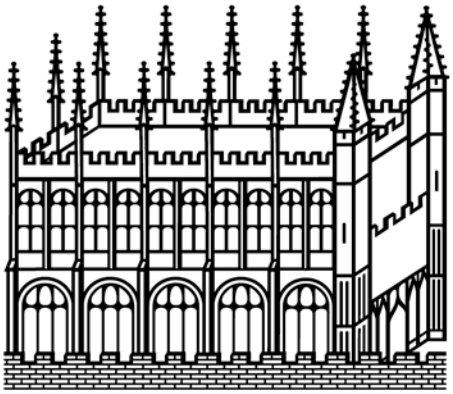

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XLIII.

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THE

LOOKER-ON:

A

PERIODICAL PAPER.

BY THE

REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH, A.M.

Nº 51—72.

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VOL. XLIII.

THE

LOOKER-ON.

N° 51. SATURDAY, MAY 4.

Illam quidquid agit, quoque vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor. TIBULL.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Her every act a subtle grace attends;
We can't tell how---but when she speaks, it talks;
We can't tell where---but when she moves, it walks.

IT was last night considered as an especial favour, that I was permitted to have a seat at the female board, where my mother sits as presidentess. It had been determined on this evening to take into consideration the state of the female nation—a discussion to which they dedicate one sitting in every six months. Miranda, who is my mother's principal secretary, had the chief direction and management in the business of the day; and almost all the motions, petitions, remonstrances, advices, &c. either originated with her, or passed through her hands. I think I never saw her appear with such advantage as upon this occasion. It is a most difficult task for a woman to come forth in the character of a director and manager, and to mix in the more active duties of

life, without losing something on the side of delicacy and softness; and it is on this ground, principally, that the men are found to object to any masculine undertakings in the women — not because we regard such undertakings with jealousy, as an invasion of our provinces, but because we consider them as leading to the destruction of that amiable and captivating gentleness which constitutes the great ornament of the female mind.

Somehow or other, Miranda manages to steer with the nicest precaution in these difficulties: a certain magical grace of manner, a lubricous insinuating softness slides into every action and gesture, and often disappoints their natural effects; so that, attempt what she will, it is all becoming; and say what she please, we cannot find fault. Thus she can do a thousand things which other women dare not, and allow herself a thousand freedoms which would be indecorous and even dangerous in others. Miranda is a little too short, but you hardly know it; and somewhat marked with the small-pox, which you presently forget. She is little under forty, but you would leave twenty-five to follow her; her very blemishes she converts into graces, and infirmities bear a premium in Miranda, and go farther than perfections in another face. She possesses an uncommon power of giving price to trifles, and of decorating mere nothings with the playfulness of her wit, the sprightliness of her allusions, or the importance of her inferences. She will raise a Venus out of the froth of the sea, or from an elephant's tooth produce an ivory statue.

Last night she was busily employed in laying before the assembly the different reports, proposals, and requisitions, which had been sent to her, as the secretary, from all quarters. The first paper which

was read to us was of a singular nature, considering the chaste assembly to which it was submitted. It was a petition from an association of such of the sex as profess loose love, the keepers of bagnios, &c. praying to be heard against those usurpers of their craft, who, in this great city, had of late years drawn all the trade to themselves;—against those duchesses and countesses who had engrossed, as the petition set forth, all the fashionable custom of the town, by underselling those whose bread depended upon the profits of their business—that the *fair* traders were reduced to the saddest *shifts* imaginable, by these smugglers of debauchery—and that one of the most numerous classes of female manufacturers was likely soon to be reduced to throw up their calling, and beg their bread, or to emigrate to other countries, and carry the mysteries of the trade with them — That these interlopers had taken the most ungenerous and illiberal means, and acted in a manner that was calculated to bring scandal upon the profession, in order to attract custom; that they parted with their favours for nothing, only to pilfer in other ways with greater success—That they had sunk the price of intrigue, only to make it subservient to their gaming plans, that thus the dupes of their caresses might hug themselves in the excellence of their bargains, and cheapness of their pleasures, while a collateral drain was insensibly emptying their pockets. That these petitioners and innocent sufferers entreated the high court of females, assembled under the direction of Madam Olive-branch, that they would back with all their credit another petition which they had in contemplation to present to parliament, by the help of such connections there as they still retained; praying to succeed to those honours and dignities which ought in all reason to be laid down by the

said duchesses, countesses, &c. who had taken up a traffic so entirely inconsistent with their quality.

In the mean time, if this injured part of the community should, after every resource had failed, be reduced to try that of honesty, they hoped that government would think of some equitable compensation. They would stipulate freely on their parts to give up their rights to the Magdalen and Lock Hospitals, for the use of the disabled duchesses and contrite countesses; but that in lieu of these advantages they expected to succeed to their pews in the churches, and precedency at court—That they would surrender up all their convenient resorts in the vicinity of the playhouses, in the Strand, and in Oxford-road, on condition of being put into possession of the genteelest squares in the west end of the town—That as the said duchesses and countesses were visibly moulting very fast, and baring their necks and shoulders, the petitioners thought it but just that they should come in for those rejected parts of their dress, especially as their own skins had long been battered by the inclemency of the weather—That if the outline of this proposal met with the approbation of *Madam* Olive-branch and *her ladies,* the petitioners would have the honour of stating their plan more in in detail, and submitting it a second time to the judgements of that honourable society. Signed by the different associations of the Sisterhood, met together under the Rose.

I am forbid to divulge what was determined by the board as to the merits of this extraordinary petition, as the matter was referred to a secret committee that goes with them under the name of the Court of the Bona Dea.

The next question which came before them was on the subject of a proclamation issued by my mo-

ther last week against a certain seditious volume, published by a female incendiary, called the *Rights of Woman*, tending most notoriously to inflame the minds of the sex with opinions dangerous to the permanence of the female empire, calculated to destroy all that power and ascendancy which they have hitherto owed to their gentleness of character, and to embroil them in a contest with a superior force, that must inevitably terminate in a most disgraceful defeat. An unanimous vote of thanks to my mother was immediately concluded upon.

The paper that now was produced, was of a very extraordinary kind; and as it was the first they had received from any of our sex, there was a debate of some continuance, whether or not it ought to be admitted. At length, however, they decided in the affirmative, after having entered a clause in their journals against its becoming a precedent. It was a petition from a gentleman who stated himself to have turned the corner of thirty, without ever having had the felicity to be really in love, though this had been the leading object of his ambition since he had entered into his fifteenth year. He represented himself to be precisely in the predicament described in a sensible maxim of La Bruyere: "Les hommes souvent veulent aimer, & ne sauroient y reussir; ils cherchent leur défaite, sans pouvoir la rencontrer; & si j'ose ainsi parler, ils sont contraïnts de demeurer libres." He begged to be indulged with an opportunity of explaining himself more at large to the society, that they might judge whether the fault was in himself or in the sex, and furnish him accordingly with their advice and assistance. He furthermore stated, that for this last fortnight he had felt some unusual pains about the diaphragm and præcordia: butt hat he was somewhat in the case of the King in

Tom Thumb, who was unable to tell whether it was love or the wind cholic that tormented him. That he has had also many other little equivocal symptoms, which he is unable to pronounce upon until he has taken the sense of this female synod. Some sensations too, which he has sometimes felt in a morning before breakfast, and in the afternoon after a pint of wine, have looked so like what he conceives of this passion, as to raise in him some hopes that he may yet arrive at the accomplishment of his wishes. The petitioner concluded with requesting to be informed if the society had any apothecary belonging to them, whom they could instruct to compose a philtre that might remedy this radical deficiency in his mind ---for in his mind alone he felt this deficiency to exist.

The senate decreed that the case of this poor gentleman was without remedy, as there was no possibility of imparting a tenderness of soul where nature had denied it; but that he was right in suspecting that these paroxysms were no true symptoms of love, however they might explain a part of our nature that was common through all animated existence.

Some proposals were now brought forward, which the press of weightier business made it necessary to adjourn to a future day, and some notices were given of intended motions. A vote of censure was passed on a staymaker's widow, who advertised to carry on her *husband's business* with the same *workmen;* it being judged inconsistent with female delicacy to admit any but females to a privacy so close. A motion was made for a declaratory act respecting the proclamation of Harry the VIIIth, against female gossipping

A paper was next heard, exhibiting some severe strictures on the practice among fashionable mothers,

of committing their children to the care of French mesdemoiselles. The letter contained advices of several instances wherein the principles of a young family had been poisoned under such tuition; and stated, in terms of great indignation, that they were nothing but a kind of higglers, that brought over the veriest trumpery, the merest shreds and rags of a wretched Epicurean philosophy, which had long ago found its way among all orders and degrees in their native country. It ended with a passage out of the play called the Provoked Wife, which paints admirably well the lax opinions of this sect of female philosophers.

Lady Fan. Rendezvous? what, rendezvous with a man, mademoiselle?

Madem. Eh, pourquoi non?

Lady F. What! and a man I never saw before in my life?

Madem. Tant mieux; c'est donc quelque chose de nouveau.

Lady F. Oh, but my reputation, mademoiselle, my dear reputation!

Madem. Madame, quand on l'a une fois perdue, on n'en est plus embarrassé.

Lady F. Fie, mademoiselle! reputation is a jewel.

Madem. Qui coûte bien chère, madame.

Lady. F. Why, sure you would not sacrifice your honour to your pleasure?

Madem. Je suis philosophe.

Lady F. Bless me, how you talk! what, if honour be a burden, must it not be borne?

Madem. Chacun a son façon: quand quelque chose m'incommode moi, je m'en défais vîte.

Lady. F. Get you gone, you naughty woman. I

vow and swear I must turn you out of doors if you talk thus.

Madem. Turn me out of doors!—turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you. Tenez: voilà votre escarpe, voilà votre quoife, voilà tout. Allons, madame, dépêchez-vous donc. Mon Dieu! quelles scrupules!

Lady F. Well, for once, mademoiselle, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to see who this ill-bred fellow is; but I have too much délicatesse to make a practice of it.

Madem. Belle chose vraiment que la délicatesse, lorsqu'il s'agit de se divertir!—ah, ça—vous voilà équippée—partons—Eh bien! qu'avez-vous donc?

Lady F. J'ai peur.

Madem. Je n'en ai point, moi.

Lady F. I dare not go.

Madem. Demeurez donc.

Lady F. Je suis poltrone.

Madem. Tant pis pour vous.

Lady F. Curiosity is a wicked devil.

Madem. C'est une charmante sainte.

Lady F. It ruined our first parents.

Madem. Il a bien diverti leurs enfans.

Lady F. L'honneur est contre.

Madem. Le plaisir est pour.

Lady F. Must I then go?

Madem. Must you go? must you eat? must you sleep? must you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder; vous me ferez enrager.

Lady F. But when reason corrects nature, mademoiselle?

Madem. Elle est donc bien insolente.

Lady F. Ah! la méchante Françoise!

Madem. Ah! la belle Angloise!

A letter from a learned lady was read, praying for the sentence of the synod, against a passage in the sixth Satire of Juvenal, which bore shamefully hard upon that class of female doctors to which she belonged. The lines complained of, run as follows :—

" Illa tamen gravior quæ cum discumbere cœpit,
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ:
Committit vates, et comparat inde Maronem,
Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet, nec Causidicus, nec præco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier : verborum tanta cadit vis.
Tot pariter pelves, et tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas atque æra fatiget :
Una laboranti poterit succurrere lunæ.
Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis:
Nam quæ docta nimis cupit, et facunda videri,
Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,
Cædere sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes ;
Sed quædam ex libris et non intelligat ; odi
Hanc ego, quæ repetit volvitque Palæmonis artem,
Servata semper lege, et ratione loquendi,
Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
Nec curanda viris opicæ castigat amicæ
Verba. Solæcismum liceat fecisse marito."

I was desired to read the translation of this passage which Dryden has given us; a request I did not comply with without some compunction.

" But of all plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book-learn'd wife, in Greek and Latin bold;
The critic dame, who at her table sits,
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in a word.

The man of law is non-plus'd in his suit;
Nay, every other *female* tongue is mute.
Hammers and beating anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.
Even wit's a burden, when it talks too long;
But she who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard,
And mix among the philosophic herd.
Oh! what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate),
No logic learn, or history translate;
But rather be a quiet humble fool;
I hate a wife to whom I go to school;
Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and, abed,
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head."

The assembly decreed that the satire was not unjust as it was directed, and that therefore there was no reasonable ground of complaint: but that, if it be the tendency of learning in the main to derogate from female softness, so much the larger share of glory awaits those paragons of the sex, who haply have found out the way of combining these vigorous attainments with their more appropriate excellencies, and of brightening, by severer attrition, the polish of the mind, without wearing its enamel, or corroding its substance.

The last subject which came before them was occasioned by a letter which the secretary had received from one of those outrageously virtuous ladies who repine at the necessity of breathing the same atmosphere with their sinful sisters, that have drawn such a quantity of common-place satire, and proverbial ridicule, upon the sex in general. There was

so much in her style of expression, of disappointment and disgust, that I could not help suspecting her to be one of those hidden treasures which are only safe because nobody looks after them; and begged to be permitted to express my sense of the subject before the society, through the medium of a pleasant story I had somewhere met with.

Pluto, perceiving that his Furies were beginning to grow old and worn in the service, called Mercury to him, and desired him to go to the upper world, and seach the globe over, to find him three maids, such as were every way proper for the duty in which they were to be engaged. Mercury set off on his errand. It happened, at the same time, that Juno was in want of three handmaids, being obliged to turn away those she had, for their intrigues with Jupiter. Iris was accordingly dispatched to look in every corner of the earth, till she could meet with three virgins of such severe chastity, that they were never known to smile upon a man. After a considerable time spent in the search, Iris returned out of breath and alone. "What!" cried her mistress, "have you not succeeded then? Is it possible? O chastity! O virtue!"—"Goddess," returned Iris, "I have indeed found three rigid maidens, that neither Jove nor Mars himself could ever have subdued; but, alas! I arrived too late."—"Too late!"—"Yes, too late; Mercury had already engaged them for Pluto."—"For Pluto! for what purpose?"—"To make three Furies of them."--- My story had such an effect, that no attention was paid to the representation contained in the paper before them.

N° 52. SATURDAY, MAY 11.

Good with bad
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse; so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes.

ONLY five papers have yet been consecrated to the subject which ought to be the nearest to every man's heart. This is the greatest satire I have yet pronounced upon my countrymen; for my age, my profession, and my predilection, would naturally have bent my thoughts continually to this object, had I judged that the religious frame of the public mind was sufficiently solid to endure so much grave deduction and inquiry. The more rational and thinking part of my readers will forgive me this ill compliment to the many: sensible of the regard that must be had, in these delicate times, to the slight constitution of our minds, they will wish me to imitate our fashionable physicians in mixing up together in such unequal proportions the nauseous and the nice, as to make of the whole what they term an *elegant* preparation.

The object of my last speculation on this subject was to prove the moral government of God; a state

of probation is included almost under the same idea. The notion of a general righteous judgement hereafter, implies some sort of temptation to do what is wrong; but as the word *probation* is more particularly and distinctly expressive of allurements to wrong, and the danger of miscarriages, than the words *moral government*, in this view it may deserve a separate consideration.

If we turn our attention from the moral government of God, to his natural government over us, we shall perceive that the whole course and procedure of it plainly indicates a state of trial, in a similar sense, in regard to the present world.

The *natural* government of God consists in his placing us in a balance between right and wrong, with a power of choice, and an anticipation of the consequences of that choice. Present fruition and subsequent sorrow, present forbearance and succeeding enjoyment, mark out to us plainly a sort of conditional covenant which God has made with us in respect to our career through this present world. So far as men are under temptations to any course of action which will probably occasion them greater temporal uneasiness than satisfaction, so far their temporal interest is in danger from themselves, or they are in a state of trial with respect to it. That which constitutes our trial in our temporal capacity, does also constitute it in our religious capacity; and the description of the one will be a description of the other, if only what we call temporal interest in one place, we call future in another, and substitute virtue for prudence in speaking of the trial for a future life. If we contemplate the behaviour of man under his trial in these different capacities, we may observe him proceeding in the same neglect or defiance of the consequences of his actions in both cases. Men

will persevere in a course of dissolute extravagance with no remorse, and with little dread, with the certain foreknowledge in their minds, that it will end in their temporal ruin, and some of us under the apprehension of the consequences in another state. Thus, our trials of difficulties and dangers in our temporal and our religious capacities, as they proceed from the same causes, and have the same effect upon our behaviour, are evidently analogous and correspondent.

Without this experience, afforded us in the natural constitution of things, we might, perhaps, with some speciousness urge, that it is inconsistent with the character of Infinite Mercy to involve us in any hazards which he foresees must end in confusion and misery. Indeed, why any sort of danger or hazard should be imposed on such mortals as we are, may well be thought a difficulty in speculation, and ever will be so till we are furnished with a higher degree of intelligence, and are admitted to more comprehensive views of things than it is the lot of our natures to enjoy. But whatever the vanity of our reason may suggest with respect to the moral government of God, the course of the natural world affords a complete, decisive, and awful answer to all our presumptuous inquiries.

That the same thing exists in the constitution of nature, experience proves; let our inquiries therefore begin here; and if they can obtain no solution here, here let them end. All reasoning, therefore, against a state of trial from its speculative difficulties, and our inability to accommodate it to any righteous scheme according to our notions of justice, is defeated in the point of fact by our own daily experience, and by the testimony of our senses.

Considering the difficulties and hazards of our

probationary state, it might be natuaal enough to inquire how we came to be placed in it. This curiosity, however, can never be satisfied, as it is directed to a subject which we are not competent to understand, without much higher degrees of knowledge and capacity. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth! Shall the clay say unto him that fashioneth him, What maketh thou? or thy work, He hath no hands?" If we make the question, "What is your business here?" which must be acknowledged to be a frame of inquiry more important, as it is more humble; not only religion affords us an answer, but a view of the course of the world in which we live will convince us that our present condition is no way inconsistent with the perfect moral government of God. If our religion teach us that we are placed here in a state of so much hazard and affliction for our improvement in virtue and piety, as the requisite qualification for a future state of happiness and security, we shall also find, upon inquiry, that the same plan and the same gradation is observed in the conduct of nature, and the rest of God's government and dispensations.

We must again consider man under a religious and temporal capacity; and in this double view of him, the beginning of life, considered as an education for mature age, appears plainly at first sight analogous to our general trial for a future life. This analogy may be pushed to a great extent, and is certainly well worth the pains of investigation.

To be capable of enjoying any state of existence, we must have a frame of mind within us correspondent to the order of things around us. Without determining what will be the employment and the hap-

piness of good men hereafter, we may be sure that some determinate qualities and capacities will be necessary to render them susceptible of their external condition, and the objects that surround them. Now it is the property of man to be able to mould and accommodate himself to states of life for which he was once wholly unqualified. This gradual rise in the human character, this insensible and subtle transformation, is affected through the medium of habits. Habit has a wonderful rule in human affairs; it consecrates and preserves all our acquisitions, whether moral or intellectual; and memory itself is little else than habitual knowledge. There are passive as well as active habits; and the mind, long accustomed to expand to the treasures of wisdom, affords them an easy entrance, and a safe repository. Passive habits and active habits, in respect to each other, proceed in an inverse ratio. Active habits gradually receive confirmation and permanency through a course of acting upon certain motives and incitements, or passive impressions; while these motives and incitements themselves, by proportionate degrees, become less and less sensible to ourselves; that is, become continually less sensibly felt, as the active habits acquire strength and consistency. The inference to be drawn from these considerations, is plainly, that these passive impressions, which may be made on our minds, by experience, admonition, and example, though they have a strong remote efficacy, and conduce to the formation of active habits, yet, unless they do really succeed in forming these active habits, they will have no efficacy at all, but will expire in repetition.

