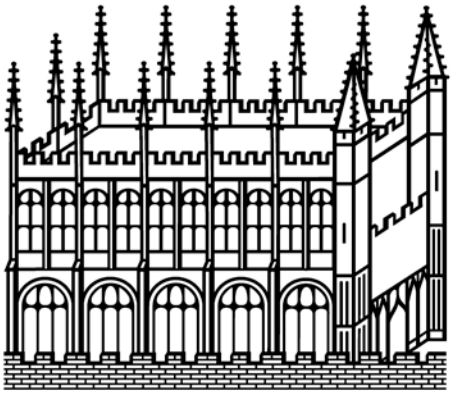

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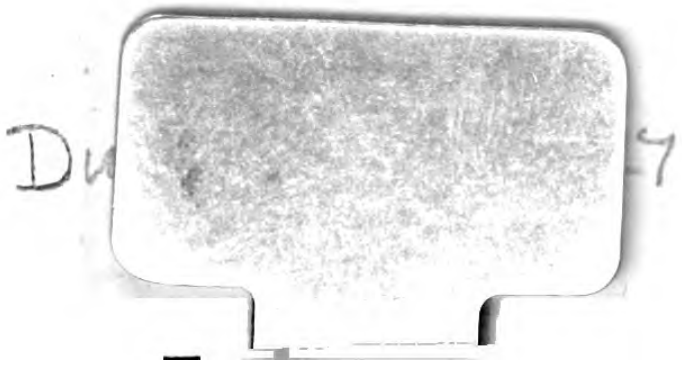

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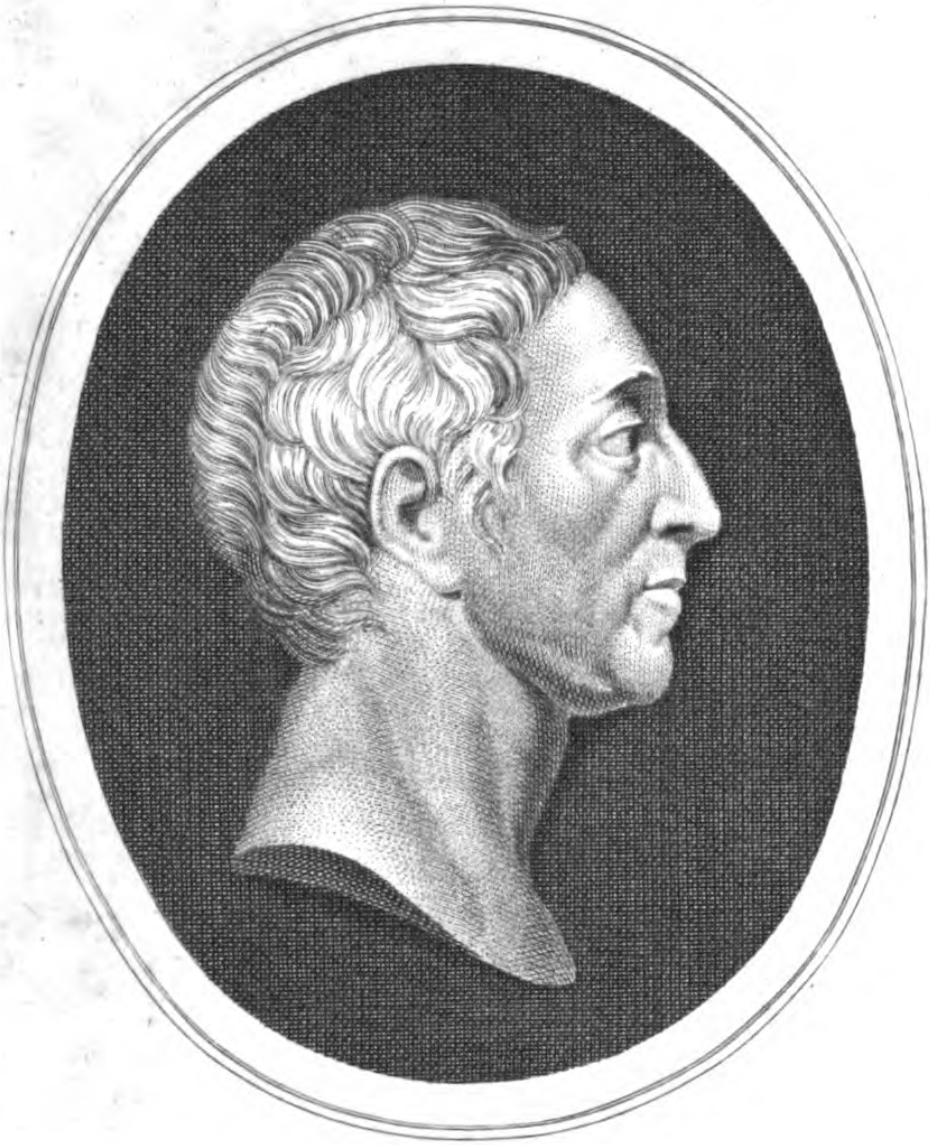

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PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

London Published Sep.r 1 1802 by Longman & Rees. Paternoster Row.

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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THE WORLD.

——Facta est immensi copia Mundi.—Ovid.

N° 53——104.

THE WORLD.

No. 53. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1754.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

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

For this reason I take all the pains I can to be understood but one way. And indeed, were I to publish nothing in these papers, but what I write myself, I should be very little apprehensive of double constructions. But, it seems, I have not been sufficiently guarded against the subtilties of my correspondents. Amanda's letter in my last paper has been discovered to be a manifest design to remove the lace-trade from Ludgate-hill to Duke's-court. Some people make no conscience of declaring that I am the author of it myself, and that

I received a considerable bribe for writing it. Others are of opinion that it is the production of a very pretty journey-woman in Duke's-court, who is entering into partnership with her mistress in the lace-trade, and has taken this method to bring custom to the shop. But whoever is the writer of this letter, or whatever was the design of it, all people are agreed that the effect is certain; it being very observable that the virtuous women have been seen, for this week past, to crowd to the lace-shops in Duke's-court, and that scarcely half a dozen of them have appeared upon Ludgate-hill since they were apprized by this paper that such a person as AMANDA was known to be housed there.

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

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

'SIR,

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

'I am, SIR,

'*Your humble servant,*

'REBECCA BLAMELESS.'

CHEAPSIDE, *Dec.* 29th, 1753.'

'Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

'I beg that you will do me the justice to inform the public that I have not had a lying-in in my house, since I was brought to bed of my fourteenth child, which is five years ago next Lady-day; and that the young woman who has assisted me in the lace-trade for these last three months, is not called Amanda, but Lucretia. I am,

'*Your very humble servant,*

'WINNEFRED BOBBIN.'

'LUDGATE-HILL, *Dec. 30th,* 1753.'

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

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

It is a maxim among the people called Quakers (and a very laudable one it is) not to suffer a convicted and open knave to be one of their body. They have a particular ceremony, by which they expel him their community: and though he may continue to profess the opinions of Quakerism, they

look upon him to be no member of their church, and no otherwise a brother, than as every man is descended from one common father.

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

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

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

Nothing can so strongly convince me of the truth of these female friendships, as the arguments which shallow and superficial men have thought proper to

bring against them. They tell us that no handsome woman ever said a civil thing of one as handsome as herself: but, on the contrary, that it is always the delight of both to lessen the beauty and to detract from the reputations of each other.

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

The same discreet behaviour is observed by almost every lady in her affairs with a man. If she would express her approbation of him, the phrase is, 'What a ridiculous animal!' When approbation is grown into love, it is, 'Lord, how I detest him!' But when she rises to a solemn declaration of, 'I'll die a thousand deaths rather than give him my consent,' we are then sure that the settlements are drawing, or that she has packed up her clothes, and

intends leaping into his arms without any ceremony whatsoever.

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

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

No. 54. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1754.

Hoc novum est aucupium——
Postremo imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari. Is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus.
TER.

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

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

In those times, when talking was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jesters were the usual retainers in great families: but now, so total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug,

and will fetch no money at all, except in the single instance of an election. Riches, birth, and honours, assert their privileges by the opposite quality to SILENCE; insomuch, that many of the great estates and mansion-houses in this kingdom seem at present to be held by the tenure of perpetual TALKING. Fools and jesters must be useless in families, where the master is no more ashamed of exposing his wit at his table to his guests and servants, than his drunkenness to his constituents. This revolution has obtained so generally all over Europe, that at this day a little dwarf of the king of Poland, who creeps out after dinner from under the trees of the desert, and utters impertinences to every man at table, is talked of at other courts as a singularity.

Happy was it for the poor TALKERS of those days that so great a revolution was brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it easy enough to turn the writers at Constantinople into printers, and believe it possible to make a chimney-sweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gamester a politician, a fine lady a stock-jobber, or a blockhead a connoisseur, I can have no idea of so strange a metamorphosis as that of a TALKER into a HEARER. That HEARERS, however, have arisen in later times to answer in some degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in most families, under the various denominations of cousin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of these characters frequently officiates in the post of HEARER, it will be a great mistake if a HEARER should imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praise of musty venison, or a greasy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain commend prickt-wine, or any other liquors, such as the French call *Chasse-cousin*, the HEARER

must submit to be poisoned in SILENCE. When the cousin is appealed to for the length of a fox-chace, and out-lies his patron; when the squire of the fens declares he has no dirt near his house, and the cousin swears it is a hard gravel for five miles round; or when the hill improver asserts that he never saw his turf burn before, and turning short, says, 'Did you, cousin?' in such cases as these the answers may give a dangerous example: for if a raw whelp of a HEARER should happen to give his tongue, he will be rated and corrected like a puppy.

The great duty therefore of this office is SILENCE; and I could prove the high antiquity of it by the Tyros of the Pythagorean school, and the ancient worship of Harpocrates, the tutelary deity of this sect. Pythagoras bequeathed to his scholars that celebrated rule, which has never yet been rightly understood, 'Worship, or rather study, the echo;' evidently intending thereby to inculcate, that HEARERS should observe, that an echo never puts in a word till the SPEAKER comes to a pause. A great and comprehensive lesson! but being, perhaps, too concise for the instruction of vulgar minds, it may be necessary to descend more minutely into particular hints and cautions.

A HEARER must not be drowsy: for nothing perplexes a TALKER like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue: and I have known a French TALKER rise up and hold open the eye-lids of a Dutch HEARER with his finger and thumb.

He must not squint: for no lover is so jealous as a true TALKER, who will be perpetually watching the motion of the eyes, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

A HEARER must not be a seer of sights: he must let a hare pass as quietly as an ox; and never in-

terrupt narration, by crying out at sight of a highwayman or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine, who lived with a maiden aunt, lost a good legacy by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and six, which he first discovered at the end of the avenue, and announced as a most acceptable hearing to the pride of the family: but it happened unluckily to be at the very time that the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A HEARER must not have a weak head: for though the TALKER may like he should drink with him, he does not chuse he should fall under the table till himself is speechless.

He must not be a news-monger: because times past have already furnished the head of his patron with all the ideas he chuses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, a HEARER must not be a wit. I remember one of this profession being told by a gentleman, who to do him justice was a very good seaman, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked, 'if it was by Shrewsbury clock?' It happened the person so interrogated had not read Shakspeare: which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

But here we must observe that SILENCE, in the opinion of a TALKER, is not merely a suppression of the action of the tongue; it is also necessary that every muscle of the face and member of the body should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the TALKER communicates through the ear.

A HEARER therefore must not have the fidgets: he must not start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not snuff with his

nostrils if he smell fire; because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

There are many more hints which I should be desirous of communicating for the benefit of beginners, if I was not afraid of making my paper too long to be properly read and considered within the compass of a week, in which the greatest part of every morning is necessarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair-cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I shall therefore say a word or two to the TALKERS, and hasten to a conclusion.

And here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the just rights which these gentlemen have over their own officers and domestics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to consider that it is expected the talk of the day should be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they severally possess, or the number of stars annexed to their names in the list printed from the public funds: that HEARING is an involuntary tribute, which is paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increasing in proportion to the riches of the person taxed: that it is a false argument for a TALKER to say to a jaded audience he will tell a story that is true, great, or excellent; for when a man has eat of the first and second course till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by assuring him the plate you offer is one of the best *entremets* LE GRANGE ever made.

No. 55. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1754

———*Extinctus amabitur.* Hor.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am one of those benevolent persons, who having no land of their own, and not being free of any one corporation, like true citizens of the world, turn all their thoughts to the good of the public, and are known by the general name of projectors. All the good I ever did or thought of, was for the public. My sole anxiety has been for the security, health, revenue, and credit of the public, nor did I ever think of paying any debts in my whole life, except those of the public. This public spirit, you already suppose, has been most amply rewarded; and perhaps suspect that I am going to trouble you with an ostentatious boast of the public money I have touched; or that I am devising some artful evasion of an inquiry into the method by which I amassed it. On the contrary, I must assure you that I have carried annually the fruits of twelve months deep thought to the treasury, pay-office, and victualling-office, without having brought from any one of those places the least return of treasure, pay or victuals. At the admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to see a man with the dullest project in the world admitted to the board, with no other preference than that of being a stranger, while I have been kept shivering in the court.

After this short history of myself, it is time I

should communicate the project I have to propose for your particular consideration.

My proposal is, that a new office be erected in this metropolis, and called the EXTINGUISHING OFFICE. In explaining the nature of this OFFICE, I shall endeavour to convince you of its extraordinary utility: and that the scope and intent of it may be perfectly understood, I beg leave to be indulged in making a few philosophical remarks.

There is no observation more just or common in experience, than that every thing excellent in nature or art has a certain fixed point of perfection, proper to itself, which it cannot transgress without losing much of its beauty, or acquiring some blemish.

The period which time puts to all mortal things is brought about by an imperceptible decay; and whatever is once past the crisis of maturity, affords only the melancholy prospect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to its dissolution.

We inconsiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we say, in the bloom of his glory; and yet confess it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey, and the duke of Marlborough, if fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

Instead of quoting a multitude of Latin verses, I refer you to that part of the tenth satire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity: but I must desire particularly to remind you of the following passage:

Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas.——

It is to a mature reflection on the sense of this passage that I owe the greatest thought which ever entered the brain of a projector: and I doubt not, if I could once establish the OFFICE in question, of

being able to strike out from this hint a certain method of practice that would be as beneficial to mankind, as it would be new and extraordinary.

It has been the usual custom, when old Generals have worn out their bodies by the toils of many glorious campaigns, Beauties their complexions by the fatigues of exhibiting their persons, or Patriots their constitutions by the heat of the house, to send them to some purer air abroad, or to Kensington Gravel-pits at home: but as there is nothing so justly to be dreaded as the chance of surviving good fame, I am for sending all such persons in the zenith of their glory to the fens in Essex.

As it is with man himself, so likewise shall we find it with every thing that proceeds from him. His plans are great, just, and noble; worthy the divine image he bears. His progression and execution, *to a certain point*, answerable to his designs; but beyond it, all is weakness, deformity, and disgrace. To be assured of this point, it is as necessary to consult another, as the sick man his physician to know the crisis of his distemper: but whom to apply to, is the important question. A friend is of all men living the most unfit, because good counsel and sincere advice are known to produce an immediate dissolution of all social connexions. The necessity of a new OFFICE is therefore evident; which OFFICE I propose shall be hereafter executed by commission, but first (by way of trial) by a single person, invested with proper powers, and universally acknowledged by the style and title of SWORN EXTINGUISHER. To explain the functions of this person, I shall relate to you the accident which furnished the first hint for what I am now offering to your perusal.

Whenever I have been so happy as to be master of a candle, I have observed that though it has

burnt with great brightness to a certain point, yet the moment that the flame has reached that point, it has become less and less bright, rising and falling with great inequalities, till at last it has expired in a most intolerable stink. In other families, where poverty is not the directress, the candle lives and dies without leaving any ill odour behind it; and this by the well-timed application of a machine called an EXTINGUISHER.

It is the use of this machine that I am desirous of extending: and what confirmed me in the project was my happening one Sunday to drop into a church, where the top of the pulpit was a deep concave, not very unlike the implement above-mentioned. The sermon, which had begun and proceeded in a regular uniform tenor, grew towards the latter end extremely different; now lofty, now low, now flashy, now dark——In short, the preacher and his canopy brought so strongly to my mind the expiring candle and its EXTINGUISHER, that I longed to have the power of properly applying the one to the other; and from that moment conceived a project of suspending hollow cones of tin, brass, or wood, over the heads of all public speakers, with lines and pullies to lower them occasionally.

I carried this project to a certain great man, who was pleased to reject it; telling me of several devices which might answer the purpose better; and instancing, among many other practices, that of the ROBIN HOOD society, where the president performs the office of an EXTINGUISHER by a single stroke of a hammer. In short, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aside my first scheme, but furnished me at the same time with hints for a more extensive one.

At the playhouse the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of EXTINGUISHING at once all

the persons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be saved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as soon as the hero was dead! or how happily might the languid, pale, and putrid flames of a whole fifth act be EXTINGUISHED by the establishment of such an office.

In applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the Iliad. The EXTINGUISHER of the Æneid deserves the highest encomiums——Happy Virgil! but O wretched Milton! more unhappy in the blindness of thy commentators, than in thy own! who, to thy eternal disgrace, would preserve thy two concluding lines, with the same superstition with which the GEBERS venerate the snuff of a candle, and cry out sacrilege if you offer to extinguish it.

I perceive I shall want room to explain my method of EXTINGUISHING Talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like those quacks who boast of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Apelles, who standing behind one of his pictures, listened with great patience while a shoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was passing on to the leg, stept from his hiding-place, and EXTINGUISHED him at once with the famous proverb in use at this day, 'The shoemaker must not go beyond his last.'

But whenever this office is put into commission, I propose, for this last-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean such as dress in the height of the mode; who being equipped with hoops in the utmost extent of the fashion, are always provided with an EXTINGUISHER ready for immediate use. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpose, I shall have the

farther satisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjust imputation of bearing about them any thing useless. And as the Chinese knew gunpowder, the ancients the load-stone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear strange if a noble use be at length found for the HOOP, which has, to be sure, till now, afforded mere matter of speculation.

I NOW EXTINGUISH myself, and am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

A. B.

P. S. If the above project meets with your approbation, I shall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at least equally interested.

Galenical medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be drenched, have excited of late years so universal a loathing, that the faculty must have lost all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of contracting the whole force and spirit of their prescriptions into one chymical DROP OR PILL.

From this hint I would propose to erect a NEW CHAMBER, with powers to abridge all arts and sciences, history, poetry, oratory, essays, &c. into the substance of a maxim, apothegm, spirit of history or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourself the judge, whether your last paper on HEARERS may not be fully comprized in the following four lines:

Our sires kept a Fool, a poor hireling for state,
To enliven dull pride with his jesting and prate:
But fashion capriciously changing its rule,
Now my LORD *is the* WIT, *and his* HEARER *the* FOOL.

No. 56. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1754.

Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut audit. HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

CAER CARADOCK, *Jan.* 16, 1754.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon HEARERS gave me that pleasure which a series of truths must always afford to him who can witness for every one of them.

I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial must have been productive of the most thorough-bred, seasoned, and staunch HEARERS, since every gentleman of that country holds and asserts his right to be a TALKER by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have said above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the best (I mean of as good a family) though poverty and ill-fortune have doomed me to be for ever a HEARER.

I was left an orphan in my earliest years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which constantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a schoolmaster without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was advised by the parson of our parish to go and enter myself in some large and wealthy family to be an UNCLE; which is a known and common term in Wales, of like signification with HEARER in England; the duties and requisite qualifications being nearly the same, as will appear from the following short instructions given me by my adviser; viz. never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of *indeed!—surprising!—prodigious!—most amazing!* But these only to be used at the proper

intervals of the TALKER's fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauses; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and particularly never to exceed, the aforesaid intervals.

But in order to explain the method he took to qualify me still farther, and inure me to patience, I must give you a short history of this worthy parson. He was truly, what he was called, a good sort of a man; if charity, friendship, and good-humour can entitle a man to that character. I must not conceal the meanness of his education, in which he discovered, however, as great a genius as could possibly arise out of a stable and a kennel. He was a thorough sportsman, and so good a SHOT, that the late squire took a fancy to him, made him his constant companion, and gave him the living. But that he might not be lost in study and sermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father Latin and metaphysics, and exercised from twelve years old to forty in making themes and sermons. As she was by nature meagre and deformed, by constitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and disputatious, by study pale and blear-eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendship of the good parson suggested her as the fittest person in the world to exercise my patience for a few months, and inure me to the discipline of my future function. In this station I made a vast progress in a little time; for I not only heard above a thousand sermons, but the strict observance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiss in the family, and often scolded at for the husband, whose office grew into a sinecure: insomuch, that if I had not known the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, I should have suspected him of bringing me into his house to supply for him

all those duties which he wanted to be eased of. But he had no such interested views; for as soon as he found his help-mate had transfused into me a necessary portion of patience and long-suffering, he recommended me to my fortune, giving me, generous man! a coat and wig, which formerly himself, and before him the squire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipt me, he resumes the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day, with true christian resignation.

My first reception was at the house of a gentleman, who in the early part of his life had followed the study of botany. Nature and truth are so pleasing to the mind of man, that they never satiate. Alas! he happened one day to taste, by mistake, a root that had been sent him from the Indies: it was a most subtle poison, to which his experience in British simples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman who had his eye upon me some time, sent me an invitation. His discourse was upon husbandry; and as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himself, I heard him also with pleasure.

These were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the succeeding ones, in which I have listened to the tales of old maids running over an endless list of lovers they never had; of old beaus who boasted of favours from ladies they never saw; of senators who narrated the eloquence they never spoke! giving me such a disgust and nausea to lies, that at length my ears which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently considering that I must either hear or starve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lie. While I assented by some gesticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muscles of the face,

I resolved to have in reserve some inward expression of dissent. Of these I had various; but for the sake of brevity, I shall only trouble you with one.

A younger brother, who had served abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the estate and castle where he found me with a good character, took so kindly to me that he seemed to desire no other companion; and as a proof of it, never sent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he so often talked of, of great rank, bravery, and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have served him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would LIE without measure or disguise. His usual exaggeration was—*and more*. As thus: 'At the siege of Monticelli,' (a town in Italy, as he told us) 'I received in several parts of my body three-and-twenty shot, *and more*. At the battle of Caratha (in Turkey) I rode to death eighteen horses, *and more*. With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, I drank hand to fist, six dozen of hock, *and more*.' Upon all such occasions I inwardly anticipated him, by substituting in the place of his last two words, the two following—*or less*. But it so happened one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midst of the sharpest engagement ever heard of, in which with his single broad-sword he had killed five hundred, *and more*, that I kept my time more precisely than silence: for unhappily the qualifying *or less*, which should have been tacitly swallowed for the quieting my own spirit, was so audibly articulated to the inflaming of his, that the moment he heard subjoined to his five hundred—*or less*, the fury of his resentment descended on my ear with a violent blow of his fist. By this slip of my tongue I lost my post in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

The consequences of this accident gave me great apprehensions for a considerable time: for the slightest cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for misplacing my marks of approbation. But I soon discovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me, that absolute silence was of greater estimation than the best-timed syllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I shall refer you, after having recounted the last memorable adventure of my unfortunate history.

The last family that received me was so numerous in relations and visitors, that I found I should be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of stranger; though as such, I was as earnestly applied to as any high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addressed themselves to me to settle the antiquity of their families; vociferating at one and the same time above a score of genealogies. This was a harder service than any I had ever been used to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only surviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that instant totally deaf.

Had this accident happened a few years sooner, it would have driven me to despair: but my experience, assuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune: I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a HEARER in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving satisfaction.

I shall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf HEARER: it will be enough for me to say, that as such, I am no longer subject to the danger of an irresistible smile: nor will my squeamish dislike to lies bring me again

into disgrace. I shall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly against the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room! How have I been reprimanded, when detected in dividing my attention between the stories of my patron, and the brawls of his family! 'What had I to do with the quarrels of his family?' I own the reproof was just; but I appeal to you, whether any man who has his ears can restrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention?

To conclude. If you observe a TALKER in a large company, you never see him examining the state of a man's ear: his whole observation is upon the eye; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and instantly addresses himself to another. My eyes were always good; but as it is notorious that the privation of some parts add strength and perfection to others, I may boast that, since the loss of my ears, I found my eyes (which are confessedly the principal organs of attention) so strong, quick, and vigilant, that I can, without vanity, offer myself for as good a HEARER as any in England.

Yours, &c.

No. 57. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

Of all the passions of the human mind, there is not one that we allow so much indulgence to as CONTEMPT. But to determine who are the proper objects of that passion, may possibly require a greater degree of sagacity and penetration than most

men are masters of. Whoever conforms to the opinion of the world, will often be deceived; and whoever contradicts the opinion of the world, which I am now about to do, will as often be despised. But it is the duty of a public writer to oppose popular errors; a duty which I imposed upon myself at the commencement of this work, and which I shall be ready to perform, as often as I see occasion.

It is not my present intention to treat of individuals, and the contempt they are apt to entertain for one another: my design is an extensive one; it is to rescue no less than three large bodies of men from the undeserved contempt of almost all the good people of England, and to recommend them to the said good people for their pity and compassion. The three large bodies I am speaking of, and which, collectively considered, make up at least a fourth part of his Majesty's subjects, are PARSONS, AUTHORS, and CUCKOLDS. I shall consider each of these classes in the order in which it stands, beginning with the PARSON, as the most respectable of the three.

And though there is no denying that this profession took its rise from so exploded a thing as religion, the belief of which I do not intend to inculcate, having conceived an opinion that these my lucubrations have admission into families too polite for such concernments; yet I have hopes of shewing to the satisfaction of my readers, that a PARSON is not absolutely so contemptible a character as is generally imagined.

I know it has been urged in his favour, that though unfortunately brought up to the trade of religion, he entertains higher notions in private, and neither believes nor practises what by his function he is obliged to teach. But allowing this defence to be a partial one, and that a PARSON is really and to

all intents and purposes a believer, I do not admit, even in this case, that he deserves all the contempt that people are inclined to throw upon him; especially if the extreme narrowness of his education be duly enquired into.

While the sons of great persons are indulged by tutors and their mothers' maids at home, the intended PARSON is confined closely to school; from whence he has the misfortune to be sent directly to college, where he continues, perhaps, half a score years, drudging at his courses, and where, for want of money, he may exclaim with Milton, that

> ——————*Ever-during* DARK
> *Surrounds him: from the* CHEARFUL WAYS *of men*
> *Cut off; and for the* BOOK *of* KNOWLEDGE *fair,*
> *Presented with an universal* BLANK.

Which is as much as to say, that he is totally in the DARK as to what is doing abroad, and that while other men are going on in the CHEARFUL WAYS of wenching, drinking, and gaming, and improving their minds by Mr. Hoyle's BOOK of KNOWLEDGE, the whole world is a BLANK to the poor PARSON, who in all probability grows old in a country cure, and owes to the squire of the parish all his knowledge of mankind. That such a PARSON, even though he should believe every article of christianity, and should practise up to his belief, is not, in every respect, an object of contempt, is really my opinion. For though the DEMONSTRATIONS of a Tindal, a Toland, and a Woolston may have reached him at his cure, yet they do not always appear to be DEMONSTRATIONS, but to those who read them in town; and even there, a man must have kept good company, and entered thoroughly into the fashionable amusements (which few PARSONS are able to do) before he can be certain that they are DEMONSTRATIONS.

The AUTHOR comes next to be considered. And here it imports me to be extremely cautious; lest, being myself an AUTHOR, I betray a partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind have agreed to think of an AUTHOR, he is not absolutely and at all times an object of contempt. On the contrary, if it may be proved (which I believe no man living will deny) that at the time of his commencing AUTHOR, his choice would have led him to turn his hand to business, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure, a stool, brushes, and black-ball; I hope he may be admitted among the objects of compassion. A question indeed may occur, that if ever he has been so fortunate as to have saved three shillings by his writings, why he has not then set about buying the above-mentioned implements of trade? But, supposing him to have acquired so much wealth, the proverb of 'Once a whore, and always a whore,' is less significant than 'Once an AUTHOR, and always an AUTHOR;' insomuch that a man convicted of being a wit is disqualified for business during life; no city apprentice will trust him with his shoes, nor will the poor beau set a foot upon his stool, from an opinion that for want of skill in his calling, his blacking must be bad, or for want of attention, be applied to the stocking instead of the shoe. That almost every AUTHOR would chuse to set up in this business, if he had wherewithal to begin with, must appear very plainly to all candid observers, from the natural propensity which he discovers towards BLACKENING.

Far be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in BLACK-BALL, by naming them with ourselves: we are extremely sensible of the great distance there is between us; and it is with envy that

we look up to the occupation of SHOE-CLEANING, while we lament the severity of our fortune, in being sentenced to the drudgery of a less respectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the STOOL and BRUSH, it is surely a very hard case that the contempt of the world should pursue us, only because we are unfortunate.

I proceed lastly to the CUCKOLD: and I hope that it will not be a more difficult task to rescue this gentleman from contempt, than either the PARSON or the AUTHOR. In former times indeed, when a lady happened now and then to prefer a particular friend to her husband, it was usual to hold the said husband in some little disesteem; for as women were allowed to be the best judges of men, and as in the case before us, the wife only preferred one man to another, people were inclined to think that she had some private reason for so doing. But in these days of freedom, when a lady, instead of one friend, is civil to one-and-twenty, I am humbly of opinion that her CUCKOLD is no more the object of contempt for such a preference, than if he had been robbed by as many highwaymen upon Hounslow-heath. Two to one, says the proverb, are odds at foot-ball; and every one in the present case ought to make proportionable allowance for much greater odds.

But to do honour to CUCKOLDS, I will be bold to say that they ought oftener to excite envy than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to the frailty of his wife! Or though he should reap no pecuniary advantage from her incontinency, how apt are the caresses of a score or two lovers to sweeten her temper towards her husband! A lady is sometimes apt to pay so great a regard to her chastity, as to overlook the virtues of meekness and forbearance: rob her of that one virtue, and

you restore her to all the rest, as well as her husband to his quiet.

But waving every thing I have said, there still remains a reason for holding CUCKOLDS in esteem; and this is, the regard and veneration which we owe to great men. If our betters are not ashamed of being CUCKOLDS, it does not become their inferiors to treat them with disrespect.

I shall close this paper with observing upon the three characters which I have here endeavoured to befriend, that while we are obliged to the PARSON for a Butt, the AUTHOR for Abuse, and to the CUCKOLD for his Wife, it is the highest degree of ingratitude to hold any one of them in contempt.

No. 58. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HARDLY know a more unfortunate circumstance which can happen to a young man than that of being too handsome: it is a thousand to one that in the course of his education he loses the very dignity of his sex and nature. During his infancy his father himself will be too apt to be pleased with the delicacy of his features; his mother will be in raptures with them; and every silly woman who visits in the family will continually lament that master was not a girl, 'for what a fine creature would he have made!' If he goes to school, he will be perpetually teazed by the nick-name of Miss Molly; and if he has not great resolution, be obliged to become the most mischievous imp of the whole fraternity, merely to avoid the harder imputations of fear and effe

minacy. When he mixes amongst men, the imperfections of his education will stick close to him; the bar itself will hardly cure him of sheepishness, or the cockade defend him from the appearance of cowardice. His very excellencies (if he has them) will seem virtues out of nature; they will be the wisdom of a CORNELIA, or the heroism of a SOPHONISBA. Nay, were we to see him mount a breach, I am afraid that instead of those noble eulogies and exclamations which should properly attend a hero in such circumstances, we should only cry out with Mrs. Clerimont in the play, 'O the brave pretty creature!'

Such are the calamities, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which almost necessarily attend on male beauty; and so pernicious sometimes are its consequences, that I have more than once been tempted to wish some method could be found out which might extirpate it entirely. What statesmen, what generals, what prelates may we have lost, merely by the misfortune of a fine complexion! It is with infinite concern that I frequently look round me in public assemblies, and see such numbers of well-drest youths, who might really have been of use to themselves, and to mankind, had their parents taken the INDIAN method of marking their faces to distinguish their quality. As it is, their unlucky persons have led them astray into pertness and affectation, under a notion of politeness; and what ought to have been sense and judgment, is at best but a genteel taste in trifles. Thoughtless man! (have I sometimes said to myself, when the melancholy mood was on) how blind is he to futurity! Little do these flutterers think, while their summers are dancing away in dangling to Ranelagh with lady Biddy and lady Fanny, that the cold uncomfortable winters of their life must at last ter-

minate in prattling scandal, and playing at quadrille with lady Bridget and lady Frances!

> ——— *Their way of life*
> *Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,*
> *And that, which should accompany old age,*
> *As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,*
> *They must not look to have.*

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the preventing such misfortunes might very well become your care, if not that of the legislature. Every body knows that there was a time, even in a Roman army, when 'aim at their faces' was as dreadful a sound, and attended with as fatal consequences as 'keeping your fire' was on a late glorious occasion. Now, though I would by no means insinuate that a beau must be a coward: nay, though the world has furnished us with many examples of very finical men who were very great heroes; yet as it might perhaps be better, even in time of peace, that men should not attend so entirely to their persons, I would endeavour to strike at the root of the evil. It is, I believe, admitted as a truth in inoculation, that the part where the insertion is made, is usually the fullest of any part of the body. I would propose therefore, with regard to our male children, that we should follow the original Circassian manner, and 'aim at their faces.' A general practice of this kind might be extremely useful to the state: the literary world would I am sure be the better for it; for what mother could be averse to having her sons taught to read, when perhaps the eye-lashes were gone, and the eyes themselves no longer worth preserving? Considerations of this sort will I hope induce some projector by profession to undertake the affair, and draw up, what may properly enough be styled, 'a scheme for raising MEN for the service of the public.'

I must however do justice to the fair youths of the

present age, by confessing that many of them seem conscious of their imperfections; and, as far as their own judgments can direct them, take pains to appear manly. But, alas! the methods they pursue, like most mistaken applications, rather aggravate the calamity. Their drinking and raking only makes them look like old maids. Their swearing is almost as shocking as it would be in the other sex. Their chewing tobacco not only offends, but makes us apprehensive at the same time that the poor things will be sick. When they talk to common women as they pass them in the Mall, they seem as much out of character as Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair, making love to Angelica. In short, every part of their conduct, though perhaps well intended, is extremely unnatural. Whereas if they would only spend half the pains in acquiring a little knowledge, and practising a little decency, we might perhaps be brought to endure them; at leaſt, we should be less shocked with their beauty.

When I look back on what I have written, I am a little afraid that my zeal for the public may have hurried me too far; for as we are taught to pity natural defects, we ought to be tender of blaming the errors they occasion. But what ſhall we say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to another set of animals, whom nature certainly designed for men, and made, as Mr. Pope says, '*their souls bullet, and their bodies buff?*' When these louts of six feet high, with the shoulders of porters, and the legs of chairmen, affect '*to lisp, and to amble, and to nick-name God's creatures,*' surely we may laugh at such incorrigible idiots. The fair youths of a less gentle deportment aim at least at what they imagine to be manly: but these dairy maids in breeches leave their sex behind them at their first setting out, and give up the only qualities which they could possibly be admired for.

Any one who is conversant in the world muſt have seen numbers of this latter sort; some of them tripping, others lolloping in their gait (if I may be allowed such expressions) and many of them so very affected, that they cannot even see with their eyes, but at most pinker through the lashes of them, when they would languish in public at some mistress of theirs and the whole town's affections. Their voices too have a peculiar softness, and are scarce ever raised, unless it be at the play-house to make an appointment for the King's-Arms, or to dispatch an orange-wench on a message to a balcony.

In short, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what with natural and acquired effeminacy, the present age seems an age of affectation. The whole head is weak, and the whole heart sick. And yet (that I may not leave your readers with disagreeable ideas in their minds) notwithstanding these alarming appearances, the eye of a philosopher can still trace out something to counterbalance this amazing degeneracy. However desperate the vulgar may think our situation, we, who see the fervor of the torrid zone sweetly compensated by copious dews, and everlasting breezes, and the whole system of nature admirably adjusted; we, I say, see likewise that this human defect is not left without its remedy. However delicate our MEN are become, we may still hope that the rising generation will not be totally enervated. The assured look, the exalted voice, and theatrical step of our modern FEMALES, pretty sufficiently convince us that there is something MANLY still left amongst us. So that we may reasonably conclude, though the male and female accomplishments may be strangely scattered and disposed of between the sexes, yet they will somehow or other be jumbled together in that complicated animal, a MAN AND HIS WIFE. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

S. H.

No. 59. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am a constant reader of your papers, and congratulate you upon the men of wit you have for your correspondents. I do not pretend to add to the number, and shall only attempt to furnish you with a few hints, which considered and formed into order by a writer of your ability, may possibly be productive of entertainment (at least) to the public.

Your letters upon the modern taste in gardening are, in my judgment, excellent in their kind; and so indeed are those upon architecture, as far as they go: but methinks you have not carried your observations quite far enough; nor have you any where remarked the injustice and ingratitude with which those worthy patriots are treated, who ruin their estates, or lay out the fortunes of their younger children on their seats and villas, to the great embellishment of this kingdom, which (if it is not already one great and complete garden) contains at least more sumptuous country-houses, parks, gardens, temples, and buildings, than all the rest of Europe. If you are in danger of losing yourself on the vast and dreary wastes of some comfortless heath, and are directed on your course by a friendly beacon of prodigious height, you are told that this is such a gentleman's Folly. The munificence of a man of taste raises at an immoderate expence a column or turret in his garden, for no other purpose than the generous one of giving delight and wonder to travellers; and the ungrateful public calls it his Folly. Nay, were her late majesty queen Anne,

of pious memory, to reign again, and fifty new churches to be really built, I doubt if in this dissolute age, this also might not be called her Majesty's FOLLY.

But notwithstanding these discouragements, I am daily entertained with new beauties; and it is with great impatience that I wait the completion of a Chinese temple, now rising on the top of a very elegant villa upon the road-side near Brompton. I have often too, with great satisfaction, beheld a structure of this kind, on the top of a very handsome green-house, now in the possession of a noble foreigner at Turnham-green; which, as I am informed, is a matter of great curiosity to his countrymen who frequent it; nothing of this sort being to be met with in the environs of Paris, or indeed of Pekin itself, or in any country but this. A most majestic Peacock, as big as the life, on the spindle of a weather-cock, adds also to its merit; which with all the beauty of the bird itself, has not its disagreeable vociferous quality; and though it does not foretel by its noise a change in the weather, it informs you with more certainty of the variation of the wind.

