NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS

BY ADDISON AND GOLDSMITH

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION

ADDISON and GOLDSMITH have been brought together here because they are both very entertaining; because they give scope for interesting comparison and contrast; and because they are closely related to one another in their importance in the shaping of modern English prose.

In their characters and in the circumstances of their lives they present very striking differences: Addison the correct, prim, rather cold man of the world; Goldsmith the warm-hearted, improvident, wild Irishman; Addison a successful politician, reaching a high place in government; Goldsmith deserting medicine for a literary career in which he was often reduced to drudgery at hack-work. Indeed at first sight it seems hard to find any noticeable point in common except that both were born sons of clergymen, and both died —what would be thought to-day prematurely—before they were fifty, and that neither shone in conversation. (The celebrated actor David Garrick—contemporary and acquaintance of Goldsmith—said of him that he 'wrote like an angel and spoke like poor Poll': Goldsmith on this occasion was not unequal to the witty rejoinder that Garrick would 'act like an angel in heaven'.)

Nevertheless Addison and Goldsmith stand out together pre-eminently as having given a new direction to the lines on which the essay was to develop from the eighteenth century onwards: Addison first, in time, and in originality; Goldsmith, later, establishing and spreading Addison's influence.

The first essayist proper, who, moreover, was the

first to call this form of writing 'essay', was the French writer Montaigne (d. 1593). Montaigne wrote in an informal style: 'in his *robe de chambre*'. In our own language, however, the essay, from the time of Bacon (d. 1626), who began the line of English essayists, tended for nearly a hundred years to be elevated, reflective, critical, didactic. Bacon's essays are often not much more than a string of maxims. Abraham Cowley (d. 1667) wrote without didactic aim and in a mood of personal reminiscence, but though he can be tender he is seldom lively, and his essays are spoilt by the constant interruption of quotations. As Miss Myers says in her introduction to the *Coverley Papers*, the only predecessors to Addison's essays were serious essays as those of Bacon, Cowley, and Temple; the turgid paragraphs of Shaftesbury; the vigorous but crude and rough papers of Collier; and the 'characters' of Overbury and Earle.

Addison's contributions to the *Spectator*, which began in 1711, took on that intimate tone which is characteristic of the true essay. His style is the essence of lucidity and simplicity. In the construction of his sentences he avoids long and frequent subordinate clauses; parenthesis; Latinisms; antithesis; 'glowing words'. He seldom quotes: when he does, the quotation is usually short—often but a phrase. He is concise, but without the crabbed, packed style of Bacon; and he gives an effect of flowing and unstudied ease. Dr. Johnson describes him as using 'the middle style': 'His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. He is never feeble, and he does not wish to be energetic.'

Not less important than these features in the form of Addison's essay were his choice and treatment of

theme. In an early number of the *Spectator* he said: 'I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables, and in coffee-houses.' But the change he wrought in the subject-matter of the essay went farther than this. The members of the Spectator Club whom he delineated began as stock characters, modelled on those in the 'character' pieces of some of the earlier essayists; but Addison fell in love with the Squire, begged him from Steele (who had introduced him in the first number of the *Spectator*), and developed him into a real, live person. Essay-writing gained thereby two new elements: individual characterization and humour.

The innovations made by Addison in the essay bear some analogy to what Wordsworth did in poetry at the time of the Romantic Revival. As Wordsworth aimed at transferring the subject-matter of poetry from courts and society to the environment of the ordinary citizen, and at substituting for traditional poetic diction the language of everyday life, so in the essay Addison substituted for serious discussions on abstract questions sketches of the characters and practical interests of individuals, and considered that there was sufficient flexibility for his purpose in the language of persons in the daily intercourse of life. In doing this he was—though no doubt unconsciously—restoring to the essay that informal and intimate note struck by the very first writer of the essay, Montaigne.

The *Spectator* was followed by a host of imitations, but fifty years passed before Goldsmith, in the *Citizen of the World*, produced essays that were comparable with Addison's. The chief features of Goldsmith's

essays were, again, in style lucidity, simplicity, and ease; and, in the subject-matter of his more lively work, characterization. His irony is rather more severe than Addison's. He was more emotional than Addison, whose very coldness allowed Mr. Spectator to smile more urbanely on Sir Roger's foibles than Altangi does on those of Beau Tibbs or the national absurdities of the English.

These differences, however, between the two writers, and others that may be noticed, are superficial in comparison with the outstanding fact that Goldsmith seconded Addison in establishing the form that the essay was henceforth to take. Since their time there has been no fundamental change in the essay. Of course the habits and conditions they dealt with belong now to a bygone age; and their actual writing contains some archaisms. But there is considerably less essential difference between essays of to-day and those of Addison and Goldsmith, some two hundred years ago, than there was between their essays and those of their predecessors. And what Dr. Johnson said of Addison—and what he might well have thought also of Goldsmith, of whom he wrote that there was no type of writing he touched that he did not embellish—might still serve for counsel: 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.'

For those who may be referring to other editions a few words must be said about the form in which the text is presented. Some archaisms—chiefly in spelling and punctuation—have been modernized. It has not been thought necessary to retain the mottoes

at the head of the essays from the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, or to give the dates and serial numbers of the issues of these papers. The editors have supplied titles that were absent from most of the essays when originally published. In two essays the last two and the last three paragraphs respectively, and in three other essays a few lines, have been omitted.

ADDISON

Sir Roger at Home

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe, with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenance of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life, and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is some-

thing of a humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. 'My friend,' says Sir Roger, 'found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once

or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.'

As Sir Roger was going on in his story the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualification of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves but more edifying to the people.

Will Wimble

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which he told him Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

Sir Roger,

I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eaton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
WILL WIMBLE.

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs

better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well-versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a may-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting dog that he has 'made' himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them how they wear. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but

honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I looked for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of concern how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications!

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother

of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

At Church

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces and in their cleanliest habits to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer book; and at the same

time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe

these little singularities as foils, that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church: which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In

short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Sport and Exercise

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without

which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce these compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition

in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed it. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the Knight's own hunting-down. Sir Roger showed me one of them, that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old

age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition. It is there called the *σκιομαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen,

which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

Witches

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is and has been such a thing as

witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway.

> In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
> I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
> Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
> Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red;
> Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seemed withered;
> And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
> The tattered remnants of an old striped hanging,
> Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
> So there was nothing of a piece about her.
> Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
> With different-coloured rags, black, red, white, yellow,
> And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she

should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make the butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. 'Nay' (says Sir Roger), 'I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning.'

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked at me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which upon looking that way I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for, besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond, and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grows chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepid parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

The Assizes

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week, and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good

neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at the quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him four-score pounds a-year; but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might 'take the law of him' for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that 'much might be said on both sides'. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them, who for his reputation in the county took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger 'was up'. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived

upon the verge of his estate we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honour to his old master had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that 'The Knight's Head' had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into 'The Saracen's Head'. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger upon seeing me laugh desired me to tell him truly if I thought it

possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that 'much might be said on both sides'.

These several adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Gipsies

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. 'If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge,' says Sir Roger, 'they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairymaid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelve-month. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that

apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them. The sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.'

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the Knight cried, 'Go, go; you are an idle baggage'; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The Knight still repeated she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. 'Ah, master,' says the gipsy, 'that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing.' The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short,

the Knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked: that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. 'As the *trekschuyt* or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant,

whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages.' Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

Sir Roger in Town

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar man that had asked an

alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. 'I have left,' says he, 'all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.'

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. 'But for my own part,' says Sir Roger, 'I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.'

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for

Sir Roger after the laudable custom of his ancestors always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' says Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.'

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club,

and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of a smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, 'Tell me truly,' says he, 'do not you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's procession?'—but without giving me time to answer him, 'Well, well,' says he, 'I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.'

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place, where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that since I was with him in the country he had drawn many just observations together out of his reading in Baker's *Chronicle*, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at 'Squire's'. As I love the old man I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour that all the boys in the

An Eighteenth-century Coffee-house, from a print in the Bodleian Library

coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea until the Knight had got all his conveniences about him.

Vauxhall Gardens

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator* I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it a loud cheerful voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen offering us their respective services. Sir Roger after having looked about him very attentively spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Fauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation: as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause the old Knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says Sir Roger. 'There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow.'

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in Sir Roger's character his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the shire. He

cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town when he meets with anyone in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the Knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy told us that if he were a Middlesex Justice he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the Knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be

interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the Quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets.

Ghosts

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted, for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added that about a month ago one of the maids, coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half-covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-

places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind he produces the following instance. 'The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.'

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a good deal of mirth that at his first coming to his estate he

found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of the chambers was nailed up because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The Knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

Adventures of a Shilling

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox, 'that it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life than a life of business'. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, 'I defy,' says he, 'any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for it to give us an account of its life.'

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought that the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of its life and adventures:

'I was born on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was soon after my arrival taken out of my Indian

habit, refined, naturalised, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand that before I was five years old I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a twelvepenny ordinary, or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

'In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made

from place to place I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, "That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money." I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

'I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for being of a very tempting breadth a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament. As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown.

'After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

'About a year after the king's return a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me,

and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

'Being now of great credit and antiquity I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

'I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with

greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me "The Splendid Shilling". The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings.'

Frozen Sounds

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all authors of this kind our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the territories

of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader that the author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile:

Like words congealed in northern air.

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language is as follows:

'We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that, too, when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

'Nec vox, nec verba, sequuntur.

'We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet to my surprise I heard somebody say "Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in we heard a volley of oaths and curses lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

'I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as "Dear Kate!" "Pretty Mrs. Peggy!" "When shall I see my Sue again?" This betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

'When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed to visit the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

'Et timide verba intermissa retentat.

'At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

'We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour later, which I

ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

'After having here met with a very hearty welcome we went to the French cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied that for the freezing of the sound it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued: "For," says he, "finding ourselves bereft of speech we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps*." '

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

The Great Show

LAST night, upon my going into a coffee-house not far from the Haymarket Theatre, I diverted myself for above half-an-hour with overhearing the discourse of one, whom, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of projectors. This gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution provided he might find his account in it. He said that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkeys are in one place; the puppet-show in another; the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, intituled *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*, in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there

was a raree-show; in another a ladder-dance; and in others a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the oracle at Delphi, in which the dumb conjuror who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years is to be introduced as telling his fortune. At the same time Clinch of Barnet is represented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of Delphi, for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country, in which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkeys dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle Pinkethman is to personate King Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary,

which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to show the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of two monarchs. Some at the table urged that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately overruled. Our projector farther added that after the reconciliation of these two kings they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist, Mr. Pinkethman's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained was how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in

order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden and catching me by a button of my coat attacked me very abruptly after the following manner.

'Besides, sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every winter I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage.' After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out in a kind of laugh, 'Is our music then to receive farther improvements from Switzerland?'

This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar retired with some precipitation.

The Vision of Mirza

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

'On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream." Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was nor far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

'I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

'He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it—"Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou

discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

'There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

'I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects

which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

'The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

'I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect.

"Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can

extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating: but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.'