Without this process and agency of habit, nature alone is insufficient to qualify us ultimately, much

less at once, for a mature state of life. Maturity of understanding, and perfection of bodily strength, are not only attained to by degrees, but depend also on the continued exercise of the powers, both of the mind and body, from the age of infancy. If we suppose a person brought into the world with his powers of mind and body complete, he must plainly be distracted with astonishment, curiosity, and suspense, and be totally unfit for the sphere in which he is called to exert himself: nor is it probable that his senses of seeing and hearing, would be of any practical benefit to him, before experience had taught their use and advantages. It is evident he would be destitute of that moderation, forbearance, and self-government, which the habits of education and discipline inculcate.

Thus then the beginning of our days is intended to be, and really is, a state of education to the theory and practice of mature life; and this is a providential disposition of things, in regard to the objects of this present existence, to which that supposed discipline which we undergo in this world, as a preparation for the next, is perfectly analogous. Nor are those objections at all solid which are grounded on our inability to discern in what way the present life can be a preparation for another; for children are perfectly ignorant how they contribute to their health and growth by the sports and exercises to which they are instinctively addicted. But our state in this world is not merely such as to afford frequent opportunities of exercising our virtuous principles, but holds out to us the constant necessity of an unwearied circumspection and preseverance, that thus our virtue may be rendered in a manner more intense, and a more confirmed habit may be the consequence:

and this wakeful and continued exertion of the moral sense, is calculated to give it a certain supremacy in our minds, however the momentary sallies of passion may sometimes disturb its reign.

It may possibly be objected that the present state is so far from proving in reality a discipline of virtue to the generality of men, that on the contrary they appear to make it a discipline of vice. It is true the generality of us do not gather much improvement in our passage through life; but this can never be urged as a proof that it was not intended as a state of moral discipline, if we at all consider the analogy of nature. Of that infinite number of seeds of vegetables, and bodies of animals, which are furnished with an organization and disposition to arrive at maturity and perfection, perhaps not one in a million does actually reach that period of its destination.

If again it be objected that nothing but afflictions and crosses can exercise or demand the virtues of resignation and content; that therefore they will not be necessary to a condition of perfect repose, and consequently cannot be exerted in this life with any view to a future one; we must again resort to experience and analogy for the answer. In the course of this world we do not find that our trial ceases when we are arrived at the consummation of our fortunes. Prosperity itself begets unbounded desires, and out of our own imagination there springs as much discontent as from any thing in our external condition. We must carry therefore to this state of worldly advancement a mind exercised to forbearance, by frequent disappointment, in order to profit by our elevation; and this very elevation is a source of new trials by which our principles are kept alert,

and our habits maintained in activity. It is true indeed there can be no scope for patience, when sorrow and trouble shall be no more; but there may be need of a temper, which shall have been formed by patience; there may be need of a bland conformation of mind, an uniform spirit of meek contentment, such as acquaintance with sorrow and affliction has a tendency to produce.

But some men may suppose that all which has been here advanced, must fall before the doctrine of *necessity*. It is not to the present purpose to demonstrate the absurdity of that doctrine: it will be enough to prove that it furnishes no conclusions inimical to what has been argued on the question of God's moral government, and a state of probation. If this word *necessity*, in the minds of those who maintain it, have any definable meaning, it must mean something that does not exclude deliberation, counsel, choice, and preference; for this is a matter of undoubted experience, and of which we are conscious at every moment of our lives. It is equally clear that necessity does not pretend to account for the origin and continuance of things, and maintains nothing further than that they could not have been otherwise than they are.

If a fatalist, and one who believed himself a free agent, were disputing about the origin of a house, they would both agree that it was built by an architect; their only difference would be on this question, whether the architect built it freely, or by necessity. Suppose then, that they should proceed to inquire into the constitution of nature, and that, in a lax way of speaking, one of them were to say that it was by necessity, and the other by freedom. Now if they have any meaning in those words, as the latter must

mean a free agent, so the former must mean an agent acting by necessity; for abstract notions are idle to the purpose.

It is true, we ascribe to God a necessary existence, not caused by any agent; but this is our imperfect manner of expressing a thing of which we can have no adequate idea. Two things are therefore undeniable: first, that when a fatalist asserts that every thing *is* by necessity, he must mean by an agent acting necessarily; and secondly, that the necessity by which such an agent is supposed to act, does not exclude intelligence and design; so that, were the system of fatality admitted, it would just as much account for the formation of the world, as for the construction of a house, and no more. After all, the fatalist must be reduced to allow that his necessary agent deliberates necessarily, chooses necessarily, designs necessarily, changes necessarily, combines, discriminates, compares necessarily; all which is very difficult for a plain man to conceive.

On the whole, then, it is clear that the opinion of necessity does not destroy the proof that there is an intelligent Author of nature, and a natural Governor of the world. Let us see of what force it is against the supposition that we are in a state of religion. It is plain, that if a child were educated in this idea of universal necessity, in such a manner as to efface every thought of praise or blame, of punishment or reward for his actions, and were to form his behaviour upon that system, he would find, upon the application of the principle to the affairs of life, that it would mislead him into dreadful situations. He would find it, on trial, totally impracticable in the course and constitution of this world. Why may not then the application of the same principle to the

affairs of religion mislead us in the same analogous manner, with respect to a future more general and more important interest?

Religion is a practical subject; and as this system is clearly inapplicable to practical subjects, it is surely not to be depended upon, since it teaches that we are free from the obligations of religion. If, therefore, the evidence of religion be conclusive on a supposition of freedom, it remains so on a supposition of necessity; because the notion of necessity is not applicable to practical subjects; that is, with respect to them it is as if it were not true. And here a difficulty presents itself, which shakes the very foundations of the doctrine: for, if the notion of universal necessity be true, why should it be dangerous to believe it and to act upon it? Can it be against the interests of mankind to make truth the basis of their actions? Moreover, we feel that we have a will, and are conscious of a character; now if this will and this character be reconcileable in respect to man with the notions of fate, they are reconcileable with them in the Author of nature. The Author of nature, then, is of some character or other, in spite of necessity: and this necessity is as reconcileable with the particular character of benevolence, veracity, and justice in him, which attributes are the foundation of religion, as with any other character.

Now mark the inconsistency of these fatalists: they say all punishment is unjust, because it is inflicted on men for doing what it was not in their power to avoid; as if the necessity which is supposed to destroy the criminality of an action, did not also destroy the injustice of punishment! Thus the notions of justice and injustice remain as fixed as ever, notwithstanding our endeavours to suppose them removed. They are indelibly imprinted on

our nature, and will continue to force themselves into our thoughts and reasonings, while we are framing suppositions which we think will destroy them.

The opinion of necessity cannot destroy that internal proof which we have of the moral government of God, in the moral sense impressed on our nature; for this is a matter of fact, a thing of experience: nor can it destroy the conclusion, for this is immediately deduced from the fact: neither can it operate to the prejudice of those proofs which are drawn from the external condition of things. From all this reasoning, it appears that necessity, supposed possible and reconcileable to the plain constitution of things, does in no sort prove that the Author of nature will not, or invalidate the proof that he will, finally, in his eternal government, render his creatures happy or miserable according to their behaviour; and if it do not destroy the proof of natural religion, it evidently makes no alteration in the proof of revealed.

I shall dismiss my readers, with a word or two in explanation. There are two general kinds of necessity maintained by the Fatalists: the one is superior to the Deity, and placed in the nature of things; the other is existent in the decrees and ordinances of the Deity, and flows in an inevitable series of causes resulting from him. There are other distinctions which do not deserve consideration. The Epicureans appear to have held the first opinion, the Stoics the second. The reader will see that the arguments in this paper are equally conclusive against both, though both are not distinctly examined. The common Pagan notion was on the side of an universal necessity over-ruling the power of the gods: "την πεπρωμενην μοιραν αδυναλα εςι αποφυγειν και τω Θεω." Herodot.—"It is impossible for the Deity

himself to avoid the established decrees of fate." There were some who held a material necessity, without any Diety in the universe; and such is said to have been nearly the doctrine of Democritus. From this sprung the Atomic philosophy, in which Epicurus was a considerable sharer, and with which Pythagoras is said to have been pretty much tinctured. The Monads of that philosopher are concluded by many to be the Atoms of Epicurus. Anaxagoras and Empedocles were also favourers of this philosophy, and most of the ancient Physiologists had some taint from this poisoned source.

Nº 53. SATURDAY, MAY 18.

Ad quem ita subridens: Felicia tempora! quæ te
Moribus opponunt; habeat jam Roma pudorem:
Tertius e cælo cecidit Cato. JUVENAL.

With a disdainful smile he cried, Blest times,
That made thee Censor of the age's crimes!
Rome now must needs reform, and vice be stopt,
For a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.
DRYDEN.

To the Reverend, but Officious, Mr. Simon Olive-branch.

Sir,

I HAVE been a long time floating between contempt and surprise, at the presumptuous impertinence with which you take upon you to interfere in every thing that is going on in this great city. You have no respect to rank or office, but have usurped a title of so catholic a kind, that even princes themselves are expected to bow before it. Believe me, sir, it is not the temper of the times to acknowledge such a supremacy. Nay, to deal plainly with you, you are already denounced at a club of *Patriots*, where I heard it declared, that, in their list of intended decapitations, your head comes next to the Pope's.

Let me advise you, sir, not to be so busy with the times in general; but particularly beware of coming up to London, the rumour of which intention has already reached every corner of the metropolis. How this hardy design of yours has got wing, I can-

not imagine, unless your own indiscretion, or that of your correspondents, has betrayed you. Certain however it is, that the Pretender's invasion did not spread a more general consternation through this city, than has been occasioned by the bare apprehension of this visit from your worship. Being resolved myself upon knowing how far the report deserved credit, I made it my business to trace out one of your correspondents in town. Here, however, I should never have succeeded in gaining the intelligence I wished for, if I had not feigned myself to be also one of the emissaries employed by Simon Olive-branch; which stratagem so threw him off his guard, that he not only confessed to me that he expected you in a few days, but took me into his study, and exposed to me all his lists, memorandums, documents, and communications of all sorts, and particularly a kind of moral *stocks*, arranged according to the prices they seemed to have fetched in the market at different times since the publication of your paper. By the scale preserved by this partial financier, it appeared, that many of the vices which were wont to bear a premium, had sunk considerably in value, while the virtues had maintained a progressive advancement. He observed to me, that a very rapid fall had taken place in the price of Immorality since the belief of your intended visit to the capital had become general. Notwithstanding all this, however, as far as I can remember of the scale, it ran nearly thus:

Hypocrisy, 10 per cent prem.	Bonds, 73, 4, 1-16
Plain dealing ---------	Tradesmen's Bills, 53¾, 54.
Honour chimer. red.	Gaming bills, 87, 85⅝
Honour ration. 72⅝	Patriotism, 45
Chastity, shut	Charity and Ostent. consol. 88¼

Upon the whole, with the omnium-gatherums, scripts, discounts, &c. it appeared, that the funds and credit of Virtue were gradually rising, but that still the advantage rested with its opposite. Now, sir, I am firmly persuaded that this is a very uncandid statement, and calculated to answer some jobbing interests of his own. Be assured, that both these accounts are fallacious: for this century past virtue has maintained an uniform ascendancy, nor has its credit been at all enhanced by the news of your approaching visit. To disabuse you of so material an error, and to fortify you against any future attempts to deceive you, I will here give you a brief account of the condition of the capital at this moment.

Religion was never in so flourishing a state; insomuch that the most enlightened begin to find that they can do very well without going to church; and the few that persist in frequenting it, perceive that they already know as much, and act as virtuously, as their teachers. Religion is at the same time rendered more portable and attainable than formerly, by being rid of the incumbrance of morality, which is now discovered to be a branch entirely disconnected with it, and to belong wholly to the sentiment of honour. As in other attainments we have systems of instruction calculated to make every man his own broker, every man his own gardener, &c. so, in religion, we are soon to see the effects of our present principles of philosophy, in making every man his own parson; and, indeed, grand preparations have been making for it in the late practice of cropping the hair, in imitation of the ministers of the Gospel. This cropping system too, you will observe, has been extended to Christianity itself, and has cut away a quantity of those rules and obligations with which it used to be embarrassed,

whereby it has gained an easier introduction into the *beau monde*.

The arts and sciences have been cultivated with a similar success, and have unaccountably extended their empire to the minutest concerns of life. Our very fans and cards bear testimony to the truth of this observation; and botany, history, and geography, are now acquired through such familiar mediums, that a lady may be culling simples behind her fan, and have her whole *hortus siccus* about her, in the midst of a room full of company; or regale her fancy with the odours of Arabia, while, in less perfumed sighs, her lover is whispering his nothings in her ear. In the mean time, some new sciences have been incorporated, such as that of boxing, animal magnetism, archery, and such like productive and useful attainments; while architecture has met with extraordinary encouragement, in the present plan of burning down opera-houses, theatres, and houses of parliament.

It is very pleasing to observe how some of the arts go hand in hand, and how the artists are of reciprocal benefit to one another, like the physician and apothecary, or the counsellor and attorney. Thus if I publish a book, I must call in the painter as well as the printer; for it is nothing without my own portrait, with a globe by my side, a couple of Muses to supply me with pens and paper, and a third flying off with my proof-sheets to Parnassus. Thus we are daily expecting a most splendid publication on the science of boxing, with a *kit-kat* of Johnson, and a beautiful *miniature* of Big-Ben, with a festoon of laurel between them to keep the peace.

As for the reigning fashions, I maintain that nothing can be more rational or respectable. All the young ladies are inspired with an ambition to become

mothers of families, or to appear to merit that honourable character; and thus we are to account for the swellings which lately it has been the mode to carry about with them. It corresponds admirably with the nakedness of their necks, and seems to be a natural consequence of this tempting discovery. I have no doubt but that this last custom had its origin in the magnanimity of the sex, which, while the men were exposing their necks abroad, made it seem but fair that they should be doing the same at home during the war.

If, however, notwithstanding my representations, you are determined upon coming up to town, let me exhort you to shake off theremaining rust of a college, and all the pedantry of your profession, before you put your design into execution. It will be as much as your head is worth to claim any authority among us: on the contrary, you will find it adviseable to mix with us in all our amusements, to adopt all our tastes, and to clothe yourself in all our fashions. Let us see no austerity of carriage, but strive all you can to derive your mirth and entertainment from the same sources as supply it for the most part to the inhabitants of this august city. In the mean time, read and digest this little poem, which will point out the true objects of amusement here, and prepare you for the proper relish of them.

L'ALLEGRO.

Off, blubbering Melancholy!
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn;
Amongst black gowns, square caps, and books unjolly,
Hunt out some college cell,
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish schemes,

And the old proctor dreams;
There, in thy smutty walls, o'er-run with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty, fusty Fellows ever dwell.

But come, thou baggage, fat and free,
By gentles call'd Festivity,
And by us rolling kiddies, Fun,
Whom Mother Shipton, one by one,
With two Wapping wenches more,
To skipping Harlequino bore;
Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding, on a holyday,
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping,
There, on heaps of dirt and mortar,
And cinders wash'd in cabbage water,
Fill'd her with thee, a strapping lassie,
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.

Hip here, jade, and bring with thee
Jokes, and sniggering jollity,
Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,
Winks, wry faces, licks and kicks,
Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
And love to live about her buckles;
Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
And Horse-laugh, hugging both his doxies;
Come, and kick it as you go,
On the stumping hornpipe toe;
And in thy right hand haul with thee
The *Mountain* brim, French Liberty.
And if I give thee puffing due,
Fun, admit me of thy crew,
To pig with her, and pig with thee,
In everlasting frolicks free;
To hear the sweep begin his beat,
And, squalling, startle the dull street,
From his watch-box in the alley,
Till the watch at six doth sally;
Then to go, in spite of sleep,
And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"
Through the street-door, or the airy,
Or, in the country, through the dairy;

While the dustman, with his din,
Bawls and rings to be let in,
And at the fore or the back door,
Slowly plods his jades before.
Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn
Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
From the side of some large square,
Through the long street grunting far.
Sometimes walking I'll be seen
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields' green,
Right against old Bedlam gate,
Where the mock king begins his state,
Crown'd with straw, and rob'd with rags,
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags;
While the keeper, near at hand,
Bullies those that leave their stand;
And milk-maids' screams go through your ears,
And grinders sharpen rusty shears,
And every crier squalls his cry
Under each window he goes by.

Strait mine eye hath caught new gambols,
While round and round this town it rambles;
Sloppy streets, and foggy day,
Where the blundering folks do stray;
Pavements, on whose slippery flags
Swearing coachmen flog their nags;
Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
Narrow streets, and gutters wide.

Grub-street garrets now it sees,
To the Muse open, and the breeze,
Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,
The hack of neighbouring news-mongers.
Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,
From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
Where dingy Dick and Peggy, met,
Are at their scurvy dinner set,
Of cow-heel, and such cellar-messes,
Which the splay-footed Rachael dresses;
And then in haste the shop she leaves,
And, with the boy, the bellows heaves;
Or, if 'tis late, and shop is shut,
Scrubs, at the pump, her face from smut.

Sometimes, all for fights agog,
To t'other end o'the town I jog,
When St. James's bells ring round,
And the royal fiddles sound,
When every lord and lady's bum
Jigs it in the drawing-room;
And young and old dance down the tune,
In honour of the fourth of June;
Till candles fail, and eyes are sore,
Then home we hie, to talk it o'er,
With stories told of many a treat,
How lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;
She was pinch'd, and something worse,
And she was fobb'd, and lost her purse;
Tells how the drudging Weltjie sweat,
To bake his custards duly set,
When, in one night, ere clock went seven,
His 'prentice-lad had robb'd the oven
Of more than twenty hands had put on,
Then lies him down, the little glutton,
Stretch'd lumbering 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
And bakes the custards in his belly;
Then, crop-sick, down the stairs he flings,
Before his master's bell yet rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd asleep.

But the City takes me then,
And the *hums* of busy men,
Where throngs of train-band captains bold,
In time of peace, fierce meetings hold,
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
Work change of stocks and bankruptcies;
While bulls and bears alike contend
To get that cash they dare not spend.
Then let aldermen appear,
In scarlet robe, with chandelier,
And city-feasts and gluttony,
With balls upon the lord-mayor's-day;
Sights that young 'prentices remember,
Sleeping and waking, all November.

Then to the playhouses anon,
If Quick or Bannister be on,

Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
Bawls out his damns with comic fury.

And ever, against hum-drum cares,
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs;
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking sides may split,
In notes, with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort's Buildings oft roar'd out,
With wagging curls, and smirk so cunning,
His rig on many a looby running,
Exposing all the ways and phizzes,
Of "Wags, and Oddities, and Quizzes;"
That Shuter's self might heave his head
From drunken snoozes on a bed
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing songs as won the ear
Of all the town, his slip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half seas over.

Freaks like these if thou canst give,
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

Nº 54. SATURDAY, MAY 25.

Civitatem quis deceat status
Curo, et urbi solicitus timeo.

The care of this great city is upon my mind, and occasions me much anxiety and alarm.

