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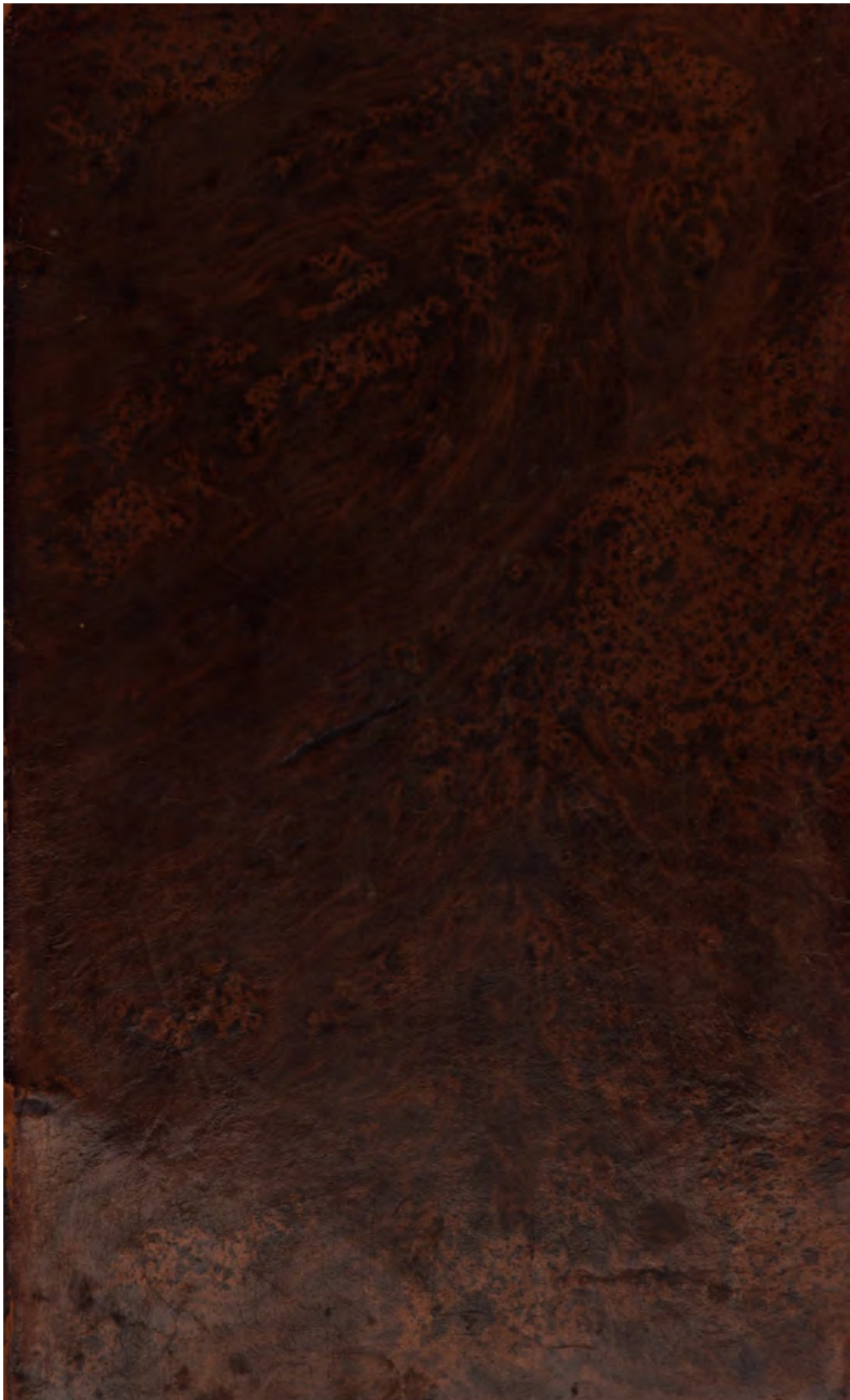
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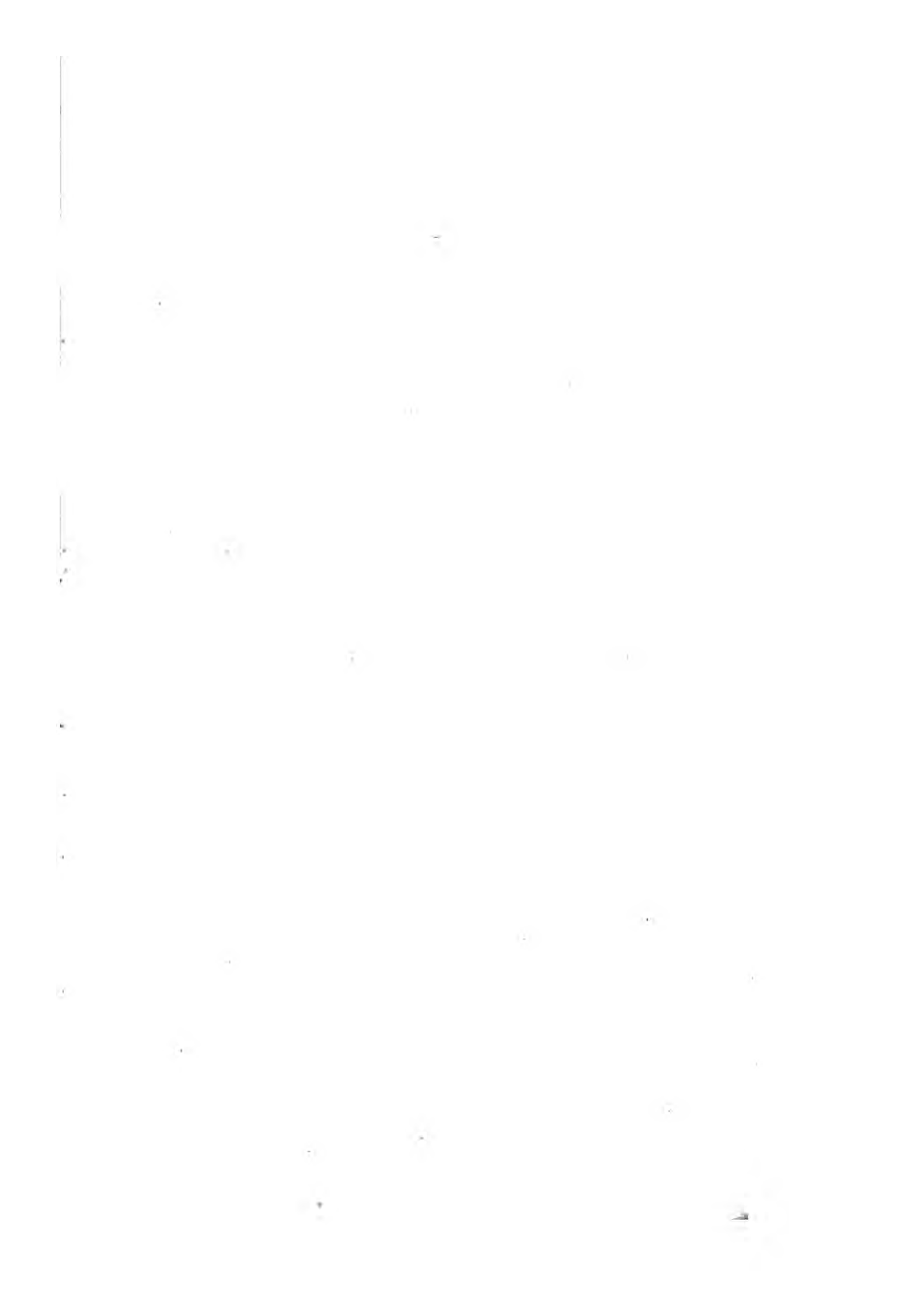


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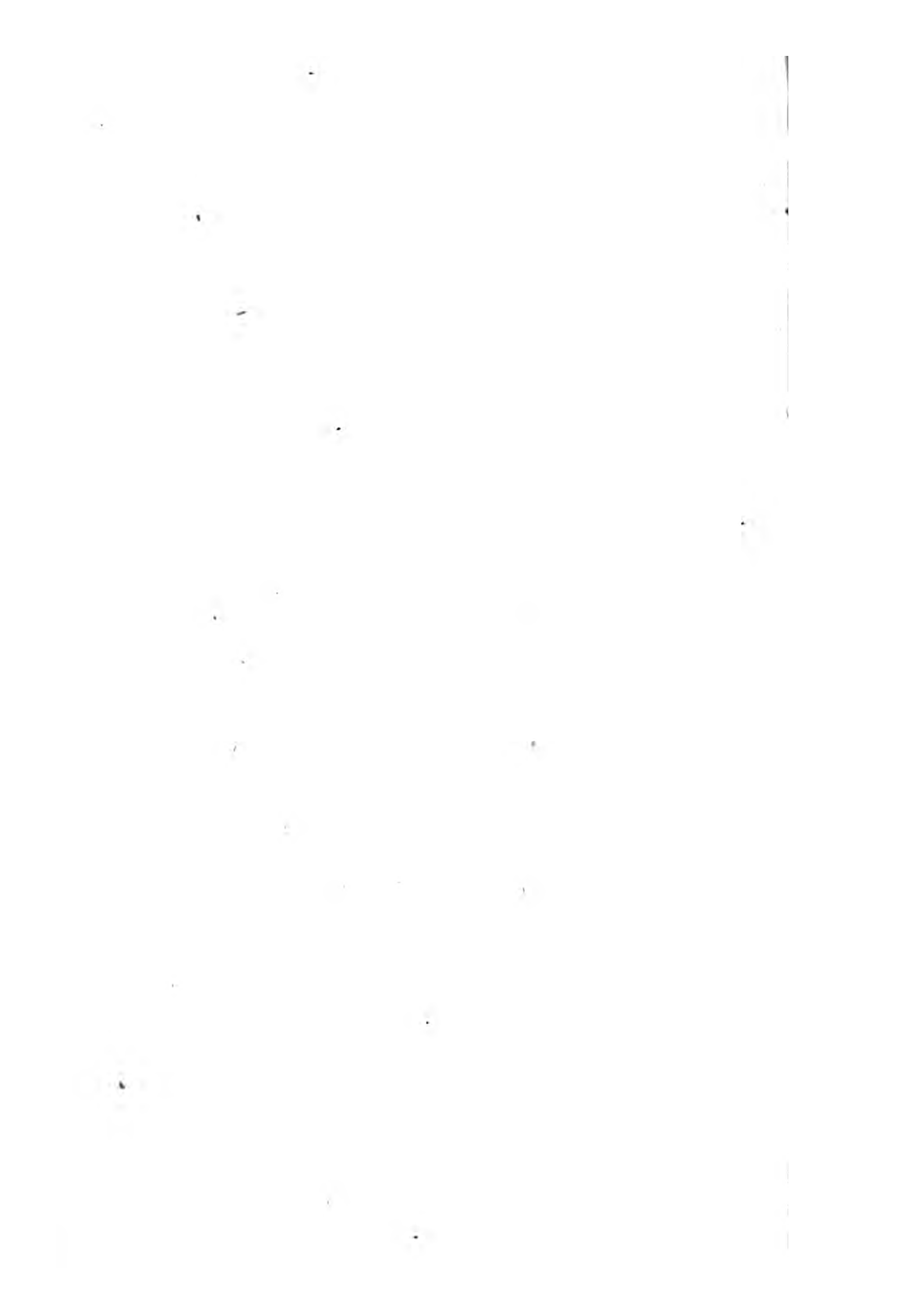
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THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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VOL. XLIV.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS & SON; R. BALDWIN; F. & C. RIVINGTON; W. OTRIDGE & SON; W. J. & J. RICHARDSON; A. STRAHAN; R. FAULDER; G. & W. NICHOL; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; W. LOWNDES; WILKIE & ROBINSON; SCATCHERD & LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; CUTHELL & MARTIN; VERNOR, HOOD, & SHARPE; R. LEA; DARTON & HARVEY; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON & CO.; CLARKE & SON; G. KEARSLEY; C. LAW; J. WHITE; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, & ORME; CADELL & DAVIES; LANE & NEWMAN; H. D. SYMONDS; J. BARKER; WYNNE & CO.; POTE & CO.; J. CARPENTER; W. MILLER, J. & A. ARCH; S. BAGSTER; T. BOOSEY; R. PHENEY; R. FLOYER; J. MURRAY; R. HIGHLEY; BLACK, PARRY, & KINGSBURY; J. HARDING; R. H. EVANS; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOKER; J. ASPERNE; J. HARRIS; WILLIAMS & SMITH; H. EBERS; AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

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1808.



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Ellerton and Byworth, Printers, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

THE  
**LOOKER-ON:**

A  
PERIODICAL PAPER.

BY THE  
*REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH, A. M.*

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N<sup>o</sup> 73—92.



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2011



2011

THE  
LOOKER-ON.

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N<sup>o</sup> 73. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1793.

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----- *Navibus atque*  
*Quadrigris petimus bene vivere.*      HORAT.

We think we must advance by travelling far :  
And ships and carriages our tutors are.

AS, in a paper or two ago, I offered to my readers some observations on travelling, I should have said nothing more on that subject, had it not been revived in my mind by an occurrence which took place on Thursday night. A gentleman who has visited almost all parts of the globe, has lately taken a house at about a mile's distance from our town. Having heard that our Society was composed of many persons of parts and erudition, it was not long before he signified a strong inclination to become one of our members; and as there happened to be a vacancy at that time amongst us, we could not refuse him the customary trial. On the morning before our meeting, a foreign servant, in a kind of hussar dress, brought me from this gentleman several parch-

ment rolls, which, on examination, I found to contain the certificates of his election to a great number of different societies abroad, which his servant was commissioned to interpret, as they were written in a variety of languages. To these dazzling testimonies of merit, the modest request was subjoined, that, as president of this Honourable Academy, as he termed it, I would be pleased, with the assistance of his interpreter, to make known the contents to the members in full assembly, for which purpose I was expected to consecrate the evening of that day.

I saw plainly that our candidate was possessed of a very imperfect idea of the nature and objects of our institution; but as the character of our meeting is not long in explaining itself, I thought it best to leave his mistake to a practical correction at the meeting itself. We met accordingly at our usual hour, and the greater part of us had taken our seats, when some very loud voices on the stairs announced an extraordinary visit. Nothing is more discernible than the approach of a new candidate; for such is the decorous restraint to which we are exercised, that an old member never enters the room with a speech in his mouth, for fear of interrupting the conversation with which the company are supposed to be pre-occupied.

As our travelled gentleman was mounting the stairs, which, to be sure, were somewhat steep, we could distinctly hear the mention of the Janiculan Hill, and the Thermæ of Caracalla, which last name was repeated by the echo the moment he entered the room. After his introduction by Mr. Shapely, our master of the ceremonies, which was not finished without a profusion of bows, he sat himself down, and, throwing some very anxious looks towards me, seemed to be expecting when I should put on my

hat, and rise up to pronounce his eulogy and his titles to the assembly. But perceiving no motion on my part that bespoke any such intention, he addressed himself to our churchwarden, who sat opposite to him, and, informing him that he had seen a gentleman abroad extremely like him, asked him if he had not passed some time in Italy? Mr. Barnaby assured the gentleman that he had not been ten miles out of his own parish these ten years, during which time he had been overseer of the poor, and that he knew no more of *Italy* than the *Pope of Rome*. As the simplicity of this answer afforded some grounds for concluding that the information of our society reached to no very extraordinary height, our traveller was entering with no small courage into many wonderful relations, and was just escaping from an Algerine corsair, when the orders of the society were handed across to him for his perusal. He read them with some attention, and, returning them to the secretary, declared they put him in mind of the Babine Society in Poland, into which he had been admitted in the year 1778.

I could observe, that every thing he saw or heard had the same effect of reviving the recollection of some foreign incident or occurrence. There was not a gentleman in the room that had not his likeness in some foreign prince; and my nose, which has run in my family for ages, and is in a manner an hereditary exclusive kind of property, was, in the course of the evening, given both to the Grand Vizier and the Great Mogul. If any event was talked of, however local or trivial, it was exactly like a circumstance which had occurred to him in company with some foreigner of distinction; and it was discovered that Mr. Blunt's favourite mare had foaled



on the same day in which our candidate was received into the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

Our registrar was all this while employed in marking down the forfeits incurred by our visitor in the course of his narrations, and, upon a signal from any of the judges in our different courts, made an immediate entry in his black catalogue. As he appeared, however, to the person concerned, to be only taking minutes of what was most extraordinary in the different anecdotes he was relating, he was the more encouraged to prosecute the detail of his adventures, and to bestow upon them the needful embellishments. It is with travellers as it is with scholars; the man of book-learning has seldom the forbearance to wait until he is found out by those with whom he is conversing: the irritation of vanity will not suffer him to postpone his rewards, though it be to enhance their price; and thus he raises, by his impolitic haste, an expectation inimical to his views, and disparages the effect of his exhibition by too early and ambitious a display of the process and machinery. It is not in our extensive acquaintance with countries, or with books, that the world is interested, but in the general influence these advantages have had on our character, our conversation, and our deportment: and we are all of us, beyond comparison, more pleased with the discoveries we make ourselves of another's excellencies, and with the surprise that accompanies these discoveries, than with the proudest testimonies that can be produced in his behalf. But pride is the destroyer of itself, and falls by its own weapons.

The morning after our meeting, our registrar brought me the books to inspect; and I was not surprised to find three whole pages filled with articles

of impeachment against our traveller; and I do not know that the first appearance of any of our members has been signalized by so long a list. I shall here present a transcript of the first page, for the instruction of my readers.

For raising the Echo.

1. In a rapture about the Venus of Medicis.
2. By an imitation of signor Algarotti's note in E.
3. By throwing down four tumblers, in representing the attitude of the Laocoon.
4. By a burst of democratic fury.
5. By showing how the tiger roared which he presented to the cham of Tartary.
6. Ditto the Sultan's mutes strangling the prime vizier.
7. Ditto the Indian war-whoop.
8. By squeezing Mr. Barnaby's hand in an ecstasy about Ebon Hassah's haram, till he was forced to cry out for mercy.
9. By a description of the siege of Belgrade, with the bombs and mortars.

All this came under the cognisance of the Echo. In the other courts he was sentenced for the following transgressions.

Sir Gabriel Grimstone, our latest member, preferred an accusation against him for bringing his per-  
 ruke to the ground with the stroke of a sabre that killed a Cossac Tartar.

My curate ditto, for dipping his finger in his punch, to describe the fortifications of Oczakow.

Threatened to challenge sir Gabriel for winking to Mr. Barnaby at the story of the rhinoceros.

Called the king of Poland a fool, for not following

his advice in respect to the empress of all the Russias.

Damned the duke of Tuscany for giving such bad coffee.

Wished the prince of Piedmont at the devil, for betraying him in an affair of gallantry.

Convicted of fourscore superlatives, in forty minutes, beginning with a declaration upon oath that the Sultana had the softest hand of any woman in Europe.

Toasted his friend the Prince Bishop.

An extraordinary meeting was held this morning, to consider whether our candidate did not come under the statute of exclusions, on the score of infidelity; as something like the present atheistical doctrines, which have helped to bring such misery upon Europe, was observed to run through his conversation. Mr. Allworth was deputed to wait upon the traveller this morning, that, by talking with him more freely, he might bring him to some explanation on these matters.

I cannot help thinking, that there is more than common danger in sending our sons abroad, in the present condition of the Continent; and that, not because I am apprehensive for their persons, but because I judge that in the present inverted order of things—in that fermentation of folly and enthusiasm by which so many heads are turned—in the general dissolution of that solid frame of piety, without which neither politics nor morality are more than names—there is danger lest the mind be thrown off its balance, and lost in a stupifying whirl of unintelligible ideas, or, what is worse, be degraded into a vehicle for the importation of a part of that wretched produce into this our happy island. If, at any time,

travelling brings our virtue into peril, must it not at a time so critical as the present? and if it ever be necessary that we should be qualified with a certain proportion of experience and ability for the undertaking, does not that necessity strike us in the present posture of things?

Long before travelling was attended with such risks and such trials, the following sentiment occurred to La Bruyere on the subject, which I shall spare myself the trouble of translating, as, in this travelled age, every son of a topping shoemaker is supposed to understand the French. "Quelques-uns achèvent de se corrompre par de longues voyages, et perdent le peu de religion qui leur restoit. Ils voient de jour à autre un nouveau culte, diverses mœurs, diverses cérémonies. Ils ressemblent à ceux qui entrent dans les magasins, indéterminés sur le choix des étoffes qu'ils veulent acheter: le grand nombre de celles qu'on leur montre les rend plus indifférens; elles ont chacune leur agrément, et leur bienséance; ils ne se fixent point, ils sortent sans amplette."

I am seriously concerned to find, by the minutes of my mother's society, that the travelled part of the female world are in a very unimproved condition. How they can expect to derive any lessons of advantage, either to their minds or manners, amidst such scenes of atrocity as are now acting on the Continent, is to me a perfect mystery. Far be it from British bosoms, either male or female, to indulge so sanguinary a curiosity as to cherish a wish to be present at that transaction with which a deluded, accursed people are about to crown their iniquity. Does there live a woman so viciously constructed, so destitute of the common attributes of the sex, and the common charities of human nature, as to contemplate without horror, without feeling her heart die



within her, the eminent sorrows of that great lady, upon whom, for four sad years, has been exhausted the collected malice of millions of beings calling themselves men! who, for four sad years, has suffered all that sensibility can endure, and all that cruelty can invent! outraged in all the feelings of her nature! as a queen, as a mother, as a wife, as a woman, ingeniously abused! unconsolated by one pitying eye among the wretches that surround her, and supported by nothing but that mental majesty which no traitors can wrest from her, and that mournful solace derived from the prospect of an ignominious death? Let the gates of the city be shut on its own abominations, and let the horrid transaction be covered with its own gloom! let no eye witness it that has ever dropped a tear; let no ear hear it that is not deaf to the voice of nature; "let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it; let it not be joined to the days of the year; let it not come into the number of the months!"

I have a letter by me, which I think I cannot produce upon a better occasion. I insert it, with a humble hope that it may strike the individual whose particular case it represents; but if it miss of its mark, it may at least hold out an useful caution to married couples.

*"To the Rev. Simon Olive-branch.*

"Rev. Sir,

"I shall make no apology for troubling, with a detail of my distresses, a man whose concern is with every thing that appertains to man. I wish, however, you had been married, that my case might have touched you more nearly, and called down upon a practice which has so disturbed my repose as that of which I am going to complain, the severest tones

of your displeasure.—I have been married twelve years, ten of which have been spent in that placid harmony by which happy unions are distinguished. The two last have been disquieted by an event, from which one would not readily have predicted the consequences which have flowed. A party was formed, in the summer before last, among the relations of my wife, to visit the Spa; and, as our manner of living had hitherto been extremely domestic, we were persuaded to join them, because ‘it would vary the scene.’ Now this varying the scene may be a good argument for locomotion with couples that have nothing to risk; but there is certainly great folly in all fresh experiments where a reasonable proportion of felicity has once been obtained. Our visit to Spa gave us all such a taste for travelling, that, during a calm interval at Paris, we were actually induced to extend our journey to that wretched theatre of discord and absurdity.

“ My wife has by nature a warm heart and vivid imagination, and can take up no notions with indifference that concern in any way the happiness of her fellow-creatures. She is always very enthusiastical in her first impressions; and accident having given her mind a bias towards democracy, she has, somehow or other, been carried away by the mania with which so many good heads have been turned. It is impossible to tell you how completely all our conjugal happiness has been destroyed by this political fury of my poor wife. I verily believe there was not a more peaceful woman in the world about two years ago; and at present I am sure there is not to be found a more determined wrangler. She is resolved to dispute through the day; and if I hold my tongue, she will dispute with me for not disputing:



so that, finding no quarter is to be given me, I do all in my power to sell my opinion as dearly as I can. You will agree, that a very pretty kind of warfare is commenced between us; and as it is the nature of hostility to draw into a vortex all the standers-by, we have collected around us a tolerably tumultuous scene, with the help of friends, relations, children, servants, parroquets, and puppy-dogs.

“ Beginning with the rights of man, my wife is now come to the rights of women; and my boys and girls have begun, as might well have been expected, to maintain the rights of children. All the peaceful regulations of my family have given place to anarchy. My youngest boy calls his mother a fool, and I am told by my wife that I am crazy. In the midst of all this, I have had the mortification of observing, that a certain captain in a marching regiment has so successfully adopted my wife’s opinions, as to convince her that he knows a vast deal more than myself. Where a woman holds the scales, a soldier’s feather has a prodigious weight.

“ But another serious part of my history still remains. To foreign fury my wife has contrived to join a considerable portion of foreign effrontery. She receives male visitors in her bed-chamber, in imitation of French courtesy; and harangues on politics in the drawing-room, in defiance of English decorum. I believe I am a fool for confessing so much, but the captain has actually drunk coffee with her in her bed-room—a circumstance which I did apprehend would have rendered the faction more violent, and almost have ended in the guillotine; but, contrary to all expectation, the captain has ever since been extremely softened towards me, and has even promised to do his endeavour towards bringing

about an accommodation between my wife and myself. At any rate, what a triumph I shall have if I bring the soldier over to my party!

“ Do, my dear sir, assist me with your counsel in these matters ; for, to tell you the truth, I am very unexperienced in women ; nor can I make up my mind to the degree of confidence which I ought to repose in the captain. In the mean time, believe me, with that veneration which belongs to your character,

“ Your’s, &c.

“ WILL. WITLESS.”

It being known that I was about to send into the world a second paper upon travel, the following proclamation was dispatched to me last night from the Female Society, with orders for immediate insertion :

“ Whereas it has been represented to us, in council assembled, that the rage for tour-writing, which prevails in the female world, has brought no credit upon the sex in general ; we do hereby enjoin, that no lady do presume to write her travels until the first year after her return is expired ; during which time, all the impertinence with which her memory is loaded may drop away, and leave nothing but what is too little to supply a volume—the net produce of her sober inquiries.”

I shall add a word or two as a commentary on this decree of the female synod. The species of composition, which is distinguished by the title of Journey or Tour, is exempted, by its particular nature and design, from many of the rules with which graver forms of writing must comply. While the dignity of Travel promises something like a regular course of historical inquiry, the Tour pretends only to a sprightly detail of anecdotes and memoirs. We exact from the writer of Travels a sober display of im-

portant facts, and a perfect developement of national character and manners; but we are content, in the livelier conduct of the Tour, with detached observations, broken incidents, and occasional hints. We expect from the one a structure complete in every part; we require from the other the materials for erecting one, with a few scattered directions for their use and management. But we are by no means satisfied if the quantity only of these materials be sufficient for our present purpose; their quality must also be excellent; they must be well chosen, easy of application, substantial, solid, and consistent. In other words, though the relation may be broken and unconnected, the facts should all unite in their tendencies and conclusions, should enable the mind of the reader to make up a perfect whole, and to arrive at some general judgement from the proofs they unite in displaying. Much impertinence and absurdity do frequently grow out of this indulgence extended to the writers of Tours. Standing in the same relation to the author of Travels, as the publisher of Memoirs to the Historian, like them they often assume the graver carriage of their superiors; and enlarge with unbecoming prolixity on circumstances which have taken possession of their fancies and affections; while they hasten to compensate for this trespass on their reader's patience, by a rapidity not less blameable in the relation of other facts of equal importance: thus endeavouring to repay the fatigue they have occasioned us in one place, by disappointing our expectations in another.

N<sup>o</sup> 74. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

*Quam multa vident Pictores in umbris et in eminentia quæ nos non videmus! Quam multa quæ nos fugiunt in cantu, exaudiunt in eo genere exercitati.* CIC. Acad. Quæst.

In the shades and relief of pictures, how many beauties and imperfections do painters discover, which to us are imperceptible! In music, how many circumstances escape us, which strike the ears of those who are proficient in the art!

THE last meeting of our society was attended with circumstances peculiarly agreeable to those of our members who feel most for the honour of our institutions, as it afforded a proof of their sovereign efficacy when they work upon a ground of original good sense and native feeling. Our travelled member, of whose introduction and initiation I have already given an account to my readers, has profited by them in so high a degree, and has undergone, in consequence, so rapid a transformation, that, had we flourished a few centuries ago, we should certainly have lain open to a suspicion of magic.

The slackness of our contributions to the demands of vanity, and the low estimate in which we hold all vulgar greatness, have forced him upon a plan of behaviour, in which all the solid information he possesses, and the most agreeable qualities of his mind, find a channel through which they may diffuse themselves—a natural and easy mode of communication and distribution. At the meeting to which I allude, instead of that uneasy state in which he had seemed



to move, instead of that buckram which had banished from his whole deportment every vestige of a liberal and ornamental ease, his manners appeared to have recovered their tone, and the freedom of his mind to be restored; so that it looked as if a very gentleman-like actor had just laid by the robes and the strut of Alexander the Great, to resume his natural part on the stage of life.

The conversation of the evening turned principally on the question of taste, in which a great variety of opinions were displayed, but in which an involuntary submission was paid to the decisions of the traveller, whose observations, I could perceive, were derived from the correctest models, and were related to that authentic criterion established on the general principles of human nature. Mr. Barnaby, however, like the carrion-crow, was for pleasing *himself*, and discovered very democratical ideas on the subject, which he would not allow to be susceptible of any degree of order or controul. My clerk's singing, which had divided the parish for many years into two parties, was cited by the worthy churchwarden, as a case in point: besides which, he observed, that the picture in the poor-house of Noah's Ark, was the subject of constant dispute amongst the oldest heads in the town, and no two persons were agreed which of the beasts was most judiciously executed. Some thought it an unpardonable error in the painter, that the ox was so much larger than the machine out of which he came; but others considered this as a striking beauty, in as much as it effectually barred his re-entrance, besides raising the glory of the miracle. The introduction too of the ox into the piece was cavilled at by some as unnatural, while others declared that this circumstance savoured strongly of the true *Italian gusto*.

Mr. Blunt, on the disposition of whose grounds and plantations I have so often with pleasure descanted, could not accede to Mr. Barnaby's unsettling opinions, but confessed himself unable to reason others into the conviction which he felt himself, that there existed in the general constitution of our minds some established rules and principles of taste. "It appears to me," continued this gentleman, "from the little acquaintance I have with the subject, that all the great rules in the fine arts have fixed foundations in our general nature. The sense of the beauty that arises from a due subserviency of parts to their whole; the love of variety; subordinate to a general uniformity; the pleasing pride of surmounting small difficulties; the spring that results from novelty, and the grateful feeling which accompanies every expansion of thought; are sources of satisfaction with which most minds are provided, and are distributed in analogous though unequal portions among all mankind.

"These principles, I am convinced, are throughout human nature the same in kind, though different in degree, according to the primary organization of different minds. In some, indeed, they languish for want of exercise; in some they are warped by wrong application; but in sound and cultivated minds they will operate for the most part in producing a sympathy and correspondence of taste. Where men of a cultivated relish are found to differ, the difference is generally traceable to some accidental association or temporary perversion, and supposing the pride of opinion and contest removed, might in most cases be reconciled by a fair investigation of their respective principles of disgust and approbation.

"I must not forget, indeed, to include among the principal causes of varieties of taste, the difference in

the opportunities afforded to different men. As the qualities of every thing in this world are appreciated by comparison, two minds equally constituted may pronounce different decisions as to the same object, from the same principles of judging; or, in other words, one man shall approve, on the account of its possessing more titles to his approbation than other similar objects to which hitherto *he* has been accustomed, the same thing that another man will condemn, because of the scarcity it exhibits of the same claims to admiration comparatively with those perfecter objects which have fallen within the range of *his* observation. They are both in search of the same qualities, and both acknowledge the same pretensions in the subjects of their contemplation; but they discover more or less of these qualities and pretensions, according to the ratio in which the chances of life have thrown the treasures of art into the paths of their inquiry. It is in quantity, and not in quality, that they differ; in the relation, and not in the essence; in the accidental, and not in the intrinsic character of the object of their difference. It is even from this conformity of their principles, that their practical disagreement arises; for, did they find their approbation and dislike on dissimilar qualities, they might both allow the same portion of merit on different accounts to one and the same object, though there were ever so wide a disparity in their sources and materials of comparison. For the same reason a man may differ from himself, and pronounce very opposite decisions in the different periods of his life, without adopting any new principles of taste, or undergoing any subsequent change in the conformation of his mind."

Our travelled member now took up the question, and entertained us with so many sensible remarks,

that, on my return home, finding that my mother was gone to bed, I tried my utmost to recollect the substance of his discourse; and having arranged it as well as I could in my mind, I resolved to present it in my present paper to my readers.

Addressing himself to Mr. Blunt, "It has always struck me," said he, "that there is a good deal of vanity and impertinence at the bottom of the common remark, *there is no disputing about tastes*, and that it often means little else than, 'I am at a loss to support my opinions, and rather than confess myself wrong, I will deny the existence of any measure or rule of decision.' I consider, however, that 'my taste' is one thing, and 'taste' is another; and that, in a multitude of instances, we must understand 'my taste' to be 'my want of taste.'

"Surely a strong proof, *à posteriori*, that true taste has its basis in the fixed and fundamental principles of our nature, is furnished from the gradual improvement of the fine arts, and that involuntary convergence of general opinions on all subjects in which it is concerned, as, in the progress of national refinement, the faculties of men are advanced by exercise and culture. Without supposing this sort of polar truth in the region of taste, we should have some difficulty in accounting for the uniform tendency and constant direction, which, in a civilised country, is sure to characterise the arts of elegance and design. Without such a point of union, we might expect to see them in a perpetual fluctuation, subject to the lubricous empire of the moment, and shifting their character with every gale of popular caprice.

"I have no doubt but that the rules of taste are in themselves as susceptible of demonstration as the objects of pure reasoning, having their sources in a theory as sound and complete; but as, by the nature



of their appeal, and the peculiar delicacy of their structure, they are exposed to the fluctuating influence of our passions and affections, their operation must perpetually be liable to external hindrances, to the deceptions of seducing lights, to the misguidance of false associations, and the silent intrusion of prejudices and partialities.

“Unhappily for the simplicity, the prevalence, and the application of these rules, as national civilisation and refinement advances, and exercise improves us in the execution of all the elegant arts, fresh combinations, habits, and associations arise, to throw fresh perplexity into the theory of taste, and to involve principles in difficulty and confusion. In proportion, therefore, as use and emulation have advanced the elegance of our models and the facility of our practice, the task of the critic becomes complicated and arduous: he finds that false beauties have increased with equal fecundity; and that the public judgement is to be watched with nicer caution, and assisted by more discriminative lessons.

“I do not know,” continued the traveller, “how we can otherwise account for the manifest relationship that subsists between all the finer arts, if we do not suppose it to arise from their common connection with the same general principles of our nature. It is to the soul that we are to trace back this illustrious pedigree: after pursuing it through all its various ramifications, we are brought at last to that trunk of original feeling seated in our common nature. Their family-titles and their records, their ensigns armorial and their bearings, are all deposited here. Here are substantiated their heraldic claims; here their legitimacies are proved, and here their dignities confirmed. The origin then of this alliance is situated deep in the mind; and the constancy and uniformity of hu-

man feelings form the only ground of connection between those arts which appeal to the imagination and the passions. But the minds of individuals may be discoloured and perverted by prejudice, by interest, and by false associations; we are therefore not to consider how particular men are affected; but the general course, the average, if I may so say, of human feelings, is to be taken in forming rules and principles for the conduct of those arts which found their claim of excellence upon the power they possess over the heart and the fancy. Hence arise all those delicate and beautiful analogies, which are so easily discoverable by a philosophic mind in the arts of music, poetry, painting, and oratory.

“ Unless we admit this original source of alliance, their union is inexplicable by a superficial comparison of their external frame and structure. There are, indeed, many outward marks of an admirable correspondence and connection, but the causes are remote and radical in the mind. Music and painting fall under the cognisance of different senses; but this difference is in their external character and effects: it is in their interior constitution and principles, and their operation not superficially on the senses, but intimately, and ultimately on the passions and feelings of the mind, that their relationship is to be looked for. Loud and exalted music elevates the soul through the ear, in the same manner as through the eye it is affected by a noble and romantic scene in painting. The flowing contour in the outline of figures pleases us, for the same reasons as the gradual rise and decay of notes in melody. Sweetness of tone, like beauty of shape and colour; and smooth and level surfaces, like equable and gentle sounds, inspire elegant and gay sensations into the bosom, or soothe us into soft tranquillity and placid composure. The widest and

most essential difference in the operations and qualities of music and painting, is the superior degree in which the one is indebted to the influence of imitation above the other. Without doubt, a great portion of the delight we experience in the contemplation of a well-executed picture, arises from the consideration of the skill of the artist displayed in the closeness of the imitation. But the particular laws of music do not admit, in any degree, of the artifices of imitation; and too close a resemblance between sounds and the passion or object described, is indecorous, if not trifling and ridiculous. This, however, is a negative difference, and not a positive and specific contrariety between the two arts.

“ If we were to pursue still further our inquiries into this delicate connection that subsists between music and painting, or any or all of the finer arts, we should fall upon a great many more pleasing discoveries of a similar nature. We should find that the beautiful and sublime in the one, are the beautiful and sublime in the other; allowing for those differences which arise from accidental circumstances, from their external organization and mechanical procedure. In the objects which exercise the sense of seeing, beauty of figure may be resolved into uniformity, variety, and proportion: uniformity, because it produces facility of conception, and enables the *whole* to enter easily into the mind; variety, because it gratifies the appetite for novelty, and puts the mind into action by a transition from one contemplation to another; proportion, because it gratifies our moral sense of fitness and utility. Beauty in music results nearly from the same causes; that is, it addresses itself to the same seated principles of the mind. It is here that a variety in the parts and tones under the same key, that is, a particular variety subordinate to

a general uniformity, excites those pleasing sensations which constitute a sense of beauty. In harmony, this variety is more complicated; but it is still variety under the controul of a certain uniformity, and submitted to strict rules of proportion.

“ Much of our pleasure in music, if I mistake not, is of a mixed nature, partly derived from the present sound or note, partly from a recollection of the last, and partly from an anticipation of the next; and it seems clear to me that a great deal of this sort of pleasure enters into the effects of poetry, and the arts of composition, in which the second reading is accompanied with more delight, if the piece be excellent, because we are then enabled to take in more of the connection by means of the same powers of recollection and anticipation. But as the great perfection of music lies in the expression, so is this expression that principal knot of fellowship by which music is connected with those other arts that make the same appeal. It is a general effect of its features, in which is pronounced that family resemblance, which shows it to be of the sisterhood.

“ When we talk of the principles on which taste is built, that we mean the general principles of our nature is proved, methinks, by their general application to all the objects on which the faculties and passions of the mind are exercised. There is an acknowledged connection between taste and morality; but on what is this connection built? On the same foundations to which we have traced the alliance subsisting between poetry, music, painting, and oratory. A mind incapable of expansion, of that expansion which fits it for the grand effects of the finer arts, is incapable of tasting with real delight instances of heroism, magnanimity, and universal benevolence, which are sublime from the ideas they inspire of ex-



*tension* in their operations and effects; that is, from the same elemental causes which are productive, in the more immediate objects of taste, of what we more technically denominate the sublime. The writer of the *Characteristics* was so struck with this pleasing analogy, that in his love of singularity and system, he was hurried into too wide an adoption of it; and there are passages in his volumes which betray something like a wish to enrol virtue among the elegant arts, and to bring all the moral qualities of our actions to the standard of taste. But still the general principles on which taste is erected, have a wonderful latitude of application, if we take into our view all the various attributes of our nature. That extended chain of permanent rules, by which the mind of man, as its taste refines, is bound in a generous slavery, borrows a link from every object that gives employment to our rational and moral faculties."

