reckoned a Cudden for meddling with him; for, ſay they, there were a thouſand ways of getting rid of him; and it was not worth doing it, whatever chaſtiſement they might put him to, at the rate of expoſing themſelves and their affairs to the examination which that impotent vengeance brought upon them.

Thus the Crabtrees, who indeed never had ſenſe, have now loſt the appearance of it; and Sir Anthony, for theſe ten days laſt paſt, could not get any body to whiſper him: when he offers it, the party attempted ſtands full before him; and there you ſee poor Sir Anthony, in a need to whiſper, jerking and writhing his noddle, and begging an audience of a ſtarer, who ſtands in the poſture of a man ſtiff with amazement, that he had not found him out before. If you'll turn to the next page to that I quoted above, to wit, the next to the 94th, (which phraſe I own I ſteal from Juvenal's *Volveris à prima quæ proxima*) you will find that Sir Anthony ſtole the manner of his Levy from Lord Peter's invention of erecting *a whiſpering office*, for the public good and eaſe—of all—*eves-droppers, phyſicians, midwives, ſmall politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in deſpair, bawds, privy counſellors, pages, paraſites*, and *buffoons.—An aſs's head was placed ſo conveniently, that the party might eaſily with his mouth accoſt either of the animal's ears.* The other parts of that paragraph are too coarſe to be repeated. Sir Anthony is mightily afraid his dear relations will hardly get ſafe back again to him; and therefore, like the country fellow who ſaid, It was pity there was not an act of parliament againſt all foreigners that ſhould pretend to invade this land, he has given them a paſs which he thinks will be of as much force all over England, as it would lately have been in this county, where he is a juſtice. There is one particular pleaſant clauſe in it, wherein he requires all people, notwithſtanding their looks, to let them paſs for honeſt men.

Zachariah diſputed carrying that clauſe, and ſaid, he was ſure nobody could take him for any other; but Sir Anthony over-ruled him, and, in his ſneering way, ſaid, It could do him no harm to have it about him. Which is all at preſent, from the moſt unfortunate of lovers,

RICARDETTO LANGUENTI.

N° XVII. SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

WHO TAUGHT THE PARROT HUMAN NOTES TO TRY,
OR WITH A VOICE ENDU'D THE CHATT'RING PIE?
'TWAS WITTY WANT, FIERCE HUNGER TO APPEASE:
WANT TAUGHT THEIR MASTERS, AND THEIR MASTERS THESE.
DRYDEN'S PERSIUS.

MRS. Anne Page was ſmiling very graciouſly upon me, in a dream, between ſeven and eight yeſterday morning, when three thundering knocks at my door drove the fair image from my fancy, as Diana was hurried to the moon by the cymbals and trumpets of Heraclea. My ſervant came up to me while I was curſing the rude hand that had diſturbed me, and delivered me a letter, which was given him, as he ſaid, by a luſty freſh-coloured young man in an embroidered coat, who promiſed to call upon me, two days hence, at the ſame hour. The dread of ſuch another noiſe made me break open the letter with ſome precipitation.

MR. MYRTLE,

MY ſtory, in ſhort, is this. My father kept me under, after I came from ſchool, and ſnubbed me conſumedly, till I was five and twenty; and then he died, and left me three thouſand *per annum*. I came to London this winter, where I am to be married to a fine young lady, when I can get her in the mind. But, I don't know how, there is no pleaſing of her. She hath made my heart ache ſo often, that I have reſolved to follow ſomebody elſe; but ſhe hath ſuch a way with her eyes, that I cannot do without her. When I firſt came to town, I heard ſhe ſhould ſay, how that I was ſo *rough!* Upon which I ſhaved every day, and waſhed my hands once in half an hour, for a week together. Being informed, that ſhe hoped I might be *poliſhed* in time, I got a broad French beaver, and an embroidered coat, that coſt me threeſcore pounds. I cannot, indeed, blame her for complaining that I have no *taſte*, for I have loſt my ſtomach; and I entirely agree with her that I want *air*, for I am almoſt choaked in this ſmoaky town. But this is not all. She hath given out, that ſhe wiſhes I would travel; and ſhe told me, no longer ſince than yeſterday, that the man ſhe married ſhould make the *tour* of Italy. Now, Sir, I would be at any expence, in building, to pleaſe her; but as for going into outlandiſh countries, I thank her for that. In ſhort, ſhe would have me out of the way: for, you muſt know, there is a little ſnipper-ſnapper from Oxford, that is mightily in her books. I don't know how it comes to paſs, but, though he hath but a plain grey ſuit, he hath ſuch a fawning way with him, that my mind miſgives me plaguily. He hath words at his fingers ends; and I can ſay nothing, but he has ſome anſwer or another that puts me out; and yet he talks ſo, that one cannot be angry neither. He always reads your Lovers to her; and I hear her ſay often, that ſhe ſhould like ſuch an ingenious man as Mr. Myrtle. Now, what I deſire is your advice; for, as I told you before, I cannot do without her. I am a hearty fellow; and, believe me, if you do me any good, you ſhall have gloves, and dance at my wedding. Your humble ſervant to command,

TIMOTHY GUBBIN.

It falls out very luckily, that I can recommend Mr. Gubbin to a perſon for his purpoſe, without further riſquing my own repoſe. The following letter, which I received a week ago, ſhall ſerve for an anſwer to his. And I further declare, that I conſtitute the author thereof my Eſquire, according to the prayer of his petition. I have accordingly aſſigned him an apartment in the Lover's Lodge; and ſhall further encourage him, as I find his merits anſwerable to his pretenſions.

LAUNCELOT BAYS TO MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

COURTEOUS KNIGHT,

AS you are a profeſſor and patron of Love, I throw myſelf at your feet to beg a boon of you. When I have told you my ſtory, you will confeſs that I am the

the moſt amorous and chaſte of ſwains. I am, Sir, by profeſſion, an author, and the ſcene of my labours is a garret. My genius leads me to love, and I have a gentle manner. When I have occaſion for money, I fancy to myſelf a lady, and write ſuch ſoft things, as you would bleſs yourſelf to hear. But living at preſent in the city, where ſuch ware fetches but little, I ſhall, without your aſſiſtance, fall ſhortly into great poverty of imagination. Would you believe it, Sir? I have lived this month on a poſy for a ring.

My requeſt is, that I may be tranſplanted from this barren ſoil into Covent Garden. My greateſt ambition is to be received in the quality of Eſquire to ſo courteous a knight as you are; to carry your pen in this your gentle warfare, and do the ſquirely offices eſtabliſhed in this order of chivalry. You may not, perhaps, find me unqualified to take ſome drudgeries off your hands, which you muſt otherwiſe undergo; and may poſſibly appoint me ſub-tutor to the Britiſh ſavages, before they approach the fair. It is thought ſufficient, that the taylor and dancing-maſter have managed an awkward body at his firſt coming to town: nay, upon the ſtrength of a box of *fine Myrtle Barcelona*, a young fellow, now-a-days, ſets up for love and gallantry. The ill ſucceſs of ſuch unformed cavaliers makes a perſon of my talents neceſſary in a civilized country. You know, the ladies will be attacked in form, before they liſten to terms; and, though they do not abſolutely inſiſt upon hanging or drowning, they think it but decent that ſuch attempts be made in rhyme and ſonnet. I believe you will agree with me, that no woman of ſpirit thinks a man hath any reſpect for her, till he hath played the fool in her ſervice; and the mean opinion that ſex hath of a poet, makes any thing in metre, from a lover, an agreeable ſacrifice to their vanity.

Now, ſince there are few heads turned both for dreſs and politeneſs, ſince witty ſayings ſeldom break out from two rows of fine teeth, and true ſpelling is not often the work of a pretty hand; I propoſe, for the good of my country, to ſet up a toy-ſhop of written baubles, and poetical trinkets. The perfumes of flattery, the cordials of vows, the ſalts of wit, and the waſhes of panegyric, are ranged in due order, and placed in proper receptacles to be retailed out at reaſonable prices. Here the ſpark may be furniſhed with ſatirical laſhes, when he has loſt his clouded cane. Here he may purchaſe points, conceits, and repartees, as uſeful againſt an enemy as the niceſt puſhes his fencing-maſter can teach him. The moſt graceful bow he can learn, ſhall be ſtill improved by a compliment I can put in his mouth; and, to ſay no more, his periwig ſhall by my means be the leaſt valuable thing upon his ſhoulders.

No generous lover will repine at my good fortune, when he hears that I get a warm coat by that which gains him the embraces of a bride. While he feaſts all his ſenſes, I ſhall content myſelf with the luxury of ſome meat, and much drink. Thus an equal diſtribution will be made of worldly pleaſures. As they become undoubtedly happy, I ſhall grow undoubtedly fat: hearts will be at reſt, and duns be paid.

The following liſt of my wares I deſire you to adverti'e; which will not fail, I hope, to bring cuſtomers, and may lay a foundation for the commerce of love in this trading iſland.

LOVE-LETTERS and Sonnets, by the quire, at five Guineas the Proſe, and ten the Verſe; with allowance to thoſe that buy quantities.

A ſett of Rhymes, ready paired for any ordinary Amour; never uſed but twice.

The Art of Pleaſing; or, Rules for Defamation; with a compleat Index.

An Apology for the Colour of a Lady's Hair; with a Word or two in defence of white Eye-laſhes.

A Treatiſe for, and another againſt, growing Fat. Sharp Sayings againſt Faults which People cannot help; with Anſwers to each.

A Compliment for a Maſque, and a Repartee for a Rival. Neither ever ſpoken before.

An Invective againſt embroidered Coats, for the Uſe of younger Brothers; to which is added, an Appendix concerning Fringed Gloves.

A Liſt of the Heathen Goddeſſes, with the Colour of their Hair and Eyes; for the Aſſiſtance of young Gentlemen that were never at the Univerſity.

Double Entendres, and Feeling Language, collected from the Works of the

the moſt celebrated Poeteſſes of the Age.

Vows for young Virgins, to be ſold by Number; and Flattery for old Maids, by Weight.

Raptures, Tranſports, and Exclamations, at a Crown a Dozen.

Turtles, Fountains, Grottos, Foreſts, Roſes, Tigreſſes, Rocks, and Nightingales, at common Prices.

N° XVIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 6.

PARVA LEVES CAPIUNT ANIMOS. OVID.

I Was the other night in the box of the gallery at Sir Courtly Nice, a comedy I never miſs, for the ſake of the knight himſelf, Hothead and Teſtimony, all parts in themſelves very diverting, and excellently performed by the actors. Sir Courtly's character expoſes, to an extravagance, thoſe ſhallow creatures, whoſe imaginations are wholly taken up with form and outſide, and labour only at an excellence in indifferent things. To utter the words, *Your humble ſervant*, and bow with a different air each time they are repeated, makes up his whole part in as pleaſant a ſcene as any of the comedy. This puts me a muſing upon the force of being able to act faſhionably in ordinary occaſions, and filling up their part of the room with a tolerable good air, while there is nothing paſſing which engages the attention of the aſſembly or company to any one other point. It is monſtrous to obſerve how few amongſt us are able to do it, till half their life is paſſed away, and then, at laſt, they rather get over it as a thing they neglect, than behave themſelves in it as a thing they have ever regarded. This matter is no where ſo conſpicuous as in an aſſembly of men of parts, when they are got together upon any great point; as at the College of Phyſicians, the Royal Society, or any other place where you have had an opportunity of ſeeing a good many Engliſh gentlemen together. I have been mightily at a loſs whether this proceeds from a too great reſpect for themſelves, or too great deference to others; but it ſeems to be partly one, partly t'other. Whatever the cauſe is, I have often ſeen the effect to a very great degree of pleaſantry. You ſhall, in the inſtant a man is going to ſpeak, ſee him ſtunt himſelf, and not riſe within three inches of his natural height, but lean on one ſide, as if taken with a ſudden ſciatica; and 'tis ten to one whether he recovers, without danger of falling quite down with ſhifting legs; and I have known it, when a very ingenious gentleman has tried both his legs, almoſt to tripping himſelf up, and then catched at himſelf with his arms in the air, turned pale, and finding by this time all his ſpeech ſtared out of his head by a ſet of ill-natured curs that rejoiced in his confuſion, ſat down in a ſilence not to be broken during his life. There is no man knows, till he has tried, how prodigious tall he himſelf is: he cannot be let into this till he has attempted to ſpeak in public; when he firſt does it, in an inſtant, from ſitting to ſtanding up, the air is as much too fine for him, as if he had been conveyed to the top of the Alps. You ſee him gaſp, heave, and ſtruggle, like an animal in an air-pump, till he falls down into his ſeat; but enjoys his health well enough ever after, provided he can hold his tongue. If the intended orator ſtand upon the floor, I have ſeen him miſcarry by taking only too large a ſtep forward; and then, in the air of a beggar who is recommending himſelf with a lame leg, ſpeak ſuch bold truths, as have had an effect juſt equal to the aſſurance with which they were uttered. A too great regard for doing what you are about with a good grace, deſtroys your capacity of doing it at all; but if men would place their ambition firſt upon the virtue of the action, and attempt things only becauſe it is their duty to attempt them, grace of action and becoming behaviour would naturally attend truth of heart and honeſty of deſign: but when their imaginations are bent only upon recommending themſelves, or impoſing upon others, there is no wonder that they are ſeized with ſuch aukward derelictions in the midſt of their vanity or falſhood. I remember, when I was a young fellow, there was a young man of quality that became an accompliſhed orator in one day. The circumſtance was this: A gentleman who had chaſtiſed a ruffian for an inſolence towards a kinſwoman of his, was

attacked with outrageous language in that aſſembly. When his friend's name was ill treated from man to man, this ingenuous youth diſcovered the utmoſt pain to thoſe that ſat near him; and having more than once ſaid, 'I am ſure 'I could fight for him; why can't I 'ſpeak for him?' at laſt ſtood up. The eyes of the whole company were upon him; and though he appeared to have utterly forgot what he roſe up to ſpeak, yet the generous motive which the whole company knew he acted upon, procured him ſuch an acclamation of voices to hear him, that he expreſſed himſelf with a magnanimity and clearneſs, proceeding from the integrity of his heart, that made his very adverſaries receive him as a man they wiſhed their friend. I mention this circumſtance to ſhow, that the beſt way to do a thing as you ought, s to do it only becauſe you ought. This hing happened ſoon after the Reſtoration, and I remember a ſet of fellows, they called the new Converts, were the chief ſpeakers. It is true, they always ſpoke againſt their conſcience; but having been longer uſed to do ſo in public, (as all are gifted at their meetings) they excelled all other proſtitutes in firm countenances and ſtiff bodies. They were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their points by having their conſciences ſeared, while thoſe of others lay bleeding. But I am got into chat upon circumſtances of a higher nature than thoſe of ordinary life, compliment and ceremony. I was ſpeaking of Sir Courtly's *Your humble Servant, Madam.*

As for my part, I always approve rather thoſe who make the moſt of a little underſtanding, and carry that as far as they can, than thoſe who will not condeſcend to be perfect, if I may ſo ſpeak, in the under parts of their character. Mrs. Page ſaid very juſtly of me one day, (for you muſt know I am as mute as a fiſh in her preſence) 'If Mr. Myr-'tle can't ſpeak for love, and his miſtreſs 'can't ſpeak out of decency, their affair 'muſt end as it began, only in dumb 'ſhew.' I have a couſin at the univerſity who lately made me a viſit; I know him to want no learning, wit, or ſenſe, if he would pleaſe to diſpenſe it to us by retail. He can make an oration or write a poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in ſmall parcels. He is come, indeed, to bear our raillying him upon it, without being ſurly. I aſked him, if he ſhould talk with a man who had a whole language except the conjunctions copulative, how would he be able to underſtand him?—Small matters it is abſolutely neceſſary to capacitate ourſelves for; great occaſions do not occur every moment. The Jew ſaid very prettily, in defence of his frequent ſuperſtitious waſhings, and the like outward ſervices, 'I do theſe becauſe I have not always 'opportunities to manifeſt my devotion 'in acts of virtue.' I had abundance to do to make my couſin open his mouth at all. He and I, one evening, had ſat together three hours without uttering a ſyllable. I was reſolved to ſay nothing till he began the diſcourſe; but finding the ſilence endleſs, I deſired him to go down with me from my Lodge, and walk with me in the Piazza. We took two or three turns there in the dark, in utter ſilence; at laſt, ſaid I to him, 'Couſin 'Tom, this taciturnity of thine, conſi-'dering the ſenſe I know thou haſt in 'thee, is a vexation I can no longer en-'dure with patience: we are now in the 'dark, and I can't ſee how you do it; 'but here, give me your hand, let me, 'while I hold you here, intreat you to 'exerciſe the uſe of your lips and tongue, 'and oblige me ſo far as to utter, with 'as much vehemence as you can, the 'word *Coach*.' My youth took my friendſhip as I intended it, and, as well as he could, in a laughing voice he cried, 'C-o-a-c-h!'—'Very well, couſin,' ſays I, 'try if you can ſpeak it at once;' with which he began to cry, 'Coach! coach!' pulling himſelf out of my hand. 'No,' ſays I, 'couſin, you ſhall not go till you 'are perfect;' with that he called loudly and diſtinctly, inſomuch that we had in an inſtant all the coaches from Will's and Tom's about the Portico or Little Piazza. The fellows began to call names, as thinking themſelves abuſed, ſince no one came to take coach; upon which, one cried out, 'What raſcals are thoſe 'in the Piazza?'—'You ſcoundrels,' ſaid I, 'what are you good for but to 'keep your horſes and ſelves in exer-'ciſe? Would you ſtare and ſtand idle 'at coffee-houſe doors all night?' I went on with great fluency, in the language thoſe charioteers uſually meet with; upon which they came down, armed with whips, and my couſin complaining his ſword was borrowed of another college, and would not draw,

wondered

wondered I would bring myself and him into such a scrape. He had not done speaking, before a whip-lash took him on the cheek; upon which my young gentleman snatched my cane out of my hand, and found every limb about him as well as his tongue. I stood by him with all my might, and would fain have brought it to that, that my cousin might be carried before a justice, by way of exercise in different circumstances, rather than go on the insipid, dull, useless thing, which an unmanly bashfulness had made him; but he improved daily after this adventure of the coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly, and with as good an air, as any gentleman in town. In a word, his actions are genteel, manly, and voluntary, which he owes to the confidence into which I at first betrayed him, by the silly adventure I have now related.

N° XIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 8.

——QUID DECEAT, NON VIDET ULLUS AMANS. OVID.

I Shall be mightily in arrear with my correspondents, if I do not, for some time, appoint one day in the week to take into consideration their epistles.

The first that falls into my hands, out of a bundle before me, is from an unhappy man who is fallen in love, but knows not with whom. Take his case from his own epistle.

MR. MYRTLE, APRIL 3, 1714.

I Am a young gentleman of a moderate fortune, have spent the greatest part of my time for these two or three years last past in what they call seeing the town; but am now resolved to marry, and forsake that unsettled kind of life. My thoughts are at present divided between two sisters; and as they are both amiable, I can't as yet determine which to make my addresses to, but must beg your advice in this critical posture of affairs. Lucinda has sense enough, is very handsome, and excellently well shaped; her eyes command respect from all who behold them: it is impossible to see and not adore her; she dances to the greatest perfection imaginable; and is, in short, every way so well accomplished, that her charms would be irresistible, had she not too great a mixture of pride, and did not self-admiration, in some measure, obscure the lustre of her beauty. Celia is not so handsome as her sister, yet is very pretty: when she talks, she captivates her hearers, yet seems wholly ignorant at the same time of her own charms; and when the eyes of the whole company are fixed on her, she, with all the innocence in the world, seems to wonder at their attention, and rather apprehends that some defect in her person or conversation, than any perfection in either, is the cause of their earnest observance. When I am with Celia, her agreeable easy conversation and good-humour ravish my soul, and 'tis then I resolve with myself to fix my thoughts on her alone; but when Lucinda approaches, all my resolutions vanish, and I'm Celia's no longer. I have endeavoured to search into my own thoughts as nicely as possible, and have at last discovered that 'tis Lucinda I admire, but Celia I love. I would therefore beg your advice which I ought to chuse; her, that by the delicacy of her face and shape, and stateliness of her mien and air, enforces my adoration; or her, that by the agreeableness of her good-humour and conversation, engages my love. An answer to this will be very acceptable to your humble servant,

CHARLES DOUBT.