There lived an Athenian, of the name of Thrasilus, who was mad in the pleasantest manner imaginable. He cherished a conceit that the gods had bestowed upon him the empire of the ocean, and maintained stoutly that every ship which put to shore in the

Pyræus, was his own property. He was thus the richest man in Greece, or in the world, without encountering any hazards, or exciting any envy. He was the greatest, with the fewest enemies, and with the least danger from conspiracies and rebellions. Of those which were wrecked, he took no pains to make any inquiries, but was beyond measure delighted when a vessel came safe into port, with a valuable lading. He lived a long time in this flattering delusion, till one of his brothers, who had a tender regard for him, arrived from Sicily. By his directions he was attended by a skilful physician, who succeeded in restoring him to the sound possession of his faculties. This was no sooner effected, than his cheerfulness in a great measure abandoned him; and he was wont ever after to declare, that he had never been so happy as when he drove a trade with all parts of the world from his own port, the Pyræus.

The case of this happy madman in some degree resembles my own; for the truth is, I have so long exercised the privilege of dictating to my countrymen, that I sometimes feel as if every thing I saw around me was my own property; and whatever my neighbours enjoyed, was held under me on condition of their good behaviour. Let no good-natured friend therefore endeavour to disenchant my mind from so pleasing an error, as long as they think it may conduce to give me spirit in an undertaking that may not be wholly useless to the public and to posterity. But perhaps another little story which I have in my memory, may serve to represent my situation better.

There was a certain carpenter in a little town of Silesia, who was famous for dispatch and skill in his craft: he was besides a man of a most facetious fancy, and would often amuse himself with contriving curious and whimsical machines. It happened that

a king of Bohemia was wounded in battle near the place where he lived: the carpenter was immediately employed to construct a kind of cradle, in which his majesty might be transported to his palace with ease and safety. The poor man was so elated with the honour done to his professional abilities, that he fairly lost his reason. In his disturbed imagination, he conceived that Jupiter had given him a job, which was to construct another globe that should be free from the inconveniences to which that which had already been formed by himself was so liable, as he had it in contemplation to substitute a more virtuous race of mortals, that would deserve a better accommodation. This poor fellow became in the end so crazy, that when he was sent for to put up a neighbour's door, or mend his elbow-chair, he would return for answer, that until he had chiselled out his new city in the place of Grand Cairo, he could not possibly attend to any other business. Now the conceit with which I am possessed, is not unlike that of the crazy carpenter, with this difference, that whereas he supposed himself employed by Jupiter to construct a new globe on a superior principle, it is my humour to imagine myself deputed to hammer out a new and worthier race of mortals to inhabit it when it shall be ready for their reception.

With these notions in my head, I set off a few days ago for this metropolis, where I am lodged in the house of a turner, in which the Olive-branches have occasionally resided for this century back, and where my great-grandfather bought his favourite tobacco-stopper, but which has at present no other recommendations. They lay claim here also to the honour of having built my mother's great chair; but as this important fact has no place in our family records, I am very much inclined to doubt its authen-

ticity, although it is very certain, that, among my landlord's curiosities, the most valuable article is a real undoubted splinter of a walking-stick, that was many years in the possession of Mr. Isaac Olive-branch, the father of my great-grandfather, and the author of those original observations which appeared in my 17th Number.

The morning after my arrival in this city, having substituted a pair of buckles in the place of my old ones, that savoured less of the middle ages, and having at once covered the family cut of my frock, and given a decent consistency to my little mummy frame, by the help of a common blue surtout coat, and all this to prevent my being pointed out as Old Simon, the Northamptonshire parson, I sallied forth with a fine sun over my head, determined to lounge away the morning in the streets of this capital. A long time had now elapsed since my visit to London; but as my mind has always been pretty much peopled, and my thoughts accustomed to the contemplation of crowded scenes and active life, and turned, by a natural bias, towards the human kind, I did not experience those bewildering emotions, that confusion of ideas, that mental trouble, and that sinking sense of comparative insignificance, which some of the most retired of my country neighbours have represented themselves to have felt in walking through the streets of London, after a long rustication. It is pretty certain that most men feel their personal consequence die away in crowded resorts, unless they themselves bear a principal part in them, or by some means or other have extended their connections over a very considerable range. When we have once raised ourselves, however, to this elevation, the very reverse of these effects will be the consequence: and the greater the crowd, the business, and the stir there is about us, the more we feel our consequence advanced,

and in such a case we are never more at home than when we are abroad. Now, however little disposed my readers may be to acknowledge it, I cannot help feeling myself in this latter predicament; and as I walk along in this great market of human souls, in the midst of this fermentation of business and pleasure, among shops, and theatres, and taverns, and churches, and horses, and houses, and shows, and funerals, and forums, and halls, and palaces, I consider them all as administering to my undertaking, and under a kind of contribution to my plan, as well as under my special controul and cognisance.

I was a good deal amused and surprised by the numerous changes which had taken place since my last visit, and which appeared in every circumstance of life; and though upon the whole the balance was much on the side of improvement, I had not got to the end of my street before I encountered a vast deal that was ridiculous and discommendable. The first observation I was led to make on the state of the capital, was the very promising symptoms of an increasing population, in the shapes of the young ladies; and I own I was much delighted to behold so much elegance and fashion enlisted in the cause of matrimony. I drew a plain inference from this spectacle that was very honourable to my fellow-creatures; and I considered it as the effect and the proof of that sanctity of morals, under which the marriage state is sure to be accredited and promoted; and in the exultation of my spirits was on the point of appropriating to myself a share in this happy revolution, when, happening to call at a fashionable ladies' school, to inquire after the health of two of Mr. Allworth's nieces, I was again disconcerted by beholding my two young friends, who were neither of them fourteen years old, in a very mature state of pregnancy. Though I am spared the confusion of a

blush by the *olive* cast of my complexion, I felt a strong sensation of inward shame, at an appearance so suspicious, and had just made up my mind to call the young ladies aside, that I might put such questions to them as my age allowed me, before I carried this unwelcome news to my worthy unsuspecting friend, when a couple of French teachers entered the room, that seemed each to be within a month of bringing twins into the world, followed by the governess, who, though apparently turned of fifty, brought with her a more rampant protuberance than them all put together. I shuddered at my own pinched-up figure amidst this surrounding plumpness, and seemed to myself almost shrunk up to nothing—till, no longer able to bear it out, I stole my hat off the peg on which it was hung, and having recommended all the company to the protection of Heaven, repaired straight to my landlady, to entreat a solution of this strange phænomenon. My landlady was unfortunately from home; and in the mean time I took up a letter that was upon my scrutoire, to amuse myself till her return. This letter was from my mother, and could not have been sent at a time in which it was likely to make a stronger impression.

"My dear Child,

"Being aware of the bad habits, and the manifold snares of the great town into which you are launched, I cannot help again beseeching you to exercise all the discretion which God has given you to defend you against the craftiness of evil-minded men, and the poisonous wiles of cunning untoward women, remembering that the pure blood of the OLIVE-BRANCHES flows in your veins. In the mean time, I offer up my humble petitions, night and

morning, to Him who has so long protected your ancient and peaceable ancestry in a most notable and gracious manner, that He would administer to your youth a portion of that strength of mind which, at the giddy and tender age of fifty, distinguished your great-grandfather. You are now fast approaching that crisis, which has usually been looked upon as the prime of life in our family; and I have every hope, my dear child, that your blossoms will terminate in a fruit as wholesome and mature as any Olive-branch of our tree has hitherto produced. Therefore, Sim, I charge thee, child of my bosom, take prudent care of thyself in that gay city; and for the few days that thou remainest there, harden thy little heart against the seductions of cunning folk and naughty women, that will be aimed at thy innocence and inexperience.

"Look me out, my dear, at some fair-dealing shop, and where folks are kind and want custom, a new shagreen spectacle-case, as my present ones are come to that age in which it is customary in our family to excuse them from service, and lay them up among our archives in the great chest; and buy me, Sim, furthermore, sundry pairs of those linsey-wolsey hose, of which neighbour Allworth and madam Miranda have bought such a mighty quantity for the poor children and labourers of our parish. Keep yourself in-a-doors a-nights, Sim, and trust yourself as little as may be convenient to the fogs of that great town; for your constitution is not yet sufficiently confirmed to bear much foul weather. Wrap yourself up when you go a-visiting, and take especial care of the tiles that fall from the roofs of the houses, and mad oxen. Your coloured roquelaure I have had cleaned and scowered, so that you will

hardly know it, child, when you see it again. God preserve my child, and keep him under his blessed protection! This is the constant prayer of

"Your loving mother,

"M. O."

This letter from my poor mother co-operated so strongly with the apprehensions excited in my mind by the mysterious corpulency of most of the ladies whom I had hitherto met, that something like despair of succeeding in my plan of reform was beginning to shake my resolution, when my landlady most opportunely arrived to solve this problem, which had so much embarrassed and chagrined me. From her I learned, that this problematical protuberance was only one of those burdens which the tyranny of fashion is daily imposing upon the sex, and which at present seems to have been amplified with the pillage of their bosoms, which, in consequence, are left cruelly exposed, to supply coarse jokes to the fund of common-place ridicule; and by heating the imaginations of our British youth, to furnish them with weapons against themselves. I propose, therefore, that these pads be changed into padlocks, or virgin zones, or something of a less scandalous and suspicious appearance. In the mean time, I shall send a true account of this puerperal mania to the female sisterhood assembled under my mother's direction, for their opinion, proposing at the same time a question for their consideration, namely, whether there be not an allegory couched under these pads; for, I am told, they are nothing more than the migration of those safe-guards which were wont to be worn in their bosoms during the cold weather. I think the whole contrivance does very emblematically express the danger resulting to females, from the adoption of a

bosom friend, and the progress he makes from one favour to another.

I care but little about the dress of the gentlemen; though, if I cared more, I should see a good deal to discompose my serenity: that men should be inspired with such an idiotic love of change, as to sacrifice to it all grace, proportion, and comeliness, is a truth discreditable to the times; and surely the cumbrous dress of our ancestors should be spared from the ridicule bestowed upon it, when we regard the equipment of our modern beaux. The hat at present worn would suffer in the comparison by the side of that shown at *all* the museums as the *identical* one worn by the judge who condemned king Charles I.; and I have somewhere seen an old surtout of sir Walter Raleigh's, the cut of which I should prefer to that of our modern coats.

I shall say nothing in derogation of the gentlemen's neck stuffings, as the fashion has been so ably recommended in the following advertisement, which I have met with in some of the public prints.

"NECK OR NOTHING.

"TO TRAVELLERS.

"This being the season of the year for excursions, the curious in cravats are informed, that Nicholas Vanneck has prepared a new and unparalleled assortment of stuffings, capable of containing twelve shirts and two suits of clothes, with other appurtenances. They are besides so admirably contrived, as, in case of long sea voyages to Botany Bay, the Coast of Africa, or even a temporary situation in the Hulks, to include a complete mattress, bolster, pillow, &c. He flatters himself that an object big with so many conveniences, will necessarily meet with its

due encouragement. To duelists and such as venture their necks in battle, they will be an effectual armour as far as they go—not to mention the terror they may happen to strike into an enemy unaccustomed to these phænomena. As fools are had in great honour in certain countries, and as, in the country of Monstrous Craws, idiotism for the most part goes together with this attribute, our young English travellers may profit mightily by this fashion in their progress over the Continent, provided they do nothing more to forfeit this idiotic pre-eminence than they have hitherto done in their customary tours."

It is impossible I should comment upon half the absurdities which have either scandalised or diverted me during my stay in the metropolis. I have made minutes, however, of every thing that has attracted my observation, to furnish out the matter of a future paper. What has given me as much trouble as any thing, has been the multitude of little improvements in the most diminutive articles of ordinary use, with which life of late is become ponderous. A pair of snuffers is as complicated as a cotton mill; and a man must have a knowledge of mechanics to put on his buckles. Among them all, I cannot find one that, as Pythagoras said of Euclid's 47th proposition, deserves a hecatomb. For my own part, I would willingly consign to oblivion the greatest part of these holiday inventions, to recover some of those useful discoveries which have been swallowed up by the avidity of time; and would willingly see exchanged Mr. Merlin's chairs for Archimedes's machines; and our newly-invented liquid shining blacking for shoes, for the Egyptian secret of staining marble. Every thing you touch now-a-days, is endued with a kind of mechanical life; and if I venture to handle a piece of

furniture at a friend's house, 'tis ten to one but that, in a moment or two, there flies out a spring, by which I receive a violent rap on the forehead—and this passes for a great convenience. It is in vain that I endeavour to reinstate the thing in the posture in which I found it; it mocks all my ingenuity, and I am forced to call in the master of the house to my assistance. The other day, in visiting an acquaintance, I was obliged to ring the bell to inquire how to knock at his door; and after my admittance, the whole evening was passed in a succession of trick and surprise, insomuch that I could not have been in greater alarm if I had been trespassing among steel traps and spring guns. The chairs and tables, the knives and forks, the skreens and the fire things, seemed all bewitched, and I scarcely touched an article without sincere repentance.

The diversions were of the same cast: curious packs of cards, puzzling fans, and magic lanterns, made out the whole amusement of the evening; and I found my old friends converted into conjurors, much against the design of nature. I reckon it indeed a peculiar piece of good fortune, that I have been able to find a simple unsophisticated shagreen spectacle-case for my mother, who might puzzle herself for an hour to find a use for those conveniences which I have generally found annexed to it. There was a time when our contrivances used to be made for our wants; but now we begin at the other end, and must make wants for our contrivances.

Thursday night, 10 o'clock. The following proclamation has just this moment been brought to me by express from my mother's synod.

"Whereas it has been made known to our high

court of females, in council assembled, that the rage of public amusements is grown to such a height among our loving subjects, that the London ladies run away to them before they are entirely dressed; we do hereby order, that such females be subjected to the penalties of the vagrant act. As it is the nature of fashion to familiarise us gradually to the most frightful innovations, and to carry us step by step into the most indecorous habitudes, we shall shortly publish, with the stamp and seal of our authority, a scale of dress, adjusted to the thermometer, from the freezing point up to blood heat. We shall hereby provide, that in the sultriest weather the British ladies never uncover below a certain point, or let the Zephyr on any account imprint a kiss upon their bosoms; for we judge it not only perilous to our own sex, but unjust towards the other, to overheat the gentlemen in cooling ourselves. We have, moreover, taken into our most serious consideration the disorder and disorganization that has taken place in the different parts of our dress, which has of late years occasioned strange deficiencies and redundancies, in contradiction to, or in exaggeration of, nature's benign institutions. To restore the necessary equilibrium, we we shall take very summary measures to call up all the constituent parts of dress into their proper places, so that every lady may appear with the form that Nature has bestowed upon her, and not outrage her work by coarse attempts to correct it. We cannot but consider the sex, at present, to be in the condition of other bodies, whose equilibrium of electrical fire being destroyed, are ready for explosion as soon as they come into contact with a proper conductor. Thus their bosoms are charged with negative, and their waists with positive electricity—a state as dangerous as can well be imagined to the tranquillity of

their minds and safety of their persons. We do therefore enact, by virtue of our sovereign authority, that all females in England, in our dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, do implicitly and reverently comport themselves in strict observance of this our scale of dress, after the 6th day of May next. Given at our Court, the 21st day of April, 1793."

I cannot help thinking that my mother's apprehensions on my account, now that I am exposed to these surrounding temptations, have accelerated the publication of this wise proclamation.

N° 55. SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

Τα ἡγεμονικα αυ̃των διαβλεπε, και τας φρονιμας, ὶα μεν φευγωσιν, ὶα δε διωκωσιν. ANTONIN. PIUS.

Examine the constitution of their minds, and the nature of their pursuits, the grounds and objects of their disgusts and affections.

I HAVE been now three days in the capital; and every hour's experience confirms me in the conviction, that I was not born to make any considerable figure within the bills of mortality. It is not that my coat is so out of the fashion, though I confess that even there I am not in all the severity of the mode; but there is a certain incorrigible indocility in the turn of my mind, which

makes it slow in adopting what has nothing to recommend it but change, and dull in comprehending the value of inconvenience, and the wisdom of incumbrance. I carry about with me a formal cast of thinking, which fastens upon a set of principles, that refuse to be disciplined by the world, or modified by its customs. My pleasures too are still of a more unaccommodating nature, and will not be tutored into that line of enjoyment which fashion has prescribed to its votaries. Being thus, in a manner, abandoned to my own counsels, I am determined upon making the best of my bargain; and as I observe that it is among the secret maxims of every man's bosom, when he finds himself in an error, to invent a system to countenance and support it, rather than confess his fallibility; and that, when a philosopher is wrong, his way is not to seek to correct himself, but to prove himself right: so it shall be my business to fortify myself in my singularities of opinion, by building up a system around them.

Preparatory to a business of such magnitude, it will be necessary to remove all interruptions and impediments that may rise in my way from former systems, and to make, as other great philosophers do, a general clearance, to all of whom the old proverb may be very properly applied, "That new brooms sweep clean." I give notice, therefore, that I have it in contemplation to astonish the world with a new list of vulgar errors, or *pseudodoxia epidemica;* a short specimen of which I shall here subjoin:

A fine coat makes, proves, or discovers the gentleman;
A red coat, the soldier;
A tight pair of breeches, a fellow of ease;
A snuff-box, a connoisseur;
An eye-glass, a short-sighted man;

A cabinet of rarities,	a naturalist;
A gallery of portraits,	a man of family;
A large library,	a good scholar;
A good table,	a man of hospitality;
A phaëton and four,	a man of fortune;
A pudding-sleeve,	a minister of God's word;
A doctor's degree,	a dignified clergyman;
A seat in parliament,	a statesman;
A stare in public,	a man of great acquaintance;
A bluntness of manner,	an openness of mind;
A short memory,	deep erudition;
The want of judgement,	a man of genius;
A gold-headed cane,	a critic of the drama;
A knack at versifying,	a good poet;
A good preacher,	a good sermon-maker;
An open purse,	a man of charity;
Volubility,	a man of eloquence;
Taciturnity,	a contemplative man;
Infidelity,	a philosopher;
Discontentedness,	a patriot;
Facility,	a good-natured man;
A couple of duels,	a man of honour;
A couple of bottles,	a man of a strong head;
A couple of mistresses,	a man of gallantry;
A declaimer against mankind,	a better man than his neighbours;
A humble speaker,	a modest man;
A good joker,	a good companion;
A great soaker,	a jolly fellow;
A horse-laugher,	a pleasant fellow;
A man of sentiment,	a man of virtue.

All these opinions, and a thousand more, equally established, I shall endeavour to remove, before I come forward with my new system, to which I am

resolved, in imitation of other great philosophers, to make every thing a victim that opposes it, if, to clear the way for it, I am forced to pull down the very pillars of fashionable orthodoxy, and blaspheme the sanctity of dulness at its very shrine. I cannot answer for the extraordinary lengths to which my systematizing fury may transport me: possibly it may lead me on to maintain that, to be a thorough gentleman, one must be a christian, at least in practice, and that our appearance in the next world is of more consequence than our figure in this. For such heresies as these, I can expect no toleration in the hierarchy of fashion; yet am I resolved to buckle to my tenets till the last extremity, though the inquisition of the *beau monde*, in the plenitude of its cruelty, should condemn me to be "married, and settled in the country."

One of the most cheerful hopes with which my mind amused itself, in forming the plan of this visit to the metropolis, was that of finding, in this great field of human character, a truly polite man, and such a one as my fancy had often pictured to itself, in my moon-light walks through the chesnut groves of my neighbour Blunt. I despair, however, in the course of the short time I have yet to dedicate to the search, of finding my man; I shall therefore describe this creature of my fancy, as accurately as I remember it, that if, perchance, he should be met any where by any of my readers, or if haply he should be among my readers, he may know that, in an obscure town in Northamptonshire, there lives an odd little old man, whose pulse would beat like a drum, and whose bosom would glow with delight, to behold, ere he sinks into the tomb of his ancestors, the original of that copy with which his dreams have presented him.