GOLDSMITH

First Impressions of London

FRIEND OF MY HEART,

May the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling, and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery: for all thy favours accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tributes a poor philosophic wanderer can return. Sure fortune is resolved to make me unhappy, when she gives others a power of testifying their friendship by actions, and leaves me only words to express the sincerity of mine.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you endeavour to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By calling your late instances of friendship only a return for former favours you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity, and my office bade me perform. Those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam, no laws obliged you to, no justice required. Even half your favours would have been greater than my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money therefore which you privately conveyed into my baggage, when I was leaving Holland, and which I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been bred a merchant, and I a scholar: you consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in superfluity; I am perfectly content with what is sufficient. Take therefore what is yours. It may give you some pleasure, even though you have no occasion

to use it. My happiness it cannot improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England was more painful to me than all the journeys I ever made on land. I have traversed the immeasurable wilds of Mogul Tartary; felt all the rigours of Siberian skies; I have had my repose an hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen without shrinking the desert sands rise like a troubled ocean all around me: against these calamities I was armed with resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that gave the mariners any uneasiness, to one who was never at sea before, all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear, to see our ship mount the waves swift as an arrow from the Tartar bow, to hear the wind howling through the cordage, to feel a sickness which depresses even the spirits of the brave: these were unexpected distresses, and consequently assaulted me unprepared to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. With us of China a man who has been from sight of land is regarded upon his return with admiration. I have known some provinces where there is not even a name for the ocean. What a strange people therefore am I got amongst, who have founded an empire on this unstable element; who build cities upon billows that rise higher than the mountains of Tipartala, and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest!

Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeing England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven hundred painful days, in order to examine its opulence, buildings, arts,

sciences, and manufactures on the spot. Judge then my disappointment on entering London to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad. Wherever I turn I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, the streets, and the inhabitants: none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with gold leaf; very different are those of London: in the midst of their pavements a great lazy puddle moves muddily along; heavy laden machines with wheels of unwieldy thickness crowd up every passage; so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces.

The houses borrow very few ornaments from architecture. Their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting, hung out at their doors or windows, at once a proof of their indigence and vanity: their vanity, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indigence, in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars in less than the circuit of half a mile, and yet you know that animals of these colours are nowhere to be found except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the dismal looks of the inhabitants, I am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that like the Persians they make a splendid figure everywhere but at home. The proverb of Xixofou is that a man's riches may be seen in his eyes: if we judge of the English by this rule there is not a poorer nation under the sun.

I have been here but two days: so will not be hasty in my decisions. Such letters as I shall write to Fipsihi in Moscow I beg you'll endeavour to forward with all diligence. I shall send them open, in order that you may take copies or translations, as you are equally versed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear friend, think of my absence with regret, as I sincerely regret yours; even while I write, I lament our separation. Farewell.

English Fashions

THINK not, O thou guide of my youth, that absence can impair my respect, or interposing trackless deserts blot your reverend figure from my memory. The farther I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force. Those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.

Could I find ought worth transmitting from so remote a region as this to which I have wandered I should gladly send it, but instead of this you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people with whom I am as yet but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination. I consider myself here as a newly created being introduced into a new world. Every object strikes with wonder and surprise. The imagination still unsated seems the only active principle of the mind. The most trifling occurrences give pleasure till the gloss of novelty is worn away. When I have ceased to wonder, I may possibly grow wise. I may then call the reasoning principle to my aid, and compare those objects with each other, which were before examined without reflection.

Behold me then in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me. It seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure, and had I been never from home it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs, but by long travelling I am taught to laugh at

folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but villainy and vice.

When I had just quitted my native country and crossed the Chinese wall I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature. I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Tonguese, and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns. The Ostiacs powdered with red earth, and the Calmuck beauties tricked out in all the finery of sheep skin, appeared highly ridiculous; but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them but in me; that I falsely condemned others of absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice and partiality.

I find no pleasure therefore in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character. It is possible they only endeavour to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity that I not only pardon but approve it. A desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so, and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, tooth-stainers, eye-brow pluckers, would all want bread, should their neighbours want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a

fine gentleman or a fine lady here dressed up to the fashion seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman several trades are required, but chiefly a barber. You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion whose strength lay in his hair: one would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there. To appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours, and clap it like a bush on his own: the distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities that it is almost impossible even in idea to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have been now describing affect the gravity of the lion: those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown; and then with a composition of meal and hog's lard plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster; but to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin: thus betailed and bepowdered the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head than the sentiments within.

Yet when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is, to whom he is supposed to pay his

addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder and tails and hog's lard as he. To speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horridly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them. They in no way resemble the beauties of China. The Europeans have a quite different idea of beauty from us. When I reflect on the small footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nangfew. How very broad their faces; how very short their noses; how very little their eyes; how very thin their lips; how very black their teeth! The snow on the tops of Bao is not fairer than their cheeks, and their eye-brows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful. Dutch and Chinese beauties indeed have some resemblance, but English women are entirely different. Red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness are not only seen here but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet as actually serve some for walking.

Yet uncivil as nature has been, they seem resolved to outdo her in unkindness. They use white powder, blue powder, and black powder for their hair, and a red powder for the face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colours, as among the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on, with spittle, little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots when I have finished a map of an English face patched up to the fashion,

which shall shortly be sent to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the rest is what I have just now been credibly informed by one of this country. 'Most ladies here,' says he, 'have two faces: one face to sleep in, and another to show in company. The first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other put on to please strangers abroad. The family face is often indifferent enough, but the out-door one looks something better: this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toad-eater sit in council, and settle the complexion of the day.'

I can't ascertain the truth of this remark. However, it is actually certain that they wear more clothes within doors than without; and I have seen a lady who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment appear half-naked in the streets.

English Characteristics

THE English seem as silent as the Japanese yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery, and you conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life without shrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity; but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death: he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure, and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies, and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago passing by one of their prisons I

could not avoid stopping in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. 'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom. If the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative. We must preserve that at the expense of our lives. Of that the French shall never deprive us: it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer.' 'Ay, slaves,' cries the porter, 'they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery may this be my poison' (and he held the goblet in his hand); 'may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.'

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, 'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the Devil sink me into flames' (such was the solemnity of his adjuration) 'if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician. Even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the

severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us in China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of the state. They only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowlege from a great man's porter, who had had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English in general seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with. This gives a formality to their amusements. Their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation. Though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity, which give instant though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness: you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin; who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it; the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours. Their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour.

Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger, but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an Englishman and Frenchman into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared, but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to me a perfect inundation. The Englishman seeing me shrink from the weather accosted me thus: 'Psha, man, what dost shrink at? Here, take this coat. I don't want it. I find it no way useful to me. I had as lief be without it.' The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. 'My dear friend,' cries he, 'why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? You see how well it defends me from the rain. I should not choose to part with it to others, but to such a friend as you I could even part with my skin to do him service.'

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection.

Westminster Abbey

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity; solemn as religious awe; adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think then what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

'Alas,' I said to myself, 'how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all. They have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.'

As I was indulging such reflections a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. 'If any monument,' said he, 'should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands.' I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. 'If adulation like this,'

continued I, 'be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage, to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit.' The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument which appeared more beautiful than the rest.

'That,' said I to my guide, 'I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection.'

'It is not requisite,' replied my companion smiling, 'to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice.'

'What! I suppose then the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification.'

'Gaining battles, or taking towns,' replied the man

in black, 'may be of service, but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege.'

'This then is the monument of some poet, I presume—of one whose wit has gained him immortality.'

'No, sir,' replied my guide, 'the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself.'

'Pray tell me then in a word,' said I peevishly, 'what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for.'

'Remarkable, sir!' said my companion; 'why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey.'

'But, head of my Ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?'

'I suppose,' replied the man in black, 'the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great. There are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead.'

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, 'There,' says the gentleman, pointing with his

finger, 'that is the poets' corner. There you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton.'

'Drayton,' I replied, 'I never heard of him before, but I have been told of one Pope. Is he there?'

'It is time enough,' replied my guide, 'these hundred years. He is not long dead. People have not done hating him yet.'

'Strange!' cried I. 'Can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow creatures?'

'Yes,' says my guide, 'they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out "Dunce" and "Scribbler", to praise the dead, and revile the living, to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit, to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candour, and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies. He feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame at last he gains solid anxiety.'

'Has this been the case with every poet I see here?' cried I.

'Yes, with every mother's son of them,' replied he, 'except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he

has much money, he may buy reputation from your book answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple.'

'But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronise men of merit and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?'

'I own there are many,' replied the man in black, 'but, alas! sir, the book answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish. Thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table.'

Leaving this part of the temple we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show. Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach. Whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour. 'As for your questions,' replied the gate-keeper, 'to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them, but as for that there three-pence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all must live.' I expected upon paying here to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed. There was little more within than black

coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing told a hundred lies. He talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger, of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. 'Look ye there, gentlemen,' says he, pointing to an old oak chair; 'there 's a curiosity for ye. In that chair the kings of England were crowned. You see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow.' I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone. Could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from the streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Gobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable.

'This armour,' said he, 'belonged to General Monk.'

'Very surprising, that a general should wear armour!'

'And pray,' added he, 'observe this cap. This is General Monk's cap.'

'Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general

should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?'

'That, sir,' says he, 'I don't know, but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble.'

'A very small recompence, truly!' said I.

'Not so very small,' replied he, 'for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money.'

'What, more money! still more money!'

'Every gentleman gives something, sir.'

'I'll give thee nothing,' returned I; 'the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate. If I stay longer I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars.'

Thus leaving the temple precipitately I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great and to despise what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

The Character of the Man in Black

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black whom I have before mentioned is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness; others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference, but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. 'In every parish house,' says he, 'the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on. They want no more; I desire no more myself; yet still they seem

discontented. I'm surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants who are only a weight upon the industrious. I'm surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences. Let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them; and rather merit a prison than relief.'

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black. I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before. He threw in some

episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors. He explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now therefore assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply all my friend's importance vanished in a moment. He had not a single question more to ask. He now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting therefore a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and, presenting his whole bundle, 'Here, master,' says he, 'take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.'

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase. He assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied. He expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good humour was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding. His vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted. Upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her, but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

The Story of the Man in Black

As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion I must own it surprised me what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not however till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. 'If you are fond,' says he, 'of hearing hair breadth 'scapes, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving, without ever being starved.

'My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself. For every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army influenced my father at the head of his table. He told the story of the ivy tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave. He loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

'As his fortune was but small he lived up to the

very extent of it. He had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross. He was resolved they should have learning, for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society. We were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the 'human face divine' with affection and esteem. He wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

'I cannot avoid imagining that thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment; though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world, but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

'The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed was at the very middling figure I made in thc university. He had flattered himself that he would soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me

utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasoning at a time when my imagination and memory yet unsatisfied were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed indeed that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me.

'After I had resided at college seven years my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us)—they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

'To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China. With us not he that fasts best but eats best is reckoned the best liver; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone, and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him and was so very good-natured.

'Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's

table could be thought disagreeable. There was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good-manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right than at receiving his absurdities with submission. To flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise my falsehood went to my conscience. His lordship soon perceived me to be very unfit for service. I was therefore discharged: my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

'Disappointed in ambition I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reason to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking. She had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintances, and at her aunt among the number. She always observed that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked in my company of friendship and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp's—my rival's—high-heeled shoes with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so after resolving, and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my

proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness, which was no more than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heeled shoes. By way of consolation, however, she observed that though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility, as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

'Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment. My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money when he knew I did not want it. I informed him that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him.