I am somewhat of an invalid, and being sensible how much exercise conduces to health, I seldom fail, when the weather does not allow me the use of my physician, a trotting horse, to take a flurry (as it is elegantly called) in a hackney-coach; which affords exercise to the imagination as well as the body, and creates thinking (if I may be allowed the expression) as much as it does an appetite. The air of business in the crowds that are constantly passing; the variety of the equipages, and the new and extraordinary sights, that still present themselves in this great metropolis, the centre of trade, industry, and invention, fill my mind with ideas,

which if they do not always instruct, at least amuse me.

I take great pleasure in guessing at the ranks and professions of men by their appearance; and though I may now and then be mistaken, yet I am generally in the right. Once indeed I mistook a right reverend divine, on the other side Temple-bar, for a Jew, till the mitre on his coach convinced me of my error; as I also did a Jew, by the decorations on his chariot, for a peer of the realm. And indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since the herald's-office has suspended its authority, it is surprising what liberties are taken with the arms of the first families in the kingdom; insomuch that a man must have a quick eye who can distinguish between the pillars, flower-pots, and other inventions of the curious painter, and the supporters of the nobility. But what most of all perplex me are the ornaments, after the Chinese manner, over the arms by way of coronet: and were not these distinctions confined solely to Europe, I should sometimes be in danger of mistaking an Indian director for a Mandarin.

It has not escaped your notice how much of late we are improved in architecture; not merely by the adoption of what we call Chinese, nor by the restoration of what we call Gothic; but by a happy mixture of both. From Hyde-park to Shoreditch scarce a chandler's-shop or an oyster-stall but has embellishments of this kind; and I have heard that there is a design against the meeting of the new parliament to fit up St. Stephen's chapel with Chinese benches, and a throne, from the model of that on which the eastern monarch distributes justice to his extensive empires. It is whispered also that the portico to Covent-garden church is to give place to one of the Gothic order. But before I leave the city, let me not neglect to do justice to that ex-

cellent engineer, the great pastry-cook in St. Paul's church-yard. My good fortune conducted me thither on twelfth-day; when seeing a vast concourse of people assembled, my ruling passion, curiosity, engaged me to quit my vehicle to partake in the satisfaction so visible in all their countenances. But how shall I describe the pomp and parade of so noble an appearance? The triumph of a lord-mayor's day is nothing to it, though, if I mistake not, those brave and faithful guardians of the wealth and safety of the city, the train-bands and militia, make a most comely and warlike appearance: for not to mention the flags shining with silver and gold; troops innumerable of gingerbread, both horse and foot, finer in their uniforms than the French king's household; there was not even the smallest mince-pye, but for its strength and just proportion was equal at least to the *chef d'œuvre* of a Vauban or a Cohorn. But what above all excited my praise and admiration was a citadel of an enormous magnitude, that would have appeared impregnable to a whole army of Dutchmen, had it not been for several breaches that had been made in it by some small field-pieces of copper: but this indeed astonished me the less, having been told that the towns in Flanders which cost so much blood, which were so stubbornly disputed in the former war, and which fell so easily into the hands of the immortal Saxe in seventeen hundred and forty-four, were chiefly obtained by an ordnance of this kind, though somewhat heavier in its quality.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if I was not afraid of troubling you with more observations, I should lead you again into the country. But were I to expatiate on the hermitages and sylvan temples, formed like the earths of those instructive builders, the badgers (from whom the hint was taken) and furnished with

with ivy, moss, cobwebs, and straw beds, with all the elegance of primitive simplicity, contrasting the magnificent structures of our most favourite architects, I fear my letter would exceed your patience. I shall therefore defer, at least, these most important subjects, till I find how these my observations have been received; and whether you do them justice or not, I shall continue

Your constant admirer.

No. 60. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1754.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?

VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

OF all the advantages and superior excellences which this nation has confessedly over many others, I know of none, to which we may more fairly lay in our claim, than the spirit of generosity which is so eminently exerted amongst us. I question whether our great attribute of bravery deduces more real honour on us, or is more deservedly celebrated. But there is a certain limit which true valour never exceeds; and it is from this excess that a just distinction is made between courage and rashness, magnanimity and fool-hardiness. In the same manner, liberality differs from profusion. When this amiable quality of benevolence is perverted from its high and noble uses, when it is applied to no meritorious services, but is degraded into the indiscriminate overflowings of the purse, the appellation that accompanies it is by no means a desirable part of a character.

What led me into this turn of thinking, was an incident in one of my morning walks. Passing by

the house of a noble lord with my friend, he raised my attention by assuring me that in that house he spent a great deal of money every week: and I do not doubt, added he, that we shall in a short time be able to raise a very comfortable subsistence for the family. I was somewhat astonished at the easy freedom of his expression, and could not help expostulating with him upon the terms he had used. He continued his humour, and increased my admiration by assuring me, that he dined there very often, and found his dinners more expensive to him, than in any house in London. We pay, says he, as we do at our club at the St. Alban's, so much a head: but as we know the people of the house very well, and can depend upon their honesty, we do not trouble ourselves at all with a bill. As I was very well convinced his lordship kept no tavern, I began to imagine that my friend, who has naturally a great share of wit and vivacity, had a mind to impose upon the belief and ready assent that I always pay to his conversation. While I was in this state of suspicion, come, says he, my honest country gentleman, I will explain all the mystery that seems to perplex you: and as you have too good a spirit to be under an obligation to persons you cannot well make a return to, I will teach you how you may pay for a dinner when you dine with a duke.—You must know then, that this noble lord, like others of his quality, keeps a great number of servants; which servants, when you sit down to table, his lordship, out of great complaisance, immediately makes over to you; and they become your servants, *pro tempore*. They get about you, are very diligent, fetch you whatever you call for, and retire with the table-cloth. You see no more of them, till you want to go away. Then they are all ready again at your command: and instead of that form

which you observed them standing in at table, they are drawn into two lines, right and left, and make a lane, which you are to pass through before you can get to the door. Now it is your business to discharge your servants; and for this purpose you are to take out your money, and apply it first on your right hand, then on your left, then on your right, and then on your left again, till you find yourself in the street. And from hence comes that common method, which all regular people observe in money-dealings, of paying as you go. I know not, continues my friend, so ridiculous a personage as the master of the house upon these occasions. He attends you to the door with great ceremony; but is so conscious of the aukward appearance he must make as a witness to the expences of his guests, that you can observe him placing himself in a position, that he would have it supposed conceals from him the inhospitable transactions that are going on under his roof. He wears the silly look of an innocent man, who has unfortunately broke in upon the retirement of two lovers, and is ready to affirm with great simplicity, that he has seen nothing.

I already concurred with the observations of my friend, thanked him for his intelligence, and blessed myself that I was that day to dine cheaply at a tavern. But during my stay in London I have been obliged to fall in with the customs of that place; and have learnt to my cost, that egression, as well as admission, must be purchased. I am at length, however, with many more of my acquaintance, reduced to a disagreeable necessity of seeing my friends very seldom; because I cannot afford (according to a very just and fashionable expression) to PAY a visit to them.

Every man who has the misfortune to exceed his circumstances, must, in order to recover himself,

abstain from certain expences, which in the gross of his disbursements, have made the most formidable articles. The œconomist of the city parts with his country-house: the squire disposes of his hounds; and I keep other people's servants in pay no longer. But having an earnest desire of mixing with those friends whom an early intimacy has most endeared to me, and preferring the social hours that are spent at their tables to most others of my life, I cannot at all times refuse their invitations, even though I have nothing for their servants. And here, alas! the inconveniencies of an empty pocket are as strongly exibited, as in any case of insolvency that I know of. I am a marked man. If I ask for beer, I am presented with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to call for wine, after a delay which would take away its relish were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole side-board in a greasy glass. If I hold up my plate, nobody sees me; so that I am forced to eat mutton with fish-sauce, and pickles with my apple-pye.

I observe, there is hardly a custom amongst us, be it what it will, that we are not as tenacious and jealous of, as of any national privileges. It is from this consideration, that I expect rather to see an increase, than an abolition of our follies; an improvement rather than a change. I should not, therefore, conclude my subject, without injustice to my friend above-mentioned, if I did not reveal a new method, which, he says, he intends to propose to some of the leaders of fashion, and which he has no doubt, he assures me, of seeing soon in practice. Let every artificer that has contributed to raise the house you have the honour to dine in, make his appearance when the company is going away. Let the mason, the painter, the joiner, the glazier, the upholsterer, &c. arrange themselves in the same or-

der as the gentlemen in and out of livery do at such conjunctures; and let every guest consider, that he could not have regaled himself that day within his friend's walls, if it had not been for the joint labours of those worthy mechanics. Such a generous reflection would produce three good effects: liberality would have a fresh and noble subject for its exertion; the tradesmen (a numerous and discontented race) would be satisfied to their utmost wishes; nor could the payment of bills, any more than of wages, with reason or propriety, be demanded of the master.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

O. S.

Though my ingenious correspondent has treated this subject with great vivacity and humour, I cannot dismiss his letter without saying a word or two in favour of servants.

It is well known that many of them are engaged in the services of younger brothers, whose total inattention to the payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of those ladies of quality, who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of their said masters.

That others have the honour to serve ladies of fashion; where the card money at their routs and drums, which of right belongs to the servants, is appropriated by many of the said ladies to the defraying the expences of tea, coffee, and wax-candles for the said routs and drums.

That a very great number are the domestics of persons of quality, in whose services they have so little to do, from the crowds maintained in them, that they find themselves under a necessity of

spending a great part of their time in ale-houses and other places of resort, where, in imitation of their masters, they divert themselves with the fashionable amusements of gaming, wenching, and drinking; which amusements, as they are always attended with considerable expence, require more than their bare wages to support.

That others, who live in the city, and are the servants of grocers, haberdashers, pastry-cooks, oil-men, pewterers, brokers, taylors, and so forth, have such uncertain humours to deal with, and so many airs of quality to submit to, that their spirits would be quite broken, but for the cordial of vails; which I humbly apprehend they have a better title to than any other of the fraternity, as the maid-servants in such places happen to be as great traders as their masters, and are rarely to be dealt with but at extravagant prices.

That a third part, at least, of the whole body of servants in this great metropolis, who for certain wise reasons pass with their masters for single men, have wives and families to maintain in private; and if it be considered that the common advantages of such servants, without the addition of vails, are too insignificant to support the said wives and families in any degree of elegance, it is presumed that their perquisites ought in no wise to be abridged.

For these and many other reasons, too tedious to be here set down, I am not only for continuing the custom of giving money to servants, but do also publish it as my opinion, that in all families where the said servants are no more in number than a dozen or fifteen, it is mean, pitiful, and beggarly, in any person whatsoever, to pass from table without giving to all.

No. 61. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1754.

THOUGH the following letters are written upon more serious subjects, and in a graver style and manner than are common to this paper, which is professedly devoted to the ridicule of vice, folly, and false taste, yet as they are intended for public benefit, and may contain some useful hints and informations, I shall present them to my readers without farther preface.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

His Majesty having frequently recommended to his parliament to consider of proper means to put a stop to the numerous robberies and murders amongst us, I shall want no apology for sending you my thoughts upon that subject. Many persons have been of opinion that severe punishments were necessary in these cases; but constant experience proves the contrary, and that the consequence is only making rogues more desperate, and thereby increasing the danger, instead of providing for the security of honest men. One thing only I think might safely be done with respect to punishments, which is, that no criminal (except in very particular circumstances) who is clearly convicted, should escape by transportation or otherwise. The lenity of the government suffers this in hopes of an amendment; but when the mind is once corrupted to so great a degree, it is seldom capable of any virtuous sentiments; and the case of such persons is, that they generally return from transportation in a short time, and fall immediately into the same company

and profligate course of life as before. Such kind of pardons are considered by rogues no otherwise than as giving them hopes of perpetrating their crimes with impunity, and consequently must produce a very bad effect. I am confirmed in this opinion by Monsieur Secondat, who in his excellent treatise upon the Spirit of Laws, says, 'That if we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of crimes, and not from the moderation of punishments.' But then I must add, that if the punishment for robbery is made more certain, there ought to be a distinction (unless hanging in chains is thought a sufficient one) between that and murder, lest the robber, seeing the punishment the same, and equally certain, may be tempted to kill, in order to his concealment. However, it is the business of every legislature rather to make good regulations for preventing crimes, than to contrive punishments for them.

The ingenious Mr. Fielding, in a very sensible pamphlet upon this subject, attributes the number of robberies in a great measure to the luxury and extravagance of the nation: but it appears to me that these are only remoter causes; for though luxury and extravagance reign in all our principal towns, yet the robberies are chiefly in and about London; and even when they happen in the country, they are generally committed by rogues, who make excursions out of London to fairs, horseraces, and other public meetings; which clearly and evidently points out the true cause of them to be the *overgrown size of London*, affording infinite receptacles to sharpers, thieves, and villians of all kinds. Our magistrates have lately exerted themselves with a very becoming spirit, in suppressing houses of gaming and debauchery; but I am afraid

the number of these houses is so great, that all their endeavours will not produce any considerable benefit to the public. The buildings in London have been increased prodigiously within these thirty years; and the ill consequences of this increase seem not to have been enough considered; but it is certain that a large metropolis is the greatest evil in any country, and the source and fountain of all the corruption that is in it. It appears from the bills of mortality that the burials in London vastly exceed the christenings. This annual surplus, supplied in a great measure from the several counties, is a continual drain from the people, and an immense loss to the nation: and I cannot help recommending it to those gentlemen who are for increasing the number of our people by a general naturalization bill, to provide in the mean time for the security and preservation of those we have already.

The monstrous size of our capital is one great cause of the excessive luxury that prevails amongst us. The infinite number of people that resort hither, naturally rival each other in their tables, dress, equipage, furniture, and in short, extravagancies of all sorts. Notwithstanding the late necessary regulations, a continual round of amusement and entertainment is invented for every day in the week; and by this means the mind is kept in a constant hurry and dissipation, and rendered unfit for any serious employment. Can mothers of this turn, immersed in vanity and folly, be supposed capable of any domestic concerns? What a prospect is here of the morals of the rising age! And, what is worse, this love of pleasure is carried into the country, and a general dissoluteness spreads itself through the whole kingdom. Hence it is that gentlemen even of small fortunes are impatient of

the country, and crowd to the diversions of London, contracting an expensive taste, and ruining their families. Nor is this love of pleasure confined only to genteel life; the common people easily follow the example of those above them; and as they have no fund to support them without labour, the consequence of idleness, in them, is immediate poverty; which necessarily throws them into sharping, robbery, and all kinds of dishonesty. So that I believe it may truly be affirmed, that the luxury and corruption of any nation is juſt in proportion to its wealth, and the largeness of its metropolis.

Thuanus tells us, that in the reign of Henry the second, there was an edict made to prohibit any buildings in the suburbs of Paris; and in queen Elizabeth's time a bill passed to prevent the increase of London; but, like other good laws, it soon grew obsolete, and lost its effect.

In what manner our metropolis may be reduced without injury to the proprietors of houses and ground-rents, I do not pretend to determine; but it seems absolutely necessary that a stop should be put to any farther building; and if besides this, the ruinous houses in the back parts of the town, such as Hockley in the Hole, &c. which are the grand receptacles for sharpers and pickpockets, and which might be purchased at an easy rate, were annually to be bought up, the materials sold, and the ground thrown into open fields, the town in a few years would be considerably reduced, the health of the people very greatly improved, and the number of gamesters, thieves, lewd women, &c. gradually diminished.

I am, &c.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

As you profess not only to amuse but to instruct; and as the early grounding of youth in true fortitude and the love of their country, are objects worthy of the most serious attention; give me leave to caution parents and guardians through your channel against an evil they seem insensible of, the evil of sending youths unacquainted with the world, even raw from school, to French academies; where no sooner are they got together, than those who preside in the councils of that kingdom, ever attentive to sow the seeds of dissension in these nations, detach a number of Irish officers, who by speaking our language, and introducing these heedless boys into the pleasures of the place, easily insinuate themselves into their good graces; and then, with no less art than judgment, gradually instil into their vacant minds the poisons of popery and disaffection. I speak by experience. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion, let him inquire into the present condition of a French academy in a neighbouring maritime province, where these measures will be found to be at this hour warmly pursuing. Are there not other countries, countries of liberty, where the French tongue and the exercises which contribute to fashion the exteriors, are to be acquired with equal success? Doubtless there are; and those parents, who, by the advantage of their own education, are capable of directing that of their children, never hazard them among these dangerous people, till by reading, travel, and an acquaintance with mankind, they are proof against such unhappy impressions.

If the inserting this short letter saves but one

Briton from perdition, you and I, Mr. Fitz-Adam, shall not esteem it as an useless precaution.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant.

No. 62. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE somewhere read of the saying of a philosopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, 'That every one ought to do something in the world to shew that he has been in it.' I am therefore, though a woman, desirous of leaving behind me the following testimony of my existence, and of convincing posterity that in point of birth I have had the start of them.

It is of late grown into a fashion among the men to treat the business of VISITING with great disrespect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their superior natures. Yet notwithstanding their contempt of it, and the odious name of GADDING which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our assemblies, or that they are better able than us women to shut themselves up in their own houses, when there is any thing to be done or seen abroad. If they would content themselves with finding fault with the Name and not the Thing, I should have no quarrel with them; the word VISIT being of so various and uncertain a signification, that I am always at a loss in what sense to understand it.

A sister-in-law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, sent me some time ago a very pressing letter, desiring my assistance, and that of my cook-maid, for a few days; her house, as she said, being likely to be put into great hurry and confusion from the preparations they were making for the reception of my Lord Whimsey, who had sent my brother a card that he intended him a VISIT the week following. I set out accordingly with my cook; and when every thing was got ready in the best and genteelest manner that my brother's fortune would afford for the entertainment of so noble a guest, down comes my lord as expected; who upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to his coachman to keep the horses in motion, for that his stay should not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordship took a walk through the garden; seemed greatly pleased with the situation and design; very politely excused himself from making a longer stay, and took his leave with saying, that he hoped soon to do himself the pleasure of making him a second VISIT.

It would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family distress upon so vexing a disappointment; let it suffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor sister perfectly recovered it, or before she left off her hourly repeated question of 'What shall we do with all this load of victuals?' My lord next day at WHITE'S was giving high encomiums on my brother's seat, and the goodness of the air in that part of Surrey, and was pleased to say that he thought it the compleatest thing of its size within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobling, a distant relation of ours, proposed being of my lord's party at his next VISIT. Accordingly in about three weeks a second card informs my brother of a second VISIT.

By this time I and my maid, together with two or three supernumerary assistants and female humble cousins, were dismissed, after having stayed a fortnight, by particular desire, to help to eat up the pasties, pyes, tarts, jellies, sillabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which usually contented itself with two substantial dishes, or one and a pudding.

It was not in the least doubted that my lord's second VISIT would be of the same nature with the first; his lordship's card being conceived exactly in the same words: there was therefore no need of fuss or preparation; my sister too had pretty well worn off the dread of making her appearance before so great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphry and colonel Shuffle, a great favourite of my lord's, and a number of servants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, setters, spaniels, &c.—My poor dear sister!—I wish you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept house in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord's arrival having soon spread itself, several of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordship; the greater part of whom, by Sir Humphry's incessantly pushing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To shorten my story, my lord and the colonel, finding the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight; and Sir Humphry, having drank himself into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family (whom he sent for to attend him) at this day upon his VISIT.

I have heard much of the copiousness of the English language, and would fain know why it is

that people can find no term to express their design of staying fifteen days at your house, different from that which signifies fifteen minutes? Have they no way of expressing the time of their continuance but by the one word VISIT? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying upon cards or otherwise the VISITOR's design upon the VISITED might be found out: giving him to understand at sight what he has to do towards a proper reception: whether it be to order a fire in the best parlour; to see if the death-warrant for poultry, roasting pigs, &c. be to be signed; if sheets, beds, and chambers are to be aired, or a month's provision to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be easily effected by a method, which, for the good of all masters and mistresses of families I am now going to communicate.

When a fine lady, having a new fashioned suit of cloaths, or a new piece of scandal to circulate, finds it necessary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day: or when a fine gentleman chuses to signify his intention of making a short VISIT, like my lord Whimsey's first; I am for an abridgment of the word, and only calling it a VIS. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country friend, or a dish of tea with a town one, I would have that called a VISIT. But when a person proposes spending some days, weeks, or months at a house, I would call that a VISITATION. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form: 'Lady Changeherfriend's compliments to Lady Fiddlefaddle, and intends to VIS her ladyship this evening.' 'Lord Stiff's compliments to Sir Gregory Quibus at his house at Hampstead, and intends to VISIT him the first fair day.' 'Captain Fearaball's compliments to Ralph Hardhead, Esq. at his seat near Burford-

downs, and intends him a VISITATION the beginning of next month, to take a crack of hunting with him.' Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of VISING, VISITING, and VISITATIONING, always carry an exact meaning with them, and be such as the lowest capacity cannot fail of understanding. I am, with great esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

SUSANNA FRETABIT.

P. S. If this letter should happen to please you, who are all the world to me, I may very shortly send you a few necessary remarks upon each of these three VISITMENTS; in which I may observe at large, that the VIS seems to be chiefly confined within the bills of mortality, or to the inhabitants of large towns, and is applicable to the transacting of business in general. The VISIT is more particularly for still-life and set compliments. The VISITATION is looked upon generally in a very indifferent light, and oftener thought a plague than a pleasure by the receiver; it is chiefly the invention of the worthy tribe of hearers (of whom you gave us lately so lively a description), led-captains, younger brothers brought up to no business, humble cousins, &c. The VISITED in these cases, or more properly speaking, the PATIENTS, have invented on their parts several curious hints towards shortening the length of a VISITATION, besides those stale and thread-bare ones, of bringing out after a certain time, the brown loaf, and ordering the groom to say, that the corn is all out. My uncle Toby Fretabit, having received a VISITATION from a gentleman and his lady, who were his relations, and finding it continued to the seventeenth morning, hit upon the expedient of calling aloud to his groom,

under their chamber window, to be sure to feed his cousins' horses well, and get their chaise cleaned; 'For very likely, Tom,' says he, raising his voice, 'my cousins will embrace so fine a morning to go home in; for you know so very fine a day one seldom sees in a whole month at this time of the year.' His cousins, it seems, took the hint, and very civilly decamped a few hours after.

No. 63. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

Animi cultus quasi quidam humanitatis cibus.

TULL.

IF the love of indolence did not sometimes as intirely possess me as the love of fame, I should no doubt feel myself a little piqued at being in a manner compelled to withdraw my own wit, in order to publish that of my correspondents. For many weeks past I have considered myself as a mere postmaster, whose only employment is to receive and distribute letters. But what most mortifies me is, that I do not find my readers to be at all clamorous about my resuming the pen. I am particularly hurt by my correspondent of this day, who, under the friendly appearance of favouring me with his assistance, has sent me what I am afraid will cast a shade upon my own papers. I could have forgiven the injury, if he had left me room to alter a single word in his essay, when I might have assured my acquaintance that it was partly written by myself.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Every one knows how liable the body is to decay,

unless it be supported by proper nourishment. The unlearned labourer is as well skilled in this doctrine as the most profound philosopher: for the stomach, by certain monitory twitches, informs them both equally of how great importance eating is, not only to their well-being, but to their being at all. The peasant labours that he may eat, and eats that he may labour: and his very labouring contributes also to the health of his BODY. Now, sir, I beg leave to inform certain of your readers, who, by the circumstances of their birth, education, and fortune, are unhappily exempt from BODILY labour, and who are idle because they have leisure, that the mind likewise requires sustenance, and that for want of food and exercise, it will as naturally fall into decay as the BODY.

This is daily seen in what is called the polite world, which is chiefly composed of such whose sleek countenances and active limbs discover all the signs of vigorous BODILY health, but whose MINDS are so feeble, puny, and half starved, as to be scarce able to support themselves.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh are generally crowded with objects of this sort; for that such naturally have recourse to public places and company may be learned from Tully's account of the idle fellows of Rome: *Videmus, cum re nullâ impediantur necessariâ, aut alveolum poscere, aut quærere quempiam ludum, aut sermonem alïquem requirere; cumque non habeant ingenuas ex doctrinâ oblectationes, circulos aliquos et sessiunculas consectari.* As this morsel of Latin may possibly stick with such of your readers as have had LEISURE enough to neglect the improvement of their school learning, to make it go down more glibly, I will dress it for them after the English manner. *The idle, as they have no occupation or business to employ them, resort either to a gaming-table, or a cricket-match, or mo-*

ther Midnight's oration; and, as they have not, for want of learning, any of the amusements of a gentleman, become members of clubs and frequenters of coffee-houses. From the illustrious convention at WHITE'S down to those who assemble on birth-days at the BLACK; whether they rejoice in champaign and ortolans, or tripe and porter; whether they are employed at a hazard-table or a shovel-board; the mind in each fraternity seems to be alike provided for, and has little else to subsist upon than the scraps and broken pieces of knowledge picked up from the common news-papers.

We cannot wonder, if, with such miserable fare, the MIND should be impaired in its strength, and grow languid in its motions; but we may well wonder that men, who are far above the ordinary rank of life, who are proud of their abilities to distinguish themselves from the vulgar in their cloaths, tables, houses, furniture, in short, in all the conveniences of mere living, even to luxury, should take up with so poor a diet; should be contented with diversions, which even the lowest mechanic may aspire to. Is it no mortification to their pride to find men of low birth, mean fortune, and no education, on a level with themselves in their amusements? Is it no reproach to them to look upon a picture of Raphael, or a Medicean Venus, with the same stupid eye of indifference, as the labourer who ground the colours, or who dug in the quarry? Yet many there are, and men of taste too, as the phrase goes, who through a shameful neglect of their MIND, have little or no relish of the fine arts: and I doubt whether, in our most splendid assemblies, the ROYAL GAME OF GOOSE would not have as many eyes fixed upon it, as the lately published curiosity of the ruins of PALMYRA. I mention this work not only to inform such of your readers, as do not labour under a

total loss of appetite for liberal amusements, what a sumptuous entertainment they may sit down to, but also to give it as a signal instance, how agreeably men of ingenious talents, ample fortune, and great leisure, may amuse themselves, and laudably employing their leisure time, do honour to their country.

Among the polite and idle, there are none whom I behold with more compassion than those meagre and half-famished souls whom I meet every day, in fine cloaths and gay equipages, going about from door to door, like common beggars: and, like beggars too, as commonly turned away; with this difference, that the porter gives the ragged stroller a surly NO, and a civil dismission to the vagrant in embroidery. The former, to excuse his idleness, says, 'Nobody will employ me;' the latter does as good as say, 'I cannot employ myself.' This in high life is called visiting; which does not imply any friendship, esteem, or the least regard towards the person who is visited, but is the effect of pure generosity in the visitor, who having more time upon his hands than he knows what to do with, prodigally bestows some of it upon those, whom he cares not one farthing for. I look upon visiting to be the art of squandering away time with the least loss of reputation: a very great invention indeed! and as the other ingenious arts have been produced by hungry bellies, so this owes its rise to the emptiness of the MIND.

But the hunger of the MIND for the most part creates a constant restlessness, frequent indisposition, and sometimes, that worse than bodily disease, the spleen; which happens when, by low keeping, it is reduced to the necessity of gnawing and preying upon itself. Every man, who does nothing, because he has nothing to do, feels him-

self more or less subject to these disorders. And can his flying to places of pastime and diversion remove them? Should we not condemn a mother as unnatural, who, when her child cries for bread and butter, should carry it abroad to a puppet-show? Yet full as absurdly does every man act, who, regardless of the cravings of his mental appetite, stands gaping at vertical suns or a painted waterfall.

I have heard that the master of Vauxhall, who so plentifully provides beef for our BODILY refreshment, has, for the entertainment of those who visit him at his country-house, no less plentifully provided for the MIND; where the guest may call for a scull, to chew upon the instability of human life, or sit down to a collation of poetry, of which the hangings of his room of entertainment take up, as I am told, many yards. I wish that this grand purveyor of beef and poetry would transfer some of the latter to his gardens at Vauxhall. Odes and songs pasted on the lamp-posts, would, I believe, be much more studiously attended to than the prices of cheese-cakes and custards; and if the unpictured boxes were hung round with celebrated passages out of favourite poets, many a company would find something to say, who would otherwise sit cramming themselves with silent stupidity. I am led to this thought by an observation I once made at a country church, where the walls were set out with several plain dishes of good wholesome doctrine. It happened that the pastor of the flock, who was round and fat, by the heaviness of his discourse, and the lazy manner of delivering it, laid to sleep three-fourths of his audience. Upon inquiry, I found that the sleepers were those only who could not read, and that the rest kept themselves awake by feeding on the walls. In the wak-

ing part of the congregation I had a proof of the advantage of reading; in the languid preacher an instance of a decayed habit of MIND; which certainly would not have been in so weak a condition, if, instead of cold ham and venison-pasty, he had now and then taken for breakfast a luncheon of Barrow, or a slice of Tillotson.

Yours, &c.

L. M.

No. 64. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

——— *Animum picturâ pascit inani.* VIRG.

To MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I READILY agree with your correspondent of last week in his conclusion, that books, or more properly that learning, is the food of the Mind; and as what happened to me lately was occasioned by giving my mind a meal, I beg leave to relate it to you. You must know, sir, I labour under a misfortune, common to many in this great metropolis, which is, to have a very good appetite, and very little to eat. This lays me under the necessity of spunging upon my friends: my calamity indeed sits lighter upon me, as I do not practise the little arts and shifts of many fine gentlemen, who drop in as it were by chance at dinner-time; who saunter about the town in hopes of meeting with some generous master of a family; or who in a morning visit protract the conversation till it is too late for them to dine any where else. No, sir; I have a mind above such low contrivances, and openly avow my spunging without any reserve or shame-facedness.

With the view of getting a breakfast, I waited the other morning on Lord Finical, who is remarkable for having a very elegant library. The familiarity of his conversation with me in public places gave me courage to make him the first visit; and as I knew that his time of rising was about twelve, I was at his door by nine; where, after the fashion of mumpers, I gave but one single knock for fear of disturbing him. After some time the door was opened to me by a slip-shod footman, who asking my honour's pardon for having made me wait so long, shewed me into the library. Here I found my lady's woman, with a damask napkin in her hand, taking down the books one by one, and after wiping them as tenderly as if they had been glass, putting them into their places again. She very politely hoped I would excuse her; said she should soon have done; that to be sure the books were in a great dishabille, and not fit to be seen in that pickle: 'For you must know, sir,' said she, 'that this is the largest room in the house: and my lady gave a ball here last night, well knowing that my lord would not leave WHITE'S till the dancers were gone.' This she desired me to keep to myself. I told her, I thought there was no great harm in making use of a room which would otherwise be useless. 'True, sir,' said she; 'but as my lady knows that my lord does not *chuse* it, and as my lady would not willingly offend my lord, she has strictly ordered all the servants not to blab, and desired me to be up thus early to wipe the books, for fear the dust upon them should occasion a discovery: for you know, sir, if my lord knows nothing of the matter, it is just the same thing as if there had been no dancing at all.' As I did not controvert so eminent a doctrine, her conversation ended with wiping the last book;

and after having received an assurance from me of keeping secret what she had no occasion to entrust me with, she very graciously dismissed herself.

I was now left by myself, and was going as I thought to sit down to a most delicious repast; but I found myself in the state of a country booby at a great man's table, who sits gaping and staring at the richness of the plate and elegance of the service while he should eat his dinner. I stood astonished at the gay prospect before me: the shelves, which at the bottom were deep enough to contain just a folio, tapered upwards by degrees, and ended at the dimension of a small duodecimo. All the books on the same shelf were exactly of the same size, and were only to be distinguished by their backs, which were most of them gilt and lettered, and displayed as great a variety of colours, as is to be seen in a bed of tulips: for the bindings of some were red, some few black, others blue, green, or yellow; and here and there, at proper intervals, was stuck in one in vellum covering, as white as a curd, and lettered black, in order to make a stronger contrast of the colours on each side of it.

Hitherto I stood at some distance, to take with more advantage a general view of the beauty of the whole; but curiosity leading me to a closer inspection of each individual, I had the pleasure to find myself surrounded by the best authors in ancient or modern learning. I took down several of them by way of tasting; (for as lord Bacon observes, 'some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;') and by the sticking together of the leaves, occasioned by the marbling and gilding of the edges, I found that not one of them had been

opened since they came out of the hands of the book-binder.

I now fell too with a good appetite, intending to make a full meal; and while I was chewing upon a piece of Tully's philosophical writings, my lord came in upon me. His looks discovered great uneasiness, which I attributed to the event of his last night's diversion; but, good manners requiring me to prefer his lordship's conversation to my own amusement, I replaced his book, and by the sudden satisfaction in his countenance, perceived that the cause of his perturbation was my holding open the book with a pinch of snuff in my fingers. He said, he was glad to see me, for he should not have known else what to have done with himself: I returned the compliment by saying, I thought he could not want entertainment amidst so choice a collection of books. 'Yes,' replied he, 'the collection is not without elegance; but I read men only now; for I finished my studies when I set out on my travels. You are not the firſt who has admired my library; and I am allowed to have as fine a taste in books as any man in England.' Hereupon he shewed me a Pastor-fido bound in green, and decorated with myrtle-leaves: he then took down a volume of Tillotson in a black binding with the leaves as white as a law-book, and gilt on the back with little mitres and crosiers; and lastly a Cæsar's Commentaries clothed in red and gold, in imitation of the military uniform of English officers. He reflected with an air of satisfaction upon the usefulness of making observations in travelling abroad; and acknowledged that he owed the thought to his having seen, in a French abbé's study at Paris, all the Dauphine editions of the classics with gold dolphins on the back of them. *Num vesceris istâ, quam laudas plumâ?* was frequently at my tongue's end; but

good-breeding restrained me from taking the liberty of a too familiar expostulation.

We now sat down at the table, and my lord, having ordered the tea-water, begged the favour of me to reach out my hand to the window-seat behind me, and give him one of the books, which lay flat one upon another, the backs and leaves alternately. I did so; and endeavouring to take the uppermost, I found that they all clung together. His lordship seeing my surprise, laughed very heartily, saying it was only a tea-chest, and that I was not the first by many whom he had played the same trick upon. On examining it, I found that the upper book opened as a lid, and the hinges and key-hole of the lock were concealed so artfully, as they might easily escape common observation. But it was with great concern that I beheld the backs of these seeming books lettered POPE'S WORKS. Poor Pope! with what indignation would he have swelled, had he lived to see but the mere phantom of his works become the vehicle of grocery! His lordship, observing my eyes fixed with attention on the lettering, gave me the reason of it: 'What could I do?' said he; 'the credit of my library required the presence of the POET; but where to place him was the difficulty; for my shelves were all full, long before the last publication of him, and would have lost much of their beauty by any derangement; so to get clear of the *embarras*, I thought it might be as well to have Mr. HALLET'S edition as Mr. KNAPTON'S.' I perfectly agreed with his lordship, reserving to myself my meaning as to his own particular. Mr. Cash the banker being now introduced, after hearing a joke or two upon Mr. Cash's books, which his lordship was pleased to call a more valuable library than his own, I left them to their private business.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for the sake of many, who, like Lord Finical, have a fine taste in books, and not the least relish for learning; and for the convenience of many more, who are fond of the appearance of learning, and can give no other proof of it, than that of possessing so many books, which are like globes to a cunning man; I desire you will give a hint to Mr. Bromwich to form a paper-hanging, representing classes of books, which may be called for at his shop by the name of LEARNED, or LIBRARY-PAPER, as he pleases. That ingenious gentleman, whose gains and reputation have risen equally with our paper-madness, will exert his fancy in so many pretty designs of book-cases, or pieces of ornamental architecture, accommodated to the size of all rooms, in such richness of gilding, lettering, and colouring, that I doubt whether the CHINESE-PAPER so much in fashion in most of our great houses, must not, to his great emolument, give place to the LEARNED: I think the LIBRARY-PAPER will look as pretty, *may* be made as costly, and I am sure will have more meaning. The books for a lady's closet must be on a smaller scale, and may be thrown into CHINESE-HOUSES; and here and there blank spaces may be left for brackets to hold real China ware and Dresden figures. It is to be observed that the lettering should not be put on till the paper is hung up: for every customer ought to have the chusing and the marshalling his own books: by this means he may have those of the newest fashion immediately after their publication; and besides, if he should grow tired of one author or one science, he may be furnished with others at reasonable rates, by the mere alteration of the lettering.

I make no apology to Mr. Dodsley on this occasion, as I do not think he will lose a single customer

by this compendious, yet comprehensive method of PERFORMING libraries.

Yours, &c.

L. A.

No. 65. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

Campestres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas rité trahunt domos.

HOR.

THAT EXPERIENCE is the best, and should be the only guide of our conduct, is so trite a maxim, that one can hardly offer it without an apology: and yet we find the love of innovation and the vanity of invention carrying men daily to a total neglect of it. In a country where mode and fashion govern every thing, we must not be surprised that men are ruled by no fixed principles, but rather should expect they will frequently act in direct opposition to every thing that has been long established. The favourite axiom of the present times, is, that our ancestors were barbarous; therefore whatever differs from the ignorance of their manners must be wise and right.

To shew the folly of an overweening opinion of inventive wisdom, and to bring the foregoing remarksto the purpose and subject of this day's paper, I shall give an instance from Garcilasso de la Vega, who tells us that when the Spaniards began to settle in Peru, and were erecting large stone buildings, the Indians stood by and laughed at them, saying they were raising their own tombs, which on the first heaving of the earth would fall and crush them. Yet big with their European improving ge-

nius, they despised the light cabins of the Americans, and at length became the victims of their own opinionated pride. Equally ridiculous would be the Peruvian in England, who, disregarding the old established models of strength and solidity, should build himself a hut after the fashion of his own country, and adapted only to the temperature of that climate.

As I would willingly pay my countrymen the compliment of supposing all their actions to be founded in reason, when I cannot demonstrate the contrary, I have imputed the number of slight wooden edifices with which we see our parks and gardens so crowded, to the extravagant fears with which it may be remembered the inhabitants of more solid structures were seized at the time of the late expected earthquake. If such a time of universal panic should again occur, I doubt not but the builders of these asylums, who had mercenary views, would see good interest for their money, while the generous and benevolent would enjoy the greatest of pleasures, that of making numbers easy and happy. But even in this case, how have they acted against EXPERIENCE! For as a storm of wind is a much more usual phenomenon in this climate than an earthquake, it is evident that the expence of erecting these occasional receptacles (though not indeed very considerable) must be totally thrown away: unless we are to believe those refiners in practical arithmetic, who assert that these retreats have contributed as much to the service of the public in the INCREASE of its inhabitants, as they could have done in the PRESERVATION of them, according to their original institution.