He is a person of a settled and composed carriage,

and his walk is easy, natural, and graceful; he does not move as if he thought he was admired, or were solicitous about it; as if he were conscious of shame, or were afraid of ridicule; he approaches you with an unstudied, unconstrained, and simple demeanour; he has no jerk or toss with his head, nor any set smile on his face, nor any gesture that savours of the dancing school, or the mirror; he stands steady while he is speaking to you, looks you in the face, and talks not as if he wished others to listen rather than yourself, stealing perpetual glances at the company or the bystanders. What he means *for* you, he directs *to* you, and has nothing tortuous or oblique in the turn of his observations; he is still less inclined to be problematical and mysterious: he never tells you half a secret, to make you more curious about the rest, and to raise his consequence in your eyes: when he converses, it is not as if he were pumping out from a reservoir, but drawing from a fountain: he lets a good thing perish in his mind, rather than protrude it unseasonably: his humour is the relaxation, and not the stretch of his understanding; and of a character more to amuse than to dazzle—thus he never torments himself, to produce mirth, and can bear his own silence rather than talk without ideas. He is frugal in compliment, and flatters more in actions than in words; in which case he may lose the credit of a fine speech with the company; but the specific value of his compliment rises proportionably in the eyes of the object for whom it was meant. He has erudition, but he can afford to let it sleep at times; it is not his only resource; and if his other resources occasionally fail him, he can redeem himself at a future opportunity. There is between his gestures and his observations a correspondence and consent, that communicate to his manners a certain harmony and

equilibrium, and gives a secret charm to all he says and does. He never employs more force than is necessary to its object, or makes a parade of grace and agility when a simple thing is to be done. His principles, like his manners, are modest, but firm; and he carries his pliancy to no fundamental articles of religion and morality, but speaks of the virtuous and the vicious as they are, if he speak of them at all. He hears with patience what you have to say, and his answers prove he has been attending to you. He never speaks of his education before an ordinary man; of his riches, when in company with the distressed; or vaunts his happiness, in the presence of such as are ill at ease: still less does he disparage himself unreasonably, for the sake of extorting his eulogy from you. His assiduities are delicate and interesting, his tones natural, and his smiles and his tears unbought, uncopied, and unsuborned. He has spirit and mettle enough, but it is not forthcoming on light occasions; and, rather than disturb a company, he leaves a paltry victory in the hands of his antagonist. In a word, he is

> ---------- as gentle
> As zephyrs blowing beneath the violet,
> Not wagging its sweet head; and yet as rough,
> His generous blood inflam'd, as the rud'st wind,
> That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
> And makes him stoop to the vale.

I was just proceeding to brighten this character yet more, by drawing its contrast, when there came into my mind two sketches by M. La Bruyere, which are so much to my purpose, that I shall present to my readers that part of each of them, which has fixed itself in my memory. " N'espérez plus de candeur, de franchise, d'équité, de bons offices, de bienveil-

lance, de générosité, de fermeté, dans un homme qui s'est depuis long-temps délivré à la cour, et qui secrètement veut sa fortune. Le reconnoissez-vous à son visage, à ses entretiens? Il ne nomme plus chaque chose par son nom: il n'y a pour lui de fripons, de fourbes, de sots, et d'impertinences. Pensant mal de tout le monde, il n'en dit de personne; ne voulant de bien qu'à lui seul, il veut persuader qu'il en veut à tous, afin que tous lui en fassent, ou que nul du moins lui soit contraire. Non content de n'être pas sincère, il ne souffre pas que personne le soit; la vérité blesse son oreille. Tyran de la société, et martyr de son ambition, il a une triste circonspection dans sa conduite et dans ses discours, une raillerie innocente, mais froide et contrainte, un ris forcé, des caresses contrefaites, une conversation interrompue, et des distractions fréquentes. Il a une profusion, le dirai-je? des torrens des louanges pour ce qu'a fait ou ce qu'a dit un homme placé, et qui est en faveur; et pour toute autre, une sécheresse de pulmonique. Il a des formules de complimens différens pour l'entrée et pour la sortie à l'égard de ceux qu'il visite, ou dont il est visité; et il n'y a personne de ceux qui se paient de mines et de façons de parler, qui ne sort d'avec lui fort satisfait. Il vise également à se faire des patrons et des créatures. Il est médiateur, confident, entremetteur; il veut gouverner; il a une faveur de novice pour toutes les petites pratiques de cour; il sait où il faut se placer pour être vu; il sait vous embrasser, prendre part à votre joie; vous faire coup sur coup des questions empressées sur votre santé, sur vos affaires; et, pendant que vous lui répondez, il perd le fil de sa curiosité, vous interrompt, entame un autre sujet; ou s'il survient quelqu'un à qu'il doive un discours tout différent, il fait, en achevant de vous congratuler, lui faire un compli-

ment de condoléance; il pleure d'un œil, et il rit de l'autre. Se formant quelquefois sur les ministres, ou sur le favori, il parle en public des choses frivoles, du vent, de la gelée; il se tait au contraire, et fait le mystérieux, sur ce qu'il sait de plus important, et plus volontiers encore sur ce qu'il ne sait point.—

" J'entends Théodocte de l'anti-chambre: il grossit sa voix à mesure qu'il s'approche; le voilà entré; il rit, il crie, il éclate: on bouche ses oreilles, et c'est un tonnerre: il n'est pas moins redoutable par les choses qu'il dit que par le ton dont il parle: il ne s'appaise, et il ne revient de ce grand fracas, que pour bredouiller des vanités et des sottises; il a si peu d'égard au tems, aux personnes, aux bienséances, que chacun a son fait sans qu'il ait eu intention de lui donner; il n'est pas encore assis qu'il a à son insu désobligé toute l'assemblée. A-t-on servi, il se met le premier à table, et dans la première place. Il mange, il boit, il conte, il plaisante, il interrompt tout à la fois. Il n'a nul discernement des personnes, ni du maître, ni des conviés; il abuse de la folle déférence qu'on a pour lui. Est-ce lui, est-ce Eutedeme, qui donne le repas? Il rappelle à soi toute l'autorité de la table; et il y a un moindre inconvénient à la lui laisser entière, qu'à la lui disputer. Le vin et les viandes n'ajoutent rien à son caractère: si l'on joue, il gagne au jeu; il veut railler celui qui perd, et il l'offense; les rieurs sont pour lui. Il n'y a sorte de fatuités qu'on ne lui passe. Je cède enfin, et je disparois, incapable de souffrir plus long-tems Théodocte et ceux qui le souffrent."

These two last characters I have happily found during my short residence here, and within a stone's throw of my lodgings. To my discerning readers I leave the task of matching the first. In the mean time I will endeavour to amuse them with the relation of an odd kind

of dream, which I fell into last night, after having consumed most part of the day in rambling over the different squares in the neighbourhood of Oxford-street. My thoughts had been diverted, amidst the whirl of opulence and splendour which surrounded me, with reflections on the topsy-turvy dispositions of civilised life, where the law of inheritance and succession places us frequently in situations so wide of those for which nature has formed us. I could not get these thoughts out of my head, when I laid it upon my pillow; they pursued me in a dream, and brought the following scene before my eyes. Methought I stood by the road side, on the margin of a pellucid stream, of which some one at my elbow told me the following tradition.—Persecution had once borrowed the Furies of Proserpine, to lash Truth out of the world. The poor maid, whose custom it was to go about half naked, was cruelly driven by these implacable Billingsgates. She was pursued from city to city, and from town to town, till, at the moment when she was beginning to faint with fatigue and the loss of blood, she came to the brink of this little rivulet, into which she forthwith plunged, and was preserved, by the presiding deity, from the further vengeance of her tormenters. In recompence for this happy rescue, the stream was endued with the property of reflecting each person that passed by, in the true character and office for which nature had designed him, had nature been suffered to take her course.

I was now desired to contemplate in the stream the images of those who passed, and observe well the metamorphoses it represented. At that moment there appeared, in a chair, an elderly lady, in her way to St. James's: there was as much of her, clothes and all, as the chair could well contain. As soon as she was opposite the faithful pool, the transformation was

surprising. Her vehicle was converted into an ordinary wheelbarrow; and the same person that I had, but a moment before, beheld enveloped in flounce and brocade, fell to crying potatoes with the lustiest scream, and the most hearty good-will imaginable. I had scarcely taken leave of my old dowager potatoe-woman, before I beheld, at a distance, a couple of noble peers approach in a phaëton and four. As soon, however, as they arrived at the spot, the water reflected back the image of a cart carrying two criminals to the place of execution, and the blue riband round one of their necks took the likeness of a halter. A very spruce gentleman in black now came forward, with a cane and tassel in his hand, and a glittering something on his finger. This gentleman, I was told, was an evening lecturer, and a very popular preacher. It was singular enough to see so venerable a personage, as soon as he came to this oracular water, equipped with a bag and brush, and crying forth, "Sweep! Sweep!" with the most natural tones conceivable. A nobleman's carriage now came rolling by, when what was my astonishment, to see his lordship get out of his vehicle, and, after handing the coachman into it, mount the box himself! I could not observe his lordship's skill in driving for the noise made in my ears by a passing nabob, who was stunning me with the cry of "Black your shoes, your honour!" My attention was now diverted by a long funeral procession: the hearse underwent but small alteration, as no dead man is out of character, but the plumes all fell upon the ground, and were trampled under foot; in the succeeding carriages there was one roar of laughter; the chief mourners were changed into merry-andrews, while the mutes fell to singing with a very hearty good-will.

I turned my eyes from this disgusting spectacle, and beheld, at some distance, two gentlemen arm in arm, who, I was informed, had long passed for models of disinterested friendship. They had hardly, however, come up with me, before, as it appeared in the stream, one of them drew out a pistol from his bosom, and would certainly have shot the other through the head, if he had not taken to his heels the moment his arm was disengaged. A couple that had been united some years, as a bystander informed me, succeeded these bosom friends. I thought I blushed, after my fashion, that is, as much as my adust complexion would allow me, to see them change their lower garments in the watery mirror, and the lady walk off, *en cavalier*, with her husband's breeches. A surgeon happening most opportunely to meet a carcase-butcher just at the critical spot, appeared to give him up his box of instruments, and march away with his tray on his shoulder. A very fine man, in a red coat, was now coming up, with a truly martial stare; in a moment, however, his regimentals were covered with a smock frock, and his cane changed into a carter's whip, and in this equipment he plodded away like another Cincinnatus retiring to the plough.

At this instant, as I looked into the stream, a person seemed to be picking my pocket as he passed: I turned hastily round, and was told that the gentleman that was walking by, was a methodist preacher. A stately person that now advanced, was, as I was informed, a famous poet at watering-places, and celebrated for his elegies on ladies' larks, and linnets, and lap-dogs, and ladies themselves: as he approached, the whole inside of a book, which he held under his arm, seemed to be dispersed a thousand ways, like

the leaves of the Sybillæ, and nothing but the covers were left him, while the man himself was reflected by the stream in the character of an undertaker.

Methought, after this, a most solemn scene rose before my eyes. A succession of the OLIVE-BRANCHES, for ten generations back, passed beside the stream; and, what was truly surprising, it reflected them all just as they were, in their native simplicity, not a lineament of their faces altered, not a shred of their garments transposed. I thought my great-grandfather, whom I knew by the tobacco-stopper in his hand, cast a discontented look at the modish appearance of my buckles, which I had purchased since my arrival in town; which circumstance so terribly disconcerted me, that I was on the point of throwing myself into the stream, if I had not waked at that instant, and changed my mind in consequence.

Nº 56. SATURDAY, JUNE 8.

Like a maiden shy and fearful,
Hidden now by turns, and seen,
Frownest now, and now art cheerful,
Spring, Creation's fickle queen.

Winter's wither'd clutches hold thee,
Doting on thy youthful charms;
Summer, longing to infold thee,
Pulls thee to his ardent arms.

My paper owes, methinks, a kind of annual tribute to the Spring: under its auspices it began, and started into life with the primrose and the violet. I question much if I should have had courage for this project at any other time of the year; but when all nature is teeming with a new produce, when every vegetable is acting up to its destination, and answering its calling, I should feel it as a tacit reproach to myself, if at the same moment I were conscious of an indisposition towards those duties and exertions for which, as a moral agent, I was designed. The aids too of a fine day, and a glowing horizon, are not inconsiderable towards forming a temper of mind adapted to spirited undertakings; and it is on this account, that if there be one day in the week finer than another, it is sure to become the æra of a cheerful Number; and on this occasion the fields of my neighbour Blunt are the scene of my operations. I know of no spot in which Spring appears with such advantage, as in the premises of this gentleman;

who, since the surprising revolution wrought in his character, by the institutes and habits of our society, has developed a great many hidden qualities of a very agreeable kind, and among the rest, a peculiar talent in the distribution of rural scenery. There is, indeed, so strong a relationship between morals and taste, that the one is seldom improved without a manifest advantage to the other; and as they both have their birth in the same right constitution of mind, a secret tie of affinity always approximates them, however their natural tendency to unite may be crossed by superinduced habits, and perverse modes of education. Thus, for every step my neighbour Blunt has advanced in his plans of self-correction, I think I have remarked some corresponding improvement in the disposition of his grounds; and his present expansion of mind has been attended with a proportionate enlargement of his scenes and prospects. A little hillock in the midst of one of his fields, on which there is a circular bench round the trunk of an ancient oak, whence you look down upon his garden, which is only a more studied kind of park, has always been the scene of my lighter speculations; as his chesnut groves have been my resort, when it has been my purpose to submit to my readers a soberer train of thoughts. Shut up as I am at present, in the midst of the capital, I must necessarily forego these aids; but yet perhaps this denial gives me an intenser feeling of the beauties which I lose, and paints them yet stronger in idea, for the regret which accompanies the thought of them. The time which I had dedicated to this visit, is on the point of expiring; a circumstance that gives me the greater pleasure, as I observe that no one in this part of the world seems to feel any interest in the progress of the year, but as it facilitates the destruction of the species: thus,

while Nature is busied in refreshing her works, and breathing new life and youth into the creation, we are in this metropolis only occupied about the progress of slaughter, and have no ears but for topics of calamity. Nobody talks now of the rose, or the lily, or the blossom, or the verdure: a new interest has succeeded, by which they are totally supplanted; and the odours of Spring are exchanged for smoke and powder. Her ethereal mildness, her balmy fragrance, and her rosy chaplets, will no longer be her favourite attributes; and it will be unclassical to represent her under any less formidable figure, than that of a frowning goddess, reposing on a cannon. She must adopt a crown of laurel, instead of her garlands of flowers; and instead of opening her buds, she must be occupied in opening her campaigns. Poetry too must give up many of the fine things which she has borrowed from the Spring, as well as many of the handsome things which she has said of her in return; and considering the threatening form under which she is viewed at present, the "εγελασε δε γαια πελωρη" of Hesiod will no longer apply to this season of the year.

In another view also this novel character in which the Spring appears, threatens very much to circumscribe the range of compliment, and to impoverish the fund of allusion and comparison, which supply us with eulogies on the female sex. Thus, when we ascribe to a lady the breath of Spring, unless her perfections be such as not to leave it in doubt, it may not be immediately understood whether we mean that breath of Spring which comes from her *carnations* or from her *cannons*, from her *howitzers* or from her *hyacinths*. As to myself, however, who have received such true delight from contemplating the Spring under her ancient form, I am determined

not to acknowledge her in her new character: I shall not follow her when she is transporting her artillery and baggage over dusty plains, where "fields, all iron, cast a gleaming brown;" but shall seek her through fields of cowslip and clover, and study to surprise her in those moments when she is sporting it with Zephyr and Flora "on a soft downy bank damask'd with flowers." I shall still persist in borrowing my allusions from her in my eulogies on the fair sex, and shall still come to her for patterns of sweetness and grace. I shall hope that the ladies will consider me with more than usual favour, on account of these my disinterested exertions in their cause; for their cause it certainly is, who have hitherto held all the seasons of the year under contribution to their praise; and who, when one province of compliment is invaded, may reasonably be apprehensive for them all.

> "*Galla, tibi totus sua munera dedicat annus:*
> *Ver roseas malas et labra rubedine pingit;*
> *Mille oculis ignes radiantibus imprimit æstas;*
> *Autumnus matura sinu duo poma recondit;*
> *Quod reliquum est aspergit hyems candore nivali.*"
>
> Galla, to thee, the lavish year has given
> All that its genial lap receives from Heaven:
> The Spring thy rosy cheek with damask dyes,
> And Summer suns shoot kindling from thy eyes;
> Two apples Autumn hides within thy breast,
> And Winter's purest snow has bleach'd the rest.

I consider too, that if the Spring should lose its ancient honours and attractions, I may possibly lose a part of the credit attached to one of my principal receipts for the moral cures I undertake to perform; I mean the cultivation of rural pleasures. Now this is a circumstance of great national weight, and only *next in importance* to that defalcation of compliment sustained in the female empire. A course of quiet

contemplation at this season of the year is my chief dependance in those chronic cases of the mind, where the mass of our reasoning is vitiated, and where the sources of enjoyment are corrupt. A little Spring physic is as wholesome for mental diseases, as for those of the body; and I know of no moral medicines of a more alterative efficacy, than those which operate by the gradual introduction of new sentiments and tastes. I generally recommend a Spring in preference to a Summer course, because the novelty and vivacity of its productions engage us to persevere in it with greater cheerfulness and constancy; and make it the properest to be balanced against the common amusements of a dissipated career.

But though, in this view of it, my prescription must be acknowledged to be excellent, in as much as, by giving us a sublimer relish of life, it discredits those pleasures which are at best unimproving and barren, yet, as a specific against the melancholy passions, I consider it as deserving still greater praise. Pride, envy, and those choleric and gloomy feelings, which for the most part accompany poverty and disappointment, are softened and subdued in our minds, as soon as our ambition is directed to more obvious gratifications, and to more attainable objects. The inquiry to which nature invites us is so boundless, so various, and so inexhaustible a theme, that no man, who has ever engaged in it with spirit, has ever complained of weariness or satiety, looked back with regret on the objects which he has abandoned for it, or repined at the triumphs of the great and the fortunate, in the more envied situations of life.

It is a certain truth, that few things contribute more to calm the passions, and expand the heart, than this direction of our inquiries; it calms the passions, by disposing them to milder and more innocent

enjoyments; it expands the heart, by the infinity of new relations it unfolds, and the vaster views it affords of creative wisdom. By thus acquiring the habit of regarding things more in their relative places, and in their real colours, we learn to make a juster estimate of life, to set the proper price upon unsubstantial greatness, and to look around us (*oculo irretorto*) with resolute complacency, and with dignified composure.

> "I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
> You cannot rob me of fair nature's grace;
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns by living stream at eve."

But that which, perhaps more than all, recommends the silent lessons which the mind may receive through the eye, by a proper use of this season of the year, is the happy and wholesome mixture of gay and grave admonitions with which they are checkered. I could never look upon the progress of vegetation, and so complete a renewal of nature's graces, without a secret pensiveness, inspired by the reflection that the return of the daisy, and the regeneration of the rose, has brought me, with a sensible approach, one step nearer to old-age and the grave; that they meet me again, indeed, but not where they met me before;—not renovated as they are, not gathering fresh youth and vivacity; endued, perhaps, with less ability to enjoy them; perhaps deprived of some of those sharers in the satisfactions they conveyed, who were wont to endear them by a partnership of feeling.