' "And pray, sir," cried my friend, "do you want all this money?"

' "Indeed I never wanted it more," returned I.

' "I am sorry for that," cries the scrivener, "with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow will always want money when they should come to pay."

'From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request.

'"Indeed, Mr. Drybone," cries my friend, "I always thought it would come to this. You know, sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintances always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred pounds. Do you want only two hundred, sir, exactly?"

'"To confess a truth," returned I, "I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend from whom I can borrow the rest."

'"Why then," replied my friend, "if you would take my advice—and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good—I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend; and then one note will serve for all, you know."

'Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds. I was unable to extricate him except by becoming his bail. When at liberty he fled from his creditors and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world simple and believing like myself, but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They sponged up my money whilst it lasted, borrowed my coals and never paid for them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured and knew that I had no harm in me.

'Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which

is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side of the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other: this was all the difference between us. At first indeed I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good humour, indulged no rants of spleen at my situation, never called down heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon an halfpennyworth of radishes: my very companions were taught to believe that I liked salad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking that all my life I should eat either white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best; laughed when I was not in pain; took the world as it went; and read Tacitus often, for want of more books and company.

'How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others was first to aim at independence myself. My immediate care therefore was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning department, I put on that of closeness, prudence and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half a crown to an old

acquaintance, at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare; for this alone I deserve to be decreed an ovation.

'I now therefore pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunks that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters, and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker's table, by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know or not, instead of answering I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed I go about with the hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity I observe that the world is filled with impostors, and take a certain method of not being deceived by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem even from the indigent is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give.'

The English Love of Wonders

THOUGH the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified, however, when I consider the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained so much as wondered at. The same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese would have made them equally proud of a visit from the rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest this people seem fond of sights and monsters. I am told of a person here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or showing them to the people for money, no matter how insignificant they were in the beginning; by locking them up close, and showing for money, they soon become prodigies. His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a wax-work figure behind a glass door at a puppet show. Thus keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself. He continued this exhibition with success, till an involuntary fit of sneezing brought him to life before all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless, as the peaceable inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and by painting his face, and counterfeiting the savage howl, he frighted several ladies and children with amazing success. In this manner therefore he might

have lived very comfortably had he not been arrested for a debt that was contracted when he was the figure in wax-work. Thus his face underwent an involuntary ablution, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion and indigence.

After some time, being freed from gaol, he was now grown wiser, and instead of making himself a wonder was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of pasting up mummies; was never at a loss for an artificial *lusus naturæ*; nay, it has been reported that he has sold seven petrified lobsters of his own manufacture to a noted collector of rarities; but this the learned Cracovius Putridus has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than an halter, yet by this halter he gained more than by all his former exhibitions. The people, it seems, had got it in their heads that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much desired to see as this very rope, and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity. He therefore got one made, not only of silk, but to render it more striking, several threads of gold were intermixed. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarce necessary to mention that the projector sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him, as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hempen materials.

By their fondness of sights one would be apt to imagine that, instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though never so useful; but if it has but

two, and is consequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the auction. A man, though in his person faultless as an aerial genius, might starve; but if stuck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his fortune is made for ever, and he may propagate the breed with impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighbourhood, who was bred a habit-maker, though she handled her needle tolerably well could scarcely get employment. But being obliged by an accident to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin made her fortune here. She now was thought more fit for her trade than before; business flowed in a-pace; and all people paid for seeing the mantua-maker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman showing me his collection of pictures stopped at one with peculiar admiration. 'There,' cries he, 'is an inestimable piece.' I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured. It appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection. I therefore demanded where those beauties lay, of which I was yet insensible. 'Sir,' cries he, 'the merit does not consist in the piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes. I bought it at a very great price, for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded.'

But these people are not more fond of wonders than liberal in rewarding those who show them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the

box, who professes to show 'the most imitation of Nature that was ever seen', they all live in luxury. A singing woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach and six; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live; and another who jingles several bells fixed to his cap is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labours of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, was complaining to me some nights ago of this misplaced generosity of the times.

'Here,' says he, 'have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has perhaps learned to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed.'

'Prithee, young man,' says I to him, 'are you ignorant that in so large a city as this it is better to be an amusing than an useful member of society? Can you leap up and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground?'

'No, sir.'

'Can you stand upon two horses at full speed?'

'No, sir.'

'Can you swallow a pen-knife?'

'I can do none of these tricks.'

'Why then,' cried I, 'there is no other prudent means of subsistence left but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose, by subscription.'

Beau Tibbs in the Park

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd, and wherever pleasure is to be sold am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed. We now turned to the right, then to the left. As we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear

Drybone,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. 'Psha, psha, Will,' cried the figure, 'no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery: on my soul I do; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet faith I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. "Ned," says he to me; "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night." "Poaching, my lord," says I; "faith you have missed already; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me." That's my way. I take a fine woman as some animals

do their prey; stand still, and swoop: they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow,' cried my companion with looks of infinite pity. 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company.'

'Improved!' replied the other; 'you shall know,—but let it go no further—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord's word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else.'

'I fancy you forget, sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!'

'Did I say so?' replied he coolly. 'To be sure if I said so, it was so——Dined in town: egad now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the Devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's—an affected piece, but let it go no further: a secret—well, there happened to be no asafœtida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which says I, "I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that——" But dear Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cried my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next in embroidery. With those persons

of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for interests of society, and perhaps for his own, heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceive his wants he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence, but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fight the children into obedience.'

Beau Tibbs at Home

I AM apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair; and wore a dirtier shirt, and a pair of temple-spectacles; and held his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear. He bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, 'Blast me,' cries he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the park so thin in my life before. There's no company at all to-day: not a single face to be seen.'

'No company?' interrupted I peevishly; 'no company where there is such a crowd? Why, man, there's

too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?'

'Lard, my dear,' returned he, with the utmost good humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined; but blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day. I must insist on 't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature. She was bred—but that's between ourselves—under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that: she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature. I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship: let it go no further. She's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar. I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking stair-case, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects, to which answering in the affirmative, 'Then,' says he, 'I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows. We shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener.'

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, 'Who's there?' My conductor answered that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand: to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman asked where was her lady. 'Good troth,' replied she, in a peculiar dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.'

'My two shirts!' cries he in a tone that faltered with confusion. 'What does the idiot mean?'

'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other. 'She's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because——'

'Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations!' cried he. 'Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle, in one corner; a lumbering cabinet in the other. A broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the wall several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in a corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it. It's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.'

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And, indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper.'

'Poor Jack,' cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature: I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner. You need make no great preparations neither. There are but three of us. Something elegant and little will do: a turbot, an ortolan, or a——.'

'Or what do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a nice, pretty bit of ox cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?'

'The very thing,' replies he; 'it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat. That is country all over: extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respects to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave: Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

The Philosophic Cobbler

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it. It is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces, the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the show myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants, that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen: a poor cobbler sat in his stall by the way side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own

his want of attention excited mine; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion. Perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

'How, my friend,' said I to him, 'can you continue to work while all those fine things are passing by your door?' 'Very fine they are, master,' returned the cobbler, 'for those that like them, to be sure; but what are all those fine things to me? You don't know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for yourself. Your bread is baked, you may go and see the sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by my journey but an appetite? and, God help me, I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people who may eat four meals a day and a supper at night are but a bad example to such a one as I. No, master, as God has called me into this world in order to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and they no business with me.' I here interrupted him with a smile. 'See this last, master,' continues he, 'and this hammer. This last and hammer are the two best friends I have in this world. Nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them; now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever so little run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer.'

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into an history of his adventures. 'I have lived,' said he, 'a wandering life, now five and fifty years, here to-day and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing.' 'You have been a traveller, then, I presume,' interrupted I. 'I can't boast much of travelling,' continued he, 'for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in at some time or another. When I began to settle and to take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me, perhaps a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making. There was one who actually died in a stall that I had left, worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches.'

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fire-side, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. 'Ay, that I have, master,' replied he, 'for sixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, heaven knows. My wife took it into her head that the only way to thrive in this world was to save money; so though our comings-in was but about three shillings a week, all ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to starve the whole week after for it.

'The first three years we used to quarrel about this

every day, and I always got the better; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual; so that I was at last tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last in despair to the ale-house. Here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and ran in score when anybody would trust me; till at last the landlady, coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall after she was dead for money, but she had hidden it so effectually that with all my pains I could never find a farthing.'

By this time my shoe was mended, and satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend.

On Mad Dogs

INDULGENT Nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain but for a few days beyond the expected season in China spreads famine, desolation, and terror over the whole country; the winds that blow from the brown bosom of the western desert are impregnated with death in every gale; but in this fortunate land of Britain the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence, but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them. It spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people. What is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of *Epidemic Terror.*

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same. One year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf; the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail; a third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat; and a fourth it carries consternation at the bite of a mad dog. The people when once infected lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask

after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful the object of terror may be. When once they resolve to fright and be frighted, the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay. Each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the *Epidemic Terror* which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem by their present spirit to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon

the defensive and bite, then is he unanimously found guilty, for 'a mad dog always snaps at everything'; if, on the contrary he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for 'mad dogs always run straight forward before them'.

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several that had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are the next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap dog, and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster. As in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy, so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas!

too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads that a mad dog had frighted a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village, and there the report is that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital, and by the time it has arrived in town the lady is described with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors; while the mad mastiff is in the mean time ranging the whole country over, slavering at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour with horror and astonishment in her looks: she desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within, for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad ran into his own yard, and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined it would be found that numbers of such as

have been said to suffer were in no way injured, and that of those who have been actually bitten not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general therefore only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual frenzy by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance, the insidious thief is often detected, the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution, and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

A dog, says one of the English poets, 'is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.' Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest a dog is the only animal that leaving his fellows attempts to cultivate the friendship of man. To man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation. No injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor. Studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still a humble steadfast dependant, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature who has left the forest, to claim the protection of man; how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

An Evening at Vauxhall

THE people of London are as fond of walking as our friends of Pekin of riding. One of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a Garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to sup there, and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat which was formerly new, and his grey wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawnbroker's widow, of whom, by the bye, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