The same spirit which influences men to despise and neglect ancient wisdom leads them to a hasty and precipitate imitation of novelty. Thus many, ig-

norant of the original design of these slight shelters, and not imagining there could possibly be any use in them, concluded that they must imply ornament and beauty: and recollecting the proverb, that 'every thing that is little is pretty,' dotted their parks with sections of HOGSHEADS. The first I saw of these gave me a high opinion of the modesty of its owner. A wise man of Greece, thought I to myself, was immortalized for his self-denial and humility in occupying the whole of that mansion, of which my wiser countryman is contented with the half. But upon looking round me, and seeing this new old whim propagated all over his park, and these philosophical domicils so numerous as to make a town big enough to hold all the wise men upon earth, I soon changed my opinion of the founder, and concluded him rather to be possessed with the ambitious madness of an Alexander, who coveted MORE WORLDS, than with the moderation of the Cynic, who, as Hudibras observes, expressed no manner of solicitude about a PLURALITY OF TUBS.

The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes: who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.

The situations usually destined for these monuments of taste, are not in covered vallies, embosomed in groves, or in some sheltered dell; (there indeed we have the modesty to place our wood-piles, bone-stacks, cinder-heaps, and other more heavy fabrics, composed of rubbish, oyster-shells, and sometimes more glittering worthlessness, under the

ennobling title of grottos, hermitages, &c. &c.) to make them conspicuous, they are placed on eminences in the bleakest exposures; insomuch that I have over-heard an assembly of modern improvers condoling with one another at a drum on a windy night, like a company of merchants at Jamaica, who had a rich fleet in the harbour at the time of a hurricane.

The moveable houses of the Scythians, described in my motto, are worthy our admiration. We must acknowledge them to be the perfection of all works, since they will stand the criticism of Momus himself; having that requisite, for the want of which he condemned all other houses: they are upon wheels, and can move from bad neighbours, or be conveyed to shelter from the fury of the winds, or the scorching of the sun. What a satisfaction must it be to a man of fortune to be told that such houses are a manufacture of this age and country, and that he may be supplied with a very complete one, at the common and moderate price of three hundred pounds! It is to be presumed that no gentleman whom this intelligence may reach, will hereafter litter his park with huts, tubs, cribs, sentry-boxes, &c.

The taste of the present age is universally for annuals. Their politics, books, plantations, and now their buildings, must be all annuals; and it is to be apprehended, that in a few years, large trees and substantial structures will be no where to be found, except in our DESERTS: unless we could be as sanguine in our expectations as a certain schemist, of whom I shall relate some particulars.

This gentleman, whose Chinese temple had been blown down a few weeks after it was erected, was comforting himself that he had found in Hanway's travels, a model never yet executed in this part of the world, which from the advantage of its form

must stand against the most violent gusts of wind on the highest mountains. This was, it seems, a *pyramid of heads*, after a genuine plan of that great improver, Kouli Khan. He immediately contracted with the sexton of his parish for a sufficient supply of human sculls, and was preparing the other materials, when the scheme was prevented by the over-scrupulous conscience of the sexton's wife. The schemist was extremely mortified, yet remained pertinacious in the execution of his design, and, as I am told, set out the next morning for Cornwall to obtain a seat in parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the erecting a pyramid in every county, with niches for the reception of the heads of all criminals hereafter to be executed. He is in no pain for the success of his motion; for though the legislature has found objections to every scheme for making malefactors of USE, he doubts not of their ready concurrence in a proposal for making them an ORNAMENT to their country.

In former times the GREAT HOUSE was the object to which the stranger's admiration was particularly invited. For this purpose lines of trees were planted to direct, and walls built to confine your approach, in such a manner that the eye must be constantly employed in the contemplation of the principal front. Now it is thought necessary to *change all this;* you are therefore led by roundabout serpentine walks, and find your progress to be often intercepted by invisible and unexpected lines and intrenchments, and the mansion purposely obscured by new plantations, while the noblest trees of the old grove are tumbled down to give you a peep now and then, at an out-building of about ten feet square of plaster and canvass. So different from this was the practice of our ancestors, that whenever they erected such little edifices

(which they did only from necessity) they constantly planted before them yews, laurels, or aquatics, according as the soil was moist or dry: and I could venture to promise any modern improver, who delights in laying all things open, that he might in one morning fall down the populous part of the Thames, and with his single hatchet among the willows, lay open as many masked edifices of the true modern size and figure, as, properly disposed and fancifully variegated with fresh paint, might make Hounslow-heath a rival to many an admired garden of this age.

A philosopher would not suppose that the master of the place assumed any merit to himself from such trifles; he would hardly imagine that even the most elegant of palaces could add any degree of worth to the possessor, whose character must be raised and sustained by his own dignity, wisdom, and hospitality; remembering the maxim of Tully, '*Non domo dominus, sed domino domus honestanda est.*' But to judge with the common observer, and to reason with the general race of Improvers, if it be absolutely necessary for every man to shew his taste in these matters, let him endeavour to compass solidity, duration, and convenience in the mansion he inhabits; and not attempt to display his magnificence in a number of edifices, which, whatever they may seem to imitate, are UNNECESSARY-HOUSES.

No. 66. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

To confess an unfashionable kind of truth, I am a woman who now and then think a little; and when

I do, I sometimes turn my reflections on my own sex. MAN, you know, is said to be 'a creature formed for society;' and I do not deny it to be in general true; but then pray, what is WOMAN? To say that she too is 'a creature formed for society,' is saying nothing at all; she is a great deal more than all that. Shall I tell you what she is? WOMAN is 'a creature formed for CROWDING, and for being CROWDED.'

Mr. POPE, who you know thought it worth his while to write a whole epistle about us, declares, after he thinks he has analyzed us to the bottom, that the love of PLEASURE and the love of SWAY, are the general ruling passions of the whole sex. In direct contradiction to which I assert, that the love of CROWDING and of being CROWDED, is a passion infinitely more general and predominant. It will be alleged, probably, that this passion is included in one of the former; but I answer, No; it is absolutely distinct from either of them: for as to the love of PLEASURE, ask a woman of fashion in the midst of a crowded assembly (and thanks to the taste of the age we live in, you may make the experiment in this dear town any evening you please) ask her, I say, if she takes any PLEASURE in being crowded?—'No,' she will tell you, 'she hates and detests it; it breaks her hoop, tears her ruffles, puts her in a horrid fluster, makes her a fright in short, and she wonders what could persuade her to come there.' A plain proof this, that it does not result from her love of PLEASURE: and that it is not a consequence of our love of SWAY, is still more obvious; for the very idea of a crowd excludes all notion of superiority and distinction. But if you want an experimental proof of this too, go to the same assembly, and observe the lady of the house herself: she is distinguished indeed, but in a manner

quite opposite to what you would expect; for it is only by bustling through the crowd she has herself raised, with all the hurry and vulgar obsequiousness of a coffee girl.

All then that can be said in your friend POPE's defence, is, that he did not live long enough to see this predominant female passion display itself in that full strength and vigour which it does at present. Yet one might think too, from what one has heard of the ring and other fashionable amusements in his time (for I do not remember them myself) that he had, even then, sufficient opportunity given him to discover this truth; but as he has totally omitted it in all his essays, I shall (without making apologies for my inferior abilities, for I hate apologies) endeavour to demonstrate, that this very passion is superior to all our other passions put together.

First, as to our love of PLAY. Let us in the first place, to proceed methodically, consider what PLAY is. Play is a science, or rather a science and an art put together; the former of which has been rendered systematical, by the philosophic pen of Mr. Hoyle; the other, though perhaps as well understood as the former, has yet been honoured with no distinct treatise: though I am told indeed, that a gentleman, now in the Old Bailey, has, at his leisure hours, compleated an essay, which, when published, will render the whole of this matter clear to the meanest capacity. But this, *en passant*. Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, whether we consider GAMING as a science that employs the head, or as an art which exercises the hand of its fair professors; whether we suppose it a matter of judgment or ingenuity; we must agree, that a private room, and a small party, would be infinitely more eligible for the purpose (that is, if a woman loved PLAY for its own

sake) than a full assembly; for if she plays with judgment, I would presume that a noise and tumult about her would certainly disturb her; and if she plays with skill, I should imagine a number of lookers-on might possibly disconcert her: yet this is not the case; *to game in a crowd* is the *thing*; and rather than not game so, she is willing either to be beat or to be smoaked, either to lose her money or her reputation.

Having proved, I think to my satisfaction, and I hope, sir, to yours, that even the love of PLAY is a secondary passion to the love of CROWDING, I will just touch upon our love of DRESS. That this is made subservient to it also, is evident to any person that will please to contemplate that most important part of our dress, the HOOP; a piece of apparel, or to speak more properly, a piece of machinery, which owes its very being and existence to this passion: for since that invention, a lady is enabled to make a crowd even by herself; and thirty women can now cram a room as completely as a hundred would do, if deprived of so necessary an auxiliary. On this principle too we may account for that seeming paradox, why the HOOP, contrary to the fleeting and short-lived nature of all other parts of dress, holds its place in the realms of fashion so much longer than any other mode was ever known to do; and while our caps have, from the size of a china plate, dwindled away to the breadth of a half-crown, and then entirely vanished, our HOOPS, on the contrary, continue to enlarge their circumference gradually, and keep pace with our ruling passion. So that I shall venture to assert, that this part of our dress will be immortal; for so long as women are women, so long must they wear large HOOPS.

Again, as to our love of MUSIC; ask any woman

of fashion, if the opera sounds as well on a Tuesday as a Saturday, and she will stare at your question, and answer coolly, 'No; she does not think it does.' And why, pray? For this short reason, that SATURDAY is the CROWDED NIGHT.

The thing is now so very plain, that I might spare myself all farther trouble; yet to proceed, let me ask why we prefer gallantry to love, and general acquaintance to particular friendship? Because the one goes on full as well in a CROWD (excepting indeed some necessary short intervals with regard to gallantry) as in any other place. But should a woman condescend to cultivate love or friendship, she would be frequently seduced into solitude, or, what is as bad, be obliged sometimes to undergo the insupportable *ennui* of a grave *tête à tête*.

Lastly, I would fain ask, why does that small part of our sex, that think at all about the matter, prefer enthusiasm to religion, and Mr. Whitfield to their parish priest? For no other reason in the world, but because Mr. Whitfield of all men living has the greatest knack of gathering a CROWD about him.

Now that I am talking of religion, I have heard of an author who wrote a treatise to prove, that the place of future punishment was the center of the earth; which since it could not fairly hold half the inhabitants that would be assigned to it, he supposed the principal torment would consist in SQUEEZING. I believe indeed the doctrine was soon exploded; and it was fit it should: for surely, sir, it would have a manifest bad tendency in point of female morals; for who can think that we should have any dread of SQUEEZING in the next life, when we love so dearly to be SQUEEZED to death in this?

Yet though I have hitherto endeavoured to prove that this love of CROWDING is the ruling passion of the FEMALE world, I would not have it inferred, that it does not sometimes also predominate in MAN. I know myself various instances to the contrary: many young fellows of my acquaintance are at present warm borough hunters: now as most of them are infinitely too ignorant to suffer one to imagine they do it with a view of serving their country, and much too negligent and *degagé* to aim at serving themselves, I charitably conclude, in order to give them some motive for action, that they commence candidates purely from this principle, as wanting only to push themselves into a present momentary CROWD at the ensuing election, and to secure to themselves a septennial CROWD, by getting into parliament. I could enumerate many more instances of the same kind, but really I have scribbled till I am tired: I have however one word to say to your friends the poets before I conclude. You know, sir, they frequently make similes about us women, and are particularly fond of taking them from the feathered part of the creation: for instance, if a woman is constant (as perhaps some women have formerly been) they compare her to a turtle; if she sings well, they instantly clap a nightingale into her throat; and if she is fair, the swan's plumage immediately becomes dirty by comparison. Now all these similes may do well enough in the confined way they use them; but they never yet found out any single bird that could be made use of as a general symbol of the whole sex. I have, Mr. Fitz-Adam; and I shall give it them to put into verse if they please; assuring myself, that if they are convinced of the truth of my foregoing reason-

ings, they will think it a just one: not to keep them or you longer in suspence, it is a WILD-GOOSE.

I am,

Among the crowd of your admirers,

M. B.

No. 67. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ALL the fashionable part of mankind set out with the ambition of being thought men of TASTE.

This is the present universal passion: but the misfortune is, that, like sportsmen, who lose their hare, and start coneys, which lead them over warrens, where their horses break their legs, and fling their riders; so in the affair of TASTE, we frequently see men following some false scent, with the same ardour that they would have pursued the proper object of a chace, and with much greater inconveniences.

Of all the various subjects that have yet exercised the geniuses of modern writers, that of TASTE has appeared to be the most difficult to treat; because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace its source. They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas those are rather its offspring, than its parents. Perhaps their mistakes in treating this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which FALSE TASTE bears to TRUE, which hasty and inaccurate observers will

find as difficult to distinguish, as to discern Pinchbeck's metal from genuine gold at the first transient glance. To the end therefore that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a TRUE TASTE, is, to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a just and well regulated conduct.

TRUE TASTE, like good-breeding in behaviour, seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown upon a bed of virgin-sense, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneously thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces. I could produce instances to confirm this assertion, from almost every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

The folly is, that every man thinks himself capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accomplishment: but nature hath not dispensed her gifts in such profusion. There is but one sun to illuminate our earth, while the stars that twinkle with inferior lustre are innumerable. Thus those great geniuses that are the perfect models of TRUE TASTE, are extremely rare, while thousands daily expose themselves to ruin and ridicule by vain and aukward imitations.

Perhaps to arrive at TASTE in one single branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether so fruitless an ambition; but the absurdity is to aim at an universal TASTE. Now this will best appear by observing what numbers miscarry even in the most

confined pursuit of this difficult accomplishment. One seeks this coy mistress in books and study; others pursue her through France, through Italy, nay, through Spain; and after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and foppery with the raptures due alone to TASTE. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in the fields of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the first rank, whose names and titles strumpets have assumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

It is thought the BONA DEA of the Romans, was nothing more than the goddess of TASTE. Ladies alone were admitted to her mysteries. The natural indelicacy indeed of the stronger sex seems to countenance this opinion; women in general having finer and more exquisite sensations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes the most essential quality of a man of TASTE. Who indeed ever knew a mere soldier, a mere politician, a mere scholar, to be a man of TASTE?

Were we to erect a temple to TASTE, every SCIENCE should furnish a pillar, every VIRTUE should there have an altar, and the three GRACES should hold the high-priesthood in commission.

We daily see pretenders to this quality endeavouring to display it in a parade of dress and equipage; but these, alas! can only produce a beau. We see others set up for it amongst cards and dice; but these can create nothing better than a gamester. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at New-market; some have drank for it at the King's-arms; the former, to their great surprize, have acquired only the title of good jockeys, the latter of jolly bucks. There are many

who aim at in literary compositions, and gain at most the character of intruding authors.

However, this general pursuit of TASTE has its uses; those numbers who go in quest of it, where it is never to be found, serve at least as so many marks that teach us to avoid steering the same unsuccessful course.

The plain truth of the matter is, a house filled with fine pictures, the sideboard loaded with massy plate, the splendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages, and servants that attend it, do not entitle the possessor to be called a man of TASTE: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to those whose rank and fortunes are not equal to such ostentation. I will be bold to say therefore, notwithstanding some of your readers will doubtless look upon me as an unpolished Vandal, that the best instance any man can give of his TASTE, is to shew that he has too much delicacy to relish any thing so low and little, as the purchase of superfluities, at another's cost, or with his own ruin. At least the placid satisfaction of that man's heart who prudently measures his expences, and confines his desires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered disposition of mind, without which it is impossible to merit the character of a man of just refined TASTE.

Certain it is, that he best discovers the justness of his TASTE, who best knows how to pursue and secure the most solid and lasting happiness. Now where shall we look for this, with so much probability of finding it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in social and domestic enjoyments? Are not these the first and most essential objects of TASTE? Certainly they are; and when a man has once acquired these, he may, if fortune and nature has properly qualified him, launch out into a more

extensive compass, and display his genius in a larger circle.

But it will be difficult, I fear, to persuade those young men of the present generation, who are ambitious for establishing a character for TASTE, to advance towards it by so slow and regular a progression. They seem, in general, to be possessed with a kind of EPIC madness, and are for hurrying at once into the midst of things. But perhaps you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may be able, by reason or by ridicule, to call back their attention to the previous steps; to persuade them to learn to walk, before they attempt to run; to convince them, that profusion in architecture, in gardening, in equipage, in dress, &c. can serve no other purpose but to disturb their imaginations, and to give them a general distaste of themselves, and of every thing around them.

It is by no means, however, surprising that this character of TASTE should be so universally sought after; as true TASTE is doubtless the highest point of perfection, at which human nature, in this her state of frailty, can possibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality, possesses all his senses, in the manner best adapted to receive the impression of every true pleasure, which Providence has scattered with a liberal hand for the delight of its creatures. There is nothing intrinsically beautiful, which does not furnish him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill-fashioned and deformed affects him with disgust and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to those enjoyments that bring with them the passports of truth and reason.

PHILALETHES is a man of TASTE, according to the notion I have here given of that quality. His conduct is influenced by sentiment as well as by

principle; and if he were ever so secure of secrecy and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a base action, than of admitting a vile performance into his noble collection of painting and sculpture. His just taste of the fine arts, and his exquisite delicacy in moral conduct, are but one and the same sense, exerting itself upon different objects; a love of beauty, order, and propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and visible exhibitions. Accordingly, PHILALETHES is consistent in every part of his character. You see the same elegant and noble simplicity, the same correct and judicious way of thinking, expressed in his dress, his equipage, his furniture, his gardens, and his actions.

How different is MICIO from PHILALETHES! Yet MICIO would be thought a man of TASTE. But the misfortune is, he has not a heart for it. I say a heart, however odd the expression may sound: for as a celebrated ancient has defined an orator to be *vir bonus dicendi peritus*, so I must insist upon it, that a good heart is an essential ingredient to form a good TASTE. When I see MICIO, therefore, dissipating his health and strength in lewd embraces and midnight revels; when I see him throwing away over-night at the gaming-table, what he must refuse the next morning to the just clamours of his injured tradesmen; I am not the least surprized at his trimmed trees, his unnatural terrasses, his French *treillage*, his Dutch parterres, his Chinese bells, and his tawdry equipage.

In fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may be necessary that he should be sufficiently instructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the few following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is

the pretender to TASTE proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a spendthrift? Is he a gamester? Is he a slanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour? a sham patriot? or a false friend? By this short catechism every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is NOT a man of TASTE.

I am, &c.

J. T

No. 68. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE kind reception which you gave to my letter of November last, makes me take the liberty of sending you some farther anecdotes of my family.

As my grandfather, Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, had made a considerable figure in king Charles's court, his only son RALPH, my honoured father, was no less conspicuous for his valour, towards the latter end of king William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of HONOUR still remained the same. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin-hall, about a year and a half before the revolution, much discontented with the times, and often wishing that Judge Somebody (I forget his name) had been a militia colonel, that he might have run him through the body, or cut off one of his cheeks with a broad-sword. In the same strain he frequently wished FATHER PETERS a life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before

the court-gate of Whitehall. 'These fellows,' said he, 'put me in mind of murderers in popish countries, who if they run into a church after cutting a throat, are secured from all danger of punishment. Our English ruffians too are frequently safe, if they can but shew a lawyer's gown, or a priest's cowl.' My grandmother, lady PUMPKIN, was a prudent woman, and, not without some difficulty, persuaded Sir JOSIAH to content himself with drinking constant bumpers of prosperity to the church and state, without fighting DUELS or breaking heads in defence of the British constitution. Indeed he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once shot through the leg, and carrying the marks of seven-and-twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by single combats, in defence of nominal liberty, and real loyalty, during king Charles the second's reign.

My father was returned for a borough in Wales, in the second parliament of king William. This drew him every winter to London; and he never took his leave of Sir JOSIAH without receiving a strict command, to do some brave act, becoming a man of honour and a PUMPKIN. As he was remarkably an obedient son, and indeed as we were all, not only as PUMPKINS, but as old Britons, very cholerick and fiery, my father scarce ever returned home without some glorious achievement, the heroism of which generally reached Pumpkin-hall before the hero. Of his several exploits, give me leave only to mention three; not so much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them some particular and remarkable circumstances.

There was an intimacy between my father and Major JOHN DAVIS of the foot-guards. Their first acquaintance and friendship had begun when the major was quartered at a market-town near Pump-

kin-hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greatest strictness for several years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern, my father jocularly in discourse said, 'Ah! Major! Major! you still love to ride the fore-horse:' alluding to his desire of being foremost in all parties of pleasure. Major DAVIS immediately changed colour, and took the earliest opportunity of calling Mr. PUMPKIN aside, and demanding satisfaction. My father asked for what? The major made no reply but by drawing his sword. They fought, and the major was soon disarmed. 'Now JACK,' says my father, 'pray tell me what we fought for.' 'Ah, RALPH,' replied the major, 'why did you reproach me with having been a postillion? It is true I was one; but by what means did you know it, and when you did know it, why would you hint it to the company, by saying that I still loved to ride the fore-horse?' My father protested his ignorance of the fact, and consequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as strongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was particularly cautious how he discovered his original, or blindly followed the folly of his own suspicions.

One of my father's tavern-companions, captain SHADDOW, who was very young, very giddy, and almost as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a supposed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which he had made to my father, in the play-house. They were to fight in Hyde Park: but as the captain was drawing his sword with the fiercest indignation, it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might possibly have been undesigned, or if otherwise, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature; he therefore begged pardon of his adversary, and made up the affair.

I wish this had been the last of my father's combats, but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer, who had taken the wall of him; and in that duel he received a wound, which, after throwing him several months into a languishing miserable condition, at last proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illness with amazing fortitude; but often expressed an abhorrence of these polite and honourable murders; and wished that he might have lived some years longer, only to have shewn that he durst not fight.

I leave you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to make your moral reflections on these several stories; but I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of the only DUEL in which my poor dear husband, Mr. SOLOMON MUZZY, was engaged; if a man may be said to be engaged who was scarce ever awake.

Mr. MUZZY was very fat, and extremely lethargic. To be sure, he had courage sufficient for a major-general; but he was not only unwieldy, but so lethargically stupid, that he fell asleep even in musical assemblies, and snored in the play-house, as bad, poor man! as he used to snore in his bed. However, having received many taunts and reproaches from my grandfather (who was become by age very tart and peevish) he resolved to challenge his own cousin-german by the mother's side, brigadier TRUNCHEON of Soho-square. It seems the person challenged fixes upon the place and weapons. TRUNCHEON, a deep-sighted man, chose Primrose-hill for the field of battle, and swords for the weapons of defence. To avoid suspicion, and to prevent discovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the summit of Primrose-hill. TRUNCHEON's scheme took effect. Mr. MUZZY was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However he drew his sword; and, as he assured me himself, began to attack

his cousin TRUNCHEON with a valour which must have charmed my grandfather, had he been present. The brigadier went back; Mr. MUZZY pursued; but not having his adversary's alacrity, he stopped a little to take breath. He stopped, alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence: he first dozed, as he stood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropt by degrees upon his face in a most profound sleep. TRUNCHEON, base man! took this opportunity to wound my husband as he lay snoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his stab in such a manner, as to make it supposed that Mr. MUZZY had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the most ignominious part of his body. You will ask what became of the seconds? they were both killed upon the spot; but being only two servants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they were buried the same night; and by the power of a little money properly applied, no farther inquiry was ever made about them.

Mr. MUZZY, wounded as he was (the blood trickling from him in great abundance) might probably have slept upon that spot for many hours, had he not been awakened by the cruel bites of a mastiff. The dog began first to lick his blood, and then tearing his cloaths, fell upon the wounded part as if it had been carrion. My poor husband was thoroughly awakened by the new hurt he had received; and indeed it was impossible to have slept, while he was losing whole collops of the fattest and most pulpy part of his flesh! so that he was brought home to me, much more wounded, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the teeth of the mastiff, than by the sword of his cousin TRUNCHEON.

This, sir, is the real fact, as it happened; although I well know that the TRUNCHEON family take the

liberty of telling a very different story, much to the dishonour of my husband's memory. Permit me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by your means, to do public justice to Mr. Muzzy's character, and at the same time to assure you that I am,

Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

Mary Muzzy.

No. 69. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

For the entertainment of those of my readers who love variety, and to oblige those of my correspondents whose epistles to me are too short to be published singly, I have set apart this paper for miscellaneous productions.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

If you are a strong-bodied man, be so kind as to open your arms to your fair readers, and lift them down safely from their high-heeled shoes. I am really in pain when I see a pretty woman tottering along, uncertain at every step she takes whether she shall stand or fall. If the ladies intend by this fashion to display the leg to greater advantage, to be sure we are obliged to them: but I cannot help being of opinion, that the shortness of the modern petticoat might fully answer this desirable purpose.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with your thoughts upon this matter; and if you can reduce this enormity, and take the ladies down (I will not

say in their WEDDING only, but) in all their shoes, you will oblige every husband and father, whose wife and daughters may be liable from walking in stilts, to make FALSE STEPS.

I am, &c.

T. H.

SIR,

As almost every session convinces us that it is not beneath the wisdom of parliament to spend much time and consideration in the enacting and amending laws for the preservation of the game, and to determine who should, and who should not be his own butcher or poulterer in the fields; it is much to be wondered at, that the same vigilant care has not extended to the employments of leisure and opulence in town; and to determine what estate or place should QUALIFY a man to play at CARDS or DICE: how much he must be possessed of to sit down to a game of ALL-FOURS: how much more to cut in at WHIST, or to make one at a party of BRAG: or how much more still to punt at FARO, or to sit down at a HAZARD-TABLE: always reserving to privy-counsellors, and members of either house, an exclusive privilege of ruining themselves at any game they shall think proper to play at.

I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a bare hint of this will be sufficient to get it carried into a law; especially if it be added, that till such a law is made, my LORD and the CHAIRMAN are upon a level in their amusements; except that his lordship is losing his estate with great temper and good-breeding at WHITE'S, and the chairman beggaring his family with oaths and curses in a NIGHT-CELLAR.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

W. X.

SIR,

Your paper upon SERVANTS put me in mind of a passage in the life of the marquis (afterwards duke) of Ormond, which I believe will not be unentertaining to your readers.

The marquis having been invited by a French nobleman to pass some days at his house in *St. Germain en laye*, in compliance with an inconvenient English custom, at his coming away, left with the *maitre d' hotel* ten pistoles, to be distributed amongst the servants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get credit for more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on this melancholy circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small supply for present use, he was surprized at being told by his servant, that the nobleman at whose house he had been entertained, was behind, driving furiously, as if he was desirous of overtaking him.

The marquis, it seems, had scarce left *St. Germain*, when the distribution of the money he had given caused a great disturbance amongst the servants; who exalting their own service and attendance, complained of the *maitre d' hotel's* partiality. The nobleman, hearing an unusual noise in his family, and, upon inquiry into the matter, finding what it was, took the ten pistoles, and causing horses to be put to his chariot, made all the haste that was possible after the marquis of Ormond. The marquis upon notice of his approach, got off his horse as the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect; but was strangely surprized to find a coldness in the nobleman, which forbad all embraces till he had received satisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He asked the marquis if he had reason to complain of any disrespect or

defect which he met with in the too mean, but very friendly entertainment, which his house afforded: and being answered by the marquis, that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never passed so many days more agreeably in his life, and could not but wonder that the other should suspect the contrary: the nobleman then told him, 'That the leaving ten pistoles to be distributed amongst the servants, was treating his house as an inn, and was the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality: that he paid his own servants well, and hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself: that he considered him as a stranger who might be unacquainted with the customs of France, and err through some practice deemed less dishonourable in his own country; otherwise his resentment should have prevented any expostulation: but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he must either redress the mistake by receiving back the ten pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour for an avowed affront.' The marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with less anxiety about his subsistence.

Your readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may learn from this story, that ALL our fashions are not borrowed from France.

Yours, &c.

A. Z.

HONOURED SIR,

This is to acquaint you that I am a gentleman's servant, and that I have read the letter upon servants, signed O. S. in the WORLD of the 21st of February last: and though I admit the charge brought against us in that letter to be true, namely, that those who have nothing to give may go whistle for a clean plate or a glass of wine; yet I do not agree

that a poor poet (for I am sure he must be a poet that wrote that letter; if he had been a gentleman, he would have done as gentlemen do; I say, that I do not agree that a poor poet) has any right to abuse those that are his betters. A good servant, and one who knows his business, will endeavour all he can to keep low people from intruding at his master's table: and yet so far are many of us from holding poets in contempt, that they are always welcome to dinner in the hall with the best of us, and have free leave to read their verses, or sing their songs for the entertainment of the company.

If this same Mr. O. S. had been a philosopher or a man of deep learning, he might have had some sort of reason to find fault; for it is not to be denied that we are a little apt to overlook such sort of gentry; but not so much because they have nothing to give, as from an absence of mind which we constantly observe in these philosophers and men of deep learning, who if they ask for bread, beer, or wine, are as well contented with oil, vinegar, or mustard, or any thing else that happens to be readiest at hand.

I beg pardon for troubling you with this letter, which is only to set these matters in a clear light, and to request that you will publish no more papers about servants, but let things go on in their old way; and in so doing you will oblige us all in general, and in particular,

HONOURED SIR,

Your dutiful servant to command,

I. K.

As I am desirous of being a peace-maker upon all occasions, I shall comply with the request of this correspondent, and conclude my paper with a hint to all gentlemen in livery, that as poets, philosophers,

and men of learning, will be sometimes intruders at their masters' tables, let them consider them as brethren, and treat them with humanity.

No. 70. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

Ψυχης Ιατρειον.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent in your sixty-third paper has, I must confess, shewn no less ingenuity than the Duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated answer to Lewis the fourteenth, upon that king's asking him at table, *Mais à quoi sert de lire ? La lecture,* said the duke, *fait à l'esprit ce que vos perdrix font à mes joües.* But whatever new doctrines these gentlemen are pleased to broach, that BOOKS are the FOOD of the MIND, I must beg leave to say, that they have from time immemorial been called PHYSIC, not FOOD: and for this I appeal to the famous inscription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter, PHYSIC FOR THE SOUL.

For my own part, I can truly say, that I have considered all books as PHYSIC from my earliest youth; and so indeed have most of my schoolfellows and acquaintance, and nauseated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the sight or touch of them, not even a present from the author, unless it be as thoroughly gilt as the most loathsome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the syrup of a dedication.

Those who have endeavoured to conquer this

disgust, have given the most forcible proofs of the truth of my argument: many of them by venturing to prescribe to themselves, have so injudiciously taken their potions, that their minds have been thrown into various ill habits and disorders. Some have fallen into so lax a state, that they could neither digest nor keep any thing whatsoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with such as have taken the most innocent and salutary of these medicines, but by over-dosing themselves, and making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the most violent agitations, discharging such a quantity of undigested and virulent matter, that they have poisoned the neighbourhood round. Some, only upon taking the quantity of a few pages, have stared, raved, foamed at the mouth, and discovered all the symptoms of madness; while the very same dose has had the contrary effect upon others, operating only as an opiate.

The true and genuine FOOD of the MIND is NEWS. That this is incontestable, appears from the number of souls in this metropolis who subsist entirely upon this diet, without the least addition of any other nourishment whatsoever. In all ages and countries the poets have constantly described the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expressions of eating or drinking. Shakspeare uses a more general term:

With open mouth SWALLOWING *a taylor's* NEWS.

Another witty author calls NEWS the MANNA of the day: alluding to that food with which the Israelites were supplied in the wilderness from day to day, and which in a very little time became stale and corrupt: as indeed Providence has in its wisdom ordained that all kinds of sustenance shall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man con-

tinually of the dependency of his state on earth. Whereas PHYSIC (particularly of the modern chymical preparation) preserves its efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with BOOKS; which never suffer by age, provided they are originally well composed, and of good ingredients. The principal of these ingredients are generally thought to be wit; and I fancy, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then season your speculations, that you have adopted that opinion. But let me tell you, sir, that though my supposition should be true, you are in the wrong to rely upon it too much; for though this seasoning should happen to preserve them for the admiration of future times, it is certainly your business to accomodate yourself to the taste of the present. If therefore you would make sure of customers, give us NEWS; for which there is as constant a demand as for daily bread: and as for your wit, which is a luxury, treat it as the Dutch do their spices; burn half of it, and you may possibly render the remaining half of some value. But if you produce all you have for the market, you will soon find it become a mere drug, and bear no price.

I am,

Your friend and well-wisher,

A. B.

I have published this letter just as I received it: and as a proof that my correspondent is not singular in his opinion of wit, I must observe that the sagacious author of the late excellent abridgment of the history of France expresses a doubt that the present age may depreciate wit, as the last exploded learning. '*Prenons garde que le* 18me *siecle ne decrie l'esprit, comme le* 17me *avoit decrié l'erudition.*'

The sixteenth century produced the greatest number of men of the most profound erudition: and notwithstanding those of the seventeenth despised them for their laborious application, it is evident that it was owing to those labours that their successors attained knowledge with so much ease.

Towards the end of the last century, some possessed, and many affected, a pure taste in literature; and setting up for a standard the writings of the ancients, very liberally rewarded those who imitated them the nearest in chastity of composition. But no sooner had Monsieur Galland translated the Arabian Tales, than the whole French nation ran mad, and would never after read any thing but wretched imitations of their most wild extravagancies; for it ought to be observed, that some of those original stories contain useful morals and well-drawn pictures from common life: and it may be to those stories, perhaps, that we owe that species of writing which is at once so entertaining and instructive; and in which a very eminent wit, to the honour of this nation, has shewn himself so incomparably superior in drawing natural characters. But these were not the parts which had the fortune to please: the enchantments, the monsters and transformations engaged all their attention: insomuch that the famous Count Hamilton, with a pleasant indignation at this folly, wrote a tale of wonders, with design to ridicule these idle books by an aggravated imitation: but with an effect so directly contrary to his intention, that to this day France is continually producing little pieces of that extravagant turn; while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiousness of the old comedy, can relish nothing but personal character, or wanton romance. Hence arises that

swarm of memoirs, all filled with abuse or impurity, which, whatever distinctions my present correspondent may make with relation to FOOD and PHYSIC, are the POISON of the MIND.

The best antidote to this poison, and the most salutary in every respect, is that species of writing which may properly be termed REGIMEN; which, partaking of the qualities both of PHYSIC and FOOD, at once cleanses and sustains the patient. Such have I studied to make these my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for sustenance, nor occasionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an ALTERATIVE. I have been extremely careful in the composition, that there shall not be wanting a proper quantity of sweet, acid, and salt; yet so justly proportioned, as not to cloy, sour, or lacerate the weakest stomach. The success I have met with will be better proved by the attestations of my patients, than by any boasts of my own. Out of many hundreds of these attestations, I shall content myself at present with only publishing the following.

Extract of a letter from Bath.

SIR,

I can assure you with the greatest truth, that my three eldest daughters were for more than a whole winter most strangely affected with a NAKEDNESS in the SHOULDERS, insomuch that the thinnest and slightest covering whatsoever was almost insupportable, especially in public. The best advice in the place was procured, but the disease increased with so much violence, that many expressed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At last, when nothing else would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular course of your papers, and in a very few weeks, to the sur-

prize of every body in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good sir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers, for which he will pay you.

I am,

SIR, &c.

The original letter, sealed with a coronet, may be seen at Mr. Dodsley's in Pall-Mall.

No. 71. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

Ne scutică dignum horribili sectĕre flagello.

HOR.

I FLATTER myself it must have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harshness which may deserve the name of satire, but on the contrary with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wishes of paternal tenderness, than the dictates of magisterial authority. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have spent five pages out of six to shew that the ladies disfigure their persons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other conclusion, than by coolly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was less disguised.

A certain great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much caressed and admired by the Great Duke. The variety of countries he had seen, and his vivacity in describing the customs, manners, and characters of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it hap-

pened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the fashions of the east, that of wearing whiskers, which he did in the fullest and largest extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means relish this fashion; and as constantly as he finished his second bottle, his disgust would break out, though never with greater harshness than in the following words: 'Signor Giramondo, I am not duke of Tuscany while you wear those whiskers.' In like manner I say, I am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear such enormous hoops, such short petticoats, and such vast patches near the left eye; or while gentlemen ruin their fortunes and constitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

The moderation of the duke of Tuscany, who, with the help of a pair of scissars, might so easily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procrustes, whose delicate eye for proportion was apt to take such offence at an over-grown person, that he would order him to be shortened to the just standard by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical system cannot be lasting: and violent measures must destroy that harmony which I am desirous should long subsist between me and those whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry such measures into execution. But nothing exposes weakness so much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts, 'that forty of the Jews bound themselves under a curse, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul.' We hear no more of those Jews, though the apostle survived their menaces. I flatter myself that I have no less zeal for the abolishing folly and false taste; yet I am so far from uttering any such threats, that I very

frankly confess I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no such thing as folly remaining in the world. My enemies indeed have been pleased to throw out that it is owing to my desire of continuing to gratify those appetites, that I have not long ago entirely suppressed all folly whatsoever. They make no scruple of asserting, that there would not have been so much as a patch, pompoon, or Chinese rail, remaining amongst us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who suffer a small part of the vermin to escape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I must take the liberty of acquainting these gentlemen, that they know as little of me as of human nature, the chace after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one shape, she starts up in another, so that there is no manner of danger that the game will be destroyed. And I most solemnly declare, that wherever I have seen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very grossly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greatest earnestness to effect a reformation. But where the conduct of my pupils, though sometimes faulty in itself, has been harmless in its consequences, I have constantly forborn, and will as constantly forbear, an officious reprehension of it, however disagreeable such forbearance may appear in the eyes of these gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have suppressed innumerable complaints from splenetic and ill-humoured correspondents: as a specimen of which complaints I shall lay before my readers the beginnings of some of their letters.

SIR,

I am greatly offended at the inconsistent behaviour of a lady of my acquaintance. You see her in

a morning at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-house in Drury-lane. One would think that either religion should drive plays out of her head, or plays religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how absurd——

SIR,

I trouble you with this letter to make my complaints of a very great evil, and to desire your animadversions upon it. I returned yesterday from a month's visit to a family in the country, where, in every particular but one, we passed our time as became reasonable beings. When the weather was good, we walked abroad; when bad, we amused ourselves within doors, either with entertaining conversation, or instructive books. But it was the custom of the family (though in all other respects very worthy people) constantly to play at cards for a whole hour before supper. Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this method of killing time——

SIR,

I am shocked at the indecency of the modern head-dress. Do the ladies intend to lay aside all modesty, and go naked?——

This is the manner in which undistinguishing zeal treats things that are in themselves indifferent: for is it not matter of absolute indifference whether a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own hair? Or if there be any preference, would it not be shewn both from nature and experience to be on the side of the hair?