"True," said Mr. Allworth, who took the advantage of a little pause to illustrate the traveller's observation; "our decisions on the characters and actions of mankind, though they are by no means left entirely to the principles on which taste is founded, but rest on a basis more broad, and on qualities more generally and equally distributed, do yet derive a great degree of delicacy, clearness, and precision, from the same sensibilities,—the same process of the heart and understanding. In the conduct and deportment of a person formed to please mankind, are required consistency, with a portion of versatility, and a certain regard to times and occasions, which will be found, on examination, to bear a close analogy to that uniformity, variety, and proportion, which constitute beauty of figure in the more immediate objects of taste. That magical grace of manner, which in certain characters captivate the fancy and the heart be-

fore the reason has time to pronounce, may on cool analysis be resolved into that same correspondence and symmetry of parts, those same principles of proportion, uniformity, and variety, on which so much has been said. That binding connection of the parts with the whole, that particular aptitude to a general end, and that various constitution of particulars that have a common relationship in the great object to which they all conspire, are general laws of taste, which are as faithfully observed in that harmony of gesture, and that delicate combination of little elegancies which characterise a polished gentleman, as in the provinces themselves of the finer arts."

Here our new member resumed the discourse. "It must be owned, that in philosophy, when taste usurps too proud an ascendant, strength gives way to ornament, where strength is naturally the superior quality; and the love of proportion is apt to engender a love of system, to which truth can oppose but a slender barrier: but where it modestly claims only a secondary power, it is in no small degree subsidiary to the operations of reason; it judges not only of its modes of communication, but of its conclusions themselves, as well of the matter as of the manner of science. It prompts and stimulates the exertions of our reason by the pleasure with which it crowns her discoveries; it corroborates her decisions by the testimony it lends to their correspondence, fitness, and perspicuity; and to the majesty of truth, it adds the graces of beauty.

"One of the monarchs of Egypt, while he admitted the truth of the Ptolemaic system, could not help accusing nature of want of taste in her modes of arrangement, and means of accomplishing her ends.

"On the whole then," continued our traveller,

“ it appears to my understanding, that the principles of taste lie widely diffused through our general nature, and reach to every object on which the faculties of our minds can be exerted. Its sentiments are ultimately resolvable into original qualities which all possess, though not in equal proportions; and this difference of qualification, together with the influence of association and accidental varieties, account for those opposite decisions which have given birth to the opinion that taste has no certain criterion. In the same spirit it has been argued, that if an external object excites a sentiment from its congruity with certain qualities in the mind of the individual who contemplates it, in respect to that individual, whatever may be his condition, that *sentiment* is right, and the decision built upon it correct and just. Surely, however, that *sentiment* in one man may be founded on weaker qualities than in others, and consequently is weaker in itself. It might as well be maintained, that the stronger eye is not more correct in its reports than the weaker; taste is but a kind of second sight, a *δευτερον ομμα*.

“ Those who most strenuously assert the indisputable and uncertain nature of all taste, do yet palpably acknowledge a right and wrong in taste, when they challenge the taste of others; an inconsistency with their maxims which they are sure to commit. It is the consolation of those who have neither relish nor preference in their minds for the objects of taste, to maintain the total impossibility of bringing the opinions of mankind to any rational standard; and these are supported by others who, though sufficiently furnished by nature with the necessary qualifications, are negligent of principles, and too impatient of investigation, to arrive at the true standard which is supplied from the general constitution of our minds.

So far indeed these objectors may be right, that, considered as a matter of mere sensation, as that faculty by which instant and immediate pleasure is received from beauty, taste has no absolute criterion. We cannot apply to it any standard, till we regard it as a matter of discernment, as related to the brightest and purest capacities of the soul, as consisting not of an organical impulse, but in the reflex operations of the mind."

This is all I can recollect of our traveller's discourse on this delicate and difficult subject, to which I know my readers are welcome, if they can discover any thing pleasing or new in the argument. It was natural for this exertion of my memory to put all my thoughts into motion on the subject; and it is my intention to publish the result in a future paper, if I can remember the progeny of my own mind, as well as that of my travelled friend.



N<sup>o</sup> 75. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

*Cur valle permutem Sabinâ  
Divitias opérosiores?*

HORAT.

Why leave my little Sabine field,  
For cumbrous wealth, so hard to wield?

I HAVE always been forcibly struck with the amiable colours in which Christianity has dressed the virtue of contentedness; and consider it as one of those peculiar excellencies which it possesses above the imperfect system of heathen morality. A kind of gloomy resignation, very wide of true contentment, was inculcated by the philosophy of the ancients, grounded on the fruitlessness and impiety of murmuring against the dispensations of the gods, and on the general necessity of unequal conditions among mankind. The querulous were silenced without being satisfied, and awed without being convinced. But the Christian religion, by the grander prospects which it has opened to us of a future recompence, has made these temporary inequalities of much less account; and, by the awful conditions of an eternity of pain or pleasure, has taught us to see danger in abundance, and consolation in want. Christianity breathes no defiance to nature, by endeavouring to destroy our inborn propensities; but proposes only a change of objects, by which, under proper exercise, these propensities may become the source of solid advantage.

Man, under the severe discipline of philosophy, learns indeed to subdue his desires, and to controul his feelings: he learns to look upon life with apathy, and to rear a sullen satisfaction on a basis of scorn. He is led by a string of maxims, and is forging fetters for himself, while he triumphs in the freedom he is gaining: he is frittering away the best part of his nature, while he thinks he is only reasoning down his passions and his prejudices. But Christianity knows the value of all the energies of our minds too well to destroy them; and, instead of petrifying them into torpid stillness, gives them a kinder action and benigner impulse, by directing them towards objects on which they cannot be too much exerted — on objects which irritate and inflame by no disappointments, which inspire complacency while they exercise the feelings, which purify our enjoyment while they dilate our capacities of pleasure, and which cool the ardours without refrigerating the system of life, or damping the charities of the heart.

It is by reasoning on those principles which Christianity has promulged, that our eyes are so strengthened as to pierce the veil of opulence and splendor, to separate truth from appearance, and grandeur from greatness, till we look back upon our own littleness with secret exultation. We learn from the same source, that were our sight still farther strengthened, could we contemplate the circumstances of life with those eyes with which we probably may regard them from our place of observation in another state, in what an inverted order the objects of our contemplation would present themselves! Greatness sunk into the squalidest ranks of infamy, and poverty shining in robes of purple! a new race of shepherd-kings; and princesses again drawing water from a well, as in the days of Homer!

My greatest quarrel with discontentedness is on the account of its base submission to the dictates and decrees of other men. We are in general dissatisfied with our lot, not because we feel it to be uneasy, but because we think it appears so to others. Any particular distress, or specific ground of sorrow, I separate from the character of discontentedness, which implies a habit of repining, built on a general comparison of our own condition with that of other men: and this is a quality so much the more contemptible, as it is not the genuine offspring of our own minds, not the legitimate result of our natural reason, but the bastard issue of vulgar ignorance, adopted by pride, and fostered by envy. I have ever, in my passage through life, consulted the frame of my mind; and balancing it against my exterior circumstances, have found them equal to the rate of ability I possess, and have been content.

It is with individuals as it is with society; that state is the happiest to man, in his collective character, in which he can best exercise his natural capacity for improvement—a state of society, fitted to draw out the social energies of his mind, adapted to his local wants, and suited to his physical character and complexion. So, in his individual capacity, that state is really the most eligible which is best calculated to foster his good inclinations, and to turn his talents to account; that which is most proportioned to the reach of his mind, and which exacts nothing beyond the promise of his intellect—in a word, which produces that harmony and equilibrium, that mutual action between the external and internal condition of the man, without which we must expect eccentricities and anomalies of conduct, and at the best an unsteady course of morality, and irregular fruits of virtue. With such a rule and measure to direct us,

we are most of us able to mark out a scheme of happiness for ourselves, and discover that this our great aim does not exist in the abstract of life, not in a certain list of objects, a certain denomination of enjoyments; but is conditional, complexional, and relative; must be considered with a reference to some specific state or condition of man, and must be estimated by certain laws of proportion, which take into calculation much of the detail of life.

I am much pleased with a passage from Antoninus Pius, that touches upon my present subject, both the Greek and English of which I shall here present to my readers. Φυσις δε ισθς κατ' αξιαν τθς μερισμθς χρονων, θσιας, αιθιθ, ενεργειας, συμβασεως, εκα σοις ποιεΐλαι σκοπει δε, μη ει το προς το εν ισον ευρησειθ επι πανθθ, αλλα ει συλληβδθν τα πανθθ τθ δε, προς αδροα, τα τθ εΐερθ.—“ If we take into consideration the different situations and exigencies of life, we shall find that nature has made a proportionate distribution of time, matter, form, faculty, and opportunity. But you will not perceive this by partial views of particular subjects, but on comparing the wholes together.”

It will sometimes happen, indeed, that great abilities are found in low situations; but this does not always justify discontent with the arrangements and dispositions of society; it is oftener attributable to some certain disqualifications with which these abilities are accompanied, or some alloy by which they are debased; to some reasons, in short, which should turn our reproaches inwards, and inspire discontent, not with mankind or the *order* of things, but with ourselves and the *disorder* of our own minds. Let it be remembered too, that the powers of man may be easily overcharged, though gigantic in their strength, by the duties and responsibilities of great situations;



while there is scarcely, in the humblest ranks of life, a sphere of action so circumscribed as not to hold out occasions to the greatest minds.

But discontentedness, vicious as for the most part it is in its grounds and motives, does not terminate in itself, but affects the whole of the human character. It is particularly fruitful in those extravagancies and absurdities of demeanour which supply inexhaustible subjects to satire and ridicule. All that indecorousness of conduct, which, in the common phrase, is called acting out of character, springs in general from this fountain of folly. Dissatisfied with what nature has bestowed upon us, we are more solicitous to supply her deficiencies by art, than to improve her gifts by cultivation. The man of fashion is ambitious of the chair of the philosopher; and he whom nature directs to the bowers of the Academy, is not content till he has exposed himself in the glare of chandeliers, where no qualities draw respect but those which philosophy pretends not to confer.

Not perhaps so ridiculous in its effects, but more mischievous in its consequences, is that ambition, so frequent among men of slender fortunes, to vie with their wealthy neighbours. There is something sacred in poverty, as there is in misfortune, to great and good minds: every generous spirit will be scrupulously cautious of adding to its mortifications, or awakening the sense of its sorrows. But when, by an unbecoming shame, we are prompted to emerge from it by a momentary imposition upon mankind, it loses its privileges of compassion, accumulates ignominy upon distress, and is stripped of all its consolations. *Commune id vitium est; hic vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate omnes.*

There was something noble in the excuse made by an illustrious young Grecian, that appeared at the

public games in a coloured robe, contrary to an express law : he declared, before the whole assembly, that it was the only robe he had ;—whereupon he was honourably acquitted.

I have somewhere met with a story that matches well with this, of a very valiant Englishman, whose name was Colonel Edmunds. While he was with the army in the Low Countries, there came to him a fellow-countryman from Scotland, who, to ensure a good reception, thus accosted him in the presence of a great many brother officers : “ My lord your father, and all the knights and gentlemen, your cousins and kinsmen, are in excellent health.” — “ Gentlemen,” said the colonel, “ believe not a word he says ; my father is but a poor barber in Edinburgh, whom this knave would make a lord, to curry favour with me, and make you believe I am a great man born, when there is no such matter.”

It is curious to observe what pains are taken by men in narrow circumstances to render insupportable their situation : every trifling vexation or disappointment is laid to their poverty, and carefully treasured up in their memories to increase the stock of their complaints, while equal industry is used in forgetting those many occurrences in which their poverty has given them an advantage over the objects of their envy. Thus poverty with some men is made to enlarge its signification, and include a circle of calamities not its own. To persons of this temper not an accident can happen, of the most trifling concern, that does not swell the charge : if their hair turn grey, it is occasioned by poverty and chagrin ; if they are wet through in a shower, it was poverty that obliged them to be out in it ; it is poverty that causes them to stoop in their gait ; poverty that makes them irascible ; poverty that makes them unlucky at cards ;

and poverty that induces absence, negligence, and want of memory. The sure consequence of a habit of complaining, is a habit of selfishness; and he who is persuaded to think that his own is a peculiar allotment of misery, has no feelings to spare for other men's sorrows, and no passage open to his bosom for other men's joys to enter.

All this discontentedness with our own situation proceeds from a double error in calculation. We measure our own condition by a rule supplied from other men's opinions and habits, instead of making our own feelings and capacities the criterion of our judgements; and we measure other men's felicity by a standard which is the result of our own feelings and propensities. The farmer thinks the merchant the happiest man in the world, because the former has no measure in his own mind which can enable him accurately to conceive those feelings which shake the merchant's bosom, amidst the fluctuation and precariousness of commerce: and the poor man, having no clear idea of the dangers, perplexities, and anxieties of wealth, views it only as a cure for those wants and sorrows with which he either feels or fancies himself surrounded. Let us remember, too, that every object looks smooth at a distance: the hills which terminate our horizon present only a soft azure to the delighted vision; and when we look from the same hills on the valley below, it appears like a velvet carpet, spread out to receive us: those only who are climbing the hills, or are walking in the valley, complain of the steepness of the one, or the humidity of the other; complain of the crags and ridges, or of the bogs and marshes, which make the progress over both fatiguing and dangerous.

Though neither new nor sprightly, my mother was so pleased with the subject of this paper, that

she told me she could not sleep for three hours last night for thinking upon it, and actually turned her thoughts to put a little fable into verse, which she says my subject revived in her memory. I own I think the thought is pretty, and my readers will not be severe upon the poetry of an old woman. As writing is not a task at which she is very expeditious (for though her hand is steady, her eyes have for some years begun insensibly to grow weaker), she remained above stairs the whole morning, and kept me in some little uneasiness about her. At twelve o'clock, however, she explained the mystery, by presenting me with her little performance: "Here, Sim," said she, "see how my morning has been employed; but be sure you put nothing of mine in your paper!" She looked, however, as if she would forgive me if I disobeyed her; and there is sometimes a resistance in kindness, which, like elasticity to the touch, gives a force to the sensation produced.

It chanc'd that the Coat of a very fine fellow  
 Had been thrown on the bed, and lay close to the Pillow.  
 With that ease which high company gives, for the Coat  
 Had been much in the world, and in circles of note,  
 "Friend Pillow," says he, "why that look of distress?  
 By your rumpled condition you've slept ill, I guess?  
 Or perhaps that your master is gone you are sorry;  
 He's a very fine fellow; if so, I feel for ye:  
 I'm always delighted to go where he goes,  
 And mix in the mirth that around him he throws.  
 Gay, wealthy, and witty, and wanton, and young,  
 Made for conquests his form, for persuasion his tongue,  
 On whom nature her presents so lavishly showers,  
 What mortal so bless'd as this master of ours!  
 'Twould delight you to see with what graceful composure  
 He throws down his guineas, or stakes an inclosure.  
 T'other night 'twas at whist that Sir Somebody blunder'd,  
 And lost him---I think 'twas n't less than a hundred;



To see him, my friend, you'd conclude he had won,  
 Such an easy, good-temper'd, sweet smile he put on !  
 What with dancing, and singing, and laughing, and drinking,  
 You'd wonder what time he had left him for thinking.  
 If he wins, if he loses, he's glad, and still glad ;  
 I cannot believe he knows how to be sad.  
 With such mental controul, and a heart so at ease,  
 Sure never was found a man form'd so to please."  
 " And now," says the Pillow, " its my turn to speak :  
 If I let you alone, you'll go on for a week.  
 Since you say that with you he's as light as a feather,  
 Pray keep him, or come to bed always together ;  
 For the moment you're off, such a trade then commences,  
 You'd think he was fairly bereft of his senses ;  
 Such complaining, such sorrow, repentance, and hate,  
 Such cursing his fortune, such damning his fate,  
 That, taking in Bedlam, there is not in town  
 A Pillow whose state I'd not change with my own.  
 The night that Sir Somebody lost him a hundred,  
 As soon as he laid himself down, how he thunder'd !  
 I never was in such a fright in my life :  
 He could not worse treat me, if I were his wife.  
 He thinks, I believe, he can't use me too rough ;  
 I am sometimes too high, sometimes not high enough :  
 Then such knocking, and thumping, and squeezing ; but still  
 I can't give content, do whatever I will.  
 To complete my misfortune, sometimes, in a sally,  
 He throws me as hard as he can at his valet,  
 Who ventures to give him his scurvy advice,  
 To have nothing to do with those villainous dice.  
 T'other night he declar'd he would do for himself,  
 And took down a pistol which lay on the shelf ;  
 But after he'd held it some time to his head,  
 He thought better on't, and bethump'd me instead.  
 If this is the way with your very fine fellows,  
 'Twere better be any thing else than their Pillows.

As discontentedness is very little affected by out-  
 ward circumstances, and is equally common to all  
 situations, so has it least to balance against it in those  
 which are most exalted ; for hope, the consolation of

poverty, grows weaker in proportion as life is exhausted, as satiety refines sense into fastidiousness, and as extent of enjoyment narrows the prospect of eventual pleasures. It is in the same spirit of false measurement to which I have before alluded, that, in our distant views of greatness, we estimate the pleasures with which we see it surrounded, by that unworn sense of delight, that keen and novel relish which inexperience has preserved in our minds : one of those cheats of fancy, this, by which she brings together things that cannot subsist in union—a mind familiarised to pleasure, yet retaining all its virgin sensibilities ; a body sunk in enjoyment, yet glowing with its native ardours. Our delights are covered with a bloom which a breath annihilates ; an impalpable bloom, which expires at the touch, and mocks all our labours to restore it.

It is on these accounts that the life of a courtier, and still more the life of a prince, has always affected me with a certain melancholy in the perusal. I have somewhere seen an account of the manner in which the hours of Louis XIV. were spent for forty years together ; and a duller detail, a more wearisome round of repetition, cannot easily be imagined. It appears plainly from this journal, that while all eyes regarded him as the greatest monarch upon earth, no man was in reality a more absolute slave, or had less the disposal of himself, and the controul of his time. He appears to have had no moment on which the public had not a claim, in which something was not due on the score of etiquette, or in which he was not somehow or other a slave to his own grandeur. Nothing could *unking* him, or confer on him the privileges of his subjects ; even on the days of his illnesses a certain ceremony attended him ; and that grandeur which could not save him from human in-

firmities, deprived him of human consolations. All the pleasures which result from free conversation and the mutual interchange of unshackled thoughts, the great prerogative and ornament of man, was sacrificed to his gloomy greatness; it was his doom to be perpetually imposed upon, and his recompence to contemplate his own grandeur, which, as having never experienced a lower condition, he was the only man in the country disqualified to feel. His *levers*, his *habillemens*, his *ordres*, his *entrées*, his *messes*, his *conseils*, his *dîners*, his *après-dîners*, his *promenades*, his *soupers*, his *couchers*, were all transacted under certain rules, and in the face of the world; all incumbered with the same ceremony, and all equally preclusive of the natural play of the mind, and the liberal movements of the heart and the understanding.

I should now take leave of my readers for the day with peculiar complacency, could I persuade myself that I have given a permanent consolation to any one bosom among my countrymen, by suggesting a rule by which happiness may be better estimated than by the ordinary modes of measurement.

N<sup>o</sup> 76. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

Μεμνησο της συμπασσης ουσιας, ἣς ολιγιστον μετεχεις\*  
 και του συμπαντος αιωνος, ου βραχυ και ακαριαιον  
 σοι διαστημα αφωρισται και της ἐμαρμενης, ἣς  
 ποστον ει μέρος.

ΜΑΡΚ. ΑΝΤ. Βι. ε. κ. δ.

Turn your views to this vast universe of which you make such an insignificant part; regard eternity, but a point of which is allotted to thee; contemplate the all-mighty decrees to which the great order of the creation conforms: what a little particle art thou of this stupendous whole!

As far as I have hitherto gone into the question of religion, my readers perceive that only natural religion has been considered. If natural religion be admitted, and methinks it can hardly be refused to the reasoning in the foregoing papers, we see a vast additional strength resulting therefrom to the general argument from analogy; we see it still wider extend its numerous branches, and cover with a broader shade the truths of revelation.

The objection first in the order of confutation as striking most deeply at the root of Christianity, is that which calls into question the *necessity* of its promulgation: for it would indeed be absurd to suppose that God can be the author of any thing unnecessary or superfluous. Had the light of nature been sufficient, no revelation would have been offered to mankind. Let Christianity, however, be necessary or not, it can never be superfluous to inquire into the

grounds of a system which holds out to us such conditions as must be awfully interesting to a trembling dependent being.

We will contemplate this system in two distinct lights, to embrace the whole of its importance.— First, we will consider it as a republication, and as an external institution of natural religion, adapted to the present circumstances of mankind, and intended to promote natural piety and virtue. In this view, it gives to the religion of nature the stamp and sanction of divine authority, while it teaches it in its genuine simplicity, freed from those superstitions with which it was totally corrupted, and under which it was in a manner lost. In short, natural religion seems as much proved by the Scripture revelation, as if to prove it had been the only design of this revelation. The Law of Moses, and the Gospel of Christ, are in truth the authoritative publications of a religion of nature; and they afford a proof of God's general providence as moral governor of the world, as well as of the particular dispensations of his providence towards sinful creatures. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto our fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son."

The great doctrines of a future state, the danger of a course of wickedness, and the efficacy of repentance, are not only confirmed by the Gospel, but are there displayed with a degree of lustre to which the light of nature is but darkness. But in this does not consist the whole importance of Christianity, in respect to natural religion. By establishing a visible church, an instituted method of instruction, and an instituted form of external religion, it erected it on permanent foundations, to the unspeakable benefit of succeeding ages. Whatever objections may be raised



to all this, from the perversions which Christianity has undergone, and from the little influence which some may think it has had towards improving the condition of humanity ; such cannot be insisted upon as conclusive on any principles, but such as lead to downright Atheism ; because the manifestation of the law of nature by reason, which, upon all principles of Theism, must have been derived from God, has in the same manner been perverted and rendered ineffectual. Some of the writers against Christianity have accordingly pushed this specious kind of argument so far as to be betrayed by it into a desperate attack upon religion altogether. Thus the author of a book, entitled, "Christianity as old as the Creation," observes, that, "though we cry up the great advantage which we possess above other animals, as being capable of religion, yet do those animals, which we despise for the want of it, herd more sociably together ; while men, who cannot subsist but in society, make religion a pretence for being fierce and cruel in their conduct to each other." The writer forgets that we have reason, and many other distinguishing properties : would he wish us to give up these too, that we may herd sociably together, like other animals ? Why should be ascribed to religion, more than to reason, this our supposed inferiority in the social character ?

A writer of much greater penetration, as well as candour, and by whom the author of the foregoing sentiment has been expressly confuted, in a direct and admirable defence of our blessed religion against the licentious purpose of his writings, observes, that the question in this place is not, whether weak persons may not sometimes make a bad use of positive institutions, but whether such institutions do of themselves lead to such hurtful consequences ; not whe-

ther men may not, by perverting these institutions, become superstitious, but whether the right use of them does, in its own nature, tend to superstition.

Thus it appears that Christianity has promulged the religion of nature, and has promulged it with authority. It has, moreover, thrown upon it new light, as it were by reflection; it has reintroduced it with circumstances of peculiar advantage, and adapted it to the wants of mankind. It has connected it with a visible church, thereby bestowing upon it permanency, consistency, and solidity; and crowning it with the awful sanction of external institutions and solemnities.

But Christianity must be considered in a farther view, as offering to us truths not discoverable by reason, in respect to which distinct precepts are enjoined us. It contains a revelation of a particular dispensation of Providence, carried on by the mediation of his Son and Spirit, for the recovery and salvation of mankind, who are represented by Scripture to have been in a state of ruin. Now as by reason is revealed the relation in which God the Father stands towards us, and the obligations of duty springing from this relation; so in Scripture are revealed the relations in which we stand to the Son and the Holy Ghost, and the obligations of duty flowing from these relations. Revealed religion has therefore acquainted us with some certain relations in which we stand, which could not otherwise have been known.

Religion admits of a two-fold contemplation; we may view it either as INTERNAL, OR AS EXTERNAL. INTERNAL *natural* religion may be said to consist in religious regards to God the Father Almighty; INTERNAL *revealed* religion (as distinguished from natural), to consist in religious regards to the Son

and the Holy Ghost; and the obligation we are under of paying these religious regards to each of these Divine Persons respectively, arises from the several relations they stand in towards us. The precepts which concern these religious regards, are such as rest upon reasons which we plainly discern, and are therefore called *moral* precepts. EXTERNAL religion consists in the rites, solemnities, and institutions, enjoined us by divine authority. The precepts which respect these are *positive* precepts, and are built on reasons which we do not altogether comprehend. Thus MORAL duties arise out of the nature of the case itself, prior to external command. POSITIVE duties do not arise out of the nature of the case, but from *external* command; nor would they be duties at all, but for such command. From this difference between what is POSITIVE and what is MORAL in religion, arises the ground of that peculiar preference which the Scripture teaches us is due to the latter.

In making this distinction however, it should not be forgotten that the reason of positive institutions, in general, is very manifest, though we should not discern the reason why such particular institutions are ordained rather than others. Thus the EXTERNAL worship of God is a moral as well as a positive duty, since the reason for it appears; but this cannot be said of any particular mode of it. Now when the *moral* law and the positive institutions are opposed to each other, we should feel no difficulty in the preference we are to give; for the *moral* law has the sanction of revelation as well as the *positive* law, and is, moreover, WRITTEN IN OUR HEARTS. This comparison between them was made by our Lord himself, when the Pharisees censured his disciples for plucking the ears of corn on the sabbath-day. Unhappily, however, the infirmity of our natures inclines us,



when, upon a comparison of two things, one is found to be of greater importance than the other, to regard the other as scarcely of any importance at all.

Having thus far endeavoured to prove the obligation that lies upon us to explore with diligence and reverence the grounds and propositions of the system which is offered to us, and to show the several parts into which this system may be divided, with their relations to each other, and their relations to man; we will next consider what presumptions are natural to rise against Christianity considered as miraculous, putting its proofs and evidences out of the question. There is no appearance of a presumption, from the analogy of nature, against that great article of Christian faith, that God created, and invisibly governs, the world by Jesus Christ, and by him hereafter will judge it in righteousness, and that good men are under the secret influence of his Spirit. If the analogies of nature raise any presumption against the general scheme of Christianity, it must be either because it is not discoverable by reason and experience, or because it is unlike that course of nature which comes under our notice.

Now there is no presumption from analogy against the truth of it, because it is not discoverable by reason and experience; for, suppose a man totally uninformed respecting a revelation, but with an understanding highly improved, and acquainted with our whole system of natural philosophy and natural religion; such a one could not but be sensible that that part of it which is open to his view is but a point in comparison of the whole scheme of Providence, reaching throughout eternity, past and future,—in comparison of what is even now going on in remote parts of the boundless universe, nay, in comparison of the whole scheme of this world; and that there-

fore, if many things lie beyond the reach of our natural faculties, we have no reason from this circumstance to doubt of their reality in opposition to the strong reason on the affirmative side.

Neither can we ground a presumption against any thing contained in the general doctrine of Scripture, on its dissimilitude to the known course of nature.

In the constitution and natural government of the world, as well as in the moral government of it, we behold things in a great degree unlike in their condition to one another, and therefore ought not to wonder if such dissimilitude exist between things visible and invisible: yet it will be found on examination that the scheme of Christianity is by no means unlike the scheme of nature, without taking in the moral system of the world, and that the presumption against particular common facts, is beyond all comparison greater than the presumption against miracles in general, before any evidence of either. But if we take into the account the moral order of things, we see strong reasons for believing the existence of miracles in general, as a simple fact; and these give credibility to the supposition, that it might be part of the original plan of things, that there should be miraculous interpositions. Against the story of Cæsar, or any other man, there is a presumption of millions to one, till some kind of testimony comes to confirm it; for there is nothing in the events which lie before us, to make it either necessary or probable.

It must be remembered also that miracles, as single facts, are not properly compared with natural events of daily experience, but with those solitary, irregular, and august appearances, which lie buried long in the womb of time, and take whole ages to produce them: then will the comparison be between the presumption against miracles, and the presumption

against such phænomena as comets, or against the existence of any such powers in nature as magnetism and electricity, so contrary to the properties of other bodies wherein they do not reside.

I cannot help adding here a little illustration of the distinction, which so many have triumphed in confounding, between those things which are above the reach of our faculties, and such as are contrary to some principle or conclusion of right reason. That the sides of an hyperbola should be always approaching to each other, and yet never meet, though produced to infinity, is a proposition of unquestionable certainty in geometry; and yet the reason of man is unable to comprehend how it can be. But that a triangle should have parallel sides, is not only above reason, but directly contrary to it; it being impossible that a figure of three lines should have its sides parallel to each other.

We shall next consider our incapability of judging what were to be expected in a revelation, and the presumption from analogy that it must contain things appearing liable to objections. In this conduct of the argument, there is an order and arrangement that imparts to it both beauty and strength in a considerable degree. By attacking objections in a loose and disorderly manner, we may bear them down at first, and put them to a temporary rout; but there is always danger of their rallying again, and renewing the contest. The order of confutation in this question is as necessary as it is difficult to be observed; since we are under strong temptations to forestall and to digress in the course of an argument which spreads itself through such a variety of topics. The difficulty is, to observe an arrangement in the treatment of the subject, agreeable to that order, in which the objections opposed to it would naturally arise. He most

excels in the art of communicating knowledge, who can exert the same patience in detailing it, as he was forced to use in acquiring it; who can consent to retrace the process of his own investigations; and supposes the same course of inquiry in the mind of him he would instruct, as that which ended in convincing and satisfying himself.

To consult, therefore, the natural course of inquiry in answering the objections to the Christian system, let us suppose a man perfectly uninstructed. Such a one, before he would consent to admit a revelation, would look into the nature of things, to see if there appeared any grounds for concluding that there was any such thing as religion at all. After having seen and acknowledged the necessity for such a thing, and being put upon the consideration of the Christian scheme, before he would admit such a scheme, he would ask, "To what purpose is this system which you propose to me? where is it wanting? and what is its design?" This being shown to him, he would consider next the general aspect and character of this religion; he would attentively regard its external constitution, its stamp and its impressions, and examine if there was any thing on the first view which condemned it. Its miraculous establishment would be the question here. Being convinced on this point, he would naturally ask what the analogy of nature, and of that scheme of natural religion to which he had first been induced to give his assent, suggested on the subject? Let us try if this great question can be satisfactorily answered.

The objections to the Christian *scheme*, as distinguished from objections to its *evidence*, are generally such as these: Revelation is deficient; it contains many absurd propositions; it sometimes leads men into enthusiasm and superstition; it has been made



to serve the purposes of tyranny and wickedness ; it is moreover extended through but a contracted sphere ; its evidence is less convincing and satisfactory than it might have been.

It will serve as a general answer to this way of arguing, that, upon a supposition of a revelation, it were highly credible, beforehand, that we should be incompetent judges of it to a great degree, and also that it would contain many things appearing to us to be liable to objections, in case we were to judge otherwise than by the analogy of nature. If the natural and revealed dispensation of things be both from God, if they coincide with each other, and together make up one scheme of Providence, our being incompetent judges of the one, must make it credible that we may be incompetent judges of the other ; and since, upon experience, the acknowledged course and constitution of nature is found to be greatly different from what before experience would have been expected, it were reasonable to presume that the revealed dispensation likewise, judging of it as of the constitution of nature, would be very different from the expectations formed beforehand, and liable in appearance to great objections. We cannot comprehend the wisdom of God's ordinary administration : how then shall we be judges of the extraordinary ?

Reasoning thus, we come to perceive that the only question concerning the truth of Christianity, is, whether it be a real revelation, not whether it be attended with any circumstances we should not have looked for ; and whether the authority of Scripture be what it claims to be, not whether the Scripture itself be a book of such sort and so promulged as our weak understandings might have led us to expect.

With respect to the manner and the measure in

which revelation is communicated, we are very incompetent judges, since we are unable to say what supernatural instruction was to have been expected ; so, before experience, we should be incapable of pronouncing any thing in regard to the circumstances and degrees, and the whole manner of that instruction which is afforded by the ordinary course of nature. Were such a scheme as that of nature proposed to us, supposing no experience to have been had of it, we should probably be tempted to reject it as incredible, on account of the many seeming disproportions, limitations, and necessary conditions it contains. Would it not have been thought highly improbable that men should be so much more capable of discovering the general laws of matter, and the magnitudes, paths, and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, than the causes and cures of distempers, and many other objects in which human life seems to be so much more deeply interested ? How capricious and variable a thing is invention, by which nature instructs us in matters of the very highest importance to our comfort and security ! How inadequate, how ambiguous, how liable to abuse, is language, the only vehicle by which our thoughts, our desires, or knowledge, is communicated !

Thus it is plain, from the whole course and constitution of nature, that God does not dispense his gifts according to *our notion* of their advantage or importance.

But still an objection may be framed, on a supposition that it is incredible how an event of such signal importance to man should take place so late ; that it should then extend over so small a part of the world ; and that at best it should be involved in obscurities, and be liable to the same perversions and objections as the light of nature itself. Without determining



how far this may be admitted to be so, it is by no means incredible that it might be so if the light of nature and revelation be from the same hand. We are naturally liable to disease, for which God has provided natural remedies. But remedies existing in nature have remained unknown to mankind for several ages; are even at this day known but to few; probably many are not yet discovered; many, after absolute rejection, have been found extremely useful; many are very partial in their operations; many occasion dreadful disorders, if unskilfully applied. In a word, the remedies which nature provides are neither certain, perfect, nor universal.

To what do all these arguments tend? Not surely to prove that reason has no pretensions to judge of what is offered to us as being of divine revelation; we are not to conclude that we are incapable of judging of any thing, because we are incapable of judging of all things. It is the privilege of reason to judge of the evidence of revelation, and of the objections urged against that revelation. It may fairly judge of the morality of the Scripture, that is, not whether it contains things different from what we might have expected from a wise and good being; but whether it does actually, as it is offered to us, contain things contrary to wisdom, justice, or goodness—to what the light of nature teaches us of God.

N<sup>o</sup> 77. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

*Adhibita est ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum Philosophi assumunt, quæ rem dissolutam, divulsamque conglutinaret, et ratione quâdam constringeret.* CIC. de Orat.

A certain art is supplied from a foreign source, and claimed by the philosophers as belonging wholly to their province, which binds in a fast union, and under certain laws of arrangement, those loose principles which lie scattered through nature.

As I promised my readers something more on the subject of Taste, I shall dedicate this Number to the inquiry; and by taking up the question at a point still nearer its source, endeavour to throw upon it some fresh illustration. In the compass of my reading I have never met with any analysis of the human mind which has contented my curiosity on that subject; and this perpetual disappointment in my expectations from other men, has forced me upon considering for myself; and I shall here lay down the fruits of my own investigation.—Instead of inquiring what names have been invented to express the different properties of the soul, I shall begin with considering the nature of those properties themselves, and then refer them to the distribution already made, as far as the import of the terms invented agrees with the character and office I shall assign to each.

There is certainly a power in the mind of perceiving ideas, and the several relations which subsist

between them; and this power is separate and distinct in its nature. When ideas are perceived, together with the relation in which they stand to each other, they are correctly said to be sufficiently understood. Perception is, then, the operation of the *understanding*, which is a sort of speculum in the mind that represents the objects which are held before it. It has nothing to do with the will, and consequently cannot include judgement, which implies determination: therefore the logical distribution of it into apprehension, judgement, and discourse, is perfectly un-descriptive of what I mean by understanding. It is, I think, inconsistent in itself, as implicating those movements of the mind which belong to faculties of distinct natures; for as apprehension is an involuntary, and judgement a spontaneous attribute, there can be no reason for classing them under one denomination.

But to go back to the *understanding*— Perception, which is its sole operation, is either simple or complex; simple, when it regards the ideas themselves; and complex, when it extends to their relations: and this complex perception is either mediate or immediate; immediate, when, by a comparison of the two ideas themselves, their relations are perceived; and mediate, when, to discover these relations, a third idea is introduced. This complex perception, or the perception of the relations which are between ideas, is what we commonly call *knowledge*: but as this complex conception is either mediate or immediate, knowledge also admits of the same division, and is either immediate or mediate; or what is the same thing, either intuitive or demonstrative; either consisting of truths drawn from the relations between two ideas examined by themselves, or compared by the help of a third idea, or common measure.

This last kind of knowledge is what, in the schools, is called *science*. What we perceive by intuitive knowledge we call *principles*; what are perceived by demonstrative knowledge, take the name of *conclusions*. One of the great rewards of a future state, to which we may naturally raise our hopes, is a much higher degree of this intuitive knowledge; by which we may be enabled to discern clearly and at once those truths which, dimly seen through this veil of mortality, not only transcend our comprehensions, but seem impossible and contradictory to our blind natures.

That power of the mind which works with the understanding, and builds perception on perception in a certain succession and order, which ransacks the stores of the intellect for these third ideas, and acts itself under the controul of the will, is properly the *reason*, which has no separate place among the primary faculties of the mind, but is that energy which gives action to the whole, the principle in whose power of *spontaneous* improvement consists the point of distinction, the great intellectual barrier, between man and brute. Thus, *reason* I conceive to be an operation of the mind in which the understanding and the will are conjointly concerned, as exercising a voluntary attention about the ideas, and proposing them in a kind of order to the understanding, thereby to assist its perceptions, and facilitate its progress. But *reason* must have some repository from which she draws her materials; and here the inquiry leads to the *memory* and the *imagination*. Now *memory* and *imagination* have so far a common office, that they are both occupied in providing ideas, that is, the matter of the intellect, but ideas of a different order.

Mr. Locke calls the memory a storehouse of ideas, in which those which have already been excited in



the mind are deposited, and lodged for future occasions. By its aid the understanding can perceive the ideas preserved in it afresh, with the additional perception that it has perceived them before, and without the aid of those sensible qualities which originally excited them. We must observe, that *memory* is the repository of particular ideas; of ideas which, when revived, always refer you to some sensible object by which they were first produced; and this definition enables us to distinguish it accurately from the *imagination*, which is that faculty which affords us a view of certain ideas, or relics of sensation reposed within us, without any reflection upon the particular objects which first excited them. It follows, that the ideas supplied by the *imagination* are of a more general sort than those which lie in the *memory*, and are therefore the noblest materials for thinking, and furnish in greatest abundance those middle ideas or proofs which reason adopts in its progressive operations.

But however humble may appear the rank assigned to memory in the order of the faculties, yet it is as consequential a prop to the fabric of the intellect as any on which it leans; for, as ideas cannot be supplied to the imagination immediately by the senses, they must first have place in the *memory*; and here all those complex ideas, exhibited by the imagination, must have existed in their simple elemental state: besides which, the *memory* is of necessary importance to the intellect in its internal and domestic operations; by treasuring up the complex conceptions of the understanding, it provides the grounds and data for further conclusions; and thus we see that reason could no more dispense with its services than the imagination.

Each of these primary faculties of the mind has

an active as well as passive nature ; they have a kind of reflective energy, by which they act upon themselves when the stress of the intellect is turned towards them, or when the *will*, which is the great mysterious mover of all, bends towards them the attention of the mind. The active power of the memory is what we call *recollection*. The imagination, when particularly called upon, manifests her gift of *invention*. The vigorous efforts of the understanding are expressed by the word *penetration*.

I know of no more primary faculties of the mind than those which I have enumerated ; though their various combinations and modifications have given rise to a multitude of complex terms, which are useful to the purposes of ordinary conversation, and the business of life, but which, to philosophical views of the subject, have brought some perplexity and confusion. The outline of what has here been said may be brought within the compass of a very few sentences. *Ideas* are the matter, the *supellectile* of the mind ; and these are received through the *senses*, retained and revived by the *memory* and *recollection*, compounded by the *imagination*, laid out and proposed by the *reason*, perceived with all their relations by the *understanding*.

When I speak of confusion in the popular descriptions of the intellect, I do not except the great Mr. Locke, who, after talking about perception, judgement, discernment, comparison, composition, and abstraction, as simple original faculties of the mind, by his definition of reason makes it to combine them all, and even bestows upon it the office of the imagination itself. He resolves it into two powers, sagacity and illation ; and ascribes to it four different duties :—“ The first and highest degree of reason,” he says, “ is the discovering and finding out of



proofs; the second, the methodical disposition of them, and laying them in order, to make their connection easily perceived; the third is the perceiving their connection; and the fourth, the making a right conclusion."