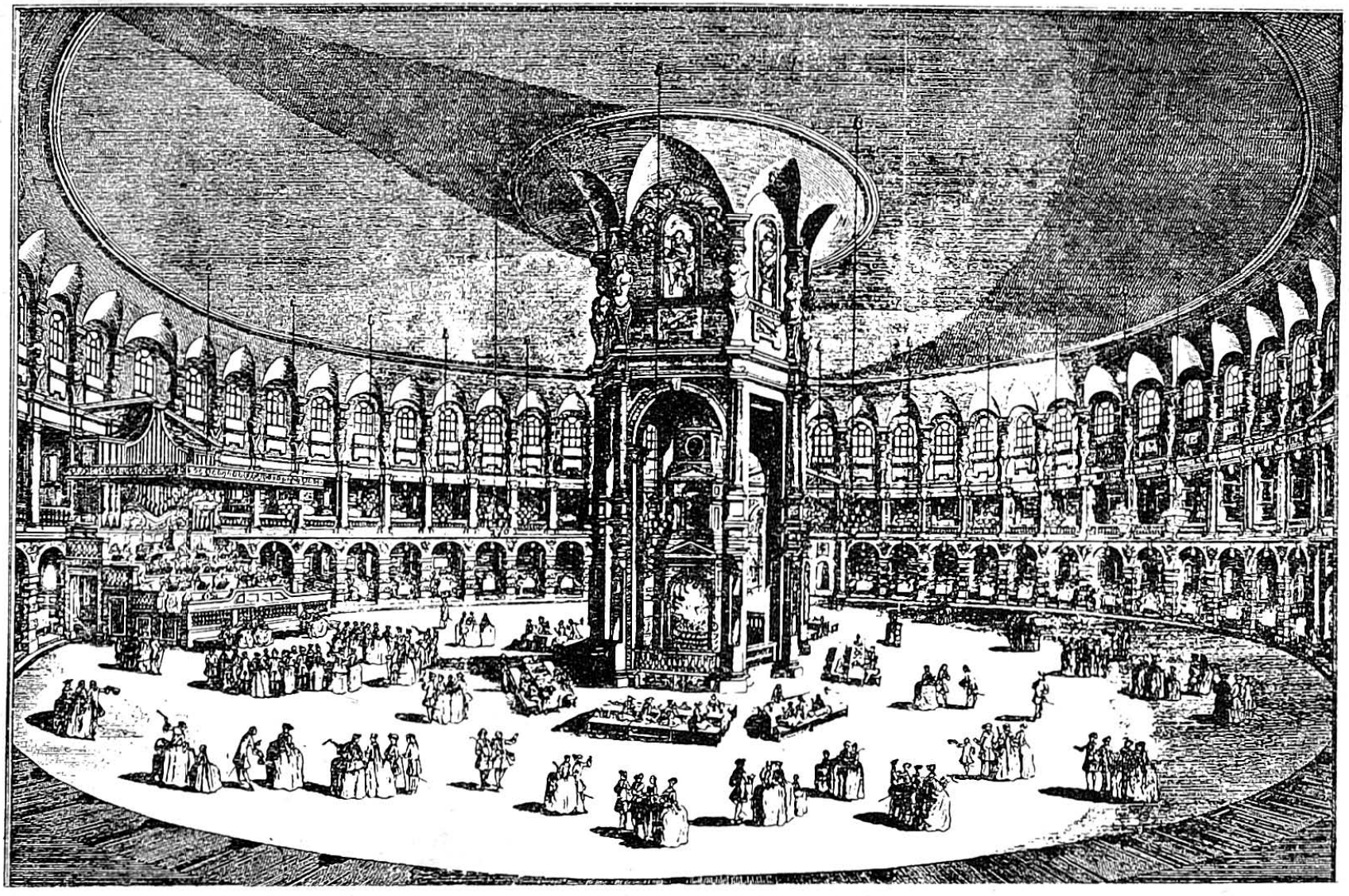
Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking. A coach was therefore agreed upon, which being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner therefore we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger:

that this was the last night of the Gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane; with several other prophetic ejaculations probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess that upon entering the Gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure. The lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the Grove vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction; and the table spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius!' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine. This unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'

I was going to second his remarks when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the Garden, where she observed there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at farthest. A dispute therefore began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world who



The Rotunda in Ranelagh Gardens, from a print in the British Museum

had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter, to which the other replied that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjoining to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented, but here a new distress arose. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box: a box where they might see and be seen; one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view; but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility and the gentility of our appearance yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion: they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought everything detestable. 'Come, come, my dear,' cried the husband, by way of consolation, 'to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crimp's, but for Vauxhall dressing it is pretty good. It is not their victuals indeed I find fault with, but their wine. Their wine,' cried he, drinking off a glass, 'indeed is most abominable.'

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste: her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction. She ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song, but to this she gave a positive denial: 'for you know very well, my dear,' says she, 'that I am not in voice today, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? Besides, as there is no accompaniment it would be but spoiling music.' All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last then the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes began with such a voice and such affectation as I could perceive gave but little satisfaction to any

except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb must seem to correspond in fixed attention, and while the song continues they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation we had continued for some time, listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the water-works were going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but correcting herself she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the water-works a hundred times, resolved not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment. In it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life or high-lived company ever after. Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over.

'The water-works over!' cried the widow. 'The water-works over already! That's impossible. They can't be over so soon.' 'It is not my business,' replied the fellow, 'to contradict your ladyship. I'll run again

and see.' He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress. She testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns.

The Coronation

THE time for the young king's coronation approaches. The great and the little world look forward with impatience. A knight from the country, who has brought up his family to see and be seen on this occasion, has taken all the lower part of the house where I lodge. His wife is laying in a large quantity of silks, which the mercer tells her are to be fashionable next season; and Miss, her daughter, has actually had her ears bored previous to the ceremony. In all this bustle of preparation I am considered as mere lumber, and have been shoved up two stories higher to make room for others my landlady seems perfectly convinced are my betters, but whom, before me, she is contented with only calling very good company.

The little beau, who has now forced himself into my intimacy, was yesterday giving me a most minute detail of the intended procession. All men are eloquent upon their favourite topic, and this seemed peculiarly adapted to the size and turn of his understanding. His whole mind was blazoned over with a variety of glittering images: coronets, escutcheons, lace, fringe, tassels, stones, bugles, and spun glass. 'Here,' cried he, 'Garter is to walk; and there Rouge Dragon marches with the escutcheons on his back. Here Clarencieux moves forward; and there Blue Mantle disdains to be left behind. Here the aldermen march two and two; and there the undaunted Champion of England, no way terrified at the very numerous appearance of gentlemen and ladies, rides forward in complete armour, and with an intrepid air throws down his glove. Ah!' continues he, 'should any be so

hardy as to take up that fatal glove, and so accept the challenge, we should see fine sport. The Champion would show him no mercy. He would soon teach him all his passes with a witness. However, I am afraid we shall have none willing to try it with him upon the approaching occasion, for two reasons: first because his antagonist would stand a chance of being killed in the single combat; and secondly because if he escapes the Champion's arm he would certainly be hanged for treason. No, no, I fancy none will be so hardy as to dispute it with a Champion like him inured to arms, and we shall probably see him prancing unmolested away, holding his bridle thus in one hand, and brandishing his dram cup in the other.'

Some men have a manner of describing which only wraps the subject in more than former obscurity. Thus I was unable, with all my companion's volubility, to form a distinct idea of the intended procession. I was certain that the inauguration of a king should be conducted with solemnity and religious awe, and I could not be persuaded that there was much solemnity in this description. If this be true, cried I to myself, the people of Europe surely have a strange manner of mixing solemn and fantastic images together: pictures at once replete with burlesque and the sublime. At a time when the king enters into the most solemn compact with his people nothing surely should be admitted to diminish from the real majesty of the ceremony. A ludicrous image brought in at such a time throws an air of ridicule upon the whole. It some way resembles a picture I have seen, designed by Albert Durer, where, amidst all the solemnity of that awful scene—a Deity judging, and a trembling world awaiting the decree—

he has introduced a merry mortal trundling his scolding wife to hell in a wheelbarrow.

My companion, who mistook my silence during this interval of reflection for the rapture of astonishment, proceeded to describe those frivolous parts of the show that mostly struck his imagination, and to assure me that if I stayed in this country some months longer I should see fine things. 'For my own part,' continued he, 'I know already of fifteen suits of clothes that would stand on one end with gold lace, all designed to be first shown there; and as for diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, we shall see them as thick as brass nails in a sedan chair. And then we are all to walk so majestically thus: this foot always behind the foot before. The ladies are to fling nosegays; the court poets to scatter verses; the spectators are to be all in full dress; Mrs. Tibbs, in a new sacque, ruffles, and frenched hair; look where you will, one thing finer than another; Mrs. Tibbs curtsies to the Duchess; her Grace returns the compliment with a bow. "Largess!" cries the Herald. "Make room!" cries the Gentleman Usher. "Knock him down!" cries the guard. Ah,' continued he, amazed at his own description, 'what an astonishing scene of grandeur can art produce from the smallest circumstance, when it thus actually turns to wonder one man putting on another man's hat!'

I now found his mind was entirely set upon the fopperies of the pageant, and quite regardless of the real meaning of such costly preparations. 'Pageants,' says Bacon, 'are pretty things; but we should rather study to make them elegant than expensive.' Processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery, furnished out by tailors, barbers, and tirewomen,

mechanically influence the mind into veneration. An emperor in his nightcap would not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a glittering crown. Politics resemble religion: attempting to divest either of ceremony is the most certain method of bringing either into contempt. The weak must have their inducements to admiration as well as the wise, and it is the business of a sensible government to impress all ranks with a sense of subordination, whether this be effected by a diamond buckle or a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law or a glass necklace.

This interval of reflection only gave my companion spirits to begin his description afresh, and as a greater inducement to raise my curiosity he informed me of the vast sums that were given by the spectators for places. 'That the ceremony must be fine,' cries he, 'is very evident from the fine price that is paid for seeing it. Several ladies have assured me they could willingly part with one eye rather than be prevented from looking on with the other. Come, come,' continues he, 'I have a friend, who for my sake will supply us with places at the most reasonable rates. I'll take care you shall not be imposed upon, and he will inform you of the use, finery, rapture, splendour, and enchantment of the whole ceremony better than I.'

Follies often repeated lose their absurdity and assume the appearance of reason. His arguments were so often and so strongly enforced that I had actually some thoughts of becoming a spectator. We accordingly went together to bespeak a place, but guess my surprise when the man demanded a purse of gold for a single seat. I could hardly believe him serious upon making the demand.

'Prithee, friend,' cried I, 'after I have paid twenty pounds for sitting here an hour or two, can I bring a part of the Coronation back?'

'No, sir.'

'How long can I live upon it after I have come away?'

'Not long, sir.'

'Can a Coronation clothe, feed, or fatten me?'

'Sir,' replied the man, 'you seem to be under a mistake. All that you can bring away is the pleasure of having it to say that you saw the Coronation.'

'Blast me,' cries Tibbs, 'if that be all, there's no need of paying for that, since I am resolved to have that pleasure whether I am there or no.'

I am conscious, my friend, that this is but a very confused description of the intended ceremony. You may object that I neither settle rank, precedency, nor place; that I seem ignorant whether Gules walks before or behind Garter; that I have neither mentioned the dimensions of a Lord's cap, nor measured the length of a Lady's tail. I know your delight is in minute description, and this I am unhappily disqualified from furnishing. Yet upon the whole I fancy it will be no way comparable to the magnificence of our late Emperor Whangti's procession, when he was married to the moon, at which Fum Hoam himself presided in person.

A Visit to the Country

My long residence here begins to fatigue me. As every object ceases to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing. Some minds are so fond of variety that pleasure itself if permanent would be insupportable, and we are thus obliged to solicit new happiness even by courting distress. I only therefore wait the arrival of my son to vary this trifling scene, and borrow new pleasure from danger and fatigue. A life, I own, thus spent in wandering from place to place is at best but empty dissipation. But to pursue trifles is the lot of humanity, and whether we bustle in a pantomime or strut at a coronation; whether we shout at a bonfire or harangue in a senate-house; whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools bustle and are important; and this probably is all the difference between them.

This may be an apology for the levity of my former correspondence. I talked of trifles, and I knew that they were trifles. To make the things of this life ridiculous it was only sufficient to call them by their names.