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Liciniæ?

HORACE, we see, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licinia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet though I have seen with patience the cap diminishing to the size of a patch, I have not with the same unconcern observed the patch enlarging itself to the size of a cap. It is with great sorrow that I already see it in possession of that beautiful mass of blood which borders upon the eye. Should it increase on the side of that exquisite feature, what an eclipse have we to dread? But surely it is to be hoped the ladies will not give up that place to a plaster, which the brightest jewel in the universe would want lustre to supply.

I find that I am almost insensibly got upon the only subject which is likely to move my indignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of that moderation which I have boasted of above. I shall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of composition to those of my fair readers who are willing to treat with me. The first is, that all those young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themselves from patches all at once, shall be allowed to wear them, in what number, size, and figure they please, on such parts of the body as are, or should be, most covered from sight. The second (and I shall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the simplicity of such ornaments to the glare of her jewels, shall, upon disposing of the said jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hospital, be permitted to wear (by way of publishing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as she has contributed hundreds of pounds to so laudable a benefaction. By pursuing this method, the

public will be benefited, and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour, to the sex.

No. 72. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

Ne cures ea quæ stultè miraris & optas.
Discere & audire & meliori credere non vis.

HOR.

IT is an observation of the duke de Rochefaucault, 'that there are many people in the world who would never have been in love if they had never heard talk of it.' As strange as this assertion may appear, there is nothing more certain, than that mankind pursue with much greater ardour, what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural passions; nay, so great is the infatuation, that we frequently see them relinquishing real gratifications, for the sake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the present times.

The story of the princess Parizade in the Arabian Tales, is a proper illustration of what I have here advanced. I shall give my readers a short abstract of this story, as it may furnish matter for reflection, and a very useful moral, to such of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their desires, by FASHION.

This princess, the happiest as well as most beautiful of her sex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a splendid palace, situated in the midst of a delightful park, and the most exquisite gardens in the east. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and desired admittance to the oratory, that she might say her prayers. The princess no sooner

knew of her request than she granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they should shew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where she herself was sitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princess, having regaled her guest with some fruits and sweet-meats, among many other questions, asked her what she thought of the palace.

'Madam,' answered the old woman, 'your palace is beautiful, regular, and magnificently furnished; its situation is delightful, and its gardens are beyond compare. But yet, if you will give me leave to speak freely, there are three things wanting to make it perfect.'——'My good mother,' interrupted the princess Parizade, 'what are those three things? I conjure you in God's name to tell me what they are; and if there be a possibility of obtaining them, neither difficulties nor dangers shall stop me in the attempt.' 'Madam,' replied the old woman, 'the first of these three things is the Talking Bird, the second is the Singing Tree, and the third is the Yellow or Golden Water.' 'Ah, my good mother,' cried the princess, 'how much am I obliged to you for the knowledge of these things! They are no doubt the greatest curiosities in the world, and unless you can tell me where they are to be found, I am the most unhappy of women.' The old woman satisfied the princess in that material point, and then took her leave.

The story goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the princess Parizade so wrapt up in thought, that they imagined some great misfortune had befallen her, which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, she only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed them again upon the ground, telling

them that nothing disturbed her. The entreaties of the two princes, however, at last prevailed, and the princess addressed them in the following manner.

'You have often told me, my dear brothers, and I have always believed, that this house, which our father built, was complete in every thing; but I have learnt this day that it wants three things; these are the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water. An old woman has made this discovery to me, and told me the place where they are to be found, and the way thither. Perhaps you may look upon these rarities as trifles; but think what you please, I am fully persuaded that they are absolutely necessary; and whether you value them or not, I cannot be easy without them.'

The sequel tells us, that after the princess Parizade had expressed herself with this proper spirit upon the occasion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in pursuit of these NECESSARIES, and that failing in the enterprize, they were one after another turned into stone.

The application of this tale is so universal, that the enumerating particulars is almost an unnecessary labour. The whole fashionable world are so many Parizades; and things not only useless in their natures, but also ugly in themselves, from having been once termed CHARMING by some fashionable leaders of modern taste, are now become so NECESSARY that *nobody can do without them.*

But though this story happens to be told of a lady, the folly it particularizes is chiefly to be found in the other sex: I mean, in respect to the pernicious consequences attending vain and chimerical pursuits.

If we enter into the strictest examination of these idle longings in the women, we shall find that they seldom amount to any thing more than a dissipation

of their pin money, without any other ill consequence than that of turning their thoughts from some real good, which they actually possess, to an imaginary expectation. The passion for shells, old china, and the like, is confessedly trifling; but it is only blameable in proportion to the anxiety with which it is pursued: but what is this in comparison of the desolation of ambition, the waste of magnificence, and the ruin of play?

Madame Montespan's coach and six mice was not a more idle, though it was a less mischievous folly, than the armies of her lover, Lewis the fourteenth. The ambition of that monarch to emulate the conquerors of antiquity; of Cæsar to rival Alexander; of Alexander to resemble the hero of his darling poem, the Iliad; the designs of Pyrrhus, and the project of Xerxes; what were they but counterparts to a passion for the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water?

To descend a little into private life, how many do we see daily talked into a rage for building, gardening, painting, and divers other expences, to the embarrassing a fortune which would more than sufficiently supply the necessaries of life? Among the numbers who have changed a sober plan of living for one of riot and excess, the greatest part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking song. Thousands have taken the same fruitless and expensive journey, because they have heard that it is very JOHN TROTT not to have visited France, and that a person who has not been abroad has SEEN NOTHING. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himself by keeping running horses, that he owed his ruin to a strong impression made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, 'that it was a creditable thing to keep good cattle; and that if he was

a gentleman, he should take great pleasure in being always well mounted.'

But to apply our fable to the most recent instance of this species of infatuation: How often have we seen an honest country gentleman, who has lived a truly happy life, blessed in his family, amused with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, usefully employed in the administration of justice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours; but who being talked into an opinion of the great service a man might do his country, as well as honour to himself, by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and useful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the FAMILY INTEREST, as it is called, is too often the destruction of the FAMILY ESTATE.

As to all those gentlemen who have gained their elections, I most sincerely wish them joy: and for those who have been disappointed, and who now may have leisure to turn their thoughts from their country to themselves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleasures, and I may add, the duties, of domestic life: in comparison of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

No. 73. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

——*Ille potens sui*
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, VIXI: *cras vel atrâ*
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet.—— HOR.

IT was the saying of Epaminondas, upon being asked which of all his friends he esteemed most, that 'they must all die before such a question could be answered.' But if Epaminondas had lived in this country, and in these times, he would have known that the greatest heroes at their deaths, are frequently those who have been the greatest villains in their lives. And yet most men are apt to think like Epaminondas, and to pass their judgments upon a man's life from what he has said and acted in the last scene of it; that season being thought the season of sincerity, because dissimulation is to no purpose, and because the conscience finds ease in disclosing crimes which can no longer profit us, and which threaten us with destruction in the state to which we are hastening, unless truly confessed and repented of in this. But of those who die in their beds, as well as malefactors, I have known and heard of many debauched and dissolute men who have met death with the utmost patience and resignation; while the pious and moral christian, whose life has been spent in the constant exercise of religion and virtue, has beheld its approaches with confusion; and from a consciousness of not having done exactly as he ought to have done upon every occasion, has died fearful and desponding.

From hence it will appear that those who judge

of men's lives by their behaviour at their deaths, will be sometimes mistaken. The contempt of death may be owing in many to insensibility; in some to a brutal courage; in others to the dislike of life; in a few to philosophy; as well as in many to a well-grounded hope of a happy hereafter. The jest of Sir Thomas More upon the scaffold, who, after laying his head upon the block, bad the executioner stay till he had put aside his beard, because *that* had committed no treason, was no more a proof of the goodness of his life (if there had been no other voucher) than that of the murderer at the gallows, who entreated the hangman not to touch his neck with his fingers, because he was ticklish. The thief for the reputation of dying hard, as it is called, and the philosopher, to support the doctrine he has taught, that death is no evil, will rush into eternity with an affected bravery, and offend Heaven rather than confess their apprehensions of dissolution.

Men are sometimes hypocrites in their last moments through pride, as they have been all their lives through interest; nor will it appear strange that they are so: for as every man is desirous (if it can be done without much trouble) of leaving a good name behind him, he is unwilling to confess at his death that he has been a rogue all his life. Upon principles like these have the worst of criminals gone to the gallows with as much triumph and exultation, as the martyrs of old did to the stake for the cause of Heaven and religion.

For my own part (and I hope it will not be imputed to me as presumption) I should think of death with much greater terror than I do, if I considered it as the final end of being. The thought of annihilation to one whose life had not been marked with any of the capital vices, and whose frailties,

he humbly hopes, are no more than those which are incident to humanity; who has been unprofitable to his MAKER because he was human, and to mankind because unfriended by fortune; and whose connections in this life have been such as to make him desirous of their eternal duration; I say, to one who thus thinks, and who hopes he has thus lived, the thought of annihilation would make death most terrible. And yet in the circle of my own acquaintance, I have found a man of a decent life and conversation, who wished well to everybody, and who loved and enjoyed his friends, but who, through a tedious and painful illness, had conceived sleep to be so great a blessing as to make him wish for an eternity of it; and having taken pains to believe that death was such a sleep, he talked of it with pleasure, and within a very few hours of his exit, as a confirmation that he died in the opinion he had professed, he wrote the following epitaph upon himself, and directed it to a friend with his own hand.

Beneath this stone, to worms a prey,
(Himself as poor and vile as they)
EUGENIO *lies, in hopes of* REST,
Who deem'd all farther hope a jest:
Who ne'er on Fancy's wings could rise
To heav'n-built domes above the skies;
Content from whence he sprung to lie,
Nor wish'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

I shall only observe upon the writer of this epitaph, that as I believe him to have been honest and sincere, it is but charity to hope that he is now rejoicing in his mistake.

There is nothing more true in the general, than that those people are the most averse to death, who have had the least enjoyment of life; as on the contrary, those who have enjoyed life most, have

been the least anxious about dying. To many of my readers such an assertion as this may appear strange and unaccountable: but a very little inquiry will, I believe, convince them of the fact.

Men who, through necessitous circumstances, gloomy dispositions, or sickly habits of body, have lived in perpetual discontent, are apt to flatter themselves that life is in arrears to them: that as their days have hitherto passed without enjoyment, every thing is to be made up to them before they come to die. They look upon riches, pleasure, and health, to be blessings that never tire, and consider the possessors of them as living in a state of uninterrupted happiness, which they long to taste, and cannot bear the thoughts of dying before they have enjoyed. Thus are the miserable in love with life, and afraid of death. Hope still flatters them with happy days; and death, that would inevitably cut off that hope, is beheld by them as the cruellest of all enemies.

Let us cast an eye now to those in happier situations; to those who are contented with their lot, and who (if there are any such) have lived all their days in health, cheerfulness, and affluence. What can to-morrow bring to such as these that they have not known before, unless it be misfortune? It is from this consideration that such persons are more resigned to dying. We part more easily with what we possess, than with our expectations of what we wish for: the reason of it is, that what we expect is always greater than what we enjoy. And hence it is that the enjoyment of life makes us less desirous of its continuance, than if it had hitherto given us nothing, and fed us only with expectation.

I have waved in this place all consideration of a future existence, and have considered the happy

and unhappy only in regard to this life. If we take religion and a future state into the question, the happy here will have a thousand times stronger reasons for being resigned to death than the unhappy. Pain, sickness, and misfortune, as they do not wean us from a love of life, so neither do they beget in us a proper frame and temper to prepare for death. It is the enjoyment of life that calls forth our gratitude to HIM who gave it; that opens the heart to acts of kindness and benevolence; and by giving us a taste here of the happiness of Heaven, excites in us a desire of securing it through ETERNITY; and by thus securing it, makes us eager to embrace it; enabling us to resign with joy the happiness which is uncertain and temporal, for that which is without change and without end.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that those who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of HEAVEN, it is religion to enjoy it. He therefore who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all that is in his power towards the happiness of others (and none but the virtuous can so BE and so DO) answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honour to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.

No. 74. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

Dicetur meritâ Nox quoque nœniâ. HOR.

I HAVE lately got a set of new correspondents; and have had the favour of letters from various persons, with whom I have not the honour to be in the least

acquainted. They seem, indeed, to be of another order of beings, as they seldom make their appearance till the ordinary race of mortals are asleep in their beds. It is astonishing to think how much business these people carry on in this populous city, at that season which nature has allotted for rest: for it must be owned of these children of the night, that they are as diligent in their several callings as those of the day.

For the entertainment of my readers I shall lay before them the contents of some of these extraordinary dispatches: and as I look upon the watchmen, by virtue of their office, to have the right of precedency among these sons of darkness, I shall give them the preference in this paper.

One of these gentlemen, who calls himself king of the night, complains of the great increase of riots and disturbances which happen nightly in the streets of this metropolis. He commends his Majesty for the paternal care he has shewn his people by recommending it to his parliament to provide means of putting a stop to these disorders; and declares he will use his utmost endeavours to assist him in so good a work.

Another of this venerable fraternity, who it seems has been lately disciplined by a set of Bucks, acquaints me with the antiquity and dignity of his office, and of the high esteem in which those who watch for the public safety have always been held by the people. He complains of the insult which, in his person, has been offered to the dignity of magistracy, and the sacredness of office; and concludes, that as he has served his country faithfully in this public capacity many years, he intends, after the example of other great men, to return to his private calling of a cobler. A link-boy, indeed, who begs my honour would prefer him to the post of a

watchman, does not seem to have so high a notion of the dignity or usefulness of that ancient order: for he says, if he should be so happy as to obtain his desire, he shall have nothing to do but to sleep at his stand; whereas in his present calling he is obliged to be upon the watch all night long.

Whether the author of the following advertisement is in jest or earnest, I am unable to determine: however, at his request I have inserted it.

'Whereas W. Y. who lately kept the ROUND-HOUSE in the parish of ***, well known to several of the quality, gentry, and others, is lately removed to the KNAVE of CLUBS in the same street; this is to entreat all such gentlemen and ladies as used to honour him with their company, to continue their favours; and to assure them of the same civility and good usage as formerly.

'*N. B.* There are private rooms for those who play deep.'

Innumerable are the letters, cards, and messages which I have received from places of the most polite resort. In particular I must confess my obligations to a venerable matron in Covent-garden, who invites me to spend an evening at her house, where she assures me none but people of the best fashion are admitted. She speaks much in my praise for my endeavours to promote virtue; and is extremely severe upon the low and dirty houses of intrigue which have brought that part of the town into so much disrepute. She adds very obligingly, in a postcript, that she has a very fine creature of sixteen, who has never seen company, and whom she reserves purposely for Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I cannot omit to mention the honour Mr. *** has done me by inviting me to the next masquerade, and offering me a domino for that purpose. But as I can see no reason why people, whose intentions are

honest, should be ashamed to shew their faces, I have declined his invitation. His argument for the morality of these midnight meetings, viz. 'that by reducing all mankind to a level, they teach the GREAT an useful lesson against pride,' is, I own ingenious; though I am apt to think as men's manners are generally borrowed from their outward circumstances, a lady of quality, when she finds herself degraded to the rank of a milk-maid, may be tempted to familiarities, which she never would have suffered in her exalted sphere.

But the most extraordinary of all the invitations I have been favoured with, is from a society in St. Giles's. This letter is written in a fair hand by the secretary, who tells me he has the misfortune to be stone blind: but I must not wonder at that, he says, for the most active young fellow among them is a poor old cripple, who plies all day long in the Mews. He assures me, that notwithstanding their miserable looks by day, I shall find them at night a set of the merriest fellows in the world; and as to drinking, wenching, gaming, and the like fashionable amusements, no GENTLEMEN can go beyond them.

I have letters by me from people of all ranks and conditions, giving an account of the different employments and diversions of the night; so that, was it not for fear of disturbing the peace of reputable families, I could make as many pleasant discoveries as the ingenious author of the Devil upon two sticks.

I have the morning adventures of a noted Buck, and the midnight rambles of a female rake. A lady who writes to me from Bridges-street, complains of the insufferable insolence of watchmen and constables; insomuch that she can hardly walk along the streets about her lawful occasions without being stopt and questioned by these Jacks in an office.

There is something so reasonable in Lady Betty Moonlight's proposal, that I cannot refuse giving it to my readers. Her ladyship complains that her first sleep is constantly broke by the noise of cars, drays, and hackney-coaches, or by the vociferous cries of small-coal, brick-dust, kitchen-stuff, &c. She thinks it very hard that people of quality should be disturbed at such unseasonable hours; and therefore hopes that the parliament should take it into consideration. She proposes, that as they have already altered the year, an act may be passed next session to turn night into day; which she observes, will be more agreeable to their own times of doing business.

As I have adapted the former part of this paper more particularly to the taste of those who frequent the polite circles in this town, I shall now consider my grave readers, and present them with the following composition on the same subject.

ODE TO NIGHT.

The busy cares of day are done;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length descends a browner shade;
At length the glimm'ring objects fade;
Till all submit to NIGHT's *impartial reign,*
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.

Now Silence holds her solemn sway;
Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray;
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills is heard,
Or from the mouldring tow'r, NIGHT'S *solitary bird.*

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast!
By thee the captive slave obtains
Short respite from his galling pains;
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him spies
A thousand grisly forms arise,
When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
Whose breast the tender passion warms,
Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
To tell the fair his lovesick tale:
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
LEANDER *woo'd the* THRACIAN *maid;*
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
Pores on the fair instructive page;

Or, wrapt in musings deep, his soul
Mounts active to the starry pole:
There pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet:
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE *join the friendly board.*

GRANVILLE, *whose polish'd mind is fraught*
With all that ROME *or* GREECE *e'er taught;*
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGIRITE *or* PLATO *draws*
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE'S *learned store*
Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and the day.

No. 75. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

I HAVE hinted more than once in the course of these papers, that the present age, notwithstanding the vices and follies with which it abounds, has the happiness of standing as high in my opinion as any age whatsoever. But it has been always the fashion to believe, that from the beginning of the world to

the present day, men have been increasing in wickedness; and though we have the Bible to turn to, which gives us the history of mankind before the flood, and of the Jews after it, we have still the humility to retain this opinion, and to lament the amazing degeneracy of the present times. But the eye of a philosopher can penetrate into this false humility, and discover it to be mere peevishness and discontent. The truth is, that the present times, like our wives and our other possessions, are OUR OWN, and therefore we have no relish of them.

Many of my readers may possibly object to these encomiums on the times, imagining they may tend to make men satisfied with what they are, instead of inciting them to become what they ought to be. But it was always my opinion (and I believe it to be universally true) that men are more likely to be *praised* into virtue, than to be *railed* out of vice. It is a maxim in every body's mouth, that reputation once lost is never to be recovered. He therefore to whom you give an ill name, will have little or no encouragement to endeavour at a good one, as knowing that if a character of infamy is once fixed, no change of behaviour can have power to redeem it. On the contrary, the man to whom you give a good name, though he should have merited a bad one, will find in his commerce with the world the advantages of such a name, and from conviction of those advantages be so solicitous to deserve it, as to become in reality the good man you have called him. People may reason away the merit of such a person's behaviour if they please, by ascribing it solely to self-love; they may add too, if they chuse, (and they have my hearty leave) that all virtue whatsoever has its source in that passion: if this be true (though

the revealers of such truths cannot be complimented on their intention to promote virtue) can there be a stronger argument for goodness, than that it is necessary to our happiness? It is said of that sagacious insect the bee, that he extracts honey from poison: and a mind, rightly turned, may draw instruction even from these gentlemen. But to return to my subject.

If people, when they are railing against the present times, instead of asserting in the gross that they are more wicked than the past, would content themselves with pointing out what are really the vices that have gathered head amongst us; if, for instance, they were to say that luxury and gaming are at present at a much higher pitch than formerly, I should be far from contradicting them. These are indeed the vices of the times: but for the first of them, I am afraid we must content ourselves with complaints, instead of offering at a remedy: for as luxury is always owing to too much wealth, Providence in its wisdom has so ordered it, that in due course of time it will destroy itself. The cure therefore of luxury is poverty; a remedy, which, though we do not care to prescribe to ourselves, we are preparing at great pains and expence for those that are to come after us. Of gaming I shall only observe, that, like luxury, it will in time work out its own cure; and at the rate it goes on at present, one should imagine it cannot last long.

I know of but one evil more that seems to have gathered any degree of strength in these times, and that is corruption: for, as to extravagance and a love of pleasure, I include them in the article of luxury. And perhaps the evil of corruption, as it is now practised, may admit of palliation: for though it has been asserted by certain writers upon ethics, that it is unlawful to do evil, that good may ensue, yet

something may be said in favour of a candidate for a seat in parliament, who, if he should be tempted to commit the small evil of bribing a borough or a few particulars in a county, it is, no doubt, in order to effect so great a good as the preservation of the liberty, the property, the happiness, the virtue, and the religion of a whole nation.

As to all other vices, I believe they will be found to exist amongst us pretty much in the same degree as heretofore, forms only changing. Our grandfathers used to get drunk with strong beer and port; we get drunk with claret and champaign. They would lie abominably to conceal their wenching; we lie as abominably in boasting of ours. They stole slily in at the back-door of a bagnio; we march in boldly at the fore-door, and immediately steal out slily at the back-door. Our mothers were prudes; their daughters coquets. The first dressed like modest women, and perhaps were wantons; the last dress like women of the town, and perhaps are virtuous. Those treated without hanging out a sign; these hang out a sign without intending to treat. To be still more particular; the abuse of power, the views of patriots, the flattery of dependents, and the promises of great men, are, I believe, pretty much the same now as in former ages. Vices that we have no relish for, we part with for those we like; giving up avarice for prodigality, hypocrisy for profligacy, and lewdness for play.

But as I have instanced in this essay the particular vices of the times, it would be doing them injustice if I neglected to observe, that humanity, charity, and the civilities of life, never abounded so much as now. I must also repeat, what has already been taken notice of in these papers, that our virtues receive a lustre, and our vices a softening, by manners and decorum.

There is a folly indeed (for I will not call it a vice) with which the ladies of this age are particularly charged: it is, that not only their airs and their dress, but even their faces are French. I wish with all my heart that I could preserve my integrity, and vindicate my fair country-women from this imputation; but I am sorry to say it, what by travelling abroad, and by French milliners, mantua-makers and hair-cutters at home, our politest assemblies seem to be filled with foreigners. But how will it astonish many of my readers to be told, that while they are extolling the days of good queen Bess, they are complimenting that very reign in which these fashions were originally introduced! But because in a matter of so much consequence no man's bare word should be taken, I shall make good my assertion by publishing an authentic letter, written by that subtil minister Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh) to Sir Henry Norris, queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of France. This letter was originally printed in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-three, among a collection of state letters called Scrinia Ceciliana, or Mysteries of Government, and is as follows:

'Sir,

'The queen's majesty would fain have a taylor that had skill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner: and she thinketh that you might use some means to obtain some one such there as serveth the queen, without mentioning any manner of request in the queen's majesty's name. First to cause my lady your wife to use some such means to get one, as thereof knowledge might not come to the queen's mother's ears, of whom the queen's majesty thinketh thus; that if she did understand that it were a matter wherein her majesty might be pleasured, she would offer to send one to

the queen's majesty: nevertheless if it cannot be so obtained by this indirect means, then her majesty would have you devise some other good means to obtain one that were skilful.

Yours in all truth,
W. CECIL.'

I shall only observe upon this letter (which I confess to be a master-piece for subtilty and contrivance) that if by the introduction and increase of French fashions, our religion and government are also in time to be French (which many worthy patriots and elderly gentlewomen are in dreadful apprehension of) we ought no doubt to throw off all regard to the memory of queen Elizabeth, and to lament that her minister was not impeached of high-treason, for advising and encouraging so pernicious an attempt against that Magna Charta of dress, the old English RUFF and FARDINGALE.

No. 76. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis. HOR.

AT this season of the year, when every man is raising his share of dust on the public roads, in order to feast his lungs with fresh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to consider a modern character, scarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an IMPROVER.

In former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fish, and the park for venison, the servants presided in their several departments,

and the lord of the manor and his guests had nothing to do but to sit down and cram themselves with the products of each. But since the genius of TASTE has thought fit to make this island his principal residence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a less sensual manner, the master of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old system, to take all under his own care, and to see that every thing be of his own doing. ALTERATION therefore must of necessity be the first great principle of an IMPROVER. When he shews you a plantation, it is constantly prefaced with 'Here stood a wall.' If he directs your eye over an extent of lawn, 'There,' says he, 'we were crowded up with trees.' The lake, you are told, was the spot where stood the old stables or the kitchen-garden; and the mount was formerly a horse-pond. When you have heard this, you are next of all to know how every thing is to *be altered still farther:* for as the IMPROVER himself never enjoys the present state of things, he labours to disturb the satisfaction you express, by telling you that on the mount is to be a building; that the water is to be altered in shape, size, and level, and must have a cascade and a bridge; that the largest trees in the plantation must be cut down, to give air and sunshine to shrubs and flowers—In short, the description of what *is to be,* continues through the whole evening of your arrival; and when he has talked you to sleep, and it is evident that you can hear no longer, he compassionately dismisses you to rest, knowing that late hours are incompatible with his designs upon you in the morning. Innocent of these designs, you enjoy the quiet of your chamber, comforting yourself that you must have seen and heard, all, and that *the bitterness of* IMPROVEMENT *is over.* Or if you are suspicious of any remaining fatigue, and are there-

fore prepared with the proper remonstrances and evasions, they will avail you nothing against an old practised IMPROVER: for the instant you have breakfasted, he proposes your taking a turn or two in the bowling-green for a little fresh air; to which you readily assent; and without imagining there can be any occasion for stepping out of your slippers, you advance with him to the end of the green, where a door in a sunk fence unexpectedly opens to the park. And here, as he assures you *the grass is short*, you are led through all the pleasures of unconnected variety, with this recommendation, that it is but a little way from the Palladian portico to the Gothic tower; from the Lapland to the Chinese house; or from the temple of Venus to the hermitage. By this time you are insensibly enticed to a great distance from the house; when on a sudden he shews you over the park-wall a number of labourers mending the highway; and, *since you are got so far*, wishes you to go a little farther, that he may take this opportunity to give a few necessary instructions, and that the road may be mended with the advantage of your opinion and concurrence. In vain do you pull out your watch; in vain remonstrate to him how late it is, or how rude it will be to make the ladies wait dinner: in vain do you try to move him by stroking your chin, and shewing him a most persuasive length of beard, or implore his compassion on your Morocco slippers, pleading that if you had expected so long a walk, you would have put on your strong shoes—He knows that if you had apprehended a walk of half the distance, he never could have moved you from your easy chair; and being thoroughly sensible that it will not be in his power to get you so far again, is resolved to make his advantage of the present opportunity; so leads you to every ditch that is emptying, or brick-kiln

that is reeking for him; to his barn that is to be turned into a church, or to his farm that is to be made a ruin for the sake of his prospect; till at length he brings you so late home, that you are obliged to sit down undressed to a spoiled dinner with a family out of humour.

I remember the good time, when the price of a haunch of venison with a country friend was only half an hour's walk upon a hot terrass; a descent to the two square fish-ponds overgrown with a frog-spawn; a peep into the hog-stye, or a visit to the pigeon-house. How reasonable was this, when compared with the attention now expected from you to the number of temples, pagodas, pyramids, grottos, bridges, hermitages, caves, towers, hot-houses, &c. &c. for which the day is too short, and which brings you to a meal fatigued and overcome with heat, denied the usual refreshment of clean linen, and robbed of your appetite!

Having now sufficiently warned the VISITOR of what he is to guard against, it is but just I should give some few hints for the service of the IMPROVER, whom I must always consider (a little vanity excepted) as acting upon principles of benevolence, and from a desire of giving pleasure. It is this principle that blinds and misleads his judgment, by suggesting to him that he shall find from the VISITOR and others, who come to see his works, returns of equal civility and good-humour. But it will be expedient for him to reflect that these gentlemen do not always bring with them that desire to be pleased, which, by his own disposition, he is too apt to suppose, and which one would think, should be essential to every part of pleasure: for (exclusive of that natural inclination to censure, which so generally attends all exercise of the judgment) on these occasions, every occurrence of the day will

probably administer to the spleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot, or too cold for him; if it be windy or showery; if he has slept ill the night before; if he is hungry or sick; if he is tired or sore; if he has lost a bett upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or in short, if any thing has offended him, he is sure to take revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was designed for his entertainment. In this disposition of mind, there is nothing safe but the shady gravel walk, with the few plain and necessary resting-places, which leads to the undisguised farm, or the navigable river. He will be sure to allow you no postulatum. He absolutely denies the existence of hermits, mandarins, and the whole heathen system of divinities. He disputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuineness of your hermitage: nay, he will descend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is supposed to ring himself to prayers. He is so cruel as to controvert your supposition that the new made water is a river, though he knows it must have cost you an immense sum, and that it covers the richest meadow-ground you are master of. He leads the company to every sunk fence which you chuse should be unobserved. If he suspects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed side of it; happy if he can discover it to have been a stable or a pig-stye. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour while there. He either describes it as a bog that will not bear a horse, or as a sand that cannot produce a blade of grass. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren sand, his wishes supply his belief, and he labours to persuade himself and others that one of these defects is the characteristic of your soil, but that you hate to be told of it, and always deny it.

One cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular cases, where it has been judged impossible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knowl of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate disposition of old oaks, commanding the most rural scenes, and, at a proper distance, the view of a large city, he shrugs up his shoulders and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will strain a point to report it green and stagnated; or else take the advantage of a thunder-storm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a stream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the smell of mud at low-water. He detects your painted cascade; misconstrues your inscriptions, and puns upon your mottos. Within doors he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expresses his apprehensions that your statues will bring the house down.

As I wish most sincerely to reconcile these gentlemen to each other, I shall recommend to the IMPROVER the example of a particular friend of mine. It is said in Milton, that before the angel disclosed to Adam the prospect from the hill in paradise, he

> —— *purged with euphrasy and rue*
> *His visual nerve, for he had much to see:*

so this gentleman (borrowing the hint from Milton, but prefering a modern opthalmic) upon the arrival of his VISITORS, takes care to purge their visual nerves with a sufficient quantity of CHAMPAIGN; after which, he assures me, they never SEE a fault in his IMPROVEMENTS.

No. 77. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am the daughter (I will not say of a gentleman, but) of one, who by a constant attention to gain, and many lucky circumstances in life, from a very mean condition, arrived at the highest character of gentility amongst his neighbours in a part of this island, where farmers are almost the only, and without dispute the proudest gentry. Being tolerably handsome, and a favourite child, I was sent very early to a country boarding-school; and was allowed to bring from it some tendencies to elegance and politeness, rather exceeding those that are generally acquired in such places; and which, for want of a better name, I shall call a kind of half-good-breeding.

Thus accomplished, you may imagine I soon had many admirers; but being young and unexperienced, I prudently left the choice of the happy man to my father's decision; which choice, after due caution, he made: but though exceeding notable himself, yet happening to engage with an old gentleman more notable, it is said, and I believe with truth, that he was outwitted. In the holy estate of matrimony I lived a few years, without any thing to relieve the dulness and insipidity of a husband's conversation, but now and then a visit from his relations, and a game at cards.

When my widowhood commenced, then opened the scene. And though my jointure was not equal to the fortune my father had paid, yet having many good prospects, the value of which I had learnt to

calculate with great accuracy, I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly.

And now it was that I engaged in the strangest project that ever entered a whimsical woman's head. It was this; to collect all the most haughty and insolent forms that I had ever heard to have been practised in the rejection of lovers; to enter those forms in my pocket-book; to get them by heart, and to use them occasionally as circumstances might admit; arguing with myself, that I should hasten the succession of lovers in proportion to the number of pretenders I baffled and discarded.

The first who offered me his addresses in my new situation was Mr. Twist the mercer. He made his visit in about two months after my husband's decease; and upon being shewn into my parlour, really surprised me with so strange and ridiculous a figure of a man, that it was not without the utmost difficulty I was able to preserve any composure of countenance. Pale, trembling, looking askance, and out of breath, he muttered over something in broken words and half-sentences, about 'cruel delays——decencies——boldness——and,' at last, 'his ambition of being admitted my most humble servant.' Fixing my eyes full upon him, I answered, 'That I was very sorry he should come at so unseasonable a time; for that I had no thoughts of parting with my footman: but if he should be out of place when I had a vacancy, and would call again I might perhaps prefer him to my service.' The poor man, unable to bear such a shock, fell into the most violent distortions of face and left me, with precipitation, to enjoy my triumph alone.

The next who honoured me with an application of the same kind, but without the same dismal and rueful grimaces, was Mr. Frankly, an under officer in his Majesty's customs. He approached me with a pretty good air, and with an easy unconstrained

utterance declared, 'That he had long been charmed with the agreeableness of my person and behaviour; that they had made the deepest impressions on his heart; and that he did not despair of finding in my fair bosom something susceptible of the same tender and elegant sentiments.' Piqued and amazed at the confidence of the man, my memory and presence of of mind had almost failed me: but recovering in an instant, I made him a curtsey, and assured him 'That, though he knew it not, I was really the mistress of that house: but that my maid Mary was in the kitchen, who would no doubt be highly pleased with so fine a speech, which I hoped he had got by heart, and would be as capable of repeating to his mistress as he had been to me.' I looked to see if my gentleman was not sinking into the floor; but to my utter confusion, he made me a low bow, and with a most significant glance protested, 'That he was become perfectly sensible of his mistake, and that his next visit should be to my maid; for that it was impossible for Mrs. Mary to return an answer to any thing he might say to her, so utterly destitute of good sense and good manners.' As soon as he was gone I had recourse to my pocket-book, crossed out my two first common-places, and wrote in the margin, 'N. B. Too much alike, and not to use either of them again on any account whatsoever.'

My third inamorato was Mr. Smart, a young attorney, very spruce and very much a coxcomb. As he lived in the neighbourhood, we had a slight acquaintance. One evening he came to my house, stayed supper, and after drinking a glass or two of wine, began a rhapsody of nonsense about flames, darts, killing eyes, wounds and death. It is enough that I was able to comprehend his meaning; and therefore putting on an air of seriousness and concern, I assured him 'That I was most prodigiously

sorry to see him so flustered: I supposed that he had been drinking before he came to my house; for otherwise it was impossible he should be disguised to such a degree. I hoped it was only an accidental thing, and that he would take care not to contract habits so extremely prejudicial to his character and complexion.' He looked so tame and foolish, that for the life of me I could not forbear pursuing my blow; and therefore ordering my servant to light him home, I recommended strongly to him to clear his stomach with a quart or two of warm water before he went to rest: and in the morning I sent a card with compliments and inquiries after his health; hoping he was as well as could be expected after his last night's irregularity. He kept my man two hours, and then returned me the following answer, fairly engrossed upon a clean queen of hearts..

'Mr. Smart's compliments to Mrs. G——, and thanks for her kind message. He shall not contend that he is in his sober wits: no, he is proud to own himself drunk with the large draughts of love drawn from her bright eyes.'

This I thought was pretty enough; I therefore put the card between the proper pages in my book, and under the common-place to which it related, wrote, 'Memorandum, a good thing, and may do again with a little variation.'

My fourth humble servant was doctor Scarfe, the minister of the parish. He was really a good sort of a gentleman; and to say the truth, I had for a long time played my artillery directly at him, as I imagined without success, but not without a most vexatious chagrin at his seeming insensibility. However, when I least expected any such thing, I perceived I had conquered his stubborn heart: and then I resolved to take some revenge for the trouble it had cost me. His advice and assistance, which were useful to me in

the management of my affairs, gave him a claim to a more frequent and familiar reception than I vouchsafed to any other male visitant. One day, upon my thanking him in civil terms for a considerable service he had done me, he hastily interrupted me with 'Madam, you are too obliging; I beg you to say nothing more upon the subject; 'tis I am the indebted person; indebted for the favour of your esteem and confidence: I wish I could merit them: to be able to give you the least satisfaction is the highest pleasure of my life. You know in what manner I have transacted these little matters; put my zeal and sincerity to a nobler test: allow me not casual but continual occasions of expressing, in a tender way, my regard to your interests, my affection to your person, which is dearer to me than all the interest upon earth.' 'Why now, doctor,' says I, 'what I have long dreaded is, I find, come to pass. I have often desired you to use more exercise, and not to sit perpetually poring upon books. The intenseness of your studies has impaired your understanding: and all I can do at present is to advise you to go directly home, and take a little something for your head. If you neglect your disorder, you will soon be subject to more violent ravings.' 'Madam,' he replied, 'I see you are disposed to make merry with my pain: I did not expect such treatment at your hands: but I heartily wish you a good night.' The deliberation with which he spoke, fully convinced me that I had lost both a lover and a friend: and the reflection on my folly filled me with shame. However, I concealed it as well as I could, and wrote in my pocket-book, under this commonplace, 'N. B. Not to be repeated.'

It would make a history, Mr Fitz-Adam, instead of a letter, to relate all my atchievements in this way. In short, my character became in time so extraor-

dinary and formidable, that I remember to have seen but three lovers in the last seven years, and two of the three were gentlemen from Ireland.

It is owing to this timidity in the men, that I trouble you with this letter, and desire its publication. They have no doubt imagined from my behaviour that I have made a vow against marriage: but whatever my intentions may be, I can assure them I have made no such vow; and if any gentleman under forty———But I am not advertising for a husband neither; yet for fear you should think so, it is high time to take my leave, by subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most humble servant, A. G.

I have complied with this lady's request in publishing her letter, and shall recommend to her perusal the following song, which I received a few days ago from an unknown correspondent.

SONG.

I.

A nymph there lives, whom many a swain
Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain,
And borne the insults and disdain
Of proud but handsome MOLLY.
Around her throng'd the wits and beaus:
With cringes, compliments, and bows,
And dress, and oaths, and lies, and vows,
And strove for lovely MOLLY.

II.

The charms that deck'd this fav'rite maid
In verse and prose were sung or said:
(For wits will write, and beaus may read)
O happy, happy MOLLY!
But see triumphant beauty's pride!
In vain was wit and nonsense try'd,
Beaus, fops, nay flatterers were deny'd
By haughty, haughty MOLLY.

III.

Too long coquetted the vain fair:
Time, that ev'n beauty scorns to spare,
Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair
Of silly, heedless MOLLY.
Paint, powder, patches are apply'd——
No arts the sad disgrace can hide:
The fops forsake, the wits deride
Their once-lov'd, charming MOLLY.

IV.