For the rest I refer my readers to the seventeenth chapter of the fourth book of his Essay. Here are the operations of three distinct faculties jumbled together; a confusion arising from a vague use of words, and a neglect of the distinction between the primary and unmixed, and the secondary and mixed, powers of the mind. Nothing can be more necessary, in an analysis of the intellect, than to forbear the use of terms till they have been explained and classed under their proper heads; and such offices of the brain as are of a complicated nature, as are only modifications of intellect, or the result of particular combinations, should never be mentioned but with reference to those primary original faculties to which they partly or wholly belong.

Of this class of secondary powers is that operation of the mind which we express by the word *judgement*. Now it appears to me, that the general idea conveyed by the word implies, on the part of reason, a vigorous execution of its office, joined to a clear and quick perception in the understanding. The imagination has no share in producing judgement, any more than the memory, though they both are concerned in supplying the matter on which the judgement is to be exercised: indeed, so far is it from any close connection with the judgement, that oftentimes its exuberance, by rendering the charge of arranging and selecting too heavy for reason, destroys the proper equilibrium of the mind, and consequently confounds the judgement in the general disorder it produces. Thus the judgement is no primary faculty of

the mind, but the joint production of the reason and the understanding.

There is no complex operation of the mind which borrows so equally and so largely from all the powers of the intellect, as taste. By taste, I mean general taste; for there is a kind of particular taste, which is in a great degree mechanical, and is the forced result of use and imitation. General taste requires the general structure of the intellect to be strong, and such a balance of its powers as enables them to act in concert, to assist and to chastise each other, and, by the closeness of their union, to form a barrier against its perpetual enemies, prejudice, passion, and false association. It does not spring forth, like Pallas, in a sudden heat of the brain; but, like Pandora, it is the slow production of various cooperating powers, that lend their separate assistances to render her perfect. To that amplitude of taste which stretches over every province of human contemplation, this equipoise of the intellectual faculties is immediately necessary; and a partial and bigotted taste, where its roots are spreading, and deep in the character, is always traceable to some internal disproportion in the constitution of the mind.

I shall now consider how these original faculties, which I have been endeavouring to develope, are called into play in the various operations and qualities of taste: for, though in every feature of it the collateral and mediate influence of each of our intellectual faculties is discernible, yet there are some which take their more immediate character and expression from the particular agency of particular powers. To begin with the *imagination*, which, as the origin of all our complex conceptions, as the great purveyor to the soul, seems to claim a natural

precedency—The particular power with which the imagination is endued, of combining parts into a whole, by its rapidity in running through their relations, gives it a mighty influence in matters of taste; and this power is, in truth, the origin of all our complex conceptions. It is by the exercise of this prerogative that it bestows unity on number, and combines into one distinct image things which strike the senses separately. And here we discern the particular reason why a great strength of fancy interferes with philosophy, whose chief business lies in a contrary direction, and consists in separating what are apparently combined. In the same particular power also we recognise its connection with genius; for invention, which is the principal organ of genius, is nothing more than great activity and readiness in the imagination to summon all the relations and associations which belong to an idea.

It is a pleasing and interesting task thus to trace back all our derived and compounded powers to their simple and primary sources. The investigation discloses to us the agency of that spirit in which all the operations of nature are conducted; by which great varieties and great results are made to flow from a few simple causes, and which, by their various combinations and reciprocities, produce an endless diversity of modified effects. Taste, which is one of these modified results, though complex in its principles, is simple in its feeling; thus two colours unite to produce a third entirely distinct from them both. In as much as it is independent of volition, it approaches to the nature of a sense; for being once established in the mind, it cannot help operating when an object is presented to it, any more than the ear can avoid hearing sounds, if its auditory passage be unobstructed: thus

distinct is taste from the imagination, or from any other of the simple powers of the intellect, although it be an emanation from them all.

It must be owned, however, that something of material organization enters into its composition and character, since that delicacy and sensibility of mind, so necessary to its perfection, though springing in great part from a particular exercise and bias of the original faculties, is yet assisted greatly by a certain condition of the external senses, and a certain frame of the bodily organs.

But although taste borrows so freely from all the properties of our nature, there is no one to which it is so largely indebted, as to the imagination, as hence seems to be derived the food on which its infancy is nourished.

The ideas which are lodged in the mind are continually loosening from the sensible objects to which they are at first attached, till at length they slip out of the memory into the imagination, where, indeed, they have lost their original fastenings, but are furnished with new ties by that great associating power which belongs to it, supplied with new parts and proportions, shaped into an endless variety of forms, and compounded with a thousand new particulars, yet under certain general laws of affinity and connection. This mighty principle of *association*, the winged minister of the imagination, is at the bottom of almost all our sentiments of the sublime and the beautiful; but this is plainly an inquiry into which we cannot now proceed. As I have talked, however, about false associations, I shall just add in explanation, that those are false associations which a distempered and distorted fancy produces, or which are of so particular, confined, and accidental a nature, as to raise



sentiments in the mind that are not correspondent to the general feeling.

From this short account of the imagination, its influence on taste is sufficiently clear; it must be sufficiently clear that all the principles of its relish, its very palate, is furnished to it from this laboratory of the mind. Let us now consider what memory contributes towards the formation and promotion of taste.

Memory, as it has already been observed, though subordinate in rank, is prior in its operation to the fancy. Though it is plainly necessary to the very existence of the imagination, yet a great weakness of the one is perfectly consistent with a high degree of excellence in the other; for in certain intellects the connections between ideas and their sensible objects are speedily dissolved, and consequently the travelling is expeditious and frequent in the road that conducts from the memory to the fancy. The particular assistance which memory lends to the operations of taste, consists chiefly in the materials of comparison with which she loads herself, to furnish out documents in aid of its particular decisions, and thereby to corroborate its practical exertions.

Unless the authentic models of excellence hold a sort of dominion in our minds, unless an habitual though silent reference be made in our thoughts to some great controuling specimens of genius, our study will be of a devious and desultory kind, and there will be wanting that sort of influence in our minds which is necessary to point our reasonings, and give consistency to our feelings. Without this mental tenacity, it is in vain that we are perpetually conversant with models, and with men of taste; it is in vain that we move in the atmosphere of wits and of



schools ; we bring away nothing that can remain sufficiently long by us to fortify our system with its nutritive virtues. There is, besides, a negative task of the intellect, which consists in the rejection of ideas that have been used, and subjects that have been exhausted ; a task which implies an extensive acquaintance with the practice of literature, and the remembrance of every spot of preoccupied ground in the territory of genius.

So much for the memory. The reason and the understanding, as well as their joint production, the judgement, are more intimately interwoven with all the operations of taste ; but their principal and peculiar services consist in correcting the reports of the senses, in simplifying and purifying our sentiments, and in supplying a standard from the average of our decisions, and from our observations of the general and genuine feelings of mankind, by which our enthusiasm may be restrained, and on which our liberties may be defined. As to produce arrangement and order in our ideas, is the characteristic property of *reason* ; so in exercising this faculty in the province of taste, we gather and condense all the ideas that are constituent of real excellence ; and *judgement* in taste is nothing but a quicker execution of this office, resulting from practice, and a skill in applying to this mental standard, mentioned above, the objects which lie in our paths ; so that we may now perceive whence arises that "certain art which," as Cicero says, "is supplied from a foreign source, and claimed by philosophers as wholly belonging to their province ; and which binds in a fast union, and under certain laws of arrangement, those loose principles which lie scattered through nature." By following, and not forestalling, the feelings and sensations,

judgement corrects our decisions, without repressing our ardours: the laws which it inscribes in the tablets of our minds, are of a generous and noble character; and, like those legal restraints imposed upon the press by our country's constitution, which leave it open for every humour to vent itself, while they reserve a power of subsequent cognisance, so it is not till after our first feelings have pronounced, and sufficient play has been given to the energies of our minds, that judgement interposes with its restraints and penalties, and demands an account of our motives and our meanings.

I am sorry to be obliged to draw towards a conclusion; yet I shall feel content, if what has been said can serve at all to convince my readers, that, by a right analysis of the human mind, they may come at a system of rules which will exactly coincide with the genuine unperverted sentiments of mankind: that this system of rules is a practical standard of taste, easy in its application, and generous in its restrictions: that the general approbation of a particular conjuncture is not a standard of taste, though the true standard be founded on general approbation, that is, on an observation of what has at all times been pleasing or displeasing to our uncorrupted feelings: that this standard results from a consideration of the general qualities of objects, and not of the particular accidental sensations which objects produce: that it enables us, not only to determine what is excellent, but the degrees of excellence: that it enables us to determine what are the channels through which different objects convey pleasure to the mind; if the same, in what degree; if different, which is the most dignified: that it enables us to take in all the causes which produce pleasure, and

prevents our mistaking between those which are essential and those which are contributive : that, where there are saving and commendable parts of a work, from this view which it gives us of all the qualities of excellence, it prevents our pronouncing a general condemnation ; a common fault of vulgar critics, who build on one merit, to the ruin of every other ; and the source of that beggarly sentence pronounced by Voltaire on our immortal Shakespeare.

N<sup>o</sup> 78. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

Ἄ γὰρ αὐτὰ λυπηρῶς ὄρωμεν, τούτων τὰς εἰκόνας τὰς  
μαλίστα ηκριβωμένας, χαιρομεν θεωροῦντες.

ΑΡΙΣΤ. ΠΕΡΙ ΠΟΙΗΤ. ΚΕΦ. Δ.

We are delighted with accurate imitations even of those originals which give us pain in the contemplation.

THE other night, the conversation at the club turned principally upon the different styles of composition which the fashionable writers of the present moment have adopted with most success. A gentleman present, who is a little too loud against modern literature, but who supports his opinions with a great deal of sound and judicious reasoning on the subject, sent me, the next morning, two very ludicrous specimens, in imitation of a favourite historian and a favourite biographer; and as they are both by the same hand, I have copied them both for my paper of to-day.

*Specimen of an intended History of England, by the Author of a History of the Decline of the Roman Empire, representing the Life of the illustrious Son of Waldron.*

“ Now went forth the spirit of plunder. The gigantic forms of depredation, which at this time sub-

jected the persons and pockets of the metropolis to the hands and hangers of the marauder, naturally rivets our attention to the exploits of the son of Henry Waldron, in whom, under the wily *alias* of George Barrington, I darkly contemplate the father of that species of clandestine rapine which disjoins the inconveniencies of robbery from its terrors, and consists in the insinuation of the finger or the hook into our personal coffers, and recovering them triumphant with the spoils of the insensible benefactor. This furtive assessment upon property does not, on a first view, appear worthy of the transcendant abilities of the freebooter of Kildare: but whatever underwent the touch of Midas became gold; and the transmuting intellect of Barrington invested with system and with science an art which had hitherto been regarded, by the more learned and more adventurous in the schools of Mercury, with contemptuous indifference, and was by them consigned to the noviciates of the lawless fraternity. Darting a keener glance into the occupation which was at once to dignify and to degrade his future day, this plunderer of the West was probably fired by those very discouragements which would have depressed a less towering altitude of genius; and discerned, through the shades of ignominy, a harvest of glory, in a proportion inverse to the fertility of the soil in which it was to be reared.

“ Armed with such confidence and such ambition, now walked forth the adventurer of Ireland, sealing his ears to the syren solicitations of more honourable employs, and spurning with unhallowed contempt the proffered patronage of the pontiff of Leixlip, and the hope of histrionic eminence with which a successful appearance in the part of Jaffier had saluted his dawn. The metropolis of Hibernia was the scene of



his predatory exploits no longer than till the maturity of habit had succeeded to the crudities of unpractised timidity. The ripeness of his art co-operating with a few instances of detection, sent him, fraught with presages of victory, against the capital of Albion; and the year 1773 will be connected, through the lapse of ages, with the first appearance of the Son of Waldron on the shores of Britain. The giant capacities of genius are awake at those hours and in those situations wherein minds of a plebeian mould resign themselves to the torpors of slumber; and the tedious interval which was passed in the Dorset Yacht was made conducive to the promotion of his future hopes, by laying the faithless foundation of a felonious friendship with one of the co-partners of his voyage.

“ A tale of wealth and ancestry was fabricated by our child of fortune, for the purpose of lulling suspicion into security, and conciliating doubt into confidence. The latter of these pretensions was of a nature sufficiently unsubstantial to elude the fear of detection; but as the former was to be corroborated by external evidences, and as a solitary score of guineas was the only basis on which it could, at this early epoch of his life, be erected, it became necessary to make an instantaneous appeal to his mighty abilities. His first successes held the world in awe; England trembled at the name of Barrington; and the march of the hero of Hibernia was every where marked with personal depredations. From the winter solstice to the equinox of spring, he prosecuted a series of exploits unequalled in craft and ingenuity among the sons of Adam. The walls of Ranelagh were the scene of his maiden claims upon the involuntary contributions of the public; and in the transient revolution of a single evening a Knight of the

Bath, nine Peers of the Realm, and five others of the brightest luminaries in the globe of fashion, were reduced, by the fingers of the Son of Waldron, to the necessity of inquiring the hour of the night from those of their friends in whose fobs he had still left the sources of information.

“ The magic of the fœnatorial rod was not wanting for the purposes of converting his watches into wealth ; and his intimacy with his fellow-voyager of the Dorset Yacht was supported with the glittering robberies of Ranelagh. But the gratitude of the depredator of Hibernia walked forth with unequal pace by the side of his emoluments. The friend of the Dorset Yacht, and the friends of this friend, and every collateral relative, were laid under contribution to the unasking necessities of the pupil of Mercury. At their nocturnal meetings, he silently contemplated his gains amid the unsuspecting joys of Bacchus ; and promoted a full flow of hilarity, not as an aid to wit, or as an antidote to care, but as a soporific to suspicion, that his hand might find a facile entrance into those favourite haunts of his divinity, the pocket and the fob.

“ But these subaltern modes of chicane, however they might relieve his necessities, or supply his prodigality, could by no means saturate his ambition. He was an eagle, that aspired rather to the perilous glory of a victory over the vulture, than to the safe luxury of a meal upon the dove ; and the court of the British potentate was to be the scene of his proudest achievements in this field of adventure. The ecclesiastical habit, not now assumed for the first time as a skreen to the plots of the plunderer, furnished him with a passport to the presence of majesty ; and a lord of the council unconsciously resigned to the felonious hand of the Hibernian the glittering ensign of

his order. Nor was a less sum than 80*l.*, which was delivered in exchange for the trophy of St. James's, the reward of that audacity and adroitness, of which the detection would have tragically terminated in the prison and the halter.

“ But the wide and still widening limits of the British peerage were not commensurate to the reach of his predatory ambition; and prince Orlow, of whom the empress had testified her estimation by the gift of a snuff-box of inestimable price, could not long retain this splendid pledge of imperial predilection within the domain of this triumphant arch-plunderer; and the queen of the Russias had nearly paid a tribute to the prince of pick-pockets, through the reluctant medium of the hyperborean peer.

“ But Fortune, who does not always crown with success the enterprises of the warrior, or the benevolences of the saint, may well be imagined to counter-mine the snares of the felon; and the favourite of Catherine, by a seasonable detection of the transfer, recovered the power of dazzling English eyes with the munificence of his queen. On his day of trial, the subtlety of his defence, and the lenity of Orlow, procured his escape from the penal consequences of his boldness. But the notoriety both of the attempt and its discovery, so closely rivetted on him the scrutiny of the public, that for one year and nine days he sequestered himself from the unhallowed haunts of plunder; and, subsisting on the fruits of former spoils, beguiled the *interregnum* of dishonesty by resuming that attention to literary amusements which he had successfully cultivated, ere the lust of larceny had swallowed up the calmer pleasures of the pen and the page. But the influence of the *belles lettres* was shed in vain on his licentious nature; and the opportunity of appropriating the contents of his

landlord's till, was found too powerful for the sense either of safety or compunction.

“ The dykes of a stream once removed, its course is not easily recalled within its pristine bounds ; and he now returned, with appetite proportioned to the length of his fast, to the practices of manual conveyance. But he had wearied the liberality of Fortune ; and the clandestine capture of a silver time-piece, sent the Son of Waldron to one of those scenes of compulsory labour, where, in the disposal of his time, neither the choice nor the genius of the labourer is consulted. Now walked forth to the Hulks of Woolwich the adventurer of Ireland ; and the spade and the mattock were the rugged implements that now filled that hand which had hitherto revelled in the soft and easy labour of soliciting the watch, and diving into the rich recesses of the pocket.

“ The humanity of the superintendant of the convicts, in concurrence with the sedulous activity of the degraded minister of secret rapine, abridged the term of his confinement, which, from three years, was reduced to one third of the original number ; at the expiration whereof, he was once again let loose upon society, notorious in his person, enfeebled in his frame, and discarded from his creditable connections : yet was he not the more reduced in spirits, or less determined to prosecute anew his career of depredation. But frequent detection will engender caution, though it conquer not our resolution ; and, although he abated not the frequency, he redoubled the secrecy, and refined upon the subtlety of his thefts. Of the latter quality, an instance may be adduced, for which we shall in vain seek a parallel in the annals of readiness and ingenuity.

“ As he was one day prowling for his prey in the ways of the metropolis, his eye encountered a dis-



tant multitude, to which, as to the field of victory, he triumphantly advanced. Urging his passage through the press, he dimly discovered in the centre a gentleman who had dropped in sudden death. He sprung forwards with agonised impatience, gazed with affected horror on the pallid visage of the apoplectic victim, and ‘Great God! my Uncle! my Uncle!’ was the bursting exclamation which drew on him the wonder and compassion of the surrounding throng. ‘In the name of mercy,’ continued the hypocrite of Kildare, ‘in the name of mercy, procure me a hackney or other conveyance, that I may bear away and honour with the last gloomy offices of unperishing affection the remains of the brother of my father.’ His urgent entreaties were humanely complied with, and the dead and the living entered at once into the chariot, while to the charioteer the latter of the two, with faltering accents, notified the place of his melancholy destination.

“We have already seen that to the collector of Ireland a voyage or a journey was not, as to others, an interval of relaxation: the precious moments were now devoted to the lucrative labour of stripping from the carcass of his silent Uncle his now needless appurtenances: and the handkerchief of the defunct was made the receiver of the personal property of the abrupt expirer. Scarce completed was the spoliation, ere the chariot and the charioteer arrived at the gates of a surgeon, to which he had clandestinely directed the son of Jehu. A purloiner of the ordinary rate of ability would have remained exultingly content with having thus far succeeded in his mighty machinations. But not in these imperfect depredations do I recognise the Son of Waldron. It was reserved for the pickpocket of Ireland, after having feigned the ties of affinity with an unknown



carcass, and forced from it an illegal inheritance, to round this master-stroke of chicane, by consigning the body, for a stipulated purchase, to the blade of the anatomist.

“ But the most brilliant successes of the felon only lead to a confidence that terminates in discovery ; and the plain of Enfield was destined perhaps to be the last scene of his violations of property upon English ground. A palpable detection of his hand in the act of invading the fob of an English commoner, occasioned primarily his seizure, and finally his conviction. As his spirit never sunk with his circumstances, he incurred not the sentence of transportation without vigorous efforts for its prevention ; and as eloquence was not less eminently his talent than manual dexterity, he neglected not, when summoned to his defence, to appeal to the passions of the jury and his auditors. Eloquence, the substitute of honesty, decks itself in its robes of purity, only to consummate its impositions ; and Barrington imagined, by his rhetorical efforts, to hoodwink with a new bandage the eye of justice. But his oratory was turned against itself ; and he forgot, in this hour of affliction, that he was provoking still further the clamours of an indignant public, by evincing the possession of those powers, a more *politic* direction of which might have transplanted him from the bar of the culprit to the bench of the bishop.

“ The recorder of England’s capital, whose sombrous lips were the vehicle of his sentence, omitted not to impress on the mind of the offender this deep aggravation of his criminality ; and a rumour went forth, that the tears of the penitent pickpocket of Kildare were wiped with a cambric trophy of former achievements. At this hour I mentally descry him in the Bay of Botany, either realising the professions

of contrition which he held forth in his defence, and a saint among his fallen associates, or employing the interval of his septennial exile in devising new forms of fraud, new artifices of concealment, or new immunities from justice.

“ Thus in one dark day was crumbled into dust the grandeur of the hero of Hibernia ; and as he moved along, melancholy and slow, the hall of justice, there ran along the dome a collective sigh, that stole from the bosoms of maids, and wives, and widows—a desponding host—while it was the common consent of all who assisted at the spectacle, that the sorrowing Son of Waldron had more the appearance of an emissary sent forth on the pious errand of propagating the Gospel, or a new bishop on his way to the sacerdotal throne, with the prelatical *Nolo* in his mouth, than the culprit of Kildare, transported by the recorder of the capital of Albion to the realm of rogues in the Southern Main.”

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I proposed to accompany this specimen of modern historiography with another in the same spirit, that might serve to represent the perfection of modern biography ; but not having sufficient room for its insertion, I must reserve it for my next paper. In the mean time, I cannot help expressing a wish that the language of my country were reduced, by certain decorous regulations, to a more consistent use and application. There is as much propriety in clothing a subject, as in dressing our persons ; and to enter a grave assembly with a hunting whip and boots, is scarcely more irregular than to write the history of an emperor with the language of an auctioneer. Not less absurd is it to mistake a studied formality of ex-

pression, for a real dignity of style : in proportion as nature is sublimer than art, so is that genuine greatness which is the result of an unaffected and appropriate language, above the reach of a tumid phraseology.

The observation is as true of poetry as of prose ; and whoever will take the pains to examine the single words of which some of the grandest passages of our great Milton are composed, will find that they are chiefly contained in the vocabulary of common life, and are taken, as it were, warm and breathing, from the daily intercourse of society, and the agitated commerce of busy scenes. By skilful combinations, and the charms of his rhythm, he has bestowed on these words an inconceivable force in their new situations ; and it is easy to point out a multitude of places in the *Paradise Lost*, where the simple word *bad* appears with an unexpected lustre, and is really the most dignified and important in the line. I think my poetical readers will allow that what follows is some proof of the truth of this remark.

“ So numberless were those *bad* angels seen.” i. 344.

“ Satan exalted sat, by merit rais’d  
To that *bad* eminence.” ii. 6.

“ So spake the false archangel, and infus’d  
*Bad* influence into the unwary breast.” v. 695.

“ So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos’d  
In serpent, inmate *bad*. ix. 495.

“ In recompence (for such compliance *bad*  
Such recompence best merits).” ix. 995.

“ I told you then he should prevail, and speed  
On his *bad* errand.” x. 41.

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“ Though divided  
With that *bad* woman.” x. 837.

I shall conclude for to-day with two lines of Per-  
sius, which I shall apply to my own particular case,  
and which must serve for answer to those of my  
readers who may wish for a little more of modern  
point and antithesis, of flourish and of fustian, in  
this my unambitious undertaking :

“ Non equidem hoc studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.”

N<sup>o</sup> 79. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16.*Assem para, et accipe auream fabulam.*

PLIN. Epist.

A true and particular account of the life, character, and behaviour of, &c.

My readers are here presented, according to my promise, with a specimen of modern BIOGRAPHY.

*Sheet omitted in B——'s Life of JOHNSON.*

“ April the 20th, I dined with him at sir J. R——'s. I regret that I have preserved but few minutes of his conversation on that day, though he was less talkative, and fuller of capriciousness and contradictions than usual; as the following dialogue may show—whilst at the same time it proves that there is no question so entirely barren of matter or argument, which could not furnish him an occasion of displaying the powers of his mighty mind. We talked of public places; and one gentleman spoke warmly in praise of Sadler's Wells. Mr. C——, who had been so unfortunate as to displease Dr. Johnson, and wished to reinstate himself in his good opinion, thought he could not do it more effectually than by decrying such light amusements as those of tumbling and rope-dancing: in particular, he asserted that ‘a rope-dancer was in his opinion the most despicable of human beings.’ Johnson (awfully rolling himself as



he prepared to speak, and bursting out into a thundering tone), ‘ Sir, you might as well say that St. Paul was the most despicable of human beings. Let us beware how we petulantly and ignorantly traduce a character which puts all other characters to shame. Sir, a rope-dancer concentrates in himself all the cardinal virtues.’

“ Well as I was by this time acquainted with the sophistical talents of my illustrious friend, and often as I had listened to him in wonder, while he ‘ made the worse appear the better reason,’ I could not but suppose that, for once, he had been betrayed by his violence into an assertion which he could not support. Urged by my curiosity, and perhaps rather wickedly desirous of leading him into a contest, I ventured, leaning briskly towards him across my friend the duke of ——’s chair, to say, in a sportive familiar manner, which he sometimes indulgently permitted me to use; ‘ Indeed, Dr. Johnson! did I hear you right? a rope-dancer concentrate in himself all the cardinal virtues!’ The answer was ready.—Johnson. ‘ Why, yes, sir; deny it who dare. I say, in a rope-dancer there is Temperance, and Faith, and Hope, and Charity, and Justice, and Prudence, and Fortitude.’ Still I was not satisfied; and was desirous to hear his proofs at full length.—Boswell. ‘ Why to be sure, sir, Fortitude I can easily conceive.’—Johnson (interrupting me). ‘ Sir, if you cannot conceive the rest, it is to no purpose that you conceive the seventh. But to those who cannot comprehend, it is necessary to explain. Why then, sir, we will begin with Temperance. Sir, if the joys of the bottle entice him one inch beyond the line of sobriety, his life or his limbs must pay the forfeit of his excess. Then, sir, there is Faith. Without unshaken confidence in his own powers, and full assu-

rance that the rope is firm, his temperance will be of but little advantage : the unsteadiness of his nerves would soon prove as fatal as the intoxication of his brain. Next, sir, we have Hope. A dance so dangerous, who ever exhibited, unless lured by the hope of fortune or of fame? Charity next follows: and what instance of charity shall be opposed to that of him, who, in the hope of administering to the gratification of others, braves the hiss of multitudes, and derides the dread of death? Then, sir, what man will withhold from the funambulist the praise of Justice, who considers his inflexible *uprightness*, and that he holds his *balance* with so steady a hand, as never to incline, in the minutest degree, to one side or the other? Nor, in the next place, is his Prudence more disputable than his Justice. He has chosen, indeed, a perilous accomplishment; but, while it is remembered that he is temerarious in the maturity of his art, let it not be forgotten that he was cautious in its commencement; and that, while he was yet in the rudiments of rope-dancing, he might securely fail in his footing, while his instructors stood ready on either side to prevent or to alleviate his fall. Lastly, sir, those who from dullness or obduracy shall refuse to the rope-dancer the applauses due to Temperance, Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, and Prudence, will yet scarcely be so desperate in falsehood or in folly, as to deny him the laurels of Fortitude. He that is content to vacillate on a cord, while his fellow-mortals tread securely on the broad basis of *terra firma*; who performs the jocund evolutions of the dance on a superficies, compared to which, the verge of a precipice is a stable station; may rightfully snatch the wreath from the conqueror and the martyr; may boast that he exposes himself to hazards, from which he might fly to the cannon's

mouth as to a refuge or a relaxation! Sir, let us now be told no more of the infamy of the rope-dancer.'—When he had ended, I could not help whispering sir J. B. Boswell, 'How wonderfully does our friend extricate himself out of difficulties! He is like quicksilver: try to grasp him in your hand, and he makes his escape between every finger.' This image I afterwards ventured to mention to our great Moralist and Lexicographer, saying, 'May not I flatter myself, sir, that it was a passable metaphor?'—Johnson. 'Why, yes, sir.' "

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I don't know that I can fill up my sheet better than by laying the following curious letters before the public.

*Jurare in verba magistri.*---

-----To swear by rule.-----

“ *To Doctor Olive-branch.*

“ Dear parson,

“ Curse me, old boy, if I don't like your papers confoundedly, and think them almost as good a lounge as the Jockey-Club, or the Carlton-house Magazine. As you pass for a devilish moral fellow, and all that, I wish you would give us a d—ned spunky paper against the vulgar sons of —— who take upon them to use the oaths of us fellows of fashion. It is a cursed thing (now is it not?) that we can't keep a new execration among us for a week, before it gets into the d—ned throats of the *canaille*. Judge for yourself:—I heard my hosier's shop-boy utter a curse yesterday, which cost me and my valet three days in composing, and which was as good as

new, I never having sported it above six times, and that only in the very best and most select company. Do, dear doctor, tell these — how d—ned immoral this is. Think of some method to prevent it, and you'll oblige the whole world of fashion, amongst whom is,

“ Yours infernally,  
“ CROSS CURRICLE.

“ P. S. Excuse errors. D--mn me if I have written so much at one sitting since I left Eton.”

To save the reader the trouble of deciphering, I have in many places corrected for him the orthography of the following epistle.

“ *To the Rev. Dr. Simon Olive-branch.*

“ Honored doctor,

“ I lives as coachman at squire Wealthy's in Yorkshire. Master takes in your papers, but we always has 'um first in the sarvants' hall. As I reads to the rest, they all desires me to send their complaints to you in the lump, hoping as you will try your hand at the curing an 'um. Last week, a nephew of master's, one of your fine men of London, comed here wisiting. To be sure he drove into the court-yard, four in hand, quite natural, and as if he had been a coachman born; but when he got out of his phaeton, I could not for the life an me help laughing at im: his hair was cropt like little John's the postillion; he had on a little cote, that reached but half way down his thighs, made as broad behind as old Moses Modus's, the parish school-master, and the cape dangling down his back, as if he had been half asleep when he was dressing.—Since he came



here, he has put the whole house into a stagnation. Nan was in a fine quandary about the pudden thing as 'um wears to pin their caps to: at last 'twas found in one of the young gemman's sarvants' neck-cloths; and he himself, the other day, cut the curate's walking-cane into four pieces for his own use, and generally carries one an 'um about in his pocket. He takes great plesure in seting us sarvants by the eers, and but yesterday he made two boys, helpers of mine, *set-to*, as he called it, till one was blinded, and the other lost three fore-teeth and a grinder. Bob the footman says he herd im say at table afterwards, that he never seed fellows make themselves up better, that hadn't had no sience; that they stood-to for a dozen rounds before ither would give in; and that they fought till little John got both his eyes closed.

“ Would you think it, doctor, this gemman has cotched all our oaths as well as our other fashons. Till he comed amongst us, none of the family, except the men-sarvants, ever so much as thought of swaring; but he has our *damns* and *blasts* as glib and as natural as us who knows no better—which I thinks is a burning shame: and I fancies to myself that my horses have grown rusty since they have herd as other people can curse them as well as Ben Crump. So pray, doctor, tell us, has not freeborn Englishmen a right to their own oaths as well as to books of their own making? and does the law give a gemman any right to curse and sware like a sarvant?

“ From yours, Rev. Doctor, to command,

“ BEN CRUMP.

“ P. S. The scullion wants to know if he mayn't sware upon his honner, if gemmen takes to b—sting of eyes?”



While these letters lay on my table, my friend the Projector happened to enter my apartment. I put them into his hands, in the hope that they might start some useful speculation in his mind. No sooner had he cast his eye over them, than, seizing his hat and cane, he hastened out, telling me, as he shut the door, that I should hear from him. Accordingly, the next morning the following paper was brought me.

“ My dear friend,

“ The casual visit which I paid you yesterday, has been the means of relieving me from much perplexity. For some time past, my thoughts have been much employed in search of an effectual method to supply that deficiency which the public revenue must feel, whenever the proposed and much-wished-for abolition of lotteries shall take place. I must own, however, that nothing feasible presented itself, until the letters of your correspondents suggested a plan, of which I hasten to give you the outlines. Should it meet your approbation, and be favourably received by your readers, I shall be encouraged to offer it, in a more systematic form, and on a larger scale, to the consideration of the minister, previous to the opening of the budget in next session of parliament.

“ In the first place then, I would humbly recommend it to the Legislature, to make a public declaration, ‘ That all oaths and curses within these realms, are the property of the nation.’ This being assented to, as it must be, it follows that the nation, by its representatives, has a right to dispose of them. I know that cursing and swearing is already prohibited by law, and fines imposed on those who transgress; but, as such laws are much too illiberally

constructed for these polite and enlightened times, the sooner they are repealed the better, especially as they are very seldom enforced, and not even generally known.

“ But where vices cannot be entirely restrained, a wise politician will endeavour to make them subservient to the public benefit. On this principle, I propose to admit every body to the free use of oaths, who will take out a licence for the purpose; for which each shall pay in proportion to his fortune, profession, and education. To effectuate this, there shall be a *Board of Blasphemy* established in the metropolis, with subordinate *Comptrollers of Cursing* in every county and great town; and the celebrated declaration, *nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus*, may be made the motto of this new establishment.

“ Every person shall be furnished, on taking out his licence, with a catalogue of such oaths, execrations, and exclamations, as shall be judged most suitable to his rank, abilities, &c. These alone he shall be entitled to pronounce, while a heavy penalty shall be the consequence of his exceeding them. Thus, the proper distinctions and gradations of society shall be marked even in its vices; and we shall no longer have a duke or a lord chancellor thundering out the vulgar curses of a waggoner; or hear lisped from the mouth of a sturdy ploughman, those select blasphemies, stolen, through the medium of the foot-boy, from his master's table.

“ That there may be always a proper supply to answer the consumption, I would have it ordered, that all masters of colleges, tutors, &c. at Oxford and Cambridge, shall from time to time make returns of all those youths that are (in the common meaning) *good for nothing*. Of these, the Board shall

select such as seem to have talents for the composition of oaths, who shall be employed, in an academy to be built for the purpose, in repairing, renewing, polishing, and inventing those essential requisites to social mirth, to sound argument, and to every species of polite conversation. Much assistance in this way may be expected from those gentlemen of the army who have sworn themselves into a reputation for courage. As to the studies necessary for this occupation, any book of divinity will furnish matter for a thousand ingenious blasphemies. I have even known a young man of talents turn his Catechism to a very good account in this way. But as the public has no right to expect that the labours of these men should be gratuitous, I would have the works of each secured to him, by exclusive patent, for a certain time, before they are thrown into the common stock.

“For gentlemen of the navy and army, there might be compiled a set of *sesquipedalian* exclamations, none of which should consist of less than three syllables; and here, by the bye, I can't help remarking, that, as the language of oaths is extensive enough to fill a dictionary, I don't know why it should not be held considerable enough to have a grammar of its own, the arrangements of which might help to regulate the distribution I have proposed. Who knows, under due management, how susceptible it might be found of poetical sublimity? The prosody of oaths would be no very difficult thing to adjust, as the great variety and enlargement which this bold language has of late years received, afford us words of all sorts of measures; as thus:

|             |     |         |
|-------------|-----|---------|
| Spondeus    | -   | d—n me. |
| Pyrrhichius | o o | dem me. |
| Trochæus    | - o | d—n it. |

|              |   |     |             |
|--------------|---|-----|-------------|
| Iambus       | υ | -   | be d—n'd.   |
| Molossus     | - | -   | d—nation.   |
| Dactylus     | - | υ υ | d—nable.    |
| Amphimacer   | - | υ - | d—n it all. |
| Amphibrachys | υ | - υ | O d—n it.   |
| Anapæstus    | υ | υ - | d—ble d—n.  |

For the support of literature and classical knowledge, all graduates of the universities shall be allowed to curse and swear *ad libitum* in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, together with the free use of all the names that they may find registered in Boyle's Pantheon, of which, with a little application, they may form combinations of curses in endless variety, and suited to every emergency.

“ Any person who can produce undoubted evidence of his never having been detected in framing a proposition or drawing a conclusion, who can be warranted *reason proof*, and can make affidavit that he never has been *convinced*, shall have an unlimited credit at the treasury of the institution; for, without oaths, it will be difficult for him to pass for a man of humour or pleasantry; but it is fitting he should pay for them at an advanced rate, since they will be to him the only substitute for wit or knowledge, for good sense or good breeding.

“ *Professed story-tellers* should also be supplied liberally, as so much of their success depends on the happy selection and arrangement of these expletives; and scarcely a man of anecdote but would fail in the effect of his good things, if they were not judiciously seasoned with some of this literary Cayenne.

“ No man who can blush at a falsehood, or who can sit out a sermon, or who is not ashamed to be serious, or who does not fill bumpers, or compose sentiments—in short, nobody convicted, by a jury of

good and true swearers, of being an *odd fellow*, shall be furnished *on any terms*; and if he swear, it is at his peril. Such cowardly Christians swear with so ill a grace, that they bring discredit to the cause.

“Pharo and hazard tables, race-meetings, boxing-schools, &c. may have a licence to any extent.

“This, my dear friend, is the sketch of a plan, which, with your assistance and the public approbation, I hope soon to make more perfect. I propose also, in aid of the great design, shortly to publish a volume, which I shall entitle, *The Complete Curser, or Every Man his own Swearer*; and shall be happy, with his permission, to dedicate it to Mr. Olive-branch, as a small proof of the real pleasure I feel in subscribing myself his

“Obliged friend,

“—————”



N<sup>o</sup> 80. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

*Linquenda tellus et domus, et placens  
Uxor ; neque harum, quas colis, arborum,  
Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
Ullu brevem dominum sequetur.*                      HORAT.

To all prepare a sad adieu ;  
Thy house, thy farm, thy rural store ;  
And her, so tender and so true,  
Her, too, prepare to see no more.

Nor reckon that one sylvan friend  
Of all these trees thou lov'st to rear,  
Except yon cypress, shall attend,  
And deck, with drooping boughs, thy bier.

Sweet youth, the breeze that sighs along,  
And, whisp'ring, shakes that cypress leaf,  
Shall sympathise with friendship's song,  
That tells in mem'ry's ear its grief.

LAST night, as is generally my custom on a fine evening, I took a solitary walk in the premises of Mr. Blunt. As the autumn comes on, I leave his fields for the groves, which, besides the shelter they afford from the winds, provide a russet kind of carpet for me to tread upon, with the leaves that fall from the trees. There are moments in which the frame of the mind is so finely conditioned, so delicately disposed, that any thing serves to put it into motion ; and the slightest incident of daily occurrence gives a certain vibration to its thoughts, and a certain activity to its recollections. At these moments, how-

ever, its bias is generally towards melancholy rather than mirthful topics. The memory, too, loves to fasten upon subjects of regret; and, so long as with a gentle cruelty it presents them through a softening medium, we are pleased with retracing our sorrows, and reviving our painful recollections. In such a disposition, I entered last night the chesnut grove of my neighbour Blunt. The moon was in its first quarter, and bright enough to show

“ the last smile  
Of Autumn hanging o’er the yellow woods.”

There is something in this departure of the year that particularly endears to us the beauties and bounties of nature, and even touches our sensibility. We feel towards it as towards a friend at the moment of separation, to whose kindnesses we have been but imperfectly sensible, and of whose disposition to promote our welfare we have been but little studious to profit. We that are old, and drawing towards that period when the seasons and their changes shall be no more, feel in a superior degree this disposition to cling to this remnant of the year, and love to draw from the skirt of the goddess’s mantle what virtue it contains.

Some of us have personal and peculiar ties which attach us to particular moments of the year, recollections and associations bred in the mind out of the warm propensities, glowing enjoyments, and tender connections of youth; after-tastes of pleasure, which exceed the positive relish that remains; shadows of long-departed delights, that in the decay of life surpass the substance of our actual pleasures. The stillness of the night, and the peaceful solemnity of my friend’s groves, strongly revived in my mind the remembrance of the last walk I ever took with

poor Eugenio. When once the idea had fastened itself, every little circumstance or incident added strength to my recollection. The grey confusion in which every thing was wrapped, the pensive rustling of the foliage, the boughs half stripped of their leaves, and the moon looking through the breaches, and disclosing the waste of the declining year, were so many characteristic circumstances which helped to build up in my mind a complete remembrance of that evening, and to give me a perfecter image of my long-lost friend. As I walked along, a leaf was blown into my bosom, when instantly I recollected that the same circumstance had happened to Eugenio, and could not forbear repeating some little stanzas which he wrote that evening upon the spot, on the cover of my pocket-book.