In other respects I have omitted several striking circumstances in the description of this country, as supposing them either already known to you or as not being thoroughly known to myself. But there is one omission for which I expect no forgiveness, namely my being totally silent upon their buildings, roads, rivers, and mountains. This is a branch of science on which all other travellers are so very prolix that my

deficiency will appear the more glaring. With what pleasure, for instance, do some read of a traveller in Egypt measuring a fallen column with his cane, and finding it exactly five feet nine inches long; of his creeping through the mouth of a catacomb, and coming out by a different hole from that he entered; of his stealing the finger of an antique statue, in spite of the janizary that watched him; or his adding a new conjecture to the hundred and fourteen conjectures already published upon the names of Osiris and Isis!

Methinks I hear some of my friends in China demanding a similar account of London and the adjacent villages, and if I remain here much longer it is probable I may gratify their curiosity. I intend, when run dry on other topics, to take a serious survey of the city wall; to describe that beautiful building the Mansion House; I will enumerate the magnificent squares, in which the nobility chiefly reside, and the royal palace appointed for the reception of the English monarch; nor will I forget the beauties of Shoe Lane, in which I myself have resided since my arrival. You shall find me no way inferior to many of my brother travellers in the arts of description. At present, however, as a specimen of this way of writing, I send you a few hasty remarks, collected in a late journey I made to Kentish Town, and this in the manner of modern voyagers.

Having heard much of Kentish Town I conceived a strong desire to see that celebrated place. I could have wished indeed to satisfy my curiosity without going thither, but that was impracticable, and therefore I resolved to go. Travellers have two methods of going to Kentish Town. They take coach which costs ninepence, or they go afoot which costs nothing. In

my opinion a coach is by far the most eligible convenience, but I was resolved to go on foot, having considered with myself that going in that manner would be the cheapest way.

As you set out from Dog House Bar you enter upon a fine levelled road, railed in on both sides, commanding on the right a fine prospect of groves, and fields enamelled with flowers, which would wonderfully charm the sense of smelling were it not for a dunghill on the left, which mixes its effluvia with their odours. This dunghill is of much greater antiquity than the road, and I must not omit a piece of injustice I was going to commit upon this occasion. My indignation was levelled against the makers of the dunghill, for having brought it so near the road, whereas it should have fallen upon the makers of the road, for having brought that so near the dunghill.

After proceeding in this manner for some time a building resembling somewhat a triumphal arch salutes the traveller's view. This structure, however, is peculiar to this country, and vulgarly called a turnpike gate. I could perceive a long inscription in large characters on the front, probably upon the occasion of some triumph, but being in haste I left it to be made out by some subsequent adventurer who may happen to travel this way; so continuing my course to the west I soon arrived at an unwalled town called Islington.

Islington is a pretty neat town, mostly built of brick, with a church and bells. It has a small lake or rather pond in the midst, though at present very much neglected. I am told it is dry in summer. If this be the case it can be no very proper receptacle for fish, of which the inhabitants themselves seem sensible, by bringing all that is eaten there from London.

After having surveyed the curiosities of this fair and beautiful town I proceeded forward, leaving a fair stone building called the White Conduit House on my right. Here the inhabitants of London often assemble to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter. Seeing such numbers, each with their little tables before them, employed on this occasion, must no doubt be a very amusing sight to the looker on, but still more so to those who perform in the solemnity.

From hence I parted with reluctance to Pancrass as it is written, or Pancridge as it is pronounced, but which should be both pronounced and written Pangrace. This emendation I will venture meo arbitrio: 'Pan' in the Greek language signifies all, which added to the English word 'grace', maketh 'all grace', or 'Pangrace', and indeed this is a very proper appellation to a place of so much sanctity, as Pangrace is universally esteemed. However this be, if you except the parish church and its fine bells there is little in Pangrace worth the attention of the curious observer.

From Pangrace to Kentish Town is an easy journey of one mile and a quarter. The road lies through a fine champaign country, well watered with beautiful drains, and enamelled with flowers of all kinds, which might contribute to charm every sense were it not that the odoriferous gales are often more impregnated with dust than perfume.

As you enter Kentish Town the eye is at once presented with the shops of artificers, such as vendors of candles, small coal, and hair-brooms. There are also several august buildings of red brick, with numberless sign-posts, or rather pillars, in a peculiar order of architecture. I send you a drawing of several; vide A. B. C. This pretty town probably borrows its name

from its vicinity to the county of Kent; and indeed it is not unnatural that it should, as there are only London and the adjacent villages that lie between them. Be this as it will, perceiving night approach I made a hasty repast on roasted mutton, and a certain dried fruit called potatoes, resolving to protract my remarks upon my return, and this I would very willingly have done, but was prevented by a circumstance which in truth I had for some time foreseen, for night coming on, it was impossible to take a proper survey of the country, as I was to return home in the dark.

The Sagacity of Some Insects

ANIMALS, in general, are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united, but when man intrudes into their communities they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist, but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however,

does not impede its vision. Besides this it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which it spins into a thread, coarser or finer as it chooses. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch, and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn our natural artist strengthens them by doubling the threads sometimes sixfold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal. What follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a House Spider. I perceived about four years ago a

large spider in one corner of my room making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed, nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised

when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish. Wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time. When a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification

with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length having killed the defendant actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon its immediately approaching the terror of its appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose. The manner then is to wait patiently till by ineffectual and impotent struggles the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and an easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years. Every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description it may be observed that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their parental affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when

even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

Adventures of a Strolling Player

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. 'I beg pardon, sir,' cried I, 'but I think I have seen you before. Your face is familiar to me.' 'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show. Last Bartholomew Fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted: he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Lane, and I to starve in St. James's Park.'

'I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties.' 'O, sir,' returned he, 'my appearance is very much at your service; but though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier. If I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry; and, thank the fates, though not worth a groat I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my

three halfpence; and if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner.'

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse, and in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. 'I like this dinner, sir,' says he, 'for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay.'

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; 'and yet, sir,' returns he, 'bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. Oh, the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very foundlings of Nature. The rich she treats like an arrant stepmother. They are pleased with nothing: cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar: Calvert's butt out-tastes champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content: I have no lands there; if the

stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness: I am no Jew.' The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances, and I entreated that he would indulge my desire. 'That I will, sir,' said he, 'and welcome. Only let us drink to prevent our sleeping. Let us have another tankard while we are awake; let us have another tankard; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

'You must know, then, that I am very well descended. My ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectful a genealogy; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so at the age of fifteen I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also. Neither the one trade nor the other was to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman. Besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours: now I very reasonably concluded that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

'The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the

spleen. I asked leave to quit the service; but as I was tall and strong my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge, but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (sir, my service to you)—and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges: in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

'Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment. I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions; as, whose son I was; from whence I came, and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months. We did

not much like each other. I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear. In short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months' wages.

'While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure. Two hens were hatching in an out-house; I went and habitually took the eggs; and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality I returned to receive my money, and, with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house when I heard behind me the cry of "Stop thief!" but this only increased my dispatch. It would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking. Come: the times are dry, and may this be my poison if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life.

'Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance my heart warmed to them. I had a sort of natural love for everything of the vagabond order. They were employed in settling

their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way. I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me. They sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then. I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them. I was a very good figure, as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

'I loved a straggling life above all things in the world: sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenderden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit *Romeo and Juliet*, with the funeral procession, the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety: I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal

satisfaction. The whole audience were enchanted with our powers, and Tenderden is a town of taste.

'There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success: that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life is not playing, nor is it what people come to see. Natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one of the falling sickness. That is the way to work for applause; that is the way to gain it.

'As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself: I snuffed the candles, and let me tell you that without a candle-snuffer the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses, but the evening before our intended departure we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company. They were resolved to go in a body to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive. I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate. They accepted my offer, and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand and a tankard before me (sir, your health), and

studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

'I found my memory excessively helped by drinking. I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. "Let the sick man," said I, "be under no uneasiness to get well again. I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction. He may even die if he thinks proper. I'll engage that he shall never be missed." I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. "Gentlemen," said I, addressing our company, "I don't pretend to direct you. Far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude. You have published my name in the bills with the utmost good nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me; so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you. Otherwise I declare off: I'll brandish my snuffers, and clip candles as usual." This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it. It was irresistible; it was adamant. They consented, and I went on in King Bajazet: my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part. I was

tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause. I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Allah! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it. Tamerlane was but a fool to me: though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance. In general I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit of my stomach. It is the way at Drury Lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits. In short, I came off like a prodigy; and such was my success that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success. One praised my voice, another my person. "Upon my word," says the squire's lady, "he will make one of the finest actors in Europe. I say it, and I think I am something of a judge." Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time. We obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

'At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenderden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let

us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and quitted it a hero. Such is the world: little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject: something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

'The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company. However, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe had my growing merit been properly cultivated, but there came an unkindly frost, which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair. All the country ladies were charmed. If I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

'There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; everybody praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform. She could not conceive, she said, anything but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences; she was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately

intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition. However, no way intimidated I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London. From her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box; took snuff: the lady was solemn, and so were the rest. I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back: still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do. All my good humour now became forced. My laughter was converted into hysteric grinning, and while I pretended spirits my eye showed the agony of my heart. In short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired; I am here, and —the tankard is no more.'

The Story of Whang the Miller

THE Europeans are themselves blind, who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly. They who have no other trade but seeking their fortune need never hope to find her. Coquette-like she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home, and minds his business.

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when by the company she keeps she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or—to personize her no longer—if you desire, my son, to be rich and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire. When people say, 'Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there,' take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are; and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own, in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once,

but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning: he, who despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious. Nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, 'I know him very well. He and I have been long acquainted. He and I are intimate. He stood for a child of mine.' If, however, a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man. He might be very well for ought he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang with all his eagerness for riches was in reality poor: he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small they were certain. While his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires. He only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. 'Here am I,' says he,

'toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him, with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slyly would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!'

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains; and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated his wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered: he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the same place.

Now therefore it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he had was a broken mug. Digging still deeper he turns up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last after much digging he

came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. 'Here,' cried he, in raptures to himself, 'here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up.' Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined: she flew round his neck and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning therefore speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill—their only support, undermined and fallen.

APPENDIX

THACKERAY ON ADDISON

From Ch. XI of Thackeray's *History of Henry Esmond* (1852)

QUITTING the Guard-table on one sunny afternoon, when by chance Dick[1] had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-coloured suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance—at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The captain rushed up, then, to the student of the bookstall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

'My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?' cries the captain, still holding both his friend's hands; 'I have been languishing for thee this fortnight.'

'A fortnight is not an age, Dick,' says the other, very good-humouredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue.) 'And I have been hiding myself—where do you think?'

'What! not across the water,[2] my dear Joe?' says Steele, with a look of great alarm: 'thou knowest I have always——'

'No,' says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: 'we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack; will your honour come?'

[1] Sir Richard Steele. [2] i.e., not to escape his creditors.

'Harry Esmond, come hither,' cries out Dick. 'Thou hast heard me talk over and over again at my dearest Joe, my guardian angel.'

'Indeed,' says Mr. Esmond, with a bow, 'it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr. Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge, as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red-coat . . . "*O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen*"; shall I go on, sir?' says Mr. Esmond, who indeed had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

'This is Captain Esmond who was at Blenheim,' says Steele.