The circumstance of this gentleman puts me in mind of a paper of verses in Sir John Suckling, upon two sisters, whose beauties were so equal and so alike, that they distracted the choice and approbation of their beholders. While the eyes of their admirers were taken up in comparing their several beauties, their hearts were safe by being unresolved on which of the two to fix. That witty author on this occasion concludes,

He sure is happiest that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

My correspondent has not told me, that he has not easy access to both his young ladies; while he enjoys that, I cannot but propose the expedient of seeing them both together, as an effectual method towards coming to a determination in this case, though it had the contrary effect in the case of the sisters reported

by Suckling. If my correſpondent has ſtated the matter right, Celia will gain ground of Lucinda; for beauty palls by intimate converſation, but good-humour and affability gain new ſtrength the more frequently they diſcover themſelves. I expect this correſpondent, provided he goes into my method, ſhould give me an account how he finds himſelf, that I may note it in my book of receipts.

The next gentleman, I find, is extremely high in his fever, for he ſtarts from one thing to another in the preſent hurry of his ſpirits, and makes it impoſſible for me to give any regular judgment of his condition. I find he is but lately fallen into it, and I muſt obſerve his future letters very attentively, before I can be able to preſcribe any thing for his recovery. It is the nature of his diſeaſe, in the firſt place, that the patients think every man delighted with their ravings. The ſtile of the letter ſeems to me to be that which the learned in love diſtinguiſh by the Sublime Unintelligible; but take it from himſelf.

OH! MR. MYRTLE,

HAD you ſeen her for whom my breaſt pants this moment, your Anne Page had been as utterly no more as Cleopatra who ruined Anthony, or Statira who captivated Alexander! Heedleſs man that I was——But what could wiſdom have availed me, after ſeeing her! As ſhe is fair, ſhe is alſo inexorable. Alas! that what moves paſſion ſhould alſo be a check to our deſires; and how miſerable is his fate, who conceives deſpair from the merit of what inſpires his admiration! Oh, dear Sir! ſend me your advice, but I am ſure I can't follow it; and I ſhall not have time to ſhew you how much I am your humble ſervant, though I know I ſhall be yours till death,

CINTHIO LANGUISSANTE.

I ſhall end to-day's work with this notable piece of complaint from poor Tim. Gubbin, whoſe lamentation you muſt take in his own words.

MR. MYRTLE,

SINCE I writ to you laſt, I have viſited this gentlewoman that I told you of, and whom I cannot be without every day in the week, except Sundays. You cannot imagine how very proud ſhe is, and ſcornful, though at the ſame time ſhe knows that I am better born than herſelf; but ſhe loves none but diſſemblers. The young ſpark, who I complained to you was ſo much in her favour, told her ſuch a parcel of lyes t'other day, that I told him to his face I wondered he was not aſhamed on it. You muſt know, I believe moſt of what he ſays is out of a book. I am loth to be quarrelſome; but if he talks, and makes a jeſt of me any longer, as I find he does, I'll make him underſtand that I am as good a ſcholar at the rapier as himſelf. I only ſpeak it to you as a caſe of conſcience, and aſk you the queſtion, Whether, if a man has more wit than I, and uſes it againſt me, I may not uſe what I think I have more than he againſt him? Therefore, if I may have your leave, I would try my young ſpark about the buſineſs of courage. I have told my miſtreſs as much; but I don't know what ſhe means, but I think ſhe has as mad a way of talking as he, and ſays, the way to win her is to die for her myſelf; and, if I won't do that, not to interrupt people who are better bred than myſelf, who are willing to die for her. Pr'ythee, Mr. Myrtle, tell me what all this means; for, though I have a very good eſtate, I am as unhappy as if I were not worth a groat, and all for this proud minx. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY GUBBIN.

Nº XX. SATURDAY, APRIL 10.

SHE DROPT A TEAR, AND SIGHING SEEM'D TO SAY,
YOUNG MAIDENS, MARRY! MARRY, WHILE YOU MAY!

FLATMAN.

I Am apt to believe the circumſtances of the following letter are unfeigned, and therefore ſhall not labour to make them more entertaining by fabulous ornaments. I ſhall have, I dare ſay, enough to do in the progreſs of the matter, to ſhew my ſkill in Love; therefore, let the following letter lie before the town, as a plain narrative of what, I fear, will have more incidents in it than it ſhould have,

have, were I myself either the son or the father in the narration. I appeal to the tea-tables on the matter.

DEAR MR. MYRTLE,

I Have long had a secret (and I hope no criminal) ambition to appear in your writings, and an equal desire to be under your direction. If, therefore, you have kindness enough to gratify the vanity of an enamoured female, (who has a mind to be admired in coffee-houses, and is willing to believe that, by a little of your management, she may make a tolerable figure among your Lovers) and to convince the world that you are resolved to be as good as your word, by your readiness to give your sage advice to those who need it, and humbly sue for it; I earnestly intreat you to print me off to-morrow, and, at the same time, to publish your opinion of the following case: for the gentleman who, next myself, is more concerned in it, has perused the letter I now presume to send you, and has positively declared he will stand to your determination.

Mr. Careless is a gentleman of the Middle Temple: he was sent thither very young to study the law. He has a vivacity in all his words and actions, which has acquired him the esteem and good graces of a great many of our sex. This kind of happiness made him entirely neglect the chief design which brought him up to London. Coke upon Littleton grew mouldy and dusty in his solitary study, while he shined among the ladies in his coat turned up with velvet, and negligently graced with oil and powder. He better knew how to write a billet-doux than to engross a bill, and he was much more expert in repeating scraps of plays than in wording a petition. A certain art he has of saying the most common things after an extraordinary manner, was of very great use to him in effectually recommending him to those ladies who are fond of that kind of innocent mirth which keeps virtue always in danger, and consequently alarmed, and not in a stupid security which tends neither to virtue nor vice.—But, alas! where am I going?—I ask ten thousand pardons, dear Mr. Myrtle, for this long preamble. What I am going to consult you in is this: I am a young woman who have been but fourteen these three years past, though to you I may venture to own, that I was six and twenty the first day of May last. My father was an officer in the army, and though pretty well stricken in years, yet no man was a greater encourager of mirth and diversion than himself. This turn of humour in the good old man, made him extremely pleased with Mr. Careless; and, unless the business of his family required his more serious attention, he thought his hours passed slowly on, if young Careless happened to be absent from our house. This gentleman's close intimacy with my father gave him frequent opportunities of being in my company; and he has often, in gaiety of heart, called me his Maria, his mistress, his charmer; and has told me a thousand times over he was in love with me, in a way which goes for no more than—*Madam, I like your company*. However, Mr. Myrtle, you, who seem no stranger to the weaknesses incident to our sex, can't but imagine that a single woman, and no professed enemy to matrimony, was not displeased at such like declarations from a pretty fellow that was young, lively, brisk, and did not want wit. Though he was thus agreeable, and I neither insensible of his perfections, nor displeased at his addresses to me, yet my modesty laid too great a restriction on me, to permit me to discover to him at first the secret satisfaction I took in hearing him praise me, and how I was delighted when I listened to the declaration of his passion. What he prattled at last began to dwell upon me; I grew afraid that all his professions of this nature were mere amusements to him; till one evening, when we were all very merry in the parlour, dancing country dances, and playing plays, he said somewhat to me in secret, which I fear I shall all my life wish I had never heard.

I remember we were engaged at a play called Servants and Mistresses, when, among the variety of gentlemen which were given me to chuse out of, I pitched upon Mr. Careless, as a gentleman the most agreeable to my fancy of any in the company. Upon which he rose up, made me a very modest and respectful bow; and when, according to the custom of the play, he had given a very graceful, and methought somewhat awful salute, he whispered me, and wished, with a sigh, that he might be so happy as to be my choice in earnest—I hear

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the words ſtill tingle in my ear. I ſtole my eye towards Mr. Careleſs the whole night after; and if he happened to compliment any of the ladies, I took particular notice of her countenance; I could not help thinking her very ugly, and that ſhe did not at all deſerve to have any thing ſaid in her praiſe: if he ſmiled at my couſin, who was tolerably handſome, I was ready to cry; and when, in a fondling manner, he took my ſiſter Sally on his knee, methought my poor heart grew as heavy as lead. Well! certainly my inquietudes all that night are not, and to Mr. Myrtle need not, to be deſcribed—But, Mr. Myrtle, to make ſhort of my ſtory, by mutual endearments, and a reciprocal deſire to pleaſe, Mr. Careleſs and I, from that time forward, became lovely and agreeable in each other's eyes. I thought myſelf happy in his company; and a ſight of him never failed to fill me with the moſt raviſhing delight. He would often diſcourſe to me of marriage, and long till he was of age, that he might have me all his own. I converſed with him as with the man who was to have been my companion for life. I ſeldom dreſſed but on the day I expected a viſit from him. Thus we lived and loved, for ſome months, till the malicious world talked of our behaviour, and made Mr. Careleſs's father acquainted with our whole proceedings. He ſends for his ſon. Oh, Mr. Myrtle, how ſhall I deſcribe my concern for his departure! I dreaded his father's power over him, and trembled when I conſidered that his father, who was able to leave him a good fortune, might poſſibly awe him into a neglect of me. Mr. Careleſs leaves me and London, in obedience to his father's command. As ſoon as he got home, he ſent me word his father ſeverely menaced him, and ſwore ſolemnly he would not leave him a groat if he continued to love me, or entertained the leaſt thought of making me his wife.

In Mr. Careleſs's abſence my father and mother both died, and I ſurvived them an orphan of a very ſlender fortune. Mr. Careleſs writes a ſecond letter, wherein he lets me know, that his father perſiſts in his reſolution; however, he aſſures me, that if I pleaſed he would poſt to London unknown to the old man, and there marry me. I now had a difficult card to play. I reaſoned thus; that if I took Mr. Careleſs at his word, I ſhould thereby prove the unhappy inſtrument of making him guilty of diſobedience, and, by incurring his father's diſpleaſure, put his fortune in danger. I thought it would be no argument of my affection to involve the young man I pretended to love, in theſe dangers. After ſome ſtruggle, my paſſion gave way to prudence, and I reſolved to loſe my lover, rather than take him at the expence of his fame or diſcretion. After I had wept heartily, I writ him a letter in the ſtile of one who had never loved; I told him I believed it moſt adviſable to lay aſide the thoughts of a match which was attended with many difficulties, and could not but prove a very diſadvantageous one to him, and, if his father remained irreconcileable, to me too. Mr. Careleſs followed my advice, he commended my freedom, ceaſed to be my lover, but continued to be my friend ever ſince.

Mr. Careleſs is now at age, unmarried, and has attained to a plentiful fortune without the aſſiſtance of his father: I am ſtill unprovided for, and confeſs Mr. Careleſs is this moment as much maſter of my heart as ever. Dear Mr. Myrtle, be ſpeedy in your determination, and ſay what you think ſhould be Mr. Careleſs's ſentiments towards me. I wait with impatience for to-morrow's paper, which is ſeriouſly to determine the fate of your conſtant reader,

PRUDENCE LOVESICK.

It is a very hazardous point to determine a matter attended with ſuch nice circumſtances: but ſuppoſing the facts are honeſtly ſtated, if the father of Careleſs has any taſte of merit, he ought to give his conſent to a lady to whom he owes ſo generous a refuſal of his ſon, rather than be his daughter, when it was incommodious to the circumſtances of his family. If an acceſſion of wealth is thrown in, which ought to be accounted as a portion ſent by Providence to take off all prudential objections that ſtood between the young lady and her happineſs, I won't ſay what the ſon ſhould do; but if the father does his duty, it will have the ſame good effect on the lovers. Till that is refuſed, I ſhall not play the caſuiſt in a caſe wherein no one can err, but with a guilt which cannot but be obvious to any man who has the leaſt ſenſe of humanity.

Nº XXI. TUESDAY, APRIL 13.

NATIO COMÆDA EST——— JUV.

IN hopes that people will trouble me no more with accounts of the Crabtrees, I have admitted the following letter, though I am ſick of a people ſo eminently made the objects of the contrary paſſion to that of love.

SIR,

I Read in your paper, the other day, the letter of Richardetto Languenti, concerning the ridiculous and miſchievous race of the Crabtrees. I muſt confeſs I never thought words better put together or applied, than miſchievous and ridiculous, for that unaccountable, lamentable, deteſtable, and every other word ending in able, under tolerable. You may ſee, Sir, by the hand in which I write, that I am a woman; and by the ſtile and paſſion, that I am an angry woman: at the ſame time, I don't know whether I may write myſelf Woman, only becauſe I am of the age of twenty-nine, ſince I am ſtill a maid; but I am ſure I ſhould have been a woman before now, if it had not been for this diſagreeable, I would ſay execrable race of the Crabtrees. As faſt, and as well as my paſſion will let me, I will give you an account of my ſufferings.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of 400l. a year, who has ſeveral other children. Sir Anthony always giving himſelf out for a great friend to the landed intereſt, as he calls it, has ever been in great credit with my father. To find portions, maintenance, and education, for a numerous family, my father has practiſed that natural improvement of a country gentleman's eſtate, grazing cattle, and driving them to the market of London. He dealt for the whole with one eminent butcher in St. James's Market, with whom he accounts once a year, and takes the payments which are made to the ſaid butcher in balance of their accounts. You muſt know there is a great lady in that neighbourhood, eminent for her juſtice and charity, who uſes Sir Anthony as her ſteward: the knight has got a great eſtate by oppreſſing her tenants, and terrifying all people in her ſervice with his great power in her. The lady abovementioned owed my father's correſpondent, the butcher, a ſum of money, which was to have been my fortune in marriage with an agreeable young man, the ſon of a neighbouring gentleman. My father had ſo great a reſpect for this lady, that he engaged himſelf to take any demands upon her in payment without the leaſt ſcruple. By Sir Anthony's management, a third part of the lady's debt to the butcher is paid in a coin I never heard of before, called Tin Tallies. My father has written to Sir Anthony, and offered them to Zachariah his brother, they being out of my father's way to know what to do with; but Zachariah has told the poor butcher, who carried my father's letter, and written to my father, that he can't meddle with them; but has gravely adviſed him to ſtick to the landed intereſt, and not mind projects, for ſo the half-witted impudent wretch calls receiving money for the product of his land. Thus, Sir, I have loſt a good huſband by this trick of Sir Anthony, and the whole race of them wonder why our family curſes them; but, Sir, it is the nature of the Crabtrees to be blind to the evils they themſelves commit, and don't think themſelves guilty of miſchiefs, wherein they are the original cauſes, except they are the immediate inſtruments. Theſe groſs abuſes the graceleſs crew, by bragging of their power, have committed againſt all the world without being found out and thoroughly explained; till the devil, who owed them a ſhame, prompted them to meddle with thoſe that could draw their pictures. I owned to you, in the beginning of this letter, that I was an angry woman; and I think I have made it out that I have reaſon for it. I have nothing now left to divert my poor aching heart from reflection upon it's diſappointment, but gratifying my reſentment againſt the infamous cauſe of it. When I reflect upon this race, eſpecially the knight himſelf, I confeſs my anger is immediately turned into mirth; for how is it poſſible that an ungainly creature, who has what he is writ in his face, ſhould impoſe upon any body? He looks ſo like a cheat, that he paſſes upon people who do not know him from no other

other advantage in the world, but that they are ashamed to be governed by so silly an art as physiognomy. With this mischievous aspect, there is something so awkward, so little, and briskly comic, in Sir Anthony's mien and air, that one would think the contempt of his figure might save people from the iniquity of his designs; but Sir Anthony has the happiness next to a good reputation, which is to be insensible of shame, and therefore is as smug as he is ugly. Forgive me personal reflections, but ugly is a woman's word for knavish. I observe, Sir, you affect putting the sentence of some poet, English or Latin, at the top of your paper; and as I desire you would let my letter be as remarkable as possible, I beg you to put these words out of Sir John Suckling's play of the Sad One, at the head of this my writing, except you would put in all my letter, which I had much rather you would: the place in Sir John Suckling will agree well enough with the knight; for though his name is Anthony, and Suckling has used the word Robin, every one of this country will think him meant, when you do but say, 'The 'Sad One,' for such indeed he is. The passage is thus: A poet and an actor are introduced discoursing about characters in a play. The actor is telling the author, that he wonders why he will represent what cannot be in nature, an honest lawyer. 'Why,' says Mulitiarni, (that is the name of the poet) 'Dost think it 'impossible for a lawyer to be honest?' The actor answers—

'As 'tis for a lord-treasurer to be poor,
'Or for a king not to be cozened:
'There's little Robin, in debt within these
'three years,
'Grown fat and full——

As for using the word Treasurer instead of Steward, there is nothing in that; for Sir Anthony, in a sneering way, calls himself so; and pretends he deserves that word more than any one else who ever served her, though it's well known he has disparaged her more than any one that ever served any body: and my father says, since he has got me and the tin tallies lying upon his hands, that he will send you an account, wherein he will prove, that if she had given him a year's income of all she has in the world to have nothing to say to him, she had saved above a year's revenue by it. But there is no dealing with him; he has got all the country to call the honest man, who managed her business before him, all the names that malice could invent; so that, whenever he is dismissed, he knows he cannot be worse used than the best men have been before him. Thus Sir Anthony thinks himself secure against defamation; first, because he deserves all the ill that can be said of him; and, secondly, because the same thing has been said of those who deserve all the praise which language can bestow. I have a great deal more to say of the ugly creature; but I had like to have forgot Brickdust and Zachariah. You must know they have different apartments about Sir Anthony's house, to examine every one who comes for money, or admit their accounts. These animals, if possible, are more hideous than Sir Anthony himself: they are both in town; and they are as much desired in the country, as their arrival in it formerly was feared and dreaded. The Presbyterian ministers in these parts have a very pleasant tale of Zachariah, who, it seems, was made a trustee in a donation for ministers dissenting from the Church of England. The description of ministers dissenting from the Church of England suits as well with Nonjurors as Dissenters; and Zachariah being a new convert, forsooth, to the church, has a pious compassion rather for those who were of our church, and are gone higher, than to those who will not come up to it; and therefore, out of scruple of conscience, cheats the Dissenters. I desire you would be sure to print this, because it would be well that the truth were known; for some do not fail to say, that under the notion of it's being a gift to pious uses, Zachariah has reserved it for that good Christian himself. When Zachariah went through the town of Worcester—but that is a long story—I had like to have forgot Brickdust; but what signifies talking of him? I remember a whimsical saying of one speaking of a silly creature with a manly aspect; he called him a Coal-black Silly Fellow; so I say Brickdust is a Soft Ugly Cur; he has a phiz fit only for accusation and abuse; if he designed to commend, it would have that effect; and it is nonsense for you to set up for a Lover, when you let these creatures go about to frighten women with child, and bear false witness against honest men. I fear I have said more than will come within your paper; but pray don't leave any of it out, for my lover was a very pretty fellow, and

was

was forced to leave me because of these curſed tallies. I am, dear Mr. Myrtle, very much your ſervant,

SUSAN MATCHLESS.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Beg the favour of you to acquaint the town, that in the moſt neceſſary earthen ware, I have, with great pains and curioſity, wrought round the exterior ſuperficies of them, the true effigies of Sir Anthony Crabtree, Mr. Zachariah Crabtree, and Mr. Peter Brickduſt. They will be ſold at all potters ſhops within London and Weſtminſter on the 19th inſtant, and country cuſtomers may have them at a cheaper rate.

RUBENS CLAYWRIGHT.

Nº XXII. THURSDAY, APRIL 15.

SECRETUM ITER——— HOR.

THE buſineſs of Love alters in every family in England; and, I muſt confeſs, I did not ſufficiently weigh the great perplexity that I ſhould fall into, from the vaſt variety of caſes, when I undertook my preſent province. The author of the following letters is in very whimſical circumſtances, which will be beſt repreſented by his epiſtles.