Unheeded now at ball or play,
She hates the pretty, blames the gay——
Ah! who one tender thing will say
To poor deserted MOLLY?
Yet still she ling'ring haunts the scene,
Where once she acted beauty's queen,
And ev'ry simple heart had been
The slave of tyrant MOLLY.

V.

At length, with fruitless hope worn out,
She quits the giddy youthful rout,
And turns so monstrously devout,
No saint was e'er like MOLLY.
Yet while this solemn garb she wears,
Each world by turns employs her cares;
And slander, sermons, cards and prayers
Divide still wretched MOLLY.

No. 78. THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

Inventio similium facilis erit, si quis sibi omnes res animatas & inanimatas——frequenter ante oculos potest ponere; & ex his aliquam venari similitudinem, quæ aut ornare, aut docere, aut apertiorem rem facere possit. CICERO.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM of opinion that a very pleasing method of instruction might be drawn from the affinity which the more liberal arts and sciences have to manners and behaviour. The following precepts, which are equally calculated to direct the young painter's hand, and the young lady's conduct, contain an imperfect specimen of the method I am proposing; and which I am induced to communicate to Mr. Fitz-Adam, because I am assured that fine arts, good manners, and the fair sex, are, and ought to be, the principal care of the WORLD.

It is impossible to arrive at any eminent degree of excellence either in painting or behaviour, without a long course of discipline in the school of imitation. The character of a valuable original can never be procured without condescending first of all to the humble employment of the copyist. The carte blanche of a youthful mind will be as imperfectly adorned by the first rudiments of politeness, as a scholar's lesson-book by the first principles of design: but care and practice may soon correct the aukwardness of a first attempt; and it may be the pupil's fault, if every new day, as well as every new leaf, does not produce some proof of amendment. But however similar the mind and hand may be with regard to their advances towards perfection, yet it is to be observed that the accomplishments of the

one are much more requisite and important than those of the other, and that an irregular action is not so easily reformed as a negligent stroke.

To resolve the whole of beauty into a fine complexion, a just symmetry of shape, and a nice regularity of features, is altogether as absurd as it would be to reduce all the qualifications for good painting to a manual skill of mixing colours for the pallet, and sketching out the contours of single portraits. There must be a certain gracefulness and uniformity in every part of a lady's character to make her appear amiable to a man of discernment; just as a consistent design and a proper combination of figures in a history-piece can alone recommend the painter to a critical observer.

The evtravagances of the prude and coquet are analogous to a timid exactness and a dissolute licentiousness of style in painting. A degree of freedom, far beyond a cheerful affability, shall in some ladies be attended with many a striking charm, and affect one, like PAULO's daring stroke, with warmer and more animated sentiments, than could have been excited by the cold and spiritless efforts of a deliberate regularity. There are others, in whom a delicate reserve, bordering almost on the confines of a prudish shyness, shall appear extremely engaging to men of a nicer turn, and easily captivate all such fancies as are delighted with the chastised refinement of a CORREGIO's pencil. Nor do we want a third sort of ladies, who are endowed with an admirable talent for gaining themselves admirers by an odd affectation of capricious levities, and a whimsical singularity of carriage: I know several who can give as happy proofs of their expertness in this fantastic art as ever LE PIPER could of his excellence for grotesque representations, and who are qualified to trifle with as much success as that artist

has been known to do with a piece of charcoal upon a wall. But it is to be observed that these privileges are only suited to peculiar characters, and can never produce any good effect, unless they derive their power from some inbred gift, and flow directly from the genuine source of nature.

There may be as great a variety in the modes of right behaviour, as in the styles of good painting. Many pictures may be worthy of admiration besides those of the most celebrated masters; and many a lady may deserve to be classed amongst the lovely, the polite, and accomplished, though she be not a perfect Lady ***. It is not requisite for us to shew a general disregard to the examples of others, in order to be distinguished for something peculiar to ourselves; all we are to be cautioned against is a ridiculous imitation of such as are either inconsistent with our genius, or above the reach of our capacities.

The propriety of attitude and drapery depends so much on characters, circumstances, and designs, that they cannot well be reduced to any fixed and determinate regulations. There is no one, I believe, but will readily allow that the airs and movements of an Italian dancer on the theatre, must appear almost as unbecoming in an English lady dancing at a ball, as the picture of a Venus in the antic posture of a Mercury. Yet there can be no more danger in a lady's making too free a use of her limbs, while she keeps clear of all hoydening and affected gestures, than there is of a painter's having too great a knowledge of anatomy, so long as it is only made a secret guide to him in his designs. Nor can either be remarkably faulty in point of drapery, provided they do but pay a due regard to shape, quality, and custom.

There is so strict an agreement between the dis-

closing art in dress, and the carnation art in painting, that I believe it would be difficult to find out a fault or excellence in the one, that could not be paralleled with some corresponding beauty or defect in the other.

> *There is no* WOMAN *where there's no* RESERVE,
> *And 'tis on* PLENTY *your poor lovers* STARVE,

says the witty and ingenious Dr. Young: and it is very well known by all good critics and proficients in painting, that an uncommon share of skill and judgment is requisite for the production of every part of the naked. Nor is it hard to assign a reason why it should be so; for if it be not extremely delicate in texture and complexion, it will of course appear disgustful; and if it be not extremely modest in posture and design, it must needs be thought indecent: whereas the most imperfect concealment, a covering even thinner than the thinnest gauze, will not only be sufficient to relieve the offended eye, but will likewise enable the fancy to improve into beauty every thing it hides. As the propriety of dress is so much more dependent on fashion than nature, I am cautious of affirming that a woman ought always to be mistress of a pretty face, before she has the confidence to appear in public with a bare bosom. But allowing that, under the sanction of fashion, she may display so distinguishing a characteristic of her sex, without danger of incurring an immodest reputation; yet she cannot possibly do it without forfeiting all pretensions to discretion: for as she cannot be ignorant how the beauty of a new gown decreases with the frequency of its appearance, she ought always to know how little value the men place in a privilege of surveying ever so pretty an object in itself, if it be constantly exposed to the

familiar gaze of the multitude. It is not natural for us to regard any thing that is held too apparently cheap in the estimation of the proprietor: and I am well satisfied that a lady cannot take a worse method of gaining particular admirers, than by making general treats. If your fair readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will take my word for it, I can assure them that the men are ten times more affected with an accidental momentary glance, than with a designed exposure for a whole hour together.

Upon the whole; as Mr. Pope has shewn us that he could collect hints enough for the composition of an ingenious treatise, even from one single fragment in the literary lining of a band box; and as Leonardo da Vinci has observed that the spots on an old mouldy wall, forming a confused resemblance of different objects, may be sufficient to supply an improving fancy with a fine assemblage of the most perfect images; so it is to be hoped that the WORLD may in the same manner be able to collect a great deal of instruction from these random and undigested reflections of its

sincere admirer, and most humble servant,

PHILOCOSMOS.

P. S. It may not be improper to tell you, that I have been some time engaged in drawing up a system of rules for the ladies dress, in order to determine how far personal beauty, as the work of nature, is capable of being improved by the assistance of art. In these rules I shall endeavour to fix the proper standards of decorum, and to circumscribe the authority of fashion within the reasonable limitations of modesty and discretion: and as this attempt is principally calculated to reform the present nakedness of the ladies, I intend to publish it under the title of CANONS FOR THE TOILET.

No. 79. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

You cannot do a greater service to the world, than by promoting the real happiness of the best part of it, the fair sex; for whose sake I beg you will publish the following adimadversions upon an error in education, which the good sense of the present age, with all its attachments to nature, has not totally eradicated. The error I mean is putting ROMANCES into the hands of young ladies; which being a sort of writing that abounds in characters no where to be found, can, at best be but a useless employment, even supposing the readers of them to have neither relish nor understanding for superior concerns. But as this is by no means the case, and as the happiness of mankind is deeply interested in the sentiments and conduct of the ladies, why do we contribute to the filling their heads with fancies, which render them incapable either of enjoying or communicating that happiness? Why do we suffer those hearts, which ought to be appropriated to the various affections of social life, to be alienated by the mere creatures of the imagination? In short, why do we suffer those who were born for the purpose of living in society with men endued with passions and frailties like their own, to be bred up in daily expectation of living *out* of it with such men as never have existed? Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, (as much as the age of nature as this is thought to be) I know several unmarried ladies, who in all probability had been along ago good wives and good mothers, if their imaginations had not been early

perverted with the chimerical ideas of romantic love, and themselves cheated out of the CHARITIES (as Milton calls them) and all the real blessings of those relations, by the hopes of that ideal happiness, which is no where to be found but in ROMANCES.

It is a principle with such ladies, that it matters not if the qualities they ascribe to the heroes of these books be real or imaginary: upon which principle, a footman may as well be the hero as his master; for nothing, it seems, is necessary to dub him such, but the magic power of a lady's fancy, which creates chimeras much faster than nature can produce realities.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this doctrine of ideal happiness is calculated for the meridian of Bedlam, and ought never to be received beyond the limits of Moorfields. For if we should admit that the monarch in his cell is as happy as the monarch on his throne, while both their objects are ambition; yet the happiness of society must depend only on the reasonableness of individuals. A father is by this pernicious doctrine frequently robbed of the comfort he expected in his child; a daughter is deprived of the protection and support she might otherwise have claimed from her father; and society is interrupted in forming its general system of happiness, which those relations should contribute to establish.

These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are almost the necessary consequences of reading ROMANCES: and as human nature is apt to be more influenced by example than precept, I shall beg leave to enforce the truth of what I have advanced by the following history.

CLARINDA was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who placed all his happiness in the expecta-

tions of her merit and the rewards of it. Nature had encouraged him in that expectation, by giving her a very liberal portion of her favours; and he determined to improve it by every means which the fondness of a parent could suggest to him. But, unfortunately for CLARINDA, her father's good intentions were not guided by a judgment equally good: for it happened to her, as it too often does in the education of young women, that his endeavours were rather directed to grace her person, than to adorn her mind: and whatever qualifications he might wish the latter to possess, he seemed solicitous only of such as might recommend the former. Dress, dancingand music where the whole of her accomplishments: and they so immoderately softened the natural effeminacy of her mind, that she contracted an aversion to every kind of reading, which did not represent the same softness of manners. Every hour which was not appropriated to one of these accomplishments, was spent in the ensnaring practice of reading NOVELS and ROMANCES; of which CLELIA was her favourite, and the hero of it continually in her head.

Whilst CLARINDA was thus accomplishing herself, the father was studying to reward the merits of his daughter with a husband suitable to her rank and fortune. Nor was he unsuccessful in his care: for THEODORE, the son of a neighbouring gentleman in the country, was chosen for this honour. But though all who knew him declared him to be worthy of it, unhappily for CLARINDA, she alone thought otherwise. For notwithstanding he loved her with a sincerity hardly to be equalled, yet as he did not approach her in heroics, nor first break his passion to her in shady groves, he was not the hero she expected: he neither bowed gracefully, moved majestically, nor sighed pathetically enough to charm

a heart which doated on romantic grimace: in short, he was not the hero which CLELIA had impressed on CLARINDA's imagination. But, what was still more unfortunate, THEODORE's valet de chambre was completely so. That happy hero was a Frenchman, who to an imagination little less romantic than CLARINDA's, had added all the fantastic levity of his country; which happening first to discover itself in those very shades where she used to meditate on the hero of CLELIA, so captivated her heart with monsieur ANTOINE the valet, that her imagination instantly annihilated every circumstance of his rank and fortune, and added every enchanting accomplishment to his mind and person.

There is no resisting the impetuosity of romantic love. Like enthusiasm, it breaks through all the restraints of nature and custom, and enables, as well as animates its votaries, to execute all its extravagant suggestions. A passion of this sublime original could have none of those difficulties in discovering itself to its subject, which are apt to oppose the rash wills of vulgar mortals: and therefore it was not long before CLARINDA gave ANTONIO (for so she chose to soften the unharmonious name of ANTOINE) to understand, that love, like death, levelled all distinctions of birth and fortune, and introduced the lowest and highest into Elysium together.

ANTONIO, who had been almost as conversant with ROMANCES as CLARINDA, received the first intimations of the lady's passion for him with a transport that had less surprize than joy in it; and from the first dicovery of it, there arose an intercourse between them, which entirely defeated the pretensions of THEODORE, and confirmed CLARINDA's passion for his valet.

But as much a hero as ANTONIO appeared to be both to CLARINDA and himself during the first part of this tender intercourse, in the progress of it he discovered that he wanted one principal ingredient in the composition of that ideal character: he had not courage enough to be a martyr. For though he doated on CLARINDA's person whilst her fortune was annexed to it, yet he could not bring himself to starve with an angel: and this he soon perceived must be his fate, if he possessed the one without the other. Such a disappointment from a hero to a DIDO, or to any woman who expected a natural gratification of her passion, would have excited resentment and aversion. This would have been nature, which romantic love has no knowledge of: it never changes any of those ideas with which it first captivates a fantastic heart: therefore CLARINDA, though she most pathetically lamented her disappointment in ANTONIO, yet charged it all upon her stars, and accused only them and the gods of cruelty. Her father at the same time declared his resolution to disinherit her, if she persisted in her folly: and the more effectually to prevent it, he bribed ANTONIO to leave England; which so inflamed CLARINDA's passion (who considered him as banished on her account) that she made a solemn vow never to marry any other man.

To conclude; the consequence of this vow was, that the father settled an annuity on his daughter, and entailed his estate on his next kindred. This annuity she still lives to enjoy; and in the fifty-fifth year of her age prefers the visionary happiness of reading CLELIA and thinking on her ANTONIO, to the real blessings of those social relations, which in all probability she had enjoyed through life, if she had never been a reader of ROMANCES.

I am, &c.

No. 80. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM the indulgence you have so often shewn to the productions of female correspondents, I am encouraged to hope that you will not refuse this epistle a place in your paper.

You must know, sir, that with a tolerable person, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humour to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I protest, does not arise from disappointed love, but, on the contrary, from my never having seen any one man who has been possessed of those accomplishments which I think necessary for a husband.

You will imagine, perhaps, that I hardly know myself what sort of a man I would have; but to convince you of the contrary, I am going to give you a description of one, whom, notwithstanding my present humour, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thousand pounds. Such a declaration as this, while there are so many fortune hunters, witty sparks, pretty fellows, and grave widowers about town, will undoubtedly strike some hundreds with a flattering hope that I am easily to be carried off; but to silence their pretensions all at once, here follows the description of the only man in the world that I will consent to marry; and whom I shall beg leave to entitle

THE MAID'S HUSBAND.

Notwithstanding it is a fatal maxim among women, 'To please the eye, though they torment the 'heart,' yet I am so far an advocate for pleasing the eye, that the man I have an idea of, must have a person graceful and engaging. The features of

his face must be regular; and though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have seen, having generally observed that where nature is most exact, she is least engaging. His eyes must be lively, sparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there must be a clear complexion, health, chearfulness and sensibility. His stature must be inclining to the tall; his motion easy and genteel; free from the short pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic step of the more solemn fop. His behaviour serious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reserved. His look, his laugh, his speech, and his whole manner, must be just without affectation, and free without levity.

Thus much for his person. I now come to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableness will avail him nothing. His genius must be fanciful; his knowledge extensive. Men, as well as books, must have been his study. Learning, freedom, and gallantry, must be so blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In conversation he must say nothing with study, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts must flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expression, which is necessary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind let me add (if I may be allowed the distinction) the qualities of his soul. He must be generous without prodigality; humane without weakness; juſt without severity; and fond without folly. To his wife he muſt be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reason muſt join their powers, and to the openness of the heart add the virtue of œconomy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcerned-

ness without negligence. With love he muſt have respect; and by a continued compliance always win upon the inclination. He muſt take care to retain his conquest by the means he gained it, and eternally look and speak with the same desires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been observed by experienced people, that the soul contracts a sort of blindness by loving; but the man I am speaking of must derive his sentiments from reason; and the passion, which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To these qualities I must add that charm which is to be considered before all the rest, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, RELIGION. He must be devout without superstition, and pious without melancholy: far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing into their hearts a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek GOD in the horror of solitude: on the contrary, he must think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found amongst men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that RELIGION must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

With such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeable minute would be impossible. On whatever occasions we

should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of the Temple, of the University, of the Army, or of the City, who would be glad of a woman of five-and-twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character; and if any one of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand and fortune are entirely at his service. But I believe, sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be. I am therefore resigned to my condition, and can think without repining of dying a maid (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of,

SIR,

Your humble servant,
reader and correspondent,
A. B.

Though I doubt not but my fair correspondent is thoroughly deserving of the husband she knows so well how to describe, yet I could have wished, for her own sake, as well as for the sake of some happy man, that she had added a qualifying postscript to her letter, signifying that she was willing to make some little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houses, it is usual with them either to give up conveniency for a prospect, or prospect for conveniency. In this manner should a lady act in the choice of a husband; if she sets her heart upon a FACE, she should have no dislike to a COXCOMB; or if she falls in love with a MIND, a sloven should appear charming: for the odds are against her, that

the handsome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

Exclusive of myself, I know of no such character as the lady has described: nor dare I say a word of my own person and accomplishments, being unfortunately near seventy, and a married man. It has also been hinted to me (for I scorn to deceive any body) that I have a small stoop in my gait, and that I am not quite so well-bred upon all occasions as a young lady might expect me to be.

I am also cautious of recommending any of those gentlemen who are daily advertising for wives in the public papers: for whether it be owing to their extreme modesty, or whether they have really no other accomplishments than they usually set forth to the world, their descriptions of themselves amount to no more, than 'that they are tall, well made, and very agreeable; that they have healthy constitutions, have had liberal educations, and are of sober morals.' But as these descriptions are by no means particular enough, I cannot be certain that the publishers of them will answer exactly the idea of the MAID'S HUSBAND. Besides, I have lately received letters from particular ladies, who either as principals or friends, have examined these gentlemen, which letters assure me that they do not at all come up to the idea given of themselves, even in their own modest advertisements.

But before I take leave of my ingenious correspondent, I promise her to give notice in this paper of the first MAID'S HUSBAND that falls within my knowledge; and if she pleases to signify where and when she will be waited on by any such gentleman, her commands shall be executed with the nicest punctuality. *Or* (as it is very considerately expressed in an advertisement now before me) *if the lady does not chuse to appear personally for the first time, may*

send any other proper lady of her acquaintance to the place appointed.

No. 81. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

THE following letters need no apology. With regard to the first, it may be proper to observe that the complaint contained in it is a very just one: of the second I shall say nothing till I have given it to my readers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I can assure you with great truth, that you are the first man I ever wrote a letter to, or wished to correspond with, except my father and my brother. I am the youngest of three sisters, am not quite twenty-one, love dress, and love fashions, but cannot consent to appear in the public walks like a woman of the town. I am sorry to say it, but it is really my opinion, that if the common prostitutes were to walk in the Park with no other covering than a shift of Paris net, half the young ladies of my acquaintance would come into the fashion.

My two sisters may take it as they please, but they are so far gone into the mode, that I hardly ever go abroad with them that we are not addressed by gentlemen who are utter strangers to us, in the most familiar (and sometimes the most indecent) terms imaginable. No longer ago than last week we were mobbed in Spring-gardens, from my eldest sister's having affronted a couple of gentlemen, who would fain have entertained us with a glass of wine at the Cardigan. For my own part, I tell them both

very frankly, that while they endeavour to look like women of the town, it is a great mistake in them to be above their business.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with a WORLD upon this subject; for as the youngest sister, my opinion goes for nothing; and besides, I want to have them mortified a little; for they neither love nor esteem me, because I am said to be handsomer than they, and am better received by all our relations and acquaintance.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
SARAH MEANWELL.

SIR,

I am a very good-hearted honest girl; but from my situation in life, I am afraid people think me otherwise. It is my unhappiness that from too high a birth, and too low a fortune, I am obliged to live constantly with the great; and to tell you the truth, I am really handsomer than most of the women I mix with. From this circumstance I am looked upon with envy by many of my acquaintance; but indeed, sir, when you know my heart, you will rather think me an object of pity.

Though I have the best spirits in the world, and am as gay as innocence will suffer me to be, I am called a queer creature by the men, and a prude by the women. And all this for what? Truly, because I have more modesty than the company I keep. And yet so prevailing is example, and so necessary to a dependent state are good-humour and compliance, that I have not been able at all times to be quite as modest as I should be. I do not mean that I have been downright wicked, or that I ever wished to be so; but if my grandmother was to rise from the grave, and to be witness to the SENTIMENTS I

have drank, and the romps I have played, she would certainly box my ears and call me by a name too coarse for me to mention.

If you are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly understand me; and as I am a young woman, I dare not come to a particular explanation. But if you will be so kind as to convince the people of fashion that decency is a virtue, it would save me from many a rent in my clothes, and make my evenings at home, as well as my parties abroad, much pleasanter to me.

I think I may be allowed to speak a little plainer. The privilege of high birth is to do every thing you have a mind to do. It is a maxim with men to attempt every thing, and with the women to refuse but one thing. The attacks that are made upon a lady's honour, are considered only as compliments to her beauty; and she is the most flattered, who is oftenest insulted. Your correspondent, Mrs. Shuffle, never said a truer thing in her life, than that 'cards were an asylum against the dangers of men:' and I really grow fond of routs and drums, because their designs, at such parties, are only against my purse.

But if women in the most elevated situations, either from their own levity, or the impudence of men, are liable to these fashionable attacks, how must it fare with a poor girl, who has no fortune to awe these libertines into respect, and no example among her companions to authorize her resentment? They construe my very complaints into design—'The prude would take us in, would she? She had better be one of us, or egad we'll blow her.'—This, with a little plainer swearing, and coarser threatening, has been said of me in my own hearing.

What shall I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to live comfort-

ably, and preserve my reputation? My fortune, which is no more than two thousand pounds, is hardly sufficient to maintain me even in the country; and I see nothing but ruin before me, if I continue where I am. I have always considered the marriage state as a woman's surest happiness; and I verily believe I have every qualification, except money, to make it easy to him who chose me. But unless I transport myself to the East or West Indies for a husband, I have no hopes of one. I neither expect nor desire a man of fashion; for a clergyman I am too poor; a country squire would beat me, and an honest tradesman who knew my education, might imagine I should beat him. Neither of these would be my choice: but if you know of any private gentleman, who has seen enough of the world to despise the follies of it; one who could support me decently, and think himself rewarded by love and gratitude; who could share with me in domestic pleasures, or lend me his arm for a visit to a friend; who at his leisure hours would be pleased with my prattle, and with a look of delight could tell me that he was happy;—if you know of such a man, you may honestly assure him, that though I have lived all my life among the great, I am as clean in my person, and as modest in my inclinations, as if I had never seen good company. You may also add, and with equal truth, that excepting a hobble in my gait, and a small propensity to talk loud in public, I have not the least tincture of quality about me.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

M. A.

The true spirit of irony which so plainly appears in this letter, must no doubt be highly pleasing to the polite part of my readers. But as there are

many dull people in the world, who have no conceptions beyond the literal meaning of what they read, I shall subjoin a few remarks of my own, to prevent the aforesaid dull people from mistaking a very fine panegyric for an insolent libel against the chastest and most valuable part of mankind.

This young lady seems to have formed her plan upon the inimitable doctor Swift, who of all men that wrote, understood irony the best; and who had the happiest art of conveying compliment under the disguise of abuse. Her whole epistle is irony; which (as my sagacious friend Mr. Nathan Bayley, in his etymological dictionary defines it) is a figure in rhetoric, by which we speak contrary to what we think. We are therefore to understand by the above letter, that the nicest decorum and the most exemplary chastity are the distinguishing characteristics of our young men of fashion. That they live in a constant practice of all the virtues; and are the shining examples of temperance, modesty, and true politeness. By the SENTIMENTS which are given by the ladies over a glass of wine, my correspondent very genteely hints, that young women of condition are the only persons in the world who can be merry and wise: that the bottle, which is too apt to intoxicate the vulgar, can inspire these ladies with the most refined ideas of men and things; which ideas are poured forth in SENTIMENTS, that Plato, Socrates, and all the sages of antiquity never thought of.

I shall only add, that the notions which mean and ignorant women commonly conceive of matrimony, are finely ridiculed in this letter. The writer very humorously supposes, that the domestic endearments of private life are more eligible than the separate beds and separate pleasures of people of condition; and with an archness peculiar to herself,

prefers the husband who can be the companion of his wife, to the man of rank, who is the companion of all other women.

N°. 82. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

It is a received opinion among the politicians, that the spirit of liberty can never be too active under a constitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would desire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preserved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and opposition to the most innocent measures of the legislature. The clamour against the alteration of the style seemed to be one of these instances. The alarm was given, and the most fatal consequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered strength in its course, and received a tincture from the remains of superstition still prevailing in the counties most remote from town. I know several worthy gentlemen in the west, who lived many months under a daily apprehension of some dreadful vsitation from pestilence or famine. The vulgar were almost every where persuaded that nature gave evident tokens of her disapproving these innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing stars were seen to appear upon this occasion, or that armies were observed to be encountering in the skies: people probably concluding that the great men who pretended to controul the sun in his course, would assume equal authority over the in-

ferior constellations, and not suffer any aërial militia to assemble themselves in opposition to ministerial proceedings.

The objection to this regulation, as favouring a custom established among papists, was not heard indeed with the same regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legislature from passing a bill of the same nature; yet many a president of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of transubstantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again at Smithfield before the conclusion of the year. This popular clamour has at last happily subsided, and shared the general fate of those opinions which derive their support from imagination.

In the present happy disposition of the nation, the author of the following verses may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal personage, without seeming to strengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a scandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publisher of a libel against the state. This ideal personage is no other than the OLD MAY-DAY, the only apparent sufferer from the present regulation. Her situation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; since the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herself by at least eleven days

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

E. L

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle MAY ;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breast :
With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand she bore :
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste :
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope ! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to MAY *and* LOVE'S *mysterious rite,*
Brush the light dew-drops from the spangled lawn.*

To her no more AUGUSTA'S † *wealthy pride*
Pours the full tribute from POTOSI'S *mine :*
Nor fresh blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.

* Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering **May-dew.**
† The plate garlands of **London.**

No more the MAYPOLE's *verdant height around*
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd.—
'O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cry'd.

'Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

SPACE *in her empty regions heard the sound,*
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw YOUTH, *and* JOY, *and* LOVE's *enchanting wiles;*
Saw the mild GRACES *in my train appear,*
And infant BEAUTY *brighten in my smiles.*

No winter frown'd. In sweet embrace ally'd,
Three sister SEASONS *danc'd th' eternal green;*
And SPRING's *retiring softness gently vy'd*
With AUTUMN's *blush, and* SUMMER's *lofty mien.*

Too soon, when man prophan'd the blessings given,
And VENGEANCE *arm'd to blot a guilty age,*
With bright ASTREA *to my native heav'n*
I fled, and flying saw the DELUGE *rage:*

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My ATALANTIS * *sunk beneath the main.*

No longer bloom'd primæval EDEN's *bow'rs,*
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' HESPERIAN *steep:*
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft' descending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning powers the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumbering atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And previous wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the MUSES, *crown'd my lofty brows.*

But chief in EUROPE *and in* EUROPE's *pride,*
My ALBION's *favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;*
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From AMALTHEA's *horn with plenty stor'd.*

* See Plato.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted beauties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And CYNTHIA, *riding on the car of night,*
Through clouds embattled faintly wings her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When SILENCE *listens at the midnight hour.*

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung from APRIL'S *wayward race,*
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
With blushes, harb'ring, in their thin disguise,
The blasts that riot on the SPRING'S *increase?*

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By EUROPE'*s laws, and* SENATES' *stern command?*
Ungen'rous EUROPE! *let me fly thy soil,*
And waft my treasures to a grateful land;

Again revive, on ASIA'*s drooping shore,*
My DAPHNE'*s groves, or* LYCIA'*s ancient plain;*
Again to AFRIC'*s sultry sands restore*
Embow'ring shades, and LYBIAN AMMON'*s fane:*

Or haste to northern ZEMBLA'*s savage coast,*
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the regions of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then BRITAIN'*—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,*
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue suppress:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, she sought relief,
And tears, and silent anguish, told the rest.

No. 83. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1754.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN the studies of the learned and philosophical men are employed in extending the commerce and improving the manufactures of their country, they cannot be held in too high a degree of estimation by a trading people.

The perfection at which our home manufactures are arrived, we impute in a great measure to the ingenuity of our ordinary handicrafts, to the industry of our merchants, and to the honesty and integrity

of our trading companies. But in my humble opinion, if our natural philosophers had not kindly stept in to the assistance of the said handicrafts and others, our manufactures would scarcely have been carried to so great a degree of excellence above those of the ancient as well as of the modern world. For by as much as we are before all other countries in the knowledge of natural philosophy, by just so much are all other countries behind Us in the goodness of their manufactures.

It is by the head of the philosopher that the hand of the mechanic is put in motion: and though the ancients and a few nations of the moderns may have produced some good hands, yet their having made so mean a figure in trade, must be owing to their want of philosophical heads.

The manufacture of glass-porcelain and cephalic snuff were absolutely unknown to the ancients; and they had very little knowledge in the making thunder and lightning, which our own countrymen, from the sagacity of our philosophers, and the help of electrical experiments, are now able to make in very considerable quantities, to the great honour and emolument of these kingdoms.

I am not afraid of asserting, that from this manufacture alone (provided it were under proper regulations, and honoured with a parliamentary encouragement) we might have it in our power to be the most potent, the most wealthy, and the happiest people in the whole universe. It would enable us to pay off our national debt in six months: it would secure us from our enemies without the expence either of fleet or army: or we might conquer France, whenever the common people of England shall order it to be done, without the assistance of allies, or paying one penny to the land tax. These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I think, are considerations which de-

serve the attention of the public; at least, they are considerations which have induced Me to be very particular in my thoughts upon this valuable commodity.

When electrical experiments were first exhibited to the curious, I did not hear that the professors proposed any advantages to mankind, except that with the help of their curious engine, they could give a patient a pretty smart blow on the elbow, without the uſe of any other weapon. It is true that a ſmall crab-ſtick might have performed the operation; but then it would have been effected by a method common and vulgar. We were informed, indeed, that the electrical engine had been made use of in the cure of several diſtempers; but I do not recollect to have heard that they had any great ſucceſs in that way, except that ſome very few mean people were made blind, that three or four necks were diſlocated, and that a child of five years old was frightened into fits. But these cases not being ſufficiently attested, and the same ſort of cures having been tolerably well performed by many regular bred ſurgeons and apothecaries in this town, I was glad to learn that our philoſophers had confined all their experiments to the manufacture above mentioned; the process of which is ſo clear and easy (all the ingredients being to be found in our own country, and none of them liable to any duty) that I make no doubt of our being able to bring thunder and lightning to market at a much cheaper price than common gunpowder.

I am informed by a friend, who for these laſt five years has applied himſelf wholly to electrical experiments, that the most effectual and easy method of making this commodity is by grinding a certain quantity of air between a glass ball and a bag of ſand; and when you have ground it into fire, your

lightning is made; and then you may either bottle it up, or put it into casks, properly seasoned for that purpose, and send it to market. My friend very honestly confesses, that what he has hitherto made is not of a sufficient degree of strength to answer all the purposes of natural lightning; but he assures me that he shall very soon be able to effect it, and that he has already brought it to a very surprizing degree of perfection, insomuch that in the presence of several of his neighbours, he has produced a clap of thunder which blew out a candle, accompanied with a flash of lightning which made an impression on a pat of butter as it stood upon the table. He also assures me that in warm weather he can shake all the pewter upon his shelf, and that he expects when his thermometer is at sixty-two degrees and a half, he shall be able to sour all the small-beer in his cellar, and break his largest pier-glass. If he accomplishes the two last, he flatters himself that it will be strong enough to kill a young child; but he is obliged to defer that experiment till his lady is brought to bed.

If these facts are true, which I do not in the least doubt, we may soon see this manufacture in a very flourishing condition. For if from a glass ball of one foot and a half diameter, which is the size of my friend's, we can produce a sufficient quantity of lightning to destroy a child, it follows that a ball of four times that diameter will kill a man in perfect health and vigour; which must be a great advantage to the public, and save a considerable sum of money which is yearly given to apothecaries and doctors. And if the wheel, thus increased in its diameter, increases the power; by increasing it still farther you will make lightning enough to split a church steeple.

As for example. Suppose A, fig. the 1st. to be a

glass ball 4672 feet diameter, turned upon the spindle B, being in length 5792 feet, by the handle C, against the sand-bag a a a a, which suppose to be fixed to the side of Richmond-hill. The quantity of air ground in an hour will be equal to XX, which will produce of pure lightning, 1,694,753 tons; the force of which being applied to St. Bride's steeple, will make the crack GH, in fig. the 2d. If this should not be intelligible to those who are unacquainted with the mathematics, I will at any time at a day's notice attend and explain it to them.

I can think of but one objection to the erecting the machine above described, which is the greatness of the expence, as being too heavy for any private person. But it is to be hoped that some public company will undertake it, or that our governors will favour it with their consideration, and order it to be erected at the public expence. I, who have only the good of my country before me, will most readily agree to inspect the workmen, and see that the money shall be laid out with the strictest œconomy, without desiring a shilling for my trouble.

But lest some malicious persons should suggest that I am writing merely to recommend a job to myself, I solemnly declare, that full a week before I had any thoughts of addressing the public by means of your paper, I applied myself to a club of ANTI-GALLICANS, of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member, and proposed in a speech that our laudable society should take this infant manufacture into their guardianship and protection. And as we have lately discovered that nothing excites mankind to good and virtuous actions, so much as honourable pecuniary gratuities, it was unanimously agreed that the society should order premiums to be given out of their public stock, for

the encouragement of those who should make experiments for the improvement of this manufacture; and the following advertisement was ordered to be published.

CAT and FIDDLE LODGE, *July* 21st, 1754.

Present the VICE-GRAND.

ORDERED, *that for the encouragement of the making* THUNDER *and* LIGHTNING, *the following premiums be given by this society, to be paid by their secretary within twelve months after the same shall be respectively adjudged to the several claimants.*

To any person or persons who shall on or before Christmas-day next, by a clap of ELECTRICAL THUNDER, *accompanied by a sufficient quantity of* LIGHTNING, *beat down and destroy the dome of St. Paul's cathedral,* 20*s.*

To ditto for ditto, the Monument on Fish-street-hill, 15*s.*

Covent-Garden church, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Westminster Hall in Term-time, 5*s.*

Westminster Bridge, 2*s.* 6*d.*

For the first man under forty, and the first woman with child, killed by the said THUNDER *and* LIGHTNING; *and for the first hay-rick of thirty load and upwards, burnt and consumed,* 1*s. each.*

When, from the above encouragement, these useful works shall be performed, we may conclude the manufacture brought to perfection: and then there will remain a few queries most humbly to be submitted to the wisdom of the legislature.

I. Whether when we have got a stock in hand, more than sufficient for our own consumption, we should suffer any to be exported?

II. What market will it be likely to meet with abroad?

And III. Whether it will be most prudent to trust this commodity in private hands, or in the hands of the ministry, the city of London, or the crown?

In regard to the first of these queries, I am of opinion, that we may safely venture to export whatever is more than sufficient for our home consumption, provided it be shipped on board our vessels, and insured by the French.

As to query the second, it is not to be doubted that the commodity will meet with a good foreign market. I have conversed with several merchants upon the subject, and know of two who have already received orders from their correspondents at Jamaica to send twenty tons to Barbadoes, to make a hurricane in that island; and there are orders from Barbadoes to send more than double the quantity to Jamaica. I am also assured that a certain Spanish governor, who is to pass his accounts next spring, has offered ten thousand pounds for a Tornado, provided it can be sent over before Christmas.

The last of these queries is, I own, the most difficult to be answered: I shall therefore submit it to the public, with only observing, that as a good patriot I am against giving it into the hands of the crown, from an opinion that his present Majesty will forbid the use of it in his own dominions, and command the whole of it to be sent abroad amongst our most inveterate enemies.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

M. D.

No. 84. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1754.

I AM indebted to a correspondent for the following allegory. The manner in which it is written, and the moral it contains, will be a better recommendation of it than any compliment of mine. I shall therefore lay it before my readers without farther preface.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY, the daughters of PROVIDENCE, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named VELASCO, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

PROSPERITY, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but ADVERSITY was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

VELASCO had two sons, FELIX and URANIO. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remains only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of PROSPERITY. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

VELASCO, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots;

each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and PROSPERITY became the wife of FELIX, and ADVERSITY of URANIO.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials VELASCO died, having bequeathed to his eldest son FELIX the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of PROSPERITY was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of FELIX was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with

entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to URANIO, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother FELIX. ADVERSITY, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes, and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by ADVERSITY through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and ADVERSITY, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

'I am sent,' said she, 'by the Gods to those alone

whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thought, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates and Timoleon to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. PROSPERITY, my smiling but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced, to be scourged by her cruel followers, ANGUISH and DESPAIR: while ADVERSITY never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of TRANQUILLITY and CONTENT.'

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, 'That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing.' She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor; and in his addresses to the Gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

'As gold is purged and refined from dross by the

fire, so is ADVERSITY sent by PROVIDENCE to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was PROSPERITY, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for URANIO, that his lot was ADVERSITY, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy.'

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as URANIO, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure. nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of ADVERSITY. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription:

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, *and* VIRTUE *dwell.*
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What PALACE *can display so fair a train?*

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

No. 85. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a young country bride of eighteen (if I may call myself a bride after having been married a month and two days); and, if my husband, who every body says is the handsomest and best made man in the county, does not flatter me, I am as agreeable as youth, health, good features, a clear skin, and an easy shape can make me. We both married for love; and I may venture to say that no couple in the world have been happier than we. But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, within this week the dear man has appeared to be unusually thoughtful and low-spirited; and the day before yesterday he came booted to me at breakfast, and told me that a sudden and unexpected affair had made it necessary for him to set out that morning for his estate in Berkshire.

As I thought it my duty not to pry into more than he had a mind to tell me, I only wished him a safe journey and a speedy return, and saw him take horse.