'Lieutenant Esmond,' says the other, with a low bow; 'at Mr. Addison's service.'

'I have heard of you,' says Mr. Addison, with a smile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the duchess.

'We were going to the "George", to take a bottle before the play,' says Steele; 'wilt thou be one, Joe?'

Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

'I shall get credit with my landlady,' says he, with a smile, 'when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair.' And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. 'My wine is better than my meat,' says Mr. Addison; 'my Lord Halifax sent me the burgundy.' And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and eat his simple dinner in a very few minutes, after which the three fell to, and began to drink. 'You see,' says Mr. Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map

of the action at Hochstedt,[1] and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, 'that I, too, am busy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign.'

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table, *aliquo mero*, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco-pipe, showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses, and Dick having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause. . . .

No matter what the verses were, and, to say truth, Mr. Esmond found some of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered, and in every line from Addison's pen, Steele found a master-stroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem, wherein the bard describes as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the Opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgelling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame—when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the Elector's country; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun: when Dick came to the lines—

> In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand
> With sword and fire, and ravages the land.
> In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
> A thousand villages to ashes turn.
> To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
> And mixed with bellowing herds confusedly bleat.

[1] The battle of Blenheim.

Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants found in every brake.
The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
Loath to obey his leader's just commands.
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
To see his just commands so well obeyed:

by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccuped out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

'I admire the licence of you poets,' says Esmond to Mr. Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) 'I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the Opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony, as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was' (by this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr. Esmond's head too),—'what a triumph you are celebrating? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere? You talk of the "listening soldier fixed in sorrow", the "leader's grief swayed by generous pity"; to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw those horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is—ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. Oh, sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so.'

BOSWELL ON GOLDSMITH

From Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1791), under the years 1763 and 1773

(*a*) *Goldsmith's 'singular character'*

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavour to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that 'though he made no great figure in mathematicks, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them.' He afterwards studied physick at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent; and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a news-paper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the author of *An Enquiry into the present State of polite Learning in Europe*, and of *The Citizen of the World*, a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage

as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. '*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*[1].' His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation[2]; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young

[1] See his Epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson.

[2] In allusion to this, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was 'an inspired idiot;' and Garrick described him as one

'———for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to me that he frequently heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man from that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it; and therefore Sir Joshua was convinced that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it indeed was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful. But with due deference to Sir Joshua's ingenuity, I think the conjecture too refined.

ladies[1] with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself[2].'

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinised; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham,[3] a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield*. But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. 'And, Sir, (said he,) a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller*; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after *The Traveller* had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money.'

[1] Miss Hornecks, one of whom is now married to Henry Bunbury, Esq., and the other to Colonel Gwyn.

[2] He went home with Mr. Burke to supper; and broke his shin by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets.

[3] I am willing to hope that there may have been some mistake as to this anecdote, though I had it from a Dignitary of the Church. Dr. Isaac Goldsmith, his near relation, was Dean of Cloyne, in 1747.

(b) Goldsmith's power of conversation

He said, 'Goldsmith should not be for ever attempting to shine in conversation: he has not temper for it, he is so much mortified when he fails. Sir, a game of jokes is composed partly of skill, partly of chance, a man may be beat at times by one who has not the tenth part of his wit. Now Goldsmith's putting himself against another, is like a man laying a hundred to one who cannot spare the hundred. It is not worth a man's while. A man should not lay a hundred to one, unless he can easily spare it, though he has a hundred chances for him: he can get but a guinea, and he may lose a hundred. Goldsmith is in this state. When he contends, if he gets the better, it is a very little addition to a man of his literary reputation: if he does not get the better, he is miserably vexed.'

Johnson's own superlative powers of wit set him above any risk of such uneasiness. Garrick had remarked to me of him, a few days before, 'Rabelais and all other wits are nothing compared with him. You may be diverted by them; but Johnson gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no.'

Goldsmith, however, was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in company with them one day, when Goldsmith said, that he thought he could write a good fable, mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and observed, that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. 'For instance, (said he), the fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, and envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill (continued he), consists in making them talk like little fishes.' While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, he observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded, 'Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES.'

NOTES

ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON was born in 1672. He was educated at Charterhouse and Queen's College, Oxford. In 1709 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. His writings up to that time had included a poem, 'The Campaign', in honour of the battle of Blenheim (1704). His friendship with Steele led to his contributing essays, from 1707 to 1712, to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. (Most of Addison's essays in the present book are from the latter.) In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick, and two years later retired from official duties on a handsome pension. He did not live long to enjoy married happiness, but—having suffered for long from asthma—died in 1719, aged fifty-seven. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

SIR ROGER AT HOME

Page 11, line 4. *Sir Roger de Coverley.* Addison describes him elsewhere as 'a gentleman of Worcestershire', who had a house also in London, in Soho Square. Various suggestions have been made as to the identity of the person on whom the character was based, but it is doubtful whether either Sir Roger or any other of the characters in the essays was drawn from one person.

A dance called 'Sir Roger de Coverley' used to be popular up to the time that the present type of ballroom dancing developed some twenty years ago. In one of the essays Addison pretends that this dance was invented by a great-grandfather of his imaginary knight. It was actually originated by the minstrels of a Sir Roger de Calverley in the reign of Richard I.

Sir Roger de Coverley is supposed to be a member of a 'Spectator Club' to which the essayist belongs, and after which the paper in which the essays appear is named. The essayist is 'Mr. Spectator', who announces his intention of

being a 'looker-on'. The title of the paper is said to have been suggested by Swift.

l. 9. *humour*. According to medieval physiology 'humours' were the four elements or fluids that entered into the composition of the body and determined a person's temperament. They were fire (which was hot and dry), air (hot and moist), water (cold and moist), and earth (cold and dry). So the element fire produced choler, air produced blood, water phlegm, and earth melancholy. A uniform mixture of these four 'humours' produced the perfect temperament. But normally the humours were blended in varying proportions: e.g. when air was the predominant humour in a man he had a ruddy complexion and his outlook on life was hopeful and enterprising.

So here *humour* means disposition, temperament. *Humorist* (p. 13, l. 1) is an eccentric, a queer person. *Humours* (p. 23, l. 30) means pleasantries, eccentricities.

l. 29. *pad*: horse, of easy paces.

P. 12, l. 12. *engages*: binds.

l. 29. *conversation*: behaviour.

P. 14, l. 7. *practical divinity*: theology applied to practical life.

WILL WIMBLE

P. 16, l. 6. *officious*: helpful.

l. 14. *setting dog*: setter.

l. 15. '*made*': trained.

P. 17, l. 15. *foiled it*: frustrated its attempts to escape.

l. 20. *quail-pipe*: a pipe with which the cry of a quail was imitated, to lure the birds into a net.

l. 29. *affairs*: serious matters in business or politics.

P. 18, l. 3. *humour*: idea, whim.

l. 16. *improper*: unsuitable.

l. 17. *turned*: suited.

AT CHURCH

P. 19, l. 11. *indifferent*: unimportant.

l. 21. *Change*: an alternative word for Exchange.

P. 20, l. 16. *singing psalms*: the psalms that were sung—as contrasted with those that were read.

P. 21, l. 18. *clerk's place*: the post of lay officer of a parish church.

l. 21. *incumbent*: holder of the clerk's post, now used only of a clergyman.

l. 31. *tithe-stealers*: persons who cheat the parson of some of the tithes, which were paid in kind.

l. 34. *his patron*: the squire, who presented him with his living.

SPORT AND EXERCISE

P. 23, l. 30. *humours*. See note to p. 11, l. 9.

P. 24, l. 9. *the spleen*: a melancholy disposition. We still talk of venting our 'spleen' upon somebody.

l. 11. *the vapours*: moods of depression: what we now call 'the blues'.

P. 25, l. 29. *The perverse widow*. In a previous essay in the *Spectator* Addison had given an account of a widow who refused the Knight's suit.

l. 31. *amours*: used here of a single love-affair.

P. 26, l. 7. *Dr. Sydenham*: a celebrated physician (d. 1689).

l. 9. *will see*: wishes to see.

l. 11. *Medicina Gymnastica*, by F. Fuller (1705).

l. 14. *dumb bell*. The modern form of dumb-bell is described in the next paragraph. The 'less laborious' exercise mentioned by Addison is taken with an apparatus like that used for ringing a church bell, but without the bell.

l. 23. *Latin treatise*: *Artis Gymnastica apud Antiquos* (1569), by an Italian who called himself Hieronymus Mercurialis.

WITCHES

P. 28, l. 14. *Lapland*. Matthew Arnold mentions the 'conjuring Lapps'. Lapland has always been famous for witchcraft.

P. 29, l. 9. *Otway*: Thomas Otway, the poet and dramatist (d. 1685). The passage is in 'The Orphan'.

P. 31, l. 2. *brought before him*. Witchcraft was still a criminal

offence, and within five years of the publication of this essay a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter of nine were hanged at Huntingdon for having sold their souls to the devil, and for having raised a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. The Act was repealed in 1736, but as late as 1751 an old woman was killed by the mob for being a witch.

THE ASSIZES

P. 32, l. 20. *Will Wimble.* See pp. 15–18.

l. 28. *within the Game Act.* By the Act in force at the time at which Addison was writing a man owning land worth £100 a year could take out a licence to kill game.

P. 33, l. 2. *shoots flying*: shoots at birds on the wing—an accomplishment that in Addison's time was still comparatively rare.

l. 3. *petty jury*: the 'small jury' (of twelve members), which decides the guilt or innocence of a person in criminal trials, as distinguished from the 'grand jury', which decides first whether there is enough evidence to send the person on trial to the petty jury.

l. 8. *the widow.* See note to p. 25, l. 29.

l. 14. *cast*: defeated in a lawsuit.

l. 16. *willow tree.* The willow tree has always been considered an emblem of grief. Cp. Desdemona's song in *Othello* (IV. iii):

> The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
> Sing all a green willow;
> Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
> Sing willow, willow, willow . . .

l. 28. *upon a round trot*: setting forth their case vehemently.

P. 35, l. 20. *aggravation of the features*: touching up the face to give it a fiercer expression.

GIPSIES

P. 38, l. 9. *Cassandra.* Cassandra, daughter of Priam, King of Troy, was fated to prophesy truly but never to be believed. 'A Cassandra' is, therefore, an unheeded prophetess.

P. 39, l. 20. *hackney-boat.* 'Hackney'='plying for hire'.

SIR ROGER IN TOWN

P. 41, l. 11. *Gray's Inn Walks.* Gray's Inn is on the north side of Holborn. The walks used to be a fashionable promenade.

l. 15. *Prince Eugene*: a celebrated Austrian general who helped Marlborough to defeat the French at Blenheim and elsewhere.

l. 20. *Eugenio.* As Prince of Savoy he used the Italian form of his name, Eugenio, for his signature.

l. 22. *Scanderbeg*: Prince of Albania, who resisted the westward advance of the Turks in the fifteenth century.

P. 42, l. 9. *made*: delivered.

l. 13. *merks.* A merk or mark was not a coin but an amount, as guinea is now. It was worth 13*s.* 4*d.*

l. 17. *tobacco-stopper*: a plug to press down the tobacco in the bowl of a pipe.

l. 23. *Tom Touchy.* See p. 33.

l. 28. *Moll White.* See pp. 29–31.