SIR,

AS I am about thirty, and of ſuch a round untroubled countenance as may make me appear not ſo much, I muſt complain to you of a general calamity that obſtructs or ſuſpends the advancement of the younger men in the purſuit of their fortune. I now make love to the daughter of a man of buſineſs, who is ſo fantaſtical as to threaten to marry the young lady to a contemporary of his own, I mean one of his own years. He ſays no young man can be good for any thing but filling an houſe full of children, without being wiſe enough to know how to provide for them. Now, as I am to ſucceed in love, as I can argue my father-in law into an opinion of my ability for buſineſs, give me leave to think it not foreign to your deſign, to print my thoughts concerning the prejudices which men in one ſtage of life have to thoſe in another. The utmoſt inconveniencies are owing to the difficulty we meet with in being admitted into the ſociety of men in years, and adding thereby the early knowledge of men and buſineſs to that of books, for the reciprocal improvement of each other. One of fifty as naturally imagines the ſame inſufficiency in one of thirty, as he of thirty does in one of fifteen; and each age is thus left to inſtruct itſelf by the natural courſe of it's own reflection and experience. I am apt to think, that before thirty, a man's natural and acquired parts are at that ſtrength, as, with a little experience, to enable him (if ever he can be enabled) to acquit himſelf well in any buſineſs or converſation he ſhall be admitted into. As to the objection, that thoſe that have not been uſed to buſineſs are conſequently unfit for it, it might have been made one time or other againſt all men that ever were born; and is ſo general a one, that it is none at all. Beſides, he that knew men the beſt that ever any one did, ſays, that 'Wiſdom cometh 'by opportunity of leiſure, and he that 'hath little buſineſs ſhall become wiſe.' And my Lord Bacon obſerves, that thoſe governments have been always the moſt happy, which have been adminiſtered by ſuch as have ſpent part of their life in books and leiſure; and inſtances in the governments of Pius Quintus and Sixtus Quintus about his own time, who, though they were eſteemed but pedantical friars, proceeded upon truer principles of ſtate than thoſe who had had their education in affairs of ſtate and courts of princes. If this rule holds in the diſpatch of the moſt perplexed matters, as of public politics, it muſt of neceſſity in that of the common diviſions of buſineſs, which every body knows are directed by form, and require rather diligence and honeſty than great ability in the execution.

A good judgment will not only ſupply, but go beyond experience; for the latter is only a knowledge that directs us in the diſpatch of matters future, from the conſideration of matters paſt of the ſame nature; but the former is a perpetual and equal direction in every thing that can happen, and does not follow, but makes the precedent that guides the other.

This everlasting prejudice of the old against the young, heightens the natural disposition of youth to pleasure, when they find themselves adjudged incapable of business. Those among them, therefore, whose circumstances and way of thinking will allow them such freedom, plunge themselves in all sensual gratifications. Others of them, of a more regulated turn of thought, seek the entertainment of books and contemplation, and are buried in these pleasures. These pursuits, during our middle age, strengthen the love of retirement in the sober man, and make it necessary to the libertine. They gain philosophy enough by this time to be convinced 'tis their interest to have as little ambition as may be; and considering rather how much less they need to live happily, than how much more, can't conceive why they should trouble themselves about the raising a fortune, which in the pursuit must lessen their present enjoyment, and in the purchase cannot enlarge it.

I confess the impious and impertinent way of life and conversation of youth in general, exposes them to the just discesteem of their elders; but where the contrary is found among any of them, it should be the more particular recommendation to their patronage. There are some observations, I have by chance met with, so much in favour of young men, that I cannot suppress them. As sincerity is the chief recommendation both in public and private matters, it is observed, that the young are more sincere in the dispatch of business, and professions of friendship, than those that are more advanced in years; for they either prefer public reputation to private advantage, or believe it the only way to it. They are generally well-natured, as having not been acquainted with much malice, or soured with disappointment; the less disposed to pride or avarice, as they have neither wanted nor abounded. They are unpractised in the ways of flattery and dissimulation, and think others practise it as little as themselves. This arises from their boldness, as having not been yet humbled by the chances of life; and their credulity, as having not yet been often deceived.

I shall conclude by saying, it is very hard upon us young fellows, that we are not to be trusted in business and conversation with those in years, till due age, together with it's consequences, ill health and ill humour, have marked us with a faded cheek, a hollow eye, a busy ruminating forehead; and, in short, rendered us less capable of serving and pleasing them, than we were when we were thought unable to do either. I beg your pardon for so many serious reflections, and your leave to add to them a love-letter to the father, inclosed in one to the daughter, and addressed to her for his perusal. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

MADAM,

MY life is wrapped up in you. I disrelish every conversation wherein there is not some mention made of you: whenever you are named, I hear you commended, and that gives ease to the torment I am in, while I am forced to smother the warmth of my affection towards you. You know your father is not displeased that I love you; but I am, I know not how, to prefer your interests to yourself. But all the business of the world is impertinence, and all it's riches vexation, in comparison of the joy there is in being understood, Madam, your most faithful, most devoted, humble servant.

P. S. When your father asks whether I have writ, hide this, and shew him the inclosed. Look displeased, and he will plead for me.

MADAM,

I Have a great respect for you, but must beg you would not take it amiss, if I can reckon no woman a beauty whose father's favour does not add to her other qualifications. He is, as I am, a man of business; and I doubt not but he will acquaint you, that business is to be minded. Your declaration, joined with his in my favour, will make me more frequent at your house; but till I know what I have to trust to, I do not think it is proper for me to intrude upon your time, and lose my own. I am, Madam, your most humble servant.

N° XXIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

QUOD LATET ARCANA NON ENARRABILE FIBRA.

PERS.

MR. MYRTLE,

WHEN you firſt erected your Lodge, you then took upon you to be a patron of Lovers, and at the ſame time promiſed your aſſiſtance to all thoſe who ſhould addreſs themſelves to you for advice, the better to conduct them through all thoſe paths of love which, it is to be preſumed, you have often trod before them.

It is this conſideration which emboldens me to give you the trouble of this, without offering at any formal apology for it. It is a mighty pleaſure and a ſolid ſatisfaction to a man, to reflect that he has it in his power to be ſerviceable to others; and ſince I am confident of your ability, if you deny me the benefit of it, I ſhall grudge you the poſſeſſion of ſuch an advantage, and value you no more, though a maſter in the art of love, than I would a miſer for his wealth, when he poorly reſerves it to himſelf, and can't find in his ſoul to beſtow the leaſt part of it on the moſt needy and indigent.

That you may be the better able to preſcribe, I ſhall beg leave to lay my real condition before you without art or diſſimulation. I am, in plain terms, what you call a rover, or a general lover. I am of the moſt perverſe, untoward, amorous conſtitution imaginable; I have ſcarcely ever ſeen that female who had not ſome charm or other to catch my heart with; and I dare ſay I have been a ſlave to more miſtreſſes than ſwell the account of Cowley's ballad called The Chronicle. I have frequently been loſt in tranſports at the ſight of a Chloe or a Sachariſſa, and have admired many an ugly Corinna for wit or humour. Myra has charmed me ten thouſand times with her ſinging; and my heart has leaped for joy when Miſs Airy has been dancing a jig, or Iſabella has moved a minuet. It has burnt and crackled like charcoal at the flirt of a fan; and I have ſometimes fallen a ſacrifice to an hooped petticoat. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a woman I ever laid my eyes on, that I have not liked and loved, admired and wiſhed for: the pretty, the wiſe, the witty, the gay, the proud, and the coquet; all, all from the fine lady down to the dextrous Molly who waits with the kettle at my ſiſter's tea-table, have made ſcars or wounds in my heart. And yet, after all this—which is ſomewhat ſtrange—my heart is as whole as ever. What I mean is this; that notwithſtanding the multiplicity of darts which have been ſhot at me, yet they never made any laſting impreſſion on me, or have been able to throw me into an humour ſerious enough to think of marriage. Though I confeſs the temper I am now complaining of has been exceeding troubleſome to me, yet I could not help thinking matrimony a cure worſe than the diſeaſe. Beſides, how ſhall I be certain I ſhan't be the ſame latitudinarian in love after I have ſwallowed the bitter doſe? It is for this reaſon that I have long uſed my endeavours to find out ſome other remedy for my diſtemper; and to that end I have had recourſe to all thoſe famous phyſicians who have pretended to write for the good of thoſe perſons who have been in my whimſical circumſtances. But, alas! after a long and tedious conſultation among theſe mighty profeſſors, I could not perceive myſelf one jot the better. I am convinced they are all a parcel of pretenders; and that I had no more reaſon to expect any benefit from them, than one afflicted with the gout has to hope for an infallible cure from your boaſting ſham doctors, who diſperſe their bills and advertiſements through every ſtreet in London.

The firſt I addreſſed myſelf to was that Galen in love, Ovid. The fellow had a ſmooth tongue, and really talked very prettily. He ſhewed me a great many ſoft letters of his own compoſing; told me ſome odd ſurpriſing ſtories; made me ſigh at his mournful elegies; and promiſed me, that if I would carefully obſerve his rules, and follow thoſe directions laid down in his *Philo-diſpenſatory*, or *Arte Amandi*, I need not doubt but my buſineſs was done. He delivered

this with ſo ſerious an air, that ſilly I began to believe him, and gather hopes of a perfect recovery; till one day, when I was giving great attention to him, I heard him break off in the midſt of his harangue, and immediately cry out, in the exclamatory ſtile—

Hei mihi! quòd nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

From that very moment I thought him an ignorant coxcomb, and never meddled with him ſince.

The next I ventured upon was good Abraham Cowley. He was looked upon as a proficient in his way; and was very much in vogue among the ladies, for gently handling their hearts, and eaſily getting at their paſſions. His greateſt buſineſs lay among ſuch as had but newly received their wounds, and ſome expected great refreſhment from his balmy compoſitions: but it has been ſaid by others, that he was the worſt in the world at a green wound; and that whoever took him in hand when they were firſt hurt, they rather grew worſe than better. However, I was reſolved to undergo one courſe with him: I was introduced into his company by a young couſin of mine, who was at that time either in love, or the green ſickneſs; and in a little time I was intimately acquainted with his *miſtreſs*. I was, I remember, mightily pleaſed to hear him tax the ladies, and juſtify his own fickleneſs, by aſking them, Could they call the ſhore inconſtant which kindly embraced every wave? 'Ah!' thought I, 'this is a doctor after my own heart; his caſe is exactly mine.' But, alas! I had not kept him company long, before I diſcovered that, for all his ſkill in numbers, he was but an ignorant phyſician, ſince he could not cure himſelf. The third I went to was Mrs. Behn. She indeed, I thought, underſtood the practic part of love better than the ſpeculative; but ſhe was a dangerous quack, for a fight of her always made my diſtemper return upon me. I liked ſome parts of her Lover's Watch, and would have bought it from her: ſhe told me ſhe would hire the uſe out to me for a little time, but that ſhe would not ſell it outright.

The laſt I adviſed with was the moſt renowned Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq. He was a perſon of great note and faſhion; and had very good practice in this city for ſome years. He had acquired a large ſtock of fame and reputation for his experience in the world, his acquaintance with all the little weakneſſes and infirmities incident to human kind; and was more particularly had in eſteem for his knowledge and proficiency in the occult ſciences. From a gentleman thus qualified, what might I not have hoped for? But, Sir, I ſoon underſtood that all his predictions and propheſies were but dreams and fables to amuſe and divert us, and that he underſtood himſelf very well when he called himſelf Tatler.

And now, Sir, after all theſe fruitleſs and repeated inquiries, my laſt and only refuge is in you. You are certainly acquainted with all the ſecret ſprings of love, and know the hidden cauſes which make my heart riſe up to every She I meet. You can't be ignorant how it comes to paſs that my temper is ſo various; and my inclination ſo floating and changeable, that one object can't confine them, but, like a wandering bee, they fly at every flower. I aſſure you, Mr. Myrtle, my preſent diſpoſition is what gives me great concern and uneaſineſs. Tell me how I may reclaim this volatile heart of mine, this deſultory imagination, and keep it within bounds: ſhew me the way to fix it to one, or not love at all. I am not uneaſy for your anſwer, for I muſt own to you I feel but very little pain; but in ſome diſtempers they ſay that is an ill ſign. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

CHARLES LAZY.

My correſpondent is come already to the condition he deſires; for what is not confined to one, is not love at all: and my friend Charles needs not further information in his caſe, but to be told, that he does not labour under the paſſion of love, but the vice of wantonneſs.

Nº XXIV. TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

THERE DWELT THE SCORN OF VICE, AND PITY TOO.

WALLER.

TRUE Virtue diſtinguiſhes itſelf by nothing more conſpicuouſly than charity towards thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to have, or be thought to have, taken a contrary courſe: it is in the very nature of Virtue to rejoice in all new converts towards it's intereſts, and bewail the loſs of the moſt inconſiderable votaries. It would, perhaps, be thought a ſeverity to make concluſions of the innate goodneſs of ladies at a viſit, by this rule: beauty, wit, and virtue, in thoſe converſations, generally receive all the diminution imaginable; and little faults, imperfections, and misfortunes, are aggravated not without bitterneſs.

Dictynna, though ſhe is commended for ſingular prudence and œconomy, appears in converſation never to have known what it is to be careful.

Decia, who has no virtue, or any thing like it but the forbearance of vice, cannot endure the applauſe of Dictynna. Ladies who are impatient of what is ſaid to the advantage of others, do not conſider that they lay themſelves open to all people of diſcernment, who know that it is the want of good qualities in themſelves which makes people impatient of the acknowledgment of them in others.

Among the many advantages which one ſex has over the other, there is none ſo conſpicuous as that the fame of men grows rather more juſt and certain by examination; that of women is almoſt irreparably loſt by ſo much as a diſadvantageous rumour. This caſe is ſo tender, that, in order to the redreſs of it, it is more ſafe to try to diſſuade the aſperſers from their iniquity, than exhort the innocent to ſuch a fortitude as to neglect their calumny.

It ſhould, methinks, be a rule to ſuſpect every one, who inſinuates any thing againſt the reputation of another, of the vice with which they charge their neighbour; for it is very unlikely it ſhould flow from the love of virtue: the reſentment of the virtuous towards thoſe who are fallen, is that of pity; and that is beſt exerted in ſilence on the occaſion. What then can be ſaid to the numerous tales that paſs to and fro in this town, to the diſparagement of thoſe who have never offended their accuſers? As for my part, I always wait with patience, and never doubt of hearing, in a little time, for a truth, the ſame guilt of any woman which I find ſhe reports of another. It is, as I ſaid, unnatural it ſhould be otherwiſe: the calumny uſually flows from an impatience of living under ſeverity; and they report the ſallies of others againſt the time of their own eſcape. How many women would be ſpeechleſs, if their acquaintance were without faults! There is a great beauty in town very far gone in this vice. I have taken the liberty to write her the following epiſtle by the penny-poſt.

MADAM,

I Have frequently had the honour of being in your company, and ſhould have had a great deal of delight in it, had you not pleaſed to embitter that happineſs by the unmerciful treatment you give all the reſt of your ſex. Several of thoſe I have heard you uſe unkindly were my particular friends and acquaintance. I can aſſure you, all the advantage you had above thoſe you leſſened on theſe occaſions was, that you were not abſent, for the company longed for the ſame opportunity of ſpeaking as freely of you. Believe me, your own dreſs ſits never the better on you for tearing other people's cloaths. While you are rifling every one that falls in your way, you cannot imagine how much that fury diſcompoſes your own figure. You believe you carried all before you the laſt time I had the happineſs to be where you were. As ſoon as your couſin (whom you are too inadvertent to obſerve does not want ſenſe) had mentioned an agreeable young lady which ſhe met at a viſit in Soho Square, you immediately contradicted her, and told her you had ſeen the lady, and were ſo unhappy that you could not obſerve thoſe charms in her. 'Her 'name,' ſays your couſin, 'is Mrs. 'Dulcett.'—'The ſame,' ſaid you. Your couſin replied—'She is tall and 'graceful.' You again, with a ſcornful ſmile—

ſmile—'She is long and confident.'—'But,' ſays your kinſwoman, 'I can-'not but think her eye has a fine lan-'guor.'—'I don't know but ſhe might,' ſaid you, 'if one could ſee her awake; 'but that ſleepineſs and inſenſibility in 'them, added to her ungainlineſs, makes 'me doubt whether I ever ſaw her but 'as walking in her ſleep.'—'Well, but 'her underſtanding has ſomething in it 'very lively and diverting.'—'Aye,' ſays you, 'they that will talk all, or 'have memories, cannot but utter ſome-'thing, now and then, that is paſſable.' Your couſin ſeemed at a loſs what to ſay in ſupport of one ſhe had pronounced ſo agreeable; and therefore ſhe retired to the lady's circumſtances, ſince you had diſallowed every thing in her perſon, and ſaid, her fortune would make up for all, for ſhe had now ten thouſand pounds, and would, if her brother died, have almoſt two thouſand a year. This, too, you knew the contrary of; and gave us to underſtand the utmoſt of her fortune was four thouſand, and the brother's eſtate had a very heavy mortgage, and, when cleared, would not be a neat thouſand a year. Your couſin, when you took ſo much pains to contradict her miſrepreſentations, grew grave with you; and told you, ſince you were ſo poſitive, you were the only one in town who did not think Mrs. Dulcett, beſides her being a conſiderable fortune, a woman of wit, that danced gracefully, ſang charmingly, had the beſt mien, the prettieſt way in every thing ſhe did; that ſhe had the leaſt affectation, the moſt merit; was—— Upon which you, with the utmoſt impatience, after ruffling your fan, and riggling in your ſeat, as if you had heard your mother abuſed, roſe up, and, declaring you did not expect to be allowed one word more in the converſation, ſince your couſin had once got the diſcourſe, left the room. Your couſin held the lady of the houſe from following you out; and, inſtead of the anger we thought her in when you were in the room, fell into the moſt violent laughter. When ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe prevented what we were going to ſay on the occaſion, by telling us there was no ſuch creature in nature as Mrs. Dulcett; that ſhe had laid this plot againſt you for ſome days, and was reſolved to expoſe you for that ſcandalous humour of your's, of allowing nobody to have any tolerable good qualities but yourſelf. 'You ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'how ſuddenly ſhe made objections, 'from the ſort of character I gave the 'woman, aſſigning the proper imper-'fection to the quality in her according 'to my commendation.' I think we ſaid all together—'What, no ſuch wo-'man in the world!'—'What,' ſaid the lady of the houſe, 'ſhe to be ſo particu-'lar in the eſtate mortgaged, and all 'thoſe diſlikes to one ſhe never ſaw, to 'one not in being, to one you had in-'vented!' You may eaſily imagine what raillery paſſed on the occaſion, and how you were uſed after ſuch a demonſtration of your cenſorioufneſs.

I deſire, whenever hereafter you have the evil ſpirit upon you to leſſen any body you hear commended, to think of Mrs. Dulcett: if you do not, you may aſſure yourſelf you will be told of her. Among your acquaintance, whenever any one is ſpoken ill of, Mrs. Dulcett is the word; and no one minds what you ſay, after you have been thus detected. I adviſe you to go out of town this ſeaſon; go into a milk diet; and, when you return with country innocence in your blood, I will do juſtice to your good-humour; and am, Madam, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

The painful manner women uſually receive favourable accounts of one another, ſhews that the ill-nature in which this young woman was detected, is not an uncommon infirmity. But let every woman know, ſhe cannot add to herſelf what ſhe takes from another; but all that ſhe beſtows upon another, will, by the diſcerning world, be reſtored tenfold: and there can be no better rule or deſcription of a right diſpoſition than this—

There dwelt the Scorn of Vice, and Pity too.

The ſcorn of it, in virtuous perſons, is in reſpect to themſelves; the pity, in regard to others.

N° XXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 22.

——QUID NON MORTALIA PECTORA COGIS.

VIRG.

TO MR. MYRTLE.

SIR,

I Suppoſe that you begin to repent you publiſhed my laſt letter to you, ſince your late indulgence to me occaſions this frequent trouble. I don't know, Sir, what it may be to you, but I am ſure it is real pleaſure to me to embrace all opportunities of ſhewing myſelf your humble ſervant; therefore give me leave to talk before ſo great a maſter of Love, and to uſe the true ſimile of making a declaration of war before Hannibal.