It is true, that right over yonder hill the sun is rising again with his usual splendour; I recognise

the returning fragrance of this grove and this field; I see the little lambs in sprightly groups again covering the green slopes, and the furze again hanging out their golden baskets. But where is that bosom friend that stood with me upon this spot last Spring, and remarked with me the then returning glory of the sun, as he broke out from behind that same hill; that recognised with me the returning fragrance of this grove and this field, and contemplated with a corresponding gaiety of heart the little fleecy progeny sporting on the declivity of yonder hill, amidst the yellow bloom of the furze? Alas! the winter in the mean time has laid *him* in his grave, where his worm-eaten body lies, without sense or motion, although the same objects which used to raise in him such high delight are come again with their former charms, though the fields smell as fresh as ever, and the same merry tribe are again skipping on the sides of the mountains.

> Hélas! hélas! ce beau Printemps,
> Qui quelques jours à-peine dure,
> Ne revient point pour les amans,
> Comme il revient pour la nature.

At this season of the year, and cherishing, as I do, these ideas of the Spring and its advantages, I must needs be a little out of humour with the metropolis, where she is only regarded for her cabbages or her campaigns. Indeed I have cautiously abstained from introducing her as a subject at any houses where I visit, since the other day, when upon my observing, at a friend's table in the city, how great a feast was afforded to the curious and contemplative at this time of the year, a little gentleman with spectacles, at my right hand, agreed that now we might begin to expect news from the Continent; while at the same in-

stant I was supported in my remark by a very consequential voice from the top of the table, which pronounced *that salmon was in all its glory.*

These are affronts passed upon Nature's prime, which I cannot with any patience endure; and as the Spring is always personified, in my fancy, under the form of a beautiful female, breathing perfumes, and adorned with garlands, I feel all that gallantry and zeal in her behalf, which it is natural to be inspired with in the cause of the sex. Accordingly I am sure to be filled with indignation, when I see her the object of gross and indelicate regards, and viewed only as the source of sensual gratifications. I am impatient to go where I shall behold her treated with her due honours, and where she speaks not to sense and appetite, but to the understanding and to the heart.

In the mean time I cannot help regretting that our English gentry, by the present modes of living, are cut off from all connection with the country at this delightful time, and really see little more of it than what languishes in their flower-pots, or travels on the backs of chimney-sweepers. Any thing attracts more than rural objects and rural contemplations: and the barren sea receives them as soon as the town is too hot to hold them, or pronounced so by the laws of fashionable feeling. I tremble for the fate of the English garden, that pride of our nation, in such inauspicious times, unless, while their owners are salting themselves at Weymouth and Brighthelmstone, they could put their country-seats in a pickle that could preserve them. The sea could never with more propriety be said to be gaining upon the land, than at the present moment; nor does she in this instance restore what she takes, with the same punctuality with which she is said on the coast to make

good in one place, what she has wrested from us in another; indeed it would not be easy to make us compensation for these robberies which she commits in the very heart of our country. That she pillages our forests, I can see with patience; she is even welcome now and then to a morsel of barren land on the coast; but I never can bear that she should rob our gardens of their due care and cultivation, till I am satisfied that in this particular also she makes us a complete public reparation.

I shall finish this day's entertainment with a translation of some remarks which I find in Baron Von Lowhen's Analysis of Nobility, and which I think assist the objects of this paper. "It will not be disparaging the nobility, to recommend agriculture to them in all its branches. The English philosopher, whose thoughts on education I have quoted, among other objects of a young person's study, lays considerable stress on the advantage of learning some manual trade; which also made a part of the plan of Charles the Great in the education of his children. The benefits flowing from agriculture are so great, that an attention to this art will supply the want of more splendid talents to the community. There is certainly no part of natural philosophy of equal importance with agriculture: and a nobleman merits as much the esteem of his country for benefiting it through this channel, as through that of war or negotiation: the use of such talents results from the depravity of mankind; but both the origin and objects of agriculture are innocent and virtuous. The perfection of a nobleman's character consists in the union of these qualities; so that, while by his civil and military talents he is promoting the honour, by his agricultural skill he may be improving the estate of his family. Among the Romans, Cato the Censor

wrote treatises upon agriculture, and the Emperor Dioclesian resigned for it the charms of sovereignty. Cyrus the Great made it a mark of his particular favour to admit a subject into his little orchard which he had cultivated with his own hands. We read in the historical relations of China, that there is a public ceremony of opening the grounds, at which the emperor and other Indian monarchs assist every year; and the kings of the ancient Persians mixed with the husbandmen at an annual feast. We are also told, that every year the farmer who has turned his lands to the best account, is made by the emperor of China a mandarin of the eighth order. The heroic prince of Condé frequently made agriculture the amusement of his leisure; and I myself, when in England, saw the earl of Peterborough, who had commanded the British forces, stripped to his waistcoat, with his spade in his hand, and hard at work with his gardeners."——

N° 57. SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam?
Still must I hear, and never answer make?

Sermon to a Clerical Congregation.

"*How was he honoured in the midst of the people, on his coming out of the sanctuary!*
"*When he put on the robe of honour, and was clothed with the perfection of glory, when he went up to the altar, he made the garment of holiness honourable.*" Eccl. ch. 50.

It is now a long time that the privilege has been yours, of counselling, correcting, exhorting, admonishing, and reproving myself and the rest of my countrymen, without danger of interruption or reply; and, upon the whole, I have no great fault to find with your *doctrines*, which, in the main, have been salutary and well-intended. But it is the great mischief attendant upon the office you have undertaken, that, while a man is employed in exposing the errors and reprehending the vices of his fellow-creatures, he is apt to make a tacit reserve in his own favour, and, in the ardour of his preceptive zeal, to forget the necessity of practice, and the power of example. The corruption of the clergy in earlier times, was the effect of this self-partiality. Their eagerness to make converts, swallowed up this attention to their own conduct; and if their consciences became importunate and troublesome, the sophistry of the pas-

sions was always at hand, to suggest that their private vices were only the result of their public zeal; that, in our present state of imperfection, a great and unlimited scope of exertion must necessarily multiply particular failures, and that these particular failures drew a kind of honour to themselves, from the alliance they claimed with an universal activity and unbounded zeal in the great cause of religion.

This argument, if true of one man, must be true of another; pursue it whither it leads, and we shall find it will operate its own overthrow, and prove nothing by proving too much. Let every man adopt it, and let every man neglect himself in the pursuit of a general good; where will be the advantage of lessons and instructions, and what kind of general good will that be, which fastens upon no individual? Such palliatives of private and particular vices, are absurd and dangerous in the extreme; since the end of our creation, the interests of humanity, and the law of nature, require that a man's self should be his first care, and that his own practice should be the measure of his worth.

If there were men, however, formerly, who could satisfy themselves with these hollow excuses, even these have now lost every shadow of foundation. The age of church-errantry is over—missionaries, legates, crusaders, and reformers, have long gone off the stage; and the range of our parochial clergy is sufficiently confined, to give them the needful time for attention to their own conduct, and the discharge of their personal duties. On the contrary, I conceive that the great leisure they enjoy, comparatively with the generality of professional men, imposes on them a severer obligation, in respect to all the rules of social virtue, as well as the principles and practices of religion and morality: whereas, amidst the nu-

merous calls and interruptions that arise in all secular professions, that collectedness of principle, that steady march of virtue, which are the fruits of much reasoning with one's self, and the tacit victories of the heart, are hardly to be expected in any eminent degree, from men immersed in interested pursuits and habituated to look upon worldly advantage as the great concern of their being.

If some of our teachers are more engaged than others; if some are even loaded with occupation; yet this occupation, however great, is always, or should be always, calculated to season their minds with wholesome lessons, to supply matter for the highest contemplations, and to purify, whether it be little or much, the leisure they enjoy.

I consider that our Creator has made us all stewards in different departments, and of different trusts; that one is a steward of his riches, another of his health, another of his faculties, and that thus one will be more particularly responsible on one account than on another. The clergy are stewards of their leisure, in as much as they, for the greater part, possess more of it than other men. To him, therefore, who has husbanded well this leisure, it may perhaps be said, when the moment of retribution shall arrive—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over thy portion of *time:* I will make thee partaker of *eternity!*"

The space, it is true, is circumscribed, in which this leisure is to be exerted: and this I will allow to be a most honourable ground of complaint, in those who have exhausted all the opportunities of doing good, which the limits of their station afford; who have silenced every call of misery; removed every aching doubt; adjusted every family dissension; and performed every part of their commission within the

reach of their ability, to the extent of their parochial charge. But I cannot admit that the space for their labours to move in is too confined to nourish that dignified love of praise, and that wholesome ambition, which, they may fairly contend, is a very principal and commendable spring of virtuous actions. The indeterminate admiration of crowds, where few can give any better reason for their applause than because those about them applaud, may satisfy a coarse appetite for praise, and an avidity that excludes preference; but a noble mind values admiration for the spirit in which it is bestowed; and is more flattered by the eulogies of humble gratitude, and the unsuborned testimonies of rustic veneration, than the senseless shouts of staring multitudes, that have nothing but noise and number to enforce their applause. It was wisely said to Alexander, in reproof of his extravagant thirst of fame, that but little more than Greece was sufficient to render Hercules a demigod, while all the world was not sufficient to render Alexander a Hercules.

The want of room, therefore, in their several spheres, for the exertion of their industry and talents, supplies no excuse to clergymen for that deviation, too common among them, from the paths of their profession, and the adoption of new and strange characters. As every man who deserts his character, forfeits the esteem and credit attached to it, so some men can repair this loss by their new acquisitions and collateral attainments; but a clergyman is a double loser, who departs out of his own province, in search of remote excellence: he is contemptible for what he has abandoned, and ridiculous for what he assumes. When I see, therefore, a minister of the gospel straining every nerve to shine in the *beau monde*, and pass for a choice spirit, I look upon such

a person as the most miserable of all dupes to his vanity; and such a conduct as no bad comment on that energetic line of the poet's,

"Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of Hell."

A grave and modest carriage in a young clergyman is so well rewarded, and there is yet remaining in our country such a disposition to venerate a virtuous parish priest, that one cannot but wonder, that a description of men can prevail upon themselves to forfeit this pre-eminence, for the sake of a profane distinction in characters and attainments, which in others are indecorous and unamiable; in them preposterous and criminal. There is, in life, a contrast between certain professions, and certain manners, which deepens the scandal of small obliquities and irregularities of conduct. Thus, in one who is reverend by his profession, levity is laxness of principle, wantonness is wickedness, intemperance is debauchery, violence is outrage, vanity is vice, obscenity is profanation, idleness is desertion, mimicry is buffoonery, and swearing is blaspheming.

There certainly is, in the mass of mankind, a natural and general feeling of physical and moral proportion, which no logic can subvert; they will continue as long as the present system holds, in spite of all our reasoning and declamation, to look with ridicule upon the man who on the Sunday is expounding the gospel in the pulpit, on Monday cutting capers in a ball-room, singing glees at a club-dinner on the Wednesday, riding after a fox on the Thursday, on Friday betting on a race-ground, acting Falstaff at a private theatre on the Saturday, and again, on the Sunday, expounding the gospel, to which the same *commentary* succeeds during the week following.

A prelate was taken prisoner in France, by Richard

the First. The pope, being informed of his imprisonment, wrote in a peremptory manner to the king, to insist upon the immediate release of his beloved son. Upon which his majesty sent to his holiness the bishop's whole set of armour, with this satirical answer, " See now if this be thy son's coat or not." A modern curate in a domino, or with his hunting whip and cap, is almost as little in character, as the bishop in his suit of armour.

A well-directed and intelligent mind is thoroughly aware how much the system of this world depends upon rules, decorums, and forms: it is by these that all the beggary of life is covered, and a skreen is placed before the nakedness of our minds. These remain in the habits, even when the essence of virtue is departed from the principles, and keep even the vicious in a certain awe of each other; they supply the place of reason, to the simple and uninstructed, and will sometimes bind stronger than the laws of one's country, or the dictates of conscience. When I observe, therefore, a manly, spirited, and well-informed person, whose mind is in itself above the necessity of them, thus condescending, for the sake of example, to the little forms and usages of society, I regard this conduct as an unequivocal mark of greatness of soul, inasmuch as it discovers a disdain of those diminutive triumphs, those facile victories, which are gained from such petty contests.

It may be true, that set forms and observances are not equally necessary to all; but if the ignorant and uninstructed discover, by the cheapness and neglect in which they are held by wise men, that they were designed only as helps to their own incapacity, and as corroborations of their own weakness, the pride of our nature will dictate an opposition in the persons to whom they lend a very essential support. There

were some mathematicians, says Selden, who could, with one stroke of their pen, describe a circle, and, with the next touch, point out the centre. Is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses.

Those who are occupied about their daily concerns, or to whom their situations have denied them all the advantages of culture and intellectual exercise, will necessarily judge confusedly of distant objects; they will necessarily, in the consideration of them, seize upon those parts which come most within the sphere of their senses and observation, and upon the testimony they offer, conclude in regard to the whole. Thus ordinary men contemplate religion in its professors; they appreciate its worth, by the operation of it upon their lives; they see its order, its beauty, and its harmony, in the decency, the dignity, and the consistency of their pastors; and raise their thoughts to the conception of its internal excellence, on the testimony of those external marks with which it is accompanied.

But those indecorums and irregularities which, in the daily conduct of a clergyman, are such stains and blemishes in his character, are downright deformities in his official capacity. When he is not content with degrading his profession by his ordinary manner of comporting himself, but must even introduce his coxcombries, affectations, and eccentricities into the high service in which he is engaged in the pulpit, the friends of religion have only to mourn over his folly and wickedness, while the scoffers grow more bold in their ridicule and loud in their exclamations, insult the feeble and confound the irresolute, by casting in their teeth the depravity of their teachers.

It has always appeared to me, that human arro-

gance and insolence has then reached its farthest limit, when a clergyman, in his pulpit — in the house of his God—in the actual exercise of his ministry, where an overwhelming sense of his own littleness, in respect to the sacred service about which he is occupied, ought, methinks, to bow down his heart of flesh to the dust, and prostrate every selfish thought within him, looks only to his present elevation above his audience, and discovers plainly, by his gestures and grimaces, that he is solely taken up with a pragmatical conceit of his own consequence, and forgets his Maker's glory in the mistaken pursuit of his own. What bosom does not swell with indignation, to behold a clerical fop, whose week has been passed in the stye of Epicurus, or consigned to the meanest amusements, and most barren occupations, suddenly start up in his pulpit in all the pride of office, and all the plenitude of pudding sleeves, blown out like a bladder with pursy conceit, unable to subdue the effervescence of his folly, or restrain his obstreperous ignorance within any bounds of decency, and tearing unmercifully to rags and tatters one of Tillotson's best sermons, with the fury of his mock zeal, and the unsparing vengeance of his emphatical blunders!

I would, with all my soul, that the manes of those reverend gentlemen, who have done honour to their profession, by so many wise and profitable sermons, might rest in peace; but if any thing, methinks, could disturb their shades, it must be the galling necessity of beholding their meaning so miserably murdered in some of their most laboured and finished performances. It is thus that spendthrift heirs throw away their ancestorial property, and make ducks and drakes of that gold, which, in wise and charitable hands, might answer a thousand useful purposes. I

think we want some legal restriction, by which such valuable relics might be preserved from the rude touch of the vulgar and profane; and these clerical Goths should no more be admitted to such a repository, than a blind bullock into a glass manufactory.

But there are many other classes of abuse through which the church is wounded in its dignity and its interests, by the ignorance and affectation of its professors. Sometimes the mischief is done by turbulent and tempestuous folly; sometimes by smooth and adulating ignorance. Religion has its *petits-maîtres*, as well as its swaggerers. Thus it is regarded by the mass of its votaries, under different aspects, according to the character of the minister who sets it forth; for, at present, such is the rage for fine preaching, that, in the contemplation of the greater part of *sermon-fanciers*, their devotion is fastened upon the pulpit, or pinned to the sleeve of the minister. Religion undergoes a kind of personification in their imaginations, that depends upon the complexion of the teacher. It has sometimes a red face and a fiery deportment; sometimes a sleek countenance and a white hand; and sometimes a saturnine pomposity of aspect, that can afford to dispense with knowledge and with wit.

It would be pleasant to observe, could we draw pleasure from a ridicule which touches the concerns of religion, the various methods adopted by those ministers, who "give not God the glory," to play upon the doting imbecility of their auditors. I have known the heart of an elderly lady taken captive by a clergyman's manner of walking to his pulpit; another has fallen a victim to his method of *making himself up*; another has held out till the cambric handkerchief has begun its operations; and some are

proof against every thing but the *coup de main*, or slapping-to of the book after the second lesson. My curate distinguished himself, upon his first arrival in my parish, by a most irresistible roll in his reading: he would begin with a simple motion of his lips, which at length rose to such a solemn mutter, as announces a thunder-clap; and presently such an uproar would succeed, as threatened to dispart the earth and discover the realms of Pluto. The discipline of our club, however, and particularly the chastisement of the Echo, has sobered down his tones to so reasonable a pitch, that ladies in any state may venture to be present, and the parish is no longer in pain for the foundations of the church. He retains only, now, a sort of whining recitative, a kind of opera tone, which I understand is in high esteem in the metropolis; where, I am told, it has been in contemplation to invite over a certain number of Italian youths, to be educated for evening-lecturers.

It is my plan in general to preach comfortable and cheerful doctrines to my congregation; not that I spare them either, when I see grounds for severity and reprehension. But I find that the minister of the next parish has drawn off a part of my audience by the very winning manner of his denouncing them to perdition: he tosses about his damns with such a grace (as Addison says Virgil, in his Georgics, did his dung), that his church is crowded with voluntary victims, who repair to this sacred executioner, to be launched into a dreadful eternity, with as much cheerfulness as to a christening.

Indeed it is a sad truth, that the church has of late years been considered, both by the preacher and his congregation, as a place rather of amusement than instruction, as a kind of show or spectacle, where we

hear and see, and do a great many fine things, without a reference to any other end than that of showing ourselves to each other to the best advantage. In this view therefore it signifies not, whether the subject of the day be cheerful or melancholy: whether it be tragedy or comedy, we are equally amused and equally impressed; our object is to see fine acting, and splendid scenery. On the same principle, but little regard is had, in the adoption of candidates for holy orders, to their characters or their knowledge; and Mr. Allworth says that a bishop will ordain a priest with less inquiry into the state of his morals, than he uses in the appointment of his butler. If what this gentleman says be true, who never asserts rashly, there shoots up with every new prelate a fungous cohort of ecclesiastics, whose only pretensions are the want of provision, and the dignity of their new connection. Thus the diocese of a new-made bishop is crowded with a hasty growth of clerical adventurers, like a nabob's park with Lombardy poplars.

N° 58. SATURDAY, JUNE 22.

Ξενιων δε τε θυμος αριστος.

Welcome is the best cheer.

THE manner in which my return home has been welcomed, has been truly grateful to my feelings. I find that every member of the club is resolved upon giving me an entertainment at his own house. That my readers, however, may be in no mistake about the spirit of these meetings, it may be as well to assure them that the institutes of our general society furnish the model to these private parties; and though here we are under no dread of forfeits or the Echo, a kind of loyalty to the cause in which we have embarked keeps us firm in our adherence; and we pique ourselves upon showing that our habits are mellowed into principles, and are no longer the fruits of coercion. Nothing has more contributed to spread the honour, and propagate the advantages of our institution, than these little volunteer corps, which I am assured have already begun to make a sensible impression on the character of this part of the country.