“ Pale, wither'd wand'rer, seek not here  
 A refuge from the ruthless sky:  
 This breast affords no happier cheer  
 Than the rude blighting breeze you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,  
 When storms assail the barren breast;  
 Go, then, poor exile, seek relief  
 In bosoms where the heart has rest;

Or fall upon th' oblivious ground,  
 Where silent sorrows buried lie;  
 There rest is surely to be found,  
 Or what, alas! to hope have I?

Where, sepulchred in peace, repose,  
 In yonder field, the village dead,  
 Go, seek a shelter among those  
 Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But if thou com'st a Sibyl's leaf,  
 Such as did erst high truths declare,  
 To tell me soon shall end my grief,  
 I bless the omen that you bear:

For sure you tell me that my woe  
An end like thine at length shall have ;  
That wan, like thee, and wasted so,  
I sink to the forgetful grave.

Then come, thou messenger of peace !  
Come, lodge within this barren breast,  
And lie there till we both shall cease  
To seek in vain for nature's rest."

I remember well, that soon after writing in my pocket-book this little poem, in which there is an impression of my friend above what any picture could have preserved for me, we walked up to a little mound at the end of his vista, where at that time there grew a cypress tree of his own planting. He stopped me here, and taking me by the hand, as near as I can recollect them, his words were as follows :—  
“ Mr. Olive-branch, I feel that after all the resistance I can make, and after all the succours afforded me by religion and philosophy, my frame is sinking fast under my mental sufferings. The dear Amelia, since all our hopes have tumbled to the ground, has vowed perpetual celibacy, and supports her sorrows nobly. Alas! my mind was too much broken to withstand this fresh assault. Providence, for salutary ends, afflicts me with more sorrow than I have a constitution framed to endure : but his voice speaks within me, and assures me I shall soon be released. Nature is giving way fast, and I feel my strength going, without a wish to renew it. When no resource or vigour is left, nothing to which hope can attach, you well know what a vain exertion of friendship it is, to endeavour at restoring to the mind its impulse and its action ; therefore use no arguments with me to raise my spirits. I am going, my dear friend, to the house of peace, and I draw towards the end of my life with cheerfulness. To tell thee the



truth, my best of friends, I destined this spot for my burial place, and planted this cypress here for that purpose, at a time, indeed, when I thought it would have had leisure to grow to its full size before I should want it to overshadow my tomb. Let nothing but this cypress and this grassy mount mark where I lie. I have lived obscurely, and I will die obscurely. It will be enough if the tears of one or two surviving friends shall be mingled with the dews of heaven as they fall upon my green grave."

I have given an account of the end of this singular young man in my eighth paper; I shall only produce the two letters of the latest date, which I find in the packet left me by Eugenio. The first is from Amelia.

" My best of friends,

" Our hopes are gone. He, to whom my first vows were made, at a time indeed when your Amelia knew little of thy sex, and less of her own bosom, still insists on the sacred promise I made, either to unite myself to him, or to live single through my life. I will live single through my life, my poor Eugenio, and consecrate my days to thinking of thee. This is, indeed, no sacrifice; for marriage with any one but you, would be ten thousand times worse than death. I will not mock your true and tender nature with offering you friendship, instead of that love we are forbid to indulge. We will, we must love to the last of life; but we must love in our case without personal communication. The light of mutual passion must no longer flame from our eyes, and no longer will the moments steal on in unwearied kisses. In exchange for all this, it were a foolish parade to offer friendship: true love will have all or nothing; it disdains all compromise, and cannot be shaped



down into a feebler sentiment: it beggars all the other passions and propensities of our nature; and though it fail of success itself, overbears all competition in the mind. Till love has gained its object, all other objects are suspended but those which concern our preservation; and even those can hardly rouse the soul to activity, where love, true love, has been disappointed: alas! it only yields to despair, and retreats together with the spirits and the life. But are we not, Eugenio, unequally adapted to wrestle with our sorrows? My mind is of a weaker mould, and draws no support from philosophy and profound contemplation. My reason, my little reason, has so long been engaged on the side of my love, that how on a sudden to make it act in opposition to it, I know not; I am only assured of this, that I bound myself by vows as solemn as those which are made at the altar, to marry none but this thy pertinacious rival: my father's word, too, thou knowest, has been most sacredly given, and his Amelia is not so dear to him as his conscience.

“ Ah! my love, do not try thy dear influence over my mind, to overthrow these trembling resolutions which it has cost me so much to rear. You have sometimes told me that you loved my infirmities; you must now do more, my Eugenio—you must reverence them; you must forbear the use of that resistless power which the excess of my passion has placed in your hands. Spare, I beseech you, my imbecility, and pity me when I own that I am a true woman, and the worst constituted in the world for a female philosopher. Assist me with your counsel, and be my protector against myself. Impart to me a portion of your philosophy, and aid my doubtful courage with your example as well as your lessons.

“ There was a time, Eugenio, when my heart caught instruction from thy lips, and truth found its way to my bosom in a shower of kisses. There was a time when the idea of love was coupled with virtue, and my duties and my wishes went hand in hand; when all thy precepts were in league with love, and thy morality was dressed in smiles of tenderness: alas! forgive me, if, with a woman’s weakness, I bring a bosom but ill prepared for the counsel I now implore; if the cold philosophy which I now entreat to share with thee is less welcome to my heart than those dear enchanting lessons which contained advice no longer practicable, and which respected objects and situations to which we are now forbid to raise our hopes.

“ The only arguments my feebleness affords me, by which I can expect to persuade Eugenio, are wrapped up in this melancholy fact, that neither my father nor myself could ever taste pleasure more, were we to break the vows and the promises we have made to another. I know thy fine and erect virtue; and that to possess me under such circumstances of degradation, would disturb for ever your repose, would sink us in our own estimation, and make us a mutual reproach. What I feel at this moment I do not pretend to disguise; I do feel all that disappointed passion can feel; all that woman can feel when robbed of the pride of her heart, the protector of her person, the crown of her innocence, the author of her delight, and the source of her dignity. My mind has nothing in this world to look to but endless regrets, irremediable sorrows. I am indeed a mere woman, and no heroine: no consolation is present to my mind, unless, indeed, some little support which the consciousness of acting justly lends to my poor spirits. Sorry requital! if that were all; and if it were

not seconded by the hopes of being with my love again, in that world where virtue shall meet with no disappointments.

“Fare thee well, my dearest love!”

THE ANSWER.

“Alas! my Amelia was never so mistaken as in the philosophy she ascribes to her poor Eugenio. There is seldom a fund in nature sufficient to supply, by posterior efforts of industry, the defects of education. I know of but three ways in which our passions are opposed—by the force of habits, by diversion, and by reason: all the three are thine; while I can boast only of one, and that in much less proportion than your partial judgement supposes. A passion is rarely overcome by reason alone: and though human vanity is ready enough to put the fairest constructions upon these mental victories, they are in truth much oftener imputable to the prevalence of some counter-passion, than to the proud endeavours of reason and philosophy. As an aid to these counter-passions, or as a confirmation of our habits, its services may be great; but trust me, reason can achieve but little of itself; besides which, be assured that reason itself never reaches its proper maturity and perfection, but where the mind has been duly prepared, and nourished by habit.

“A consistent, natural, and practical education, you well know, thy Eugenio has never received. With the first curiosities of my mind, with the earliest efforts of my fancy, I drew in a cast of ideas barren to all the purposes of life, and destitute of any sound intellectual nourishment. My subsequent habits were formed upon an eccentric model, from

which nothing, indeed, but virtue could be learned ; but a species of virtue unaccommodated to the occasions of life, and though conversant about the highest perfection of our being, yet unshaped to our practical duties, and the real wants and emergencies of common situations. I was early taught to reason wrong on life ; to build expectations that were never to be realised, and to affect a character unsolid in itself, and unsocial in its tendency. As far, therefore, as habits could influence me, I was directly out of the path of true philosophy, which is excellent only as it embraces objects of practical utility ; is illustrative of man's nature, and of real life ; and is addressed to the wants and purposes of humanity. He, whom I regarded as mankind's epitome, was in truth a chapter of digressions ; unhappily I mistook the exception for the general rule : such was the father of Eugenio. I am no advocate for too wide a spirit of accommodation ; but that is, indeed, an important lesson which early teaches us to separate speculation from practice ; to found no expectations of life on visionary forms of virtue ; and to forbear straining our habits and our actions to a rule of ideal perfection, lest the man of real worth be lost in the hero.

“ I have given you, my only love, the clearest account I can, in my present broken state of mind, of that philosophy which seems to be your envy. It may impose, when contemplated by others ; but I am acquainted with its weakness. I know its weakness sufficiently, my dearest Amelia, not to trust it in your presence any more. Since it is thy melancholy resolution to think no more of our marriage ; since the serenity of your mind, I will not say the felicity, depends upon your adherence to your first vows ; since you claim me as the protector against yourself ;



I will execute your wishes to the utmost of my power, by withdrawing myself for ever from those dear eyes, and renouncing for ever the unspeakable delight of hearing thy lips declare how much you love your poor Eugenio.

“ After the confession I have made you of my mental imbecility, you will no longer envy me the advantages of this useless philosophy. The little cultivation it has received, has been only since I retreated to this tranquil spot, and conversed with my trees and my flowers. The tissue of disappointments which make up the history of my life had so blunted my hopes and anxieties, that before my eyes met thine, I was lost to all the ordinary cares and interests of life, and considered nothing with any concern but the regards of an awful futurity, which has ever been present to my thoughts. Still, however, as it has since been fatally proved, I was sufficiently open to the passion of love; nor was it possible for any state of mind to be more favourable to its attacks than that in which I first saw thee, my Amelia.

“ Passions, I have said before, are for the most part only to be conquered by counter passions; and my mind, in that dear unhappy hour in which we first met, was in that state of nerveless apathy which afforded no opposing tendencies to resist the emotions to which I felt myself yielding. The progress of my passion was like the march of an enemy through an unfortified country; every thing gave way without a blow, and the proud yoke of the new master was supinely received. Such have been my habits, such the state of my passions, and such the force of my philosophy. Does Amelia envy Eugenio now? Then talk not to me of such resources, but dwell rather on the pensive consolation I shall feel in addressing to the Almighty my prayers for thy peace, and in think-



ing over those moments when we met together in these groves from which I now write, and concerted our connubial plans of happiness; moments buried in the grave of time, or that have taken the wings of eternity, and await us in the regions far above this scene of sorrows.

“ But, alas! what real consolations are these? It is easy for the mind to which grief is a stranger, to talk of pleasing regrets and the pleasures of melancholy; but trust me, there are none of these holiday feelings in genuine sadness. Often, indeed, when our melancholy impressions have left us, still the habit of repining and the parade of grief will remain, which being perfectly consistent with pleasurable sensations, have induced refined or affected tempers to confound sentiments which are exclusive of each other, in the cant and contradictory phrase of a pleasing melancholy. There is no such trifling as this in the sorrow I feel for thy loss, my dearest Amelia. You are, indeed, right in your notions of love; it must have all or nothing, and what once was love can never become friendship. As hope is swallowed up in faith, so friendship is lost in love; love can only respire in that air, and beyond those limits, in which friendship cannot exist. We must, we must part, dearest and best of women, never more to exchange looks, or smiles, or vows in this world. Forgive the pusillanimity of my mind, my dearest love: I did intend to write with more apparent tranquillity, to spare your gentle spirits more, and not to swell your sorrows with my own; and yet I could not bear that you should suppose me tranquil, or capable of diverting my thoughts from thee by the poor resources of a cold philosophy. Amelia and Eugenio must be coupled together in my prayers, or I shall want animation for the exercise even of devotion. God preserve

thee, my sweetest angel, and repay thee thy sufferings and sacrifices on earth with unperishing rewards in heaven!"

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N<sup>o</sup> 81. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

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*Quatuor robustos filios, quinque filias, tantam domum, tantas clientelas Appius regebat, et senex et cæcus.* CICERO.

Over four sturdy sons, five daughters, so great a house, and so great a number of dependants, did Appius, though old and blind, preserve his authority unshaken.

How very few among us old fellows could return the same answer with Leontinus Gorgias, the master of Isocrates, when somebody impertinently asked him, how he could be pleased with living so long? "Nihil habeo, inquit, quod incusem senectutem." "I have no blame," says he, "to throw upon old-age." The charges which most of us have to bring against it are numerous and serious indeed. It not only deprives us of our youthful capacities of pleasure, but is pregnant with a thousand calamities of its own. Surely that must be a sorrowful state of humanity, in which disease and pain are not the greatest evils. I appeal to those bosoms where time has not blunted the sensibilities, and where the faculties are not so thawed by age, as to have utterly lost their tone, if the sensations they experience when they feel their natural power and personal consequence departing out of their hands, and that they live in a manner by

sufferance amidst the disregards, if not the contumelies, of those whom they could once overawe, are not much less supportable than the physical afflictions to which they must submit. Woeful waste of existence! miserable refuse of life! severest mockery of human pride! are there no succours, no grace, no solace under thy vexations and oppressions? has life no resources, no compensations, after the heyday of the blood is over? It shall be my business to-day to inquire.

But before I begin to display my remedies, I shall adopt the method used by some physicians to raise the credit of their skill, by laying before my readers, in a little poem, the full extent of the calamity I am about to cure.

SEE, crown'd with cypress, joyless wreath,  
 Sad herald of approaching death,  
 With poring eyes that seek the ground,  
 And wither every grace around ;  
 Age, trembling tyrant, comes ; and see,  
 He shakes his hoary locks at me.  
 Uncourted guest ! ah ! bring not here  
 That furrow'd face, that front severe ;  
 Stern creditor, whom all must pay,  
 A little yet, ah yet ! delay !  
 When you your cruel claims receive,  
 What has this bankrupt life to give ?  
 The palsied head, the sunken eyes,  
 The pow'rless hands which trembling rise ;  
 The sight untrue, the palate dead,  
 And the sweet sense of music fled ;  
 Fled too the sweets of converse kind,  
 And the rich intercourse of mind ;  
 The fault'ring tongue, the tale thrice told ;  
 These but in part proclaim us old ;  
 These but in part---for, ah ! behind  
 Lurk the dire ills that crush the mind !  
 See, crowding in the mournful rear,  
 Suspicion dark, and sullen Fear ;

Mean Jealousy, with scowling eye,  
 And Malice with her sharp reply ;  
 And leaden Apathy, that knows  
 Nor joys, nor griefs, nor bliss, nor woes ;  
 And Envy too, that gnaws the breast ;  
 And Avarice, lording o'er the rest ;---  
 These form the melancholy train,  
 Attendants on thy joyless reign.  
 Then swift young Pleasure wings his way,  
 Regardless what thy frowns may say ;  
 Then from the frozen heart retires  
 Sweet Love, and all his glowing fires ;  
 That love which lighted up the soul,  
 And bade the day in transport roll ;  
 That danc'd upon the sportive eye,  
 And gave the cheeks their damask dye ;  
 That vivify'd the youthful mind---  
 Love ! the warm friend of human kind ;  
 The all which can fond life engage,  
 Though scorn and mockery of age,  
 Which, like the lunatic possess'd,  
 Wounds first that friend that serv'd him best.  
 Alas ! health, pleasure, love, all flown,  
 The life of man is worse than gone.  
 Say what remains, but poor disguise,  
 Which the sad heart within denies ;  
 Which mocks the vaunting tongue's pretence  
 To knowledge ripe and keener sense,  
 By the world's school of knavery taught,  
 And with the heart's best feelings bought.  
 I scorn the mean fictitious claim,  
 Though dignify'd with wisdom's name ;  
 Wisdom, alas ! all feeling flown,  
 Soon abdicates her tottering throne.  
 But say, when fading o'er the tomb,  
 Should reason's rays thy mind illumine,  
 Shed o'er thy faint and dying sight  
 One gleam of ineffectual light,  
 What would avail it, but to show  
 Thy youth of folly, age of woe ?  
 So down the mournful stream of years  
 Floats life's sad wreck, all broke with cares,  
 E'en while I speak, thy ills encroach ;

I sicken at thy sad approach,  
 Dread foe to pleasure ! Ah, forbear ;  
 Spare, spare me---yet a moment spare !  
 Yet let me shun thy haggard face,  
 Yet turn me from thy chill embrace ;  
 Perhaps in a few fleeting years,  
 Subdu'd by sorrows, cares, and fears,  
 When mounting projects all are o'er,  
 Thy wrinkles may appal no more ;  
 And life, still struggling to retain  
 Her dear though ever-galling chain,  
 Hoping, yet dreading to be free,  
 May turn her cold regards on thee ;  
 Sad refuge ! courted but to save  
 From that drear prison-house, the grave.

As I pretend only to the cure of moral complaints, I shall not concern myself with the means by which the physical sorrows of old-age are to be remedied or prevented: vulgar experience best teaches those broad maxims on which general health and constitutional soundness depends; the moral grievances by which age is oppressed require a nicer hand and more delicate touches of skill, to develop the causes and to prosecute the cure. I expect that my word will be taken among my readers as more than common authority in the present question, since I am a living testimony to the practical advantages of the advice I shall offer them. I do not find that my importance declines with my strength, nor does any thing convince me I grow old, but the increase of my grey hairs, and the daily mortality among my ancient friends. Youth is no way embarrassed in my presence, and a young lady of fifteen will sometimes take refuge in my conversation, from the impertinence of a florid young lover. Not that I depart ever from that sobriety which is the natural property of age, and which has always been characteristic of



my race; but because the habitual serenity of my thoughts diffuses an air of cheerfulness over my whole behaviour, which removes all constraint from innocent gaiety.

Moreover, if an art be to be learned by practice, I may reasonably be expected to teach, better than others, the way of growing old with grace; for, as I have said in a former Number, I was an old man at twenty-five; and have lived, ever since that period to the present moment, like a true old man, studying only those objects and amusements which harmonise with wrinkles and silver hairs. I do not propose this as an example to be followed, but only as a reason for my better acquaintance with the maxims by which old-age should be governed, than falls to the share of others of my own standing. Every age has its season, and it is plainly our duty to reap in due time its natural fruits; to anticipate or protract the produce of either period, by forcing expedients, is ultimately or immediately hurtful to the general fecundity of life.

Thus much must be allowed, however, in favour of this premature old-age, that time does very soon lay level the disproportion; while in the incongruous junction of youthful habitudes with approaching decrepitude, the disparity is daily increasing, and time only widens the distance and aggravates the deformity. Besides which, the pretence and affectation is always worse than the reality, even in defects; and in old-age we can have nothing but the mockery of juvenile INFIRMITIES; while it is a truth, and in some respects a melancholy truth, that youth may realise, by anticipation, the attributes of declining age.

There is in life a sort of parallelism and consistency with itself to be observed, which bestows upon

every stage of its peculiar attractions : and it is difficult to say whether youth or age is more generally pleasing when this appropriation of manners and harmony of character is duly supported. Nothing hardly on its own account, in its simple or natural state, is ridiculous ; it is a clumsiness of composition, an ill-sorted mixture of unharmonising forms, which furnishes out the objects on which all the spleen and raillery of life is discharged. A wrinkled countenance, a tottering gait, a tremulous voice, and hoary hairs, are no temptation to ridicule, but with unmanly minds and mean understandings. Yet I own I am moved myself in no common degree, when I see ingrafted upon this stock of infirmity, the vivacious boasts of youth, and the green levities of luxuriant virility.

There is besides a certain jealousy with which every department and description of life regards an invasion of its particular province. While every condition is estimable when restrained to its particular bounds, the pretender of every denomination is held in contempt ; but of all pretenders he surely deserves the lowest name, who aspires after qualities in themselves discommendable, and rendered doubly odious by the aspect of ridicule they derive from their incongruity with the character that affects them. In this class of pretenders assuredly he may be included, who, when the temptations of the blood have left him, still cherishes the fooleries of five-and-twenty, affects passions which have long ceased to torment him, and flutters with vain transports round the tomb of his pleasures ; on whom age and infirmity have come, without their corrections, and imbecility of body, unattended with quietness of spirit ; whose worn-out frame is driven, to pamper a vitiated fancy, through the rounds of debauch, with-

out the relish, and whose wrinkles are tortured into smiles, which are repellents to what they would inspire.

It is the danger of falling into these absurdities that is principally to be dreaded in the coming on of age; and sixty-three, which among the ancients was considered as an ominous crisis in the life of man, is not more a physical than a moral climacteric, and is the hinge on which the fate of our mind, as well as that of our body, is doubtfully suspended.

Not that I would recommend, in the place of these antiquated fopperies, a frigid, formal severity of conduct. The severity of old-age should chiefly be pointed against itself; while a settled habit of complacency towards others, is the most amiable and becoming dress it can possibly assume. There is besides no policy, in a view to the interests of virtue, in this rigidity of behaviour; for the lessons and admonitions of experience will always derive their greatest authority from the effects they appear to have wrought on him who retails them. We old fellows too, in the conceit of our knowledge, are prone to give too little credit to youth for common penetration; we fancy that a mysterious air, a solemn gait, and an icy aspect, are the sure means of overawing inexperience, and exciting in young bosoms a veneration for our persons: all this may succeed with weak and timid minds, but the spirited and discerning young man easily pierces this veil of hypocrisy; he knows that man is man, and that weakness and passion are our common inheritance; that where more is arrogated than is the lot of frail humanity, our just claims are for the most part proportionably small; and that the affectation of an overstrained purity, results from the consciousness of the necessity

for disguise in a greater degree than is common even with us sons of iniquity.

There is nothing so graceful and decorous as good-humour in old-age. It is more admirable doubtless in age than in youth; since in the one it may proceed from a sanguine exuberance of health and spirits, while in the other it can only result from a sort of milkiness of mind, a placid currency of thought and reflection which is the sure and genuine source of lasting good-nature. A mild and sweet-tempered old man or woman, whose mind is rather chaste than severe, and whose manners are discreet rather than grave; in whom a consciousness of decay mixes with a consciousness of desert, to produce a confidence blended with meekness, and a tameness of spirit relieved by gaiety of heart; is the most graceful ornament which humanity can boast, and the most effectual agent which virtue can employ.

“ ----- Venit et Crispi jucunda senectus,  
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite  
Ingenium. Maria ac terras populosque regenti  
Quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illâ  
Sævitiâ damnare, et honestum efferre liceret  
Consilium? sed quid violentius aure tyranni? ”

Hitherto I have confined myself to the qualities and duties of old-age. I shall now consider its pleasures. Among the highest of these I regard that self-complacency and that honest glory which accompanies the consciousness of inspiring a voluntary and cheerful respect into the bosoms of the young. By the same rule, as the sense of its weakness, and the proofs of decaying authority, are galling and oppressive, a contrary conviction is pleasant and consoling; since our fears and desires spring out of each other, and are proportioned in the measure of their



influence. But it is not only respect which a placid and sweet old-age inspires: the youth of a noble mind and well-constituted feelings, regards it with an affectionate warmth; for who does not feel that there is something blended with his friendship for an old man, of zeal and tenderness, which is more sparingly mixed with his regards for his equals in age? Perhaps I refine too much; but somehow methinks there is in natural helplessness, when it is not the effect of vice, an attraction and a charm peculiar to itself: we are insensibly drawn towards what sues for our protection; and the silent flattery which dependence on our strength insinuates, awakens a sort of virtuous pride in our bosoms, mellowed by emotions of tenderness and love.

Not least among the pleasures of old-age, is that tranquil economy of the mind, that mental equilibrium and harmony which he must experience, who has in due time taken leave of the passions and the petulance of youth. When I was a young man, if I can be said ever to have been young, my passions were a little warmer than they are at present, though never warm in comparison of those of other men. I remember I then looked forwards with great complacency to that age when all irregular appetites would depart from me, and leave me in the peaceful enjoyment of myself; leave it in my power to concentrate the forces of my intellect, to turn my views wholly to the higher concerns of my being, and to exercise my thoughts at leisure on the great scheme which lies before me. I am come to that period, and I assure my readers that my hopes are realised. My days pass serenely, but not uninterestingly. My mind has its necessary impulse, without impetuosity; and, with a little pinched-up figure, I have a heart sufficiently large for all the charities of life. I be-



lieve that I am respected by my parishioners, and I feel that I love them all. I am in perfect harmony with my fellow-creatures, and in perfect peace at home; and I look towards my grave as my sleep, hoping to wake again to a peaceful immortality.

But incomparably the greatest source of pleasure in old-age, is the reflection on a well-spent life, and a consciousness that we possess a claim upon the services and veneration of mankind, built not on our wants, but on our deserts—not on present imbecility, but on past exertions. From these considerations the spirits draw unusual support in the hour of mortal decrepitude: resting on the strong column of his good actions, the virtuous old man is happy in spite of his infirmities; and while he droops under the weight of years, an object of pity to the passing stranger, a sweet peace inhabits his bosom, and points his hope to objects which mock at his bodily decay. The death of such a man, as Tully expresses it, is like that of fire completely burned out; while the young man, like that fire which is quenched by water, dies with difficulty, struggle, and convulsion.

I have always been pleased with the picture which Lucian has left us of a happy old man, in his account of Demonax:—"He lived to near a hundred, without pain, grief, or disorder; without being burdensome, or under obligations to any man; was always serviceable to his friends, and never had an enemy. Not only the Athenians, but all Greece, so loved and honoured him, that when he appeared in public, the nobles rose up in respect to him, and there was an universal silence. Even in extreme old-age he went about from house to house, supped, and lay all night wheresoever he pleased; the master always considered himself as honoured by some god, or tutelary genius. The sellers of bread would beg him, as he

passed along, to accept some from their hand, and happy were they from whom he would receive it. The boys too would offer him fruit, and call him father. On a sedition which took place at Athens, his presence alone restored tranquillity : the moment he appeared, all was silent : he perceived their shame and repentance, and without a word withdrew."

I was composing this paper last night, and had just finished this quotation from Lucian, when sleep oppressed me. Resigning myself to its influence, I threw myself into the arm-chair, and the following vision played before my eyes.

I seemed to see a spacious plain before me, in the midst of which was a prodigious structure of the Gothic style. At first I conceived it to be an ancient castle, improved into a modern dwelling-house ; when, advancing a little nearer to it, I saw written over the gate, "A school for Second-Childhood." I was wondering with myself who could be the founder of this institution, and who would undertake to discipline and instruct old men, while throughout the country the education of youth was so generally defective. In dreams one always meets with communicative persons ; and such a one at this moment, who happened to be passing by, informed me that the school was kept by an old woman, who called herself the goddess Discretion, and who had complained that she had so little to do in the world, that she had set on foot this novel undertaking, as an expedient to fill up her time.

My curiosity was wonderfully piqued by this intelligence, and I was pleased with the idea that an opportunity would now be afforded me of forestalling my friend the projector in his ingenious speculations.

As I walked towards the gate, a very whimsical appearance presented itself : a vast number of old

fellows, bent nearly double, were walking to school with satchels upon their backs; and in the courtyard, about a dozen were playing at marbles, with spectacles on their noses. I was informed, however, that these were in the lowest class, and had but just been sent for correction to the seminary. The school, I learned, was exceedingly full, and a vast number of the young nobility had sent their grandfathers thither for education. There were eight different apartments, to serve for eight different classes, into which the institution was divided. As I entered the first and lowest, methought there was a noise, as if fifty doors were turning upon their hinges. I soon perceived that this din of garrulity proceeded from a table round which a strong party were gathered, and among the rest a noble duke celebrated on the turf, to decide a maggot race, on which great sums were depending. Upon the appearance, however, of a venerable old dame, whom I understood to be one of the assistants, with a rod in her hand, they all hobbled to their places, and were tolerably quiet. I should apprise my readers, that all in this class were denied the use of razors, that so their beards, contrasting with their follies, might place them in a stronger point of ridicule, and put them continually in mind of their advancement in life.

While I strayed in this apartment, a great number stood in the corner for calling names; several were stigmatised with fool's caps for bad spelling, and others were put into the stocks for naughty words, fibs, and petty quarrels. My heart misgave me when I looked upon so humiliating a scene, especially as I recognized some of our senators in this ignominious situation: but my reflections were suddenly interrupted by the opening of a door, which discovered to me a deep and gloomy chamber, divided into dif-

ferent closets; in which I was given to understand, that those whose lives, since they had entered on their second childhood, had been blotted with all the vicious practices of their prime, were separately confined. It was a consolation to me to hear, that some were real penitents; but I must confess, that in the wretched sounds which proceeded from this melancholy apartment, the blasphemies and execrations of hardened sinners were mingled with the groans and sighs of the sorrowful and subdued.

I was very glad to leave so squalid a spectacle, and felt a real pleasure, as I ranged through the higher classes, in observing the good effects of the prevailing discipline. As I mounted towards the eighth, I remarked a regular gradation of improvement — amusements more rational, manners more dignified, studies more exalted. I shall not detain my readers at the intermediate classes, but proceed directly to the highest, where, methought, there was such a collection of patriarchal faces, as made my heart leap within me. Here Discretion herself was seated on a throne of glistening adamant, over which a figure of Death, crowned with laurel, supported the canopy. There was an air of sweet content in every face, though some were almost bent to the ground. They all rose as I entered; and one, methought, invited me to take a seat among them; and as I turned towards him, I could not help thinking that his face was like the picture of my great-grandfather—but my conscience so smote me in this reverend society, that I dared not accept his offer. At this moment, Discretion seemed to beckon to me with her wand of evergreen to follow her, which I instantly did, through a most venerable row that saluted us as we passed. As I looked round, I thought I saw the chair of Discretion filled up by a person very much resembling an



ancient law-lord, who has long held the office of President in a very exalted political department.

We walked, as my conductress told me, into the place of rewards, which was designed as a perfect contrast to that dolorous scene that had been shown me when I visited the lowest class. I could have fancied myself at the feast of lanterns in China, the scene around me was so splendidly illuminated. The place was a garden, full of little temples, lighted up with a prodigious show of variegated lamps, exhibiting devices expressive of the unperishing nature of the soul, and the survival of virtue beyond the grave. A thousand plants which blow but once in a century, were dispersed through the area before me, and the amaranth bloomed wherever I trod.

I was desired to look at an ancient man who sat in one of the temples, and was about to receive his reward. A clear passage was made towards the seat where he was; and presently I beheld an assemblage of persons walk towards him, linked hand in hand together, male and female, and of different ages. The old man's countenance discovered ineffable delight as he viewed this happy multitude, till, unable to restrain himself, he hastened forwards to meet them with tottering knees. As soon as they came together, an affecting scene ensued: some fell on their knees before him; others kissed his garment; some embraced him, and some bathed his hands with tears of joy. The interest which I took in this transaction was doubled when I was told that the old man was here treated with a view of his posterity for several generations to come, after having been previously assured, that no bounds would be set to the honour they would reflect upon their ancestry.

A multitude of other incidents of the same nature took place in my presence; and I was just bursting



forth into a prayer to the Almighty that such might be my own end, when a trumpet sounded at a distance, louder than the noise of a thousand cannon. My heart trembled within me, while all beside me seemed rapt in a devotional ecstasy. I turned involuntarily towards my guide, but could only obtain a momentary glimpse of her, for she vanished straight, and I saw her no more. At that awful instant, however, methought her face was as the face of my mother—which idea so agitated my frame, that I started and awoke. A soft but melancholy image was left in my mind, and as I wished my mother good morning at breakfast, I felt, or fancied I felt, something like a pensive foreboding at my heart.

N<sup>o</sup> 82. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

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Ὅλως γὰρ ἀρμονία ἐστὶ μία.

ΜΑΡΚ. ΑΝΤ.

The whole together is one harmonious scheme.

IN my last paper on this subject, my readers may remember it was shown, that although revelation may apparently lie open to many objections, yet as this was a circumstance to have been expected from the analogies of God's government, and the whole constitution of nature, it never can be admitted as any ground for rejecting its authenticity as a fact.

Yet still it may be alleged, there do lie against its *morality* unanswered objections.

It remains, therefore, to consider of an answer to these objections in this particular view of them: and pursuing our theme of analogy, we are led to revert to the answer which has already been opposed to these objections when directed against the constitution and government of nature, and to inquire whether the same kind of answer be not ready for the same kind of objections, when pointed at the system of revealed religion.

The moral government of God is exercised in such a manner, as that, in the course of his providence, every one at length shall be treated according to his deserts; and truth and right shall finally prevail. Now Christianity is a particular scheme under this general plan of Providence, and conducive to its

completion ; consisting itself also of various parts and a mysterious economy. Little need be said to show that this scheme of things is but imperfectly comprehended by us. It is expressly called the great mystery of Godliness. In short, though much of the Christian scheme is revealed to us in Scripture, yet so much more is unrevealed, that we must own that to all purposes of judging and objecting, we know as little of it as of the constitution of nature. Our ignorance, therefore, is as much an answer to our objections against the perfection of the one, as against the perfection of the other. In the Christian scheme also ends are progressively brought about by means obscure and remote ; and we are as liable to mistake in regard to the adequacy of particular means to produce particular ends in this government, as in the government of nature.

Add to this, that the Christian scheme may have been all along carried on by general laws, no less than the course of nature. Now we know but little of general laws. We know, indeed, several of the general laws of matter, and a great part of the natural conduct of living agents is reducible to general laws : but we know not what laws are those by which storms, tempests, earthquakes, famines, and pestilence, become the instruments of destruction to mankind, nor those by which innumerable things happen of the greatest influence upon the affairs of this world. These laws are so wholly unknown to us, that we call the events to which they give rise, accidental ; though all reasonable men exclude any such idea as chance.

Of a character analogous to these natural phenomena, are the miracles of the Gospel. That these

should be displayed at such particular times, upon such particular occasions, in such degrees and modes ; and that the affairs of the world should be permitted to proceed in their natural course so far, and should just at such a crisis have a new direction given them by miraculous interpositions ; all this may have been ordained by general laws : these laws are unknown to us ; but not more unknown than the laws by which it happens that some die as soon as they are born, that some live to extreme old age, that some are wiser than others. Now Christianity, supposed to be a scheme like that of nature, carried on by general laws, the like apparent deficiencies and irregularities were to be expected, by reason of our utter inability to comprehend any more than a small part of this system.

But if the intricacy and tardiness of designs and their accomplishment be complained of as unworthy of the might and majesty of God, let us remember that the whole scheme of the natural world is slow and progressive. The change of seasons, the ripening of fruits, the very history of a flower, is an instance of this ; and so is human life, its happiness, its hopes, and its achievements.

If the general aspect, structure, and conduct of the Christian scheme, and the constitution of nature, be found so much alike ; it will appear, on a closer examination, that they resemble each other no less in their particular features and characteristics. To begin with the most commanding and prominent of these ; the mediation of Christ shall be first considered. Now the notion of a mediator between God and man is supported by the whole analogy of nature. The life of all living creatures is both given them, and preserved, by the instrumentality of others. We

find also by experience, that God does appoint mediators to be the instruments of good and evil to us, the instruments of his justice and mercies.

There is no absurdity in supposing that future punishment may follow wickedness of course, or in the way of natural consequence from God's original constitution of the world, from the nature he has given us, and from the situation in which he has placed us; in the same manner as a person rashly trifling upon a precipice, by a natural consequence falls down—in this way of natural consequence, breaks his limbs—in this way of natural consequence, without help, perishes.

Thus, perhaps, may future punishment follow wickedness in the way of natural consequence, or according to some general laws of government already established in the universe. Upon this supposition, we may observe something much to the present purpose in the constitution and appointments of nature: we may observe the provision that is made, that all the bad natural consequences of men's actions should not always actually follow, but that those which, if not prevented, would naturally and inevitably have followed, should in certain degrees be prevented. And here is both severity and indulgence in the constitution of nature. Thus all the bad consequences of a man's trifling upon a precipice, might be prevented: and though all were not, yet some of them still might be, by proper interposition, if not rejected.

Persons might do a great deal themselves towards preventing the bad consequences of their follies; though the assistance of our fellow-creatures very much forwards this end; of which assistance, nature prompts us to a mutual exchange. Thus is there



on nature's works a stamp and character of compassion, a gentle principle tempering the severity of its general laws, and bending its decrees to the standard of human infirmity ; for, had the consequent misery of our bad actions always followed inevitably, no one could say that such a severe constitution of things might not yet have been really good. But when we see that provision is made by nature, that we may in a great degree prevent the bad effects of our wickednesses ; this must be called mercy or compassion in the original constitution of the world ; compassion, as distinguished from goodness in general.

Yet although much may be done by the resolutions of repentance, yet that will not alone, and of itself, prevent the fatal consequences of our folly and wickedness. It would be in itself folly and wickedness to say, presumptuously and confidently, that repentance would be sufficient ; for we do not know what are the whole natural and appointed consequences of vice ; and as we are not informed of all the reasons which render it fit that future punishment should be inflicted, we cannot therefore know whether any conduct or efforts of our own could make such an alteration as to render it fit they should be remitted. If such then be our ignorance in point of fact, let us search for information in the analogy of nature. People ruin their fortunes by extravagance, they bring diseases upon themselves by excesses, they incur the penalties of civil laws : will sorrow for the past, will subsequent reformation alone, prevent all the bad consequences of such a behaviour ? undoubtedly not. And since this is our case, considering ourselves merely as inhabitants of this world, and as having a temporal interest here, under the natural government of God, why is it not supposable

that this may be our case also in our more important capacity, and under his more perfect moral government?

However some Christians may reason on this matter, it appears plainly that by the general prevalence of propitiatory sacrifices over the Heathen world, the notion that repentance alone is sufficient to expiate guilt, has ever been contrary to the general sense of mankind.

Now, in the midst of these doubts and apprehensions, revelation comes to our aid. It confirms the fearful suggestions of nature concerning the future unprevented consequence of wickedness; supposes the world in a state of ruin, and teaches us that the rules of divine government are such as will not admit of pardon directly upon repentance, or by the sole efficacy of it; but teaches at the same time, what nature indeed might have encouraged us to hope, that the moral government of the universe was not so rigid, as that there was no room for an interposition, to avert the fatal consequences of vice. Revelation teaches us that the unknown laws of God's more general government, no less than the particular laws by which (as we experience) he governs at present, are compassionate; and that he has of his infinite goodness provided that there should be an interposition to prevent the destruction of humankind. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son," in the same spirit of compassion and goodness, to the world, as he affords to particular persons the friendly assistance of their fellow-creatures, when without it their temporal ruin would be the certain consequence of their follies—in the same *spirit* of goodness, though in an infinitely higher *degree*.

The particular manner in which Christ interposed in the redemption of the world, is fully represented

in Scripture ; but the particular way in which the sufferings of our Saviour exerted this efficacy, is not explained in Scripture ; nor has any one reason to complain of the want of further information, unless he can show his claim to it, unless he can show that enough is not already explained, for all the purposes of this present life. It is our wisdom thankfully to accept the benefit, and to perform the conditions in grateful silence.

Among the many weak objections which have been made against the Christian religion, those grounded on its limited prevalence, and its supposed deficiency of proof, are extremely unsound and unwarranted. It cannot be imagined, say some, that God would have bestowed any favour at all upon us, unless in the degree which we think would be most to our particular advantage ; nor is it probable he would have bestowed a favour upon any, unless upon all ; suppositions which we find contradicted, not by a few particular instances in God's natural government of the world, but by the general analogy of nature.

Those who consider the doubtfulness of religion as a positive argument against it, would do well also to consider what that evidence is which they act upon in regard to their temporal interests. Let them consider the fluctuating state of those things which we are obliged to depend upon in the common affairs and duties of life ; let them reflect upon the numerous accidents and casualties in which all our actions and projects are involved, the deceitfulness of sense, the equivocality of choice in a thousand instances wherein much is depending, the faithless professions and promises of interested associates, the bias of prejudices, and a multitude of other difficulties and ambiguities, which render life a scene of uncertainty

and disappointment, in regard to our temporal interests ; and they will find there is nothing anomalous or extraordinary in the doubtful character of revelation. Numberless instances there are, in the daily course of life, in which all men think it reasonable to engage in pursuits, though the probability is greatly against their succeeding.