AMONG all thoſe paſſions to which the frailty and weakneſs of man ſubject him, there is not any that extends ſuch a boundleſs and deſpotic empire over the whole ſpecies as that of Love. The meek, the mild, and the humble, are ſtrangers to envy, anger, and ambition; but neither the malicious, the choleric, or the proud, can ſay their hearts have been always free from the power of Love. This has ſubdued the exalted minds of the moſt aſpiring tyrants, and has melted the moſt ſanguine complexion into an effeminate ſoftneſs. An undaunted hero has been known to tremble when he approached the fair, and the mighty Hercules let fall his club at a woman's feet. The ſcholar, the ſtateſman, and the ſoldier, have all been lovers; and the moſt ignorant ſwain has neglected both his flocks and pipe to woo Daphne or Sylvia.

But though Love be a paſſion which is thus common to all, yet how widely do it's votaries differ in their manner of addreſs! The pleaſing enjoyment of the admired object is what they all purſue; and yet few agree in the ſame methods of obtaining their ends, or accompliſhing their deſires. Every lover has his particular whim, and each reſolves to follow his own way. Some fancy money has a ſovereign charm in it, and that no rhetoric is ſo irreſiſtibly prevailing as a golden ſhower. Others think to take their miſtreſſes, as they do towns, by bombarding or undermining them; if they cannot beat them down by force of arms, they will try to blow them up with falſe muſic. Some attempt to frighten their miſtreſſes into a compliance, and threaten to hang or drown themſelves if they refuſe to pity them. Others turn tragedians, and expect to move compaſſion by a falling tear, or a riſing ſigh. Some depend upon dreſs; and conclude, that if they can catch the eye, they'll ſoon ſeize the heart. One man affects gravity, and another levity, becauſe ſome women prefer the ſolemnity of a Spaniard to the gaiety of a Frenchman. An handſome leg has found the way to a widow's bed; and a coquette has been won by a ſong or a caper. A prude may be caught by a preciſe look and a demure behaviour; and a Platonic lady has lain with her humble ſervant out of a refined friendſhip, when ſhe would not liſten to a declaration of love. Some will be attacked in mood and figure; and others will have it, that a great ſcholar will never make a kind huſband. The witty Clara is delighted with impertinence, and a celebrated toaſt has languiſhed for the beautiful outſide of a painted butterfly. Some women are allured by the reſemblance of their own follies; and I have ſeen a rake, by the help of a whining accent, triumph over a ſanctified Quaker.

But of all the arts which have been practiſed by the men on the other ſex, I have not obſerved any kind of addreſs which has been ſo generally ſucceſsful as flattery. Whether it be that, by making a woman in love with herſelf, you thereby engage her to love the perſon who makes her ſo; as, who would not be apt to be fond of the cauſe which produces ſo agreeable an effect? or whether the partiality and ſelf-love which moſt women abound in, does the more readily induce them to believe, that all the praiſe which is given them is really due to their merit, and therefore they admire you for your juſtice; or whatever other reaſon may poſſibly be aſſigned for this weakneſs; I ſhall not now go about to enquire: but ſo it is, that the ſhorteſt and ſureſt way to a woman's heart is through the road of ſkilful flattery. This, like a ſubtle poiſon, inſinuates itſelf almoſt into every female; and a doſe of it, rightly prepared, ſeldom fails

fails to produce an extraordinary operation. Like a delicious cordial, it meets with an universal acceptance and approbation; while sincerity and plain-dealing are looked upon as nauseous and disgustful physic. In opposition to what I here advance, it may perhaps be said, we may love the treason, and yet hate the traitor. How true this maxim may be in politics, (treachery being a moral evil, which, though of use to us for our safety, is yet sufficient to beget an aversion in us towards the wretch who is guilty of it) I shan't dispute; but I am sure in love affairs it will scarcely hold: for she must be a woman of uncommon virtues and qualifications, who can so nicely distinguish between the gift and the giver, as to refuse the one, and yet receive the other. They do not think flattery a vice, and therefore can't be persuaded to dislike a lover for being a courtier; nay, though they are conscious of some of their own imperfections, yet if their admirers are not quick-sighted enough to discern them, they are willing to impute their blindness to their love; nay, though some defects are grossly visible even to the lover, yet if he will compliment his mistress with what she really wants, I dare appeal to the whole sex, whether either such incense or the offerer of it be one jot nearer the losing their favour, and whether they are not ever delighted with both the delusion and the deceiver. But if they really believe themselves as amiable as the flatterer tells them they are, then, in point of gratitude, they conclude themselves obliged to think kindly of their benefactor; that he is one none can deny, since the greatest kindnesses you can confer on a mistress are praise and commendation. These are those melting sounds, that soft music, which never sounds harshly in a woman's ear. Before I conclude this paper, I shall relate a story which I know to be fact.

Miss Witwou'd was a young gentlewoman of good extraction, and an handsome fortune. She was exactly shaped, and very pretty. She dressed and danced genteelly, and sung sweetly. But, notwithstanding these advantages, (which one would imagine were sufficient to make any one woman satisfied) she had an insufferable itch after the reputation of a wit. She fancied she had as much wit as she wanted, (though indeed she wanted more than ever she'll have) and this conceit made her fond of scribbling and shewing her follies that way, as taking great delight in applause.

My friend Meanwell is a gentleman of good sense and a sound judgment: he is a professed enemy to flattery; and is of opinion, that to commend without just grounds, is to rob the meritorious of that which only of right belongs to them. He says a compliment is a modish lye; and declares he would not be guilty of so much baseness as to cry up a beautiful fool for wit, not even in her own hearing, though he were sure to have his fallhood rewarded by the enjoyment of his mistress. Undeserved applause is to him an argument of either want of judgment, or of insincerity; and he resolves he will never go about to establish another's reputation at the expence of his own. With these honest useless qualities he has made long but fruitless courtship to young Miss Witwou'd. Ned Courtly is a new but violent pretender to the same lady. Ned is a shallow well-dressed coxcomb. He was bred at court; and is of a graceful and confident behaviour, tempered with civility. The shallow thing can wait at a distance, and look at her, and with a smile approach her, and say—'Your ladyship is divinely 'pretty.' He is wonderful happy also in particular discoveries; and whenever he renews a visit to his mistress, she is sure of being presented with some additional charm, which would have for ever lain concealed, had not Ned most luckily found it out. Ned quickly perceived Miss Witwou'd's weak side, and carefully watched all opportunities of making his advantage of it. Miss grows enamoured of Ned's company, and begins to despise Meanwell as an unpolished clown. She likes Ned as she does her glass, and for the same reason, that it always shews her her beauties; and she takes as much pleasure in hearing him, injudiciously as he does it, give her also the beauties of her mind, as she does to see the glass reflect those of her body. One evening last week Meanwell had the honour to sup with her. The cloth being taken away, she delivered him a copy of verses, which she said had been the product of her leisure hours, and desired the opinion of so good a judge. My friend had the patience to read them twice over, finds nothing extraordinary in them, so smilingly returns them with a silent bow. He was just going to speak

his

his mind impartially, when in came Ned Courtly. He peruſed and hummed them over in a ſeeming rapture; looked at the lady, and then at the paper, for almoſt half an hour, in full admiration; and then, with a better air than ever critic ſpoke, he pronounced, that the author of thoſe verſes had Congreve's wit, and Waller's ſoftneſs, and that there was nothing ſo compleatly perfect in all their works. The conſequence of this was, Meanwell was diſcarded, becauſe he would be rigidly honeſt in trifles; and Ned made his miſtreſs his wife, becauſe, in ſpite of nature, he allowed her a poeteſs; or perhaps very juſtly, becauſe he really thinks her ſo. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant, VESUVIUS.

N° XXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

DURUM; SED LEVIUS FIT PATIENTIA
QUICQUID CORRIGERE EST NEFAS.
HOR.

SIR,

I Find you are an author who are more inclined to give your advice in caſes which raiſe mirth in your readers, than in thoſe which are of a more ſerious and melancholy nature. But you know very well, that in virtuous love there are many unhappy accidents which may lay a claim to your compaſſion, and conſequently to your aſſiſtance. I myſelf am one of thoſe diſtreſſed perſons, who may come in for my ſhare of your concern. About eight years ago I married a young woman of great merit, who was every way qualified for a boſom friend, that is, for advancing the innocent pleaſures of life, and alleviating it's misfortunes. She had all the good ſenſe I ever met with in any male acquaintance, with all that ſweetneſs of temper which is peculiar to the moſt engaging of her ſex. Life was too happy with ſuch a companion in it; for I muſt tell you, with tears, that ſhe was ſnatched away from me by a fever about twelve months ſince. I was the more unable to bear this unſpeakable loſs, as having converſed with very few beſides herſelf during the whole time of our marriage. We were the whole world to one another; and whilſt we lived together, though ſcarce either of us were ever in company, we were never alone. Being thus cut off from the ſociety of others, and from the perſon who was moſt dear to me, I naturally betook myſelf to the reading of ſuch books as might tend to my relief under this my great calamity. After many others which I have peruſed upon this occaſion, I lately had the good fortune to meet with a little volume of ſermons juſt publiſhed, intituled, 'Of Contentment, Patience, and Reſignation to the Will of God, in ſeveral Sermons, by Iſaac Barrow, D. D.'

The duty of contentment is ſo admirably explained, recommended, and enforced by arguments drawn from reaſon and religion, that it is impoſſible to read what he has ſaid on this ſubject without being the better for it. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe two or three paſſages which more immediately affected me, as they came home to my own condition.

'The death of friends doth, it may be, 'oppreſs thee with ſorrow. But canſt 'thou loſe thy beſt friend? Canſt thou 'loſe the preſence, the converſation, the 'protection, the advice, the ſuccour of 'God? Is he not immortal, is he not 'immutable, is he not inſeparable from 'thee? Canſt thou be deſtitute of friends 'whilſt he ſtands by thee? Is it not an 'affront, an heinous indignity, to him, 'to behave thyſelf as if thy happineſs, 'thy welfare, thy comfort, had dependance on any other but him? Is 'it not a great fault to be unwilling to 'part with any thing, when he calleth 'for it? Neither is it a loſs of thy friend, 'but a ſeparation for a ſmall time: he 'is only parted from thee, as taking a 'little journey, or going for a ſmall 'time to repoſe; within a while we ſhall 'be ſure to meet again, and joyfully to 'congratulate, if we are fit, in a better 'place, and more happy ſtate. *Præmiſimus, non amiſimus*—We have ſent him 'thither before, not quite loſt him from 'us.

'Thy friend, if he be a good man, '(and in ſuch friendſhips only we can 'have a true ſatisfaction) is himſelf in 'no bad condition, and doth not want 'thee: thou canſt not therefore reaſon-

'ably grieve for him; and to grieve only 'for thyself, is perverse selfishness and 'fondness.'

What follows runs on in the same vein of good sense, though it is a consolation which I myself cannot make use of.

'But thou hast lost a great comfort of 'thy life, and advantage to thy affairs 'here. Is it truly so? Is it indeed an 'irreparable loss, even excluding the 'consideration of God, whose friend-'ship repaireth all possible loss? What 'is it, I pray, that was pleasant, conve-'nient or useful to thee, in thy friend, 'which may not in good measure be 'supplied here? Was it a sense of hearty 'good-will, was it a sweet freedom of 'conversation, was it sound advice, or 'kind assistance in thy affairs? And 'mayest thou not find those which are 'alike able and willing to minister those 'benefits? May not the same means 'which knit him to thee, conciliate 'others also to be thy friends? He did 'not alone surely possess all the good-'nature, all the fidelity, all the wisdom 'in the world, nor hath carried them all 'away with him? Other friends there-'fore thou mayest find to supply his 'room; all good men will be ready, if 'thou art good, to be thy friends; they 'will heartily love thee, they will be 'ready to cheer thee with their sweet and 'wholesome society, to yield thee their 'best counsel and help upon any occa-'sion. Is it not therefore a fond and 'unaccountable affection to a kind of 'personality, rather than want of a real 'convenience, that disturbeth thee?

'In fine, the same reasons which in 'any other loss may comfort us, should 'do it also in this: neither a friend, nor 'any other good thing, we can enjoy un-'der any security of not soon losing it; 'our welfare is not annexed to one 'man, no more than to any other infe-'rior thing. This is the condition of 'all good things here, to be transient 'and separable from us, and accord-'ingly we should be affected towards 'them.

'*Fragile fractum est, mortale mortuum est.*'

Give me leave to cite also, out of this great author, a very agreeable story which is taken from Julian's Epistles, and which perhaps pleases me the more, as it is applicable to my own case.

'When once a great king did exces-'sively and obstinately grieve for the 'death of his wife, whom he tenderly 'loved, a philosopher observing it, told 'him, that he was ready to comfort him, 'by restoring her to life, supposing only 'that he would supply what was need-'ful towards the performing it. The 'king said he was ready to furnish him 'with any thing. The philosopher an-'swered, that he was provided with all 'things necessary except one thing. 'What that was, the king demanded. 'He replied, that if he would upon his 'wife's tomb inscribe the names of three 'persons who never mourned, she pre-'sently would revive. The king, after 'enquiry, told the philosopher, that he 'could not find one such man. "Why, "then, O absurdest of all men!" said 'the philosopher, smiling, "art thou not "ashamed to moan as if thou hadst alone "fallen into so grievous a case, when as "thou canst not find one person that "ever was free from such domestic "affliction?" So might the naming 'one person, exempted from inconve-'niences like to those we undergo, be 'safely propos'ed to us as a certain cure 'of ours; but if we find the condition 'impossible, then is the generality of the 'case a sufficient ground of content to 'us; then may we, as the wise poet ad-'viseth, solace our own evils by the 'evils of others.'

I have observed, Sir, in your writings, many hints and observations upon the most common subjects, which appeared new to me; I should therefore beg of you to turn your thoughts upon that melancholy accident which is the occasion of this letter. If you can give me any additional motives of comfort, I shall receive them as a very great piece of charity; and I believe you may oblige many others who are under the same kind of affliction, as well as, Sir, your most humble servant,

R. B.

This gentleman has too favourable an opinion of me, if he thinks me capable of adding any thing material to what has been handled by the excellent author whom he has mentioned in his letter. That learned man always exhausts his subjects, and leaves nothing for those who come after him. He was not only a great divine, but was perfectly well acquainted with all the ancient writers of morality, whose thoughts he has every where digested into his writings; and, at the same time, had a most inexhausti-

ble

ble fund of observation and good sense in himself. He has scarce a sermon that might not be spun out into a hundred modish discourses from the pulpit: for which reason I am very glad to find, that we are likely to have a new edition of his works.

N° XXVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 27.

INGENUAS DIDICISSE FIDELITER ARTES
EMOLLIT MORES———

OVID.

AMONG the many letters of correspondents, I have of late received but very few which are not mixed with satire. I am a little tired with such ideas as the reading those performances raise in the mind; so are those who imagine they are alluded to by what has passed through my hands; and I doubt not but my readers in general cease also to be delighted with that kind of reflections. When, therefore, it is irksome to us all, it is time to pass to more pleasing arguments. But as I told the town at my first setting out, that Mr. Severn was my favourite of all the characters which I have represented to compose our little club, mentioned in my first paper, I shall declare myself farther on this subject, by printing my letter I have writ to Mr. Severn, which he will receive to-morrow morning.

TO MR. SEVERN.

SIR,

THIS comes with a sett of Latin authors, just now published by Tonson. You see they are in twelves, and fit to be carried on occasion in the pocket. He sent me two setts, one for myself, the other for the gentleman whom I meant by Mr. Severn. You will please, therefore, to accept the present he makes you. You need not be enjoined to be partial to them as they are a gift; for, as you'll observe Mr. Maittaire has had the care of the edition, you need not be farther encouraged to recommend them to your friends and acquaintance. The learned world is very much obliged to that gentleman for his useful labours; and his elegant addresses to those to whom he dedicates the book, as well as to the reader in general, shew him a perfect master in what he undertakes, for he introduces his authors in a stile as pure as their own. You know he had the good fortune to live in the favour, and, as it were, under the patronage of the famous Dr. Busby, to whose great talents and knowledge in the genius of men we owe very great ornaments of this age, and the supply of men, of letters and capacity for many generations, or rather classes of remarkable men during his long and eminent life. I must confess, and I have often reflected upon it, that I am of opinion Busby's genius for education had as great an effect upon the age he lived in, as that of any ancient philosopher, without excepting one, had upon his contemporaries; though I do not perceive that admirable man is remembered by them, at least not recorded by them, with half the veneration he deserves. I have known great numbers of his scholars; and am confident I could discover a stranger who had been such, with a very little conversation: those of great parts, who have passed through his instruction, have such a peculiar readiness of fancy and delicacy of taste, as is seldom found in men educated elsewhere, though of equal talents; and those who were of slower capacities, have an arrogance (for learning without genius always produces that) that sets them much above greater merit that grew under any other gardener. He had a power of raising what the lad had in him to the utmost height in what nature designed him; and it was not his fault, but the effect of nature, that there were no indifferent people came out of his hands; but his scholars were the finest gentlemen, or the greatest pedants, in the age. The soil which he manured always grew fertile: but it is not in the planter to make flowers of weeds; but whatever it was, under Busby's eye, it was sure to get forward towards the use for which nature designed it.

But I forgot what I sat down to write upon, which was to hand to you these pretty volumes of Terence, Sallust, Phædrus,

drus, Lucretius, Velleius Paterculus, and Juſtin. But it will be ſaid, How comes this matter to have at all a place in the Lover? Why, very properly; for to you, whoſe chief art in recommending yourſelf is to act and ſpeak like a man of virtue and ſenſe, that which contributes to make you wiſer and better is ſerviceable to you, as you are a gentleman and a lover. Take my word for it, the oftener you take theſe books in your hand, you will find your mind the more prepared for doing the moſt ordinary things with a good grace and ſpirit; that is, the agreeable thoughts of theſe writers frequently employing your imagination, will naturally and inſenſibly affect your words and actions. It will, in a greater degree, do what good company does to all who frequent it, make you in your air and mien like thoſe with whom you converſe.

Mr. Maittaire has promiſed to go through the beſt remaining authors with the ſame diligence. The large indexes, which lead with ſo much eaſe to any beautiful paſſage one has a mind for, are of great uſe and pleaſure: they are made with ſo much judgment and care, that they ſerve the purpoſe of an abbreviation of the book; and carry a ſecret inſtruction, in that they lay the ſenſe of the author ſtill cloſer in words of his own, or as good as his own. I am mighty well content with the province of being eſteemed but a publiſher, if I can be ſo happy as to quicken the paſſage of uſeful arts in the world; and I wiſh this paper's coming, where otherwiſe works of this kind would not be ſpoken of, may be of any uſe to a man who deſerves ſo well of all lovers of learning as Mr. Maittaire. Perhaps a fond mother may, by my means, lighten her ſon's ſatchel, and get him theſe little volumes, inſtead of the heavy load the body was before encumbered with; and her own eyes may judge, that this is a print which cannot hurt the child's.

But I muſt leave theſe ancients, and give a caſt of my office to a living writer, a ſiſter of the quill.

The ſentiments and inclinations of my mind are ſo naturally turned to love, that it is with a great deal of pleaſure I frequent the play-houſe, where I have often an opportunity of ſeeing this paſſion repreſented in all it's different ſhapes. I have for ſome years been ſo conſtant a cuſtomer to the theatre, that I have got moſt of our celebrated plays by heart; for which reaſon, it is with more than ordinary pleaſure that I hear the actors give out a new one. It is no ſmall ſatisfaction to me, that I know we are to be entertained to-night with a comedy from the ſame hand that wrote The Gameſter and The Buſy Body. The deſerved ſucceſs theſe plays met with, is a certain demonſtration that wit alone is more than ſufficient to ſupply all the rules of art. The incidents in both thoſe pieces are ſo dextrouſly managed, and the plots ſo ingeniouſly perplexed, as ſhew them at once to be the invention of a wit and a woman. The curious will obſerve the ſame happy conduct in the entertainment of this night; and as we have but one Britiſh lady who employs her genius for the drama, it would be a ſhameful reflection on the polite of both ſexes, ſhould ſhe want any encouragement the town can give her. I deſire your intereſt in her behalf, and am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

Nº. XXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 29.