I amused myself as well as I could the first day of his absence by looking into family affairs. The second day I was visited by a widow lady in the

neighbourhood, who from a vast flow of spirits, and a particular freedom of speech, is thought by our sober country people to be a very odd kind of a lady. 'My dear creature!' said she, running up to me and saluting me, 'I heard you were alone, and thought it would be a charity to visit the forsaken and afflicted.' 'Indeed, madam,' answered I with a sigh, 'I am foolishly out of spirits.' 'Nay,' says she, 'my dear, I am far from blaming you; the absence of a husband a month after marriage is as bad as his death would be some years hence.' 'How, madam,' interrupted I, 'do you think—?' 'Nay, nay, no grave faces,' she replied, 'I only speak for myself. I had not been married to Major Machoney three weeks before he was ordered away with his regiment to Flanders; and I assure you that the news of his death four months after did not shock me half so much as our first parting.' 'You are not in earnest!' cried I with astonishment. 'Why not?' said she. 'But I should have told you, my dear, that he had lost a leg and an arm the week before; so that I was quite prepared: and indeed it was always a sentiment of mine, that a brave man had better be dead than disabled. 'But pray,' continued she, smiling and looking oddly with her eyes, 'where is your husband, child?' I told her business had called him into Berkshire. 'Yes, yes,' says she, 'we all know his business. Have you never heard of his having an uncle in that county? Depend upon it, my dear, he is gone to see his uncle.'

I was greatly surprized at hearing of my husband's uncle, having never received the least hint from him that he had any such relation; and of this Mrs. Machoney would give me no other information, than by assuring me, that to her certain knowledge he was gone to see his uncle.

A particular friend of my husband's dropt in upon us at this instant, who, upon my inquiring after this uncle, and if he had heard his friend talk of making him a visit, seemed to be of the widow's opinion, though he could not take upon him to assert, that he had ever seen him, or so much as knew in what part of Berkshire he lived.

I began now to grow uneasy; for as I had been married in the face of the world, and as none of my own relations were strangers to my husband, I thought it a little odd that any of his should be so to me. But I was soon eased of this perplexity by being thrown into a greater. As I have constantly taken in your papers, it occurred to me all at once, that this uncle whom my husband was gone to see was no other than a Welch uncle, who, according to the fifty-sixth number of the WORLD, is one who officiates in genteel families in the capacity of a HEARER. And now it went to my very heart, to think that I had so tired my husband by my talkativeness, as to compel him to take a journey into Berkshire in search of a HEARER. It is impossible to tell you what pain it gave me. Yet surely some allowance should be made for the prattling of a bride, who has a thousand things to say to a husband, which she durst not to her lover. But whatever excuses may be made for me, either from my youth, my sex, my fondness, or my love of talking, it gives me the most piercing concern to know that I am the sole cause of his taking this journey; and it is to tell him of this concern, and the amendment it has produced, that I trouble you with this letter; which if it should find him in his retreat (for the WORLD I am told is in almost every part of England) may hasten him to his home again, where he shall find me for my whole life to come the most willing of all HEARERS.

I assure you, sir, I am not myself when I think on what I have done. Good Heaven! I cry twenty times an hour, that in the very first month of our marriage I should have sent the dear creature upon a visit to an UNCLE! I would do any thing, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to prevent the frequency of these visits: and that he may know more of my mind than I can have courage to tell him any other way, I beg your immediate publication of this letter; which, as it cannot be an entertainment to your readers, will be a proof of your great good-nature, and the highest obligation to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant, and admirer,

S. W.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

Your attempt in your fifty-seventh paper to rescue Parsons, Authors, and Cuckolds, from the contempt which the generality of mankind are too apt to entertain of them, was extremely generous and praise-worthy. It is in the triple capacity of Parson, Author, and Cuckold, that I write this letter. By the will of my parents I am a Parson: by my own wants I am an Author; and by the wants of my wife I am a Cuckold. So that were all or either of these professions in reality contemptible, as I am neither of them by choice, I ought in justice to escape the obloquy that attends them.

In regard to my parents (who are now at rest in their graves) I acquit them of any evil intention in making me a Parson. Of myself I can truly say, that my wants were so urgent, I must either have starved or turned Author; and as to my wife, every body who knows her will acknowledge her wants to have been equally urgent, by the pains she has taken to get them supplied.

But notwithstanding all these circumstances in my favour, and what is still more, the honour you have done us by espousing our cause, I do not find that I am one jot the better treated. As a Parson, I am preaching every Sunday to an audience fast asleep: as an Author, the squire of the parish, and all those that hunt with him, are removing their handkerchiefs from the pocket that is next me as often as I sit down at table with them: and as a Cuckold, the very children in the streets are taught to hold up their fingers to their foreheads, and butt at me as I pass by them.

No longer ago than yesterday, I overheard my daughter Jenny, a girl of six years old, inquiring of her mother what made papa be such a Cuckold; for that Miss Maddox, and Miss Tomlinson, and all the misses at school, said, that to be sure he must be a sad man to be such a Cuckold. And two days ago my little boy, who is but a year older than his sister, ran crying into the kitchen as I was chiding him for not saying his catechism, and told the maid that papa had tossed him with his horns. A neighbour's daughter indeed, who is just entering into her teens, tells me that she should like a Cuckold for a husband of all things, for that I am so pure and good-humoured, nothing can be like it. To say the truth, I have hardly a friend in the world, out of my own family, except this girl and an officer of the blues, whose quarters are within a few doors of us, and who often talks to my wife about a living which is in his father's gift, and which upon the death of the present incumbent he assures her shall be mine. I know of no obligations that this gentleman is under to me, except that he has been remarkably lucky in horse-flesh since his coming into these parts; and which it is said he ascribes solely to his acquaintance in my family. But though

I may now and then have given him my opinion, his success that way has been more owing to his own skill, than to any judgment of mine.

But I am running my letter into length, when I only intended to tell you, that your paper upon the three orders to which I belong, though well intended, has failed of its effect: and to assure you that in consideration of the intention, as a Parson I shall pray for you; as an Author I shall praise you; and as a Cuckold I shall be proud of an opportunity of making you acquainted with my wife.

I am, SIR,

Your obliged and most humble servant.

T. H.

No. 86. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1754.

Tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem,
Fertilibus domino priori. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

WHEN I consider how remarkably the several periods, in the rise and declension of ancient states, have been characterized by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an inquiry into the importance of our present taste for flowers, would be no very idle and uninteresting speculation. But as I would not willingly forestall any abler pen, on a subject that deserves to be considered by every patriot philosopher of the age, I shall endeavour to confine my present animadversions upon it within the narrow compass of my own private experience, and content myself with giving a short account of the motives which induced me

to commence a florist at first, and of the advantages which I have since derived from the offices of my profession.

It is observable, that the laws of decency and politeness are, for the most part, nothing but mere local institutions, very much limited in their authority, and very arbitrary and fluctuating in their nature; and that no one who offers himself a candidate for fame in matters of taste and fashion, can succeed in his pretensions at first, without accommodating them to the approbation of popular prejudice, or hold his reputation, after he has once procured it, on any safer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now I must own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myself) that the vegetable virtuoso's credit was more particularly subject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief security of its support, consisted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling pursuit. And it is very probable that I should never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchase a small collection of flowers, in order to escape the odious imputation of a tasteless singularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at first on no better principle than the fear of shame, which has afterwards been prosecuted on a more generous motive; so was I brought at length to improve that collection in consequence of my own thorough conviction of its great importance, which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

Being rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whistle away any of my vacant time, I was not long in discovering that the cultivation of flowers had in it a much finer mixture of the *utile*

dulci than any other employment whatever. But before I attempt to shew in what particular respects it is mostly suited to instruct and delight, I would willingly remove two very common objections, notwithstanding, as their absurdity is almost as evident as any thing belonging to them, they may be thought hardly worthy of my notice. Supposing then, that such an inconsiderate and superficial observer of things may possibly be met with, as shall reckon it any disparagement to the intrinsic value of a flower, that it is exposed to a great variety of accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and perpetually subject to the irregular dominion of the solar influence; it will be sufficient to convince him of his mistake, if he is not quite incapable of being convinced at all, only just to remind him of the uncertain condition of his own prosperity, and admonish him to reflect how little secure he is of being always preserved from the oppressive storms, or of enjoying the constant sunshine of fortune. And if that other objection, drawn from the supposed vanity of regarding any thing of such a short duration as the bloom of a flower, be admitted as conclusive, it must unavoidably prove a great deal too much; since it will not only hold with equal force against every temporal enjoyment, and all worldly satisfactions whatever; but (which I must confess is a very shocking consideration to me) will utterly annihilate all those engaging qualities of the fair sex, which are most essentially necessary to recommend them to our love and admiration. Let me add moreover, that if there be that real similitude, which the frequency of the allusion seems to make unquestionable, between human life and a flower; it follows, that no man can pretend to a right of despising the one, that would be thought to place any value on the other.

Nothing ought to be reckoned good any farther than as it contributes to our happiness. The value we put upon any possession or enjoyment, is the only standard that can be properly applied to determine its real worth. Whatever therefore is best fitted to administer delight to any particular persons ought certainly to be regarded, by Him at least, as the chief ingredient of that *summum bonum*, which, though it be the common end of all our endeavours, has however been pursued by as many different means as there have been different men. But supposing that no allowances were to be made in favour of singular propensities; yet he that can enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments, by contracting the extent of his possessions, ought, in all reasonable construction, to be deemed a much happier man, than he who, under a foolish persuasion that he is securing to himself an inexhaustible fund of delight, shall take incessant pains to augment those riches, and extend those territories, which, after all, will as much disqualify him for enjoyment, as an unwieldy corpulency of person would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might easily produce many instances of men, who by a prudent conversion of such incumbrances into flowers, have received more satisfaction from the produce of a small parterre, than from the income of a large estate; and found themselves as completely happy as a Corycius, after they had once reduced their concerns to the easy management of a single acre.

Folly may suggest what it pleases; but that alone ought to be esteemed a trifle, which is of no consequence; whereas there is nothing in nature unworthy of a wise man's regard, because the most inferior of all her productions may, in some light or another, be made instrumental to his improvement.

Were we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of such objects, as may be thought useless and insignificant, when considered only with regard to themselves, we should discover a mediate sort of union between the widest links of that indefinite chain which holds together the constituents of the universe; we should perceive that all those things, which are most dissimilar in every other respect, do however agree in that common destination, whereby they become so many equally important parts of one stupendous whole: and we should find as fit a place for the discovery of truth in every flower-garden, as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

It has been from this school that I have procured the best part of my philosophy; and from this too have I learnt to improve and confirm my morals. The volume of nature is so full of passages above the explication of human learning, that the best proof of our having studied it with uncommon diligence and success, must consist, chiefly, in our being able to produce from it many uncommen instances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I should rather say the modesty to boast, that I have discovered difficulties enough in one single leaf of it, to clear up my understanding from the stupifying influence of a conceited sufficiency, and to improve my reason into a perfect diffidence of its utmost force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my possession that is less abounding in moral instruction, than in beauty and sweetness. I cannot observe that industrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without considering it as a reproachful admonition to myself: and if I do not collect some useful lesson, that may support me under all the ensuing revolutions of my life, from every flower that

such an insect can extract provision from against the future exigences of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myself guilty of the most unpardonable folly, in suffering Him alone to profit from that, which I assume the absurd privilege of calling my own.

In short, there is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right discipline of the mind, that it is almost impossible for any thoughtful person that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care, which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds, will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices from the mind, where they will be as sure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed, which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominant in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

No. 87. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1754.

THERE is no one subject that has given such frequent exercise to the pens of my correspondents, as the behaviour of servants. Were I to have published all the letters I have received upon it (not to mention the abuses that have been sent me for

refusing to make those letters public) they would almost have equalled in number the letters that have been sent me upon all other subjects. *The plague of servants* is the phrase in every body's mouth: yet how fond we are of increasing this plague, even to the destruction of our fortunes, may be seen in almost every family that has any pretensions to gentility. But I must beg pardon of these correspondents for thinking a little differently from them upon this occasion; or rather for taking the part of servants in opposition to their masters.

Having passed the greatest part of my life in families, and being a strict (though I hope not an impertinent) observer of all occurrences that happen in them, I was very early of opinion that the good or bad qualities of servants were generally to be ascribed to the conduct of their masters; and by repeated experiences since, I am become so sanguine in this opinion, that when I have a mind to study any master or mistress thoroughly, I observe with circumspection the particular dispositions and behaviour of their servants. If I find chearfulness in their countenances, sobriety in their manners, neatness in their persons, readiness in their attendance, and harmony among themselves, I always conclude that the master and mistress of such servants have hearts which (according to a significant expression in a low life) *lie in the right places*. On the contrary, wherever I see servants with sullenness or ill-nature in their looks, with slothfulness in their motions, or slovenliness in their clothes; or, above all, when I hear them quarrelling among themselves; I conclude that they are copying the manners of those they serve, and that the master and mistress of that house, whatever characters

they may bear in the world, are disagreeable in themselves, and a plague to all about them.

By this rule I am generally able to judge with what degree of estimation I am received at the several tea tables where I visit. I look only at the servant to know if I am a welcome guest to his mistress and the family; if he opens the door to me with a look of indifference, or seems slack in his attendance upon me, I shorten the time of my stay, and lessen the number of my visits at that house. But if he shews me up stairs with a good grace, or looks at me with attention while I am indulging an old man's fondness for prattling, I am as well satisfied of his mistress's regard for me, as if she had offered me her purse.

The Spectator, speaking of a family of servants, says, 'That instead of flying from the parts of the house through which their master is passing, they industriously contrive to place themselves in his way.' And I am intimate in a family, where the only unpleasant hours that servants know, are those in which the master and mistress of the house are absent. I have observed with great delight, when my friend and his lady have been stepping into the coach for a journey of a few days, that the men and maid servants have been crowding to the door, and with tears in their eyes waiting for the last kind nod, as they have driven from the house. It has done my heart good, when in the absence of their master and mistress I have looked in upon these honest people, to see with what eagerness they have run to me, to inquire, every one at once, if I had heard any news of their benefactors, and at what time they would return. It would be unnecessary, after what I have said of these servants, to enter upon the characters of the master and mistress. I shall content myself with observing, that

if all those who have servants were of the same disposition with the people I am speaking of, I should hardly have had occasion to write upon this subject.

SENECA says of servants, 'That they are a kind of humble friends.' (Not according to the modern acceptation of humble friends; for by such are meant those who are to be still more dependant on our humours, and who, in return for precarious meat and drink, are to think, speak, and act exactly as we would have them.) He goes on to observe, 'That it is the part of a wise and good man to deal with his inferior as he would have his superior deal with Him; fortune having no more power over servants than over their masters: and he that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants, will lay no great stress of argument either upon the one or upon the other. Some use their servants worse than beasts, in slavish attendances between their drink and their lusts; as if they were not made of the same materials with their masters, or to breathe the same air, or to die under the same conditions. It is worthy observation (continues he) that the most imperious masters over their own servants, are at the same time the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters. I will not distinguish a servant by his office, but by his manners; the one is the work of fortune, the other of virtue.'

Thus far says SENECA: and indeed the wretchedness of servitude is altogether owing to the pride of superiority: a pride, which if properly exerted, would appear in making those happy whom fortune has made dependant upon us for favour and support. This indeed would be the pride of a MAN; and I have always considered it as the principal happiness of every master, that Heaven has placed him

in a situation to make life easy and comfortable to those whose lot it is to depend upon him for bread.

For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the master is as much obliged to the servant who acquits himself in his office with diligence and faithfulness, as the servant to the master for his favour and indulgence. But in the common opinion it is otherwise: and the performance of those duties which shall entitle the servant to a reward in Heaven, shall be insufficient to procure him either a civil word, or a kind look from his imperious master.

How contrary a behaviour is that of the family above-mentioned! If a servant has done his duty, he is sure to be commended for it; if through incapacity or inadvertency he has committed a fault, it is passed over with good-humour; or if through carelessness or design, the admonitions he receives are the admonitions of a friend, who advises him, for his own sake, to amendment, and encourages him to set about it by gentleness and persuasion. It may be worth the mentioning, that my friend's butler was cured of a violent inclination to sotting, by having the keys of the cellar delivered to his keeping; and that the house-keeper, who is one of the most thoughtful and discreet matrons I know of, was one of the giddiest girls alive, till the affairs of the family were thrown into her hands.

I do not mean to insinuate by these circumstances, that every drunken footman should keep the keys of his master's cellar, or that every madcap of a maid should be intrusted, by way of sobering her, with the management of a family; I only mentioned them to shew that even vices and follies are sometimes to be cured by good usage; and if so, how greatly may good qualities be improved by the same indulgent behaviour!

I have said in a former paper, that people are more likely to be praised into good qualities, than to be railed out of bad ones: and I have always found, that to commend a servant for doing right (and every servant does right sometimes) has had a much better effect than chiding and complaining when he has happened to do wrong. To cherish the desire of pleasing in a servant, you must shew him that you are pleased; for what encouragement is there for his perseverance, unless you tell him at first that he is in the right way?

To conclude this subject; I would have servants considered as reasonable beings; as those, who though they have the frailties of men, have also their virtues, their affections, and their feelings: that they can repay good offices with gratitude, and ill ones with neglect; and that they are entitled to our favour, till they have deserved our displeasure. I shall only add, for the information, of my correspondents, that I shall pay no regard to the complaints that are sent me against Bad servants, unless I am thoroughly convinced that they come from Good masters.

No. 88. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

From a full conviction that your ears are always open to the afflicted, I presume to send you the story of my distress, which is left to your discretion whether or no it be deserving of public commiseration. Previous, however, to what relates immediately to myself, be so kind as to indulge an

elderly man, whose infirmity is to be talkative, and who delights in a long train of animadversions upon every interesting occurence.

At the creation of your WORLD your modesty suggested that the advantages accruing from it might enable you in due time to keep a one-orse chair, and that as soon as you were in possession of this vehicle, you would invite the reader to a seat in it, and occasionally make the tour of the adjacent villages. But whether you are enabled to set up this equipage or not, I would advise you, at this season of the year, to withdraw your laudable purpose of reforming vice triumphant in town, and to let your endeavours be directed to confirm virtue militant in the country. Drinking, gaming, atheism, and the minor vices, which from time immemorial have more or less swarmed in our capital, have been combated by the most eminent divines, moralists, and poets, and all to no purpose. For my own part, I cannot help looking upon almost every species of dissoluteness as a kind of plague: and if I was worthy of advising the legislature, I should propose that a line of circumvallation might be made at the distance of five miles all round the town, and a guard appointed to prohibit all persons, betraying the least symptom of any of these epidemical diseases, from passing the line. Provided always, that in case a radical cure shall be effected on a patient or patients, he, she, or they, on a proper certificate declaring them free from all infection, may be privileged to quit those noisome quarters, and retire into the country. I can think of no other method by which the miserable objects that range under the several denominations of gamesters, swearers, liars, drunkards, coxcombs, fashion-mongers, &c. in either sex, may be excluded all communion with those who are untainted.

A considerate person cannot pass a coxcomb in his walks, without being sensibly hurt at the reflection that such a calamity is incident to human nature. These deplorable creatures are incapacitated from concealing their complaint: a primary symptom is a total suppression of every reasonable thought: after which, there can be no wonder, if, when they are become fools, they put on the habit of their order, and continue to fatigue the invention of their tradesmen, with a view to beguile the tediousness of time.

What, Mr. Fitz-Adam, shall we say to those persons who will subject themselves to infection by a communication with such wretches? I could as soon pay a visit to a man born deaf and dumb, for the sake of conversation, as deceive myself with the idea of improvement with one of these coxcombs. The notoriety of the symptoms attending this disease, makes it needless to recite them all; a vast pomp of dress, an habitual contraction of the muscles to a grin, with a continual incoherent kind of prattle, are so many characteristics of their distemper. And, I fear, the validity of our plea would be rejected, should we urge that we fell inadvertently into their company; since they generally carry their heads, like those of posts on a footpath, sufficiently whitened, to deter even the most heedless from stumbling on them in the dark.

Among the several pestilences which constitute the general plague, no one is of equal fatality with that of FASHION. Those who are seized with this phrensy, as they are the most numerous, so are they the most extravagant in their actions. The females discover their being tainted, by every gesticulation of a COUSIN BETTY. They wear no cap, and only substitute in its room variety of trumpery ribbands, tied up with no other propriety than the present fit

shall happen to direct. Let your eye travel over the whole person, and by the disposition of the dress, you will no longer hesitate if the imagination is disturbed. By what means, Mr. Fitz-Adam, except by the effects, shall we determine the *mens sana?* And what judgment ought we to pass upon those crowds of females, who are every day tottering along the public walks upon peg-heels? Nothing, surely, can be more repugnant to common sense, than this contrivance in the ladies to weaken their support, who had before too great an aptitude to fall. If there can be any reason assigned for so strange a conduct, it must be this, that they thought it necessary to diminish the base, after they had lightened the capital.

It would be a downright arraignment of your sagacity to imagine that the malignant consequences annexed to this distemper are unnoticed by you. An object, whose entire mass of blood is corrupted by FASHION, becomes not unworthy the cognizance of the higher powers, as the most prejudicial being to a civil society. In order to think as I do, you need only to consider what are the evils consequential to FASHION. Are they not those of folly, pride, extravagance, gaming, and even dishonesty? Persons afflicted with this malady, are apt to imagine themselves under no obligation to pay their just debts; while those contracted at a gaming-table are to be discharged with all the punctuality of honesty.

These reflections, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are the result of a heart-felt concern for the good of my country. The prosperous growth of every kind of iniquity cannot fail, in the end, of endangering her political health. One should be apt to believe that our own soil was not pregnant enough with vice, while we are daily adopting every exotic folly. Our natural

enemy, even antecedent to conquest, is imposing upon us, not only her language, but her manners and her dress. A superficial view of the history of old Rome will present us with every similar circumstance of corruption.—God forbid a similar fate should overtake us!

I have hitherto suppressed an inclination to trouble you with my disapprobation of the times; and nothing less than an open violation of all the laws of decency, good sense and duty, in my own family, could have prompted me to enlarge the list of your correspondents. I am now, sir, at my paternal estate, where I constantly reside, unless some unavoidable occurrence breaks in upon my retirement, and calls me to town. In the younger part of my days, by virtue of public employments, I was admitted to a pretty large commerce with mankind; but on my father's decease, satiated with the pleasures of high life, I withdrew in my forty-first year to the place I now write from. I am conscious of no very material imprudence that I have been guilty of, except my marriage, which has shaded my visionary prospect of happiness with the heaviest disquietude. Two daughters only are the issue of this marriage; who, thanks to the tuition of their mother, are not wanting in any single accomplishment of modish education. They speak French before they understand English, and play at cards for pounds, without knowing the value of a shilling; and, in a word, by a patrician disrelish of œconomy, speak themselves the incontested children of Sir Pope Pedigree's daughter. I forbear to mention the manner in which (with their mother's connivance) they affect to expose the obscurity of my family; because I must acknowledge it to have been destitute of the honour of a dignified spendthrift, or an illustrious suicide.

Having lived so long a voluntary exile from the beau monde, my maxims are exploded as quite obsolete. My wife and daughters are pepetually assuring me that I act in no respect like any of my polite neighbours: I will not dispute that they have some colour of truth for this assertion; for you must be sensible, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that it is no easy matter for a man in his grand climacteric to divest himself of old accustomed prejudices; and though I profess all imaginable deference to my great neighbours, they must excuse the aukward particularity I have of paying my debts, and of obstinately persevering in going now and then to church. Besides what I have mentioned, I have the peculiar felicity of seeing, that nothing which either my ancestors or I have done, within or without doors, is in the least correspondent with my family's taste. The garden is a devoted victim to their caprice: last summer they erected in it a Chinese temple, but it proved too cold to be inhabited. In the winter, all my Christmas blocks went to the composition of a hermitage, which is only tenanted by my girls, and the female hermits of taste of their acquaintance. This spring I narrowly escaped the reputation of building a ruin in my park; but luckily as my workmen were lopping some of my trees, they opened, by mere accident, a prospect to my lord Killdollar's house, the noblest, perhaps, and most natural ruin extant.

It is impossible for you to conceive the instances I could enumerate; but not to tire your patience by a long detail of grievances, I shall close my letter with observing, that I see a succession of them before me while my wife is above polluting the blood of the Pedigrees, by admitting into her composition the least tincture of affability; and while my daughters are in a fair way of dying unmarried,

by their polite behaviour, and meretricious style of dress. If the reasonableness of my complaint should obtain the sanction of your approbation, and be countenanced in the WORLD, it will in some measure alleviate the affliction of,

SIR,

Your constant reader and admirer.

No. 89. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1754.

IT has been the constant practice ever since I can remember, for people to recommend the particular wares they deal in, by setting forth that they are more essentially necessary at the present time, than they were ever known to be in times past. The doctor, to recommend his ELIXIR *for the nerves*, addresses you with, 'Never were NERVOUS DECAYS, &c. so frequent as at present.' The man of learning prefaces his discourse upon occult qualities with, 'Never was there so total a decay of literature as at present;' and the divine introduces his volume of sermons with, 'Never did sin and folly abound so as at present.'

But though this method may be a very good one, and may have contributed greatly to the increase of trade, I have always considered it as somewhat bordering upon craft, and have therefore rejected it, to pursue a contrary practice. Never was mankind so good as at present, I say again and again: for however unwise or unrighteous the people of these nations may have been two years ago, it is hardly to be conceived how greatly they are improved in their understandings, and amended in their morals,

by the extensive circulation of these my lucubrations.

Many persons are of opinion (I suppose from the effects which they find to have been produced in themselves) that every individual of my readers has been in some respect or other the better for me: but this perhaps may be carrying the matter a little too far; and indeed I have a private reason for thinking that there may be here and there one, who, though a considerable reader of these excellent essays, has received no benefit from them at all. There are people in the world, who, because they pride themselves upon contradicting an established opinion, have suggested in a whisper, that this is not absolutely and to all intents and purposes the very best paper that has hitherto been published in any age or country. And to confess a truth, which will, no doubt, be as surprizing to my readers as it was to me, I have actually received a letter, written in sober sadness, and without the least intention to be witty, insinuating that I am growing dull, and advising me to lay down my paper, while I can do it with honour. But as I have hitherto found my wit to be inexhaustible, and as I have now, as much as ever, the good of my country at heart, I am willing to continue these my labours while there are the least gleanings of folly remaining, and till I can have the glory of effecting a thorough reformation.

To follow this great and laudable design, I must beg of my correspondents to be very diligent in their inquiries after what is doing in town, and that they will neglect no opportunity of transmitting me all the intelligence they can get. I should be glad to know, among other matters of consequence, if there is yet any such thing as play going on at WHITE's. I should like also to hear that the proposal for

establishing lectures in divinity and moral philosophy next winter in the great room at St. James's coffee-house, has met with the approbation of the whole club. The repeated assurances which I am daily receiving that fornication and adultery are entirely at a stand in this great metropolis, are highly agreeable to me; as also that the great increase of bloom, which has of late been so very observable on the cheeks of ladies of fashion, is wholly owing to their abhorrence of cards and late hours. I hear with great self-congratulation and delight from the city, that they are hourly increasing in frugality and industry, and that neither hazard, nor any unlawful game at cards, has been so much as thought of at their clubs for this twelve-month past. But above all, I am charmed with the accounts which I have from time to time received of the last general election. That inflexible abhorrence of bribery and corruption, which so visibly and universally manifested itself among all ranks and orders of men, constituents as well as candidates, must be an incontestable proof of the consummate virtue of the present times.

From all these happy considerations, I am perfectly of opinion with the late Mr. Whiston, that the Millennium, or the kingdom of the just upon earth, is very near at hand. When that long-expected time arrives, I shall consider the plan of this paper as complete, and conclude it the Thursday following, with a benediction to my readers.

It has been owing to this general reformation (which I flatter myself has been principally brought about by these weekly essays) that I have thought fit to suppress certain letters, lately come to hand, which are filled with most unreasonable complaints against the iniquity of the times. One of these letters laments very emphatically the great increase of

popery among us, and begs that I would postpone every amusing speculation, to attack with gravity and argument the doctrine of transubstantiation. The same letter recommends, in a postscript, some necessary alterations to be made in the book of Common Prayer, and desires that my next paper may be an address to the bishops upon that occasion. Another of these letters inveighs bitterly against the universality of skittle-grounds in the gardens of people of fashion, and assures me that it is in vain to hope for a reformation, while gentlemen and ladies, nay, even the clergy themselves, are misspending their time in the unchristian-like diversions of porters and draymen. The letter signed Decorus, complaining of Brunetta's nakedness at church, had long ago received a place in these papers, if I could have been convinced that it had less of invention in it than of reality: for I am assured by a particular friend, who is a constant frequenter of all public places, that since my repeated animadversions on that subject, there is not a pair of naked shoulders to be seen either for love or money. He proceeds farther to assure me, that those excellent animadversions have given the ladies such an unconquerable aversion to all kinds of nakedness, that a party of them, going this summer from Richmond to Vauxhall by water, chose rather to see a handsome young fellow go to the bottom, as he was attempting to swim across the Thames, than to take him into their boat: and when the watermen begged for God's sake that they might save the young man's life, the eldest of the ladies protested with great vehemence, that she had rather the whole odious sex should perish, than have her modesty affronted with the sight of a naked man.

But though every reformation of this kind is a sensible pleasure to me, I am very far from attri-

buting the whole merit of it to myself; on the contrary, it is with the utmost pride and satisfaction that I acknowledge the many and great helps which I have received from correspondents, whose names, whenever they come to be mentioned in this undertaking, will reflect an honour upon my own. It is to these gentlemen, more than to myself, that I am to ascribe the reformation above-mentioned: and because, as I said before, in spite of our endeavours to make mankind perfect, there is still perhaps a little sprinkling of folly remaining amongst us: and as the Millennium may possibly be at a much greater distance than Mr. Whiston and I have so sanguinely imagined it to be; and moreover, considering the comparative weakness of my own abilities; I hereby request and intreat of my correspondents, that they will continue to favour me with their assistance in this work, which will most certainly be brought to a conclusion on the very first Thursday after the said Millennium shall commence.

I cannot shew myself more in earnest upon this occasion, than by closing my paper with the following humble address to one of its ablest supporters.

ADAM FITZ-ADAM to the * of ***.

With grateful heart FITZ-ADAM *greets ye,*
And in these rhimes, my LORD, *intreats ye,*
That you once more the WORLD *would prop,*
Which, but for strength like yours, must drop:
For I, grown weak and somewhat older,
Feel it too heavy on my shoulder:
And well I may; for bards have sung,
That giant ATLAS, *huge and strong,*
Oft found his WORLD *too great a load,*
And ask'd assistance of a GOD,

Who eas'd his back with little pain,
And set the WORLD *to rights again.*
So I from You, my great ALCIDES,
(Whose aim my glory and my pride is)
Request, my LORD—*You know my drift—*
That you would lend me t'other lift:
Your smallest effort is enough,
The same you use in taking snuff:
You smile, my LORD—*indeed 'tis true,*
A FINGER *and your* THUMB *will do.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

No. 90. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1754.

AN old friend and fellow-student of mine at the university called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposion. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying, 'You will give me leave to see what was the object of your studies.' 'Nothing less than the divine Plato,' said I, 'that amiable philosopher—' 'with whom (interrupted my friend) Cicero declares that he would rather be in the wrong, than in the right way with any other.' 'I cannot,' replied I, 'carry my veneration for him to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, wherever I understand him (for I confess I do not every where) I prefer him to all the ancient philosophers. His Symposion more particularly engages and entertains me, as I see there the manners and characters of the most eminent men, of the politest times, of the politest city of Greece. And, with all due respect to the moderns, I much question whether an account of a modern Symposion, though written by the ablest hand, could be read with so much plea-

sure and improvement.' 'I do not know that,' replied my friend, 'for though I revere the ancients as much as you possibly can, and look upon the moderns as pigmies, when compared to those giants, yet if we come up to, or near them in any thing, it is the elegancy and delicacy of our convivial intercourse.'

I was the more surprized at this doubt of my friend's, because I knew that he implicitly subscribed to, and superstitiously maintained, all the articles of the classical faith. I therefore asked him whether he was serious? He answered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato spun out that silly affair of love too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I should at least entertain the same doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kind offer, but added, that in whatever society he was an unworthy member, I should be still a more unworthy guest. That moreover my retired and domestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity amongst strangers would be misplaced in the midst of all that festal mirth and gaiety. 'You mistake me (answered my friend); every member of our club has the privilege of bringing one friend along with him, who is by no means thereby engaged to become a member of it: and as for your taciturnity, we have some silent members, who, by the way, are none of our worst. Silent people never spoil company, but on the contrary, by being good hearers, encourage good speakers.' 'But I have another difficulty (answered I) and that, I doubt, a very solid one, which is, that I drink nothing but water.' 'So much the worse for you' (replied my friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle most academically;)

'you will pay for the claret you do not drink. We use no compulsion; every one drinks as little as he pleases—' 'Which I presume (interrupted I) is as much as he can.' 'That is just as it happens,' said he; 'sometimes, it is true, we make pretty good sittings; but for my own part I choose to go home always before eleven: for, take my word for it, it is the sitting up late, and not the drink, that destroys the constitution.' As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club, but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the sitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. 'Your precaution (said he) is a prudent one, and I will make you so well acquainted with them beforehand, that you shall not seem a stranger when among them. You must know then that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country; and besides, we have some vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home, and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late, and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and chearful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

'Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he run out considerably. He has left off house-keeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living; and though he is a man of very few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had a university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man can live more regularly; he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that: he drinks no thin wines, and never sits up late; for he has his full dose by eleven.

'Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer, though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you and me, he has had great injustice done him, and is now commanded by many who were not born when he first came into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your champaigns and burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

'Sir George Plyant is well born, has a genteel fortune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure one of the best bred men alive: he is so good-natured, that he seems to have no will of his own. He will drink as little or as much as you please, and no matter of what. He has been a mighty man

with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still. He is our news-monger; for being a gentlemen of the privy-chamber, he goes to court every day, and consequently knows pretty well what is going forward there. Poor gentlemen! I fear we shall not keep him long; for he seems far gone in a consumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

'Will Sitfast is the best natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and sits every man's hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralytic stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

'Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him; but I must do him the justice to say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true, he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call him, pleasantly enough, a vessel of election.

'The last and least (concluded my friend) is your humble servant, such as I am; and if you please we will go and walk in the park till dinner time.' I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We

were of the same year of St. John's college in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had just got a fellowship in the college, when his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloyster, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a day. I must not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to his once having drank water for a month, by the prescription of the late doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for these last thirty years. To return to my friend: 'I am very much mistaken,' said he, as we were walking in the park, 'if you do not thank me for procuring this day's entertainment: for a set of worthier gentlemen to be sure never lived.' 'I make no doubt of it,' said I, 'and am therefore the more concerned when I reflect that this club of worthy gentlemen might, by your own account, be not improperly called an hospital of incurables, as there is not one among them who does not labour under some chronical and mortal distemper.' 'I see what you would be at,' answered my friend, 'you would insinuate that it is all owing to wine: but

let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, *that wine, especially claret, if neat and good, can hurt no man.*' I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend's, which I knew would draw on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the club-room, where I took it for granted that it was one of the great constitutional principles. The account of this modern Symposion shall be the subject of my next paper.

No. 91. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1754.

My friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. '*Give me leave, gentlemen,*' said he, '*to present to you my old friend Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author of the* WORLD.' The word author instantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themselves, have a strange curiosity to see a LIVE AUTHOR. The gentlemen received me in common, with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I on my part respectfully muttered some of those nothings, which stand instead of the something one should say, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreshing themselves before dinner, with what they called a cool tankard; in which they successively drank to Me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I surprized, when upon the first taste I discovered that this cooling and refreshing draught was composed of the strongest mountain wine, lowered in-

deed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again, by a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with some impatience, was at last brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the master and all the waiters of the house, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We sat down without ceremony, and we were no sooner sat down than every body (except myself) drank every body's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noise. I observed with surprize, that the common quantity of wine was put into glasses of an immense size and weight; but my surprize ceased when I saw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of doctor Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, 'Why, doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, must be pointed something above, or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead, or your chin.' The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had seen many a good glass of port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, some how or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas! things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tunbelly, who had bespoke it; and at the same time Lord Feeble took a dislike to the

claret, which he affirmed not to be the same which they had drank the day before; it had no *silkiness, went rough off the tongue,* and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with *Benecarlo, or some of those black wines.* This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wines, telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away; and attested heaven and earth that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before; and as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margoux. 'Chateaux devil (said the colonel with warmth) it is your d—d rough *Chaos* wine.' Will Sitfast, who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said, he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down.* 'If that is all (interrupted the doctor) let us e'en drink it *up* then. Or, if that won't do, since we cannot have the true *Falernum,* let us take up for once with the *vile Sabinum.* What say you, gentlemen, to good honest port, which I am convinced is a much wholesomer stomach wine?' My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening.

I could not help aſking the doctor if he really preferred port to lighter wines? To which he answered, 'You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature; and port is in a manner mother's milk to me; for it is what my ALMA MATER suckles all her numerous progeny with.' I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprize at this to Sir Tunbelly, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way, *Why, what can we do?* 'Not drink it (replied I) since it is not good.' 'But what will you have us do? and how shall we pass the evening? (rejoined the baronet). One cannot go home at five o'clock.' 'That depends a great deal upon use,' said I. 'It may be so, to a certain degree (said the doctor). But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?' 'Why, doctor,' said I, 'as I never lowered my spirits by strong liquor, I do not want it to raise them.' Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and indignation againſt the burgundy and champaign, swearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cyder and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, confuſion to the town of Briſtol and the bottle act. It was a ſhame, he ſaid, that gentlemen could have no good burgundies and champaigns, for the ſake of ſome increaſe of the revenue, the manufacture of glaſs bottles, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff. Sir George confirmed the ſame, adding that it was *ſcandalous*; and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal ſo abſurd an act the

very first session; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions to that purpose from their constituents. 'To be sure,' said the colonel. 'What a d——d rout they made about the repeal of the jew-bill, for which nobody cared one farthing! But by the way (continued he) I think every body has done eating, and therefore had not we better have the dinner taken away, and the wine set upon the table?' To this the company gave an unanimous Ay. While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprized at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, No; but asked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he also answered, No. 'Then pray,' replied I, 'why not as well eat without being hungry, as drink without being dry?' My friend was so stunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment, as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-clouts put upon the table; when Will Sitfast, who I found was perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the King's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman as to *day-light*. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that health in wine. I begged to be excused, and told him that I never drank his Majesty's health at all, though no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did. That hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the least relation between

the wine I drank, and the king's state of health; and that till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his Majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his service, if he could ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal; and though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company; and I overheard the colonel whisper to Lord Feeble, *This author is a very odd dog.*

My friend was ashamed of me; but however, to help me off as well as he could, he said to me aloud, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is one of those singularities which you have contracted by living so much alone.' From this moment the company gave me up to my oddnesses, and took no farther notice of me. I leaned silently upon the table, waiting for (though to say the truth, without expecting) some of that festal gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promised so large a share. Instead of all which, the conversation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former achievements in love and wine; the colonel complained, though with dignity, of hardships and injustice; Sir George hinted at some important discoveries which he had made that day at court, but cautiously avoided naming names; Sir Tunbelly slept between glass and glass; the Doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy president applied himself wholly to business, never speaking but to order; as, 'Sir, the bottle stands with you; Sir, you are to name a toast; That has been drank already; Here, more claret! &c.' In the height of all this convivial pleasantry, which I plainly saw was come

to its zenith, I stole away at about nine o'clock, and went home; where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the subject of some future paper.