Those who think that objection against revelation to be of weight, which is suggested by the inequality with which it is dispensed, should observe that the Author of nature bestows that upon some which he does not upon others, who seem equally or more to stand in need of it. Strength, health, abilities, riches, and other external advantages, appear to be bestowed with the most promiscuous variety. Thus all this ignorance, doubtfulness, and uncertainty, all these varieties, and supposed disadvantages of some men, in comparison of others, respecting religion, may be paralleled by manifest analogies in the natural dispensations of Providence, considering ourselves merely in our temporal capacities. Nor is it talking reasonably to suppose that such a distribution necessarily draws after it injustice ; for in this various economy all harsh appearances will vanish, if we will only keep in mind that every merciful allowance shall be made, and no more be required of any one than what might reasonably be expected of him from the circumstances in which he is placed ; and that, in Scripture language, “ every man shall be accepted according to what he has, and not according to what he has not.”

Now the true reasons why mankind, or a part of mankind, are placed in this condition of ignorance, cannot be expected to be any more known to us, than the reasons why we are placed in this condition



at all. But let such as still think there is ground of complaint, attend to the following practical reflections.

The necessity of some search and investigation before we can discover the ground and credibility of revelation, may constitute one particular part of some men's trial in a religious sense, as it affords scope for a virtuous exercise or a vicious neglect of the understanding, in examining or not examining into the evidence before us. It seems every way a duty that may very reasonably make a part of our moral probation. This particular application of our abilities is as much a matter of choice as the application of them to the affairs of common life; and, no doubt, the same character, the same inward principle which obliges a man to the practice of the lessons taught him by revelation, would also incite him to the examination of it, as soon as the system and the evidence were presented to his thoughts; it would prompt him to the examination with an ardour, an impartiality, a seriousness, and a solicitude, proportionate to the obedience it would inspire in him, under a conviction of its truth. Thus, that religion is not intuitively true, but a matter of deduction and inference, affords fresh confirmation to the great probationary scheme of God's moral government. But to whatever degree of doubt we carry in our opinions the evidence of Christianity, we can never withdraw ourselves entirely from its yoke; it still will press upon our thoughts, if we have any serious thoughts at all, with more or less weight. For suppose a man to be in doubt whether or not a particular person had done him the greatest kindness, or whether his whole temporal interest did not depend upon such a person—surely if he had any feelings,



or any sense of gratitude or prudence, he could not possibly consider himself in the same situation with regard to that man as if he had no such doubt. However doubtful, therefore, the evidence of Christianity may appear to some men, it ought in all reason to beget a serious apprehension in the mind that it *may* be true. Such apprehension ought to turn men's eyes to every degree of new light, from whatever side it comes; it ought to be sufficient to confine them, in the mean time, to a respectful and cautious deportment, and to the conscientious practice of every common virtue.

These observations are grounded in the axiom, that doubting necessarily implies some degree of evidence; for no man would be in doubt concerning the truth of a number of facts, which should accidentally come into his thoughts, and of which he had no evidence at all. Now the lowest degrees of evidence possess a claim to our attention, and have a right to influence our practice; for it is as much an imperfection in the moral character not to be influenced in practice by a low degree of evidence, when discerned, as it is in the understanding not to discern it. In proportion to defects in the understanding, men are slow to discern lower degrees of evidence, and are in danger of overlooking that which is not glaring; so, in proportion to the corruption of the heart, they seem capable of satisfying themselves with having no regard in practice to evidence acknowledged and real, if it be not overbearing. Thus, doubting concerning religion implies such a degree of evidence for it, as, joined with the consideration of its importance, unquestionably lays men under an obligation to have a dutiful regard to it in all their behaviour.

The difficulties in which the evidence of religion is involved, by some so much complained of, is no more a just ground of complaint, than the external circumstances of temptation which others are placed in, or than difficulties in the practice of it after a conviction of its truth. Their doubtfulness, then, is to be considered generally in the light of a temptation to us all. To some men the speculative difficulties may make even the principal part of their trial; to such, for instance, as are of deep and thoughtful characters, and whose minds are greatly abstracted, by refined and contemplative habits, from the ordinary allurements and gratifications of sense; or to such as, from the natural constitution of their bodies, may have small difficulty in regulating their deportment in the common course of life. Now it is probable that the principal and distinguished trial of these persons, and the whole stress of their exertions, may lie in their behaviour under these speculative difficulties. Thus Grotius says, that the proof given us of Christianity was less than it might have been: "*Ut ita sermo Evangelii tanquam lapis esset Lydius, ad quem ingenia sanabilia explorarentur.*"

But still, perhaps, it may be objected, that if a prince, or common master, were to send his commands to a servant, he would take care that they should always bear the certain marks of their origin and authenticity, and that their sense should always be plain. Now the proper answer to this kind of objection is, that, wherever the fallacy lies, we cannot argue thus with respect to Him who is the Governor of the world; since he does most certainly not afford us such information with respect to our temporal affairs and interests: but there is a full

answer to this objection from the very nature of religion : for the reason why a prince would give his directions in this plain manner, is, that he absolutely wishes such an external action or duty to be performed, without concerning himself with the principle on which it is done ; whereas the whole of morality and religion consisting merely in the principle of the action, there is no sort of parallel in the cases. But if a prince wished to try the loyalty of a servant, he would not give his orders in so plain and peremptory a manner.

N<sup>o</sup> 83. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.

*Totam hodie Romam Circus capit : et fragor aurem  
 Perculit ; eventum viridis quo colligo panni.  
 Nam si diceret, mæstam attonitamque videres  
 Hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis  
 Consulibus.* JUVENAL.

This day all Rome will in the Circus sweat ;  
 Echoes already do their shouts repeat :  
 Methinks I hear the cry---Away ! away !  
 The Green have won the honour of the day.  
 Oh ! should these sports be but one year forborne,  
 Rome would in tears her lov'd diversions mourn ;  
 For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,  
 Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field. CONGREVE.

*Translation of part of a Letter, written by the late  
 PRINCE LEE BOO, and intended to have been sent to  
 his Father the King of the Pelew Islands ; in which  
 the sense is, as far as it could be collected, exhibited,  
 without regard to his mode of expression, which  
 was incapable of being represented in another lan-  
 guage.*

“ WHAT I have said to you, beloved sire, on the po-  
 litics of this people, has been short and superficial,  
 because you have taught me to speak with diffidence  
 and reserve on matters of this high nature ; and be-  
 cause the laws by which this country is governed  
 are too numerous and profound to be hastily learned.

Their customs and manners also require a longer residence than I have yet made among them, to be clearly comprehended and fairly judged. Our prejudices do not suffer us to reflect that these ought always to be considered with a reference to the climate, wants, and civil condition of the country. As experience ripens my judgement, expect from me better remarks on all these particulars: at present, accept, with your usual indulgence, such observations as have occurred to me; they will at least serve to mark the stages of my improvement, as you compare those of different dates together.

“ I shall first of all present you with a sketch of their amusements, in which you told me, in our last conversation, before I mounted into the great floating castle, I should see a vast deal of the temper and natural character of the people I was about to visit. You will scarcely credit it, but I assure you I make continual mistakes between their amusements and their business, and sometimes imagine they are pursuing some sport, when in reality they are occupied about objects of a serious and solemn nature; for, notwithstanding this people are capable of such stupendous efforts of art and science, they have a way of mixing a littleness of character with their grandeur of spirit, qualities that are held incompatible with us; and thus is produced a sort of farcical and ridiculous disproportion. This equivocal appearance of many of their proceedings will doubtless fill my letters with numerous errors; but I shall take care to rectify them as I advance in my acquaintance with the subject, so as in the end to communicate some advantage to yourself, and consequently to my dear country, from these opportunities which I owe to your indulgence.



“ To begin, then, you must know that the other day I was carried to a very large room, in which they told me was assembled the great Council of the nation : but I presently saw through it, and perceived clearly that it was a kind of game in imitation of a Senate ; and, indeed, it was performed so well, that had it not been for a great deal of laughing, coughing, scraping, and hallooing, it might have been imposed upon me for a real assembly of the great men of the nation, met to debate on its most important interests ; for here and there, there was a vast deal of animation assumed, and eloquence displayed, and even moments of gravity, such as characterise all our meetings for the good of our country. My ignorance of the language disqualified me for participating in the joke ; but from the eagerness and perseverance with which it was pursued, I could plainly perceive that it was very entertaining to those engaged.

“ The following night I was taken to an exhibition, called a Masquerade, which I only mention here as a contrast to the humerous scene I was present at the day before, since it seems to be more properly a ceremony than an amusement : I mention it, too, as one instance, among a very few, in which this generous people have used a reserve towards me in respect to the explanation of their manners and customs ; for they would fain have persuaded me that this masquerade, as it is called, was a mere diversion among the young men and women of quality, while nothing could be more clear than that it was a religious celebration. I can however conceive it so natural to laugh at the practices of other countries, especially those which appertain to their religion, that I must own I think them entirely excusable for veiling those rites and mysteries, for the present,

from my eyes, until I shall have worn off my first prejudices. There was something splendidly solemn in this whole ceremony; and if there was any interruption to the gravity of the scene, it was occasioned by some strange cries and whimsical contortions, which, however ridiculous they appear to the inhabitants of other countries, I have no doubt make a very serious impression on the bosoms of the natives, as being in honour of the different deities they adore. There was a vast variety of dresses, which I conceived to be representative of particular orders and descriptions, who thus, through the medium of one of their fraternity, offered their respective adoration; while the priests wore all the same clothing, called by the natives a domino. I say I conceived all this, because a certain awe and timidity, with which I felt myself inspired, made me forbear any questions that might seem to result from impertinent curiosity.

“ There is one circumstance respecting this country, which, to my ideas, is altogether unaccountable; and that is, the great leisure they have for idleness, in the midst of such proofs of their labour and ingenuity as overpower the imagination. It surprises me the more, my beloved father, because you know I have been accustomed to see every individual usefully employed in my own country, it being one of your favourite maxims, that the happiness of your people requires it. Thou, who art a mighty prince, art likewise the best workman in thy dominions; for who can make hatchets to equal thine? But here the great men can bear to sit whole days unemployed, and will eat their food with instruments which other hands have formed, and live in houses with the very principle of whose construction they are little acquainted. From all this must result a vast deal of

idle time to be filled up with mere amusements ; and it is astonishing how many these people have imagined, of which we have no conception. They are extremely fond of dancing ; a pastime which implies much less exertion with them than with us, and consists chiefly in eating, drinking, and wearing fine ornaments. They extend this accomplishment even to the brute creation ; for I observe that their dogs are taught to dance in the streets of the capital ; so much leisure time have Englishmen to bestow upon these diversions.

“ Their hunting is of various kinds, but the principal object of it is a poor little timid animal they call a hare ; I have not yet seen it, but I shall hope to be enabled to send you a description of it, together with an account of the birds and beasts of the country. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning one remarkable property ascribed to it, that of loving to be hunted, although its entertainment consists solely in being torn to pieces by dogs ; I was assured, however, of this by a person who is very fond of the chace. Another species of hunting, in which apparently they take great delight, is that of a huge animal, called in their language Ox ; and this takes place often in the streets of the city, to the great terror of all who do not mix in the sport. There are no dogs used in this kind of hunting, at least I could perceive none ; indeed I was hurried away by my kind protectors so quick when the beast approached, that I could see but little of their mode of proceeding ; though I beheld enough to make me wonder at such a predilection in a people who are in a thousand respects so civilised and so humane.

“ In my future account of the beasts of this country I shall say a great deal to you about a beautiful

animal, called the *horse*, which will with great ease and celerity bear a man from place to place upon his back. They make this animal conducive to their sport in an amusement they term *racing*, in which two or more of them are made to run one against the other, with men on their backs, and wounded all the way with sharp spikes. I cannot help wondering how good men can be pleased with such sights; for it seems an unnatural and ungenerous contest, when two animals are urged beyond their strength, and forced on by violent treatment. I am sorry to find fault with a people to whom we have all, and myself particularly, been so greatly obliged, so that I am drawn opposite ways by truth and gratitude; but then again I consider that nothing is so sacred as truth, and that, after all, my greatest gratitude is due to my father and my king, who requires that I should always tell him the truth.

“ The other day I observed two men in a field, stripped as naked as is the custom with us, and beating one another till they were covered with blood, for the diversion of an infinite number of spectators, who seemed to be delighted with the scene. Though our enemies taken in war have often been slaughtered before my eyes, yet I could so ill bear to see this fury between countrymen, and, as I was told, between men who had never quarrelled, and all to amuse their fellow-creatures, that I turned away my eyes, and was sorrowful all the rest of the day. It added a good deal to my chagrin, to observe in my way home two dogs very furiously engaged; and while they were miserably tearing one another to pieces, a vast number of people gathering round them, and provoking their fury by clapping their hands, and a thousand savage gesticulations.



“ They have also another sport here, of a piece with some which I have already mentioned, termed by the natives cock-fighting; though I am told that this amusement is a little on the decline. The entertainment consists in contemplating a very fierce combat between two large birds of great beauty, and signal use to mankind, which they arm with instruments that enable them to inflict dreadful wounds on each other, till one of them expires in considerable torture. I am sorry to add, that I have seen some poltroons amuse themselves with throwing sticks at this noble bird, which, for that purpose, they had confined by the leg. Their diversions within doors are in such great variety, that it would rob more important subjects of all my time, if I were to think of describing them to you: besides which, I have only glanced at the greater part of them; for my dear friends here think I am more profitably employed when I am improving myself in the language, or am acquiring knowledge, which may turn to the future benefit of your majesty’s people.

“ Their principal amusement in their own houses appears to be derived from a certain number of thin substances, spotted in a certain manner with different colours, and which, though they allow that they gain no ideas from them, will entertain them during the time that your majesty would take to repel an invasion of your dominions. I am prejudiced against this amusement, because I have observed it operate very unpleasantly on the countenances of those who are engaged in it; and I have seen some very handsome persons, entirely stripped, while playing at cards, of what rendered them before so amiable in my eyes. They have not yet made me comprehend how it can be, but they tell it to me as an undoubted truth, that



oftentimes men lose every thing that is valuable to them in this amusement, if it deserve that name, after we are told of this its destructive tendency ; so that be assured, beloved father, I will not attempt to acquire so pernicious a talent. But the pastime of which this great people seems most enamoured, is what their language denominates a *play*. I have not yet been present at one, so that I cannot pretend to give you any account of it ; but as far as I can understand such descriptions as have been given me of it, it is a powerful engine, whether it be used on the side of vice or virtue. I will send you a full account of the first which I shall be permitted to attend ; but I fear that the silence observed about this amusement, by my dearest friends, is on the account of the neglect into which this its moral efficacy may have sunk in the present times.

“ The other day I was present at a diversion which at first wore a formidable appearance, but soon turned out to be a very insignificant spectacle. A number of persons, armed with weapons, which they call bows and arrows, and which serve to the same purpose pretty nearly as our slings and spears, meet together on a spacious plain. The professed object of their meeting is to send their arrows into a painted piece of wood, which they denominate a target ; but not more than a small number of those that came with that pretence, partook at all in the diversion ; so that, to make a display before a great number of the women of the country, of their persons and decorations, looks to be, with the major part, the real object which assembles them. I could not easily be convinced that all this noise and parade was to answer no political end : at one time it occurred to me, that it was a sort of divination by

which heaven was consulted in the appointment to certain posts of eminence, and that the generals of armies, and captains of expeditions, were chosen in this kind of lottery; at another, that some secret terrors of an invasion had begun to spread in the country, and that this martial exercise was meant as preparative to a vigorous defence. I was at length, however, persuaded that they were a very peaceable set of people, and that all this uproar proceeded only from an outrageous love of flourish and show, and, in fact, was nothing more than an apology for a feather in their hats. I was a little afraid at first of coming near them; but, upon trial, I found them so familiarly and tamely disposed, that one of them suffered me to take his hat off his head, and strutted to and fro, apparently in high good-humour, while I admired his feather. There is always a great gathering from all parts to see this spectacle; and the ladies, for whose amusement the whole is designed, appear extravagantly pleased with beholding their husbands and relatives so cheaply metamorphosed into champions and warriors. The inoffensiveness, however, and the pampered good-humour which appeared in their countenances, does not suffer one long to couple with them the idea of any thing that is terrible; and I much question, supposing these men had been cast on your majesty's dominions, instead of those to whom we are so much indebted, whether you would have found their assistance so serviceable in your battles."

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I have only presented a very small part of the letter of this extraordinary young prince to his father, as a specimen of his manner of contemplating some of our favourite spectacles and diversions. We

must allow a great deal to the prejudices of education, and the fallacies arising from a very partial experience in the wants and ways of mankind. The contempt which he insinuates for many of our prime amusements, betrays these deficiencies to which I have adverted, while the candid must allow that his narrowness of thinking is frequently coupled with expansion of feeling. What he says about our dancing, for instance, flows from his ignorance of the thousand adventitious pleasures of which that diversion is susceptible, and which renders harmony, grace, and activity, the least important part of it. Had his friends been wise enough to take him to Mrs. B—'s assemblies, he might there have seen experimentally exhibited, on a very broad scale, those nicer movements and finer operations by which, at these diversions, the grand machinery of intrigue and seduction is carried on.

His objections to gaming discover the same limited range of observation. He does not consider how much it corrects a hoarding principle among a people; exercises the sentiment of honour, promotes circulation of money, levels enormous fortunes, and confirms the chastity of the ladies by familiarising it to temptations. The hare itself is the best advocate for hunting, by loving it to distraction, as is clearly proved by her being found so often near a kennel of hounds, and by the leaping and capering she displays when she finds herself in the midst of the pack. Her imitation of the cry of a child is a pretty playful fancy of hers that adds much to the humour of the scene.

If it do not appear so decidedly that the ox loves to be hunted by the butchers, we can only answer that we cannot help his want of taste. The cock

is a most mettlesome animal, and is never so gratified as when called upon to give proofs of his courage; and our arming him with steel weapons, shows our respect for his feelings, reasoning by a fair analogy from our own sentiments of honour, which regard it as much more dignified to fight with swords than with hands. If we encourage dogs to fight, ample compensation is made to them by teaching them to dance; and if they will aspire to be accomplished cavaliers, it is fair they should have a little rough work into the bargain.

Horses, pigs, and many other animals, are fully rewarded for the sufferings they undergo, by the very superior education of late years they are in habits of receiving from the liberality and humanity of my countrymen. I am prevented, by want of room, from saying a great deal more on this subject; and have no doubt but that all our sports may in this manner, and on similar grounds, be shown to be both reasonable and humane.

Instead of a comment upon what the prince observes of plays, I shall report the answer given by a young critic to the author of an opera, that was on the verge of being rejected, who begged his advice as to the best manner of supporting it: "Lengthen your dances, and shorten your petticoats." Our plays are now dwindling into operas, and demand the same kind of support. A minuet and a ballad are, for the most part, their principal dependencies.

I am somewhat angry with the young prince for undervaluing so noble a science as that of archery, my veneration for which has been mightily enhanced by hearing that the tutor of the eldest son of a peer in my neighbourhood entertains a design of making it the subject of an Epic Poem.



Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum  
 Maguanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis  
 Mores et studia et populos et præna dicam.

Lest I should anticipate any of his fine thoughts upon the occasion, I will compress in my own humble phraseology some of the leading excellencies that distinguish this amusement. It gives an appetite, by leading men into a fine sharp air ; it is of benefit to the body of tailors ; it is not only a harmless diversion, but it keeps people out of mischief ; it is expensive, and therefore genteel ; it pleases the fairest part of the creation ; it supports something like the spirit of chivalry, exempted from its dangers ; it occasions a great deal of eating and drinking, and in some degree tends to correct the partiality of nature, by affording to the least gifted of her sons an opportunity of making a figure.

“ Ubi se ostendentes præludunt prælio.”

Our great poet Milton considered archery as so dignified an exercise, that one of the finest passages of his *Paradise Regained* is the description of the Parthian Bowmen. I shall make a present of it to the proficient in this sport, accompanied with an imitation of it, to show its easy applicability to our modern Archers.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “ HE look'd, and saw what<br>numbers numberless<br>The city-gates out-pour'd ;<br>light-armed troops,<br>In coats of mail and military<br>pride ;<br>In mail their horses clad, yet,<br>fleet and strong, | HE look'd, and saw what num-<br>bers numberless<br>The city-gates out-pour'd ;<br>sweet smirking troops,<br>In coats of green, and namby-<br>pamby pride ;<br>With belts their shoulders<br>hung, that broad and round, |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



Prauncing, their riders bore;  
 the flow'r and choice  
 Of many provinces, from  
 bound to bound;  
 From Arachosia, from Candaor  
 east,  
 And Margiana, to th' Hyrcan-  
 ian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian  
 dales;  
 From Atropatia, and the  
 neighbouring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the  
 south  
 Of Susiana to Balsara's haven.

He saw them in their forms of  
 battle rang'd,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and,  
 flying, behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers  
 against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and o'er-  
 came by flight.  
 The field all iron cast a gleam-  
 ing brown,  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor  
 at each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for  
 standing fight,  
 Chariots and elephants in-  
 dors'd with tow'rs  
 Of archers, nor of lab'ring  
 pioneers  
 A multitude, with spades and  
 axes arm'd,  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods,  
 or valleys clear;  
 Or where plain was, raise hill,  
 or overlay  
 With bridges, rivers proud, as  
 with a yoke.

Rattling their quivers bore,  
 the flow'r and choice  
 From Brompton to White-  
 chapel, bound to bound;  
 From Bucklersbury, from  
 Queen Anne-street-East,  
 And Radcliff-Highway, to the  
 distant verge  
 Of Dead Man's row, and deep  
 Cold Harbour-lane;  
 From Piccadilly, and the  
 neighbouring streets  
 Of Marybone, Shug-lane, and,  
 north and south,  
 From Mother Redcap's down  
 to Puddle Dock.  
 He saw them in their forms of  
 battle rang'd,  
 How spruce they wheel'd, and,  
 ogling round them, shot  
 Their arrowy vengeance 'gainst  
 the butt besieg'd,  
 Or routed target, and o'ercome  
 by might.  
 The field all feather'd wav'd  
 with plummy pride,  
 Nor wanted crowds, rout, riot,  
 dust, and din,  
 And boxers all in buff for  
 standing fight;  
 Whiskeys, and bakers' carts  
 up-pil'd with hosts  
 Of gapers, nor of lab'ring  
 pick-pockets  
 A multitude, with hooks and  
 forceps arm'd,  
 To lay fobs waste, cut strnigs  
 or pockets clear,  
 Or, where purse was, leave  
 nought, or over-reach  
 With cunning, Cockney-sparks  
 as with a noose.

Mules after these, camels and  
 dromedaries,  
 And waggons fraught with  
 utensils of war.  
 Such forces met not, nor so  
 wide a camp,  
 When Agrican with all his  
 northern pow'rs  
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances  
 tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from  
 whence to win  
 The fairest of her sex, Ange-  
 lica,  
 His daughter, sought by many  
 prowest knights,  
 Both Paynim, and the peers of  
 Charlemagne."

Gigs after these, hackneys,  
 and pleasure-carts,  
 And barrows fraught with  
 gingerbread and cakes.  
 Such forces met not, nor so  
 wide a camp,  
 When tough Magnano, with  
 his stout allies,  
 Fell on the batter'd knight, as  
 Butler tells,  
 In the city o' Brentford, hop-  
 ing thus to win  
 The smiles of Trulla, blowsiest  
 of her sex,  
 His mistress, sought by many  
 broad-back'd blades,  
 Both gipseys and gigantic gre-  
 nadiers. ♣

N<sup>o</sup> 84. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28.

By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady!

*Much-ado about Nothing.*

As I draw towards the conclusion of these papers, I begin to feel a train of literary compunctions for past omissions, analogous to those moral regrets which grow in a man's mind, as he approaches that catastrophe which in a manner winds up his accounts, and brings to his recollection a long arrearage of duties, and uncanceled obligations. The particular remorse which at present preys upon my conscience, as an author, is on the score of that neglect with which I seem to have treated the female literature of the present hour. To whatever department of letters we turn our attention, we see the ladies possessing themselves of the first honours, and a new system of decoration, resulting from their labours, is fast extirpating that antiquated vein of heathenish simplicity, which, for whole centuries, has schooled us into a dull imitation of dull models, under the debauching idea of classic purity.

Thanks to the ladies of Great Britain for delivering us from so slavish a yoke, and asserting the special rights of authors, amidst the general ardour for the rights of man. I shall lay before my readers a specimen or two in illustration of my foregoing remarks, and will begin with comparing a few stanzas by the late Lord Littleton, written in the genuine homeliness of the old school, with a little effusion which I

have just extracted warm and glowing from a Ladies Magazine.

IF silent oft you see *me* pine,  
Nor in your presence dare to speak,  
It is because a love like mine  
Finds all expression faint and weak.

It is because I oft have told  
The melancholy tale in vain ;  
It is because your looks are cold,  
And seem to bid me hide my pain.

Oh, why then are you silent still?  
Why am I forc'd those eyes to read,  
To learn from them to guess your will,  
Which, were it known, should be obey'd?

Whatever may the sentence be,  
Which from those lovely lips may come,  
It cannot seem so harsh to me,  
As thus in silence wait my doom.

Ah ! let thy tongue my fate explain,  
And I will try to bear my woe ;  
In love, as death, the greatest pain  
Is all to fear, and nothing know.

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GALES of Araby the blest,  
Waft me to some place of rest ;  
Bear me on thy pensive wings,  
Where the lark so frolic sings.

Sighs of sympathy and love,  
The feeling breast can only move ;  
Bitter anguish gnaws my heart,  
And tears are mingled with my smart.

Softly blow the southern skies,  
Nor heed the tear that dims my eyes :  
Silly maid ! ah ! hush thy grief,  
A friend's the balm that gives relief.

Blest blue-ey'd nymph, Almira, come,  
 And charm my wayward sorrows dumb;  
 Ah! carry me in friendship's car,  
 From children, cares, and duties far.

There, tear-fraught Muse, from sorrows free,  
 I'll lap thee in obscurity:  
 And at my tranquil griefs shall blush,  
 The murmuring riv'lets as they rush.

And there, amid the envious gloom,  
 I'll deck with flowers a flaunting tomb,  
 And build with tears a hallow'd shrine  
 To Sensibility divine.

But there is a species of composition in which the present far excels all former ages, and to which my fair countrywomen have eminently contributed. The novel writers of the day I consider as my ablest co-adjutors in this my bold endeavour to reform the times. It is indeed a noble stand that they make against that ferocity of character, which the public mind is always liable to contract in the course of a bloody war, by the soft and melting influence of their glowing pages. Whatever can inflame our curiosities, or expand our bosoms; whatever can excite our wonder, or gratify that generous love of impossibilities which is at the bottom of all our noblest actions; above all, whatever can steal our thoughts from nature's coarseness and imperfections, from life's blunt truths, and inelegant corrections, is to be found in the animated productions of our modern novelists.

My feelings, however, towards this amiable tribe of benefactors to their country, demand something more than simple eulogy; they demand something like a practical proof of my great love and veneration, which I have determined to publish to the world in the following specimen, exhibiting a cento from



the most eminent of those innumerable models furnished by the patriotic press of our great Mr. Lane. I am persuaded that I am much advancing my credit with my readers, by thus concentrating into one blazing focus, the dissipated glories of a thousand suns; and I flatter myself that as I am the first who has started this gigantic idea of public benefit, posterity will enrol me among British worthies, and this Number will find its way into every corner of the habitable globe. Glowing with this godlike sentiment, I repine at the beggarly limits of my paper, which oblige me to imitate the abridgements of Procrustes, and not rather his extentions. It consoles me, however, to reflect, that the beauty of the incidents which I am about to relate, like the charms of a novel heroine, rises superior to all disadvantages, and is improved and heightened by what in the common course of things should seem calculated to destroy it.

“ THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZA ;

OR, THE ELEVE OF SENSIBILITY.

“ It was on the eve of the memorable day which alarmed our peaceful isle with some menaces of an earthquake; that is, it was on the —— of ——, in the year 17—, that Eliza made her appearance on a planet, which was to present but the darkest side of objects to her disconsolate eyes. She was, indeed, born to sensibility, and her heart ceased not to vibrate to the chord of love, till it had ceased to beat altogether. Alas! the governing emotion of her being, long ere she had attained to the power of imparting her feelings by the vulgar organs of speech, discovered itself in the silent eloquence of her eye—

that eye into which heaven had distilled its purest dews, to reflect, as from a mirror, the image of its own perfection. The blushes of her baby cheeks, whenever the person of the young Frederick was presented to her eyes, or his idea to her imagination, were early prognostics of that future flame which blazed out in the sequel with such merciless fury. Thus was love a constitutional principle inextricably and vitally interwoven into the very fundamental texture of her existence. The eye of Frederick, though younger than his Eliza, by several months, “darted contagious fire” whenever it encountered hers. A thousand little delicate attentions, even at this lisping era, bespoke their mutual love, and proved that Nature had made them in the same mould of sensibility. Eliza would never enter her go-cart, till her lover’s go-cart moved by her side; and Frederick, on the other hand, with tears of elegant concern, would push the “nipple from his boneless gums,” till he was convinced the dear hunger of his Eliza was more than contented.

“Sweet unadulterated delights of sensibility’s children! The world, with its iron grasp, had not yet withered the blossoms of thy native exuberance! —But to proceed with my story—What had thus ominously began, as rapidly advanced, and was as pertinaciously continued. But alas! it was the fate of our heroine to be sprung from parents as unlike herself, as she herself was like her Frederick: and as she strengthened in years as well as in love, she saw strengthening at the same time, and in the same proportion, an unfeeling combination, composed of her father, the baron of —, her mother the baroness, brothers and sisters, five uncles, seven aunts, and an innumerable army of cousins of both sexes, and in every degree of affinity, for the purpose of

counteracting the darling desires of her heart. In the mean time the beauty of the young baroness began to draw towards its meridian maturity, and in the course of a single year brought four hundred adorers on their knees, from among the richest and noblest families in Europe and Asia.

“ It must be confessed that nothing could equal the charms of this accomplished young person. How shall I attempt the description! Her features were far from being regular; her mouth was not little, her nose was rather too short and flat, and her complexion displayed neither the rose nor the lily; but something much above regular beauty beamed from her countenance; and it was impossible for any but a tiger, a stoic, or a Jew, to regard her without such a ravishing sense of pleasure, as made all the faculties swim in an ocean of ecstasy. But nothing could move the unbending severity of her tyrannical relations, who were unfeelingly employed in investigating the pecuniary claims of Frederick, at a time when they ought to have been shedding drops of affliction and admiration over their disconsolate daughter, sister, niece, and cousin.

“ Eliza, governed by the purest sentiments, and inspired only with celestial feelings, became more and more attached, as she made new discoveries of the poverty of her lover, and learned not only the present scantiness of his means, but the dear probability of its duration, from his habitual indolence, and his disdain for the objects of subsistence. Nothing could shake the resolute passion of the young baroness; and one day, after a long and bitter contest, in which every argument was used to dissuade her from her purpose, she left her mother, three aunts, and four cousins in a swoon, in the baron’s apartment, to rush into the arms of her adored Fre-

derick. Innumerable were their schemes for effecting interviews in spite of the cruel machinations of this inhuman association. Ladders of ropes were long the instruments of their mutual happiness, after the barbarous family had retired to rest: and in this golden period of their loves, they passed whole nights, for a successive series of weeks, in this ecstatic interchange of protestations and endearments, without ever yielding, for a single moment, to the vulgar calls of slumber; nor did nature, during this commerce of raptures, once interpose with a single coarse intimation of the expediency of repose.

“ How much longer the eyes of such transcendant love would have bid defiance to our natural necessities, who shall pretend to declare? for Fortune, whose constancy lovers, of all mortals, most sparingly experience, obtruded herself where Nature, as has been before observed, was too modest to interfere. It was on a fatal evening, when the east wind blew such a storm of thunder, hail, and snow, as the earth had never witnessed before, that the ladder, on which depended all that was dear to the tender Eliza, proving unequal to the pressure of Frederick’s foot, just as he was springing into the well-known garret, threw him a perpendicular height of eighty feet, in the sight of the agonized fair-one, whose unguarded screams brought the whole house out of bed, around the unhappy victim, while, through the shades of the night, they perceived her face, neck, and hands, covered with one crimson suffusion.

“ The consequences of his *chûte* were a compound fracture in every limb, and the bursting of more than one vessel of that blood which flowed only for his dear Eliza. But how little, alas! does *he* know of the nature of love, who requires to be told, that on the very next night her bandaged adorer, whose



limbs now refused him their wonted aid, was conveyed into her chamber in a trunk, which was pretended to contain such clothes as Eliza, at that time, fortunately expected to follow her, in her return from a visit to a distant friend! — But misfortunes are proverbially never single; he had caused perforations to be made, for the purpose of admitting the air, on the lid of the chest which was to convey him; and during his passage in a waggon to the shrine of his idol, a heavy shower of rain, that beat full upon the trunk, found its way through the apertures on its surface, and in a short time filled, even to overflowing, those parts of it which were not already occupied by the dislocated Frederick. He had foreseen his fate from the darkness that gathered around him, but was too much delibitated by his recent mutilations to be capable of making himself heard by the unfeeling waggoner; and when the precious chest was opened by the impatient fair, for the double purpose of extricating the enamoured prisoner, and moaning over the cruel incident which had robbed her of the delights of his conversation the preceding evening, I must leave the reader to imagine her emotions at the sight of her fractured and half-suffocated lover!

“Once more did the sympathetic agonies of love prevail over the dictates of prudent secrecy; and once more were the baron and his adherents the implacable if not exulting witnesses of the misery which was consequent upon the perseverance of the unhappy Frederick. The savage animosity of the baron transgressed, on this occasion, the usual bounds of parental cruelty: for he forbade that the means directed by the society for the recovery of drowned persons, should be employed on the wretched sufferer; and to the strength of his own constitution, not to the humanity of Eliza’s father, did he owe the



recovery of a life, which was restored only to encounter new instances of the insensibility of fortune. From this time the combined enemies of love and truth intercepted every means by which they would have renewed their clandestine intercourse. But with lovers a bridle is a spur: it was not long ere a scheme was projected and matured between them, of meeting at the house of farmer Woodcock (a tenant of the baron, but in the interest of our lovers) at one o'clock in the morning, when Frederick was to have prepared a chaise and four, at the end of the lane which led to the house of the honest farmer.

“Love, we have long known, is blind; and one evidence of it furnished by our youthful couple, on this occasion, was, that they had not looked an hour into the future; but, when they had thus run into each other's arms, were then to construct the plan of their future operations. It was enough that they met; and the first act of the meeting was the delivery into his hand, on her part, of a bond which secured to him the whole of her fortune, if ever she became the wife of another. But Fate was not soon weary of persecuting those who were born for each other, and for misery:—she had placed one foot on the step of the chariot, and Frederick, now perfectly recovered from his fractures, was in the act of helping her to draw after it the other, when, to the horror and astonishment of both, the baron, in his night-gown and slippers, stood before them!

“The reader has not been told that he was apprised of his daughter's elopement; and in truth, it was a secret to him until the very moment before its accomplishment: but their evil genius decreed that he should dream of her escaping to the arms of her lover; and waking with the violence of his emotions, he felt so strongly impressed with the reality of th

thing that he hurried instantaneously to the spot whither his dream directed him. It is needless to say that the post-chaise retreated with but half of its intended freight. The baron rather dragged than led his trembling child to her chamber, in which she was made a close prisoner for sixteen months, during which time bread and water were the only food which the inhumanity of the baron would allow her; and even of this wretched fare she made the most sparing use: during the first week of her confinement she might be said to have subsisted on harts-horn and water, which were incessantly administered to recover her from constant swoonings, which were her substitute for sleep for more than an hundred successive nights.—

“ Yet could not all these severities work any perceptible effects upon the charms of her person, which seemed rather to improve than to decay, under circumstances which would have withered any other form, and dimmed the lustre of any other eye but hers. The intervals which could be spared from sighs and tears, were dedicated to a clandestine correspondence with Frederick, which passed through the hands of her devoted Fidele, who received in remuneration from time to time, at the hands of the grateful youth, sums which enabled her to purchase an elegant villa in which she is now reaping, with the man of her heart, the reward of her unparalleled fidelity. But as Fortune smiled but on few moments of their lamentable loves, it was not long ere the malignant and lyncean vigilance of the baron detected the exchange of letters; and from that instant the means of writing were taken from her.

“ But the extremes of passion are not easily disfurnished of their implements: the eye of the watchful baron, who was one day passing under her window,

was caught by the rinds of more than a hundred lemons, which lay scattered at his feet:— he suspected he knew not what; for the saturnine cast of his own disposition had left him, though prone to suspicion, yet wholly unacquainted with the inventive subtleties of traversed love; and hastening to his daughter's chamber, he stole behind her, and surprised her in the moment of dipping the point of a bodkin into a lemon, for the purpose of tracing the dictates of a bleeding heart to the beloved Frederick, whom she had taught to call forth the latent characters, by exposing the paper to the fire. The rage of the baron transported him beyond the bounds even of savage barbarity: and the cruelties he exercised upon the tender victim of his wrath, were such as would have brought him within the cognizance of the laws, had not the saint-like forbearance of the suffering Eliza equalled the brutal extravagancies of vengeance in her paternal enemy.

“The trembling heart of Frederick, sensitively alive to all that concerned his love, was wrought into a phrensy of apprehension, when he found the communication with his soul's idol suddenly cut off. He conjectured as well the discovery of their epistolary intercourse, as the subsequent sufferings of his beloved Eliza; and the expedient suggested by the fertility of a lover's invention was that of winding a letter round an arrow, and shooting it into the open window of his mistress, at a time when he knew that the stern severity of her father had relented into a permission that she should breathe the fresh air of the garden. The letter contained an intimation of a plot for her deliverance, which he had formed in the desperation of anxiety and fondness; no less than that of setting fire to the house at a specified hour of the night. He warned her that he would be ready

to receive her in a blanket, which he, with three trusty dependants, would hold under the garret window, and into which she was to leap, when the confusion occasioned by the spreading flames should have withdrawn the attention of her parents and other foes from that side of the house in which she and Love resided.

“ The plot was but too successfully executed; for though her escape was accomplished to their warmest desires, the baroness, her mother, who lay in a room by herself, and was forgotten amidst the general tumult, was a prey to the flames. The same preparations for their speedy flight, which had been made without success on a former occasion, were now renewed with a happier event, and they fled with all the expedition of love and fear to a recluse village in the most remote of the Orkney Islands, hoping, in this northern retreat, to escape the keenest scrutiny of their unrelenting pursuers; and here accordingly, for the space of ten ecstatic days, they forgot, in the transport of mutual vows, all the malignity of their past fates: but now, at a time when they least expected it, and in the manner they could least have surmised, this delight was to have its end.

“ They had taken up their lodging in the hut of a poor fisherman, where they had resolved to pass, regardless of the bleak barrenness of this stormy and desolate abode, the remaining blissful hours of their lives. But the machinations of Fortune, their old enemy, were now to recommence; and it was decreed by the frowning destinies, that the baron, who had imprudently lodged the whole of his property in the house in which he lately dwelt, and who was consequently reduced to beggary by the fire that consumed it, should wander in search of a refuge, first to the very island, and then to the very hut,



where our transported couple had found an unenvied asylum. Though but one month had elapsed since the ruin of his fortunes, the escape of his child, and the miserable death of his wife, he was so transformed by grief, anger, and fatigue, that when, pale, trembling, and emaciated, he presented himself before his daughter, with an expectation that his appearance would petrify her with shame and terror, she regarded him with the most tranquil indifference, as not recollecting that she had ever before beheld the form or features of him who thus ferociously regarded her. He did not long neglect to certify his identity, nor was it much longer ere her eyes became glazed and bloodshot, while her whole frame underwent such violent and alarming changes, as gave unequivocal symptoms of approaching insanity: mad, accordingly, she instantly became, and mad she remained many weeks after the arrival of a gentleman of the faculty, eminent for the cure of this calamity, for whom Frederick flew, on the wings of agony and love, to London.