——NIHIL INVITÆ TRISTIS CUSTODIA PRODEST:
QUAM PECCARE PUDET, CYNTHIA, TUTA SAT EST.
PROPERT.

MY correſpondents ſhall do my buſineſs for me to-day.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Throw this letter from two pair of ſtairs, with half a crown with it, in an old glove, in hopes he that takes it up (for I am watching till a porter, or ſome ſuch body, paſſes by) will carry it to your Lodge. I have none to complain to but yourſelf. I am locked up for fear of making my eſcape to a gentleman, whoſe addreſſes I received by my father's approbation, though now his

his pretenſions are diſallowed for the ſake of a richer man. I have no help in this miſerable condition, nor means to relieve myſelf, but by deſiring you to print the incloſed in your very next Lover. The gentleman who is to marry me, has viſited me twice or thrice alone; and indeed I ſee ſuch infallible marks of the moſt unfeigned and reſpectful paſſion towards me, that it is with great anguiſh I write to him in the ſincerity of my heart, which I know will be a ſincere affliction to him. It is no matter for a direction by his name; he reads your paper, and will too ſoon gather, that the circumſtances of my letter can concern only himſelf.

SIR,

IT is a very ill return which I make to the reſpect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that though the day for our marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have obſerved, in the long converſations we have had at thoſe times that we were lately left together, that ſome ſecret hung upon my mind: I was obliged to an ambiguous behaviour, and durſt not reveal myſelf further, becauſe my mother, from a cloſet near the place where we ſat, could both hear and ſee our converſation. I have ſtrict commands from both my parents to receive you; and am undone for ever, except you will be ſo kind and generous as to refuſe me. Conſider, Sir, the miſery of beſtowing yourſelf upon one who can have no proſpect of happineſs but from your death. This is a confeſſion made, perhaps, with an offenſive ſincerity; but that conduct is much to be preferred to a covert diſlike, which could not but pall all the ſweets of life, by impoſing on you a companion that doats and languiſhes for another. I will not go ſo far as to ſay, my paſſion for the gentleman whoſe wife I am by promiſe, would lead me to any thing criminal againſt your honour; I know it is dreadful enough to a man of your ſenſe to expect nothing but forced civilities in return for tender endearments, and cold eſteem for undeſerved love. If you will, on this occaſion, let reaſon take place of paſſion, I doubt not but Fate has in ſtore for you ſome worthier object of your affection, in recompence of your goodneſs to the only woman that could be inſenſible of your merit. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

M. H.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Am a young woman perfectly at my own liberty, two and twenty, in the height and affluence of good health, good fortune, and good humour; but, I know not how, I muſt acknowledge there is ſomething ſolitary and diſtreſſed in the very natural condition of our ſex, till we have wholly rejected all thoughts of marriage, or made our choice. The man has not yet appeared to theſe eyes, whom I could like for a huſband. I therefore apply myſelf to you, to let the town know there is, not many furlongs from your Lodge, one that lives with too much eaſe, and is undone for want of that acceptable kind of uneaſineſs, the importunity of lovers. If you can ſend me half a dozen, I promiſe to take him who addreſſes me with moſt gallantry and wit, and to yield to one of them within ſix months after their firſt declaration that they are my ſervants; but, at the ſame time, I expect them to fight one another for me, and promiſe to be particularly civil to him who firſt has his arm in a ſcarf for my ſake. I expect that they turn their fury and ſkill towards diſarming, or ſlightly wounding, not killing, one another; for I ſhall not take it for reſpect to me to leſſen the number of my ſlaves: at the ſame time, the conquered is to beg, and the victor is to give life, for my ſake only. You muſt know, Sir, I value more being envied by women, than loved by men; and there is nothing proclaims a beauty ſo effectually, as an interview of her lovers behind Montague Houſe. In hopes of a ſerenade, ſoon after the publication of this letter, I reſt, in dull tranquillity, your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

CLIDAMIRA.

MR. MYRTLE,

YOU muſt know I am one of thoſe coxcombs who know myſelf to be abuſed, but have not reſolution enough to reſent it as I ought. To tell you plainly, I am a kind keeper, and know myſelf to be the moſt ſervile of cuckolds, for I am wronged by a woman whom I may part with when I pleaſe; but am afraid that when I pleaſe will never happen. As other people write verſes and ſonnets

to

to deplore the cruelty of their miſtreſs, I could think of nothing better this morning than diverting myſelf, and ſoothing my folly by the example of men of wit who have formerly been in my condition. I was glad to meet an epigram of a gentleman I ſuppoſe your worſhip is acquainted with, that hit my condition; and make you a preſent of it, as I have improved and tranſlated it in the janty ſtile of 'a man of wit and pleaſure about 'the town.' Pray, allow me to call her my dear for the rhyme ſake; for I never wrote verſes till ſhe vexed me.

DE INFAMIA SUÆ PUELLÆ.

'*Rumor ait crebro noſtram peccare puellam*;
'*Nunc ego me ſurdis auribus eſſe velim.*
'*Crimina non hæc ſunt noſtro ſine facta dolore:*
'*Quid miſerum torques, rumor acerbe? tace.*'

'The town reports the falſhood of my dear,
'To which I cry, "Oh that I could not hear!
"I love her ſtill; peace, then, thou babler
"Fame,
"And let me reſt contented in my ſhame."

Pray give my humble ſervice to Mrs. Page. You honourable lovers have a good conſcience to ſupport you in your vexations; but we, alas—— I am your humble ſervant,

GILES LIMBERHAM.

N° XXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 1.

QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS
TAM CHARI CAPITIS?

HOR.

THE reader may remember, that in my firſt paper I deſcribed the circumſtances of the perſons whoſe lives and converſations my future diſcourſes ſhould principally deſcribe. Mr. Oſwald, who is a widower, and in the firſt year of that diſtreſſed condition, having abſented himſelf from our meetings, I went to viſit him this evening. My intimacy made the ſervant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any body come at him. I found him leaning at a table, with a book before him; and ſaw, methought, a concern in him much deeper than that ſeriouſneſs which ariſes from reading only, though the matter upon which a man has been employed has been never ſo weighty. He ſaw in me, I believe, a friendly curioſity to know what put him into that temper; and began to tell me, that he had been looking over a little collection of books of his wife's; and ſaid, it was an inexpreſſible pleaſure to him, that, though he thought her a moſt excellent woman, he found, by peruſing little papers and minutes among her books, new reaſons for loving her. 'This,' continued he, 'now in my hand, is the Con'templations Moral and Divine of Sir 'Matthew Hale: ſhe has turned down, 'and written little remarks on the mar'gin, as ſhe goes on. In order to give 'you a notion of her merit and good 'ſenſe, pray give me leave to read three 'or four paragraphs which ſhe has 'marked with this pencil.' He here looked upon the pencil, till the memory of ſome little incident, of which it reminded him, filled his eyes with tears; when, to hide new reaſons for loving her, (but he only diſcovered his grief the more) he began, in a broken voice, to read Sir Matthew's ſecond chapter in his diſcourſe of Religion.

'The truth and ſpirit of religion comes 'in a narrow compaſs, though the ef'fect and operation thereof are large and 'diffuſive. Solomon comprehended it 'in a few words, *Fear God, and keep 'his commandments, for this is the whole 'duty of man.* The ſoul and life of reli'gion is the fear of God, which is the 'principle of obedience; but obedience 'to his commands, which is an act or 'exerciſe of that life, is various, accord'ing to the variety of the commands of 'God. If I take a kernel of an acorn, 'the principle of life lies in it: the thing 'itſelf is but ſmall; but the vegetable 'principle that lies in it takes up a leſs 'room than the kernel itſelf, little more 'than the quantity of a ſmall pin's head, 'as is eaſy to be obſerved by experiment; 'but the exerciſe of that ſpark of life is 'large and comprehenſive in it's opera'tion;

'tion; it produceth a great tree, and in 'that tree the ſap, the body, the bark, 'the limbs, the leaves, the fruit: and 'ſo it is with the principles of true re-'ligion; the principle itſelf lies in a nar-'row compaſs, but the activity and ener-'gy of it is diffuſive and various.

'This principle hath not only pro-'ductions that naturally flow from it; 'but where it is, it ferments and aſſimi-'lates, and gives a kind of tincture even 'to other actions that do not in their 'own nature follow from it, as the 'nature and civil actions of our lives. 'Under the former was our Lord's pa-'rable of a Grain of Muſtard-ſeed; 'under the latter of his compariſon of 'Leaven, juſt as we ſee in other things 'of nature. Take a little red wine, and 'drop it into a veſſel of water, it gives 'a new tincture to the water; or, take 'a grain of ſalt, and put it into freſh 'liquor, it doth communicate itſelf to 'the next adjacent part of the liquor, 'and that again to the next, till the 'whole be fermented: ſo that ſmall and 'little vital principle of the fear of God 'doth gradually, and yet ſuddenly, aſſi-'milate the actions of our life flowing 'from another principle. It rectifies 'and moderates our affections, and 'paſſions, and appetites; it gives truth 'to our ſpeech, ſobriety to our ſenſes, 'humility to our parts, and the like.

'Religion is beſt in it's *ſimplicity* and '*purity*; but difficult to be retained ſo, 'without ſuperſtitions and acceſſions; 'and thoſe do commonly, in time, *ſtifle* '*and choak* the *ſimplicity* of Religion, 'unleſs much care and circumſpection 'be uſed. The contemperations are ſo '*many*, and ſo *cumberſome*, that Re-'ligion loſeth it's *nature*, or is ſtrangled 'by them: juſt as a man that hath ſome 'excellent ſimple cordial ſpirit, and puts 'muſk in it to make it ſmell ſweet, and 'honey to make it taſte pleaſant; and, 'it may be, *cantharides*, to make it look 'glorious. Indeed, by the infuſions, he 'hath given it a very *fine ſmell*, and '*taſte*, and *colour*; but yet he hath ſo '*clogged* it, and *ſophiſticated* it with ſu-'peradditions, that, it may be, he hath 'altered the nature, and deſtroyed the 'virtue of it.'

Here my friend could go on no far-ther; but, reaching to me the book it-ſelf, he leaned on the table, covering his eyes with his hands, while I read the following words on the margin: 'Grant 'that this ſuperaddition which I make, 'may be Love and Conſtancy to Mr. 'Oſwald.' No one could be unaffected with this incident; nor could I forbear falling into a kind of conſolatory diſ-courſe, drawn from the ſatisfaction it muſt needs be to find new proofs of the virtue of a perſon he ſo tenderly loved: but obſerving his concern too quick and lively for converſation on that ſubject, I broke off with repeating only two diſtichs of Mr. Cowley to my Lady Vandyke, on the death of her huſband.

Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſt pair! to diſagree.

I cannot but think it was a very right ſentiment in this lady, to make that duty of life in which ſhe took pleaſure, the ſuperſtructure upon the motive of Reli-gion; for nothing can mend the heart better than an honourable love, except Religion. It ſweetens diſaſters, and mo-derates good fortune, from a benevolent ſpirit that is naturally in it, and extends itſelf to things the moſt remote. It can-not be conceived by thoſe who are in-volved in libertine pleaſures, the ſweet ſatisfactions that muſt ariſe from the union of two perſons who have left all the world in order to place their chief delight in each other; and to promote that delight by all the methods which reaſon, urged by religion and duty, for-warded by paſſion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to vir-tue, and make pleaſant the ways of in-nocence. A deviation from the rules of ſuch a commerce would be courting pain; for ſuch a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be com-municated by criminal ſatisfactions, (to ſpeak of it in the mildeſt terms) as ſo-briety and elegant converſation are to intemperance and rioting.

Nº. XXX. TUESDAY, MAY 4.

DESPICERE UNDE QUEAS ALIOS, PASSIMQUE VIDERE
ERRARE, ATQUE VIAM PALANTEIS QUÆRERE VITÆ.
LUC.

IT is a very great satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonic foot, to look calmly on, while carnivorous lovers run about howling for hunger, which the intellectual and more abstracted admirer is never gnawed with. The following letters give a lively representation of this matter.

MR. MYRTLE,

IF ever any man had reason to dispatch himself for love, I am the person: I am lost to all intents and purposes, though I was the happiest man in the world, and have no one to accuse but myself of my present misfortunes; and yet I am not to be accused neither. To open this riddle, you must know, Mr. Myrtle, that I am not now twenty years of age: I think that circumstance necessary to tell you, for they say the misfortune which befel me cannot happen but from the height of youth and blood. I live in the neighbourhood of a young lady of wealth, wit, and beauty. I love her to death; and she loves me with no less ardour. We have had frequent meetings by stealth, which are now interrupted by a very uncommon accident. I have a father, who can never be enough satisfied that his house is not to be burned before next morning; and for this reason, as well as, perhaps, other jealousies, insists upon the liberty of coming into my chamber when I am asleep, to see whether my candle is out. One night he stole softly in, as indeed he always does, for fear of disturbing me, when I, fast asleep, was talking of my mistress. As he has since told me, I named her; and then thought fit to go on as follows.

'The happiness we now enjoy is 'doubled by the secrecy of it. I will 'come again to-morrow night; and 'have ordered the hackney-coachman 'to be ready to let me get up to your 'window at the hour appointed. Be 'ready to throw up the sash when I 'tinkle with a piece of money at the 'glass. Your letters I keep always in 'a box under my bed, and my father 'can never come at them. Pray be sure 'to write; for the day-time 'tis mighty 'sad should be troubled with the im-'pertinence and bustle of the world, and 'we never to meet or hear from each 'other but at midnight.'

The old gentleman took my key out of my pocket, and by that means made himself master of my papers; and in an hight point of honour, the next day told the parents of my mistress the danger their daughter was in of being carried off by his son, who had no pretensions to a woman of her fortune, though he can do very handsomely for me.

This matter has been very indiscreetly managed by both our parents; the servants, and consequently the neighbourhood, have the story amongst them, and the innocentest woman in the world is at the mercy of busy tongues. Now, Sir, I am not to judge of the actions of my father; but, as he has a longer purse than he will own, I desire you would lay before him, that he did not come at my secret fairly; and that he ought, since he goes upon punctilios, to have made no use of what he arrived at by the infirmity of a troubled imagination. He says indeed for himself, that he had this thought in his head; and therefore, had I owned the thing to him when he taxed me, without shewing my mistress's letters, he should have been obliged, by the manner of getting the secret, to have kept it; but since I had not owned it, had I not been confronted by her letters, which he got by taking my key out of my pocket, I am under the same degree of favour as a man who committed any other crime would have been who had betrayed himself in the same manner. Mr. Myrtle, you are a great-casuist; and you see what a jumble of unhappy circumstances I am involved in, which I desire you to extricate me from by your best advice, which will come very seasonably to two families who are much your friends, among whom none so much

as

as the lady concerned in the ſtory; and where ſhe approves, you have an admirer in, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

ULYSSES TRANSMARINUS.

I have notice given me, that I muſt croſs the ſeas for this buſineſs; but I am reſolved to ſtay, at leaſt in the ſame nation with my fair one, till I hear farther.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1714.

MR. MYRTLE,

YOU'LL oblige extremely your moſt humble ſervant in inſerting this in your next Lover.

MADAM,

DEATH would have been welcomer than your letter in Thurſday's Lover; for I muſt ſurvive the miſery *that* would have ended. Your *ſincerity* is ſo far from being *offenſive*, that my paſſion (were it now lawful to indulge it) is greater for you; and I cannot better prove the truth of mine than by *refuſing you*, and making you as happy in *your choice*, as with *you* would have been the moſt unfortunate

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TO MR. MYRTLE.

SIR,

THERE is a young woman in our neighbourhood that makes it her buſineſs to diſturb every body that paſſes by with her beauty. She runs to the window when ſhe has a mind to do miſchief; and then, when a body looks up at her, ſhe runs back, though ſhe came there on purpoſe. Her hands and arms, you muſt know, are very fine; for that reaſon ſhe never lets them be unemployed, but is feeding a ſquirrel, and catching people that paſs by all day long. She has a way of heaving out of the window to ſee ſomething, ſo that one who ſtands in the ſtreet juſt over-againſt her is taken with her ſide face; one that is coming down fixes his eyes at the pole of her neck till he ſtumbles; and one coming up the ſtreet is fixed ſtock-ſtill by her eyes. She won't let any body go by in peace. I am confident, if you went that way yourſelf, ſhe would pretend to get you from Mrs. Page. As for my own part, I fear her not; but there are ſeveral of our neighbours whoſe ſons are taken in her chains, and ſeveral good women's huſbands are always talking of her; and there is no quiet. I beg of you, Sir, to take ſome courſe with her; for ſhe takes a delight in doing all this miſchief. It would be right to lay down ſome rules againſt her; or, if you pleaſe, to appoint a time to come and ſpeak to her: it would be a great charity to our ſtreet, eſpecially to, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

ANTHONY EYELID.

SIR,

HERE is a young gentlewoman in our ſtreet, that I do not know at all, who looked full in my face, and then looked as if ſhe was miſtaken, but looked ſo pretty, that I can't forget her: ſhe does ſomething or other to every one that paſſes by. I thought I would tell you of her. Yours,

CH. BUSY.

SIR,

HERE is a young woman in our ſtreet that looks often melancholy out of the window, as if ſhe ſaw nobody, and nobody ſaw her, ſhe is ſo intent. But ſhe can give an account of every thing that paſſes, and does it to way-lay young men. Pray ſay ſomething about her. Yours, unknown,

TALL-BOY GAPESEED.

SIR,

THERE is a young woman in our neighbourhood that makes people, with bundles on their backs, ſtand as if they had none; and thoſe who have none ſtand as if they had too heavy ones. Pray take her to your end of the town, for ſhe interrupts buſineſs. Yours,

RALPH DOODLE.

Nº XXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 6.

RIDET HOC, INQUAM, VENUS IPSA; RIDENT
SIMPLICES NYMPHÆ, FERUS ET CUPIDO,
SEMPER ARDENTES ACUENS SAGITTAS
COTE CRUENTA. HOR.

LONDON, MAY 4.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Remember, some time ago, that I heard a gentleman, who often talked out of a book, speak of a king that was so fond of his wife, that his mind overflowed with the happiness he had in the possession of her beauties. I remember it was just so that talking fellow expressed himself; but all that I want of his story is, that he shewed his queen naked from a chink in the bed-chamber; and that the queen, finding this out, resented it so highly, that she, after mature deliberation, thought fit to plot against her husband, and married the man to whom he had exposed her person. I have but a puzzled way of telling a story; but this circumstance, among such great people, may give you some thoughts upon an accident of the like kind, which happened to me, a man of middle rank.

There is a very gay, pleasant young lady, whom I was well acquainted with, and had long known, as being an intimate of my sister's. We were, the other day, a riding out; the women and men on single horses: it happened that this young lady and I out-rid the company, and in the avenue of the wood between Hampstead and Highgate her horse threw her full upon her head. She is a quick-witted girl; and finding chance had discovered more of her beauty than ever she designed to favour me with, she in an instant lay on the turf in a decent manner, as in a trance, before I could alight and come to her assistance. I fell in love with her when she was topsy-turvy; and from that instant professed myself her servant. She always laughed, and turned off the discourse, and said she thought it must be so. The whole family were mightily amazed how this declaration came all of a sudden; and why, after two or three years intimacy, not a word, and yet now I so very eager. Well, the father had no exception to me, and the wedding-day was named; when, all of a sudden, the father has sent my mistress to a distant relation in the country, and I am discarded. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is to insert this, that her father may understand what she meant, when she said—'I shall be 'ashamed to be the wife of any other 'man;' and what I meant, when I said that—'I know more of her already than 'any other husband, perhaps, ever may.' These expressions were let drop when the father shewed some signs of parting us; and I appeal to you, whether, according to nice rules, she is not to prefer me to all others. This is a serious matter in it's consequences, and I won't be chouse; therefore pray insert it. The whole is humbly submitted by, Sir, your most unfortunate, humble servant,

TIM. PIP.