No. 92. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

THE entertainment (I do not say the diversion) which I mentioned in my last paper, tumbled my imagination to such a degree, and suggested such a variety of indistinct ideas to my mind, that notwithstanding all the pains I took to sort and digest, I could not reduce them to method: I shall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and just as they occurred to me.

When I considered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow-subjects passed two parts in three of their lives in the very same manner in which the worthy members of my friend's club passed theirs, I was at a loss to discover that attractive, irresistible and invisible charm (for I confess I saw none) to which they so deliberately and assiduously sacrificed their time, their health, and their reason; till dipping accidently into monsieur Pascal, I read upon the subject of hunting the following passage. *What, unless to drown thought* (says that excellent writer) *can make men throw away so much time upon a silly animal, which they might buy much cheaper in the market? It hinders us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear.* That this is often one motive, and sometimes the only one of hunting, I can easily believe. But then it must be allowed too, that if the jolly sportsman, who thus vigorously runs away from himself, does not break

his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at least, by his exercise. But what other motive can possibly be assigned for the SOAKER's daily and seriously swallowing his own destruction, except that of *drowning thought, and hindering him from looking into himself, which is a view he cannot bear?*

Unhappy the man who cannot willingly and frequently converse with himself; but miserable in the highest degree is the man who dares not. In one of these predicaments must that man be, who soaks and sleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himself for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himself for fear of the most tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt, to the company of his fellow-sufferers, and to the intoxication of strong liquors.

Archbishop Tillotson asserts, and very truly, that no man can plead in defence of swearing that he was born of a swearing constitution. I believe the same thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking, is an acquired, not a natural vice. The child, when he first states strong liquors, rejects them with evident signs of disgust; but is insensibly brought first to bear, and then perhaps to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promise them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

When the coroner's inquest examines the body of one of those unhappy wretches who drown themselves in a pond or river, with commonly a provision of lead in their pockets, to make the work the surer, the verdict is either *felo de se*, or lunatic. Is it then the water, or the suddenness of the plunge, that constitutes either the madness or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine suicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never so deliberate and premedi-

tated as the latter. The SOAKER jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as sure and certain destruction; and as a proof of his intention, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot alledge in his defence, that he has not warning, since he daily sees, in the chronical distempers of all his fellow SOAKERS, the fatal effects of that slow poison which he so greedily guzzles: for I defy all the HONEST GENTLEMEN, that is, all the hard drinkers in England (a numerous body I doubt) to produce me one single instance of a SOAKER, whose health and faculties are not visibly impaired by drinking. Some indeed, born much stronger than others, hold it out longer, and are absurdly quoted as living proofs even of the salutary effects of drinking: but though they have not yet any of the most distinguished characteristics of their profession about them, though they have not yet lost one half of themselves by a hemiplegia, nor the use of all their limbs by the gout; though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropsy may not yet appear; I will venture to affirm that the health they boast of is at best but an aukward state between sickness and health: if they are not actually sick, they are not actively well; and you will always find some complaint or other, inadvertently drop from the triumphant SOAKER, within half an hour after he has assured you that he is neither *sick nor sorry*. My wife, who is a little superstitious, and perhaps too apt to point out, and interpret judgments (otherwise an excellent woman) firmly believes, that the dropsy, of which most SOAKERS finally die, is a manifest and just judgment upon them; the wine they so much loved being turned into water, and themselves drowned at last, in the element they so much abhorred.

A rational and sober man, invited by the wit and gaiety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of spirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then these sallies will be short, and not frequent. Whereas the SOAKER is an utter stranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either. His business is serious, and he applies himself seriously to it; he steadily pursues the numbing, stupifying, and petrifying, not the animating and exhilirating qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nepenthe would be lost upon him. The more he drinks the duller he grows; his politics become more obscure, and his narratives more tedious and less intelligible; till at last *maudlin*, he employs what little articulation he has left, in relating his doleful tale to an insensible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, since a very old and eminent French historian, speaking of the English, who were then in possession of Aquitain, the promised land of claret, says *Ils se saoulerent grandement, et se divertirent moult tristement à la mode de leur païs.*

A very skilful surgeon of my acquaintance assured me, that having opened the body of a SOAKER, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and vessels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had swallowed, so as to render the circulation of the blood absolutely impossible, and the folds of the stomach so stiffened with it, that it could not perform its functions. He compared the body of the deceased to a siphon so choaked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which seemed to me a just one: and I shall for the future typify the SOAKER by the

siphon, suction being equally the only business of both.

An object, viewed at once, and in its full extent, will sometimes strike the mind, when the several parts and gradations of it, separately seen, would be but little attended to. I shall therefore here present the society of SIPHONS with a calculation, of which they cannot dispute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet perhaps they will be surprized when they see the gross sums of the wine they suck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they lose in the course of seven years only.

I reckon that I put a staunch SIPHON very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one day with another. This in seven years amounts to four thousand four hundred and ten bottles, which make twenty hogsheads and seventy bottles.

Supposing this quantity to cost only four shillings a bottle, which I take to be the lowest price of claret, the sum amounts to eight hundred and eighty-two pounds.

Allowing every SIPHON but six hours a day to suck his two bottles in, which is a short allowance, that time amounts to six hundred and thirty-eight days, eighteen hours; one full quarter of his life, for the above-mentioned seven years. Can any rational being coolly consider these three gross sums, of wine, and consequently distempers swallowed, of money lavished, and time lost, without shame, regret, and a resolution of reformation.

I am well aware that the numerous society of SIPHONS will say, like Sir Tunbelly, What would this fellow have us do? To which I am at no loss for an answer. Do any thing else. Preserve and improve that reason which was given you to be your guide through this world, and to a better.

Attend to, and discharge your religious, your moral, and your social duties. These are occupations worthy of a rational being; they will agreeably and usefully employ your time, and will banish from your breasts that tiresome listlessness, or those tormenting thoughts, from which you endeavour, though in vain, to fly. Is your retrospect uncomfortable? Exert yourselves in time to make your prospect better; and let the former serve as a back ground to the latter. Cultivate and improve your minds with reading according to your several educations and capacities. There are several useful books suited to them all. True religion and virtue give a chearful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures, and even procure the truest.

Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman, and with almost equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear, the latter his body in health. It is not from himself that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a synonymous term for his friends. Internally safe, he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, though always without personal offence. Chearful abroad, because happy at home, and thus happy, because virtuous.

**** *I am obliged to many correspondents for letters, which, though hitherto unnoticed, will be published with all convenient speed.*

No. 93. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1754.

It is a very true, though a very trite principle, 'that the point of perfection is at a middle distance between the two extremes:' and whoever is the least conversant with the world, will have frequent opportunities of convincing himself of its importance, whether he applies it to the morals, manners, or other objects of human action.

I shall make it the subject of this day's paper to particularize the danger of passing too precipitately from one extreme to the other, in an instance which I conceive to be of very material consequence to the entertainment, instruction, and virtue of mankind.

The distinguishing characteristic of the last age was Pedantry. Every man appeared so sensibly convinced of the dignity and usefulness of his own profession, that he considered it as the only one meriting the attention of reasonable creatures, and, wherever he was admitted, introduced it as such, without the least regard to times, persons, or places, It was impossible to sit half an hour with the man of learning, without discovering his contempt for every kind of discourse that was not tinctured, like his own, with the sentiments and language of Aristotle or Plato. Divines were apt but too often to perplex the heads of young ladies at tea-tables with school distinctions, and the depths of metaphysics; and such jargon terms as capias's, certiorari's, and premunire facias's, were more frequently the expressions of lawyers in the same company, than love and adoration, the natural language of the place. A military man no sooner entered a room, than you as-

sociated the discharge of artillery with his appearance. The authority of his voice silenced every milder subject of conversation, and the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, so fatal to the enemy, were fought over again in very turbulent description, to the no small terror of his peaceable countrymen.

The wits of those times very finely rallied this foible: and it has indeed suffered such discouragement in our days, that an absurdity, the very reverse, though less to be justified, has succeeded in its place: I mean, a vicious affectation, in the present age, of avoiding that PEDANTRY which so distinguished the preceding one.

This affectation has been pursued to such lengths, that a person is esteemed very deficient in good-breeding, who ventures to explain himself on any subject, however naturally it may arise in company, which genius, education, and his particular profession, have qualified him to support. As a man of the world, he will divert the discourse to any other subject, which, being entirely unacquainted with, he is secure of treating in a manner altogether removed from PEDANTRY. It is principally from this cause, that conversation, which formerly was the means of communicating knowledge with the freedom and delicacy peculiar to it, and which rendered the groves of Academus, the porches of Lycæum, and the walks of Tusculum famous to posterity, is degenerating into an useless and insipid intercourse: while the most trifling amusements that relieve us from the anxiety of it, receive all our encouragement.

It is indeed no wonder that clubs and other ancient meetings for society are growing out of fashion when punctilio not only obliges you to be silent on those topics, which you are inclined, from your

knowledge of them, to enter upon with freedom; but subjects you to the mortification of hearing them discussed by persons who never talked or thought of them till the present moment. The situation of the speaker too, in such assemblies, can be no very desirable one, while he is voluntarily imposing the necessity on himself of attempting a subject, when unprovided with materials for it.

This custom is in no sort confined to mixed companies, where possibly some faint excuses might be offered for it; but operates equally where men of the same profession are collected, who, to avoid seeming PEDANTS in the eyes of each other, prefer obscenity, impertinence, or absurdity, to a conversation calculated to reflect mutual light on those studies, which, either in speculation or practice, are the employment of their lives.

A very understanding friend of mine, who, till within this month, has not visited London for five-and-twenty years, was lamenting to me seriously the declension of knowledge in this kingdom, and seemed apprehensive that a country so distinguished for many ages, was relapsing again into its ancient barbarity. I was somewhat surprized at the peculiarity of his sentiments, but did not remain long unacquainted with the cause of them. It seems my friend had spent the greatest part of that week in very different sets of company. He had dined in the beginning of it at a visitation, where the British herring fishery, and some proposals respecting the public debt, had very warmly interested the upper part of the table. He was the less in humour to relish this dispute, as he had been kept up till three that very morning, in the neighbourhood of the exchange, as moderator in a controversy on foreknowledge and free-will. The next day, in Lincoln's-Inn hall, he was not a little perplexed with

the variety of opinions on the circulation of the blood, the production of chyle, and the powers of digestion. It was his fortune afterwards to be present at Batson's coffee-house, when the disposition of the German army at the battle of Crotska, and the last siege of Coni were severely arraigned; and to listen at the Tilt-yard to many objections against a decree in chancery, and to a discourse employed to ascertain the provinces of reason, law, and equity. His greatest mortification was in an admittance that morning to a junto of statesmen near Whitehall, from whom nothing transpired, after two hours attention to them, except some injudicious, though modest conjectures, on the future sport of Newmarket races.

It was easy for me, after this explanation, to account for the indifferent opinion my friend had conceived of the divinity, law, and physic; the politics, military knowledge, and trade of the present times: and yet, from my acquaintance with the characters he had seen, I may venture to assert, what in another age might have the appearance of a paradox, that he had been conversing with the most eminent divines, lawyers, and physicians; with the ablest statesmen, skilfullest commanders, and most intelligent traders of any age or country.

This humour, it is to be feared, will by degrees infect the pen as well as the tongue; and that we shall have apothecaries advertising comments on Machiavel's art of war, and serjeants at law taking in subscriptions for systems of chymistry, and dissertations on midwifery. Every man's experience will probably inform him that it has already extended itself to epistolary writing. I have a late disagreeable instance of it in my own family: it is in a young gentleman, who left England with the highest reputation, about a twelvemonth since, to

make what is called the tour of Europe. He parted from me with a promise of writing from Rome, where he proposed to continue some time, after visiting France, and the principal cities of Italy. As I had formed very agreeable expectations from this correspondence, I must confess my disappointment when his letter arrived. He never mentioned France, but to condemn the post-horses; nor took notice of any circumstance in his passage over the Alps, except the loss of his hat and perriwig. One would have concluded him a cheesemonger from his description of Parma. His observations on Florence were confined solely to its wines: and though he was profoundly silent on the constitution of Lucca, he talked very particularly of the olives it produced. He had occasionally interspersed some anecdotes of himself: as that he had drank a little too freely at Genoa with Lord A.; that he had broke the west window of the great church at Milan in a frolic with Sir Thomas B.; that he had been plundered of his gold watch and snuff-box by a courtezan of Venice; and that he had attempted in revenge, to sink a gondola belonging to the Doge. These singular contents really gave me pain, as I had a sincere affection for my cousin and his family; and I began to moralize on the vanity and misapplication of travelling into foreign countries. A packet of letters, which reached me soon after, from other correspondents at that time in Italy, threw me into new perplexities: for they all concurred in representing my relation as doing honour to his country by his genius and learning. They spoke of him as distinguished for his knowledge of the religion, government, and antiquities of the states he had visited; and described him as little less remarkable for his chastity, sobriety, and gentleness of manners. A disagreement so visible

between the letter from himself, and those which succeeded it, was at first indeed not easily reconciled. Being satisfied, however, that my intelligence from the latter might be relied on as certain, I at length made a discovery, that my cousin had departed from his veracity on this occasion; and that he had assumed a character compounded of folly, ignorance, and debauchery, to which he had no pretensions: preferring it to that of a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of virtue, which really belonged to him, from a studious affectation of appearing to his friend in any other light than the unfashionable one of a PEDANT.

*** *In answer to Hillaria and her cousin, I am sorry to say that it is not my good fortune to be the gentleman who has attracted their notice.*

No. 94. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1754.

IN my paper of last Thursday, I took notice how much conversation had suffered from the singular disposition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to consider Pedantry as reflecting more disgrace on the persons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (universal as it is) to be the only obstruction to rational society: other causes, distinct in themselves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conspired to reduce conversation to the state we lament it in at present. I shall mention the most remarkable of these causes in the order they occur to me.

One great abuse of conversation has visibly arisen from our mistaking its end, which is, the mutual entertainment and instruction of each other by a friendly communication of sentiments. It is seriously to be wished that this end were pursued, and that every one would contribute with freedom and good manners to the general improvement from his particular discoveries. On the contrary, we are apt to consider society in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of displaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accomplishment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement, and to dazzle our companions with our own brightness, rather than to receive light by reflection from them. I knew indeed an instance, the very opposite to this, in a late person of distinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a most agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he supported this character by any assumed superiority over his company: it was his singular faculty to discover the genius of other men: no latent merit escaped his penetration, though the proprietor seemed industrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himself. With this advantage he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular subject, which he was capable of maintaining with ease to himself, and benefit to society. He himself at the same time pretended to no more than a common part in that conversation, which derived its merit entirely from his address. The tendency of such behaviour to enlarge knowledge, as well as to procure esteem, cannot fail of appearing very evident to my readers.

There is another defect, very closely connected with the abuse above-mentioned, which has proved equally pernicions to conversation: I mean the pe-

remptoriness and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed, whether we write or converse, the haughty manner, the self-sufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent that we mix with our arguments, have considerably prevented the advancement of truth, and conviction of error. Modern disputants by this method have subjected their cause, though perhaps founded in demonstration, to great disadvantages; since they have not only the prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently interested their passions too against them. In debates perhaps purely speculative, a person is obliged not only to defend the point in controversy, but even his understanding and moral character, which are united to the question by the management of his adversary. Sir Issac Newton and Mr. Locke, ornaments to their country, their age, and human nature, have been frequently represented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by persons esteeming themselves nothing less than philosophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and cohesion have any visible connection with ethics: that an attempt to ascertain the powers of the understanding has a tendency to undermine revelation; or that these writers deserved to be considered in any other light than as ingenious enthusiasts, if reason and universal experience had not confirmed their inquiries to be as true as they were beautiful. I have often thought that the reception of the Platonic philosophy in the world may be attributed more to the manner of its delivery, than to the superior excellence of it. If we except the moral part, which is divinely treated, its discoveries in physics and other branches of science did not entitle it to be advanced above that of other sects, particularly the Aristotelian. The difference

was, that the *ipse dixits* and dogmatical positions of the one, made it unpalatable; while modesty, politeness, and deference to the reason and dignity of mankind, rendered the other lovely even to its adversaries. They were induced by the address of it, to pursue the consequences of their own opinions till they led them to absurdity, and were not ashamed of a conclusion which seemed to be the effect of their own examination. The same management inclined them to adopt with cheerfulness those principles which were established on the ruins of their favourite prejudices. It is a little extraordinary that the success of this milder method of disputation should have had no greater influence on succeeding ages; especially since the Divine Founder of Christianity has, by his own example, so eminently recommended the same practice. The errors of mankind were treated by him with the tenderness of a parent; and even divine truths introduced into the mind by persuasion rather than authority. The delivery of them in parables was excellently calculated to divest men of prejudices and passions, and to exclude the consideration of self-interest from the question; at the same time that it shewed an indulgence to the understanding, by proposing chiefly general truths, and leaving their particular application to ourselves.

The fatal influence of politics on society, in a country divided into parties like our own, has been too often mentioned to require illustration. I shall observe only, that it has been the occasion of excluding a variety of useful knowledge from conversation, even with men of the most moderate principles. They have been cautious of engaging on any subject, which might accidentally lead to that of politics; and from the natural relation of one science to another, have by this means precluded them-

selves from almost every branch of instructive conversation. It was observable at the table of a late great man, that obscenity was too often the subject of discourse, which he himself appeared not sufficiently to discountenance. To some serious persons, who took offence at his conduct, he made the following apology: 'I have attempted,' says he, 'in vain to start other subjects, and at the same time to preserve the harmony of my company. If, for instance, I introduce the state of ancient and modern learning, we enter very soon into a comparison of the governments they have flourished under, to the disadvantage of the present one, and the persons that conduct it. If the subject has been philosophy, I have sometimes apprehended that it would conclude with laying hands on the hilts of swords, from divisions on toleration, and occasional conformity. I am therefore under the necessity of conniving at a subject, in which alone whig and tory, churchman and dissenter, ministerial and anti-ministerial man unite together, with any degree of cheerfulness.'

Another impediment to the revival of conversation may be ascribed to our notion of its being intended as a relaxation from every thing serious, useful, or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is sometimes unbent to preserve its elasticity: and because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusion of the human mind. Whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of ease; it may lose indeed its vigour by being employed too intensely on particular subjects, but recovers itself again, rather by varying its application, than by continuing inactive. History, poetry, and the lighter parts of science, more agreeably relieve us from abstracted studies, than a total indolence and dissi-

pation. It is this continued, though varied exercise of the mind, in the hours of leisure as well as of business, that seems to have given the ancients that superiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge, than to inquire into the reason of. Even Tully himself, if he had dedicated his retirement to those amusements that employ the modern world, might have been delivered to posterity with no greater reputation, than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of conversation, that he exhausted those subjects of reason and philosophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind. I was engaged lately in conversation with some friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the ease of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as stiff and unnatural. I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as much a satire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, because the scenes, the persons, and the subjects it associates, are seldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to represent Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. discussing subjects of the utmost importance to mankind in porticoes or gardens, because the great men of Rome frequently spent their retirement in this manner. It would seem the very reverse to introduce in our days Sir Thomas requesting my lord duke to resume his arguments for the immateriality of the soul under the shade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the recesses of the wood, that he may pursue without interruption his inquiry into the foundation of morality. The reason is, that disquisitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men: or if they really think

of them, they appropriate thinking to the particular apartments they call their studies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in pursuit of game, not of truth. The conversation in gardens is not often of an elevated kind; and the circular seats round spreading trees usually inspire other thoughts than abstracted ideas.

I shall close this subject with lamenting the injury done to society by our unnatural exclusion of the softer sex from every conversation either serious or instructive. The most enlightened ages of the world entertained juster notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wisdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learnt eloquence from Aspasia. I may add of the sex, that they derive some advantage over us from the very defects of their education: their minds operate with more freedom, and with the genuine simplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like ours, by principles and systems, nor confined to the particular modes of thinking, that prevail in colleges and schools. The liveliness too of their imagination entitles them to a place in the gravest, as well as the most cheerful company; I will not even except the Symposia of philosophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonstration itself may appear principally to depend on the judgment, yet the discovery of intermediate ideas, necessary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

No. 95. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1754.

——— *Medio tutissimus ibis.* OVID.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE golden mean, or middle track of life, has always been esteemed the best, because it is the happiest: and I believe, upon inquiry, it will be found to be the happiest, because the people so situated are the wisest part of mankind; and being the wisest, are best able to subdue those turbulent passions which are the greatest enemies to happiness.

But has not a man of the first rank and fortune a greater opportunity, in proportion to that fortune, to acquire knowledge, than a man in middling circumstances? Most certainly he has; and I make no doubt but that persons of the first quality would be persons of the first understanding, if it was not for one very material obstacle, I mean FASHION. There are no two characters so entirely incompatible as a man of sense and a man of fashion. A man of fashion must devote his whole time to the fashionable pleasures: among the first of these may be reckoned gaming, in the pursuit of which we cannot allow him less than a third part of the twenty-four hours: and the other sixteen (allowing for a little sleep) are to be spent in amusements, perhaps less vicious, but not more profitable.

I would not here be understood to mean, that every man of quality is a man of fashion; on the contrary, I know several whose titles serve to make their merits more conspicuous: but I cannot help

observing, that the noble lord who holds the first place amongst the men of wit and genius, has not been known to alter the cock of his little hat for above these twenty years.

If we consider the lowest class of life but for a moment, we shall not be at a loss to account for their ignorance. They have little more time from their labour than what is necessary for refreshment. They work to supply their own necessities, and the luxuries of the great. Let us examine how far these two extremes of life resemble each other in their recreations and diversions. John Slaughter, the butcher, trots his goose-rumped mare twelve miles within the hour for twenty guineas. My lord rides his own horse a match for five hundred. Two bricklayers labourers play at all-fours in an ale-house on a Saturday night for their week's wages. His Grace and Count Basset are doing the same thing at WHITE's for all they are worth in the world. My lord, having been unfortunate in an amour, sends to the doctor at Whitehall. Tom Errand, in the same dilemma, runs away to the licentiate upon Ludgate-hill. In their taste too they are the same. It is common in our theatres for the plaudit to come at one and the same time from the boxes and the upper gallery. In their plurality of wives and mistresses, in their non-observance of religious ceremonies, and in many other particulars, which I shall forbear to mention, they seem entirely to agree.

For my own part, I imbibed early the love of mediocrity; and I find it growing upon me as I increase in years; insomuch that my discourse, let the subject be what it will, is generally tinctured with it. Nay, I am even afraid, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when I tell you some little anecdotes of my life, that you will accuse me of running into the EX-

TREME, by adhering too closely and circumstantially to the MEDIUM. For example: I gave more for my chambers than I need to have done, because I would have them in the Middle Temple, a situation very agreeable to me, as lying in the midway between the city and the court. I have never thought myself so happy at the play-house, since Burton's box was taken down, though I always sit in the center of the middle gallery. And to tell you the truth, I have often wished myself shorter, because I am somewhat above the middle stature.

This particular way of thinking very frequently subjects me to little rudenesses and affronts. It was but t'other night that a young gentleman of our inn, who aspires at being lord chancellor, wished me in the middle of a horse-pond for dwelling perhaps a little too long on the happiness of a middle state; and it is no new thing to me at Nando's to overhear the smarts, at my entrance into that coffee-house, crying out, 'Here comes old MEDIUM.'

These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are disagreeable things; but then I have the self-satisfaction of knowing that I am in the right. But I trespass on your patience, and besides, have made my letter longer than I intended: I shall therefore conclude abruptly with that excellent wish of Agur's, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'

I am, &c.

By way of supplement to the above, and to illustrate by example the absurdity of running into extremes, I shall present my readers with another letter, which I received some time ago from a female correspondent.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

I am an humble cousin to two sisters, who though they are good-humoured, good sort of people, and (all things considered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome. The eldest of my cousins is a very jolly free-hearted girl, and so great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you seldom see her with so much as a pin in her gown; while the youngest, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a SLATTERN, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in every thing she does, an absolute FIDFAD. She takes up almost as much time to put on a gown, as her sister does to dirty one. The eldest is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do, and the youngest is so tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapsed in which it was necessary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the eldest, you are sure to have it lost; or if you would borrow any thing of the youngest, it is odds but she refuses it, from an opinion that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatever work is done by one sister, is too slight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly bed-fellows, the first sleep of the eldest is sure to be broke by the youngest, whose usual time for undressing and folding up her cloaths, is at least an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occasioned by her elder sister's things, which lie scattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I know exactly how it would be: the eldest would lose her's

by saying YES too soon, and the youngest by saying NO too often. If they were wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing: or were they mothers, the daughters of the eldest would be playing at taw with the boys, and the sons of the youngest dressing dolls with the misses.

I wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that you would be so kind to these cousins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have told you already, that they are both good humoured; and if you could prevail upon the eldest to borrow from the youngest a little thought and neatness; and upon the youngest to add to her exactness a little of the careless freedom of the eldest, you would make them very amiable women, and me the happiest of all humble cousins. I am, SIR,

Your constant reader, and most humble Servant,

M A

No. 96. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1754.

I WAS not a little surprized the other day at receiving a letter by the penny-post, acquainting me that notwithstanding all I had said in a former paper concerning the general reformation that had taken place by means of these essays, there were people amongst us who were taking pains to undo all I had done; and that unless I exerted myself notably on a new occasion, my labours for the good of mankind would fall short of their intention. The writer of this letter proceeds to inform me, that he has lately obtained a sight of a dramatic manuscript

(taken, as he supposes, from a history in Machiavel) called BELPHEGOR, or the MARRIED DEVIL, which manuscript, he is credibly assured, is intended to be offered at one of the theatres this very season. My correspondent inveighs greatly against the evil tendency of this piece, of which he has sent me a short transcript, entreating my publication of it, as a warning to the managers against consenting to its exhibition. The transcript, which consists only of one short scene, together with the introduction, is exactly as follows:

BELPHEGOR, *a heathen devil, in the disguise of christian flesh and blood, makes his entrance upon the stage; where, after a clap of thunder, and several flashes of lightning, another devil of a smaller size, dressed like a lacquey, in a flame-coloured livery, trimmed with black, and stuck round with fire works, rises from a trap door, delivers a letter to* BELPHEGOR, *and, making a very low bow, descends in thunder and lightning as he rose.* BELPHEGOR *then comes forward, and reads the letter which contains these words:*

'FORASMUCH as our true and trusty devil and cousin, BELPHEGOR, hath, in obedience to our commands, submitted himself to the torments of the married state for one whole year upon earth, thereby to instruct us in the nature of wives, and to get remission of punishment for all husbands in these our realms; and We, well knowing the many miseries he hath endured in this his state of flesh, and being graciously pleased to release him from his bondage, have ordered that the earth do open at six in the evening of this present day, to re-admit him to our dominions. Given at our palace, &c.

PLUTO.'

BELPHEGOR *expresses great joy at reading the letter; and while he is thanking* PLUTO *for his clemency, and congratulating himself that his deliverance is near at hand,* HARLEQUIN *enters at the back of the stage, looking very disconsolately, and bowing to* BELPHEGOR, *who, after surveying him with wonder, exclaims as follows:*

BEL. Hey-day! Who, in the name of PROSERPINE, have we here? Some other devil upon a frolick too, I suppose? He looks plaguy discontented. If thou art a devil, speak to me. *(Harlequin shakes his head.)* A Frenchman, I presume: but then he would have found his tongue sooner. Are you married, friend?

HAR. A very miserable fellow, sir.

BEL. Why, aye; that sounds a little like matrimony. But who are you? For by the knave's look, and the fool's coat, you should be some extraordinary personage.

HAR. I could eat a little, sir.

BEL. Very likely, friend. But who are you, I say?

HAR. A poor Harlequin, sir; married yesterday, and now running away from my wife.

BEL. A Harlequin? What's that?

HAR. Were you never at the play-house, sir? A Harlequin is a man of wit without words; his business is to convey moral sentiments with a nod of the head, or a shake of the nether parts—I'll shew you after dinner, if you please, sir.

(BELPHEGOR *waves his hand, and a table rises with provision and wine.)*

HAR. Sir, your most humble servant. If it was not for hunger, now, I should beg leave to ask, sir, if you are not the devil? *(Sits down and eats.)*

BEL. A devil that will do you no harm, friend.

HAR. But are you really the devil, sir.

BEL. Have you any objection, Mr. Harlequin?

HAR. None in the least, sir; it is not my way to object to trifles. Sir, my humble duty to you, *(Drinks.)* Yes, yes, sir, you must be the devil, or some such great person. And pray, sir, if one may make bold to ask, how go matters below, sir? I suppose you have a world of fine company there. But I am afraid, sir, the place is a little too smoaky for the ladies.

BEL. To those who have not been used to town indeed———

HAR. To be sure, sir, the town is a very natural preparation. You live pretty much as we do, I suppose?

BEL. Pretty much so, as to the pleasures of the place; rather less scandal among us.

HAR. And more sinning, perhaps?

BEL. Very little difference as to that: hypocrisy we have none of: people of fashion, you know, are above hypocrisy; and we are chiefly people of fashion.

HAR. No doubt, sir. A good many new-comers I reckon from England?

BEL. A good many, friend; we are particularly fond of the English.

HAR. You have them of all professions, I presume.

BEL. Lawyers we do not admit. They are good sort of people in general, and take great pains to come among us; but I don't know how it is, we are apt to be jealous of them, I think—and so they go a little lower down.

HAR. Divines of all religions, I suppose?

BEL. Rather of no religion, friend; of those we have abundance; and very much respected they are indeed.

HAR. Physicians too, no doubt?

Bel. And that's a little odd; for we have no deaths among us; and yet there is no country under Heaven, I believe, so stocked with physicians as ours.

Har. And traders, pray?

Bel. A world of them, of the better sort. The industry and wealth of those gentlemen will always secure them a warm place with us.

Har. Atheists I suppose in plenty?

Bel. Atheists! Not that I remember. We have abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never heard that they professed atheism below.

Har. And pray, sir, do any of the players make you a visit?

Bel. I never heard that they went any where else. They are a little unmanageable indeed; but we have them all, from Roscius of Rome, to Joe Miller of Drury Lane: and a fine company they are. Besides, we have all the wits that every wrote; and then we have no licencer to be a check upon their fancies; though I don't remember that lewdness has been carried a degree farther than with you.

Har. Very likely, sir. But pray, sir, if I may be indulged, who are your favourite ladies at present?

Bel. Why, indeed, among so large a number, it is hard to say which. The nuns of all nations are reckoned mighty good sort of women; but a devil of true taste will tell you that a thoroughbred English woman of quality will go beyond them.

Har. You are pleased to compliment the English ladies, sir. And what extraordinary business, if I may have leave to ask, may have been the occasion of this visit?

BEL. Curiosity and a wife: the very two things that send you gentlemen upon a visit to us.

HAR. May be so. And pray, sir, what stay do you intend to make?

BEL. Only this evening.

HAR. Can I do you any service, sir?

BEL. Aye; you shall make love to my wife.

HAR. Her ladyship is from hell too, I suppose?

BEL. Going thither as fast as she can, Mr. Harlequin——But I hear her coming; walk this way, and I'll instruct you. [*Exeunt.*

Thus ends the scene; which my correspondent inveighs against with so much bitterness, that when I consider it throughout, I am almost of opinion that (in the fashionable phrase) he is *taking me in*, and that he has desired my publication of it in order to excite curiosity, and to get the piece talked of before its appearance upon the stage. And indeed this method of PUFFING by ABUSE is frequently the most successful of any; for as in these very reformed times a wicked book is so rare to be met with, people will be tempted to read it, out of mere curiosity.

I remember a very sceptical pamphlet, that was no where to be seen but in the bookseller's shop, till the author bethought himself of selecting the most offensive passages of it, and by printing them in the Daily Advertiser, and calling upon the clergy to confute, and the magistrate to suppress so pernicious a performance, he carried it through three impressions in less than a fortnight. If my present correspondent has adopted this plan, I shall take care to counterwork his design, by giving it as my opinion that the above scene (however it may be objected to by people of a particular turn) is perfectly harmless.

No. 97. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1754.

THE following letter is written with such an air of truth, that though it comes from one of those unhappy creatures who have always a story to tell in palliation of their infamy, I cannot refuse giving it a place in this paper. If the artifice that undid this poor girl be a common one, it may possibly be less practised by being more known. All I shall say farther is, that I have made no other alteration in the letter than to correct false spellings and a few errors in the English.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

Sir,

I am the daughter of very honest and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my story, I shall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of seventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of some distinction to town, having lived in the strictest intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever since I was a child.

At our arrival in town, we were visited by a great deal of company, and among the rest by a young gentleman of fortune, who seldom passed a day without seeing us. As this gentleman's family, and that of my friends, had been long acquainted, his admission to us was without the least ceremony; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myself rather as a brother than a visitor. I had often observed, and I confess with a secret satisfaction, that his behaviour to me, especially when alone, was

somewhat more particular than to any of my companions: and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me, that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuse and entertain us.

One afternoon, having been troubled with the head-ach in the morning, and having therefore excused myself from dining and supping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to ask us to the play. I expressed my concern at the ladies being from home, but foolishly suffered myself to be persuaded to go alone with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him than to think him capable of asking me to do an improper thing.

When the play was over, we took coach to return home; but the coachman, having no doubt received his lesson, stopped just at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I suffered myself to be handed into the tavern, while another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion observed to me, smiling, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would not sup at home, I should be his guest that evening; and without waiting for a reply, ordered supper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonstrated against this proposal; he knew, he said, that my friends would not return till twelve; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken, and drinking a glass of wine where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiscreet enough to consent. His behaviour to me all the time was the most respectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by some interesting discourse, assuring

me, as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that till a coach could be had, it was to no purpose to attempt going.

I very freely confess, that being extremely heated at the playhouse, I was tempted to drink a glass or two of wine more than I was accustomed to, which flurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to him who was entertaining me, the time passed away almost imperceptibly. However, recollecting myself at last, I insisted peremptorily upon going; when, seeing me in earnest, he pulled out his watch, and, as if violently surprized, declared it was past two o'clock; adding, in the greatest seeming consternation, that it would be impossible for me to go home that night, and cursing his own folly for the mischief he had brought upon me.

I will not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to describe the confusion I was in. Yet still I insisted upon going home, which he endeavoured to dissuade me from, by saying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whose house I lived, to think of carrying me thither at so late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who should wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuse for my lying out. I answered him, that I would lie no where but at home; that I detested myself for going out with him; and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. 'Let us go, first of all,' replied he, 'to the lady's, where I will leave you but for a moment, and see if the family are sitting up for you; for to knock at the door, and be refused admittance, would ruin your reputation in the opinion of all the neighbourhood.' I still insisted upon going home; and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but instead of carrying me to my friends, it stopped at a house in another street. Here I was forced against

my will to alight. The mistress of it was up; a circumstance which I should have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almost to death, and incapable of thinking, speaking, or knowing what I did.

The wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the distress he had brought me into, left me in great haste, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a short time, and with the greatest seeming concern in his countenance, told me, that he had learnt from one of the servants, that the family had supped at home; that they were exasperated against me beyond forgiveness; that they concluded me undone: and that they had sworn never to admit me into their doors again.

I was quite thunderstruck at this intelligence, and accused the wretch who brought it me as the vilest of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any design in what was done, and vowing to sacrifice his life and fortune to reinstate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myself under his protection; but refused going to bed, though pressed to it by the lady of the house, who called herself his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous against me, and absolutely determined never to see me again. I wrote to them in the most moving manner that my heart could indite, and gave the letter to the care of this false friend. I wrote also to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a syllable from them in return; so that I now looked upon myself as completely undone. The anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever stirred from my bed-side, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was soon indeed re-

stored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began foolishly to regard him as one that had suffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He saw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him; and at length (for why should I dwell minutely on what I wish for ever to forget?) by a thousand stratagems on his side, and by fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

From that very day his affections began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) he grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that in order to get rid of me, and to make our separation my own act, he confessed to me the whole scheme he had laid to get me; shewed me advertisements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my discovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I stood astonished at his villainy, and abhorred him in my soul. But alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was surprized at seeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her visit, and very frankly told me, that from distant hints which she had that day received from the mistress of the house, she apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, she would be glad to assist me to the utmost of her power. She spoke this with so much affection and good nature, that I made no scruple of telling her my whole story, which so extremely affected her, that she shed tears while I spoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations against the villainy of men. At the conclusion she offered that moment to take me away, assuring me that

her house, her purse, and her sincerest friendship should always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her but she prevented me; and ordering a coach to be called, she conveyed me that very evening to her country-house.

I stayed there a week, and met with the most kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of some changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her house in town; where, in less than four-and-twenty hours, she told me, without the least ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpose she had taken me, and that as I could have no pretensions to modesty, she hoped my behaviour would be such as should give her no occasion to repent of her kindness to me. I desired to understand her, and was informed (though not in plain words) that my benefactress was a bawd, and that she had taken me into her family for the most infamous of purposes. I trembled with amazement, and insisted on leaving the house that instant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do so; but that first I must pay her for my lodging and clothes. She spoke this with great ease and carelessness, and then left me to myself. I ran down stairs with precipitation; but alas! scarce was I out of the street before I was stopt and brought back by a bailiff who had a writ against me. I requested that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken: for bad as he was, I said, he would not utterly desert me. I was permitted to write as I desired; and the wretch indeed answered my letter; but it was only to tell me that as I had thought proper to run away from him, he should have nothing farther to say to me; and that, in short, I must either submit to conditions, or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a prison, and hoping that

my story might move compassion in those to whom I was to be introduced, I consented to do as they would have me; but alas! sir, I was mistaken; they listened indeed to my story; but instead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they said, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a prostitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a second escape, and to fly to the hands of justice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a spunging-house; where, after remaining two days, a gentleman who had been admitted to me at that vile woman's came to see me in my confinement, paid off the debt for which I was arrested, and took me to be his mistress.

But though the life I now lead is in some degree more supportable than that which I have escaped from, yet to one who hopes that she has still some remains of principle left, it is terrible and shocking. My friends know what I am, and what I have been, but they reject and hate me: and I have not the least glimmering of hope ever to recover from the situation I am in, unless my story should merit the compassion of him to whom I now send it, and find a place in the WORLD. Vile as I am, I would be otherwise if I might. I am not old in wickedness, though I have gone such lengths in it; being now really and truly but just turned of eighteen, and having left my father's house no more than fifteen months ago, two of which months I lived in innocence and reputation with the most worthy of families.