“ On her recovery, she gave no intimations that she recognized either her father or her lover: but one morning she failed to make up the accustomed trio at breakfast, in the hospitable hut of the humane and tender fisherman; and, from that hour, never more met the eyes of her cruel father, or her adoring Frederick! In the latter, the outrages of sorrow operated exactly as they had done on his divine Eliza, and a temporary loss of reason suspended the tyranny of that grief which produced it. On his recovery, he made a solemn vow at the altar, that he would never more unclose his lips in speech, or admit between them any sustenance but bread and water, till he had found, dead or living, the body of his Eliza; nor ever, for a single hour, to remit the



search. In the prosecution of his vow, he first ranged on foot, without success, the whole extent of England, Scotland, and Ireland: and immediately after, undiscouraged by his failure, proceeded on his pedestrian pursuit during an unintermitted space of twelve years, through Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, and the two Turkeys.

“ On his recovery from a long and painful illness, which was the consequence of his labours, mental and bodily, and other austerities, he renewed his indefatigable peregrination through Arabia, Assyria, and Egypt; where, following the course of the Nile, he penetrated into the unknown central regions of Africa, and thence right onward, till his inquiry was unexpectedly bounded by the sea at the Cape of Good Hope;—and it was at last from the mysterious nods of a Mandarin, at the court of Pekin, in the thirteenth year of his wanderings, that he gained some faint glimmerings of intelligence, which kindled a hope that he might hear of his long-lost Eliza at a certain convent in France. At the gates of that convent, in a space of time not very much exceeding that which I have consumed in relating it, stood the desponding and emaciated Frederick, imploring, from the commiseration of the abbess, some ray of comfort to his widowed and benighted heart. From her he learned, that on the day exactly answering that on which he left the Orkney Isles, for the purpose of commencing his melancholy and desultory tour, his Eliza had entered the walls of the convent at which he was now arrived; that she had assumed the veil immediately on her entrance, and had worn it with such an exemplary and unbending constancy of pious determination, as had shamed their whole

body, from the venerable superior to the novice of yesterday; that she had threatened to end her own life in that moment when any of the sisterhood should pronounce, in her hearing, the name of Frederick; and that, after an unslackening course of such fasting, mortification, and watchfulness, as, by comparison, branded the severest penances of the convent with the character of voluptuousness and luxury, she had, but one hour before his arrival, brought her spotless being to an end, by having strained, beyond the capacities of her frame, the rigours of mortification.

“ The former part of this sentence was all that Frederick heard. On his recovery he caught the affrighted religious by the throat, and demanded, with the most frantic gestures, to be instantly conducted to the body of the miserable Eliza: he gazed in the taciturn transports of extreme mental agony on her angelic countenance, upon which death had been able to effect no change, but by amendment; for, more calmly sweet, more floridly beautiful to the eye, as well as more vividly glowing to the touch, than he had ever remembered them, were the features of the goddess of his idolatry; and he could hardly be persuaded that he did not still hear her sigh, as he applied his cheek to hers in an ecstasy of sorrow.

“ A settled gloom now fixed itself on the countenance of Frederick: and as he looked out of the convent window on the country below, he felt full of indignation at Nature for sympathizing so little with his sorrows; for the sun had now gilded the western horizon, the birds were singing on every bough, the little lambs were sporting round their mothers, and the unfeeling grasshoppers were chirruping, as unconscious of what had

happened. Unwilling, however, to let pass a moment so favourable for his journey, he resolved to set out instantly for his pensive habitation with his poor but friendly fisherman; and having enjoined the abbess to collect the dear ashes of his beloved into a golden urn, and having forced down a couple of mouthfuls to sustain his sinking frame, he flung himself from the walls of the convent; and after a short preparative for his departure, repaired to his well-known and long-deserted dwelling in the Orkney Isles, whither he conveyed all the memorials of his beloved Eliza, and there established his permanent abode, which he vowed never to quit during the remainder of his wretched days, but for the mournful purpose of annually repairing to, and weeping over, the urn, that contained all that ever gave him an interest in this sublunary scene, in the person of his adored Eliza."

N<sup>o</sup> 85. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1794.

*Nemo læditur nisi seipso.* PETRARCH. Præfat. de Remed.

Our sorrows originate in ourselves.

I HAVE often considered with myself, how it should come to pass that an addiction to melancholy is more common among my countrymen than other Europeans. That physical causes have some share in this conformation of mind, can be doubted by no one who regards the variableness of our climate, and that dependence on the atmosphere to which the human frame is reduced by the enervations of modern refinement. There are good grounds, however, for thinking that little more belongs to climate than a predisposing influence in human affairs, which physically inclines us to a particular form of government, or particular bent of manners, but which readily gives place to such counter tendencies, as the existing government, by whatever forms established, can oppose to its progress.

The moral opposition which we are able to set up, in our civil and social capacity, to the capricious rule of the elements, denotes one of our great prerogatives above the brute creation, and marks that ascendancy which reason holds in all the concerns and attributes of our being. This supremacy of the mind, this mastery of the spiritual part of us, is a cheerful and elevating thought amidst those hourly prostrations of human pride, which fill up the date of this

perishable existence. It is certainly some proof, if proofs were wanting, that the world was created for man's use and sovereignty, when we reflect, that while other animals are confined to particular spots of the globe, and degenerate in strange latitudes, the human species flourishes in every part of the earth, accommodates itself to every change of climate, and maintains its pre-eminence wherever it is situated by nature or by accident. It should seem, therefore, that man is a much more independent animal than we suppose him, on the influence of outward adventitious causes, and that a more internal and spiritual source is at the bottom of all his varieties and revolutions of character.

It is an easy and indolent way of accounting for the phænomena of the mind, to derive them from physical and irremediable causes; but the more accurate thinker perceives and acknowledges the great preponderancy of habit in all that respects our qualities, attainments, and dispositions, and discerns how clear and speaking a truth it is, that man was meant to be the framer of his own happiness, and the instrument of his own elevation.

In conformity with these principles, we are to look for the origin of the different casts and complexions of the mind, by which different men and countries are characterised, not so much in the operation of climate, or in the effects of a physical organization, as in the influences of that second nature which results from our habits, our educations, and the circumstances of our political condition. There is in the savage world, under all latitudes and climates, a prevailing uniformity of character, which affords a powerful inference, that the various modifications of mind, which branch out under circumstances of civilization, are not the immediate consequences of



local or atmospherical peculiarities; I say, not the *immediate* consequences, because I have allowed them to be often *ultimately* derivable from this source, in admitting its predisposing influence on the subsequent political arrangements which gradual civilization introduces. If some complexional differences appear in the character of the savage, they are small and proximate, like shades of the same colour, and are hardly strong enough to appropriate the different histories which travellers have related of them, so that one might not serve for the other, unless for the topographical differences by which they are distinguished.

The minds of men may not ill be compared to those plants, of which a multitude of different species are enumerated; in the stems, however, and early shoots of which, but small distinction is discerned, and which wait until culture has decked them in the graceful maturity of their foliage and flowers, for their peculiarities and variations to be pronounced and recognized. Melancholy is among those modifications of the human character, which wait the fecundating efficacy of social refinement, ere they break out in all their diversities of shade and colouring: like those other qualities which manifest themselves principally or solely in the members of civil society, it is more justly traced to moral than to physical causes; and I cannot help thinking, that, in the idea which imputes so great a measure of it to atmosphere and climate, there is much bad philosophy, and much ignorance of human nature. Plautus observes well, in speaking of the mind of man—

“ Hospitium est calamitatis, quid verbis opus est;  
Quamcunque malam rem quæres, illic reperies.”

If, therefore, in our search after the grounds of

this melancholy, we look no farther than the mind which it inhabits, what abundant sources of secret sorrow, what a laboratory of pains and afflictions, do we there discover! In the cruel fondness of parents; in the early plantation of deceitful hopes, and not seldom of vicious principles; in the selfish luxury which is permitted to youth, and in the barren occupations to which our manhood is surrendered; in the unripe consequence with which children are invested; and in the fastidious satiety which, in our present forcing system of culture, teaches us to spurn at simple pleasures, before even half our capacities of delight are unfolded—I read the long history of human sorrows, and see the whole mischief developed in its series of causes and effects.

It would ask too much room to consider how far the political circumstances of a people may nourish a national bias towards melancholy; but it plainly appears that they have some sort of influence on this part of the general character. Every thing in life has its antidotes and compensations; and the real evils and advantages of different conditions of humanity are in the main so evenly balanced, that, in accomplishing those changes which promise the fairest for human felicity, we are not always gainers by our most splendid bargains; and perhaps even the boasted liberty to which Englishmen have attained, has not, on a cool calculation, made any actual addition to their substantial happiness. It is perhaps the natural effect of a high degree of political liberty, to exalt and refine the spirits to a pitch bordering on excess, to inspire a melancholic enthusiasm, to overheat the passions and the imagination, and to foster an irritable and tenacious sort of pride, that is fruitful in discontented and gloomy speculations. I hope it may only be the timorous observation of an

old man (for it is indeed a dispiriting consideration), that as we gradually mount from slavery to freedom, as we gradually draw towards that state of society most honourable to our natures and most favourable to our natural search after knowledge and improvement, the melancholy of our mind increases, and new shapes of inward sorrow are tacitly blended with our triumphs. If, after all, this statement be the truth, there is something ridiculous in the compassion which we bestow upon the subjects of despotic governments; it is something perhaps like our mode of estimating the amenity or gloominess of a mansion, as we view it at a distance, from the appearance it affords when contemplated from the spot on which we stand, instead of invertedly considering how the spot on which we stand, and the surrounding objects, might appear, when beheld from the mansion itself.

If then there be any thing in the liberty we enjoy, which favours this disposition of my countrymen towards melancholy, and if, as I have contended, this melancholy is bred more out of the mind itself, than any circumstance of our physical allotment, we see a necessity for constant exertions to oppose its progress, and perceive that the only remedy on which a reasonable dependence can be placed, is such as points immediately to the seat and source of the malady. But, since the mind that has once admitted this importunate guest, has rarely a sufficiency of spirit remaining to rally its original strength, preparatives for resistance must commence at an early period, and Education must raise her ramparts against future invasion.

It is beyond my present purpose to consider what modes of culture are best calculated to obtain this valuable end; but it seems that the adopted methods are almost universally inadequate to promote its ac-

complishment. It is impossible, however, to forbear a reprobation of that fond fatuity of parents, which leads them to disqualify their children for the ordinary troubles of life, by a cowardly imbecile indulgence of all their wants and wishes, at an age when these wants and wishes can be bottomed in no reasonable expectations, and when the only path which they can tread with safety, is that to which obedience and duty directs.

But of all the sources whence arise that melancholy which ripens with our age, there are none so prolific as the neglect, in those on whom youth depends, of placing before them such objects and amusements as are durable, and last beyond the date of short-lived juvenility; such as are not limited to that dwarfish span which covers only the green platform of our vernant years, but extends over the chequered landscape of human life, cantoned as it is into naked and luxuriant spots, into sunny hills and sombrous valleys. Something, however, must still be allowed to the natural sportiveness of children: their unworn passion for novelties, and all their pretty enthusiasm, should, methinks, have their due exercise in simple puerile pleasures; a kind of reverence should also be paid to the ignorance of innocence, since it were cruel to rob them too early of those gay delusions, those blooming errors, which secure to them a short snatch of sincere felicity, ere the enchantment is dissolved by the discoveries of age.

“ AH! let thy young enthusiast stray  
Through Fancy's rainbow-tinted way;  
Let his light footsteps gaily rove  
The fairy paths of joy and love;  
Let him the world delighted view,  
And think each flattering vision true;



Think every heart he e'er has known,  
 As good and guileless as his own !  
 Why dim with tears that laughing eye ?  
 Why draw th' unnecessary sigh ?  
 For his young life is full of charms ;  
 He dreams secure in Pleasure's arms ;  
 Fancy and Hope their gifts dispense,  
 And strength impart to innocence.  
 Awhile life's hateful truths forego,  
 Nor wake him to a world of woe ;  
 But when maturer age declares  
 Its stern approach by sterner cares ;  
 When first the long-worn path he tries,  
 Where Sorrow, like a serpent, lies,  
 Hid underneath some fond delight,  
 And rears her with'ring form to sight ;  
 When, starting at the direful view,  
 Father ! he turns his eyes on you ;  
 When doubting, with his hopes at strife,  
 He, trembling, asks, if this be life ;  
 Then open all his little breast  
 To truths that must, must be confess'd ;  
 These truths in gentlest sounds unfold,  
 The cold sad tale that must be told ;  
 The fated ill life must endure ;  
 And comfort what you cannot cure."

How is it that I find myself insensibly drawn to be an advocate against truth at this grave period of my life ? Dare I push yet a little further this apology for error, and recommend a degree of it, even after the maturity of years has called us to take our place among rational and responsible agents ? Yes, I must contend, that a little deception is necessary to keep up that supply of good-humour among mankind, without which nothing would go merrily forwards, and a numbness would invade all the business and activity of life. A decent kind of flattery, which covers the nakedness of truth, which glosses over those blemishes to which no blame can attach, which



mellows down physical disparities, mollifies discouragements, smooths the rough inequalities of conditions, and lends confidence to blushing embarrassment, is perhaps excused by the charity of its motive; perhaps reconcileable to the moral constitution of things. But I will add no more in vindication of any shape of error; for I feel it to be dangerous ground. In the place of more observation of my own, let me call the reader's attention to another little poem, in which a blemish is so beautifully blazoned, that no one who reads it can quarrel with that sort of flattery, or at least with that degree of it which I have ventured to recommend. Who is the author of this little piece I am not informed; it found its way to me through a friendly channel, from the hands of a gentleman who has good sense to select, and good nature to communicate.

The stanzas were written to console a young lady for an impediment in her speech.

“ WHEN fair Almeria's gentle voice  
Divides the yielding air,  
Fix'd on her lips the quiv'ring sounds  
Excess of bliss declare.

There, lingering round their rosy gate,  
They view their fragrant cell,  
Unwilling yet to leave that mouth,  
Where all the Graces dwell.

While some soft accents strike the ear  
With sweet imperfect sound,  
A thousand others die within,  
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet through this cloud, distinct and clear,  
Strong sense directs its dart;  
And, while it seems to shun the ear,  
Strikes home upon the heart.”

“ Almeriæ vox blanda leves dum dividit auras,  
 “ Testantur tremuli gaudia summa soni ;  
 “ Limine enim in roseo sistunt, cellamque tuentes  
 “ Fragrantem, nunquam longius ire volunt.  
 “ (Talibus et quisnam non vult hæerere labellis ?  
 “ Gratia ubi et risus ludere semper amant.)  
 “ Erumpunt verò quædam vaga murmura tandem,  
 “ Murmura mellifluâ penè liquata morâ.  
 “ Plura autem, tardata nimis, moriuntur ibidem,  
 “ Ac multo penitus nectare mersa manent.  
 “ Interea tantâ verborum condita nube,  
 “ En ! tamen ingenii vis manifesta micat :  
 “ Et quanquam, propè cassa sono, vix occupet aures,  
 “ Ritè, suo pollens fulgore, corda ferit.”

After all, however, one is not every body's friend in endeavouring to suggest remedies for melancholy ; since the searching spirit of modern discovery, which has extracted a sugar from lead, has also, by a sort of mental chemistry, found out that there are sweets in sorrow. Even the vulgar are now convinced that the principal component part of grief is delight ; and *the pleasures of melancholy*, at first confined to the precincts of St. James's, is now a phrase of the commonest use at Shoreditch and Whitechapel. This pensive hilarity, this sportive gloom, is always best felt and understood where there is most ease and plenty ; and, in proportion as commerce has spread the comforts of life over a larger mass of the community, the number of merry mourners have increased among the lower orders. I shall expect, too, that the pleasures of melancholy will soon be extended over a numerous body of commissaries and contractors, which the war is enriching. The poor and illiterate are always slow in adopting improvements ; and such is their obtuseness and obstinacy, that they cannot be taught to comprehend the de-

lights which may be drawn from their distresses; and all that is poetical or picturesque in their situation, is lost upon these happy wretches. Even those of good educations have not always taste and sensibility sufficient to relish these delights, when they come home to their own business and bosoms: a proof of this was a few nights ago exhibited at our society, where a reverend visitor, the Dean of a cathedral, found it impossible to bring my Curate to a due sense of the advantages his poverty gave him, in a view to these elegant pleasures.

*Dean.*—I blush, Mr. Curate, at my own discontentedness, when I candidly acknowledge that I am tempted, by my love of simple pleasures, to envy you the life you appear to lead. Yes, I envy you that quiet cultivation of your own thoughts, and that exemption which you enjoy from the tumultuous grandeur and luxury of the great.

*Curate.*—I cannot say, Mr. Dean, that I feel all the happiness of my situation, or perceive any advantages it holds out, that balance against your club-tailed coach-horses, and the pipe of Madeira I saw carried into your cellar about a fortnight ago.

*Dean.*—Why should you revive such disagreeable thoughts in my mind? These sacrifices which I make to the world, and to the gross and mistaken medium through which men contemplate the dignity of my station in the church, have cost me all that I regard as most precious in the world—the quiet enjoyment of the muse and my own company, and that envied opportunity which poverty affords, of wrapping one's self up in the delightful gloom of one's own meditations.

*Curate.*—Forgive my audacity, in demanding of

your reverence, why, with such a taste for poverty, you do not relinquish a station which withholds you from indulging so simple and so cheap a relish?

*Dean.* — Alas! good Mr. Curate, there is no persuading one's wife and children to follow rational pleasures. A refinement of thinking, which is beyond the reach of low uninformed minds, is necessary to qualify for these rich gratifications. For my own part, I never pass, in my chariot and pair, the humble cottage that stands in the dell at the end of my lawn, without sighing for the sober serenity which reigns in that peaceful mansion. The moon, which sends her broken light through the branches of the old elm that shelters this little dwelling, opens to my delighted vision such a picturesque display of crazy beams, fractured casements, broken doors, and ragged children, as never fails to throw my mind into one of those ecstasies of delicious melancholy, known only to such as are elevated above the spurious splendour of vulgar greatness.

*Curate.* — To give yet higher touches to this pleasing melancholy, and to render it yet more *picturesque*, let us suppose a tremendous storm beating in through the battered roof; the cries of children, and squalls of famished cats, borne along in blended harmony by the ravished winds! — who would not give up a deanery, and club-tailed coach-horses, and pipes of Madeira, for such bewitching sorrows?

*Dean.* — Nay, sir, this is straining my meaning rather further than was intended. If you respect rank and dignity so little, as to throw ridicule upon my remarks, I have done with the conversation.

*Curate.* — I beg, reverend sir, a thousand pardons, and frankly acknowledge the coarse make of my mind, that cannot enter into such sublime satisfac-



tions. My life has been exposed to many heavy misfortunes, from which I have never known how to extract any pleasing reflections: nothing elegant has ever mixed itself with my sorrows; and I have sometimes wanted a dinner, without any satisfaction from those feasts of imagination which refinement affords. I am never so well disposed as after a comfortable meal, to relish that sublime passage of our immortal poet,

“ And bring with thee calm peace and quiet;  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet;  
And hear the Muses, in a ring,  
Aye round about Jove’s altar sing.”

I am tempted to believe, that, in general, those men think highest of these enjoyments, who are most at their ease; as those who possess a firm footing on the shore, contemplate with the most delight a storm at sea.

*Dean.* — Why, sir, I will confess that the grossness of bodily suffering is inconsistent with these subtile and refined sentiments; and even hunger, when carried beyond a certain pitch, ceases to be picturesque, and becomes too rude and querulous to harmonise with such gentle emotions: though I am convinced, that, to the functions of the brain, and the operation of the intellect, nothing is so physically and morally conducive, as an exclusion from the pleasures of the table. Corporeal temperance is mental luxury; and the Muse is sooner inebriated with the limpid beverage of the pure fountain, than with the richest draughts which the grape can afford; more pampered with a pottage of herbs, than with the choicest viands that were ever thought of by the sons of sensuality. But I give up the defence of fasting, since it is impossible for me to impart to you a conception of pleasures which nature has not



qualified you to feel. Let me only contend for those sober delights which result from a melancholy train of reflections, such as the pensive enthusiast experiences when reposing on the tomb of his friend, or when bathing the cold urn of his departed wife with tears of delicious sorrow. Alas! the worldling, taught, from his earliest youth, to misconstrue the design of his creation, and to place the happiness of life in the indulgence of appetite, exercised in vanities till the frame of his mind becomes too slight to endure reflection, and condemned in a manner, by the conditions of his estate, to let his finest attributes and faculties run to waste and corruption, has no idea of that indescribable mysterious pleasure which is born of our sorrows, and certain delicate capacities of delight to which the turbulence of his career keeps him ever a stranger.

*Curate.* — Alas! sir, what you say may be very true, and is certainly very eloquent. But I cannot help thinking that we call the sentiment of which you speak by a wrong name; it is not melancholy, but so different a thing, as only to live in minds naturally cheerful and unacquainted with genuine grief. You talk of the pleasure of leaning on the tomb of one that was dear to your bosom. This sounds well in a monody; and, to write a monody on a departed friend, requires this kind of supposititious and prating sorrow. Permit me, without offence, to ask if you have any real friends, if you have wife or children in the church-yard? Perhaps you have never tried the effects of a visit to their tombs. Alas! sir, I have lost the dearest friend on earth; my Lucy, the partner for twenty years of all my joys and troubles, lies in a corner of our parish burying-ground. I buried her in a corner, because I desire to pass as seldom as possible a spot that is calculated to call up in

my mind pains, genuine, unmixed pains, that can never be alleviated. I love not to talk of her---I have never written a line about her; and as I sometimes am forced to pass over her grassy tomb, tears so little pleasant pour down my cheeks, that I would willingly exchange them for the smile that sits on the fat unthinking face of a smirking auctioneer.

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N<sup>o</sup> 86. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.

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Ὅς ἐν τινὶ φεβρᾷ ἐσμὲν οἱ Ἀνθρώποι καὶ οὐ δεῖ δὴ ἑαυτὸν  
ἐκ ταύτης λυεῖν ἢ ἀποδιδρασκεῖν. PLATO.

Every man has a certain post to guard and maintain here, and it does not become him to desert and abandon it.

My last paper took a view of melancholy under its milder shapes and appearances; it also considered the subject under certain aspects in which so much trifling and affectation are blended, as to raise in us rather the sentiment of ridicule than compassion. There are, however, certain heights of the disorder where its *dreadful* symptoms begin to appear, and where its physical and moral effects disclose themselves unequivocally in the mind and in the countenance.

It is not a pleasing consideration, but I am afraid the remark is true, that there is something of an elevation and dignity in real grief that seems to become the human species, and, amidst all its depredations on

the person and the mind, substitutes an indescribable grace and comeliness of its own, that interests and engages our hearts. Perhaps it is, that in this world of tragedies there is a sort of stage decorum violated by those merry performers that interrupt the impression and outrage the moral of the scene. If this life be a vale of tears, there is doubtless, in the mirthful character, a want of consentaneity and accord, a want of harmony and keeping with the surrounding circumstances, that may in some sort account for the uninteresting effect of habitual merriment. There are perhaps, too, some moral reasons which may account for this truth; and part of the presumption against a laughing character may be grounded on the inference we involuntarily make to the disadvantage of that man's sensibility or penetration, who, "in a world bursting with sin and sorrow," can preserve an unpausing hilarity, and "sing the songs of Sion" in a land where calamity is our portion. Neither are the instances of folly, vanity, and absurdity, with which life abounds, the proper theme of merriment to man; and the presumption and self-exaltation which this mirth betrays, is of the same piece with that common imbecility by which this mirth is excited. Man moves in a circle of infirmity and corruption, where all are pressing and pressed forwards in the same limited compass, and returning again to the same point; perpetually moving and perpetually recurring; where there is no first nor last, but each is in the middle of the rest; and where, though each to himself seems to be flying off in a tangent, a strong and paramount gravitation pulls him back to the common centre, and imprisons him fast in the same round of mortifying repetition. No man, that employs time enough in the examination of himself, has leisure to laugh at his fellow-creatures; and while

the sailor in the storm is mocking his companions, there comes a Levanter that lays them all quiet, and sweeps them all into the same gulf, the confident and the dismayed.

A laughing philosopher is a contemptible character, a sort of monster in morality : and if it be consistent with the benignity of angels to laugh at human weakness, it must excite a more than ordinary mirth among them to contemplate these grave fops, these academical buffoons, shaking their sides of corruptible flesh at a system of which they constitute in themselves the most ridiculous feature.

But though I cannot uphold this habitual and complexional merriment, yet it is far from my meaning to justify the contrary extreme : it cannot be justified, because it supposes a want of confidence in those stedfast assurances which our Creator has given us of his mercy, and a neglect of those subjects of consolation which his goodness has proposed to our thoughts. A false balance of the judgement, and an unsound estimate of life, are principally at the bottom of this distempered melancholy ; and it is rarely formed upon a subtraction of good sense and good dispositions.

The work is generally begun very early in life ; and so young are the beginnings of this dangerous disorder, that from our inability to trace the commencement, we for the most part incline to lay the fault on constitution, and fall foul upon nature to excuse our own parental mismanagement.

The mind of man is of a composition that renders it unfit to sustain rude and violent transitions, and more or less of lasting injury is always received from the concussions of unlooked-for vicissitudes, and the sudden vibrations of opposite passions. Delicate as this economy is, it is the first tendency of



early education, according to its present procedure, to prepare for it such trials as it cannot withstand, and as it were to arm fortune against it, by raising expectations which can never be gratified, by fostering presumptions unwarranted in truth, and by building pleasure on selfish foundations. Life is inverted by this system of culture; and hope, which should properly be the fruit of contemplation, becomes the stock out of which our reasonings are produced, the trunk from which our notions branch and expand. A mind thus badly prepared and methodised—in such a state of disorder and disorganisation, may well find life an inexplicable enigma, complain of existence as a cheat, and consider it all as a wretched scheme of delusion and inanity. Taught from early infancy to lay out all his ardours, his feelings, and affections on unstationary trifles, such a man has no stock left for those objects of manly contemplation which were meant to occupy our vigorous years. Bred up amidst the adulations of his own family, accustomed to see resistance fall before him, and right vanish before his humours, the habit fastens upon him for ever, and his life is only a protracted childhood. He wonders at the obduracy of mankind in thinking of themselves, and complains of the contractedness of the human heart: because he has no more than his share of its concern, he considers himself as cheated of his dues, and, following the violent current of disappointed ambition, rushes into the extreme of despair, fancies himself forsaken because he is not courted, and the wretchedest of mankind because not the greatest: he has no parents to appeal to from this injustice, his hard fortune has taken them off with others of their years; it is not a world fitted for him, and such as he bargained to find at his first embarkation into it; and in this bankruptcy of his hopes,



he resolves to release himself from it and seek refuge in a crime which may convince him, perhaps, that there are worse worlds than the one he has hitherto experienced.

Such a frame and condition of mind religion cannot succour with its friendly consolations—that religion which informs us that this is not a world into which we are brought to receive our dues and deserts, much less to sit in the chair of indolence, and be lulled with the soft whispers of homage and adulation; not a place in which the balance of claims and pretensions are to be adjusted, much less wherein hopes are to be realised and fancies confirmed; but a place of conflict and warfare, where every man has a part to act and a post to maintain, and where the vigilance required of us allows but a short season for indulgence, and little leisure for lamentation.

By taking these views of the subject of melancholy, we very much deduct from that elegance and that dignity with which a more partial and superficial consideration invests it; and we find upon this analysis, that, separate it from its accidental combinations, and you have little else than a residuum of human vanity.

“Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave,” says the author of the Christian Morals; in other words, take not your altitude and dimensions from the foolish flattery of fond parents, or the standard of your own early conceits and imaginations, but humble your thoughts and reduce your hopes by frequent meditations on your own littleness and imbecility; begin soon to familiarise yourself to those thoughts and reflections which may otherwise at some moment of your life come upon you by surprise. I am persuaded there never has existed a man wrought up by his sorrows to the

act of suicide, in whose history, could we get at the truth concerning him, we should not read the confirmation of these remarks—in the whole course of whose life we should not find a gross principle of vanity at the bottom, a tissue of proud assumptions and expectations, and those for the greater part the result of parental indulgence, and the deceitful promises of early adulation. It is not wonderful that the world, and even the schools, have produced men prepared to vindicate this outrage upon nature: we are always straining our intellects to the sophistry of our passions. But there surely is no rule of morality or religion of plainer and shorter inference, than that He, who does nothing in vain, placed us here for a purpose which to oppose is rebellion against him. Our very nature includes the prohibition, and the ordinance against self-destruction is coeval with the gift of life. And though it is not among those unalterable decrees of Omnipotence which leaves nothing to human discretion, yet it is among those decided declarations of his will, which leaves nothing to prevarication or doubt. The "*Cogito ergo sum*" of Descartes, is not plainer logic than the corollary here suggested, "I am, therefore I must remain;" unless we can imagine that Nature created us in sport, and pledge ourselves to the palpable nonsense of Epicurus and his followers.

As there is a height in every distemper of the body in which we lose sight of the primary and predisposing causes, so there is a pitch in this distemper of the mind, at which it often puts on new and anomalous forms and appearances, and almost entirely drops its references to its origin. When melancholy terminates in madness, the whole complexion of the character is often changed, love is converted into hate, courage into cowardice, and compassion into

cruelty; and yet at the bottom of these fluctuations there is generally, I think, a ground of vanity in the heart; and after every other trace of the former man is departed, this is the last to retire; it will cling to rags and wretchedness, and is the *ultimum moriens* of sinking humanity. Though the knowledge of this fact will aid us but little in the *cure* of madness, or even of confirmed melancholy, yet it may be turned to most excellent use in the *prevention* of these miserable maladies; and the conviction of the terrible consequences that may ultimately ensue from early habits of self-indulgence, and a visionary self-importance; from an erroneous calculation of the chances of life, and a wrong construction of its ends and purposes; we may draw wholesome and salutary inferences, that may extend their correction over the whole plan of our reasonings, feelings, and deportment.

The only consideration that saves the crime of self-murder from its full measure of reprobation and abhorrence, is the false appearance of courage it holds out to unthinking men; whereas in fact nothing can be less like real courage than despair; and to precipitate one's self into a greater evil to avoid a less, is the lowest act of desponding timidity. It was on this idea that the Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, expressed a melancholy man by a hare sitting on her form ready to plunge into the stream on the first symptom of approaching danger.

Considering that there is both cowardice and criminality in the act of suicide, considering too that the argument against it is so clear and invincible, one wonders to find so many of the ancient philosophers, Stoics, Epicureans, and Platonists, among its defenders; and it is this circumstance of difference, among others, that places our Christian martyrs so high above the utmost reach of Pagan virtue. . I

have always, however, entertained much humbler opinions of those ancient worthies than it is the fashion to maintain, and have seen in their singularities, their retirement, their misanthropy, and their ostentatious poverty, a pusillanimous evasion of the active duties of life, and a secret love of ease and disincumbrance. Indeed most of the representations of ancient manners which exist in the writings of their biographers, poets, and historians, exhibit virtue and vice in a sort of masquerade; and their greatest men discover so much equivocality and contradiction in their conduct, that we are at a loss at this day what to pronounce of their general characters. I am strongly however, upon the whole, inclined to think that the ancients were in general strangers to a real sentiment of manly courage, and that the heroes of Homer and the philosophers of Laërtius mistook *that* for courage, which the wiser system of Christian ethics would call ostentation; and deemed themselves equal with gods, where a Christian would see reason to doubt of his salvation.

Although no circumstances under which the act of self-murder is committed can make it at all defensible, yet somewhat more colourable it certainly does appear, where a long and hopeless disorder is spinning out her endurance under an absolute incapacity of discharging any duties of life; when our moral part has already perished, and nothing remains but enough of life to nourish misery. Thus Socrates in the Phædon affirms that where a man languishes under an incurable disease, he is justified in destroying life; and Seneca was of opinion that the way was allowable that leads to liberty, "*Agamas Deo gratias quod nemo invitus in vita teneri potest.*" Pomponius Atticus was a friend to this doctrine, and illustrated it in the manner of his death; and even our



own virtuous countryman, sir Thomas More, in his Eutopia, commends voluntary death when life becomes a burthen. The doctrine, however, is perfectly untenable on sober grounds, and savours of an impatience that derogates from these illustrious characters. If we are placed here for a purpose, we are not judges when that purpose is accomplished; we are ignorant what parts of our lives have the strongest reference to a future state, and is most operative in working out our salvation; and perhaps the example of our last moments may do more good to mankind than the whole tenor of our lives, and is an important bequest to the world and to posterity.



N<sup>o</sup> 87. SATURDAY, JANUARY 18.

Εκ διαφορων σωματον αθροισαντες εν υγιει και αρτιον  
ηρμοσμενον αυτο αυτω εξειργασαντο. ΜΑΞ. ΤΥΡ.

Forming one body out of many, they work up, by thus splicing  
them together, one sound integral Man.

It appears to be the distinguished boast of the present, over all former ages, and of Britain over all other countries, to exhibit the human intellect in a state of generous rebellion against the tyranny of fortune, spurning the trammels of sex and circumstances, and struggling into splendor from behind the cloud of illiterate indigence. The city of Bristol alone glories in having been delivered of more than one specimen of these untaught teachers: she has dazzled us with a charity-boy successfully conducting a literary imposture, that would have done honour to the ability of the ripest schoolman; and with a milkmaid, in whose favour we are ready to condemn the fable which exposes, under that character, the visions of sanguine schemers.

I have been more immediately led to the contemplation of these geniuses of the street, by the perusal of an immortal production from the pen of a Tailor, containing a triumphant enumeration of the advantages by which his brotherhood are distinguished from ΜΕΝ, of whom they are well known to be but fractional parts. It will not be overlooked by the perspicacious reader, how abundantly this latter cir-

cumstance enhances the merit of the piece in question, which has scarcely ever been equalled by the efforts even of MAN himself. But no longer to detain the reader from his transports, I shall, without further introduction, lay before him this extraordinary effusion, which instead of being, as might have been expected, only as one to nine, with respect to the average allotment of poetical fire, will be found to be really in the ratio of nine to one.

## THE TAILORS' TRIUMPH.

### I.

COME listen ! I sing to the lovers of fun,  
Of a singular, plural, male-party of one ;  
Call us tailors---we're snipp'd into nine in a minute ;  
Call us men---hocus pocus---we're piec'd in an unit.  
Derry down, &c.

### II.

When I've given a sketch of our story, you'll own us  
A match for the marvels of Breslau or Jonas ;  
I'll eat 'em, if ever those jugglers combine  
To split without murder one man into nine.  
Derry down, &c.

### III.

I've seen the Sieur Comus embezzle at whist  
All the tricks, trumps, and honours, before they were mist,  
But we laugh at his magic, and challenge the lubber,  
Like tailors to want thirty-six for a rubber.  
Derry down, &c.

### IV.

And how would these conjurers ferret and sweat,  
To see us pair off by eighteens to piquet !  
Though our routs might be spar'd, for each corporate elf  
(A snug party of nine) is a rout in himself.  
Derry down, &c.

## V.

We're a faint-hearted set---or, to give my advice,  
 For soldiers we all should inlist in a trice;  
 For multiply one into nine in our band,  
 And the French---how they'd quake at the multiplicand!  
 Derry down, &c.

## VI.

And he need not care for the chance of a shot,  
 Who has life enough left to go eight times to pot;  
 And if nine of his legs should be left on the plain,  
 May be running away with the nine that remain.  
 Derry down, &c.

## VII.

'Twix't us and the ladies what rare goings on!  
 We may do as we please, and no fear of crim. con.  
 For if one of the nine but keep out of the scrape,  
 Since but eight of them sin, the whole shop-board escape.  
 Derry down, &c.

## VII.

Should we take to the stage, what immense benefactors  
 We tailors should prove in the saving of actors!  
 What social soliloquies! nine in a roar!  
 And what throng'd tête-à-têtes, wanting two of a score!  
 Derry down, &c.

## IX.

Stage-coachmen may curse us---but we laugh that win,  
 For we pay but for one, though nine skip-lice get in;  
 And as for out-sides---Mr. Gammon be -----;  
 For the roof never bends, though with snips over-cramm'd.  
 Derry down, &c.

## X.

If ever we sit to a son of the brush,  
 The luck's all our own, and he's put to the push;  
 For we pay but the price of a man, while he toils  
 At a nine-fold expense of time, canvas, and oils.  
 Derry down, &c.

## XI.

But of all our advantages, think how intense  
 Our perception must be of the pleasures of sense !  
 What a posse of ears, and of eyes, mouths, and noses,  
 For sounds and for sights, guttling, guzzling, and posies !  
 Derry down, &c.

## XII.

You talk of long-livers !---ye single-liv'd men,  
 What youngsters are ye with your three-score and ten !  
 To match our nine lives you can find but a few,  
 As Methuselah, cats, and the Wandering Jew.  
 Derry down, &c.

## XIII.

To crown all our glories, our number's divine,  
 For I've oft heard 'em say that the Muses were nine ;  
 So we'll drink with nine cheers, that is just three times three,  
 To all knights of the thimble, wherever they be.  
 Derry down, &c.

Although the excellencies of this peerless performance are of a nature to force themselves upon our feelings and comprehensions, yet, lest it should fall under the eye of a single reader, who might suffer a single beauty to elude him, I shall expand the best powers of my critical sagacity in detailing at large, and in order, its rich and various claims upon our wonder and applause.

## STANZA I.

L. 1. *Come listen! I sing to the lovers of fun.*

If these words could possibly need the aid of a commentator to make them adequately felt and praised, I should expatiate on the exquisite taste

wherewith our untutored habit-maker has intuitively discovered the force and beauty of abruptness in the opening of lyric poems:—"Come listen!"—as well as the inimitable address with which he has pointed his subject to those who are best capable of relishing it: he addresses not the lovers of gloom or gravity, for to the palates of all such he well saw that only solemn strains would be congenial; but he applies himself to the partizans of jocularity, those to whom a sportive delineation of the incongruities of the tailor's condition would be a welcome theme:—"I sing to the lovers of *fun*."

L. 2. *Of a singular, plural, male-party of one.*

This line is a galaxy of graces: a grammatical subtlety is first unexpectedly opened upon us: we find the writer perfectly aware of the distinction subsisting between the singular and plural numbers; an ignorance of which might have been well connived at, even in a MAN, had his circumstances been so unfriendly to the cultivation of letters, as are too generally those of this fragment of humanity. Further, lest the reader should be left to grope in incertitude, respecting the *sex* of that community, the mysteries of whose *divided union* he is about to sing, he, by the happy adoption of the single epithet *male*, in that little syllable spares us all the uneasiness of doubt, steers absolutely clear of obscurity (one of the most crying delinquencies of the pen), and enriches the mind with an additional idea! But the treasures of this inestimable line are not yet exhausted: delight and surprise being the two master-emotions to which it is the province of the poet to appeal, we are, in the concluding words of the line, bewitched and astonished with the mention of a *party of one*! An image not



more electrical to the fancy by its boldness, than grateful to the understanding by its truth; being a necessary corollary to the grand and cardinal hypothesis which it is the business of the poem to illustrate and establish, and which has come down to us with the sanction of immemorial tradition, — viz. that no fewer than *nine* of these anomalous beings are required to furnish out an equivalent to *one* of us. Thus, then (to close a comment, for the length of which I will not offer an apology) we are presented, in the straitened compass of a single line, with grammatical acumen, with substantial knowledge, and with the sublimest poetry!

L. 3. *Call us Tailors—we're snipp'd into nine in a minute.*

Here, in ascertaining the numerical phænomena attending himself and his fellow-scrap of humanity, he has, with that adroitness which is, in some shape or other, observable throughout the whole performance, availed himself of a metaphor from his own craft: they are not, be it observed, *divided*, neither are they *chopp'd*, or *fritter'd*:—What then are they? —They are “SNIPP'D” into nine. And in how long a period?—In a year?—In a month?—In a week?—No. All these denominations of time were far too tedious for a process which takes place while a single word is pronouncing:—they are into nine snipp'd “*in a minute.*”

L. 4. *Call us men—hocus pocus! we're piec'd in an unit.*

The same admirable acuteness which directed him in the choice of his metaphor, has led him to pre-

serve it inviolate: accordingly, the Tailors are in this line not said to be *join'd*, or *splic'd*, or *united*, but "PIEC'D." I cannot take my leave of this superlative line without calling the admiration of the reader to the expression, "hocus pocus;" which, beside that it most significantly denotes the rapidity of the change described, has further a fine and delicate beauty, in secretly and almost insensibly stealing the mind of the reader into the two ensuing stanzas, in which *jugglers* and *conjurers* are to appear.