TO MR. MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

SIR,

OBSERVING you play the casuist, the doctor, nay, often descend even to the letter-carrier, for the service of Lovers, I am apt to think my present condition brings me within your cognizance, and countenances this application. Sir, I ever was a great admirer of a single state; and my chief study has been to collect encomiums in it's favour, and instances of unhappy marriages to confirm me. I never could think myself the sad half of a man, or that my cares wanted doubling. The best exercise I ever performed at school was a translation of Juvenal's sixth Satire. I remember my master said, smiling—'Sirrah, you will die a batchelor.' Since I came to man's estate, I have every day talked over, with little variation, the common-place sayings against matrimony: I believe they have been more constant than my prayers. I must now, Sir, acquaint you how I became disarmed of those principles in an instant, and how other thoughts took place;

place; ſo that I beg leave hereby to recant, and proteſt againſt thoſe damnable doctrines. And further, I humbly beſeech all ladies with whom I converſe, to beſtow on me the encouragement which new and true converts generally meet with. I was riding in the country laſt ſpring: of all the days in the week, it was upon a Tueſday; when, on a ſudden, I heard a voice which guided my ſight to two young women unknown to me; they were negligently, I won't ſay meanly, dreſſed, had large ſtaffs in their hands, and were followed by ſpaniels and greyhounds. One, whom I now ſee with the lover's teleſcope, wore a bonnet: on her I caſt my eyes till the brightneſs of her's made them fail me; that is, I have ſeen nothing in it's true light ſince. I am a piece of a ſcholar, yet am not able, Mr. Myrtle, to affirm what I ſaw, and how this object ſtruck the organs of my body, affected my ſoul and mind, and produced this laſting idea. The old philoſophers, you know, attributed a ſoul to the loadſtone, when they could not find out the reaſon of it's union to iron. Whence ſhall I deduce the cauſe of my condition? Shall I ſpeak of an impulſe, preſſure of inſenſible particles, ſecret power, deſtiny, the ſtars, magic? or ſhall I ſay, in the lawyers term, that every feature had it's copies? or muſt I mention occult quality, or, as the genteel world tranſlate it, *je ne ſçai quoy?* I ſhould have told you I was a hunting when I ſaw this object; that, when it fled, my good-ſpirited gelding refuſed the gate that parted us, and run away with me. This was as good as a ſecond game; for I, who before was the greateſt ſportſman in the country, have ever ſince haunted the woods to ſigh, not halloo. In lonely ſhades by day, and moonſhine walks by night, (ſhe ever by my ſide) I have found my only pleaſure. This condition I have ſuffered for a long ſeries of time; but, wandering in the ſame wood, I ſaw a country girl in the ſame bonnet in which I formerly beheld my great calamity. I followed her, and found the abode of her for whom I languiſh. *Ma Charmante* is your conſtant reader, who hereby will have ſome notion of me and my name. I crave, Sir, your aſſiſtance herein; and (to eaſe yourſelf of another troubleſome letter) your advice, in caſe of a denial to wait upon her. I have abundance more to ſay; but deſire you to ſay it to yourſelf in behalf of, Sir, your enamoured humble ſervant.

N° XXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 8.

Ἐν δικαιοσύνῃ συλλήβδην πᾶσ' ἀρέτη ἔστιν.

ARISTOT.

THE taſk which I have enjoined myſelf in theſe papers, is to deſcribe Love in all it's ſhapes: to warn the unwary of thoſe rocks, upon which ſo many in all ages have ſplit formerly, do ſplit ſtill, and will ſplit hereafter, as long as men and women ſhall be what they now are; and to delineate the true and unfeigned delight which virtuous minds feel in the enjoyment of their lawful and warranted paſſions. This taſk, the farther I go, I find grows the more upon my hands. The dreadful effects which have attended irregular purſuits in this way, have led ſome ſhallow philoſophers to arraign that as ſimply unlawful, or at leaſt as unbecoming a wiſe man, which is certainly one of the firſt and fundamental laws of nature; and they have ſeemed to look upon that as a curſe which, rightly managed, is the greateſt bleſſing which our Creator has given us here below; and which is, in truth—

That cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down.

Yet, on the other hand, when (comparatively ſpeaking) ſo very many miſcarry in this particular, more than in any other ſingle circumſtance belonging to human life, one is tempted to cry out, with my Lord Brooke, in his Alaham—

O wearieſome condition of mortality,
Born to one law, and to another bound!
Vainly begotten, yet forbidden vanity;
Created ſick, commanded to be ſound!
If Nature, ſure, did not delight in blood,
She would have found more eaſy ways to good.

But ſince complaints under moſt preſſures avail but little; ſince in every ſpe-

cies of actions there is a right and a wrong, which circumſtances only can determine; ſince our Maker (for greater reaſons than thoſe which our laws aſcribe to our princes) cannot poſſibly do any wrong, or, as the divines ſpeak, cannot be the author of ſin; ſince what was eſſential to human nature before the Fall, is in itſelf moſt certainly good, when rightly purſued; and ſince one may obſerve that miſtakes and falſe ſteps in this matter meet with harſher cenſures, and are often more ſeverely puniſhed in this world, than many other crimes which ſeem to be of a higher nature; I have thought it worth while to enquire into this matter as exactly as I could, and to preſent the public with my thoughts concerning the real differences between the ſeveral ſorts of evil actions, as I ſhall find opportunity, and as my importunate correſpondents, who are often in haſte, and who muſt not be diſobliged, will give me leave.

One method, as I take it, to induce men to avoid any evil, is to know not only wherein it conſiſts, but how great it is. The Stoics of old pretended that all ſins were equal; that it was as great a crime to ſteal a pin, as to rob upon the road. When their wiſe man was once out of his way, he loſt his pretenſions to wiſdom; and when thoſe were gone, whatſoever he did or ſaid afterwards, in that ſtate of aberration, it was all one: ſins were ſins; and where the eſſence was the ſame, the degrees mattered little. This contradicts human nature, and common ſenſe; and the laws of all nations diſtinguiſh, in the puniſhments which they inflict, between crimes, as they are more or leſs pernicious to the ſociety in and againſt which they are committed. That God does ſo too, we need not queſtion. The Judge of the whole earth muſt certainly do right. When we know wherein the true greatneſs of every ſin conſiſts, we ſhall be able to judge of our own faults, and ſometimes of the faults of others; we ſhall ſee why we ought to avoid them where there is room for compaſſion; and where puniſhment is neceſſary, we may be ſure then to be ſevere in the right place; and, by knowing how and when to forgive, may ſometimes raiſe thoſe that are ſinking, and often ſave thoſe from utter deſtruction, who, if abandoned, would be irrecoverably loſt. This is a large, and, I think, an uſeful theme; and it is what I have not ſeen ſufficiently enlarged upon in thoſe books of morality which have come in my way. Now, if in my inquiries I have an eye all along to the Chriſtian inſtitution, and take a view of the ſins and irregularities of mankind in ſuch a light as is conſiſtent with the practice of our Saviour and his apoſtles, I hope the ſofter and politer part of my readers will not be, upon that account, diſguſted.

The aggravation of all crimes is to be eſtimated either from the perſons injured or offended, or from the intrinſic malice from whence thoſe injuries and offences proceed. All offences are againſt either our Maker, our neighbour, or ourſelves. Offences againſt our Maker have this particular aggravation, that they are committed againſt the Perſon to whom we have the greateſt obligations, and conſequently do more immediately contradict the light of our own conſcience. The obligations of our original being, and of our conſtant preſervation during the whole courſe of our lives, which takes in all the bleſſings that we daily receive from him, are ſo peculiarly due to God, that they are not communicable to any earthly being. For though we may, and do hourly, receive advantages from our fellow-creatures, yet thoſe advantages are ultimately to be referred to God, by whoſe good providence thoſe fellow-creatures are enabled to do us good. And beſides, the good they do us is as much for their ſakes as for ours; ſince the advantages they receive from us, and thoſe we receive from them, are reciprocal. But though our Creator is always doing good to us, we can do none to him; and, upon that ſcore, he has a title to our obedience, and that implicit, when once we are ſatisfied it is He that commands. This makes *Idolatry* to be ſo crying a ſin, becauſe it is a communication of that honour to the creature, (whether inanimate or animate it matters not) to which it can have no poſſible title, and is due to the Creator only. Upon this account alſo *Irreligion* and *Atheiſm* are ſtill worſe, becauſe they tear up all religion by the roots; and all ſervice and worſhip is denied to Him, to whom the utmoſt ſervice and worſhip is juſtly due. This is ſo plain, that it needs neither enlargement nor proof.

The ſecond degree of offences, is of thoſe

thoſe which are committed againſt our neighbours. They are equally God's creatures as ourſelves, and have an equal title to his protection, and we ought to think that they are equally dear to him. Offences againſt them may be comprehended under one common title of *Injuſtice:* and what divines uſually call *Sins* againſt the *Second Table*, are, if ſtrictly examined, but ſo many ſorts of injuries againſt our neighbours. The pains, the care, the trouble, and, above all, the love, of parents, demand honour from their children; and therefore, when they do not meet with it, they are injured. This ſhews the juſtice of the fifth Commandment. To take away our neighbour's life, is the greateſt injury which can be done him, becauſe it is abſolutely irreparable. Next to that, are injuries done to his bed, and for the ſame reaſon too. The goods we enjoy are the means of our ſubſiſtence here; and he that againſt our wills takes them from us, does, more or leſs, according to the greatneſs of our loſs, deprive us of our ſubſiſtence. This ſhews the juſtneſs of the ſixth, ſeventh, and eighth Commandments. And ſince none of thoſe things to which, by the original grant from our common Maker, we have a juſt title, are ſecure, if calumny and falſe accuſations are once allowed; therefore falſe witneſſing is alſo forbidden in the ninth Commandment. And ſince a deſire of poſſeſſing what is not our own, and what we ſee others enjoy, will, if encouraged, naturally lead men to as many ſorts of injuſtice as there are ſorts of deſires; therefore coveting what is not our own, is fenced againſt by the tenth Commandment.

By this detail it plainly appears why I ſet offences againſt our neighbours in the ſecond place. When God gave the Ten Commandments, he mentioned no offences but thoſe againſt himſelf and our neighbours; and left the ſins which are immediately againſt ourſelves (which are properly ſins of intemperance) to be forbidden by other laws.

But then, though ſins againſt ourſelves ought, with reſpect to their guilt, (which is what I here propoſe to conſider) to be reckoned laſt; yet it does not follow from thence that they are not ſins, and conſequently do not deſerve puniſhment. Whatſoever diſables us in any meaſure from doing our duty to God or our neighbour, is ſo far an *injuſtice* towards them, and robs them of their due, and is ſo far a crime. I ſay, an *injuſtice*, becauſe, as I ſaid before, all faults, in my opinion, are ultimately to be referred to that. Even *uncharitableneſs* is *injuſtice*; becauſe our common Creator, who has made us all liable to want, and conſequently under a neceſſity of deſiring aſſiſtance, expects we ſhould be helpful to one another, becauſe he is good to us. And when Ariſtotle ſays, in thoſe words that are the motto of this paper, that *all virtues are contained in juſtice*, he ſtates the true notion of good and evil; and it is as applicable to virtues conſidered in a Chriſtian light, as in a natural one. This, then, is the firſt rule by which we are to weigh the different degrees of good and evil.

Nº XXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY 11.

——ANIMUM PICTURA PASCIT——

VIRG.

I Went the other day down the River, and dined with ſome virtuoſi friends at Greenwich. The purpoſe of the gentleman who invited us was, to entertain us with a ſight of that famous Cieling in the Great Hall at Greenwich Hoſpital, painted by our ingenious countryman Mr. Thornhill, who has executed a great and noble deſign with a maſterly hand, and uncommon genius. The regularity, ſymmetry, boldneſs, and prominence of the figures, are not to be deſcribed; nor is it in the power of words to raiſe too great an idea of the work. As well as I could comprehend it from ſeeing it but twice, I ſhall give a plain account of it.

IN the middle of the cieling (which is about 106 feet long, and 56 feet wide, and near 50 feet high) is a very large oval frame, painted and carved in imitation of gold, with a great thickneſs riſing in the inſide, to throw up the figures to the greater heighth: the oval is faſtened to a great ſuffeat, adorned with roſes, in imitation

imitation of copper. The whole is ſupported by eight gigantic figures of ſlaves, four on each ſide, as though they were carved in ſtone. Between the figures, thrown in heaps into a covering, are all manner of maritime trophies in metzo-relievo; as anchors, cables, rudders, maſts, ſails, blocks, capſtals, ſea-guns, ſea carriages, boats, pinnaces, oars, ſtretchers, colours, enſigns, pennants, drums, trumpets, bombs, mortars, ſmall arms, granadoes, powder barrels, fire arrows, grappling irons, croſs ſtaves, quadrants, compaſſes, &c. All in ſtone colours, to give the greater beauty to the reſt of the cieling, which is more ſignificant.

About the Oval in the inſide are placed the twelve ſigns of the Zodiac; the ſix northern ſigns, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, are placed on the north ſide of the oval: and the ſix ſouthern ſigns, as Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Piſces, are to the ſouth, with three of them in a groupe which compoſe one quarter of the year. The ſigns have their attitudes; and their draperies are varied and adapted to the ſeaſons they poſſeſs*; as the cool, the blue, and the tender green, to the Spring; the yellow to the Summer; the red and flame-colour to the Dog Days and Autumnal Seaſon; and the white and cold to the Winter: likewiſe the fruits and the flowers of every ſeaſon, as they ſucceed each other.

In the middle of the Oval are repreſented King William and Queen Mary, ſitting on a throne, under a great pavilion or purple canopy, attended by the four cardinal virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Juſtice.

Over the Queen's head is Concord, with the Faſces; at her feet two doves, denoting mutual concord and innocent agreement, with Cupid holding the king's ſceptre, while he is preſenting Peace with the Lamb and Olive-branch, and Liberty, expreſſed by the Athenian Cap, to Europe, who laying her crowns at his feet, receives them with an air of reſpect and gratitude. The king tramples Tyranny under his feet; which is expreſſed by a French perſonage, with his leaden crown falling off; his chains, yoke, and iron ſword, broken to pieces; cardinal's cap, triple-crowned mitres, &c. tumbling down. Juſt beneath, is Time, bringing Truth to light; near which is a figure of Architecture, holding a large drawing of part of the Hoſpital, with the Cupola, and pointing up to the royal founders, attended by the little Genii of her art. Beneath her is Wiſdom and Heroic Virtue, repreſented by Pallas and Hercules deſtroying Ambition, Envy, Covetouſneſs, Detraction, Calumny, with other vices, which ſeem to fall to the earth, the place of their more natural abode.

Over the royal pavilion is ſhewn, at a great height, Apollo in his golden chariot, drawn by four white horſes, attended by the Horæ, and morning dews falling before him, going his courſe through the twelve ſigns of the Zodiac; and from him the whole Plafond, or cieling, is enlightened.

Each end of the Cieling is raiſed in perſpective, with a baluſtrade and elliptic arches, ſupported by groupes of ſtone figures, which form a gallery of the whole breadth of the hall; in the middle of which gallery, (as though on the ſtock) going into the upper hall, is ſeen in perſpective, the Tafferil of the Blenheim man of war, with all her galleries, port-holes open, &c. to one ſide of which is a figure of Victory flying, with ſpoils taken from the enemy, and putting them aboard the Engliſh man of war. Before the ſhip is a figure repreſenting the City of London, with the arms, ſword, and cap of maintenance, ſupported by Thame and Iſis, with other ſmall rivers offering up their treaſures to her. The River Tyne pouring forth ſacks of coals. In the gallery on each ſide the ſhip, are the arts and ſciences that relate to navigation, with the great Archimedes,

* Aries is of a turbulent aſpect, with little winds and rains hovering about him; his drapery of a bluiſh green, ſhadowed with dark ruſſet, to denote the changeableneſs of the weather. April, or Taurus, is more mild; May, or Gemini, in blue; June a calm red; July more reddiſh, and, as he leans upon his lion, veils a little from the ſun. Virgo, almoſt naked, and flying from the heat of the ſun; Libra in deep red; Scorpio veils himſelf from the ſcorching ſun in a flame-colour mantle; Sagittarius in red, leſs hot. December, or Capricorn, bluiſh; Aquarius in a wateriſh green; Piſces in blue. Over Aries, Taurus, Gemini, preſides Flora. Over Cancer, Leo, Virgo, preſides Ceres. Over Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Bacchus. And over Capricorn, Aquarius, Piſces, Hyems hovering over a brazen pot of fire.

many

many old philoſophers conſulting the compaſs, &c.

At the other end, as you return out of the hall, is a gallery in the ſame manner, in the middle of which is the ſtern of a beautiful galley filled with Spaniſh trophies: under which is the Humber, with his pigs of lead; the Severn, with the Avon falling into her; with other leſſer rivers. In the north end of the gallery is the famous Tycho Brahe, that noble Daniſh knight, and great ornament of his profeſſion and human nature: near him is Copernicus, with his Pythagorean ſyſtem in his hand; next to him is an old mathematician, holding a large table, and on it are deſcribed two principal figures of the incomparable Sir Iſaac Newton, on which many extraordinary things in that art are built. On the other end of the gallery, to the ſouth, is our learned Mr. Flamſtead, Reg. Aſtronom. Profeſſ. with his ingenious diſciple, Mr. Thomas Weſton. In Mr. Flamſtead's hand is a large ſcroll of paper, on which is drawn the great eclipſe of the ſun that will happen on April 1715. Near him is an old man with a pendulum, counting the ſeconds of time, as Mr. Flamſtead makes his obſervations with his great mural arch and tube on the deſcent of the moon on the Severn, which at certain times forms ſuch a roll of the tides as the ſailors corruptly call the Higre, inſtead of the Eager, and is very dangerous to all ſhips in it's way. This is alſo expreſſed by rivers tumbling down by the moon's influence into the Severn. In this gallery are more arts and ſciences relating to navigation.

All the great rivers, at each end of the hall, have their proper product of fiſh iſſuing out of their vaſes.

In the four great angles of the Cieling, which are over the arches of the galleries, are the four Elements, as Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, repreſented by Jupiter, Juno, Cybele, and Neptune; with their leſſer deities accompanying, as Vulcan, Iris, the Fauni, Amphitrite, with all their proper attitudes, &c.

At one end of the great Oval, is a large figure of Fame deſcending, riding on the winds, and ſounding forth the praiſes of the Royal Pair.

All the ſides of the Hall are adorned with fluted pilaſters, trophies of ſhells, corals, pearls; and the jambs of the windows ornamented with roſes impannelled, or the *opus reticulamium*, heightened with green gold.

The whole raiſes in the ſpectator the moſt lively images of Glory and Victory, and cannot be beheld without much paſſion and emotion.

N. B. Sir James Bateman was the firſt propoſer and the firſt benefactor to this Cieling.

N° XXXIV. THURSDAY, MAY 13.

——WAKING LIFE APPEARS A DREAM.

ROSAMOND.

REPROACH is of all things the moſt painful to Lovers, eſpecially to us of the Platonic kind. This makes it exceſſively grievous to me, that a paper, though a very dull one, called the Monitor, accuſes me of writing obſcenely. He is a ſtupid fellow, and does not underſtand, that the ſame object, according to the artiſt who repreſents it, may be decent, or unfit to be looked at. Naked figures, by a maſterly hand, are ſo drawn, ſometimes, as to be incapable of exciting immodeſt thoughts. I have, in my paper of May the 6th, ſpoken of an amour that owes it's beginning, and makes itſelf neceſſary to be lawfully conſummated, from an accident of a lady's falling topſy-turvy; upon which this heavy rogue ſays—'Is this ſuffered in 'a Chriſtian country?'—Yes it is, and may very lawfully, but not when ſuch aukward tools as he pretend to meddle with the ſame ſubject. None but perſons extremely well-bred ought to touch ladies petticoats; but I aver, that I have ſaid nothing to offend the moſt chaſte and delicate, and all who read that paſſage may be very innocent; and the lady of the ſtory may be a very good Chriſtian, though ſhe did not in her appearance differ from an Heathen, when ſhe fell upon her head. We who follow Plato, or are engaged in the high paſſion, can ſee a lady's ankle with as much indifference as her wriſt: we are ſo inwardly taken up, that the ſame ideas do not

ſpring

ſpring in our imaginations, as do with the common world; we are made gentle, ſoft, courteous, and harmleſs, from the force of the *belle* paſſion; of which coarſe dunces, with an appetite for women, like that they have for beef, have no conception.