It has been more particularly remarked of the members of our society, that no men entertain so well, or, in other words, are so perfect in the art and mystery of rendering their houses *comfortable* to their guests. This I take to be the natural result of the rules by which we are governed, which, as their in-

mediate tendency is to inculcate self-command, and to foster the habit of forbearance, impart that characteristic ease to the exertions of politeness, without which it is little more than trick and gesture. This effect of our institutions is the more valuable on account of its rarity; for, although hospitality in its grosser sense is a common attendant upon opulence, instances are unfrequent of those happy arts of welcoming, those unbought graces of manner, which, to a delicate mind, give to the coarsest food a relish above the tables of princes. In these urbanities and comforts of hospitality, I know no man so consummate as my friend Mr. Allworth. He has a way of making his *guest* appear to be the *entertainer*, and has so nicely hit the middle point between neglect and importunity, carelessness and punctilio, want and waste, indifference and anxiety, slovenliness and incumbrance, that at his house you have a *home* stripped of its *cares;* and the foundation of many a Looker-on has there been laid, under the notion that I was in my slippers and roquelaure, and seated in my mother's great chair.

It is, I suppose, on the same account that every thing I taste at this gentleman's house seems to be better in its kind than what I meet with elsewhere; and his oysters and cyder I should prefer to a supper with Lucullus, on the produce of the Lucrine bay, and the vines that grew on the mountains of Arevisia. As others have entertained us with essays on the sublime and the beautiful, I have seriously projected a treatise on the COMFORTABLE *(vacuique animi tranquilla voluptas)*, which, with the hints I shall be able to borrow from my friend, I shall hope to reduce to a very rational system, and raise my name in the world as the founder of a new philosophy.

As there is a false taste in regard to the sublime

and the beautiful, so are there an infinity of false notions in what respects the comfortable: and I much question if our advances in the two former have not been more considerable than in the latter. That philosophic equilibrium of mind, that sober spirit of calculation, that chastised and wholesome relish of life, that perfect measure and tacit controul of feeling, requisite to the constitution of a true taste in the one, are surely qualities at least as rare as those intellectual perfections which the others demand. It is for this reason, and purely from the many constituent excellencies which enter into its composition, that the comfortable so seldom makes a part of any man's scheme of hospitality; that the common rule by which its extent is measured, is that of quantity alone; and that so few men have any knowledge of that part of it which cannot be cut into solid inches upon a trencher.

But while I cannot admit the quantity or quality of an entertainment to the same consideration with those unpurchasable delicacies of manner (which there are those who have the talent of blending with it), I do not entirely despise the solider parts of it, but regard them as the foundation of the building, which should be strong and substantial, or it will be in vain that grace and accommodation are consulted in the superstructure. A good dinner has its good effects; it sometimes opens the heart as well as the mouth; it has sometimes reconciled ancient enmities; it often disrobes the pride of office, and shows the real man; it gives to merit and genius opportunities of discovering themselves; it not unfrequently removes prejudices and antipathies, by approximating the distance between man and man; and it brings to light many hidden qualities which may contribute to render men reciprocally more amiable to each other. All this,

however, is only to be understood of those tables where mirth is tempered with decorum, and where a liberal jollity, a *verecundus Bacchus*, characterises the day. Under these circumstances many a man eats himself into a good opinion of his neighbour; and if he carry his resentment to the end of the dinner, it is ten to one but he swallows it down with the first glass of wine.

Since I have taken upon me the care of this parish, I have not been insensible to the moral effects of a good dinner, and have found it a most efficacious mode of effecting reconciliations between my neighbours. When I find one person rather violent in his abuse of another, I always take the liberty of suspecting that his own interests or pride are somehow or other remotely or immediately affected; for I conceive that we have very few of those patriotic declaimers who take up the public cause against an individual from a genuine regard to justice, or to truth. As we descend lower into life, we find its interests and concerns simplified into objects, if not more sordid, certainly less complicated, and which are circumscribed more to the common feelings and wants of nature. Thus when one of my poorer parishioners complains to me of the roguery of an acquaintance, I generally suspect that the quarrel is more with his mutton and potatoes, than his principles or his practice; and accordingly, by enabling the delinquent to give his accuser a plentiful meal, have found that it was not possible for two men to have a better opinion of each other in their hearts. My mother has followed up this plan of peace-making with the most remarkable success; and, as a proof of the effects it is capable of producing, has preserved a list of cases, which runs much after the following manner:

Timothy Blaze was suspected, a few years ago, of

entertaining the dreadful design of setting fire to some stables belonging to Mr. Blunt. This gentleman was advised to give his bitter enemy the run of his kitchen for a day: and the stables are a *standing* monument of the efficacy of this our plan.

Will Savage carried a case-knife about with him for six weeks, to the great terror of one of his neighbours; till Savage, being invited to put his weapon into a joint of his enemy's mutton, lost sight of its original destination.

James Fireband's resentment was beef and mutton-proof for a week together, but surrendered to pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday.

Mark Fury's revenge was subdued by a couple of capons.

The anger of Kit Crab was a martyr to codlings and cream.

Jacob Cross slept away his animosity, after some ale with a toast in it.

Sam Surly picked a bone, instead of picking a quarrel, with neighbour Brute.

A roasted pig discovered to Benjamin Backbite his mistake about his neighbour's wife.

A Michaelmas goose was arbitrator in a difference between Walter Wagstaff and Will Stout, and prevented a law-suit, which would have ruined them both.

A Welsh-rabbit threw an entire new light upon a matter between Joe Crib and Jeremy Jumps.

Ben Bodkin, who had cabbaged most notoriously in the making of Sam Spruce's new coat, made it up to him in two yards of black pudding, London measure.

But it is not only among the lower order of the people that I have remarked the conciliating efficacy

of a good meal. Its effects are very observable in higher life; a haunch of venison, or a Christmas turkey, has wrought miracles this way, and has succeeded better in composing differences, than all the law in the parish. Mr. Blunt, whose quarrels with his neighbours I have remarked upon in my third Number, tried the potency of a good dinner with wonderful success, in rubbing off old scores, and effacing all impressions to his disadvantage; and those who have taken opinions respecting him on the Monday, and again on the Wednesday, have been astonished at the change in the public sentiments wrought by the intervention of a single day, during which the whole neighbourhood was treated in a sumptuous manner,

"And fools, that went to scoff, return'd to praise."

As I have before observed, however, this tendency of a good dinner is rendered abortive, and its triumphs are turned into mourning, by intemperance and excess. I remark with concern that there is usually more tragedy than comedy in our merry-meetings; and have rarely been present at any one where men have met with a determination to be jolly, which has not made a very sombre conclusion. I apprehend that the principal source of these disappointments, is the very mechanical way in which we set ourselves to the business; for we seem to consider ourselves as a kind of electric substances, which, to be properly excited, require a redundant quantity of of inflammatory fluid to be forced upon us, till our equilibrium is completely destroyed. Now it is as absurd for a man to say that he is determined to be merry upon a particular occasion, as to say he will repent of his sins on the first Sunday after Easter; for both repentance and mirth do certainly presup-

pose a favourable disposition of mind, which it is in no man's power to command, unless he can bring every circumstance that appertains to him under perfect controul. It is a mark of a poor and debauched spirit to trust to wine for its happiness: besides, it can only be half the man that is made happy by such methods; that half which is stripped of our highest nature, our noblest attributes and properties, our judgement and our memory.

We are told by Lonicerus of a man who was violently urged by the temptation of the Devil to the commission of one of these three sins; to be once drunk, or to pollute his neighbour's bed, or to murder a certain person. At length the tempter gained so far upon him as to prevail upon him to commit the sin of drunkenness, as apparently involving the smallest guilt. No sooner, however, was the poor wretch completely inebriated, but the temptation to adultery became irresistible, which ended in the murder of the husband, to prevent the consequences of his resentment.

There is certainly no poorer picture of the human mind, than what hourly exhibits itself in the complaints of those martyrs to the indulgence of their appetites, whom no warnings can reduce to any measures of forbearance, while they are carrying their puny lamentations from house to house, as if they were persons robbed of the rights of their nature, and curtailed in the privileges of humanity. Every man's stomach is doubtless his best physician; but unhappily its doom is, like that of the prophetess Cassandra, always to speak the truth, but never to be believed. We have surely no right to bewail our condition, when we reflect how much of our misery is of our own making, and how few of those ills are attached to our nature, which are the theme of our constant

complaint: nor, on the contrary, can we soberly presume much upon the elevation of our fortunes, when we regard the train of sorrows by which they are accompanied; when we consider how little riches, or titles, or empires, can balance against the disabilities and tortures of sickness and disease.

I met with a comical little fable the other day, which perhaps may be as new to my readers, as it was to myself.

It happened on a certain day, that Gout and a Flea took it into their heads to travel together. They proceeded sociably enough on their way till night drew on, and it became necessary to think of repose. As it was perfectly dark when they entered a large town, where they proposed to rest themselves, it was too late to seek for acquaintances, or to be particular about accommodations. That they might find a more easy reception, they agreed to go separately in search of lodgings; and it so fell out that the Flea took up his quarters at the house of the worshipful mayor, while Gout was entertained by a poor fisherman who lived in the suburbs. The next morning our travellers met by times to prosecute their journey. After the first compliments had passed, they began to be particular in their mutual inquiries as to the manner in which the preceding night had been spent; for nothing could be more apparent than that neither had had his needful repose. "A murrain take this inhospitable town!" cries Gout, as he limped along with pain and difficulty: "I never have been so scurvily treated in all my life. I had hardly got footing in the house of that rascally fisherman, before I was clapped into a jack boot, and, tired as I was, carried out by this inhuman fellow into the midst of an eel pond, where I was kept three miserable hours up to my calf in water; judge if I have enjoyed a very refreshing repose.

I never was happy in low company. Give me a gentleman, say I." "And give me," returned the Flea, rubbing his eyes, and yawning piteously, "give me any thing rather than a gentleman. No sooner had I begun to stretch myself between the shoulder-blades of Monsieur the Mayor, and taken a mouthful of supper, before such a riot was commenced, as was never heard before in the world: I thought all the elements were coming together to destroy me. The bell was rung a dozen times in a minute, and the room was presently filled with a set of the most determined assassins that were ever met for the purposes of destruction. After being bruised in every part of my body, and hunted about for the space of two hours, I with great difficulty escaped with my life. My dear friend, we must contrive better in future: you are always boasting of your reception among the great, where you are seated on satin sofas, and have your toes as much regarded as if they were the Pope's. In God's name keep these elegancies to yourself; but give me content and a cottage as long as I live."

As I reckon the concerns of eating and drinking to involve a question of the most general consequence to my readers, I design to continue my remarks through next Saturday's Paper, in which I shall touch again on the uses and abuses of good dinners, and enter into a farther delineation of my theory of the comfortable, and the nature and criteria of true hospitality.

Nº 59. SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

Non aliâ bibam
Mercede. HORAT.

On these terms only will I dine,
However excellent your wine.

It was my intention to have offered in this Paper such rules of hospitality as I thought might help to ascertain and fix its true character; but upon reflection it occured to me, that where there is the want of openness of heart and accuracy of feeling, rules could be of but little benefit, while they are necessarily bred in the mind where these requisites subsist. There is frequently a crossness in the decrees of nature, which maintains a pertinacious struggle with the dispositions of civilised life. Thus she continually withholds from the rich and lofty that liberal conformation of mind which is so essential to the dignity of their stations, while she lavishes her finest qualities on the children of obscurity and want. I look with no common compassion on those indigent souls which are poverty-struck amidst piles of riches, and, encumbered with their own magnificence, move heavily under the weight of their trappings and insignia; condemned, by an in-born obtuseness and contractedness of feeling, to be without grace in their gifts, or welcome in their hospitality; to be sordidly sumptuous, and penuriously prodigal.

I have always thought that the worst qualities a

dish can have is the sour taste of obligation; and he who lets it appear that his friendship and affection is typified in his table, makes his meat cost more to a spirited guest, than its price in the dearest market. This poor appreciation of friendship, was reprobated by Juvenal as common among his countrymen. "*Fructus amicitiæ magnæ—cibus.*" And I fear the present age is not yet corrected of these illiberal notions. Friendship and a good dinner, though things perfectly consistent, cannot be representative of each other, and if friendship will not satisfy a man who comes hungry within our threshold, so neither are the demands of friendship to be paid with the hospitalities of our board.

When I enter the house of one of these wealthy plebeians, I am almost frozen at the entrance; and, however magnificently furnished his parlour may be, however briskly his fire may burn, there is the gloom of a prison in my imagination; and when I place myself at table, I sit under the sword of Damocles, or, like the Governor of Barataria, amidst contraband delicacies. The real source of half the prodigality in the world, is not in the excess of generosity, or a constitutional negligence of mind, but in a contractedness of spirit, that cannot embrace the right and rational uses of wealth, and a certain disproportion between the man and his circumstances. Thus we should not be prodigal, if we knew how to be generous; and a man is frequently luxurious or ostentatious, for want of knowing how to be noble and hospitable.

Demades is a person of great property, and has an undoubted share of good-nature; he looks on nothing with so much abhorrence as the character of a covetous man; and, rather than be thought to want hospitality, would make his whole neighbourhood swim in an ocean of Madeira. Nothing can be more

costly than his furniture and his liveries; all his appointments are magnificent; and it is not easy to excel him in the splendour of his entertainments. But DEMADES makes but a sorry figure in the midst of all his profusion, with which he is evidently overstocked and encumbered: he lets you perceive in a moment how high he rates the honour he has done you, and takes especial care that no part of his magnificence shall escape your notice, which if it appear to dazzle you, he cannot help betraying the delight your embarrassment affords him, in a smile of exultation. As this sort of feeling in his guests is considered by him as the most unequivocal praise that can be offered to him, he is solicitous to produce it as often as possible, by playing off his grandeur before men of broken fortunes and blushing indigence. Thus it is a rule with him to propose a dozen sorts of wine to a man who, he knows, has never tasted but two, and is charmed with his perplexity of choice, and mistakes of pronunciation. His table, for the same reason, is filled with foreign dishes, "of exquisitest name," and of most ambiguous forms; and you might fancy yourself at supper with Lucullus, on fattened thrushes and the cranes of Malta. Most of his dishes have such formidable names, that few care to risk the ridicule of their host by venturing to ask for them; and if they name them rightly, it is ten to one but they blunder in eating them, which answers equally well to the facetious entertainer. If any thing is particularly rare and out of season, you are told how much it cost before you touch it, so that you eat with a sort of grudge, and with that feeling which disappoints the relish of the richest dainties. This ham was sent him from Westphalia; this pickle was prepared from the receipt of an Italian count; this wine was imported for him by the Spanish ambassador; the venison he

killed himself; the pig was fed with chesnuts and apples. Every thing has its history: his potatoes are not common potatoes; they are the potatoes of DEMADES; they have an anecdote belonging to them —touch one and you will hear it. His apartments are replete with every imaginable contrivance for elegance and accommodation; but his manners render it plain that they are there, not for your convenience, but your admiration. Whatever you touch, taste, or use, you cannot forget for a moment who is its owner. Egotism, and a certain stamp of property and possession, accompany all his acts, and characterise all his phrases. *My* is a monosyllable never omitted, and always emphatic: thus it is *my* doors, *my* hinges, *my* coals, and *my* carpet. Touch his poker, and you will presently feel that it belongs to DEMADES. You may always know in what part of the room DEMADES is seated, without the trouble of looking for him; for, besides a magisterial cough, his voice is the loudest in the company; and if he moves, you are sure it is DEMADES, for some ceremony attends upon every act, that marks it for his own. He breathes with a certain emphasis; he has a motion more than any man present in using his handkerchief; there is a supererogatory flourish in his manner of drinking your health; his glass makes a turn or two extraordinary in its journey to his lips; and in seating himself in his chair, the toe of his right foot describes on the floor a semicircle with the other —that is to say, he does it with a swing that shows him to be the master of the house, and the chair to be his own. Thus altogether his entertainment is the grandest and the meanest, his viands the best and the worst in the world. I prefer a radish with Mr. Allworth.

To complete my idea of true hospitality, I require

three constituent qualities—generosity of spirit, delicacy of feeling, and a taste in the comfortable. The two first demand no explanation: those only can comprehend them who feel them, and their rules and criteria are supplied from nature and the heart alone. They have their shrines in some certain bosoms, where appropriate honours are paid them; where they are secretly adored with those rites and mysteries which no tongue can express, and which cannot be revealed to the vulgar and profane. I am persuaded, however, that these silent feelings of the breast have a more kindly growth in our own country than any where besides; and that there runs through English veins a fuller tide of sensibility, a more vigorous current of humanity, than foreign hearts can supply. When I regard the immensity of our philanthropical institutions, and the vastness of that capital which circulates in charitable uses, I look upon this systematic humanity as one of the great branches of our domestic commerce, as a staple article of British produce, and as a noble medium of circulation and employment peculiar to this generous country. In what respects the comfortable, no nation has ever enjoyed such lively and accurate ideas as the natives of this island. The word itself, as well as the idea, is peculiar to my countrymen, and only an Englishman has a perfect sense of the charm it expresses. In looking, however, for the origin of this pre-eminence, we shall meet with some check to the pride it suggests.

It is the nature of melancholy minds to seek with earnestness all the relief and consolation which can be derived from exterior circumstances, and to borrow a colour by reflection from the objects about them, that may help to brighten the complexion of their thoughts. In that state too of dissatisfaction

with the way of the world, which is so common with minds of a delicate and susceptible make, and a constitutional bias towards melancholy, it is natural to cast about with solicitude for such resources as can be procured most independently of others, and, as the phrase is, "to make much of ourselves;" by which I understand an attention to those little points of order, of neatness, of cleanliness, of disencumbrance, and of ease, comprehended under the general idea of comfort.

It was in this shaded part of the English character that our notions of comfort first took their rise; born of necessity, like other arts, and nursed in the cradle of want and solicitude. But the art of being comfortable, however sombre its origin, having once obtained a name, and raised itself upon principles, has proceeded in the same progress of improvement with other arts, and undergone a variety of new modifications in a course of subsequent embellishments. It has by degrees become a very principal feature of our national hospitality; insomuch that, where it is wanting, its loss is not to be redeemed by any waste of opulence, or wantonness of expense, by any polish of address, or courtesy of reception.

When thus the comfortable began to be generalised, and to form itself into some kind of system; when it began to be blended with our characteristic hospitality, and to take a higher colour of sociability, *that* was considered as but a small part of its excellence which was circumscribed to ourselves; the noblest use of it was implied in the art of dispensing it to others, while its abuse consisted in that selfish excess which induces a negligence of other men, or the sacrifice of our personal duties and regards.

I do not find in the Greek and Roman authors any very accurate ideas of the comfortable. From

barbarous ages the want of repose must necessarily exclude it, where there is no security of person and property. In such times, the means of our preservation are a sufficient object for the employment of our thoughts. In republican forms of government, domestic refinements can have little place, amidst the general interest and agitation in the concerns of the commonwealth; amidst the fluctuations of power, and the struggles of ambition. Despotic governments, by destroying all personal independence and individual consequence, by discouraging commerce, and perpetuating poverty, by inspiring alarm and distrust, by damping the exercise of ingenuity and invention, by subjugating, contracting, and impoverishing men's minds, are still less calculated to to cherish a taste in the comfortable, and to foster the growth of so perishable an art. In our own country, where personal freedom conspires with public controul; in our own country, where it is not forgotten that a nation is composed of individuals, and that where individuals are ill at ease, it is idle to talk of national prosperity; where every man's property is as secure as his person is free; where there is a government strong enough to oppose great fluctuations, and good enough to make them unnecessary; where there are objects to excite activity, and pledges to inspire security; where there is wealth to support liberality, and liberality to employ wealth—in our own happy country has the comfortable been rightly understood, generally systematised, and brought to a dignified perfection.