## STANZA II.

L. 1 & 2. *When I've given a sketch of our story,  
you'll own us  
A match for the marvels of Breslau or  
Jonas.*

This passage leaves us in doubt, whether most to extol the boldness or the candour of our thimble-d bard: his boldness, in challenging at their own weapons the two great champions of leger-de-main; or his candour, in not expecting the assent of the reader to this vaunted equality, until it had been extorted from him by argument and evidence. "When," says he, "I've given a sketch of our story," then, and not till then, "you'll own us," &c.—Such magnanimity was entitled to such a triumph.

L. 3. *I'll eat 'em.*

This expression the indulgent reader will pass over with a good-natured smile, and readily allow the poet, in his fervour, to forget the physical impracticability of realising this menace, which supposes that a creature nine times less in substance

and capacity than the rest of the species to which he belongs, and consequently able to contain and digest nine times a less proportion of aliments, should be capable of receiving into his body, and converting to nourishment, two individuals of the usual standard of human growth \*. — “ *Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine,*” &c.

## STANZA III.

Exhibits a fresh instance of the dexterity of the poet, who, in the two first lines, suffers his cause to seem disparaged by his concessions, only that he may erect for himself a more glorious trophy by his unexpected victory in the two last: emulating, herein, the artifice of the prize-fighter, who frequently consents to depress the hopes of his abettors by a tempered courage in the commencement of the conflict, only that he may exert more effectively the vigour which he has husbanded for the last.

## STANZA IV.

Having now decidedly established the superiority for which he contends, moderation and concession are naturally at an end; he luxuriates in the pride of a conqueror, and, in a triumphant vein of caustic raillery, defies his competitors to follow him in the feats of Paradox: he revels in the inconsistencies of his nature, and in his diversified and unbridled dominion over the numbers of nine and one. Yet even amidst the riot of conquest, some tokens of moderation are to be discovered; for, disdaining to trample

\* I have here put the case with all possible tenderness to our author; for Mr. Jonas does actually exceed by some inches the middle stature; and Mr. Breslau, naturally of a full habit of body, has, of late, become immoderately corpulent.

on a prostrate foe, he neglects to cite (what he could not but have remembered, and tacitly applied) a narrative, from the 61st Letter of Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," which exhibits a *conjuror* humbly imploring the charity of a *tailor*.

## STANZA V.

L. 1. & 2. *We're a faint-hearted set,—or, to give my  
advice,  
For soldiers we all should enlist in a trice.*

Too possessed of himself, however, to be long intoxicated with pre-eminence, we find him suddenly subsiding into frankness and modesty, and spontaneously admitting the pusillanimity of his tribe — "We're a faint-hearted set:" — Yet in a glow of patriotism, and a phrensy of military ambition which would have dignified a WHOLE man, he devotes himself and his brethren to the weal of his native land: "For soldiers we all should enlist;" — and this, not with the dull and dilatory spirit of a soldier by profession, but with the burning impatience of a volunteer; "*in a trice*;" — "For soldiers we all should enlist *in a trice*." I had almost forgotten to observe also upon the *comprehensive reach* of our author's patriotism: he desires that not *some*, or a *few*, only, but that ALL, without exception or reservation of his more than Hydra-headed race\*, should swarm upon the muster-roll of their country; "For soldiers we *all* should enlist in a trice." It is remarkable, how-

\* N. B. Our author has none of the buckram of his profession in his poetry, but diversifies his principal idea with a noble negligence of rules. Thus, sometimes he adverts to the mere individual tailor, but more frequently to the collective man existing in this state of elemental separation.

ever, that his heroism, formidable and fiery as it is, is slaked with diffidence; it is not loudly or magisterially obtruded, but mildly and modestly insinuated —“ *to give my advice.*”

L. 3. & 4. *For multiply one into nine in our band,  
And the French how they'd quake at the  
multiplicand.*

In this passage he breaks upon our notice in a new capacity; he had already blazed as a grammarian; and we are now summoned to do homage to the arithmetician. What measures of reverence, indeed, are not due to him, who, in like manner as Homer is exultingly discovered by his commentators to have been consummately versant in every art, science, craft, and mystery, appears in the limited space of thirteen stanzas in the complicated characters of calculator, conjuror, gamester, soldier, lawyer, lover, player, stage-coachman, painter, epicure, historian, theologian, mythologist, and toast-master. Thus does he bring even his pacific accomplishments to bear against the enemies of his country, not without an animated exultation at their imagined tremors on the appearance of this Legion of decomposed Britons: “ *And the French how they'd quake,*” &c.

## STANZA VI.

L. 1. & 2. *And he need not care for the chance of a  
shot,  
Who has life enough left to go eight times  
to pot:*

*Vires acquirit eundo!* his martial enthusiasm kindles in its course: no longer content with a bare ex-



posure in the field of contest, he learns to dally with his dangers, and can view with an unblinking, nay with a sparkling, eye, the nine-fold risk of death to which he rushes.

L. 3. & 4. *And if nine of his legs should be left on  
the plain,  
May be running away with the nine that  
remain.*

The consummation of military merit is valour chastised with discretion; and such is that of our army-tailor: his wisdom is not so hood-winked by his ardour, but that, like the hero of Butler, he can consent to a retreat, in consideration of the opportunities of future achievements which it lays in store; and he probably remembered that Xenophon, with his immortal ten thousand, cropped more laurels in retiring from *his* foes, than many others have done by confronting *theirs*.

STANZA VII.

L. 1. & 2. *'Twixt us and the ladies what rare go-  
ings on!  
We may do as we please, and no fear of  
Crim. Con.*

It is seldom seen but that the hero and the lover are one; and accordingly our gallant sempster rapturously reckons among other privileges of the shop-board that of a secure and unrestrained enjoyment of the smiles of the Fair: yet prudence is not swallowed up in pleasure; for in lines 3 & 4 we find him cautioning his fortunate fellows so to conduct their commerce with the sex as to evade the lash of the

law, which cannot overtake these human units while they cautiously keep within the pale of their thrice threefold consolidation.

## STANZA VIII.

L. 1. & 2. *Should we take to the stage, what immense benefactors  
We tailors should prove in the saving of Actors!*

It is impossible to peruse this stanza without profoundly revering, first, the exalted ambition with which he aspires to rise from a low to a liberal occupation — “*Should we take to the stage;*” — and next, his laudable zeal for economising the theatrical expenditure: “*What immense benefactors — in the saving of actors!*”

L. 3. & 4. Are principally remarkable as presenting a new perplexity in the identity of tailors, and thus furnishing a new evidence of the fertility of the writer’s invention.

## STANZA IX.

L. 1. & 2. *Stage-coachmen may curse us.*

This stoical endurance of the execrations of a too licentious body of men, is fair and rational. The bard very candidly considers the severe trials to which himself and partners must put the placidity of stage-coachmen, by insisting on the admission of nine additional passengers, when five have been already received into a vehicle originally constructed but for six. The malediction on Mr. Gammon, which follows in line 3, must be confessed rather to give ani-

mation to the line than to be in itself either reasonable, temperate, or moral : that gentleman could not but be too well aware of the comparative weight and dimensions of men and tailors, to have intended any infringement of the natural right possessed by the latter to people the roof in the proportion of nine to one, provided these companies of nine do not exceed the stipulated number of *men*.

## STANZA X.

Exhibits a new, and still more interesting than every preceding view of the immunities of these curious dividends of man ;—because, in addition to the pecuniary privileges which it records in common with some former stanzas, it holds out to us a pleasing probability of improvement in the portrait-painting art ; inasmuch as the limner who shall be under the necessity, in representing this collective man, of analysing his subject into nine separate figures, may well be presumed to make far more rapid and important advances toward the perfection of his art, than he who, painting from an *individual* man, shall be called upon to supply but a simple resemblance.

## STANZA XI.

L. 1. & 2. *But of all our advantages, think how intense  
Our perception must be of the pleasures of sense.*

Poetry delights to converse with us through our senses and passions : and if this mention of the pleasures of the palate should offend the fastidious ear, let it not be forgotten, that what is forfeited in deli-

cacy, is abundantly repaid in imagery ; nor could even Diogenes or Cornaro have perused, without at least a transient gust of fancy, this luxurious picture of the senses, so lavishly multiplied in their capacities of fruition !

L. 3. & 4. *What a posse of ears, and of eyes, mouths,  
and noses,  
For sounds, and for sights, guttling, guz-  
zling, and posies !*

I cannot forbear pointing out to the less penetrating or attentive reader, the no less judicious than poetical management observable in the stanza before us. In the first and second lines, the position is broad and general ; in the third, therefore, the wandering and indeterminate ideas of the reader are gathered and concentrated by a brief and definite catalogue of the organs which are the seat of our grosser gratifications ; and in the fourth, by a list of those gratifications themselves : each sense being, by a most dexterous and masterly contrivance, made to accord in the series of enumeration with its respective enjoyment.

STANZA XII.

Breaks out into a spirited contempt of the duration of individual men and animals, in comparison with that of these collective men, existing in this state of physical analysis ; and, artfully proving the rule by the exception, concludes with specifying the three only instances of rival longevity, that can be adduced by the former. Here too a portion of dignity is reflected on the lines by the historical learning they exhibit, and we are put strongly in mind of those passages in Milton, which owe their grandeur

to a noble selection of sonorous names : “ Methuselah, cats, or the wandering Jew.”

## STANZA XIII.

L. 1. & 2. *To crown all our glories, our number's  
divine,  
For I've oft heard 'em say that the Muses  
were nine.*

The poet, elate with his recent victory over mortals, enthusiastically aspires, from a remarkable kindred of numbers between the tailors and the Muses, to a participation of honours with the celestial *Nine* : and then, L. 3 & 4, availing himself of another mysterious arithmetical coincidence, nobly and naturally winds up the whole poem, by quaffing a collective health to his con-fraternity, under one of their proudest appellations, wheresoever they may be dispersed over the face of the habitable globe,—“ To all knights of the thimble, wherever they be.”



N<sup>o</sup> 88. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25.

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----- Be at enmity  
 With cozening HOPE; he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite. SHAK. Richard II.

*To the Rev. Simon Olive-branch.*

Sir,

AMONG the many subjects which naturally present themselves to the mind of a periodical writer, you have not failed occasionally to bestow upon Hope the praise, and upon Despair, Indifference, or Apathy, the reproach of which they have been thought deserving. This, indeed, is the language of the world, the language of the men and women to whom you stand in the relation of a LOOKER-ON, and to have omitted arguments so sanctioned by common precept and common prejudice, would have looked something like a deficiency in the expected duties of your office, and have been a deviation from custom, amounting to an alarming innovation.

To exalt the dignity of Hope, as the great prompter of all the virtues, without which talents would stagnate in inactivity, and wisdom expire in speculation; to hail it as the "balm of hurt minds," and the only solace of the injured and oppressed, has been the employment of many prose writers, and of most poets. *An Address to Hope—Lines to Hope—Sonnet on Hope, or an Acrostic on Hope,* form the usual first attempts

of the rhyming tribe. In truth, we have sung the praises of Hope, until it has become a duty, whatever we may *feel*, to join in the chorus; and not an opera or farce is produced on our theatres, without some one or two solemn invocations to Hope, to be sung or said by lovers on the brink of despair. From the stage, the transition into real life is naturally to be expected; and we have not a condemned malefactor who does not "Hope for the best," nor an old woman expiring in a hospital, who does not comfort herself by repeating that "while there is life there is Hope."

Beneficial, however, as the indulgence of Hope may seem, I am, from repeated experience and observation, disposed to be of opinion that the miseries and disappointments it occasions, are so much greater than any advantages it brings, that I write this letter to you for the express purpose of recommending to the sovereign authority you assume over our minds, the total abolition of all hopes and expectations ON THIS SIDE THE GRAVE. And I am so fully persuaded of the expediency of this *reform*, that if I do not prove it by many incontestable arguments to the perfect satisfaction of your readers, you must impute my failure to that fulness of conviction which baffles expression, or, if you please, to that pride of superior intellect, which will not allow schemers to be familiarly condescending to the ignorance and weakness of their fellow-creatures. You may likewise recollect that it frequently happens, that a man shall be fully convinced of the truth of a proposition, without being able to demonstrate it; — but whether this be my case or not, must be determined by your readers at large, if, peradventure, you should think my letter contains matter fit and proper for their inspection.

In attempting to prove that Hope is a passion

which ought not to be indulged in affairs between man and man, I am first to take notice, that, whatever the practice may be, the language of common life is not a little in my favour. Notwithstanding the fascinating charms of poetry, the votaries of the Muses have not yet persuaded the world that Hope is strictly lawful or becoming. Hence we find that some men "*presume to HOPE,*" and others "*make bold to HOPE:*" expressions which manifestly imply a consciousness of something improper, for what *presumption* is there in doing that which is lawful and right? Some again "*take the liberty to HOPE,*" and others will "*venture to HOPE.*" Some, in a yet bolder strain, declare themselves "*justified in HOPING;*" and others, proceeding upon principles of fatality, I had almost said fatuity, "*cannot but HOPE.*" There is another class, which I may be expected to introduce, who only "*humbly HOPE;*" but I take all humble hoppers to belong to the society of dissemblers, and dismiss them accordingly.—Lovers, that is, persons who are conversant in romances, act very much in character when they "*are taught to HOPE,*" and "*fondly HOPE;*" and young ladies under bolts and bars, confined by paternal jailors and duenna turnkeys, may likewise indulge "*fluttering HOPES*" in their cage-like situations. But I can by no means conceive how it is possible, in the present state of human affairs, to vindicate those whose hopes are ardent or sanguine.

From these examples, and others, which I omit for the sake of brevity, it appears that the common language in which we express the nature of our hopes, is very little in favour of the passion in general; and, consequently, I may be permitted to derive from this circumstance an argument, which,

however unimportant it may seem, may yet very properly introduce all the rest.

Lest, however, it should be objected that Hope is a natural passion, and that nature has made nothing in vain, I must premise, that I do not deny this, because, whether true or false, it cannot interfere with the present subject; for, although Hope should be proved to be a natural passion, the only inference, my opponents have a right to draw, is, that it ought to be used in a *natural* way. Anger, for example, is a natural passion; but not naturally exercised when accompanied with oaths, execrations, and personal violence. Grief, likewise, is a natural passion; but who will not allow that it carries a man much beyond nature, when it carries him to the bottom of the New River, or precipitates him from the top of the Monument? Another argument may be advanced against me, namely, that the abuse of a thing is no good argument against the use of it. This, however, is true only where the use and abuse are nearly equal, or where the use very far surpasses the abuse, which will not apply in the present case. I am a decided enemy to the custom lately prevalent of arguing from the abuse against the use of any thing; and consequently I think that the evidences of Christianity are not weakened by the history of persecutions, nor ought the expediency of writing a good hand, to be called in question from the existence of forgery.

I would next remark, that of all the passions natural to us, Hope is the most abused, and, from its nature and composition, the most liable to be abused, because it is easy of access, very cheap, and may be indulged by the poor as well as by the rich, and for that reason its disadvantages extend to all. Not a day



occurs without many thousand *fond hopes* ending in the bitterness of disappointment. The reason is plain; hope is but the model of a castle in the air; and that cannot be a good superstructure which has no foundation to stand upon, nor would that man be thought very wise who should begin to build his house from the top of the chimney.—I know not how it happens, but the fact is, that hope is most ardent where the foundation is most slender; and the hopes of incurable decay and departing life are as sanguine as those of florid health and robust juvenility. We all talk of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and we see that the lives of our neighbours are short and uncertain: but who does not hope that he shall see yet a golden day; and who would not revolt at the surmise that that day was to be his last?

In my inquiries into this subject, I have not entirely trusted to my own observation, but have procured information, from persons in different businesses of life, who have had opportunities to observe the effects of this passion. I observe that the medical gentlemen have long since been obliged to sacrifice truth and conscience, in respect to a patient's case, when unfavourable; the intimation of death is received with an expression of surprise, as if there was something paradoxical contained in the notion of departing this life.

“ See some fit passion every age supply :

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.” POPE.

**MEN OF BUSINESS** are so much addicted to the indulgence of Hope, that it would seem to constitute the very life and principle of trade. Hence the many grand speculations, tending in appearance to a rapid accumulation of wealth, but in reality to disappoint-



ment and chagrin. Hence those adventurers who chalk out new and unheard-of modes of making their fortune, in the *humble hope* that the public contains such a proportion of dupes as will speedily answer their great purpose. And hence, consequently, a lamentable increase in the catalogue of bankrupts. A gentleman who has long sat in the office of Commissioner, informs me that "Hope, when properly employed, is very necessary in business, which is in most respects a very precarious thing, and depends on circumstances not in our power to command; but, as to your *sanguine hoppers*, he never knew one of them that divided more than six-pence in the pound."

MEN OF PLEASURE will give me full credit for advertizing to their peculiar case on the present occasion. Their life may be termed a "continuance of hope with a perpetuity of disappointment;" and some of them have been candid enough to confess as much to me, when they had left off their pursuits; an event which happens to most of them as soon as they have lost the ability to persevere. But even in our more harmless pleasures, in our convivial societies, we may see that it is not good to be too ardent in our hopes, or to expect more from life than life can afford. Formal engagements for distant periods seldom fail to disappoint us, while accidental meetings, towards which no expectation is pointed, and of which fancy has framed no illusory images, are generally productive of the truest enjoyment.

"Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur hora."

Connected with this part of my subject are the solemn preparations and anticipated happiness of a birth-day assembly, or an assize-ball. But I shall not dwell upon a circumstance so easily understood,

and so often felt by "gay seducers" and by lovely maidens, who go out "conquering and to conquer."

With respect to those alliances which are termed FRIENDSHIP and ACQUAINTANCE, it is, I am afraid, within the experience of most of my readers, that Hope is here a luminous Will-o-the-wisp, perpetually drawing them into dangerous quagmires. The world has adopted a confused idea of the word FRIEND, and while that lasts, and is yet more confounded by unreasonable hopes, my arguments will receive additional strength. It is here, if in any case, that the mock beatitude ascribed to Swift, may be repeated with great "emphasis and good discretion,"

"Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

In a word, sir, let us take a general survey of the misfortunes and asperities of life; let us consider what a small proportion arise from causes over which we have no controul, and how many arise from no other cause than disappointed hope; and I flatter myself that we shall soon see just and sufficient reason to change our opinions of this boasted attribute of our natures. I appeal to the man of business, who has outlived the efforts either of roguery or industry, without gaining his object: I appeal to the man of pleasure, who has intrigued, gamed, flattered, lied, and violated all principle, without attaining his ends: I appeal to the man to whom fortune has been unkind, but who has found his ancient friends unkind: I appeal to the ambitious, who have hoped for promotion by fair means and by foul means—to ideal peers, and imaginary judges, to bishops in embryo, and statesmen in speculation. I appeal to au-

thors possessed of all the merit they attribute to themselves ; to dramatic poets, who raise the expectations of the public to the pitch of their own, and are overwhelmed with a chagrin of their own creation. I appeal to all men who think that hope may be indulged in ignorance—that to attain an object it is sufficient to wish for it, that actual accomplishment may be produced by non-existent means, and that something may be produced out of nothing. Let these numerous classes consider the question, and I promise to abide by their decision.

I ought perhaps, Mr. Olive-branch, to apologise for extending my letter so far, upon a subject concerning which your sentiments may be diametrically opposite. But my excuse must be drawn from my system. The only trouble you can have is to read and reject. I entertain no *hope* that you will print, although I have written it for that purpose ; and my reason is, that I have entirely and *bona fide* relinquished and abandoned the passion of *hope* in all cases, under all circumstances, pertaining to worldly affairs. I was pretty far, however, advanced in life before I could clearly discover the cause of my manifold anxieties and vexations ; but I had no sooner traced them to *hope*, than I resolved on the remedy, and have succeeded. I have since enjoyed a quiet life and temperate felicity. Few things can now ruffle my temper, or interrupt my satisfaction. I hear a promise as if I heard it not, and wait the performance, if I wait at all, without anxiety. I accept proffered friendship as a transfer in which I am only a nominal party, or as one who has no more substantial interests in the business than Richard Roe in an ejection. I accept of no convivial engagements with a view to be pleased ; and the ac-

counts of public amusements given in the newspapers, being addressed to the hoping world, have lost their effect upon me: I go to the most favourite and the most unpopular entertainment with equal expectations. The consequence is, that I am seldom disappointed, and my satisfactions are sensibly heightened by coming suddenly upon me. This, among other advantages, produces the happiest effect on the temper: I have exchanged the ebullitions of boisterous mirth, and the peevishness of loud impatience, for calm serenity and philosophic indifference — by no means, however, of the misanthropic texture; but on the contrary, I look upon mankind with an eye of more kind benevolence than I used to do, when I subjected myself to disappointments, which perhaps it was not in their power to prevent. I have likewise given up the anticipation of future blessings, and leave it in no man's power to deprive me of the happiness of the present moment. True it is, some little inconvenience may seem to attach to my system: He who follows it must very much abridge his catalogue of *friends*, and cease to boast of sitting down with a dozen at one time; but, on the other hand, he may still reckon them among his acquaintance, and has in fact done them no other injury than depriving them of the power of making him unhappy. I beg leave to conclude with a few lines from a poet whom I can rank among the favourers of this system.

“ Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?  
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?  
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?”

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercy of the skies ?  
Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain,  
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem religion vain:  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice;  
Safe in His pow'r, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a secret pray'r.  
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,  
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best\*.

I am, Sir,  
Yours respectfully,  
PEREGRINE PLACID.

\* Vanity of Human Wishes.



N<sup>o</sup> 89. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

*Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si præbeat aurem :  
Nemo petit, modicis quæ mittebantur amicis  
A Senecâ ; quæ Piso bonus, quæ Catta solebat  
Largiri.*

JUVENAL.

One word to Virro now, if he can bear,  
And 'tis a truth which he's not us'd to hear :  
No man expects (for who so much a sot ?  
Who has the times he lives in so forgot ?)  
What Seneca, what Piso us'd to send  
To raise or to support a sinking friend.

BOWLES.

WHAT suggested to me the subject of this paper was a truly interesting conversation which took place a few days ago at the Society of Ladies, on the present state of female friendship in Great Britain. As I can patiently allow the fair sex to be deficient in none of the qualities which sweeten the commerce of life, I was beyond measure disappointed and chagrined at seeing a report laid before the board, which held out a very unfavourable representation of the friendship of the female world. As my natural cheerfulness of character makes me no inconsiderable favourite among the young ladies, I am not unfrequently taken into their confidence, and am so eminently indulged, as to be permitted sometimes to peruse the letters which pass between them in that celestial intercourse which succeeds to the confinement of a boarding-school. I was so struck with one of these, which was put into my hands about

half a year ago, that I could not forbear transcribing it, to preserve so sacred a memorial of disinterested affection ; and, having been permitted to insert it in my paper, whenever the honour of the sex might appear to require it, I think I cannot choose a fitter moment for its introduction than when it may serve to counterbalance what I shall afterwards with pain produce on the other side.

*Isabella Clara Matilda to Sophia Saccharissa Myrtilia.*

“ Alas ! and could then Myrtilia for a moment imagine that her Matilda could forget her Myrtilia’s last injunctions ? or am I only dreaming ? No, never, ‘ while memory holds a seat in this distracted brain.’ No, never, while I move in this interested scene of selfish contest. But no more—why fatigue you with a repetition of what you have so long been convinced of ? Matilda forget her Myrtilia ! perish the thought ! No, that sacred lock I will carry with me inviolate to my cold grave, to revive the never-perishing remembrance of the ———. But why mention her ? Yes, my Myrtilia knows whom I should have said, without the formality of names. True friendship has occasion neither for names for persons, or appellations for things. Even after the cold hand of Death shall put his icy seal upon my lips, my heart shall still vibrate to the chord of friendship. Blessed idea, and only known to hearts where sensibility takes up her melting abode ! Dear sensibility ! balm to my spirits, and solace to my cares ! Alas ! But no more of that. I will touch a livelier key. All hearts are not alike framed for the pleasures of melancholy. You are a wicked jade, I vow, Myrtilia, for deserting me at the moment you did. As soon

as you were gone, my old persecutor, sir Harry, pushed himself into that place, which was still full of your tender idea. You may imagine, my dear, my situation: it is better felt than described. All my train of reflection were put to flight, by that tiresome tale of his unconquerable passion. Never, never shall my heart acknowledge any other sentiments than those which friendship inspires. Thy precious lock, dearest girl, is part consigned to the sacred custody of my bracelet, and part interwoven in my own hair, an emblem of our inseparable loves. The top drawer of my conscious bureau is the sacred repository of those relics which you left your expiring Matilda at the dear agonizing moment of your departure. These are, indeed, my beloved friend, the only consolation that remains; and what words can paint the ecstasy with which I run from that sir Harry (why do I name him?) to imprint a hallowed kiss on the *trifle from Tunbridge*, as the urn in which the sacred ashes of my dear friend's memory repose.

“Two o'clock.—That insufferable man, sir Harry (do I live to name him?) has made me eternally his enemy. He insisted upon it, that I must have some little deity that I adored in my chamber, and swore that he would kneel to the same shrine. Do you know, the audacious wretch followed me up stairs, and ravished from me that kiss which I had consecrated to the dear tortoise-shell toothpick-case, one of thy sacred remembrances! Since this greatest of my misfortunes, I have considered my lips as too profane to touch any relic of thine.

“Four o'clock. Tuesday.—Would you believe it, my dear girl? Sir Harry is the most truly wretched penitent that ever the world saw. He swears and vows he looks upon himself as the vilest of creatures.

since he committed such a sacrilege at the shrine of friendship. He is growing quite Platonic, and offers to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Morocco, to atone for the injury done to friendship, to me, and my Myrtilla.

“Seven o’clock.—Oh, Myrtilla! join with me, my dear, in the warm transports of a feeling heart. Friendship has triumphed over love: sir Harry is quite a convert. How I wish you could see a most beautiful pair of ear-rings he has sent me as a trophy to friendship, and which unless I accept he vows he will not live another day! and then his manner, Myrtilla, so noble and so refined! Alas! why fear I to confess? I am no longer afraid of his kisses, now I am convinced he is under the dominion of this noble sentiment. Nothing can equal the pure and elegant feelings with which his bosom is inspired: every day brings me some fresh testimony, and I am perfectly decked in the emblematical dress of friendship. O friendship! friendship! ‘balm of life,’ as the poet says. We have agreed to be brother and sister; and then he gives me such a fraternal kiss, as puts my whole frame into a glow of Platonic affection. Sweet, unblushing raptures! holy delights! which nothing but friendship can bestow. But I begin to rave!

“Wednesday. Six o’clock.—How shall thy poor Matilda express the sorrow she feels at being obliged to put off the visit of her dear Myrtilla! This saucy brother of mine vows he will not leave the house these three months. I assure you he is so proud of the victory which he has gained over himself, that he is quite imperious. I am afraid to send him away, lest his cure should not quite be complete. Brothers, you know, are always unmanageable. I declare I am quite miserable about it; for I had



formed the most enchanting plans for the month you were to spend with me. ‘O Sensibility! thou bane of life,’ as Shakspeare somewhere has it. I am delighted, however, to think that you will still see my helmet-bonnet unimpaired, as well as the trophy to friendship, and the girdle, which brother Hal calls the *gage d’amité*, since I am obliged to go directly into mourning, alas! how shall I write it! for my cousin Maria Wilhelmina, who was dearer to me by far than life. How I wish you could mingle your tears with mine, and comfort *mon cœur desespéré*? My brother will in the mean time act for you. I am sure, however, I shall never recover it while I move in this sublunary scene of turmoil and distraction. You can’t imagine, my beloved girl, how my brother longs to be introduced to you, and dies to call you sister. Adieu, *ma chère*, adieu, and believe me in an agony to embrace you,

“Your fond, affectionate, afflicted friend,  
ISABELLA CLARA MATILDA.

“P. S. Will the dear Myrtila send her doating Matilda those pearl bracelets which she gave her at the unspeakable moment of their cruel separation? as Matilda, in the then deplorable state of her mind, forgot they were a grandmother’s keep-sake. Matilda will send her Myrtila in its place another lock of hair, as a dearer pledge of their sacred friendship. Alas! poor Yorick! Adieu, *tendre amie*.”

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I cannot help again repeating how happy I have been made by this opportunity of producing this genuine testimony to female friendship, which certainly helps very greatly to invalidate the counter



evidence contained in the following report of actual cases, which was read by Miranda to the society.

Sempronia Pensive, and Henrietta Heartstrings, were a proverb in friendship for full four years, till Henrietta stood before Sempronia at a country-dance.

Lucinda Treacle, and Anna Maria Myrtle, were inseparable, till Maria heard that Lucinda had somewhere hinted that she had heard it surmised that Maria's miniature was a little too flattering.

Dorinda Flounce, and Sophia Estifania Shepherd, prayed every night, by agreement, that they might be snatched from this sorry existence at the same instant of time. Dorinda is since dead, and Sophia has married Dorinda's husband.

So necessary were Felicia Grace and Louisa Lovelace to each other's happiness, that they resolved to live under the same roof, to occupy the same bed, and to be buried under the same tomb-stone. This happy scheme of union took place on an evening last summer. Next morning a dispute arose about which had the smallest foot, and they separated.

Clarissa called her husband a brute, for combating her resolution to take her dear Georgiana to live with her. The request was at length complied with. Georgiana is since gone off with the brutal husband of Clarissa.

Sophonisba Lambent, and Clarinda Fonville, reciprocally bound themselves never to marry, that their sacred intercourse might meet with no interruption. Sophonisba is now the mother-in-law of Clarinda, and has cut off all her expectations from the fortune of her father, though Clarinda is herself a widow, with five young children.

Emeline was poor, and Penelope was rich: they

were, however, the dearest friends on earth, till Penelope's brother fell in love with Emeline's sister.

Belinda was altogether indifferent about men: in the mean time there was something so like gallantry in her friendship for Fidelia, such squeezing of hands, and such tender appellations, that, in some minds prone to suspicion, there existed doubts about the sex of Belinda. After a certain time, however, Belinda's passion assumed a softer tone, and Fidelia's hands were free for some moments of the day for sewing and other vulgar offices. Soon after this change in Belinda's style of friendship, an unequivocal alteration was observed in her shape, and Belinda and the footman were both missing one morning at breakfast.

Charlotta Christina Clermont, and Corinna Vennessa Clarville, met first at lady D——ell's. The moment Corinna entered the room, an irresistible something was felt at the heart of Charlotta: an inexplicable sympathy of minds united them the same evening in the bonds of inviolable friendship. Soon after a law-suit took place between the parents, about an acre of ground; and the friendship of Charlotta and Corinna is a fund from which inexhaustible topics of slander are supplied, to the reciprocal hate of the families.

Cordelia was at a convent in France, and Antonia with her parents in Exeter. Letters of six sheets long, and breathing the purest flames of rapturous friendship, passed every post between them. Three mornings of every week were devoted to this enchanting intercourse by the disconsolate divided friends. In every letter they inveighed against a flinty world, that threw so many savage obstacles in the way of the dearest wishes of their hearts. Antonia would not open her lips to her guardian for

three whole weeks, for hinting that the letters of Cordelia were a little too long. The troubles which soon after arose in France awakened such a degree of alarm in the agonized bosom of the faithful Antonia, that it was common for her to faint at the sight of a newspaper. On a cold winter's evening, and all unexpectedly, did Cordelia arrive at Exeter, and rush into the arms of the delighted Antonia. It happened that Antonia was dressed ready for a ball in the neighbourhood; and so deranged were her adjustments by this friendly assault, that being suffered to sit for two dances without a partner, she could not help attributing this disgrace to the outrageous warmth of Cordelia's embrace. Little more has been heard of their friendship since that fatal rencounter.

Such were the minutes laid before the board at the last meeting of the Female Society. A profound silence ensued: and I could see that the eyes of all were turned towards me with much inquietude. I could willingly have been absent at this moment: and though the society seemed to consider what had passed as affording me some occasion of triumph, I declare I was as much chagrined as any of them at the detail which I had heard. I felt myself so strongly called upon by my own feelings, as well as by the particular situation in which I stood, that, rising in my place, I made the following remarks, digested into something like a connected speech, as well as it could be done on so sudden an occasion.

“ I am sorry, madam,” addressing myself to Miranda, “ to see this grave assembly so rebuked and discomfited by the statement that has been laid before their honourable board. It is impossible that I, penetrated as I am with the sense of my obligations towards your charming sex, can suffer such a dispi-

riting representation to stand unanswered on your records.

“ First, let me call to your minds a circumstance which forms a distinguishing feature in the character of true friendship — I mean, the sobriety and steadiness of its march. There is a severity in the true sentiment, which renders it sparing in words : and a consciousness of sincerity, which disdains protestations. Like a deep majestic current, it flows along in tacit meanders ; while the shallower streams pour down with impetuous force, and make the valleys ring with their turbulent insignificance. The tenor of true friendship being thus tranquil and sedate, is frequently unhonoured and unnoticed amidst the more clamorous pretensions of the bastard sentiment which assumes its name. It is on this account the less wonderful, that the person deputed by your society to collect these documents, should have passed over instances which naturally retreat from observation, however frequent among your amiable sex, attracted by loud and plausible imitations.

“ But may I hazard a doctrine before this gentle audience, which suggests itself to my mind, as affording a complete justification of your sex on the score of their inferiority in the article of friendship to our own ? There is in Love an exclusive spirit, which will hardly suffer any vigorous sentiment of another kind to hold a place in the heart ; and a mind constructed with a peculiar bias towards love, is for the most part indifferent to the calls of friendship till the calls of this ruling passion are contented. Woman was made for love, and is inspired almost from her cradle with its sweet propensities. As she ripens in years, the tender principle expands ; and for the want of a determinate object (for there is a time when the bosom dare hardly listen to its own whis-



pers, and the heart trembles to espouse its own emotions), spreads itself over the whole character, penetrates every avenue of thought, and transpires in every feature of conduct.

“ Friendship, being nearest, in its complexion and expression, to love, of any movement of the breast, the stream of this noble passion, that dares not proceed in its natural course, while the barriers of youth and modesty forbid it, finds here a channel for its plenitude of feeling to discharge itself; and affords, by its escape, a relief to the labouring spirits. But this torrent of new sensations raises an unnatural storm in the placid current of friendship, inflates its glassy surface into foam and fury, and conjures up a scene of agitation and tumult in the place of serene and secure delights. All the sentiments and adoptions of a young woman are apt to derive the same romantic complexion from this oblique direction of the great principle of love; and to the same kind of perversions and obstructions we may perhaps attribute that peculiar cast of character which belongs, in the opinion of most men, to that description of females, denominated Old Maids.

“ Whatever analogy, on a general view, there may appear to subsist between friendship and love, it is at least pretty manifest, as far as respects the ladies, that, where any extraordinary degree of either of these sentiments is found, there is, for the greater part, but a trifling proportion of the other. I am inclined to think, however, that, on a fair analysis of both, there would be discovered much less analogy than is supposed in their principles and procedure: but surely, suppose what we will, it is not more extraordinary that a mind, adapted to feel the supreme pleasures of love, should be but little conversant in the feelings of friendship, than that, in



any attainment where the faculties are carried to the top of their bent, lower degrees of excellence in the same kind should be passed over and neglected; —than that the high-mettled racer should be unfit for the road; or that the calculator of an eclipse should be deficient in common arithmetic.

“ A little inquiry into the nature and operation of the passions, convinces us, that friendship and love require, each of them, a peculiar built of mind; structures agreeing perhaps in the nature of their materials, but differing altogether in their style and manner: and, if the reader can bear another simile on this subject, the one is the masculine strength of the Tuscan column; while the elegant loftiness and profuse decoration of the Corinthian pillar best expresses the delicacy, richness, and elevation, which characterise the passion of love. Agreeably to this order of things, if the male part of the rational creation should be allowed to supply the most numerous instances of genuine friendship, it is in the female world that we are to search for the highest and purest examples of perfect love, and of that firm and magnanimous constancy that defies the malevolence of fate, or the seductions of interest. It seems as if Nature had severally committed to the male and the female, the support of love and friendship in the world, as their respective trusts. Which is the more difficult task, I shall not pretend to determine: the present prevalence of luxury, and predominancy of interest, is equally hostile to both; but it may surely with safety be asserted, that modern love has not lost more of its original purity in the hands of the females, than modern friendship under the care of the men.”

This address to my little audience was received with considerable applause; and I was dismissed

with assurances of eternal *friendship* from every individual present. As soon as I found myself alone, I fell involuntarily upon a pensive train of reflections, excited as well by the recollection of what had passed, as by a mournful conviction of the general decay of friendship among mankind : I felt too, that the case before me was more desperate than common ; for friendship can be enforced neither by precept nor example, like a common duty of morality. It is not dependent on the will ; and it were better not to feign, where there is not the heart to feel : it is dependent only on our most generous feelings, and softest sympathies : it must be produced, and not engrafted ; born, and not adopted ; and, ere we can hope to establish it in the mind, we must there first create a second nature, with a more favourable growth of habits, and a wholesomer progeny of interests and sensibilities.

In the mean time, what little friendship remains to the present generation, had need be well husbanded and protected : every one is capable of lending it a negative support, by conquering in himself, and discountenancing in others, the propensity to petty calumnies and detractions. Nothing at this time of day, when there is so very great a scarcity of this quality amongst us, and when what little there is has so much to struggle with, would lie upon my conscience as a heavier reproach, than the remembrance of a dignified and disinterested union dissolved by my impertinent or malignant suggestions. It is to scatter in the dust the fairest of our temporary rewards, and to trample upon the pledge of that promised futurity, in which brotherly love, and the harmony of our benevolent sensations, are perhaps to be the substance of our felicity. My readers will join me in the wish, that all such agents

of discord, like Milo, in the closing fissure of the parted oak, may perish in the separation their hands have effected.

I cannot help adding to this paper, long as it is, a very pleasing little story, from the dialogue on friendship in Lucian. Toxaris, a Scythian, and Menesippus, a Grecian, are contending for the superiority of their two countries, on this excellence of our nature. They each produce examples furnished by their respective nations; and, among others related by the Grecian, is the following.

“Zenothemis, of Massilia, was the son of Char-moleus. When I was ambassador in Italy, he was pointed out to me in the streets, and a most beautiful young man he appeared to be; besides which, I was informed that his fortune and rank were superior to most. There sat by him in a chariot a woman, extremely ugly and deformed: she had but one eye, and her right side seemed to be palsied and shrunk; in short, nothing could be more disgusting than her appearance altogether. On expressing the utmost astonishment to see a youth, so handsome and engaging, coupled with such a piece of deformity, the whole affair was thus explained to me. Zenothemis was the dear friend of Menecrates, the father of this unlovely creature. They were originally of equal rank and fortune; but it happened that, on a certain occasion, Menecrates was at once deprived of all his riches, and stripped of his honours and dignities, by the six hundred senators, for giving sentence contrary to law. A deep dejection seized the heart of the unhappy man, on being thus reduced from affluence to absolute want, to which was added a load of infamy and disgrace. But there was a circumstance in his fortunes, which gave him

more pain than all besides, and that was, the deformity of his daughter, the person you beheld in that chariot, then about two-and-twenty, to whom no man, that was not a beggar, would have thought of uniting himself, even in the prosperity of the father, much less at a time when there was nothing in the other scale.