As I gave an account the other day of my paſſing a day at Greenwich, with much delight, in beholding a piece of painting of Mr. Thornhill's, which is an honour to our nation; I ſhall now give an account of my paſſing, yeſterday morning, an hour before dinner, in a place where people may go and be very well entertained, whether they have, or have not, a good taſte. They will certainly be well pleaſed, for they will have unavoidable opportunities of ſeeing what they moſt like, in the moſt various and agreeable ſhapes and poſitions; I mean, their own dear ſelves. The place I am going to mention is Mr. Gumley's Glaſs Gallery, over the New Exchange. I little thought I ſhould ever, in the Lover, have occaſion to talk of ſuch a thing as Trade; but when a man walks in that illuſtrious room, and reflects what incredible improvement our artificers of England have made in the manufacture of glaſs in thirty years time, and can ſuppoſe ſuch an alteration of our affairs in other parts of commerce, it is demonſtrable that the nations who are poſſeſſed of mines of gold are but drudges to a people whoſe arts and induſtry, with other advantages natural to us, may make itſelf the ſhop of the world. We are arrived at ſuch perfection in this ware of which I am ſpeaking, that it is not in the power of any potentate in Europe to have ſo beautiful a mirror as he may purchaſe here for a trifle, by all the coſt and charge that he can lay out in his dominions. It is a modeſt computation, that England gains fifty thouſand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the ſervice of foreign nations; the whole owing to the inquiſitive and mechanic, as well as liberal genius of the late Duke of Buckingham. This prodigious effect by the art of man, from parts of nature that are as unlikely to produce it as one would ſuppoſe a man could burn common earth to a tulip, opens a field of contemplation which would lead me too far from my purpoſe, which is only to celebrate the agreeable œconomy of placing the ſeveral wares to ſale, in the Gallery of which I am talking. No imagination can work up a more pleaſing aſſemblage of beautiful things, to ſet off each other, than are here actually laid together. In the midſt of the walk are ſet in order a long row of rich tables, on many of which lie cabinets inlaid, or wholly made of corals, conchs, ambers, or the like parts of matter, which Nature ſeems to have formed wholly to ſhew the beauty of her works, and to have thrown and diſtinguiſhed from the maſs of earth, as ſhe does by great gifts and endowments thoſe ſpirits and perſons of men and women whom ſhe deſigns to make inſtruments of great conſideration in the crowd of her people. When I walked here, I could not but lament to my companion, that this method was not taken up when the Indian kings were lately in England. The ſurpriſe ſuch appearances as theſe would put them into, would have been as great as a new ſenſe added to one of us. To ſee the things about us ſo placed, as that three or four perſons can, to the eye, in an inſtant, become a large aſſembly! You cannot move, or do any the leaſt indifferent action, in a limb or part of your body, but you vary the ſcene around with additional pleaſure. Among other circumſtances, I could not but be pleaſed to ſee a lap-dog at a loſs, for an inſtant, for his lady, and beginning to run to the image of her in a glaſs, till he was driven back by himſelf, whom he ſaw running towards him. The poor animal corrected his miſtake, by tracing her footſteps by his ſenſe, leſs ſubject to miſtake, and arrived at her feet, to the no ſmall diverſion of the company who ſaw it, and the envy of ſeveral fine gentlemen, whom the odd accident diverted from looking at themſelves, to behold the beauteous Bellamira.

It would be an arrogance to pretend to convey diſtinctly by the ear a pleaſure that ſhould come in at the eye; but my gentle reader will thank me for many pleaſing thoughts he or ſhe had not ever had before, in a place more new than he could arrive at by landing in a foreign nation. About forty years ago, it was the faſhion for all the gallants of the town, the wits and the braves, to walk in the New Exchange below, to ſhew themſelves. What an happineſs

happineſs have thoſe whoſe fortunes and humours are capable of receiving gratifications in this place, that ſuch a ſcene was diſplayed in their life-time! The learned have not more reaſon to rejoice that they live in the ſame days with Newton, than the gay, the delicate, and the curious in luxury of dreſs and furniture, have, that there has appeared, in their time my honeſt friend, and polite director of artificers, Mr. Gumley.

N° XXXV. SATURDAY, MAY 15.

——'TIS CONFEST,
THE MEN WHO FLATTER HIGHEST, PLEASE US BEST.
HELEN TO PARIS—OVID'S EPISTLES.

I Shall make the following letters the entertainment of this day; and recommend the contents of the firſt in a more particular manner to the ſerious conſideration of all my female readers.

DEAR MARMADUKE,

THOUGH you have treated the fair ſex with an air of diſtinction ſuitable to the character you bear, I preſume you will make no ſcruple to admoniſh them of any faults, by the amendment of which they may ſtill become more amiable. What I complain to you of, is from my own experience. My caſe is this.

Miranda is in the bloom of ſixteen, and ſhines in all the beauties of her ſex. Her face, her ſhape, her mien, her wit, ſurpriſe and engage all who have the happineſs to know her. Miranda is the idol of my heart, the object of all my hopes and fears. None of her actions are indifferent to me; every look and motion gives me either pleaſure or pain. I have omitted no reaſonable methods to convince her of the greatneſs of my paſſion; yet, as ſhe is one with whom I propoſe to paſs the remainder of my life, I cannot forbear mixing the ſincerity of the friend with the tenderneſs of the lover. In ſhort, Sir, I am one of thoſe unfortunate men who think young women ought to be treated like rational creatures. I forbear, therefore, to launch out into all the uſual exceſſes of flattery and romance; to make her a goddeſs, and myſelf a madman; to give up all my ſenſes and reaſon to be moulded and informed as ſhe thinks proper.

From hence ariſe all our differences. Miranda is one of thoſe faſhionable ladies, who, expecting an implicit faith from their admirers, are impatient and affronted at the leaſt ſhew of contradiction.

As ſhe was lately reading the works of a celebrated author, who has thought fit to repreſent himſelf in his writings under the character of an old man, ſhe was pleaſed to obſerve, that it was very uncommon to ſee a perſon at fourſcore have ſo lively a fancy, and ſo briſk an imagination. I could not help informing her, upon this occaſion, that I had frequently had the honour to drink a glaſs with the gentleman; and that, to my certain knowledge, he was not yet turned of forty. Inſtead of thanking me for ſetting her right in this particular, ſhe immediately took fire, and aſked me, with a frown, Whether that was my breeding to contradict a lady? You muſt know, Sir, this queſtion uſually puts an end to all our diſputes. A little while after ſhe deſired my opinion of her lap-dog; and I had no ſooner unfortunately obſerved that his ears were ſomewhat of the ſhorteſt, than ſhe roundly aſked me, Whether I deſigned that for a compliment? I took the freedom from hence, in an honeſt plain way, to expoſe the weakneſs and folly of being delighted with flattery, to tell her that ladies ought not always to be complimented, to enumerate the inconveniences it often leads them into, to make her ſenſible of the ill deſigns men generally aim at by it, and the mean opinion they muſt entertain of thoſe who are delighted with it. All this would not do; I could not get one kind look from her that night.

I have told you already, that I have uſed all reaſonable methods to convince her of my paſſion; and I am ſure I have the preference in her eſteem to all other pretenders. She knows I love; and, in ſpite of all her arts to hide it, I know I am beloved: yet, from theſe little differences, and a certain coquet humour which makes her delight to ſee her lover uneaſy, though at the ſame time ſhe torments herſelf, I have often deſpaired of our ever coming together. I thought,

however, the following verſes, which I preſented to her yeſterday, made ſome impreſſion on her; and if ſhe ſees you think them tolerable enough to allow them a place in your paper, I am in hopes they may help to haſten the happy day.

I.

TELL me, Miranda, why ſhould I
Lament and languiſh, pine and die;
While you, regardleſs of my pain,
Seem pleas'd to hear your ſlave complain?

II.

Dame Eve, unſkill'd in female arts,
And modern ways of tort'ring hearts,
No ſooner ſaw her ſpark than lov'd,
Confeſs'd her flame, and his approv'd.

III.

Nature ſtill breaks through all diſguiſe,
Glows in your cheeks, and rules your eyes:
Love trembles in your hands and heart;
Your panting breaſts proclaim his dart.

IV.

No more, Miranda, then, be coy,
No longer keep us both from joy;
No longer ſtudy to conceal
What all your actions thus reveal.

I am, dear Marmaduke, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Send you the incloſed letter, which I have lately received from a young Templar, who is my humble ſervant. I deſire you would inform me whether what he aſſerts be law or equity. His letter runs thus.

MADAM,

HAPPENING lately to be in company with a venerable lady who has a very large fortune, I was ſo complaiſant as to aſk her if ſhe would allow me to do her the honour to make her a wife. She was ſo kind as to aſk me again, whether I was in jeſt or earneſt. Upon my repeating the queſtion, ſhe returned my civility, and told me ſhe thought I was mad. But upon my third application ſhe conſented; that is, ſhe told me poſitively ſhe would never have me. This I take for an abſolute promiſe, having been frequently informed, that women's anſwers in ſuch caſes are to be interpreted backwards.

I have conſulted a proctor in Doctors Commons, who ſeems to be of opinion that it has the full force of a contract; and that, having witneſs of it, I might recover half her fortune, ſhould ſhe offer to marry any one elſe.

I mention this, Madam, not only to let you ſee that I can have the ſame encouragement elſewhere which you give me, but to admoniſh you how much care you ought to take of promiſing any other man marriage, by declaring poſitively that you will never have him, except your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

TOM TRUELOVE.

N° XXXVI. TUESDAY, MAY 18.

CONCUBITU PROHIBERE VAGO—— HOR.

I Have heard it objected, by ſeveral perſons, againſt my papers, that they are apt to kindle love in young hearts, and enflame the ſexes with a deſire for one another: I am ſo far from denying this charge, that I ſhall make no ſcruple to own it is the chief end of my writing. Love is a paſſion of the mind, (perhaps the nobleſt) which was planted in it by the ſame hand that created it. We ought to be ſo far, therefore, from endeavouring to root it out, that we ſhould rather make it our buſineſs to keep it up and cheriſh it. Our chief care muſt be to fix this, as well as our other paſſions, upon proper objects, and to direct it to a right end.

For this reaſon, as I have ever ſhewn myſelf a friend to honourable love, I have conſtantly diſcountenanced all vicious paſſions. Though the ſeveral ſorts of theſe are each of them highly criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another man's bed is by far of the blackeſt dye.

The excellent author of The Whole Duty of Man has given us a very lively picture of this crime, with all thoſe melancholy circumſtances that muſt neceſſarily attend it. One muſt, indeed, wonder to ſee it puniſhed ſo lightly among civilized nations, when even the moſt barbarous have regarded it with the utmoſt horror and deteſtation. I was lately entertained with a ſtory to this

purpoſe,

purpose, which was told me by one of my friends, who was himself upon the place when the thing happened.

IN an out-plantation, upon the borders of Potuxen, a river in Maryland, there lived a planter, who was master of a great number of negro slaves. The increase of these poor creatures is always an advantage to the planters, their children being born slaves; for which reason the owners are very well pleased when any of them marry. Among these negroes there happened to be two who had always lived together, and contracted an intimate friendship, which went on for several years in an uninterrupted course. Their joys and their griefs were mutual; their confidence in each other was intire; distrust and suspicion were passions they had no notion of. The one was a batchelor; the other married to a slave of his own complexion, by whom he had several children. It happened that the head of this small family rose early one morning, on a leisure day, to go far into the woods a hunting, in order to entertain his wife and children at night with some provisions better than ordinary. The batchelor slave, it seems, had for a long time entertained a passion for his friend's wife; which, from the sequel of the story, we may conclude he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The impatience of his desires prompted him to take this opportunity of the husband's absence to practise upon the weakness of the woman; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his attempt. The hunter, who found his prey much nearer home than usual, returned, some hours sooner than was expected, loaden with the spoils of the day, and full of the pleasing thoughts of feasting and rejoicing, with his family, over the fruits of his labour. Upon his entering his shed, the first objects that struck his eyes were his wife and his friend asleep in the embraces of each other. A man acquainted with the passions of human nature will easily conceive the astonishment, the rage, and the despair, that overpowered the poor Indian at once; he burst out into lamentations and reproaches, and tore his hair like one distracted. His cries and broken accents awakened the guilty couple, whose shame and confusion were equal to the agonies of the injured. After a considerable pause of silence on both sides, he expostulated with his friend in terms like these: 'My wrongs 'are greater than I am able to express, 'and far too great for me to bear. My 'wife—— but I blame not her. After 'a long and lasting friendship, exercised 'under all the hardships and severities 'of a most irksome captivity; after mu-'tual repeated instances of affection and 'fidelity, could I suspect my friend, my 'bosom friend, should prove a traitor? 'I thought myself happy, even in bond-'age, in the enjoyment of such a friend 'and such a wife; but cannot bear the 'thoughts of life with liberty, after hav-'ing been so basely betrayed by both. 'You both are lost to me, and I to you. 'I soon shall be at rest. Live, and enjoy 'your crime. Adieu!' Having said this, he turned away, and went out, with a resolution to die immediately. The guilty negro followed him, touched with the quickest sense of remorse for his treachery. ''Tis I alone,' said he, 'that am 'guilty; and I alone who am not fit to 'live! Let me intreat you to forgive 'your wife, who was overcome by my 'importunities. I promise never to give 'either of you the least disquiet for the 'future: live and be happy together, 'and think of me no more. Bear with 'me but for this night, and to-morrow 'you shall be satisfied.' Here they both wept, and parted. When the husband went out in the morning to his work, the first thing he saw was his friend hanging upon the bough of a tree before the cabbin-door.

If the wretches of this nation, who set up for men of wit and gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous remorse of this poor slave upon the like occasions, we should, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of equipage in town.

Methinks there should be a general confederacy amongst all honest men to exclude from society, and to brand with the blackest note of infamy, those miscreants, who make it the business of their lives to get into families, and to estrange the affections of the wife from the husband. There is something so very base and so inhuman in this modish wickedness, that one cannot help wishing the honest liberty of the Ancient Comedy were restored; and that offenders in this kind might be exposed by their names

in our public theatres. Under such a discipline, we should see those who now glory in the ruin of deluded women, reduced to withdraw themselves from the just resentments of their countrymen and fellow-citizens.

N° XXXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 20.

WHAT PAINS, WHAT RACKING THOUGHTS, HE PROVES,
WHO LIVES REMOV'D FROM HER HE LOVES!

CONGREVE.

MY own unhappy passion for Mrs. Page has made me extremely sensible of all the distresses occasioned by love. I have often reflected what could be the cause that, while we see the most worthless part of mankind every day succeeding in their attempts; while we see those wretches, whose hearts are utterly incapable of this noble passion, appear stupid and senseless amidst the caresses of the fair; we cannot but observe, that the noblest and greatest flames which have been kindled in the breasts of men of sense and merit, have seldom met with a due return.

As the thoughts of those who have been thoroughly in love are frequently wild and extravagant, I have been sometimes tempted to think that Providence, never designing we should fix our thoughts of happiness altogether here, will not allow us to taste so large a share of it as we must necessarily do in the enjoyment of an object on which all the passions of our soul have been placed, and to which all the faculties of our mind have been long aspiring.

It is certain, however, that, without having recourse to a superior power, there are several accidents which naturally happen on these occasions, and from whence we may generally give a pretty good account why the greatest passions are usually unsuccessful. It has been long since observed by a celebrated French writer, that it is much easier for a man to succeed who only feigns a passion, than for one who is truly and desperately in love. The first is still master of himself, and can watch all the turns and revolutions in the temper of her whom he would engage. The latter is too much taken up with his own passion to attend to any thing else; it is with difficulty he can even persuade himself to speak, when he finds every thing he can say so short of what he feels, and that his conceptions are too tender to be expressed by words. The fair, generally speaking, are not sufficiently sensible of the value they ought to put upon such a passion, nor consider how strong that love must be which shall throw the most eloquent into the utmost confusion before them. Flavia is an unhappy instance of what I am observing. She was courted at once by Tom Trifle and Octavio. The first could entertain her with his love with the same indifference he talked on any other occasion, and with great serenity of mind make a digression from what he was saying, either to play with her lap-dog, or give his opinion of a suit of knots. Octavio, when fortune favoured him with an opportunity of declaring himself, was often struck speechless in the midst of a sentence, and could for some time express himself no other way than by pressing her hand and dropping a tear. Flavia having duly weighed the merit of both, married Trifle. His unkindness to her after marriage, his inability for any thing of business, and carelessness in relation to his fortune, soon plunged her into so many unhappy circumstances, that she had long since sunk under the weight of them, had she not been constantly supported by the interest and assistance of the generous Octavio.

But besides the reasons I have already assigned for the ill success of the most deserving passions, there is one which I must not omit. It is the unhappiness of too many women of fortune and merit (from a distrust of their own judgment) to submit themselves entirely to the direction of others, and rely too much on those friendships they have contracted with some of their own sex. These female acquaintance either immediately form some design of their own upon them, in order to accomplish which every other proposal is discouraged; or from a spice of envy, too incident to the sex, cannot endure to see them ardently beloved;

loved, or think of having them pass their days in the arms of a man who they are sensible would make it the business of his life to oblige them.

I have been led more particularly into the subject of my present paper by the unhappy passion of poor Philander. Philander, though of an age which the greatest part of our youth think fit to waste in all the excesses of luxury and debauchery, has laid it out in furnishing his mind with the most noble and manly notions of wisdom and virtue. He has not, at the same time, forgot to make himself master of all those little accomplishments which the polite have agreed to think necessary for a well-bred man; and is equally qualified for the most important affairs, or the most gay conversation. A perfect knowledge of the world has made him for a long time look with the utmost contempt on that insipid part of the female sex who are skilled in nothing but dress and vanity. His heart remained untouched amidst a thousand beauties, till a particular accident first brought him to the knowledge of the lovely, the virtuous Emilia. Emilia, with a fortune that might command the vanities of life, has shewn that she has a mind infinitely above them. Her beauty serves but as the varnish to her virtues; while, with a graceful innocence peculiar to her, she declares that, if ever she becomes a wife, she has no ambition to be a gaudy slave, but shall prefer substantial happiness to empty shew. Philander saw and loved her with a passion equal to so much desert: his birth and fortune must have entitled him at least to a favourable hearing, had not his love given the alarm to the designs of a she-friend. There is something at all times highly barbarous in aspersing the absent, even where the case is doubtful; but the malicious creature, who takes it upon her to be Emilia's directress, is foolish enough to charge Philander with being deficient in those very things for which he is more remarkably conspicuous. As I am a constant patron to virtuous love, I am in hopes, however, that should this paper reach Emilia, she will be so just to herself, to be her own judge in a cause of this consequence; since, as a celebrated author observes, it is very certain that a generous and constant passion, in an agreeable lover, is the greatest blessing that can happen to the most deserving of her sex; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never after be found in another.

Nº XXXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 22.

SCRIBERE JUSSIT AMOR. OVID.

I Shall make this paper consist of one or two letters. The first is from Philander to Emilia; but was probably intercepted by the good-natured directress whom I mentioned in my last. There is so much love and sincerity through the whole, as must have affected the most stubborn temper.

PHILANDER, TO EMILIA.

MADAM,

IF you judge of my passion only by what I said, when I had last the honour to see you, you very much injure a heart like mine, that is filled with sentiments too lively, too tender, to be expressed. I hardly know indeed what I said. What I very well remember is, that I was all love and all confusion; that I found it more difficult to speak before the woman I was born to admire, than I have formerly done before the largest assemblies.

At the same time, I must confess, I was not a little amazed at being so often interrupted by a creature whom the most common rules of civility ought to have kept at a much greater distance. I must own, Madam, I was perfectly at a loss how to behave myself on such an occasion; and whether I ought to stifle my resentments, or give way to them, while I was so near a person whom I had rather die than offend.