It must be owned, however, that there are two Latin authors in whom something like the comfortable is to be found. In Tibullus, and particularly Horace, there are passages very descriptive of those feelings which enter into its composition; but these

are rare instances, and are not only invalidated by other passages in the same writers, containing very contradictory sentiments, but are found not to correspond with the state of manners at the time in which they wrote. It was the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome constructed with brick, but that he should leave it a city of marble. It is a question, however, if he left it much improved in its ideas of comfort, and, indeed, according to the principles here laid down, the kind of government which succeeded the reign of that emperor, was very unfavourable to the progress of this object.

In those times the comfortable had but an indifferent chance amidst an excess of luxury, debauchery, and pride. The multitude of domestic slaves was itself an encumbrance sufficient to banish true comfort from their houses; nor do I think I should have made a comfortable supper with Cicero and Pompey, in the Apollo of Lucullus. There is but little either of true elegance or delicacy in Petronius, and surely not enough to balance against the testimony of Tacitus, and the invectives of Juvenal. If we believe either their gravest poet or most faithful historian, the manners of the latter Romans were entirely exclusive of every principle on which the comfortable is founded. What ideas were entertained by them analogous to this subject were in general borrowed from the philosophy of Epicurus, which a little examination will convince us comprehended only that negative and spurious description of it which consists in a certain apathy and *nonchalance*, an indecorous ease, and a selfish indolence.

The doctrines of Lucretius breathe no very comfortable spirit to a sensible mind; and even were they of force to release us from all sense of constraint and obligation, they would resign us over to a dull

and mechanical existence, to a torpid leisure, and obtuse indifference. There are some ideas of snugness in the four following lines of Tibullus; but let it be remembered that snugness is but a part of the comfortable, and that the general turn of thought throughout the elegy from which these lines are taken, is such as does not harmonise at all with the description which has been given in this Paper of the subject before us.

" Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu!
Aut gelidas hybernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi! "

In the sixth Satire of the first book, and the sixth of the second, are found those ideas of Horace which come nearest to the true description of the comfortable; but the libertine and lazy notions of happiness which are dispersed through his Odes, are a proof that he had formed no solid system of comfort in his mind, and throws over his sober paroxysms a shade of insincerity. His sentiments, too, on this head, are generally more expressive of the snug, than the comfortable, and are such as could not easily enter into social life: and when he takes in the social idea, he degrades it with so much grossness and profligacy, that the dignity of true comfort expires in debauchery. I will not admit that to be the comfortable in which I do not recognise the hospitable: nor do I set any price upon that hospitality from which the comfortable is excluded. As far as snugness goes, I know not a more delightful picture than that which Thomson has given us in his Winter.

" Now all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,

Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom; there studious let me sit."

As I have already observed that in my notion of hospitality I include the comfortable, there is an obvious reason for my silence about the hospitality of the barbarous ages. The virtues of those times, those virtues which have their birth in trouble, misery, and disorganization; those virtues which spring out of a vicious constitution of human affairs, I regard with *some* pleasure, as proofs that the mind of man cannot be dismantled of all its distinctions and attributes, under any depression of circumstances; but as common sense cannot desire a revival of *those* situations which inspired *those* exertions, our business is only with such qualities and virtues as belong to man in his improved nature, as are answerable to his present wants, and accommodated to the habits and occasions of civil society. Such hospitality as was exercised in those early times, cannot find a place in the present system, where the same objects and the same opportunities do no longer occur.

New arrangements and dispositions of life establish a new kind of intercourse between man and man, and demand a new modification of hospitality; in the mean time charity springs up in the place of the old; so that in fact the same measure of virtue subsists, under different denominations. There is, however, an instance of hospitality recorded in Lucian, that does honour to an early period of Athenian history, and which has always afforded me a peculiar pleasure in the perusal. The anecdote to which I allude, is the introduction of the Scythian Anacharsis to Solon, by Toxaris his countryman. "Toxaris then went up to Solon: I have brought you," said he, "a valu-

able present; a stranger who stands in need of your friendship and protection; a Scythian by birth, who has left his country and family, to live with us, and see the wonders of Greece. I would fain point out to him the shortest way of being acquainted with every thing and every body worth knowing here; and for this purpose, I have brought him to you. If I have any knowledge of Solon, I may presume he will treat him hospitably, pay him public honours, and adopt him as a citizen of Greece.

"And now, Anacharsis, you have seen Solon, and in him every thing. He is Athens, he is Greece. You are no longer a stranger here. All men know, all men love you. So much depends upon this good old man. Living with him, you will soon forget Scythia."

How much Solon was pleased with the present which Toxaris had made him, was soon proved by the strict friendship which was formed between them, and the profit which in the sequel Anacharsis derived from his services and instructions.

N° 60. SATURDAY, JULY 6.

Solutis gratia zonis. HORAT.

Graceful with ease, and loose without neglect,
With caution bold, without constraint correct,
Thus let translation hold that mellow'd mean,
A strait-lac'd prude and arrant romp between.

It is the peculiar hardship of my undertaking, that, while Homer was sometimes allowed to sleep, I can at no time take a nap, without great danger to the interests of my Paper; unless, indeed, I have the luck to dream of something that may turn to the profit of my readers. Those authors who are judged of in the gross, have a much better chance with the public. In the scope of a volume, they may sleep through a dozen pages, provided they awake to some purpose at last. It is thus that, in a very extensive prospect, a few barren spots serve to brighten the effect of the rest; but, in an acre of garden-ground, we require throughout a rich and cultivated appearance. The privilege, however, which I enjoy, of flying from one subject to another, as it may suit the occasional complexion of my thoughts, I consider as a great relief to the severity of this duty; for, while in an almost unbounded tract of country we are at liberty to fix upon the happiest spots, we have certainly less to plead in excuse for our miscarriages.

I am now going to say something on the subject of translation, for which I should feel it necessary to offer no further apology to my readers, than that it

happens to come into my head, were it not for the advantage of my paper to place before them the circumstance which put me upon this consideration. The other day, during my last visit to London, as I was reading the paper in the coffee-house, a person, that had very much the appearance of a compositor, entered the room, and put into my hands a packet directed to Simon Olive-branch. Upon opening it, I found it to contain proposals for a new translation of the Æneid of Virgil, together with one or two specimens, on which, with some compliment to the clearness of my judgement, I was requested to pronounce my opinion. As I was not given to understand where I might find the author, or how I might privately convey to him my sentiments, I concluded him to be among my readers, and that, accordingly, he chose to be conversed with through the channel of my paper. I am pleased with this mode of consulting me, and confess I would always choose rather, on a grave subject, to converse with my pen than with my lips; for, as it is my custom to be long in collecting myself, before I can deliver my thoughts with ease, I have no chance in an oral contest with the declaimers of the present hour.

The literary present, of which I have been speaking, was the more agreeable to me, as, on the principles on which I reason, in regard to the general character of any particular period, it exhibits, as far as it goes, a testimony to the honour of the times; for I consider that a spirit and taste in poetical labours, as long as they hold a place in our minds, are a proof that we are not yet abandoned by that vigorous relish, and that keen sensibility, which belong to a lively and sound organization, and which, in the history of all nations, I perceive, do gradually desert them, when they have passed the consummation of

their fortunes, and begin to measure back their steps through that returning scale, by which all human greatness is humbled.

It is with nations, as it is with individuals: in the florid stages of youth, when the spring of the mind is unworn, and the spirits and health are sound, the resources of real life are hardly enough for the exercise of its powers; the bounds of truth and existence are broken, and the stores of fiction are called in to supply the deficiency. As age advances, the mind narrows itself to the range of actual objects, and finds a sufficient exertion in the common topics and occurrences of life. At length the season of decay arrives, and the date of a more limited activity: what remains of force and vigour, is expended on the means of preservation; and existence itself is object sufficient for the efforts of extreme decrepitude. While the works, therefore, of imagination, preserve their esteem in this country, and the higher Poetry has still a train of votaries sufficient to maintain her dignity, I consider that ominous moment at some distance, whence the period of our national decay is to be dated.

The close of the eighteenth century will have produced English translations of two of the most celebrated poems in the world, which, if we refuse to admit them as testimonies to the genius of the age, we must at least accept as proofs of a yet-prevailing taste for the sublimer kinds of poetry. If there be genius, however, in catching the spirit of a great original writer, in transfusing that spirit into a new language; in sustaining a correspondent dignity of expression, and elevation of manner, through so different a medium; in taking to pieces the whole structure of his language, and building it up again with new materials, which materials we have also to

shape and adjust to the purposes of our new edifice; if there be genius in all this, there is genius in the work of an accomplished translator. It has been sensibly observed, that to comprehend perfectly the extent and value of another's abilities, a portion of those abilities was necessary in the judge. "Ut enim de pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex judicare, ita nisi sapiens non potest perspicere sapientem." If, therefore, simply to qualify us to taste and appreciate them in others, such a participation be necessary, a much larger share, surely, must be required to represent them with fidelity and justice. Were it asked, therefore, what qualifications were requisite for a translator of Homer, nothing less could be demanded, than a perfect knowledge of the two languages with which he is concerned, and a sympathy of feeling and conception with the great original.

An Englishman has a stronger interest in asserting the dignity and difficulty of translation, than the native of any other country, inasmuch as his own language contains the most arduous attempts and most successful specimens. The French, it is true, have not been insensible to the advantages to be derived from this direction of literary industry: they understood that the deficiencies of a language were only to be ascertained by comparing its strength with that of others: but together with what profit they derived from the labours of translation, they made also this unwelcome discovery, that there was something of constraint and formality in the genius of their language; something court-bred and precise in its character and complexion, which rendered it of a cast unfit for the great representations of general nature, and the sublime simplicity of the higher poetry. We have nothing of the Greek and Roman labour in this kind, of any importance, unless we can

agree that some of the plays of Terence are versions of those of Menander; a notion taken up too much upon trust, like a thousand others of a similar nature. The Iliad of Salvini is without the first pretension of poetry, its power of giving pleasure; I shall therefore say nothing upon it, for where there is nothing to invite a reader, there can be nothing to provoke a critic.

In England, the spirit of translation has extended itself over the whole province of ancient literature; an effect attributable to two causes—a genuine and prevailing relish of these precious models, and the pliancy, vigour, and abundance of our language. In that spirit of commerce, which is our national characteristic, we have extended our traffic in words to every corner of the globe; and have carried on this trade with the dead and the living, to a greater degree than any other country: we have not only drawn immediately from the Greeks and the Romans, but, in the circulations of commerce, we have made other countries our carriers, and have imported, in foreign bottoms, a variety of ancient idioms, and classical derivations. Out of such a fund of materials, and such a choice of combinations, a style is furnished us for every occasion, and for objects the most opposite in their nature and demands. We have an arsenal replete with all kinds of stores; and whether we are to depend upon our artillery or our muskets, whether we fight on horseback or on foot, we may be armed for either contest.

There is something, however, in the nature of translation, which discourages genius, by throwing a veil before that perfection which it loves to contemplate. We can propose nothing to ourselves but second praise, and for this we have to struggle with a band of difficulties which it is not even in the power

of genius to remove. While language is of so local and complexional a nature; while words are not merely representative of things, but represent also the feelings which accompany them, which feelings vary with the manners and customs of different nations and ages, more or less disappointment will always attend upon the labour of translation. It is a task with which the world is never satisfied. To content us, it must suit our present tastes and complexions, while it is required to be true and faithful to its original. These merits are rarely consistent with each other; the hero of one country is the savage of another; and what in one age is simplicity, in another is vulgarity.

The heroes of the Iliad, to modern conceptions of courage, are a group of bullies and bravadoes: if it be nature, it is nature stripped of its humanities; and a mind must be lost to feeling, or blinded by its partialities, to draw pleasure from such a contemplation. Veiled in the obscurity of a language but half understood, and surrounded by a cohort of sonorous words, and noble images; viewed through so reconciling a medium, the descriptions and characters of Homer in a great measure lose their natural effect, are carried to a distance that levels their obliquities, or regarded behind a skreen that throws an advantageous shade upon their deformities. It may be remarked too, that, in the perusal of a strange language, the mind insensibly drops a portion of its native habits and sentiments, and in some degree accommodates itself to the spirit of those new objects which are presented before it: but when customs and manners, the most abhorrent from our nature and feelings, are exhibited in all the familiarity of translation—in the dress of our fathers and brothers; when they set foot, as it were, on our very hearths

and thresholds—it is impossible we can make those same allowances; it is impossible, with our present principles and feelings, to delight in such a contemplation. It is, as if a savage from Otaheite were to appear in the dress of an English gentleman, eating his raw meat, or dressing his food in a hollow stone.

The latest translation of Homer exhibits an attempt to render, in our language, the real spirit of the original, and to present a faithful transcript of its simplicity; it has certainly succeeded in departing much less than former endeavours, from the spirit of its model. To this ambition however it has sacrificed what is of the first importance to a writer, the power of attracting readers; and its general character is so coarse and rugged, as not to be redeemed by those features of true poetry, by which it is here and there adorned. Very opposite to this was the design and principle of Mr. Pope's translation: he wrote for the English reader, under a conviction that, to produce entertainment was the first object of poetry, and that in this end he must necessarily fail, unless he consulted the genius of his own language and his own times. This is what Homer did before him; and had Homer written under his circumstances, there is little doubt but that his immortal poem would have breathed a similar elegance. The nature, however, of our minds is such, that we can entertain no principle with moderation; and Pope has carried a little farther than was expedient, that of accommodation to the taste of the times. He seems to have had the same stomach for Homer, as had the superstitious old slave, in the Sultan's seraglio, for the Alcoran, who devoured a versicle every night, at going to bed, written on a piece of China satin.

The English reader will certainly derive from Pope's translation no accurate acquaintance with the

Iliad; but the scholar can never cease to wonder at those talents which have been able to compose any thing so different from it, and yet so like it: he can never cease to wonder at that admirable art by which the same story is told, with so different a colouring, and that mighty genius by which so much of its sublimity has been saved in the wreck of its simplicity. We have in this translation an inexhaustible store of poetical language, and the richest treasure of poetical combinations that any production affords. There is no instance of so much elegance with so much energy, in the whole compass of English literature; and perhaps we are to date the highest polish of our language, from the appearance of this wonderful work.

There must necessarily be a strong affinity in the constitution of all truly poetical minds: their chief difference is derived from the bias of education and the influence of external circumstances. I speak here with reference to those princes in poetry, who extend their sovereignty to ages; that is, to such men as Homer and Virgil. I conceive that Virgil might have written like Homer, had he written in barbarous times; and that the polish of the age would have decorated the genius of Homer, had he composed his Iliad in the court of Augustus. While the bewitching arrangement and the consummate choice of words in the Æneid; while its inimitable variety of phrase, and captivating harmony of rhythm, imposes a trying task upon the translator—he is encouraged and supported by the consideration, that the affinity of character between the age in which the *original* was produced, and the *translation* undertaken, must eminently contribute to reconcile the spirit of the former with the interests of the latter, and, by blending truth with entertainment,

and exactness with elegance, require none of those mortifying sacrifices by which a translator, to attract readers, must expose himself to critics—must die a martyr to fidelity, or live a scandal to scholarship. With these advantages, Dryden is less excusable for the faults of his English Virgil. Had he put his genius to the stretch, he might surely have maintained that constant magnificence, that unbending majesty, which is the characteristic of the Roman poet. His irregularities, and his meannesses, merit a double reproach; they are not only blemishes in themselves, but are sins against that uniform dignity which runs through and distinguishes the whole of his mighty original. The best manner of Dryden is always stately and magnificent; and there is a bound and elasticity in the march of his verses, which, had it prevailed throughout his translation, would have very successfully represented the character of the original; but his constitutional carelessness broke in upon this system, and betrayed him into such unpardonable negligences, that it seems as if he had designed to exhibit the two extremes of good and bad translation, in the course of his volumes. The gentleman by whom the task is at present undertaken, has submitted the five first books to my perusal; and as far as I can judge, if the rest are in the same spirit, it will be the most complete translation in the English language. He has adhered to the sense of his author with a remarkable scrupulosity, to which, however, he has made no sacrifice of ease or perspicuity. If you read it with an eye to the original, you are delighted with his precision; if you read it for itself, you forget it is a translation. It is a modern structure built with Roman brick and Roman cement, and such as gave such unperishing strength to their ancient castles. I shall close my paper of

to-day, with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, which he has sent me for a specimen, beginning with the 454th line of the Fourth Georgic.

Now, wild in woe, the miserable bard
Mourns his rapt bride; she, while along the stream,
From Aristæus' hot pursuit she fled
In headlong haste, saw not before her feet
A Hydra huge, beneath the spiring blade,
Guarding the banks; saw not---to death devote!
'Twas then the Dryad Choir, her sister train,
Rais'd piercing plaints, that loftiest mountains rang;
In tears the Rhodopean rocks dissolv'd,
And tall Pangeus wept, and (nurse of Mars)
Thrace, and the Getæ, and swift Hebrus' stream,
And Orithyra fair, Athenian maid.
He, soothing his sad love, thee, consort sweet,
Thee sole along the solitary shore,
Thee at advancing, thee at parting day,
Sang to his hollow shell. Th' infernal jaws
Of Tænarus, and gates of Dis profound,
And forests that with blackest terror gloom'd,
He pierc'd; and dar'd to face the shades of hell,
And the tremendous king, and ruthless souls,
Unknowing how to melt at mortal pray'rs.
But, at his strain arous'd, came flitting fast
Thin shadows from the bottomless abyss
Of Erebus, and empty shades of men
Now banish'd from the light of upper day,
In number countless as the birds that fly
By myriads to the woods, and hide them there,
Driv'n from the mountain tops by closing eve,
Or wint'ry show'rs. Here matrons, husbands, throng,
And spirits, now of life disburthen'd, once
Heroes magnanimous; unwedded maids,
And boys, and youths, erst on funereal piles
Laid 'fore their parents' eyes; whom circling bind
Cocytus' mire obscene, and squalid reeds,
And, with her sluggard wave, th' abhorred lake,
And Styx, with streams thrice three times circumfus'd;
Nor less the damned domes astounded stood,
And Death's Tartarean deeps; and Furies three,
With tangled locks of twisting adders blue;

And Cerberus, to silence charm'd, fast held
His yawning mouths threefold; and sudden paus'd
Ixion's indefatigable wheel.
And now, all perils with reverted step
Safe had he pass'd, and, on the verge of light,
Ransom'd Eurydice was now arriv'd,
Following behind (such law Proserpine gave)---
When here infatuate phrensy sudden seiz'd
Th' unwary lover; pardonable, I deem,
To pardon could the gods infernal know.
He stood; and now, on the last bounds of day,
All mem'ry lost, alas! and soul-subdu'd,
On his Eurydice back-turning---gaz'd!
There lost was all his toil, and there infring'd
Th' ungentle tyrant's law! Thrice sounds were heard
To bellow through Avernus' floodless pool.
Then she:---And who me, miserable me!
And who, my Orpheus, thee, hath thus undone?
What madness seiz'd thy soul? See! once again,
Where me the iron destinies recall,
And death-like slumbers seize my swimming eyes!
And now farewell! By deepest night clos'd round,
Far am I borne away, and stretch to thee
My pow'rless hands! ah me! now thine no more!
She said; and sudden melted from his view
In flight dispers'd, as smoke dissolving blends
Into thin air; no longer him discerns
Clasping the shades in vain, and eager still
To speak innumerable things; nor more
Hell's boatman grants th' opposing lake to pass.
What should he do? or whither (twice by Fate
His bride now wrested) bend his wandering way?
How shall he weep, what magic tones employ,
To mitigate the manes? She the while,
Chill'd by the hand of death, sails far away.
While sev'n sad months in tedious order roll'd
(So fame records), beneath a sky-clad rock,
Beside forsaken Strymon's pensive stream,
Ceaseless he wept, his woes revolving sad
In gelid caverns, soothing tigers fierce,
And luring with his song the list'ning oaks.
Under a poplar tree, thus Philomel,
Moaning, bewails all lost her tender young,

Whom, callow in her nest, th' obdurate clown
Observing, thence in secret drew; but she
Sorrows all night, and, drooping on the bough,
Renews and still renews her doleful strain,
And fills with piteous plaints the regions round.
From that sad hour, no joys of Venus born,
No Hymeneal rites his constant soul
Could bend; but ice-bound Hyperborean climes,
And snowy Tanaïs, and Riphæan wastes,
To frost for ever married, wild he roam'd
In solitude forlorn; lamenting still
Eurydice for ever, ever, lost,
And Pluto's frustrate boon.---The Thracian dames
(Their love despis'd), amid the rites divine,
And Bacchanalian orgies of the night,
Wide o'er the fields the lacerated youth
Scatter'd. Nor less ev'n then, when Hebrus' stream
The head rude-torn from off the marble neck,
Amidst his eddying tide roll'd buoyant on;
Ev'n then, Eurydice! the voice itself
And torpid tongue, ah! sad Eurydice!
While linger'd still the parting spirit, call'd;
Eurydice! along the river's length,
The winding banks in dying echoes bear.