P. 43, l. 6. *hogs-puddings*: a sort of big sausage, made of minced pork.

l. 21. *smutting*: playing a trick, the victim of which was made unconsciously to blacken his own face.

l. 26. *the late act*: the Act of Occasional Uniformity (1710), which strengthened the Test Act of 1673.

l. 31. *plumb-porridge*: porridge containing prunes, raisins, and currants—a dish now superseded by plum pudding. Strict dissenters would object to celebrating Christmas by eating special dishes.

l. 34. *the club.* See note to p. 11, l. 4.

P. 44, l. 8. *the Pope's procession*: an annual Whig demonstration on November 17 against the Church of Rome.

l. 11. *Prince Eugenio*: see notes to p. 41, l. 15 and l. 20.

l. 19. *Baker's Chronicle*: *A Chronicle of the Kings of England*, by Sir Richard Baker (d. 1645).

l. 32. *a paper of tobacco*: a leaf of tobacco.

VAUXHALL GARDENS

P. 47, l. 1. *Vauxhall Gardens*: with this essay compare Goldsmith's 'An Evening at Vauxhall', pp. 129–35.

l. 3. *Spectator*. See par. 3 of note to p. 11, l. 4.

l. 4. *bounces*: knocks.

l. 10. *Spring Garden*. Vauxhall Gardens, a famous pleasure resort on the south of the Thames, opened in 1661 and closed in 1859. It was first called 'The New Spring Gardens' because it replaced a former place of entertainment called 'Spring Gardens', adjoining St. James's Park.

l. 20. *the Temple Stairs*: the landing stairs in the grounds of the Temple. In the eighteenth century the Thames was very much used for travelling from one part of London to another.

l. 28. *bate him*: let him off.

P. 48, l. 4. *Fauxhall*: or 'Fox Hall' or 'Falkes Hall', which became 'Vauxhall' (Gardens).

l. 6. *La Hogue*: the battle in which the French were defeated by the English and the Dutch in 1692.

l. 13. *London Bridge*: the old bridge built in the thirteenth century, which was replaced in 1825 by the one now standing.

l. 15. *seven wonders of the world*. They were: the Pyramids; the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon; the tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus; the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Colossus of Rhodes; the statue of Jupiter at Olympia; the Pharos at Alexandria.

l. 22. *on this side*: i.e. west of Temple Bar, and therefore outside the City.

l. 34. *Knight of the shire*: Member of Parliament for the county.

P. 49, l. 3. *It*: his custom of 'saluting'.

l. 8. *put*: strange creature.

l. 11. *a Middlesex Justice*: a magistrate in Middlesex (instead of in Worcestershire).

l. 19. *the loose tribe*, &c.: women of light morals—whom Mr. Spectator likens to the houris that in Mohammedan belief frequent Paradise.

l. 30. *a mask*: a woman wearing a mask.

P. 50, l. 1. *the widow*. See note to p. 25, l. 29.

l. 4. *hung*: what we should call 'salt beef'.

l. 12. *member of the Quorum*: county justice or magistrate. The phrase arose because the Latin word 'quorum' (of whom) was prominent in the commission of appointment.

GHOSTS

P. 51, l. 11. *Psalms*: cxlvii. 9—'He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.'

P. 52, l. 12. *Locke*: John Locke, the philosopher (1632–1704). The reference is to his *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

l. 13. *curious*: minutely careful or detailed. Shakespeare has a 'curious mantle', a 'curious tale'.

by the prejudice: through the influence.

P. 53, l. 3. *by that means*: on that account.

l. 15. *exorcised*. To-day this word would be applied only to the spirits, which are expelled by invocation, not to the place from which they are expelled.

ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

P. 54, l. 9. *become*: adapt oneself suitably to.

l. 10. *rallied*: made fun of, chaffed.

l. 31. *Sir Francis Drake*. Drake on many occasions plundered the Spanish ships carrying silver from Peru to Spain. As Drake died in 1596 the shilling would be more than a hundred years old.

P. 55, l. 23. *sack*: the name given to certain wines that were imported from Spain and the Canaries. It was the favourite drink of Sir John Falstaff.

l. 24. *herb-woman*. Herbs were extensively used as drugs before the days of patent medicines.

l. 32. *Templar*: a law student, or a lawyer, attached to one of the Inns of Court, which are situated in the Temple, on the site of the establishment of the Knights Templar in the Middle Ages.

l. 33. *Westminster Hall*: where the Law Courts were at the time of Addison, and until 1882.

P. 56, l. 9. *civil wars*: between Charles I and the Parliament.

l. 10. *raising soldiers*. When a man enlists he receives a shilling from the recruiting sergeant.

l. 24. *by virtue . . .* A testator who disinherited his heir would leave him a shilling to show that he had not 'cut him off' inadvertently.

l. 27. *squirred*: threw.

l. 29. *dead wall*: blank wall, one without door or gate or window.

l. 31. *the king's return*: the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, when Charles II returned to England as king.

P. 57, l. 4. *monstrous pair of breeches*. The Puritans wore very wide knickerbockers. Another explanation is that this is an allusion to the appearance of the shields on the coins of the Commonwealth.

l. 15. *break*: become ruined or bankrupt. Cp. the slang 'dead broke'.

l. 20. *an artist*: the person who reminted the coin.

l. 25. *groat*: the now obsolete fourpenny piece.

P. 58, l. 2. *change of sex*. This presumably would be when Anne came to the throne in 1702.

l. 11. '*The Splendid Shilling*': a poem by John Philips (d. 1709), burlesquing Milton's style.

FROZEN SOUNDS

P. 59, l. 7. *Sir John Mandeville*. In the fourteenth century there appeared a book of travels, in French, that professed to have been written by a 'Sir John Mandeville'—probably a fictitious name. It was actually a compilation of the works of earlier writers, and the travels that it recounts are fiction rather than fact.

l. 10. *Pinto*: a Portuguese traveller in the East (d. 1583).

l. 29. *an extract of Sir John's journal*. What follows is a parody. The idea of frozen sounds was not an invention by

Addison, but had appeared in several earlier writers: e.g. in Rabelais and the *Surprising Adventures* of Baron Münchausen.

P. 60, l. 2. *Hudibras*: a satire in verse by Samuel Butler (d. 1680).

l. 3. *abstracted*: abstract.

l. 33. *Nec vox . . .* Neither voice nor words follow.

P. 62, l. 2. *Wapping*: a shipping district, on the north bank of the Thames; the water-front of the Pool of London.

l. 9. *at speaking*: modern idiom—'to speak'.

l. 16. *Et timide . . .* And timidly he attempts again to go on with the talk that had been interrupted.

P. 63, l. 5. *who*: the members of which.

l. 9. *giving*: changing (to mildness).

l. 15. *kit*: small fiddle.

l. 23. *et tuer le temps*: and to kill time.

THE GREAT SHOW

P. 64, l. 20. *the lions*: kept in the Tower of London.

P. 65, l. 1. *raree-show*: what we should call a 'peep-show'. Cp. Goldsmith's 'man with the box', p. 109, l. 34.

l. 2. *posture-man*: acrobat.

moving picture. In Strutt's *Sport and Pastimes* there is an account of 'moving pictures'. In Queen Anne's reign a show was exhibited at 'The great house in the Strand, over against the Globe Tavern'. It was advertised as 'the greatest piece of curiosity that ever arrived in England, being made by a famous engineer from the camp before Lisle'. The pictures were probably similar to those frequently seen in clock-cases, &c., and were flat painted images moving upon a flat surface. The camps and armies were represented, together with the city and the citadel, the English forces commanded by the Duke of Marlborough, 'besides abundance more admirable curiosities too tedious to be inserted here'.

l. 4. *expedition of Alexander*: against King Darius III of Persia. His first expedition was in 334 B.C.; his second, when he completely defeated the Persians, three years later.

l. 5. *Delphi*: a town in ancient Greece famous for its oracle of Apollo.

l. 13. *Statira*: daughter of Darius, King of Persia, whom Alexander married.

l. 14. *Quintus Curtius*: the historian of Alexander the Great.

l. 32. *King Porus*: an Indian king whom Alexander defeated in 327 B.C. In the decisive battle Porus was said to be mounted on an elephant. After the battle Alexander and Porus became friends.

P. 66, l. 2. *Bucephalus*: Alexander the Great's charger.

P. 67, l. 5. *factory*: the agency of British merchants. In Scotland an agent in charge of landed property is still called a 'factor'.

l. 27. *articles*: a legal agreement.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

P. 69, l. 1. *Mirza*: a Persian title of honour.

l. 4. *The Visions of Mirza.* The allegory that follows is a composition by Addison.

P. 70, l. 2. *genius*: an Eastern 'djinn' or spirit.

P. 71, l. 5. *threescore and ten*: corresponding to the proverbial seventy years of the life of man. See Psalm xc. 10.

l. 22. *very thick at the entrance.* The infant mortality was very great in the eighteenth century.

P. 72, l. 12. *some with scimitars*: soldiers, executioners, &c.

P. 74, l. 1. *mansions*: resting-places. In its early use the word had no implication of splendour or size. Cp. John xiv. 2, and see a similar use by Goldsmith on p. 104, l. 34.

GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in Ireland in 1728. He took his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied medicine at Edinburgh University, but practised as a doctor for only two short snatches. In 1755 he wandered on the Continent for a year, and returned to London in destitution. Throughout his life he was extravagant when he had earned money; and when not spending he often had to drudge at hack-work. He contributed to magazines, and he issued a periodical

called *The Bee*. In 1761 he began contributing a number of essays called 'Persian Letters' to the *Public Ledger*, which with additions were published in 1762 under the title of *The Citizen of the World*. (Most of Goldsmith's essays in the present selection are taken from this.) Later there appeared his famous novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*; his poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, the former of which was highly praised by Dr. Johnson, who befriended him; and his plays, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good Natur'd Man*, which were produced at Covent Garden Theatre. He did not marry. He died in 1774, in debt. He was buried in the Temple Church, and a monument to him was erected in Westminster Abbey.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON

P. 75, l. 3. *Friend of my Heart.* This and the subsequent letters (from *The Citizen of the World*) are supposed to be from a Chinaman, Lien Chi Altangi, while residing in London, 1759–61. This one is addressed to a merchant friend in Amsterdam.

P. 76, l. 6. *Mogul Tartary*: Eastern Turkestan.

P. 77, l. 11. *machines*: carts.

l. 17. *piece of painting.* The allusion can be only to shops, with their sign-boards.

P. 78, l. 2. *Fipsihi*: to be forwarded by him to China.

ENGLISH FASHIONS

P. 79, l. 2. *guide of my youth.* This letter is addressed to Fum Hoam, at Pekin. All those that follow it are addressed either to this person or to the writer's son.

P. 80, l. 31. *nose-borers.* A slip by Goldsmith, for the Chinese do not bore their noses.

P. 81, l. 6. *the Jewish champion*: Samson.

l. 9. *to borrow hair.* In Goldsmith's time the wearing of wigs over one's own hair had long been in fashion. (The use to-day of wigs by judges and barristers in courts of law is a survival of this habit.)

l. 15. *those I am going to describe.* It was becoming the custom for men of fashion, instead of wearing wigs, to have their own hair dressed and powdered.

l. 22. *tail.* A tail of hair, fastened to the head, was a fashion that combined the wearing of false hair and the powdering of one's own hair. Later in the century men wore their own hair in a queue.