As to the business of fortune between us, I have no other proposal to make, but that I may put my whole estate into the hands of your council, to be settled after any manner which you think will make you most easy. I hope I have long since resolved that my carriage shall be such, if ever I have the honour to be called your husband, as shall unite our

interests

intereſts by the ſureſt tie; I mean that of *affection*. Give me leave to aſſure you, Madam, with a freedom which I think myſelf obliged to uſe on ſo ſerious an occaſion, that, even as beautiful as you are, I could never be contented with your perſon without your *heart*. All I deſire is, that I may have leave to try if my utmoſt endeavours to pleaſe and deſerve you can make any impreſſion on it. I only beg I may be allowed to explain myſelf at large on this head; though at the ſame time, to confeſs the truth, Madam, I cannot help entertaining a vain hope that Providence had a much more than ordinary influence in my firſt ſeeing you, and that I ſhall act with ſo much truth and ſincerity in my pretenſions to you, as may poſſibly move you to think, that though I can never fully deſerve you, I am much too ſincere to be ſlighted. Vouchſafe, Madam, to hear me; and either root out this fooliſh notion by a frank and generous denial, or bleſs me with an opportunity of dedicating my whole life to your ſervice, and doing whatever the heart of man can be inſpired with, when it is filled at once with *gratitude* and *love*. I am, Madam, with infinite paſſion, your moſt devoted, moſt obedient, humble ſervant, &c.

The next letter was ſent me laſt week by a lady whoſe caſe is truly deplorable, if it is really ſuch as ſhe here repreſents it. I ſhall inſert it, as ſhe deſires, for the ſake of the moral at the end of it.

SIR,

I Am, perhaps, the moſt unfortunate woman living. My ſtory, in ſhort, is this. Cinthio—pardon thoſe tears that will fall upon this paper at the ſight of his name—I would tell you that I was long and paſſionately beloved by him—But how can I deſcribe the greatneſs, the ſincerity of his paſſion! What pains did he not take, what method did he omit, to ſhew how much he valued me? I muſt have been the worſt, the moſt fooliſh of my ſex, to have been inſenſible to ſo much truth and merit. I loved the dear, the unhappy youth, with a paſſion not inferior to his own; but out of a fooliſh reſerve, which our ſilly ſex ſeldom know when they ought to keep up, and when lay aſide, I rather choſe to receive his meſſages, and ſend him his anſwers, by a female confidant, than to ſee him myſelf. Doria (for ſo I ſhall call the wretch) had long been a common friend to us both: ſhe had a thouſand times talked to me of Cinthio with all thoſe praiſes he ſo truly deſerved; when one day ſhe came to me, and, with a ſeeming anguiſh of mind, told me that Cinthio was the worſt of men, and had baſely betrayed me. It would be too tedious to give you an account of the fact ſhe charged him with. I ſhall only inform you, that there happened at that time to be ſo many unlucky circumſtances which made what ſhe had told me look like truth, that I could not help believing her. She found the way to work up my paſſion to ſuch a height, that I made a vow never to ſee him, or receive a meſſage from him more; and within a fortnight after, by her inſtigation, took a man for my huſband whom I could neither love nor hate. I was no ſooner married, than I was fully convinced my Cinthio had been abuſed. After I had for ſome days endured the ſharpeſt pangs of rage, deſpair, jealouſy, and love, I compoſed myſelf juſt enough to ſend him word that I was ſatisfied of his innocence; but conjured him, if he had ever loved, to avoid ſeeing me. I was this afternoon obliged to go to a near relation's. The firſt perſon I fixed my eyes on, when I came into the room, was Cinthio, who immediately burſt into a flood of tears, made a low bow, and retired.

I had much ado to forbear fainting, but am got home, and am this moment enduring ſuch torments as no words can give a notion of. I am undone; but, before my ſenſes are quite loſt, I ſend you this, that it may for the future be obſerved as a conſtant rule, by my unhappy ſex, Never to condemn a lover, however guilty he may at firſt appear, till they have at leaſt given him an opportunity of juſtifying himſelf. I am, Sir, the moſt unhappy of women,

J. C.

P. S. I had like to have omitted informing you, that when I ſent a letter, in the anguiſh of my ſoul, to the wretch above deſcribed, to deſire I might know why ſhe had ruined me, I received the following anſwer.

DEAR

DEAR JENNY,

THE fellow you mention talked ſo perpetually about you, and took ſo little notice of any body elſe, that I could at laſt no longer endure him. I plainly foreſaw that, if you had ever come together, you would have been company for none but yourſelves; for which reaſon I took care to have you marry a man with whom, if I am not miſtaken, you may live as other women generally do with huſbands. I am yours, &c.

Nº XXXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 25.

NEC VERBUM VERBO CURABIS REDDERE FIDUS INTERPRES——— HOR.

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many viſits from unfortunate fellow-ſufferers, who have been croſſed in love as well as myſelf.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's ſide, is one of thoſe who often repair to me for my advice. Will is a fellow of good ſenſe, but puts it to little other uſe than to torment himſelf. He is a man of ſo refined an underſtanding, that he can ſet a conſtruction upon every thing to his own diſadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himſelf abuſed by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination againſt him. In ſhort, poor Wormwood is devoured with the ſpleen. You may be ſure a man of this humour makes a very whimſical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that paſſion; and, by a very curious interpretation of his miſtreſs's behaviour, has, in leſs than three months, reduced himſelf to a perfect ſkeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, ſhe gives him all the encouragement another man could wiſh; but has the mortification to find that her lover ſtill lours upon her hands. Will is diſſatisfied with her, whether ſhe ſmiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reſerved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor Will, and makes him lie awake all night. As I was going on with Will Wormwood's amour, I received a preſent from my bookſeller, which I found to be The Characters of Theophraſtus, tranſlated from the Greek into Engliſh, by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this tranſlation. When I had begun to peruſe it, I could not lay it by till I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably ſurprized to meet with a chapter in it, intituled, A Diſcontented Temper, which gives a livelier picture of my couſin Wormwood than that which I was drawing for him myſelf. It is as follows.

CHAP. XVII.

A DISCONTENTED TEMPER.

A Diſcontented Temper is a frame of mind which ſets a man upon complaining without reaſon. When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, ſends a ſervant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice—'What,' ſays he, 'your maſter did not think me 'good enough to dine with him?' He complains of his miſtreſs at the very time ſhe is careſſing him; and when ſhe redoubles her kiſſes and endearments—'I 'wiſh,' ſays he, 'all this came from 'your heart.' In a dry ſeaſon he grumbles for want of rain; and when a ſhower falls, mutters to himſelf—'Why could 'not this have come ſooner?' If he happens to find a purſe of money—'Had it 'been a pot of gold,' ſays he, 'it would 'have been worth ſtooping for.' He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a ſlave; and after he has paid his money for him—'I am ſure,' ſays he, 'thou art good for nothing, or 'I ſhould not have had thee ſo cheap.' When a meſſenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a ſon, he anſwers—'That is 'as much as to ſay, friend, I am poorer 'by half to-day than I was yeſterday.' Though he has gained a cauſe with full coſts and damages, he complains that his council did not inſiſt upon the moſt material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raiſe a voluntary

voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry—'How is that 'poſſible,' ſays he, 'when I am to pay 'every one of you his money again, and 'be obliged to you into the bargain?'

The inſtances of a Diſcontented Temper which Theophraſtus has here made uſe of, like thoſe which he ſingles out to illuſtrate the reſt of his characters, are choſen with the greateſt nicety, and full of humour. His ſtrokes are always fine and exquiſite; and though they are not ſometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarſe reader, cannot but give the higheſt pleaſure to every man of a refined taſte, who has a thorough inſight into human nature.

As for the tranſlation, I have never ſeen any of a proſe author which has pleaſed me more. The gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for tranſlators, by preſerving every where the life and ſpirit of his author, without ſervilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by performances of this nature, ſo often inculcate when they adviſe a tranſlator to find out ſuch particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear ſome analogy to thoſe he ſees in the original, and to expreſs himſelf by ſuch phraſes as his author would probably have made uſe of, had he written in the language into which he is tranſlated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a ſhort circumſtance, the meaning of Theophraſtus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A tranſlator, who does not thus conſider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with ſuch parallel turns of thoughts and expreſſion as correſpond with one another in both of them, may value himſelf upon being a faithful interpreter; but, in works of wit and humour, will never do juſtice to his author, or credit to himſelf.

As this is every where a judicious and a reaſonable liberty, I ſee no chapter in Theophraſtus where it has been ſo much indulged, and in which it was ſo abſolutely neceſſary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the tranſlator himſelf, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is ſtill apprehenſive that there may be ſomething too groſs in the deſcription. The reader will ſee with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and caſt into ſhades every thing that was ſhocking in ſo nauſeous a figure.

CHAP. XIX.

A SLOVEN.

SLOVENLINESS is ſuch a neglect of a man's perſon, as makes him offenſive to other people. The Sloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a ſet of long nails at the end of them, and tells you, for an excuſe, that his father and grandfather uſed to do ſo before him. However, that he may outgo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own raiſing. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you ſee it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well ſuited to one another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at a mouthful; which he ſeldom diſpoſes of without offending the company. In drinking, he generally makes more haſte than good ſpeed. When he goes into the bath, you may eaſily find him out by the ſcent of his oil, and diſtinguiſh him when he is dreſſed by the ſpots in his coat. He does not ſtand upon decency in converſation, but will talk ſmut, though a prieſt and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the moſt ſolemn offices of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a concert of muſic, he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune to himſelf; or, if he thinks it long, aſks the muſicians, Whether they will never have done? He always ſpits at random; and, if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the ſervant who ſtands behind him.

The foregoing tranſlation brings to my remembrance that excellent obſervation of my Lord Rolcommon—

None yet have been with *admiration* read,
But who, beſide their *learning*, were *well-bred*.

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

If, after this, the reader can endure the filthy repreſentation of the ſame figure expoſed in it's worſt light, he may ſee how it looks in the former Engliſh verſion,

verſion, which was publiſhed ſome years ſince, and is done from the French of Bruyere.

NASTINESS, OR SLOVENLINESS.

SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and beaſtly negligence of a man's own perſon, whereby he becomes ſo ſordid as to be offenſive to thoſe about him. You'll ſee him come into company when he is covered all over with a leproſy and ſcurf, and with very long nails; and ſays, thoſe diſtempers were hereditary; that his father and grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and boils upon his hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond remedy. His arm pits are all hairy, and moſt part of his body like a wild beaſt. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath ſtink ſo that you cannot endure him to come nigh you: he will alſo ſnuff up his noſe and ſpit it out as he eats, and uſes to ſpeak with his mouth crammed full, and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as he is drinking, and uſes naſty ſtinking oil in the bath. He will intrude into the beſt company in ſordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his mother to the ſoothſayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane expreſſions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let the diſh drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done ſome brave exploit. At the fineſt concert of muſic he can't forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude noiſe; will pretend to ſing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he ſpits full upon the ſervants who wait there.

I cannot cloſe this paper without obſerving, that if gentlemen of leiſure and genius would take the ſame pains upon ſome other Greek or Roman author that has been beſtowed upon this, we ſhould no longer be abuſed by our bookſellers, who ſet their hackney-writers at work for ſo much a ſheet; the world would ſoon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into Engliſh and *tranſlating* him.

Nº XL. THURSDAY, MAY 27.

——NEC TARDA SENECTUS
DEBILITAT VIRES—— VIRG.

THE boſom into which Love enters, inclines the perſon who is inſpired with it with a goodneſs towards all with whom he converſes, more extenſive than even that which is inſtilled by Charity. I pretend to ſo much of this noble paſſion, as ſeldom to overlook the excellences of other men; and I forgive Mrs. Page all the pangs my paſſion has given me, ſince, though I am never to have her, all other perſons are become more agreeable to me, from the large good-will, the beginning of which I owe to the admiration of her. There are no excellences of mind or body in any perſon that comes before me, which eſcape my obſervation, and I take great pleaſure in divulging my ſenſe of them.

I muſt confeſs, entertainments of the neighbouring theatre frequently engage my evenings. I do not take it to be a condeſcenſion, that ſome of my papers are but paraphraſes upon play-bills. I have grown old in the obſervation of the feats of activity and genius for intelligent movements, which I have always loved in my old acquaintance Jo. Prince, who is to entertain us on Monday next with ſeveral new inventions, wherein he has expreſſed the compaſs and variety of his excellent talent. One of thoſe diverſions he calls The Rattle, from the Harlequin, irregular, and comic movements, with which it is performed; another, which he has termed The Looby, is performed by himſelf, bearing a prong; and Mrs. Bicknall, managing a rake, with as much beauty (though a little higher dancing) as an Arcadian ſhepherdeſs. The next dance he will give us, is very aptly called The Innocent, to be performed by Mrs. Younger; a genteel movement, conſiſting of a ſaraband and jigg, to repreſent both the ſimplicity and gaiety of that character.

The fourth act will be followed by a

motion contrived to repreſent the midnight mirth of link-boys: the dance is very humorous, and well imagined.

His play concludes with what they call a Figure Dance, performed by an elegant aſſembly of gentlemen and ladies; and is as much different from any of the preceding movements, as the ſtile of a poem is above that of a ballad.

But I muſt turn my thoughts from this performer to a perſon who has alſo diverted many different generations on the theatre, but in a much higher ſphere; to wit, in the character of a poet. The perſon whom I am about to mention, is the celebrated Mr. D'Urfey, who has had the fate of all great authors, to have met with much envy and oppoſition; but the ſagacious part of mankind ward (as ſoon as they begin to grow conſpicuous) themſelves againſt the envious, by repreſenting the nobility of their birth; and I do not know why I may not as well defend the writings of my friend againſt the malice of critics, by ſhewing how ancient a gentleman he is from whom they pretend to detract. I will undertake to ſhew thoſe who pretend to cavil at my friend's writings, that his anceſtors made a greater figure in the world, nay, in the learned world, than their own.

MONSIEUR PERRAULT, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACADEMIST, IN HIS MEMOIRS OF THE WORTHIES OF FRANCE, GIVES THIS TESTIMONY OF THE HOUSE OF D'URFEY.

HONORIUS D'Urfey, (ſays he) cadet of the illuſtrious houſe of D'Urfey, in the province of Forreſt, was choſen Knight of Malta, and diſcharged the devoirs of his profeſſion with all the bravery, and all the exactneſs, it could require.

He had two brothers, the eldeſt of which married the heireſs of Chatteaumorant; but the marriage afterwards being declared null, by reaſon of his inſufficiency, he became religious, and died prior of Mountverdon, and dean of the chapter of St. John de Mountbriſſon.

The ſecond brother was maſter of the horſe to the Duke of Savoy, and lived to be above one hundred years old.

Honorius was very much admired for many noble and witty performances: but what principally obliges us to put him into the number of our illuſtrious men, was the beauty and fertility which appears with ſo much ſplendour in Aſtrea, the romance he has left us; in which are lively pictures of all the conditions of human life, in ſo genuine a manner, that the idea he gives of them has not only for above fifty years paſt charmed all France, but all Europe.

Whatever veneration we are obliged to have for the admirable poems of Homer, which have been the delight of all ages, yet, I believe, it may be ſaid that, to conſider them on the ſcore of invention, manners, paſſion, and character, Monſieur D'Urfey's Aſtrea, though proſe, deſerves no leſs the name of a Poem, and not in the leaſt inferior to Homer's. This is the judgment of very learned men, viz. Cardinal Richlieu, Mr. Waller, Cowley, &c. and thoſe who have been very much prepoſſeſſed for the ancients againſt the moderns.

Of this excellent romance we mention, though finiſhed by another, (he dying before the laſt *tome* was written) yet he left enough from his own hand to eſtabliſh his fame: nor was it found to be merely romance, but an enigmatical contexture of his own principal adventures, before he ſet out for his noble ſtation at Malta, where he remained ſeveral years.

He had conceived a love for Mademoiſelle de Chatteaumorant, ſole heireſs of her family, beautiful, rich, and haughty, but of that noble haughtineſs which is commonly inſpired by great virtues. In his abſence, ſhe was married to his eldeſt brother, more upon a political account than any united affection, as will thus appear.

The houſes of D'Urfey and Chatteaumorant, the two greateſt of the whole province, were always at enmity with one another, and their intereſts had divided all the nobility of the country, ſo that the parents on both ſides were willing by this alliance to dry up the ſource of the quarrels and misfortunes which uſually happened every moment.

D'Urfey, at his return from Malta, found his miſtreſs married to his brother, yet ſtill he could not ceaſe to love her; and in all likelihood was not ignorant of his ſecret defect; who, after ten years marriage, confeſſing at laſt his impotence, was divorced; and then the chevalier, (obtaining a diſpenſation of his vow) after

after he had ſurmounted ſeveral difficulties, eſpouſed Mademoiſelle Chatteaumorant.

Theſe adventures gave occaſion to thoſe of Celadon, Silvander, Aſtrea, and Diana, who are the myſtical images of them; divers affairs of perſons of the beſt quality at court, in his time, having alſo furniſhed matter for the ingenious conſtruction of the work.

So far Perrault.

Severinus D'Urfey, his near kinſman, the before-mentioned chevalier being his great uncle, for the extravagancy of his youth, or ſome other reaſon which has alway been a ſecret to thoſe about him, was diſinherited ſome time before he came into England; where, being excellently well gifted in all gentleman-like qualities, though undoing all by his immoderate vice of gaming, he married a gentlewoman of Huntingdonſhire, of the family of the Marmions, from whom deſcended Thomas D'Urfey, the ornament of this Paper.

There ſeems to be no blot in this pedigree, but that of the inſufficiency of the gentleman who married the heireſs of Chatteaumorant; but as he could, by reaſon of that defect, have no deſcendants, the heralds of Germany, Scotland, and Wales, all agree, that inſufficiency in a collateral line cannot affect the heirs general: ſo that thus my friend and his writings are ſafe againſt the moſt malicious critics in this particular.

Monſieur Menage reports, that the D'Urfeys deſcended from the Emperors of Conſtantinople on the father's ſide, and the Viceroy of Naples on the mother's. I ſhall put Menage's words, by way of advertiſement, at the end of my to-day's work. This long account I have inſerted, that the ignorant of Mr. D'Urfey's quality may know how to receive him, when on the ſeventh of next month he ſhall appear (as he deſigns) in honour of the ladies, to ſpeak an oration, by way of prologue to the Richmond Heireſs.

That gentleman has ſo long appeared in the cities of London and Weſtminſter, attended only by one ſervant, and him all along under age, that the generality have too familiar a conception of him; but it is to be hoped that the ladies, for whoſe ſake only he appears in public, will ſmile upon him, as if he himſelf were a knight of Malta; and receive him, as if they beheld Honorius and Severinus in their profeſſed ſervant Thomas D'Urfey. It is recommended to all the fine ſpirits, and beautiful ladies, to poſſeſs themſelves of Mr. D'Urfey's tickets, leſt a further account, which we ſhall ſhortly give of his family and merit, may make the generality purchaſe them, and exclude thoſe whom he moſtly deſires for his audience.

EXTRACT FROM MENAGE.

MESSIRE D'Urfey ſe nomentLaſcuris en leur nom de Family, et pretendent etre iſſus des anciens Laſcuris, Empereurs de Conſtantinople. Le dernier Marqui D'Urfey, qui avoit epouſe une dalegre, diſoit a ſon fils, qui etoit exempt des Gardes—'Mon fils, vous avez de 'grands examples a ſuivre, tant du cote 'paternel que maternel: de mon cote vos 'ancêtres etoient Empereurs d'Orient, 'et du cote de vôtre mere vous venes de 'Vicerois de Naples.' Le fils repondit— 'Il faut, Monſieur, que ce ſoient de 'pauvres gens, de n'avoir pu faire qu'un 'miſerable exempt de Gardes, d'on 'vient qu'ils ne m'ont laiſi ni l'Empire 'ni leur Viceroyaute.'

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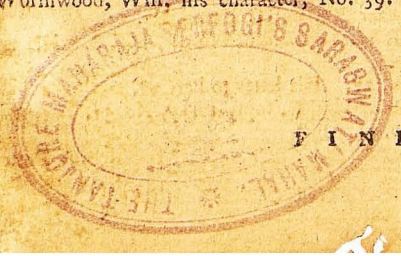

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