As to him who has brought upon me all this weight of misery, and who serenely and unconcernedly can reflect upon what he has done (for so I am sure he does) I have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope. I can therefore have but one inducement to desire your publication of this letter,

which is, that my friends may know that I have gained that credit with a stranger which they have refused to give me, and that I am really and truly an object of compassion.

I am, SIR,

(though lost to myself)

Your most faithful, humble servant.

No. 98. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1754.

IT gives me great pleasure that I am able in this day's paper to congratulate the polite part of my fellow-subjects of both sexes, upon the splendid revival of that most rational entertainment, an Italian opera. Of late years it had seemed to sicken, so that I greatly feared that the unsuccessful efforts which it made from time to time, were its convulsive and expiring pangs. But it now appears, and indeed much to the honour of this country, that we have still too many protectors and protectresses of the liberal arts, to suffer that of music, the most liberal of them all, to sink for want of due encouragement.

I am sensible that Italian operas have frequently been the objects of the ridicule of many of our greatest wits; and, viewed in one light only, perhaps not without some reason. But as I consider all public diversions singly with regard to the effects which they may have upon the morals and manners of the public, I confess I respect the Italian operas, as the most innocent of any.

The severe Monsieur Boileau justly condemns the French operas, the moral of which he calls

——— *Morale lubrique*
Que Lully rechauffa des sons de sa musique.

But then it must be considered that French operas are always in French, and consequently may be understood by many French people; and that they are fine dramatic tragedies, adorned with all the graces of poetry and harmony of sounds, and may probably inspire too tender, if not voluptuous sentiments. Can the Italian opera be accused of any thing of this kind? Certainly not. Were, what is called, the poetry of it intelligible in itself, it would not be understood by one in fifty of a British audience: but I believe that even an Italian of common candor will confess, that he does not understand one word of it. It is not the intention of the thing; for should the ingenious author of the words, by mistake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the composer of the music, who perhaps might think himself obliged to adapt his sounds to the sense: whereas now he is at liberty to scatter indiscriminately, among the kings, queens, heroes and heroines, his ADAGIO'S his ALLEGRO'S his PATHETICS, his CHROMATICS, and his JIGGS. It would also have been a restraint upon the actors and actresses, who might possibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but seem, by turns, to be angry and sorry in the two first acts, and very merry in the last scene of the last, they are sure to meet with their deserved applause.

Signor Metastasio attempted some time ago a very dangerous innovation. He tried gently to throw some sense into his operas; but it did not take: the consequences were obvious, and nobody knew where they would stop.

The whole skill and judgment of the poet now consists in selecting about a hundred words (for the opera vocabulary does not exceed that number)

that terminate in liquids and vowels, and rhyme to each other. These words excite ideas in the hearer, though they were not the result of any in the poet. Thus the word *tortorella*, stretched out to a quaver of a quarter of an hour, excites in us the ideas of tender and faithful love; but if it is succeeded by *navicella*, that soothing idea gives way to the boisterous and horrid one of a skiff (that is, a heart) tossed by the winds and waves upon the main ocean of love. The handcuffs and fetters in which the hero commonly appears at the end of the second, or the beginning of the third act, indicate captivity, and when properly jingled to a pathetic piece of recitativo upon *questi ceppi*, are really very moving, and inspire a love of liberty. Can any thing be more innocent, or more moral than this musical pantomime, in which there is not one indecent word or action, but where, on the contrary, the most generous sentiments are (however imperfectly) pointed out and inculcated.

I was once indeed afraid that the licentiousness of the times had infected even the opera: for in that of Alexander, the hero going into the heroine's apartment, found her taking a nap in an easy chair. Tempted by so much beauty, and invited by so favourable an opportunity, he gently approached, and *stole a pair of gloves*. I confess I dreaded the consequences of this bold step; and the more so, as it was taken by the celebrated Signor Senesino. But all went off very well; for the hero contented himself with giving the good company a song, in which he declared that the lips he had just kissed were a couple of rubies.

Another good effect of the Italian operas, is, that they contribute extremely to the keeping of good hours; the whole audience (though passionately fond of music) being so tired before they are half,

and so sleepy before they are quite done, that they make the best of their way home, too drowsy to enter upon fresh pleasures that night.

Having thus rescued these excellent musical dramas from the unjust ridicule which some people of vulgar and illiberal tastes have endeavoured to throw upon them, I must proceed and do justice to the VIRTUOSOS and VIRTUOSAS who perform them. But I believe it will be necessary for me to premise, for the sake of many of my English readers, that VIRTÙ among the modern Italians, signifies nothing less than what VIRTUS did among the ancient ones, or what VIRTUE signifies among us; on the contrary, I might say that it signifies almost every thing else. Consequently those respectable titles of VIRTUOSO and VIRTUOSA have not the least relation to the moral characters of the parties. They mean only that those persons (endowed, some by nature, and some by art, with good voices) have from their infancy devoted their time and labour to the various combinations of seven notes: a study that must unquestionably have formed their minds, enlarged their notions, and have rendered them most agreeable and instructive companions; and as such, I observe that they are justly solicited, received, and cherished by people of the first distinction.

As these illustrious personages come over here with no sordid view of profit, but merely *per far piacer a la nobilita Inglese*, that is, to oblige the English nobility, they are exceedingly good and condescending to such of the said English nobility, and even gentry, as are desirous to contract an intimacy with them. They will, for a word's speaking, dine, sup, or pass the whole day with people of a certain condition, and perhaps sing or play, if civilly requested. Nay, I have known many of

them so good as to pass two or three months of the summer at the country-seats of some of their noble friends, and thereby mitigate the horrors of the country and the mansion-house, to my lady and her daughters. I have been assured by many of their chief patrons and patronesses, that they are all *the best creatures in the world;* and from the time of signor Cavaliero Nicolini down to this day, I have constantly heard the several great performers, such as Farinelli, Carestini, Monticelli, Gaffarielli, as well as the signore Cuzzoni, Faustina, &c. much more praised for their affability, the gentleness of their manners, and all the good qualities of the head and heart, than for either their musical skill or execution. I have even known these their social virtues lay their protectors and protectresses under great difficulties how to reward such distinguished merit. But benefit-nights luckily came to their assistance, and gave them an opportunity of insinuating, with all due regard, into the hand of the performer, in lieu of a ticket, a considerable bank-bill, a gold snuff-box, a diamond-ring, or some such trifle. It is to be hoped that the illustrious signor Farinelli has not yet forgot the many instances he experienced of British munificence: for it is certain that many private families *still remember them.*

All this is very well; and I greatly approve of it, as I am of tolerating and naturalizing principles. But however, as the best things may admit of improvement by certain modifications, I shall now suggest two; the one of a public, the other of a private nature. I would by all means welcome these respectable guests, but I would by no means part with them, as is too soon and too often the case. Some of them, when they have got ten or fifteen thousand pounds here, unkindly withdraw

themselves, and purchase estates in land in their own countries; and others are seduced from us, by the pressing invitations of some great potentate to come over to superintend his pleasures, and to take a share in his counsels. This is not only a great loss to their particular friends, the nobility and gentry, but to the nation in general, by turning the balance of our musical commerce considerably against us. I would therefore humbly propose, that immediately upon the arrival of these valuable strangers, a writ of *ne exeat regnum* should be issued to keep them here. The other modification, which I beg leave to hint at only, it being of a private nature, is, that no VIRTUOSO whose voice is below a *contralto*, shall be taken to the country-seat of any family whatsoever; much less any strapping fidler, bassoon or bass viol, who does not even pretend to sing, or if he does, sings a rough tenor, or a tremendous bass. The consequences may be serious, but at least the appearances are not edifying.

No. 99. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. HOR.

IT requires very little experience of the world to discover that mankind seldom enjoy the present hour, but are almost continually employing their thoughts about the future. This disposition may indeed serve to delude some people into a happi-

ness, which, otherwise, they would never know; and we sometimes see men engaging in prospects apparently disadvantageous to themselves, that they may enjoy the comfortable thought of having benefited their families. But unfortunately this is not the general turn of mankind; and, I am afraid, still less so of my countrymen than of any others: they are constantly looking towards the dark side of the prospect, fearing every thing, and hoping nothing.

This unhappy disposition seems to spread its baleful influence more fatally in this month, than in any other of the whole year: for besides the colds, vapours, and nervous disorders with which individuals are afflicted, the STATE always suffers exceedingly during this month. I myself remember THIS COUNTRY UNDONE every November for these forty years. The truth is, that to make amends for that levity and dissipation of thought which horse-racing and rural sports have occasioned in the summer, every zealous Englishman sits down at this season seriously to consider the state of the nation; and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are so bad, that the business of government cannot possibly be carried on through another session. The products of the press, either proceeding from persons really affected by the season, or cunningly designed to suit the gloomy disposition of the buyer, all tend to encrease this disorder of the mind. *Serious Considerations, The Tears of Trade, The Groans of the Plantations,* and the like, are the titles that spread the sale of pamphlets at this season of the year; while *The Cordial for low Spirits,* and *The Pills to purge Melancholy,* have no chance for a vent, till the spring has given a turn to the blood, and put the spirits into a disposition to be pleased.

There are indeed many recreations and amuse-

ments in this metropolis, that are designed as so many antidotes to the general gloom: but though we have had this year the greatest importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city who are at present so totally possessed with the spleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, singers, mimics, and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution, which is constantly brought about by the Christmas holidays and the lengthening of the days. Those who seemed so lately to be lost in despair, grow into spirits on a sudden; and plays, operas, balls, pantomimes, and burlettas diffuse an universal ecstasy.

But even in the midst of this highest tide of spirits, I am sorry to say it, the most groundless suppositions of what may possibly happen, shall spread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an invasion, a comet, or an earthquake, shall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In short every apprehension shall in its turn make an impression on our imaginations, except that of a FUTURE STATE.

That this great event should not occupy those minds which are totally engrossed by the PRESENT, is not much to be wondered at; but that it should be the only view towards which these LOOKERS-FORWARD never turn their eyes, is an inconsistency altogether unaccountable.

When Falstaff's wench is sitting upon his knee, her hint seems to be a little ill-timed, when she advises him *to patch up his old body for Heaven;* and his reply is suitable to the place and occasion; *Peace, good Doll; do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end* Mrs. Quickly was no less blameable on the other side, when finding

him so near his end that he began to cry out, she says, *Now I, to* COMFORT *him, bid him he should not think of* GOD.

I avoid entering seriously and particularly into this subject, that I may not give my paper the air of a sermon: and instead of using arguments of a religious cast, I desire only to recommend a propriety and consistency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would advise my readers either to throw aside, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curiosity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the PRESENT; or if, of necessity, they must direct their whole attention to the FUTURE, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend upon with the utmost certainty, which will afford the most profitable exercise for their inquisitive thoughts, and which will be the only instance where an anxious concern for the FUTURE can possibly be of service to them.

I have been principally led into this train of thinking by a letter which I received yesterday by the penny-post, and which I shall here communicate to my readers, as a proper conclusion of this paper.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am just returned from a short visit to some relations of mine, who live in a large old mansion-house in the country. The gloomy aspect of the place, the unpleasing appearance of nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of the weather with the change of the season, made me acquiesce in the received opinion, that there is really something dreadful in the influence of this month of November; which, however, we who live in Lon-

don, have no such apparent reason to be affected with.

The melancholy impression which I received from the place, was greatly increased by the turn of its inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are blessed with a competent fortune, and two fine children; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other; their whole attention being engrossed by objects, which, in their estimation, are of much greater consequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France; and my aunt is no less occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millennium.

A younger brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been busied many years in calculations, which, he asserts, are of the utmost importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehensive that, from Sir Isaac Newton's system, the time will come when this earth, round as it was at first created, will be as flat as a pancake: but long before this event can happen, it must certainly suffer a more palpable inconvenience. He has made a discovery that the profusion of man consumes faster than the earth produces. Vast fleets, and enormous buildings, have wasted almost all our oak; and the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. What shall we do, he says, when the coal, salt, iron, and lead mines are exhausted? And besides, may it not happen before these events take place, that such vast excavations, inconsiderately made, may give a pernicious inequality to the balance of the globe? These arguments are slighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they

evince the necessity of a renewal, and tend to hasten, as well as prove, the establishment of the Millennium.

A farther account of the anxieties of this family may possibly be the subject of another letter: I shall, however conclude this with dicovering to you my own. I am in great pain lest the young squire should turn out a vulgar and imperious blockhead, from having been left all his life to servants; and I am sorry to say, that the event which my uncle and aunt have most immediate reason to apprehend, is my cousin Mary's running away with the butler.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

A. Z.

No. 100. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1754.

I HEARD the other day with great pleasure from my worthy friend Mr. Dodsley, that Mr. Johnson's English Dictionary, with a grammar and history of our language prefixed, will be published this winter, in two large volumes in folio.

I had long lamented that we had no lawful standard of our language set up, for those to repair to, who might chuse to speak and write it grammatically and correctly: and I have as long wished that either some one person of distinguished abilities would undertake the work singly, or that a certain number of gentlemen would form themselves, or be formed by the government, into a society for that purpose. The late ingenious Doctor Swift proposed a plan of this nature to his friend (as he thought

him) the lord treasurer Oxford, but without success; precision and perspicuity not being in general the favourite objects of ministers, and perhaps still less so of that minister, than of any other.

Many people have imagined that so extensive a work would have been best performed by a number of persons, who should have taken their several departments, of examining, sifting, winnowing (I borrow this image from the Italian *Crusca*) purifying, and finally fixing our language, by incorporating their respective funds into one joint stock. But whether this opinion be true or false, I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular, greatly obliged to Mr. Johnson, for having undertaken and executed so great and desirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Mr. Johnson, already published, we have good reason to believe that he will bring this as near to perfection as any one man could do. The plan of it, which he published some years ago, seems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expressed. I therefore recommend the previous perusal of it to all those who intend to buy the dictionary, and who, I suppose, are all those who can afford it.

The celebrated dictionaries of the Florentine and French academies owe their present size and perfection to very small beginnings. Some private gentlemen of Florence, and some at Paris, had met at each other's houses to talk over and consider their respective languages: upon which they published some short essays, which essays were the embrios of those perfect productions, that now do so much honour to the two nations. Even Spain, which seems not to be the soil where, of late at

least, letters have either prospered, or been cultivated, has produced a dictionary, and a good one too, of the Spanish language, in six large volumes in folio.

I cannot help thinking it a sort of disgrace to our nation, that hitherto we have had no such standard of our language; our dictionaries at present being more properly what our neighbours the Dutch and the Germans call theirs, WORD-BOOKS, than dictionaries in the superior sense of that title. All words, good and bad, are there jumbled indiscriminately together, insomuch that the injudicious reader may speak, and write as inelegantly, improperly, and vulgarly as he pleases, by and with the authority of one or other of our WORD-BOOKS.

It must be owned that our language is at present in a state of anarchy; and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported, adopted, and naturalized from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may have borrowed from others, but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary foreign ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be now come. Toleration, adoption and naturalization have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and chuse a dictator. Upon this principle I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous post. And I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his dic-

tatorship. Nay more; I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair; but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I presume that obedience can never be expected when there is neither terror to enforce, nor interest to invite it.

I confess that I have so much honest English pride, or perhaps prejudice about me, as to think myself more considerable for whatever contributes to the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of my native country. I have therefore a sensible pleasure in reflecting upon the rapid progress which our language has lately made, and still continues to make all over Europe. It is frequently spoken, and almost universally understood, in Holland; it is kindly entertained as a relation in the most civilized parts of Germany; and it is studied as a learned language, though yet little spoke, by all those in France and Italy, who either have, or pretend to have, any learning.

The spreading the French language over most parts of Europe, to the degree of making it almost an universal one, was always reckoned among the glories of the reign of Lewis the fourteenth. But be it remembered, that the success of his arms first opened the way to it; though at the same time it must be owned, that a great number of most excellent authors who flourished in his time, added strength and velocity to its progress. Whereas our language has made its way singly by its own weight and merit, under the conduct of those great leaders, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, Swift, Pope, Addison, &c. A nobler sort of conquest, and a far more glorious triumph, since graced by none but willing captives!

These authors, though for the most part but indifferently translated into foreign languages, gave other nations a sample of the British genius. The copies, imperfect as they were, pleased, and excited a general desire of seeing the originals: and both our authors and our language soon became classical.

But a grammar, a dictionary, and a history of our language, through its several stages, were still wanting at home, and importunately called for from abroad. Mr. Johnson's labours will now, and, I dare say, very fully, supply that want, and greatly contribute to the farther spreading of our language in other countries. Learners were discouraged by finding no standard to resort to, and consequently thought it incapable of any. They will now be undeceived and encouraged.

There are many hints and considerations relative to our language, which I should have taken the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Johnson, had I not been convinced that they have equally occured to him: but there is one, and a very material one it is, to which perhaps he may not have given all the necessary attention. I mean the genteeler part of our language, which owes both its rise and progress to my fair countrywomen, whose natural turn is more to the copiousness, than to the correctness of diction. I would not advise him to be rash enough to proscribe any of those happy redundancies, and luxuriancies of expression, with which they have enriched our language. They willingly inflict fetters, but very unwillingly submit to wear them. In this case his task will be so difficult, that I design, as a common friend, to propose in some future paper, the means which appear to me the most likely to reconcile matters.

P. S. I hope that none of my courteous readers will upon this occasion be so uncourteous, as to suspect me of being a hired and interested puff of this work; for I most solemnly protest, that neither Mr. Johnson, nor any person employed by him, nor any bookseller or booksellers concerned in the success of it, have ever offered me the usual compliment of a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine; nor has even Mr. Dodsley, though my publisher, and, as I am informed, deeply interested in the sale of this dictionary, so much as invited me to take a bit of mutton with him.

No. 101. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1754.

When I intimated in my last paper some distrust of Mr. Johnson's complaisance to the fairer part of his readers, it was because I had a greater opinion of his impartiality and severity as a judge, than of his gallantry as a fine gentleman. And indeed I am well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, if he attempted to reconcile the polite, with the grammatical part of our language. Should he, by an act of power, banish and attaint many of the favourite words and expressions with which the ladies have so profusely enriched our language, he would excite the indignation of the most formidable, because the most lovely part of his readers: his dictionary would be condemned as a system of tyranny, and he himself, like the last Tarquin, run the risk of being deposed. So popular and so powerful is the female cause! On the other hand, should he, by an act of grace, admit, legitimate and incorporate into our language those words and expressions, which, hastily begot, owe their birth to

the incontinency of female eloquence; what severe censures might he not justly apprehend from the learned part of his readers, who do not understand complaisances of that nature?

For my own part, as I am always inclined to plead the cause of my fair fellow-subjects, I shall now take the liberty of laying before Mr. Johnson those arguments which upon this occasion may be urged in their favour, as introductory to the compromise which I shall humbly offer and conclude with.

Language is indisputably the more immediate province of the fair sex: there they shine, there they excel. The torrents of their eloquence, especially in the vituperative way, stun all opposition, and bear away, in one promiscuous heap, nouns, pronouns, verbs, moods and tenses. If words are wanting (which indeed happens but seldom) indignation instantly makes new ones; and I have often known four or five syllables that never met one another before, hastily and fortuitously jumbled into some word of mighty import.

Nor is the tender part of our language less obliged to that soft and amiable sex; their love being at least as productive as their indignation. Should they lament in an involuntary retirement the absence of the adored object, they give new murmurs to the brook, new sounds to the echo, and new notes to the plaintive Philomela. But when this happy copiousness flows, as it often does, into gentle numbers, good Gods! how is the poetical diction enriched and the poetical licence extended! Even in common conversation, I never see a pretty mouth opening to speak, but I expect, and am seldom disappointed, some new improvement of our language. I remember many very expressive words coined in that fair mint. I assisted at the birth of

that most significant word FLIRTATION, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate Laureat in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiscerning people have, I know, taken it to be a term synonymous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnson, that FLIRTATION is short of coquetry, and intimates only the first hints of approximation, which subsequent coquetry may reduce to those preliminary articles, that commonly end in a definitive treaty.

I was also a witness to the rise and progress of that most important verb, TO FUZZ; which, if not of legitimate birth, is at least of fair extraction. As I am not sure that it has yet made its way into Mr. Johnson's literary retirement, I think myself obliged to inform him that it is at present the most useful, and the most used word in our language; since it means no less than dealing twice together with the same pack of cards, for luck's sake, at WHIST.

Not contented with enriching our language by words absolutely new, my fair country-women have gone still farther, and improved it by the application and extension of old ones to various and very different significations. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into shillings for pocket money, to be employed in the several occasional purposes of the day. For instance, the adjective VAST and its adverb VASTLY mean any thing, and are the fashionable words of the most fashionable people. A fine woman (under this head I comprehend all fine gentleman too, not knowing in truth where else to place them properly) is VASTLY obliged, or VASTLY offended, VASTLY glad, or VASTLY sorry. Large objects are VASTLY great, small

ones are VASTLY little; and I had lately the pleasure to hear a fine woman pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very small gold snuff-box that was produced in company to be VASTLY pretty, because it was so VASTLY little. Mr. Johnson will do well to consider seriously to what degree he will restrain the various and extensive significations of this great word.

Another very material point still remains to be considered; I mean the orthography of our language, which is at present very various and unsettled.

We have at present two very different orthographies, the PEDANTIC, and the POLITE; the one founded upon certain dry crabbed rules of etymology and grammar, the other singly upon the justness and delicacy of the ear. I am thoroughly persuaded that Mr. Johnson will endeavour to establish the former; and I perfectly agree with him, provided it can be quietly brought about. Spelling, as well as music, is better performed by book, than merely by the ear, which may be variously affected by the same sounds. I therefore most earnestly recommend to my fair country-women, and to their faithful or faithless servants, the fine gentlemen of this realm, to surrender, as well for their own private, as for the public utility, all their natural rights and privileges of mis-spelling, which they have so long enjoyed, and so vigorously exerted. I have really known very fatal consequences attend that loose and uncertain practice of AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY; of which I shall produce two instances as a sufficient warning.

A very fine gentleman wrote a very harmless innocent letter to a very fine lady, giving her an account of some trifling commissions which he had executed according to her orders. This letter,

though directed to the lady, was, by the mistake of a servant, delivered to, and opened by the husband; who finding all his attempts to understand it unsuccessful, took it for granted that it was a concerted cypher, under which a criminal correspondence, not much to his own honour or advantage, was secretly carried on. With the letter in his hand, and rage in his heart, he went immediately to his wife, and reproached her in the most injurious terms with her supposed infidelity. The lady, conscious of her own innocence, calmly requested to see the grounds of so unjust an accusation; and being accustomed to the AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY, made shift to read to her incensed husband the most inoffensive letter that ever was written. The husband was undeceived, or at least wise enough to seem so: for in such nice cases one must not peremptorily decide. However, as sudden impressions are generally pretty strong, he has been observed to be more suspicious ever since.

The other accident had much worse consequences. Matters were happily brought, between a fine gentleman and a fine lady, to the decisive period of an appointment at a third place. *The place where* is always the lover's business, *the time when* the lady's. Accordingly an impatient and rapturous letter from the lover signified to the lady the house and street *where;* to which a tender answer from the lady assented, and appointed the time *when.* But unfortunately, from the uncertainty of the lover's AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY, the lady mistook both house and street, was conveyed in a hackney chair to a wrong one, and in the hurry and agitation which ladies are sometimes in upon those occasions, rushed into a house where she happened to be known, and her intentions consequently discovered. In the mean time the lover passed three

or four hours at the right place, in the alternate agonies of impatient and disappointed love, tender fear, and anxious jealousy.

Such examples really make one tremble; and will, I am convinced, determine my fair fellow-subjects and their adherents, to adopt, and scrupulously conform to Mr. Johnson's rules of true ORTHOGRAPHY by book. In return to this concession, I seriously advise him to publish, by way of appendix to his great work, a genteel Neological dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical words and phrases, commonly used, and sometimes understood, by the BEAU MONDE. By such an act of toleration, who knows but he may, in time, bring them within the pale of the English language? The best Latin dictionaries have commonly a short supplemental one annexed, of the obsolete and barbarous Latin words, which pedants sometimes borrow to shew their erudition. Surely then, my country-women, the enrichers, the patronesses, and the harmonizers of our language, deserve greater indulgence. I must also hint to Mr. Johnson, that such a small supplemental dictionary will contribute infinitely to the sale of the great one; and I make no question but that under the protection of that little work, the great one will be received in the genteelest houses. We shall frequently meet with it in ladies' dressing-rooms, lying upon the harpsichord, together with the knotting bag, and signor Di Giardino's incomparable concertos; and even sometimes in the powder-rooms of our young nobility, upon the same shelf with their German flute, their powder mask, and their four-horse whip.

No. 102. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1754.

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

As an Englishman, I gratefully applaud the zeal you shew for ascertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge the use and even the necessity of the NEOLOGICAL dictionary, mentioned in your last paper. I must however beg leave so far to dissent from you as to doubt the propriety of joining to the fixed and permanent standard of our language, a vocabulary of words which perish and are forgot within the compass of the year.

That we are obliged to the ladies for most of these ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it must also be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to suppose they would desire a perpetuity of any thing whose loss they can so easily supply. It would be no less an error to imagine that they wanted a repository for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wished for a wardrobe to preserve their cast-off fashions. Novelty is their pleasure: singularity and the love of being before-hand is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence arises the present taste for planting, and the pleasure the ladies take in shewing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what respectful pleasure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths troll out the Toxicodendron, Chrysanthemum, Orchis, Tragopogon, Hypericum, and the like?

From hence only can we account for that jargon

which the French call the *Bon ton*, which they are obliged to change continually, as soon as they find it prophaned by any other company but one step lower than themselves in their degrees of politeness. A lady armed with a new word, exults with a conscious superiority, and exercises a tyranny over those who do not understand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *Capias*, *Latitat*, and *Venire facias*: but a word which has been a month upon the town loses its force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into English.

In order therefore to interpret every new word, and what is still more important, to give the different acceptations of the same words, according to the various senses in which they are received and understood in the different parts of this extensive metropolis, I would recommend a small portable vocabulary to be annually published and bound up with the almanack. It is of great consequence that a work of this nature should be duly and carefully executed, because though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or misled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuse of turning old words from their former signification to a sense not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to say, a new sound, which had no sense previously affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puzzling for a while the understanding and memory: but what shall we say to the turn which the present age has taken of giving an entire new sense to words and expressions, and that in so delicate a case as the characters of men? I remember when a certain person informed a large company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a GOOD MAN was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a

bill at sight, the whole assembly shook their heads, and thought it was a strange perversion of language. And yet these very persons are not aware that the phrases they commonly use would appear equally strange on the other side Temple-bar. A SILLY FELLOW, for instance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been so often imposed upon that he was not worth a groat; instead of that, it is the most common term for one who possesses the very fortune, talents, mistress or preferment which his describer wishes to have. In like manner, a SILLY WOMAN implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy, and good-natured than the rest of her female acquaintance. ODD MAN is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the streets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no ODD PEOPLE, she means all decent, grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her husband's.

Besides those words which owe their rise to caprice or accident, there are many which having been long confined to particular professions, offices, districts, climates, &c. are brought into public use by fashion, or the reigning topic on which conversation has happened to dwell for any considerable time. During the great rebellion they talked universally the language of the scriptures. *To your tents, O Israel*, was the well-known cry of faction in the streets. They beat the enemy *from Dan even unto Beersheba*, and expressed themselves in a manner which must have been totally unintelligible, except in those extraordinary times, when people of all sorts happened to read the Bible. To these succeeded the WITS of CHARLES's days; to understand whom it was necessary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry; as they gene-

rally began or concluded their discourse with a couplet. In our memory the late war, which began at sea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the size of our swords and hats, but of our words also. The peace taught us the language of the secretary's office. Our country squires made *treaties* about their game, and ladies *negociated* the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been used *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the state of our *finances*. To spend a week in the country or town is a *measure*; and if we dislike the *measure*, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chinese, we adopted also for a while, their language. A doll of that country we called a joss, and a slight building a pagoda. For that year we talked of nothing but palanquins, nabobs, mandarins, junks, sepoys, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the East-Indies?

I would therefore farther propose, in order to render this work complete, that a supplement be added to it, which shall be an explanation of the words, figures and forms of speech of the country, that will most probably be the subject of conversation for the ensuing year. For instance: Whoever considers the destination of our present expedition, must think it high time to publish an interpretation of West-India phrases, which will soon become so current among us, that no man will be fit to appear in company, who shall not be able to ornament his discourse with those jewels. For my part, I wish such a work had been published time enough to have assisted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

——'The *Chippoways* and *Orundaks* are still very troublesome. Last week they *scalped* one of our

Indians: but the *Six nations* continue firm; and at a meeting of *Sachems* it was determined *to take up the hatchet*, and *make the war-kettle boil*. The French desired *to smoak the calumet of peace*; but the *half-king* would not consent. They offered the *speech-belt*, but it was refused. Our governor has received an account of their proceedings, together with *a string of wampum*, and *a bundle of skins to brighten the chain.*'

A work of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that A GUIDE *to the* NEW-ENGLISH *tongue* must have as great a sale as the British Peerage, Baronetage, Register of Races, List of the Houses, and other such-like nomenclators, which constitute the useful part of the modern library.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

C. D.

No. 103. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1754.

I AM never better pleased than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country; at the same time I would not endeavour to defend it preposterously, nor to contradict the eyes, the senses of mankind, out of stark good patriotism. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world necessarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate so powerfully on constitutions, as to preserve the same character perpetually to the same nations. I do not doubt but in some age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimsical people, and famous for their repartees;

and that our neighbour islanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the precision with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are so bigotted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their composition with encomiums on our good-nature, our bravery, and our hospitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little resemblance to the modern characteristics of the nation. Our good-nature was necessarily soured by the spirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that restrained prize-fighting; and hospitality is totally impracticable, since a much more laudable custom has been introduced, and prevailed universally, of paying the servants of other people much more than their master's dinner cost. Yet we shall always have virtues sufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics: and if some of our more heroic qualities are grown obsolete, others of a gentler cast, and better calculated for the help of society, have grown up and diffused themselves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite; while we feasted half a dozen wapentakes with sirloins of beef, and sheep roasted whole, we could not attend to the mechanism of a plate, no bigger than a crown piece, *loaded* with the legs of canary birds, dressed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody start at my calling this a polite nation. It shall be the business of this paper to prove that we are the most polite nation in Europe; and that France must yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring instance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeness, the impertinent spirit of her parliaments, which, though couched in very civilly-worded

remonstrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and crossed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themselves upon complaisance and attentions.—But I abominate politics: and when I am writing in defence of politeness, shall certainly not blend so coarse a subject with so civil a theme.

It is not virtue that constitutes the politeness of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a system that does not shock society. POLITENESS (as I understand the word) *is an universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one's intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by complaisance without flattery, by acquiescence without sincerity.* A clergyman who puts his patron into a sweat by driving him round the room, till he has found the coolest place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while she should perform the refreshing office in the next room, I should think she is not polite. When Boncœur shivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet profess that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season, he is not polite; he is more; he is kind. When Sophia is really pleased with the stench of a kennel, because her husband likes that she should go and look at a favourite litter, she must not pretend to politeness; she is only a good wife. If this definition, and these instances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the most extensive renown for politeness, had any pretensions to it. The Greeks called all the rest of the world barbarians: the Romans went still farther, and treated them as such.

Alexander, the best-bred hero amongst the former, I must own, was polite, and shewed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I question, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princess Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. As to the Romans, so far were they from having any notion of treating foreigners with regard, that there is not one classic author that mentions a single ball or masquerade given to any stranger of distinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the first fashion of other countries in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their shop-keepers and prentices. A practice that we should look upon with horror! What would the Examiner have said, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marshal Tallard to St. Paul's or the Royal Exchange, behind his chariot? How deservedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marshal Bellisle pace along the kennel in Fleet-street, or up Holborn, while some of our ministers or generals called it an ovation?

The French, who attempt to succeed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have succeeded them in politeness, have adopted the same way of thinking, though so contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Englishman or a German ever sees a suit of cloaths till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a soupe at London: and are so confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that with the greatest complaisance in the world, they affirm to you, that they suppose your dukes and dutchesses live in caves, with only the property of wider forests than ordinary, and that *les mi lords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw

flesh, and ride races without breeches or saddles. At their houses they receive you with wonder that shocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themselves to the torture of conversing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dress like a sensible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourself like a christian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! how open our houses to their nobility, our purses to their tradesmen! But without drawing antitheses between our politeness and their ill-breeding, I shall produce an instance in which we have pushed our refinements *on the duties of society* beyond what the most civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in common intercourse, but our very crimes are transacted with such a softness of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are sure never to *affront* our neighbour. The instance I mean, is, the extreme good-breeding that has been introduced into the science of robbery; which (considering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuisance to society, if the professors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which have already got an established footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all manner of attention not *to frighten the ladies;* and none of the great Mr. Nash's laws are more sacred than that of restoring any favourite bauble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth has less of the *sçavoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has less *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. He takes your money without making you a bow, and your

life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous *guêt*, a severe police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troublesome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that some of our latest imported young gentlemen affirm that the sieur Mandrieu, the terror of the eastern provinces, learned to dance of Marseille himself, and has frequently supped with the incomparable Jelliot. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I shall forbear to rank him with the *petit-maitres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the *politesse* of the latter! Mrs. Chenevix has not more insinuation when she sells a snuff-box of *papier maché*, or a bergamot toothpick-case, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings or bank-bills.

An acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near shot through the head by the going off of a pistol of the accomplished Mr. M'Lean; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good-breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse *this way*, because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no sooner returned to his lodgings, than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the postscript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchase again* any trifles he had lost; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be construed by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the satisfaction in his power, for

having *unluckily* been near shooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the English, who seem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have often wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to understand robbing on the highway, should at the same time have been so barbarous, as to esteem poverty, black-broth, and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of fashion, till we had exploded plum-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT WORLD, none seem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS so far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the title of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined person made it a rule to rob none but *people he visited*; and whenever he designed an impromptu of that kind, dressed himself in a rich suit, went to the lady's house, asked for her, and not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after inquiring which way she was gone. He then followed, or met her on her return home, *proposed* his demands, which were generally for some favourite ring or snuff-box that he had seen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her sake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without scampering away, as *other* men of fashion do from a visit with really the appearance of having stolen something.

As I do not doubt but such of my fair readers, as propose *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to send this charming smuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their assemblies, I am sorry to tell them that he was hanged last week.

No. 104. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu causa es, Lector.——MART.

THIS being the day after the festival of Christmas, as also the last Thursday of the old year, I feel myself in a manner called upon for a paper suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. But upon reflection I find it necessary to reject any such consideration, for the same reason that I have hitherto declined giving too serious a turn to the generality of these essays. Papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing and most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing serious; but I cannot help observing, that the demand for moral essays (and the present times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merits.

The world has always considered amusement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that some useful moral be inculcated, yet unless he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compositions will be useless: his readers will sleep over his unenlivened instructions, or be disgusted at his too frequently overhauling old worn out subjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

Innocent mirth and levity are more apparently the province of such an undertaking as this: but whether they are really so or not, while mankind agree to think so, the writer who shall happen to be of a different opinion, must soon find himself obliged either to lay aside his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be supposed in the present times, when every general topic is exhausted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by representing the manners as fast as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, lest the habit of levity should tend to the admission of any thing contrary to the design of such a work. To this I can only say, that the greatest care has been taken in the course of these papers to weigh and consider the tendency of every sentiment and expression; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly assert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which is so inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may seem to those who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their most particular friends.

In writings of humour, figures are sometimes used of so delicate a nature, that it shall often happen that some people will see things in a direct contrary sense to what the author and the majority of readers understand them. To such the most innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedness. But in the misapprehension of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may seem very clear to the writer, which may

not be so properly managed as to be safely trusted to the various capacities and apprehensions of all sorts of readers. In such cases the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of censure, though in reality nothing can be proved against him but want of judgment.

Having given my general reasons against the too frequent writing of serious papers, it may not be improper to speak more particularly of the season which gave rise to these reflections, and to shew that as matters stand at present, it would not even be a sanction for such kind of compositions. Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a chearful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wish one another a *merry Christmas!* and what an omission would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without *the compliments of the season!* The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and to mitigate the influence of winter. What a fund of delight was the chusing King and Queen upon Twelfth-night! and how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pies, which, besides the idea of merry-making inseparable from them, were always considered as the test of schismatics! How zealously where they swallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confusion of all fanatical recusants! If any country gentleman should be so unfortunate in this age as to lie

under a suspicion of heresy, where will he find so easy a method of acquitting himself, as by the ordeal of plum-porridge?

To account for a revolution which has rendered this season (so eminently distinguished formerly) now so little different from the rest of the year, will be no difficult task. The share which devotion had in the solemnization of Christmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected, that those who have no religion at any other time of the year, should suddenly bring their minds from a habit of dissipation to a temper not very easy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from business and festal mirth have had in the celebration of the holidays, they can have no particular effect in the present times, when almost every day is spent like an anniversary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feast, the very tasting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and rosemary, and the bellman's verses.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feast called the Saturnalia. During these holidays every servant had the liberty of saying what he pleased to his master with impunity.

——Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere——

I wish with all my heart that the same indulgence was allowed to servants in these times, provided that it would be a restraint upon their licentiousness through the rest of the year.

The most fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this season, is the too general desertion of the country, the great scene of hospitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the least to be ac-

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counted for, how small a part of such as throng to London in the winter, are those who either go upon the plea of business, or to amuse themselves with what were formerly called the pleasures of the place. There are the theatres, music, and I may add many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis; but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of those who crowd the houses which are already built, and who are now taking leases of foundations which are to be houses as fast as hands can make them, come to town with the sole view of passing their time over a card-table.

To what this is owing I am at a loss to conceive; but I have at least the satisfaction of saying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly; nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in such glowing and irresistible colours, as to have caused this forcible attraction. I have not so much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which seem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleasures of the town in competition with those of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be, my care during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and fashions, of a town-life so truly and impartially, as rather to satisfy than excite the curiosity of a country reader, who may be desirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I should allow the metropolis its due praises, as being the great mart for arts, sciences, and erudition, I ought not to be accused of influencing those persons who pay their visits to it upon very different considerations: nor can any thing I shall say, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuse for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

P. S. It would be dealing ungratefully by my correspondents, if at the close of this second year I forgot to acknowledge the many obligations I owe them. It may also be necessary to add, that several letters are come to hand, which are not rejected, but postponed.

END OF VOL. XXVII.

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