“ As he was one day deploring these misfortunes to his friend ; ‘ Be comforted,’ said Zenothemis, ‘ you shall never feel the distresses of poverty, and this daughter of yours shall marry a man of family equal to her own.’ Saying this, he took Menecrates with him to his house, and obliged him to accept of a part of his fortune. Next day he ordered a very splendid entertainment to be got ready, to which Menecrates and some other friends were invited. As soon as they had supped, and poured a libation to the gods, Zenothemis took a goblet, charged to the brim with delicious wine, and holding it in his hand, ‘ Receive,’ says he to Menecrates, ‘ this cup of friendship from a son-in-law, for this very day do I mean to wed your daughter Cydimache !’ ‘ Zenothemis,’ replied the father, ‘ this cannot be ; I can never bear to see you, my virtuous friend, with your merits and person, made so miserable by such an unsuitable connection.’ Zenothemis, without listening to the father, led forth the delighted maid into the bride-chamber, and, after a while, returned to Menecrates. From that time he has lived with her, treats her with exemplary constancy, regard, and even tenderness, and, as you see, carries her with him wherever he goes. So far from being ashamed of the match, it is his glory, and he feels himself the happiest of men in having had it thus in his power to do honour to the name of friendship. Providence has rewarded

his merit, in giving him a most beautiful boy, the fruit of this connection. The other day he carried this little child into the senate, with an olive-branch round its head, and clad in mourning, to excite their pity in behalf of its grandfather. The child smiled sweetly upon those around him, and clapped its hands before the senators, who were so wrought upon by the little orator, that they pardoned Menecrates, and restored him, soon after, to his fortune and his honours."



N<sup>o</sup> 90. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

*Je suppose que le livre qui fait mention de César ne soit pas un livre profane, écrit de la main des hommes qui sont menteurs, trouvé par hasard dans les bibliothèques parmi d'autres manuscrits, qui contiennent des histoires vraies et apocryphes ; qu'au contraire il soit inspiré, saint, divin, qu'il porte en soi ces caractères ; qu'il se trouve depuis près de deux mille ans dans une société nombreuse qui n'a permis qu'on ait fait pendant tout ce temps la moindre altération, et qu'il s'est fait une religion de la conserver dans toute son intégrité ; qu'il y ait même un engagement religieux et indispensable d'avoir de la foi pour tous les faits contenus dans ce volume, où il est parlé de César et de sa dictature ; avouez-le, Lucile, vous douteriez alors qu'il y ait eu un César.*

LA BRUYERE.

Let us suppose that the book which gives us an account of Cæsar were not a profane composition, the production of men who are liars, found by chance among other manuscripts in libraries which contain true and doubtful histories ; but that, on the contrary, it were inspired, holy, divine ; that it bore the marks of this ; that it were found in the custody of a numerous body of men, who had preserved it for two thousand years, during which time they would not suffer it to undergo the smallest alteration ; and that they had considered it as a part of their religion to preserve it in all its integrity, a part of their religion to believe the facts it contained respecting Cæsar and his distatorship ; confess, Lucilius, you would then doubt whether there ever lived in the world such a man as CÆSAR.

ALL presumptions against revelation, and all objections against the general scheme of Christianity, having been shown, in the foregoing papers on this subject, to be built upon principles and suppositions,

that combat with nature and experience ; the obstacles to the belief of miracles having been removed, on the ground of human incompetency to judge of their necessity, their references, and their dependencies, or to prescribe a course for God's providence to act in ; the interposition of a Mediator having been proved to be perfectly consonant to the natural constitution of things, and the course of our temporal concerns ; and lastly, the limited prevalence, and doubtful character of Christianity, having been shown to be perfectly consistent with the ways of Providence, entirely reconcileable to the strictest notions of equity, and making altogether a constitutive part of the great plan of temptation, of trial, and of discipline ;—all this being made perfectly clear and satisfactory, under what pretext can those shelter their obduracy, their contumacy, and their caprice, who refuse to come to the examination of the positive evidence of Christianity, with minds disposed to bestow upon it that candid and serious attention which they are ready to give to the ordinary details of historical evidence ? If there are no reasonable presumptions against the Gospel history on the score of the facts it records, surely, in point of testimony, it has a much greater right to be believed than common history, as being supported by a greater number of credible vouchers, and those ocular witnesses, than any annals which the world affords us.

Now, as to the facts, they would undoubtedly be unworthy of credit, on whatever authority they reposed, if there were an inconsistency among them, or a general air of incredibility over them ; but these two points may be cleared up beyond all question, and fairly rescued out of the hands of controversy.

The circumstance in which this incredibility and this inconsistency would most notoriously manifest

themselves, are undoubtedly the two great and direct evidences of Christianity, namely, **MIRACLES** and **PROPHECY**.

First, then, for the credibility of **MIRACLES**.—The presumption against miracles, as miracles, has been already removed. Considered then as historical facts, there arise two great questions concerning them. Do they seem necessary to be resorted to, in accounting for those events, for the sake of which history tells us they were displayed? and have they authentic and genuine pretensions to be believed, on the strength of the testimonies by which they are handed down to us?

As a complete answer to the first question, it may be urged that, as common history, when called in question in any instance, may be often confirmed by contemporary or subsequent events more known and acknowledged, so the common scripture-history, and more eminently the miraculous part of it, not only in particular instances, but in general, is confirmed by collateral and connected events. For the establishment of the Jewish and Christian religions, which were contemporary with or subsequent to the miracles related to have been wrought in attestation of them, are such events as we should expect from such miracles wrought in their behalf. These miracles are a satisfactory account of those events, and those events are a satisfactory account of these miracles; and no other satisfactory accounts can be given; nor any account at all, but what is imaginary merely, and invented.

As to the second question, in regard to the validity of the testimony they stand upon, let this concise statement be attended to.

1st. The facts both miraculous and natural, in

Scripture, are related in plain unadorned narrative; and both of them appear to stand on the same foot of historical evidence.

- 2d. Some parts of Scripture, containing an account of miracles fully sufficient to prove the truth of Christianity, are quoted as genuine, from the age in which they are said to have been written, down to the present.
- 3d. The Epistles of St. Paul, from the nature of epistolary writing, and moreover from the circumstance of their being written, several of them, not to particular persons, but to churches, carry with them an evidence of authenticity, beyond common historical narratives. Also, the first Epistle to the Corinthians is quoted in a particular manner by Clemens Romanus, in an epistle of his own to that church. In them the author declares that he received the Gospel in general, and the institution of the Communion in particular, not from the rest of the Apostles, but from Christ himself; so that the testimony of St. Paul is to be considered as detached from the rest of the Apostles.
- 4th. Christianity offered itself to the world on the basis of miracles; a circumstance that distinguishes it from all other religions. For it does not appear that Mahometanism was received in the world, on the foot of supposed miracles, *i. e.* public ones; for as Revelation itself is miraculous, it must necessarily imply some pretence to miracles, and it is a well-known fact that the religion of Mahomet was propagated by other means.
- 5th. It is the operation of miracles, at the first rise of a religion, that gives it a just and almost irresistible claim to belief. For single instances



of this sort are easy to be accounted for, after parties are formed, and have power in their hands ; when the leaders of them are in veneration with the multitude, and political interests are blended with religious claims and religious distinctions.

6th. Education, prejudice, and authority, were united against Christianity in the first ages of it ; so that the real conversion of such numbers is a real presumption that somewhat more than human power was exerted in its propagation.

7th. If it be objected to the argument from martyrdom, that a multitude of enthusiastical people, in different countries and ages, have laid down their lives for the sake of the most idle follies imaginable, we answer, let us distinguish between opinions and facts. If a man lays down his life for an opinion, it is the strongest proof of his believing it to be true ; but if a man lays down his life for a fact which came under the observation of his senses, this, his belief, or rather knowledge, is a proof of that fact. This was the case with some of the Apostles, and their contemporaries. Now it is a circumstance of great weight, though not of equal weight, that the martyrs of the next age, having full opportunity of informing themselves whether they were true or not, gave equal proof of their believing them to be true.

8th. Nothing can destroy the evidence of testimony in any case, but a proof or probability that persons are not competent judges of the facts to which they give testimony, or that they are actually under some indirect influence in giving it in a particular case. Until this be made out, the natural rules and principles of belief require that such testimony be admitted. It can never be sufficient to overthrow direct historical evidence, to throw



out indolently, that there are so many principles from which men are liable to be deceived themselves, and to be disposed to deceive others, especially in matters of religion, that one knows not what to believe.

Now prophecy is the second fundamental article on the strength of which Christianity rests its claims to belief; and, in the long and manifold tissue of prophecy, whatever inconsistency there was in the Christian system would most certainly be detected.

- 1st. Let it be observed, that the obscurity or unintelligibleness of one part of a prophecy does not in any degree invalidate the proof of foresight arising from the manifest completion of those other parts which are understood. For suppose a writing partly in cipher and partly in plain words, at length, and that, in the part understood, there appeared the mention of several known facts; it would never come into our thoughts to suspect that, if we understood the whole, perhaps we might find that those facts were not in reality known by the writer.
- 2d. For the same reason, though a man should be incapable, for want of learning, or opportunity of inquiry, even so much as to judge whether particular prophecies have been throughout completely fulfilled; yet he may see in general, that they have been fulfilled to such a degree as, upon very good ground, to be convinced of foresight more than human in such prophecies.
- 3d. A long series of prophecy being applicable to such and such events, is itself a proof that it was intended for them, according to the rules by which

we naturally judge and determine in common cases parallel to this. A man might be assured that he understood what an author intended by a fable, or a parable, related without any application or moral, merely upon seeing it to be easily capable of such application: and every reader takes it for granted that such persons and such events are intended in a satirical piece of writing, merely from its being easily applicable to them, and might be in a great degree satisfied of it, though he were not enough informed in the affairs, or in the story of such persons, to understand half the satire.

4th. The ancient Jews applied the prophecies to a Messiah, before his coming, in much the same manner as the Christians do now.

5th. The primitive Christians interpreted the prophecies respecting the state of the church, and of the world in the latter ages, in the sense which the event seems to confirm and verify.

But besides this direct and fundamental evidence afforded by miracles and prophecies, there is also a wide field of collateral and circumstantial argument for the truth of Christianity. Now these circumstantial proofs, though each is to be considered separately, yet ought they afterwards to be combined, to produce their full effect; for the proper force of the evidence consists in the results of these several arguments, contemplated through their relations to each other, and united under one view.

It is well worth observation, that the Scripture itself, regarded as a whole, holds out no inconsiderable evidence. For if we consider the great length of time the whole relation takes up, near six thousand years of which are passed; and how great a variety

of matter it treats of: that the natural and moral system, as well as the history of the world, is contained in the first book, evidently written in a rude and unlearned age; and that the subsequent books exhibit the common and prophetic history, and the particular dispensation of Christianity: when we consider the very large scope for criticism, and the numberless opportunities of detection all this must afford, it is impossible to suppose that, if it were untrue, it would not, in an age of knowledge and liberty, have been proved false. Its not having been proved false, therefore, is a strong presumptive proof of its truth; and the strength of this presumptive proof will be in proportion to the probability that, if it were false, it might be shown to be so.

Now suppose a person entirely unacquainted with history, to store up in his mind certain leading passages from Scripture, without being sure but that the whole was a *late* fiction;—let this person be informed of the correspondent facts recorded in history, and be told to unite them all under one view: for instance, let him be told that the profession and establishment of natural religion in the world is greatly owing to this book, and the supposed revelation contained in it; that its chronology and common history are entirely credible; that this ancient nation, the Jews, of whom it chiefly treats, appear to have been in fact the people of God in a distinguished sense; that there was a rational expectation among them, raised upon prophecies, of a Messiah to appear at such a time; and that accordingly one appeared at this time, claiming to be that Messiah; that he was rejected by that nation, and received by the Gentiles, not on the evidence of prophecy, but of miracles; that the religion he taught supported itself under the greatest difficulties, gained ground, and at length be-

came the religion of the world; that in the mean time the Jewish state was entirely dissolved, and the nation dispersed over the face of the earth; that notwithstanding this, they have remained a distinct numerous people to this day; which not only appears to be the completion of several prophecies concerning them, but renders it easy to suppose that the promises to them as a nation may yet be fulfilled: let such a person as we have supposed be told to compare these historical facts carefully with what he recollects of Scripture, and there is little doubt but that the joint view of them would strike him in a manner which it is not easy for us to conceive, who are so familiarised to them, without a very particular and devout attention.

This general view of the evidence for Christianity, considered as making up one argument, should induce us anxiously to treasure up any article which may have any, the least considerable weight. Probable proofs, by being added, not only increase the evidence, but multiply it. The misfortune it, that the nature of this evidence gives no small advantage to those who combat the truth of Christianity, especially in conversation; for it is easy to show, in a short and lively manner, that such and such things are but of little weight; but to answer this mode of attack, by bringing forward the whole united force of the argument into one view, requires much time, patience, and attention; requires memory in the speaker, and candour in the hearer; requires gravity, respect, and silence, and a multitude of requisites, which are rarely found in large or small societies,



N<sup>o</sup> 91. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

*At vos Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, et quæ  
Turpia Cerdoni, Volesos Brutosque decebunt.*      JUVENAL.

But, Nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,  
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy  
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race :  
As if what we esteem in cobblers base,  
Would the high family of Brutus grace.      STEPNEY.

*To the Rev. Simon Olive-branch.*

Sir,

THE utility of periodical papers has been so long acknowledged by the general sense of mankind, that it would be a very unnecessary task to enter now upon their merits. That which we feel with the force of an axiom, is only weakened by defence or explanation : and, although I do not mean to flatter you, reverend sir, I must regard you as doing that for which some part of mankind will hereafter have reason to thank you. I trust you have added something to the attractions of virtue, and something to the treasures of literature ; and that even those who look for neither in what they read, will acknowledge their obligations to you for having assisted them in the disposal of time, an enemy whom it is not easy to get rid of with impunity. Where entertainment has been judiciously blended with instruction, no reader will go without his errand. But I have to hope that you will not consider this opinion, which arises from a perusal of your own labours, as



the price of admission to the present attempt. Having, like yourself, the good of the public before my eyes, I may demand as a right, what might otherwise deserve to be considered as a favour.

The PROJECTOR, in your paper of October 19, shows an inclination to render the practice of *cursing* and *swearing* an object of revenue. Certain it is, that in a time of public distress no tax can be so productive as that which is laid upon the effects of ill-humour; and I have more than once thought, that, in the best of times, a *per-centage* upon grumbling would be *no cause of complaint*. Some years ago, I drew up a plan of a similar kind with that of Mr. Projector's, and had the honour to submit it to the approbation of his majesty's ministers, although, for some reason or other, I have not heard of it since. The gratitude of great persons is very seldom extended to men of a scheming turn. I do not, indeed, mean to blame administration for the neglect of my plan: perhaps the moment they saw how exceedingly comprehensive it was, including all descriptions of men, and consequently how amazingly productive, they might think it was too great an engine for ordinary occasions, and ought to be reserved for some trying time, to operate as a terror to hostile nations, by convincing them that our financial resources were such, as to convert the very distresses of war into the means of its support. But whatever may be their reasons for keeping back an affair of this kind, they are not to be censured for any breach of confidence towards me. I therefore do not insinuate, in the most distant or indirect manner, that Mr. Projector has availed himself of a sight of my plan in the Treasury-Office. I believe he would find that a very difficult matter, there being at least one more reason than ordinary why they would not let him come at

it. No, sir : on the contrary, I behold in him, as in myself, an unceasing anxiety for the public good ; and this must of course present to his mind every possible scheme that can tend to diminish the burdens of the state, and render even our vices an object of national advantage. Nothing is more certain than that two persons may hit upon the same plan, although the law of priority can assign the merit only to one.

But, reverend sir, the immediate object of this letter is to offer you some considerations on one branch of the system of Equality, which has prevailed in this country for many years, and long before the enigmatical revolution of a neighbouring nation took place—I mean an EQUALITY IN OUR VICIES AND FOLLIES. These are pursued by all men equally, without the smallest regard paid to rank, property, or genius. We see a peasant as drunk as a *lord*, a shopkeeper as mad as a *poet*, and an attorney's clerk as great an infidel as an *historian*. Now, sir, to behold a drayman as great as a lord, merely by being as much out of his senses, is a circumstance which must greatly affront the votaries of vice, and not greatly delight those of virtue. What, indeed, sir, do we mean by rank and fortune, if they cannot command a monopoly even of folly ? Where are those envied distinctions which once separated the West from the East end of the town, which placed impassable barriers between the man of quality and the citizen, if the latter can be as wicked, as foolish, and as ridiculous as the former ?

There was a time, sir, in my remembrance, and perhaps in yours, when follies of rank and fortune were as incommunicable as titles, and as incapable of transfer as an entailed estate, and when a great man's vices and his acres were handed down alike

unimpaired to his posterity. It was in those happy days, sir, that certain vices never appeared in public, unless accompanied by circumstances of pomp and grandeur. A dignified lustre shone around them, which dazzled the eyes of the profane vulgar, and deprived them of all hopes of imitation. To be in debt, then, was a mark of elegant distinction; to fight a duel, was a singular proof of courage; and to be intoxicated, was so much the privilege of noblemen of a certain rank only, that for many centuries they had no rival in the *proverb*, except an imaginary animal called, for what reason I know not, *David's sow*. A lady *then*, if she gave business to Doctor's Commons, fell from a *coronet*, not from a *counter*, and, if she lost one title, was in no danger of being mixed with the common herd for want of another.

By what infatuation, by what series of infatuations, has so great a revolution been accomplished? Why are our minds so changed, that we now behold the sins of a tradesman with the same satisfaction as those of a man of rank, and that we give a common shopkeeper credit for his vices, while we refuse it to his bills? How much is vice degraded, and folly debased, by thus mixing with the lower orders of society! Did people of fashion, indeed, leave off a vice as they do a cap or a bonnet, the moment it has reached Fleet-street, something might be said, some hopes entertained. But alas! the squares and circuses are no longer the only scenes of dignified dissipation and right honourable licentiousness. In every court and alley we hear of men who will promise, with the most earnest purpose of deceiving; who can lie with cool premeditation; and who have even attempted to fight and intrigue for objects of no greater value than a prostitute or a poney! To such

a pitch are matters brought, that we hear of card-purses being produced in Shoreditch, of strong suspicions of female frailty in the Borough, and of assassinations in Gravel-lane! It was but the other day I overheard a young fellow boasting that he had an affair of gallantry at Wapping; and I am confidently assured that a lady who has long sold fruit in 'Change-alley, is determined on a separate maintenance.

*Quid DOMINI facient, audent cum talia FURES.*

If aught can add to the mortification which we must feel in contemplating this new order of things, it is, that mankind in general seem to be insensible to the consequences of it; that they have lost all estimate of the true value of iniquity; and that they have forgotten with what care it ought to be preserved from the contamination of vulgar hands, and with what reputable splendor it appears when confined to men of rank and fortune. *They* only can give a consequence to what they practise, and *they* only ought to be permitted to practise the greater vices. They only ought to possess the principal; and the lower orders ought to be content with small dividends of sin, as they often are obliged to be with small parts of their bills.

If a man of independent fortune maintains the last lie he told by telling another, or justifies the last injury he inflicted by doubling it—by, for instance, adding murder to seduction, or contempt to oppression---we do not wonder; because, in such cases, he resorts to the only means in his power for the vindication of his character. But, when a grocer talks of his *honour*, and offers to draw a *trigger* instead of a *check*; and, for the payment of his debts, trusts more



to bullets than to bank-bills; what sense of ridicule is strong enough to express the absurdity and impertinence of such an affectation of superior privileges? If such a fellow wishes to vindicate his honour, is there not his counting-house, his banker's book? Has he not Guildhall and the courts of law? Must *he* talk of Montague-house, Hyde-Park, and Kensington Gravel-pits?

I wish not to be severe, Mr. Olive-branch; but I, who was an unworthy pupil of the Old School, cannot view these things "in the calm lights of mild philosophy." I cannot see honour placed in the room of money by a sober citizen. I have lived too long to prefer big words, and pistol-shot, to a fair statement of accounts, and a good dividend; and I foresee the time coming, when, at the first meeting of creditors, it will be necessary to search the bankrupt for fire-arms. It has fared ill with the city, Mr. Olive-branch, since tradesmen began to support their trade by a lesson from Brookes's, and to buttress their honour by a challenge. It is a very sorry employment for a man of business to be shooting at a mark, when he should be driving a bargain; and it is a bad sign, when cards are the only traffic in which he seems inclined to deal fairly. Will these novelties please the public, satisfy all demands, and procure a more speedy issue of the certificate? Will they not rather enrich the Newgate Calendar at the expense of the Gazette, and render a commission of bankruptcy an indictment for felony?

But such, sir, must be the consequence of confounding all distinctions and ranks in sin and iniquity. Why was it that these distinctions were kept up for so many centuries, unless that the very nature of vice renders it an article of too great expense for the common people? They cannot make a property



of it, carry it to market, and fix a price upon it. Even the ten commandments, few and simple as they are, cannot be broken at a small expense; whereas I do not believe that the strictest observance of them will ever cost a man one farthing. Proposals have been made for the repeal of them, because the expense attending the breaking of them has been considered as a tax. But, besides that the present is not the proper time to talk of repealing taxes, I question whether the legislature have the power to repeal any laws that are not of their own making; and I still more doubt whether a proper substitute could be found. These hints I throw out only by the by, Mr. Olive-branch: I have no inclination to involve your paper in discussions on constitutional points, especially as the only nation in which the above laws have been formally repealed, does not exhibit to us any very good and beneficial effects that have arisen, or are likely to arise, therefrom.

To return: — There is one consequence of this confusion of all distinctions, which I must mention, as affording no contemptible argument against it; this is, sir, that it has also introduced a confusion and EQUALIZATION of DISEASES. Formerly the gout, dropsy, spleen, &c. were confined entirely to persons of rank and fortune, because they only could afford the means by which such disorders are induced. A man of rank *then* was easily distinguished from the vulgar by his tottering gait, or his pale and meagre countenance; his lady, by her graceful palpitations, and sentimental spasms: the children spoke the antiquity of their family, and the purity of their blood, by a fashionable softness of the bones, a delicate deficiency of appetite, and something noble in the rapid approaches of a consumption: but, alas! if we now look at the meaner classes of society, how

strangely are things altered ! An eminent city physician assures me that these disorders are as common east of Temple-bar, as they were formerly miraculous. He is frequently obliged to be content with a half-guinea fee for the gout, and is even induced to prescribe *gratis* in nervous disorders. The spleen is epidemic in Thames-street ; and spasms have reached the extremity of Whitechapel. Porters complain of the weakness of their nerves, and chairmen are not seldom afflicted with lowness of spirits. Not a snug party at tea but some lady feels somehow she don't know how ; qualms interrupt the business of the forenoon, and the stomach, the offending party, is chastised by *ratifie*.

That men of magisterial dignity should complain of the gout and dropsy, is not remarkable, because the city-chamber supplies the means ; and the rotundity of an alderman may be still an object of envy to a lord ; but that their wives should be fit subjects for tremblings, palpitations, and the most delicate and genteel nervous symptoms, is not easy to be accounted for, unless from the causes I have already assigned. True it is, however, that the city has become of late years a very unhealthy place, and at certain seasons of the year great numbers of the inhabitants may be seen on the Kent road, like emigrants seeking a place of safety.

I have mentioned the *nerves*. This I take to be a modern invention, like Cassino, and other fashionable games, which soon extend to the lower classes of people. Our forefathers either had no nerves, or they lay dormant in the body, without being applied to any valuable purpose. At present the uses of nerves are many. They afford an excuse for leaving a company suddenly, or for acquiring the honourable distinction of a neat fainting fit. They are emi-

nently useful in supporting the reputation of a tragic actress, or in giving an air of amiable diffidence to a young orator. In novels, they heighten the catastrophe; and in pleadings, they supply the place of argument. Were these, and other effects which I might mention, confined to persons of fashion who first invented nervous disorders, the faculty only would have had reason to complain.

Having now, Mr. Olive-branch, explained what occurs to me on this subject, I ought to propose a remedy for this universal anarchy of vices and follies; but I am diffident of its success, and shall confine myself to a brief outline. I would humbly propose, that none but persons of a certain rank and property shall, in all time coming, be allowed to practise the greater vices. The first difficulty in this scheme is, to ascertain the *quantum* of this property, which is to serve as a qualification. It is not easy, sir, to bring order out of confusion. Many persons will think themselves insulted by being excluded, whatever qualification we fix upon; and some citizens, I am very sensible, might think their *credit* endangered; for, in popular opinions, appearances have great weight. *De apparentibus et existentibus eadem est ratio.*

On the other hand, forty, thirty, or even twenty thousand pounds of yearly income, are sums too large; and such a regulation would coop up iniquity in a very narrow compass; at the same time we know that three or four thousands *per annum* is a sum rarely sufficient for the career of a lottery-office-keeper. What middle sum, therefore, may be proper, I leave to be determined by some spirited legislator, who may think it worth his while to adopt my plan, and who perhaps may be better able to talk on this part of it. Let me repeat, that justice requires

that only men of property ought to be permitted to act foolishly and viciously, because a great part of mankind have agreed, not to be offended with the vices of their superiors, but, on the contrary, to flatter and to feed them in every possible way.

Wit and genius are so much admired in men of fortune, that a very scanty portion of either is found to go a prodigious way in raising the character. Although no enthusiastic admirer of fortune myself, I must confess that a good thing has great weight from the mouth of a man worth five thousand a year. I remember once to have been entertained with the *bons mots* of one thousand, but I lost all opinion of them when I was told that this was only an *annuity*. What can a man save out of an annuity, to make him witty after his death? From a parity of reasoning it is, that we call a drunken shopkeeper an idle blackguard, while a baronet is a *d——d fine fellow* when his senses are gone; that we reprobate those who play deep with dirty cards, but entertain a respect for those who never play twice with the same pack; and that we consign a petty tradesman to goal for a debt, but value the man of rank from the number of his creditors.

One remark more I have to trouble you with. Should my plan be adopted, it might be worthy of consideration whether, in order to separate plebeian from patrician sins, we should not alter the form of our oaths and obligatory ceremonies. I shall instance only one—the ceremony of marriage. It appears to be very ridiculous to expect that a man who marries for money will be as strictly bound by this ceremony, as he who marries for love. A new form is certainly wanting for persons of distinction. The words, *till death do us part*, if they have any meaning at all, imply that one, at least, of the parties



intends to depart this life in four or five weeks. As to the whole train of promises, *to have and to hold, love and cherish, &c.* they remind me of the oath of allegiance, by which a man swears not to bring in the old Pretender, the young Pretender, or any of his family, and are pretty nearly as obsolete.

To conclude: if persons of rank and distinction feel their honour in any degree touched by this trespass of the vulgar upon their property of vices and follies, and if they can no more preserve an exclusive right to a folly than they can to the pattern of a dress, my advice is, to resolve at once to renounce and abjure all such practices as tend to level the most dignified with the meanest of mankind. They will then regain that respect which rank, and property, and wealth, can at all times command, by being employed to countenance virtue, to banish oppression, and to protect merit; and those of the lower classes will soon learn by experience, if precept should be neglected, that nothing is so contemptible as a rivalship in wickedness, and nothing so meritorious as to add, by individual example, to that aggregate of virtue and industry, which alone can preserve those blessings of which neighbouring nations are at this juncture unhappily deprived.

I am, reverend sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 92. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

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*S*iquis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ, placide quiescas; nosque domum tuam ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est. TACITUS.

there be any receptacle for the souls of the pious; if, as wise men assure us, the living powers be not extinguished with the body; repose in peace, and recall thy weeping house from a languid effeminate sorrow, to the contemplation of thy virtues, which are no subject of mourning or lamentation.

Readers,

I HAVE said, in some former paper, that I considered you and myself as making one family: I call you, therefore, now, to share with me my feelings on an event which has snatched from our eyes an object of love and veneration, as well as an example of piety and virtue; one who has taught us how to make old-age a season of cheerfulness, and to preserve the fruit upon the tree, even after the winter has fallen upon the leaves and the branches. My mother breathed her last six evenings ago, in the same great chair whence so many of these papers have issued, and starting from which, my thoughts have so often wandered over the whole of this busy scene in which we live, in search of entertainment for my countrymen.

If the few strokes, by which I have endeavoured

to paint this excellent old woman, have succeeded in rendering her amiable in your eyes ; if they have inspired your bosoms with any thing like filial regard—you will read with a tender complacency, that her exit was marked with neither struggle nor convulsion ; that she sunk away in gradual forgetfulness ; and that Death borrowed the shape of Sleep to win her to his purpose.

About an hour before her departure, we were sitting together in our little parlour, tranquilly engaged in that conversation, of which she was always particularly fond—I mean, the detail of our ancestry for centuries back, all their different branches arising from their marriages and intermarriages ; their own merits, and those of their kindred ; their pursuits, their attainments, and all those transient objects, which just served, while they lasted, to keep up an interest in life, but which are gone for ever, to be no more heard of. In thus retracing the fortunes of our house, it was always a pleasure to us to observe, that our peaceful blood had run for so many ages through a line of honest yeomanry, untainted by spurious grandeur—unshed in splendid quarrels—unbastardised by kings and nobles—and unpampered by servile compliances.

As my mother was dwelling with undissembled pride on these honest boasts, her eyes began to grow moist, and her whole frame seemed to tremble with a secret delight ; then, laying her hand on mine, as if to draw from me a more than usual attention, “ Sim,” she cried, “ my dear boy, take courage ; thou art no ways behind thy forefathers in the justness of thy views, and the serenity of thy temper ; but, alas ! something sure, of that cordial love for thy house, by which thy ancestors have been distinguished, has been wanting in thee, or thou wouldst

have looked thee out, ere this, some virtuous, kind-hearted young woman, to have saved the extinction of the OLIVE-BRANCHES."

My heart smote me as she spoke ; and I could not help interrupting her with assurances, that if Providence permitted me to live a twelvemonth longer, this regret should be removed from her mind, and that, at the next meeting of our society, I would intreat Mr. Shapely, our master of the ceremonies, to assist me in the discovery of a person proper to raise up posterity to the house of Olive-branch. In the whole course of my life I have never seen this excellent person so affected as she was by these words. Starting with a sudden effort from her chair, and without staying to remove her spectacles from her eyes, she flung her arms round my neck, in an ecstasy of affection and joy. But by what a sad reverse was all this to be succeeded ! As soon as she withdrew herself she fell back, with little appearance of life, into the arm-chair behind her.

As I stood over her, with the tears running fast down my cheeks, she gently opened her eyes, as if awaking from a slumber ; and taking from them the spectacles, which was the last effort she could make, she put them into my hands, saying, " Sim, I have no more occasion for these ; I am going where I shall see clearly without them, and such objects too, my dear, as the strongest mortal eyes would be unequal to behold—I am going to live among all my ancestors ; and I will assuredly tell them, and let it rejoice thy heart to hear it, how brave a boy thou hast been to thy mother ; more especially in this thy last promise, which I still bind thee to perform. Why shouldst thou weep, Simon ? I am neither troubled in spirit, nor uneasy in body : and although I am going rather at an earlier age than my forefathers, yet con-



sider how few sons have their mothers with them at this time of day, my Simon! How few, too, are the mothers whose deaths are so happy as mine! How few have sons like thee to close their eyes, and hear their dying words! I will not trouble thee to open the prayer-book; for what avail the feeble orisons of a gasping sinner, if her life has not been such as to plead for her at the throne of mercy? My life has passed obscurely, and my deeds have been but of small account; yet, with my little talent, and slender opportunities, I have endeavoured to live religiously, honestly, and usefully.

“ Simon, my voice begins to fail me, but not too soon, for I have little more to say; yet one thing at this moment comes into my mind: might not you signify, through that paper of yours, that you want a notable and youngish woman to your wife? Doubtless, they cannot choose but offer themselves, in crowds, to one so pious and discreet. In the top drawer of my great bureau, thou wilt find that tobacco-stopper of thy great-grandfather’s, which thou thoughtest to have been long ago lost to thee and thy family. It seemed good to me, Simon, to conceal it there till the day of my death, that, when I should be removed out of thy sight, still thou mightest have something by thee, to put thee strongly in mind of thy ancestors; and I thought it might the more impress thee, if the recovery of it should bear the date of thy mother’s dissolution. There are human beings that are worse companions for thee, than thy great-grandfather’s tobacco-stopper. My Bible and my Prayer-book, Lady’s Calling, Sherlock’s Sermons, and the Life of Sir Philip Sidney, together with my shagreen spectacles, and all my clothes of all ages and fashions, I desire may be given to our old servant Judith; and I

need not add, that I wish her to be made as comfortable as her age and infirmity will permit. Let Madam Miranda have twenty pounds annually, to distribute in such prizes as to her may seem best, to the discreetest and most industrious young women of the parish."

Here the voice of this excellent woman began very much to falter, and it was with difficulty that I collected this last sentence. She remained, after this, for near half an hour, in a most equivocal state between life and death; all which time I hung over her in awful suspense, with my fingers pressed upon her wrist, to feel the yet tremulous quivering of her pulse, as if wishing to arrest the departing symptoms of a life so dear. At length she opened her eyes, and fixing them upon me with ineffable complacency, breathed out her soul in a lengthened sigh, but without difficulty or contortion. If my female readers desire a death like this, so dignified, so serene, and so decorous, let them strive to imitate the gracefulness, the moderation, and philanthropy, which governed her life.

It is with a trembling doubt that my imagination follows, into those new worlds to which they are consigned, the spirits of departed mortals; so little have any of us to plead on the score of merit: yet in pursuing, to its allotted place, the immortal spirit of this good woman, my hopes are winged with confidence; and I feel not only a comfort, but a delight, in fancying those spiritual exalted pleasures which she may now be enjoying; her precedency among immortal beings; her interviews with the wise and good of her own race; and her high colloquies with such sainted women, as, for their charities and virtues on earth, are great among the angels in heaven.

If the souls of those who are gone from us can with

pleasure contemplate the honours paid to their memories by us children of clay, without doubt the sweet unpurchased sorrow which was poured last night upon her grave, must have delighted the spirit of my mother. An unsuborned retinue of simple mourners, composed of all the women of the parish, both young and old, with no white handkerchiefs to hide the want of sorrow, or other symbols to display its pomp, but with an open unequivocal grief in their countenances, with eyes bent towards the ground, and dropping tears like the rain, followed to the church-yard the body of their kind benefactress.

As soon as my curate had finished the service, twenty young women, dressed in perfect white, walked up in order to the grave, with boughs of laurels and other evergreens in their hands, and having ranged themselves in a ring around it, sung, after their rustic fashion, an occasional hymn, which, if sincerity can aid the efficacy of prayer, if the feelings of the heart can give effect to devotion, we may hope has been heard in heaven.

Why should I endeavour to entertain you with a history of my own feelings, in consequence of so great a loss? Grief is never loquacious; and besides, say what I will, I can never call up any sympathy in an unfeeling mind, while the gentle and generous spirit will, I am sure, be more worked upon by the simple fact, than by all the rhetoric of exacting sorrow.

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And now, Readers, having buried my poor mother, I shall take leave to bury myself—By burying myself, I must be understood to speak of my literary existence, and the notoriety into which it has brought me. Having discharged my bosom of a great part

of those meditations for the public good, with which it has long been teeming, and my conscience of what it has long felt as a sacred debt to my fellow-creatures, it is with increased delight that I recur to my beloved obscurity, and retreat within those bounds, so salutary and so consonant to my years, which, while they narrow my connection with the world, extend my acquaintance with myself, and give my thoughts leisure for a sublimer exercise than that of sifting the foibles or censuring the follies of mankind.

In the mean time, I have nothing to upbraid myself with in the conduct of these papers. They were written, and certainly it was no undignified ambition, to oppose something like a barrier to that usurping march of nonsense, which, under the pretext of gratifying the undistinguishing ardour for political intelligence, by which the public mind is at this juncture inflamed, and taking advantage of the blind adoptions of prejudice, passion, and party zeal, has gained over to its standard an enormous crowd of deserters from the cause of sobriety and truth.

What has been, or what will yet be, the success of these endeavours, cannot at present be determined. A single enterpriser in so great an undertaking can be expected to perform but little in a view to immediate service; ultimately, however, I may hope to be the author of some benefit to the community, by drawing others after me in this endeavour to substitute the forsaken topics of morality, literature, and taste, in the room of shallow politics and newspaper philosophy. Well knowing, however, that this is not an age for truth and virtue to rest upon their own recommendations, I have called in the assistance of fancy and invention, as far as I could command them, to give life, colouring, and effect to



my reasoning; to betray men, under the mask of amusement, into serious and manly thoughts; to play off a kind of honest surprise upon the unsuspecting votaries of pleasure, and to lead them, unawares, to their better interests, unconscious of the path they are pursuing, till they lose the wish to retreat.

I cannot say, as one of the greatest of my predecessors has done, that I dismiss my work with frigid indifference.—The same reasons which urged me to the undertaking, still render me anxious for its success. I dismiss it, however, with little solicitude about the cavils of criticism, having lost in a great measure my awe of its controul, in the familiarity into which the course of my work has brought me, with the littleness and obliquity so frequently at the bottom of its decisions. I dismiss it, in debt to few for their patronage, and to still fewer for their literary assistance. To that few however, whose services of zeal or communication have promoted and lightened my labours, my obligations are my boasts. Such patronage as I have found, reflects real lustre on the work; and such contributions as I have received, have rendered that work infinitely more worthy of that patronage. On the whole then, I am not *widely*, but *deeply* indebted; and if the value were no greater than the bulk of my contributions, I might reasonably rejoice in the paucity of my friends.

Considering the advanced period of my life, some credit should seem to be my due, for admitting, without jealousy, so young a man, as the gentleman I am going to name, to mix his performances with mine. Age is seldom gratified with beholding the blaze of junior talents; but since, whether I afford them or not the present opportunity of display, they

are on the point of asserting for themselves their title to the public admiration, it would have been to no purpose of policy, to have robbed my labours of so great a support.

To the Rev. *James Beresford*, Fellow of Merton College, in Oxford, better known perhaps as *The Translator of Virgil*, I owe the *Tour of Sentiment*, the *Imitations of modern History-writing*, *Novel-writing*, and *Biography*; the verses and the mock criticism thereon in the 88th Number; *Reflections in a Visit to Covent-Garden Market*; and the *Parody of Milton's Allegro*.

A lady, whose modest fame, while it shrinks from the popular breath, is great among a wise and virtuous few, is the authoress of several little exquisite pieces of poetry contained in these papers. The papers on *Illicit Hopes*, and on the *Equilization of Follies and Diseases*, are presents from Mr. *Chalmers*, of Throgmorton-street. A few other papers, and parts of papers, such as the two Numbers upon *Signs*, the *Letter from Oxford*, &c. together with some of the verses which have appeared in my work, are contributions, the authors of which I should have been proud to have named, had they thought proper to put it in my power. My public thanks, however, are thus returned to them for their kind assistance; and should another edition of this little work ever make its appearance, they may still call upon me for that more *specific acknowledgment which is so richly their due*.

It is hard, very hard, to say the last word to those with whom we have long maintained an affectionate intercourse; and an old man must be expected to be particularly loquacious at these farewell moments. I feel that I could talk on, much beyond the bounds which I have prescribed to myself, if I were not re-

strained by a **sense** of decorum ; especially since, as I have said before, I have brought my mind almost to consider my readers and myself as constituting one extensive family : one fancies too, that, in one's last words, there lies a mysterious kind of potency, that gives them an oracular effect on the hearers. Thus, at one's expiring moments, amidst the many thoughts which press with equal interest on the mind—amidst the crowding sentiments and suggestions of the heart, which contend for this distinction—the tongue hesitates on which to bestow it; and the spirits seem to flutter at the lips, even after the power of utterance is gone for ever.

I might linger on through a dozen papers more, were I to allow myself all those last words which the warm solicitude I feel for the interests of my countrymen would suggest; but circumstances oblige me to part with my readers more abruptly than I could wish, and to die in my literary capacity with that sentiment in my mouth, which first prompted this bold undertaking—May Religion and Morality be considered by Englishmen to be as necessary to each other, as they both are necessary to our national and individual prosperity!

END OF VOL. XLIV.

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