P. 82, l. 30. *Black patches* of plaster were worn both by men and women of fashion.

P. 83, l. 12. *toad-eater*: toady, i.e. the lady's maid.

ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS

P. 85, l. 7. *invasion.* There were fears of invasion by the French during the Seven Years' War (1756–63).

P. 86, l. 11. *coffee-house.* Coffee-houses were popular meeting places for persons of every sort of interest—political, religious, literary, commercial, &c.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

P. 90, l. 23. *got by the self-delusion*: as they profited by the rich gentleman's self-delusion that he was great.

P. 91, l. 1. *poets' corner.* Of the poets mentioned, Pope only had been buried during Goldsmith's lifetime. (Matthew Prior, 1664–1721; Michael Drayton, 1563–1631; Alexander Pope, 1688–1744.) Pope was not given burial in Westminster Abbey: he was buried at Twickenham Church.

l. 6. *time enough . . . these hundred years.* Thus Shakespeare died in the reign of James I: the statue to him was erected in the Abbey in the reign of George II. Milton died in 1674: his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey in 1737.

P. 93, l. 5. *a lady who died*: Lady Elizabeth Russell.

l. 6. *a king with a golden head.* The oak figure of Henry V was originally plated with silver, and the head, now missing, is said to have been of solid silver.

l. 8. *an old oak chair*: made in the time of Edward I to enclose the old coronation-stone called Jacob's Pillow, which was brought from Scotland.

l. 25. *Gobi*: a desert in Central Asia. Marco Polo, who visited it about 1273, said it was haunted by spirits that made strange noises and called travellers by their names.

l. 29. *General Monk*, created Duke of Albemarle, was largely instrumental in bringing about the Restoration.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN IN BLACK

P. 95, l. 1. *The Man in Black* was introduced in the letter on Westminster Abbey (see p. 88, l. 23). There is no doubt from what we know of Goldsmith that the salient characteristics of the personage he is here describing were drawn by him from his idea of his own character.

l. 7. *a humorist*: used in the now obsolete sense of a 'whimsical person'. See note to p. 11, l. 9.

l. 30. *parish house*: workhouse.

P. 97, l. 19. *private ship of war*: privateer, i.e. an armed private vessel authorized by the Government to be used against hostile nations.

l. 29. *matches*. These would be the old sulphur matches, which were ignited from a tinder-box.

THE STORY OF THE MAN IN BLACK

P. 99, l. 12. *my history*. See note to p. 95, l. 1. Though the character of the Man in Black, as it is described in this letter, continues to be based on that of Goldsmith, the similarity between the two must not be taken to extend too closely throughout to the actual events in Drybone's account of himself.

l. 16. *My father*. Goldsmith's father was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, who came of a good family. He is the prototype of the vicar in *The Vicar of Wakefield* and of the country preacher in *The Deserted Village*.

l. 24. *the story of the ivy tree*. This and the two other anecdotes have not been traced.

P. 100, l. 10. *the 'human face divine'*. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 44.

P. 101, l. 25. *bonze*: Buddhist priest.

P. 103, l. 19. *scrivener*: broker, or money-lender.

P. 104, l. 34. *mansion*. See note to p. 74, l. 1.

P. 105, l. 19. *Tacitus*: the Roman historian, who lived in the first century.

P. 106, l. 16. *a rich widow*. See p. 129, l. 17.

THE ENGLISH LOVE OF WONDERS

P. 108, l. 10. *lusus naturæ*: a freak of nature.

l. 13. *Cracovius Putridus*: an invention by Goldsmith.

P. 109, l. 4. *aerial genius*: spirit of the air.

l. 33. *wonderful dog of knowledge*: performing dog.

l. 34. *the man with the box*. See note on 'raree-show', p. 65, l. 1.

P. 110, l. 18. *to whistle double*: to play chords on a wind-instrument, similar to 'double-stopping' on a violin.

BEAU TIBBS IN THE PARK

P. 112, l. 26. *squeezed a lemon*: when making punch.

l. 31. *poaching*: running after other men's wives.

P. 113, l. 23. *asafœtida*: a strong-smelling resinous gum, used as a flavouring in cooking.

BEAU TIBBS AT HOME

P. 115, l. 9. *temple-spectacles*: the name given to the first type of spectacles that had hinged side-pieces, grasping the temples, introduced in the middle of the eighteenth century.

P. 116, l. 7. *Creolian*: Creole.

l. 17. *Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs*. Goldsmith must have fancied this collocation of names, for in *The Vicar of Wakefield* one of the two flashy women from town who are introduced to the vicar by Squire Thornhill is named 'Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs'.

P. 118, l. 21. *Grisoni*: an Italian painter of portraits and historical subjects (d. 1769).

keeping: harmony.

l. 25. *mechanical*: vulgar.

l. 31. *the Gardens*: Vauxhall Gardens. See the essay by Addison, 'Vauxhall Gardens', pp. 47–50.

l. 32. *of the horns*: of hearing the French horns played.

THE PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER

P. 123, l. 8. *ran in score*: ran up debts. A 'score' is a notch or mark made for the purpose of keeping an account or reckoning. Cp. to pay one's 'score', to pay off old 'scores'.

ON MAD DOGS

P. 124, l. 29. *flat-bottomed boat*: to be used for transporting soldiers to invade England. See note to p. 85, l. 7.

P. 125, l. 12. *mad dogs*. At the very time that this letter appeared, in 1760, there was a scare of hydrophobia in London. A muzzling order was issued and all stray dogs were destroyed.

l. 27. *trying witches*. Cf. p. 31, ll. 1–6.

P. 126, l. 6. *neutral . . . calamities*: the general sense is: 'As I am a foreigner my mind is not subject to these fears of calamity that exist in the imaginations of persons under the influence of this scare of mad dogs.'

l. 17. *dipped in the salt water*: as a cure for a bite.

P. 127, l. 11. *smothered between two beds*. Presumably semi-suffocation was prescribed as a remedy.

P. 128, l. 18. *one of the English poets*. Goldsmith quotes loosely from the play *Venice Preserved*, by Thomas Otway (d. 1585).

AN EVENING AT VAUXHALL

P. 129, l. 5. *a Garden*: Vauxhall Gardens. See Addison's essay, pp. 47–50.

l. 14. *stockings rolled*: with the tops turned over and rolled up—a species of foppery akin to the wearing of 'temple-spectacles'.

l. 17. *a pawnbroker's widow*. See p. 106, l. 16.

l. 24. *aversion to the water*. See note to p. 47, l. 20.

P. 130, l. 3. *Thames Street and Crooked Lane*: far from fashionable streets in the City.

l. 16. *the visionary happiness*: i.e. the idea of Paradise.

l. 17. *the Arabian lawgiver*: Mohammed, the founder of the Moslem religion (d. 632).

l. 18. *Confucius*: the Chinese philosopher (d. 478 B.C.).

l. 29. *the water-works*: a landscape in perspective, with a mill-wheel and a waterfall.

P. 132, l. 8. *green goose*: gosling; a goose killed under four months old and eaten without stuffing.

l. 29. *dressing*: cooking.

P. 133, l. 5. *smacked at*: smacked her lips at.

l. 10. *painting of the box*. The artists who had decorated the supper-boxes included Hogarth (d. 1764): so the widow's taste in pictures was sound enough.

P. 135, l. 9. *the horns*. See note to p. 118, l. 32.

THE CORONATION

P. 136, l. 2. *the young king's coronation*. This essay appeared some months before the coronation of George III in 1761.

l. 16. *the little beau*: Beau Tibbs, of the previous essays.

l. 23. *bugles*: glass beads sewn on dress.

spun glass. The editors have been unable to discover how this was used at the time.

l. 24. *Garter . . . Rouge Dragon*, &c. Titles of heraldic officials: Garter (Garter-King), representative of the premier order of nobility; Clarencieux, the second King of Arms; Rouge Dragon and Blue Mantle, Pursuivants of the College of Arms.

l. 28. *Champion of England*: an official at coronations who challenges all who should deny the sovereign's title to the throne. The complete ceremony described by Goldsmith has fallen into abeyance.

P. 137, l. 32. *Albert Durer*: a German engraver (d. 1528).

P. 138, l. 17. *sacque*: loose gown.

l. 18. *frenched*: dressed in the French fashion.

l. 21. *Largess*: a call by the heralds. Originally an appeal for a gift from the sovereign.

l. 26. *one man putting on another man's hat*: the Archbishop of Canterbury crowning the King.

l. 31. *says Bacon*: a loose version of Bacon's words, in his essay 'Of Masques and Triumphs': 'Better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost'.

l. 34. *tirewomen*: women employed to dress another; lady's maids.

P. 139, l. 11. *a sumptuary law*: a law to limit private expenditure.

P. 140, l. 18. *Gules*: the heraldic term for 'red'. So 'Rouge Dragon' (see note to p. 136, l. 24).

l. 21. *a Lady's tail*: the train of a peeress's dress.

l. 26. *Fum Hoam*. See note to p. 79, l. 2.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

P. 142, l. 10. *Osiris*: the god of the dead in the religion of ancient Egypt; sometimes identified with the sun.

Isis: wife of Osiris; the goddess of Nature; sometimes identified with the moon.

l. 17. *the Mansion House*: the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London.

l. 26. *Kentish Town*: to-day a densely populated district; in Goldsmith's time a hamlet in rural surroundings.

P. 143, l. 21. *turnpike gate*: set across the road to stop carts, and sometimes pedestrians, till toll was paid.

l. 27. *Islington*: now an integral part of London.

P. 144, l. 3. *White Conduit House*: a tea-house and garden, popular in Goldsmith's time.

l. 10. *Pancrass*: St. Pancras. Goldsmith's etymology is fanciful.

l. 13. *meo arbitrio*: in my judgement.

P. 145, l. 1. *county of Kent*. Goldsmith again can scarcely be serious. Kentish Town is in the north-west of London.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS

P. 146, l. 4. *when united*: when elephants and beavers respectively are together with their own kind.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER

P. 152, l. 20. *Merry Andrew*: clown.

Bartholomew Fair: a famous pleasure-fair, so called because it opened on Bartholomew's Day (August 12). It was instituted in the twelfth century, and lasted till the middle of the nineteenth.

l. 32. *to be my three halfpence*: to share out half.

P. 153, l. 29. *Calvert's . . . Sedgeley's*: two firms of brewers.

P. 157, l. 6. *the Mirabels*: 'Mirabel' is a name given to more than one character—generally of a roistering disposition—in comedies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

l. 7. *grig*: grasshopper, typical of liveliness.

P. 159, l. 31. *King Bajazet*: in Rowe's *Tamerlane* (1702). This play was revived annually for more than a hundred years on the date of William III's landing. In it William III is represented as Tamerlane, and Louis XIV as Bajazet.

l. 33. *jack-chain*: the chain of a roasting-jack. ('Jack' because used in roasting jacks, i.e. young pike.)

P. 161, l. 19. *Sir Harry Wildair*: an amusing character in *The Constant Couple*, by Farquhar (d. 1707).

P. 162, l. 12. *broke my cudgel*, &c.: in *The Constant Couple*.

THE STORY OF WHANG THE MILLER

P. 163, l. 3. *Fortune without sight.* Both Bacon (in his essay 'Of Fortune') and Shakespeare (in *Henry V*) represent Fortune as blind. Fluellen explains to Pistol thus: 'Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind.'

l. 21. *personize*: represent as a person, personify.

P. 164, l. 15. *stood for*: was godfather to.

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