N° 61. SATURDAY, JULY 13.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

Nor will he leave his skin, until he drains,
Through every pore, the liquor of his veins.

THERE is no better proof of the difficulty that attends any species of composition, than the scarcity of successful specimens it affords, among a more than common multitude of trials. It is hard to point out an indisputably good translation in the language; whence it follows, that no mind of ordinary mould is equal to the performance, and that, to accomplish for the task, some certain qualities must conspire, which do rarely operate in conjunction. Why men should think humbly of an object which great geniuses have thought not unworthy to employ them, and on which original talents have been tried in vain—which, in the literary warfare, has proved too strong for the mighty, and which, circumscribed as its limits may seem, has held out against those conquerors by whom greater provinces have been subdued, it is not easy to conceive, unless it arise from the envy inspired by failures in original attempts, which derive some consolation from under-rating the glory acquired in less arduous undertakings. They are best answered, however, by a fact which contains in it something a little problematical: there never was a capital translator that was destitute of original

powers, while many an original genius is without the qualifications of a translator.

If translation were nothing more than a verbal exercise of the memory, and a mechanical accommodation of one part to another; if the letter alone, and not the spirit, were concerned; if the force of a man's mind existed separately in the words, and not in their combination; and if the sum of his meaning were always to be produced from the same denominations; the translator might stand in the middle, between the maker of an index, and the compiler of a vocabulary: but, if there be any intellectual chemistry employed in the transfusion of thoughts and images from one language into another; if, to represent, in all their vivacity, the pictures wrought in another's imagination, we must possess all the corresponding colours in our own; if it be necessary to feel nicely, to describe justly; if we must conceive fully, to copy faithfully; then there is a dignity in translation above the reach of common men; a merit that belongs to it beyond what the original reflects; a merit peculiarly and eminently its own; and a mode of excellence not always within the grasp of original ability.

But what is that circumstance in which consists the superior difficulty of translation; a difficulty which great wits and accomplished writers have rarely, if ever, surmounted; and before which genius itself falls often prostrate, and avows its imbecility? A greater felicity of invention, or power of imagination; a greater skill in combining, or force in colouring; a greater expansion of thought, or affluence of materials, it cannot require than works of original genius: to these belong whatever hold the highest place and character in the order of intellectual endowments; whatever is paramount and

princely in the mind. In what then consists this peculiar difficulty of translation? Not in its concerns with the genius or the judgement separately; not in its claims upon the imagination, or its exercise of the memory; but in that equal tribute it exacts from all the powers of the intellect, in that poise and equilibrium of the faculties it requires, which holds them all in reciprocal dependence; in its calls for genius, but genius yoked to discretion; in its calls for prudence, but prudence informed with vivacity; in that rigour of its demands, which requires an assemblage of qualities, that rarely conspire, which requires ambition with moderate pretensions, emulation without the wish to surpass, freedom tempered with reserve, and spirit exercised to forbearance.

This speculative difficulty of translation has produced those defects in practice, which might have reasonably been expected. In its earlier efforts, we behold a tameness and servility which disappoint us of all the genius of the original; by its idolatrous adherence to forms and symbols, it lost sight of the true objects of its adoration—the spirit and divinity itself. Of this character are the attempts of Ben Jonson, Hobbes, Holiday, and others. Then followed a crowd of slovenly translators, whose pride seemed to consist in familiarising their originals, by coarse and ordinary expressions, content with a loose display of their meaning, without caring about the quality of the medium through which their sense was conveyed. Such are the versions of Echard and Estrange, whose productions may be studied with advantage by those whose business is with the vulgar combinations of the language, with sordid witticisms and proverbial buffoonery. In the cohort of licentious translators who followed, and who may justly

be said to be above their profession, Dryden appears at their head,

> -------- by merit rais'd
> To that bad eminence.

Franchised by nature, and endued with that grace of manner by which some men are privileged above rules, he felt that he could adventure in poetry beyond any other writer of his age. Unhappily he carried this habitual carelessness into the province of translation, where it could not but work considerable mischief, and overthrow the very principle and purpose of his labours; where it was a breach of literary trust, and a violation of that faith to which he pledged himself by the undertaking. He complains, indeed, of the insufficiency of our language, which was unable to supply what the original exacted in the grace and splendour of diction; and repines at the difficulty which grew upon him, of making new words and phrases, to correspond with the unwearied variety of his author's language: but this plea, which is doubtful as far as it goes, can never excuse his violations of that first and fundamental law of his original, which enjoined a chaste severity, and an uniform elevation of style.

I do not know how a man can reasonably complain, with the Paradise Lost in his hands, of the want of strength, or variety, or majesty, in our language. We have words in abundance for high and low occasions, for grave and mirthful topics: a wardrobe furnished for every character, whether we act the prince or the mountebank, the hero or the harlequin. Yet, true as this observation may be, of the language in general, it is a misfortune inherent in translation, that no language can furnish, for every particular phrase, a phrase of corresponding

dignity; for every particular word, a word of similar energy. Some sentences must unavoidably lose a proportion of their value, for the want of adequate expressions; and the force of a passage must frequently be reduced by words of inferior sound. But where there is a prevailing character in the original, whatever that character may be, such is the versatile capability of our language, that the English translator is inexcusable if he fail in the ultimate resemblance, and lose sight of the leading excellence, of his model.

Languages are not always in unison, and their chords will not always afford corresponding effects of sound; an irremediable defect attached to translation, in respect to single words, which no arts of combination can supply, and no subsequent compensations redeem. When the harassed army of the Greeks, under the conduct of Xenophon, after innumerable sufferings and fatigues, had gained the heights of the Carduchan mountains, the sea, suddenly bursting upon their view, gave them a prospect of their homes, and, in a moment, filled their hearts with a thousand tender hopes and recollections; they saw before them the sweet reward of all their toils; and already their fancies regaled them with the joyful congratulations of their wives, and the lisping welcomes of their children: "θαλατ͂α! θαλατ͂α!" broke involuntarily from the lips of those who were foremost, and the sound ran increasing from the van of the army; presently those who were behind took it up, till at length it spread from battalion to battalion, till it reached the ears of Xenophon, who was bringing up the rear of his troops. Now what sort of figure will the words, "the sea! the sea!" make in place of "θαλατ͂α! θαλατ͂α!" Not all the echoes of a thousand hills, or the union of a million of voices,

could give it an equal effect; and here we must confess, that there is no force of mind in the translator, which can compensate for the defect in his language.

But, as certain words, in certain languages, have sounds which cannot be imitated, so have they meanings which cannot be transplanted. If any man of knowledge and research, equal to the undertaking, were to set himself the task of collecting those words, in different languages, which are most untranslatable into others; the adoption of such words, instead of the multiplication of our synonimous terms, might be a real accession of literary wealth, and, by saving the necessity of circumlocutions, would bring with it very material advantages in respect to brevity of phrase, and simplicity of expression. In the course of such an inquiry, he would often fall upon very pleasing discoveries of the strong connection between language and manners, and might discern, through this medium, many of the distinguishing features of ancient and modern times. Thus "sentiment" is a word of modern origin, and explains in a manner, by its date, an effect of the Gothic institutions of chivalry. In the Latin word "orbitas," for which we can find no corresponding term, we perceive some intimation of the consequence and immunities which were gained among the Romans by a numerous progeny. The complexional peculiarities of the English have produced a variety of appropriate words, such as "comfortable,"—"humour," and a hundred others; of which quality are, "appétissant,"—"piquant,"—"naïveté,"—"ennui," in the French.

But it is not in single words only, that one language bids defiance to another; they are as often irreconcileable in their combinations; and there are sentiments in every language which can neither be

literally nor virtually translated. That accidental force which is communicated to words by those circumstances and incidents, those trivial localities which leave their impressions on a language long after they expire themselves, impart also to certain phrases an untranslatable quality, an essential inherent virtue, which baffles imitation. Thus, in some writers, who are most intimately acquainted with the secret resources of their language, we observe a delicacy which will not bear removal, a vivacity which dies in the handling, a charm which fades with exposure. This is that *curiosa felicitas* by which Horace is distinguished above other writers, and which adheres to the language as a painting to its canvas. Who can express, in other words, the "strenua inertia," the "facili sævitia," the "simplex munditiis," and a hundred other phrases of that most exquisite poet? They are among the απαξ ειρημενα, once said and never to be said again.

It is flattering to our natures to find excuses for human failures, and to lodge the blame rather with the instruments with which we work, than with ourselves. In the business of translation, we are sure that no perfection of intellect can remedy or supply the deficiencies of language; yet, in the specimens which our country's literature exhibits, we perceive a sufficient number of errors, for which no reason can be given, but the false taste, ignorance, or pride of translators. It may be fairly attributed to one of these causes, when we see an author's meaning grossly mistaken, a new dress given to his sentiments, or new sentiments substituted in their place. Thus, I lose my patience, when I see what was meant metaphorically by the author, interpreted literally by his translator; or a thought cast into a metaphor, which was simply intended. This is only warrant-

able in cases where one language cannot be accommodated to the spirit or idiom of another; but it is plain to be perceived, how often it springs from a pragmatical interference in the translator, who is so continually led away by the conceit of improving upon his original.

A vanity of this sort seems to have strongly possessed the mind of the celebrated translator of Cicero's and Pliny's Epistles, who not seldom sacrifices his original to an overspun delicacy of phrase, and is, in some respects, too fine a gentleman for a faithful translator. "Epistola enim non erubescit" —thus Tully, in his famous letter to Lucceius; which his translator has Englished, "For a letter spares the confusion of a blush." Had he rendered it literally, its strength and its brevity might have been preserved in the translation. He has too much of what the Greeks express by the term ακριβεια, a word whose force cannot be represented by any single word of any language with which I am acquainted.

There is no fault into which the pride of improving more frequently betrays modern translators, than this aberration from the simple meaning and spirit of their authors. The circumstance, indeed, which still secures to the ancients their poetical pre-eminence, is that superior vein of simplicity by which, in general, they are distinguished. As the dress of shepherdesses becomes some women best, so some thoughts are best adorned in the plainest attire. The modern translator is for tricking out every thing in a meretricious splendour; is for covering with a corrosive cosmetic the vivid bloom of nature, and for hiding her original whiteness with a cold and lifeless enamel.

The difference of character between ancient and

modern compositions, is marked in nothing so strongly as in the taste for allegorical representations. The emblems of the moderns are distinguished by their complication and confusion; those of the ancients, by their simplicity and propriety. The same opposition of character runs through the whole range of metaphor and allusion. The ancient designs with two or three strokes; the modern is always filling up and retouching: the one imagines you can never have enough; the other is afraid of giving you too much. It was a risk more perilous than he thought, for an ancient to have indulged his genius; his boldness is sure to be outraged by his translator: if he be witty, he is converted into a conjuror; all his conceits are wrought up into conundrums; his native elegance is refined into coxcombry; and, if his natural walk be graceful, he is made to dance in the translation.

I don't know whether I do not seem to my readers to fritter things into too curious distinctions: but I cannot help observing, that there is a way of translating a passage, which, though at first view it shall seem to run pretty close with the original, shall yet, through pores of the language not discernible except to nice observers and exercised organs, suffer, as it were, all the spirit to escape, and shall play the losing game so dexterously (if this double metaphor can be excused me), that the stake shall be lost where success seemed *inevitable*. This losing game some of us moderns excel in. To illustrate my meaning, let us take, for an example, the beautiful passage from the Medea of Euripides, where that princess thus gives vent to those agonizing feelings which must rend a mother's heart ere she can resolve to murder, with her own hands, her infant babes:

Φευ φευ· τι προσδερκεδε μ' ομμασιν τεκνα;
Τι προσγελᾶτε τον πανυσ̃αλον γελων;
Αι αι· τι δρασω καρδια γαρ οιχεται.

This passage, in the hands of one of our elegant translators, would run a great hazard of losing its strength through an affectation of grace and purity, and perhaps might be thus translated:

"Alas! alas! why, my children, do you turn your eyes upon me?
Why do you laugh for the last time?
Alas! alas! what course shall I take, for my courage abandons me?"

A robuster hand, that despised pusillanimous graces, and dared be literal where the *spirit* was in the *letter*, would translate the passage word for word.

"Alas! alas! why do you look at me, my children, with those eyes?
Why do you laugh your last laugh?
Ah! ah! what shall I do, for my heart is gone?"

Now though there is no great ambition of elegance in the first mode of translating the passage, and the language is coarse in comparison of the usual tenuity of modern versions; yet has it lost the characteristic energy of the original Greek, where the very strength and vigour of the sentiment consists greatly in that seeming tautology and pleonasm, which, in the first translation, is fastidiously rejected.

In the business of translation, there is no attempt more delicate and dangerous, than that of tampering with a thought under a notion of improving its effect. It is not in the compass of any general rules to define so dubious a right, or limit so precarious a liberty. Let it be exercised by those only, who, by long ac-

quaintance with their author's manner, have learned with accuracy to distinguish the colour of his thoughts, to embrace the true scope of his meaning, and to detect in his language the tacit operations of his mind. To force upon him a thought, of which he has given no sort of intimation, is an offence without excuse or palliation; and so much like treachery and falsehood, as to take a shade of immorality.—If this be a crime in translation, Dryden must be considered as criminal in no common degree, unless it will be admitted in excuse that, as often as he overcharges the sense of his original in one place, he curtails it in another.

The last stumbling-block to translators, which I have room left me to remark upon, is the wit and humour of their authors. There is nothing which will bear so little to be loaded, as genuine humour, the texture of which is generally so fine, that a breath will almost dissolve it: yet here the wantonness of the translator conspicuously breaks out; and nothing is more rare than a flower of this kind that survives the transplanting. One might wonder how any man, in whom there was nothing congenial, should venture upon the translation of a comic writer, if every hour did not serve to convince us that the point of humour is that in which our self-flattery leads us into grosser mistakes than any faculty which belongs to our natures. The sources of humour lie so buried in the words, and its effect is so complexional, and adheres so closely to the manner, that it cannot be separated by rude hands, or developed by common acuteness.

Besides which, the jest of the humourist lies often in his earnest, and his earnest reciprocally in his jest; a circumstance which induces perpetual mistakes in the translator, who is for ever interpreting seriously,

what is jestingly meant in the original; and is shaking his sides, when his author only smiles severely. We may boast, however, of translations, both of Lucian and of Plautus, two of the most humorous writers of antiquity, which are highly creditable to the literature of this country; and a living author of some sensible essays has shown us, by a very spirited specimen, how well qualified he is to preserve, in a translation, the irresistible humour of Aristophanes. I do not recollect an instance in which the idea of an original has been improved by a chaster and happier turn, than one that occurs in a passage of Plautus's Treasure, translated by Thornton. The passage to which I allude, is in the fourth scene of the second act, the force of which, however, can only be understood by a perusal of the context.—"Hem! sic oportet obseri mores malos!" The turn given to "mores malos!" by translating it "wild oats," adds infinitely to the humour, without departing from the scope of the idea.

N° 62. SATURDAY, JULY 20.

Manus manum fricat.

Give ME that warmth which hands impart,
That, join'd, convey from heart to heart
The glow which gratitude conceives,
And pity, genuine pity, gives;
The fire that's borrow'd from above,
And only heaven-taught bosoms prove.

IN an age and in a country wherein the tones of every thing are stretched to their utmost, and in which the thirst of refinement has carried our virtues to the very confines of vice, it is an useful service to distinguish between the just measure and the excess, the pretended and the real, the solid and the superficial. There is a period in the progress of society, when virtues and vices seem to draw towards each other with a mutual approach; a period in which a certain delicacy of appetite, and fastidiousness of feeling, shapes our vicious indulgences to something like a virtuous elegance, and overstrains our virtues to so unnatural a pitch, as to destroy their efficacy, and distort their appearance. The noble pre-eminence to which this country has raised itself in the present crisis, by a catholic spirit of charity, which no enmities, no hostilities, no national difficulties can repress, should, methinks, make us the more solicitous to preserve this lustre of character from the tarnish of ostentatious and hypocritical sensibility.

Nothing has a greater tendency to lower the price of real virtues, than the progress of these imitations. When it is found that the boast succeeds as well as the practice, and that loud and loquacious feeling raises our credit higher than the quiet tenour of good actions, the imbecility of our minds is overcome by this union of ease and splendour, and we are content to take the honour without its pains and sacrifices.

It is the lot of some impostors to impose upon themselves, while they think they are only deceiving the world; and, by continual professions and boasts of sensibility, the mind comes at last to believe them itself, erects to itself a secret shrine, and is the idol of its own contemplations. Even in the best constituted minds the smallest speck of ostentation is a dangerous blemish; it steals on with an insensible enlargement, till it stretches to the whole circumference, and admits only a troubled and deceiving glare, while it shuts out the distinct and definite objects of genuine compassion.

We are come to those times in which it is necessary almost to set as strong a guard upon our virtues as upon our vices; since it is the tendency of great refinement to draw out the one to an excess and extravagance that destroys its practicability, while it operates as a check to the other, and mitigates its violence. Besides which, there is in the high polish of general manners, an effect, which in some measure confounds the distinctions of virtue and vice, and, by giving an uniform universal brilliancy to our actions and deportment, requires a very close observation to distinguish the different shades and colourings of characters.

But, besides the distinctions between true and false sensibility, there is a very material difference in the nature of sensibility itself. There is a sensibility

which is bounded to our own interests and concerns; and there is a sensibility which embraces all that appertains to man—which makes the cause of misery its own, dissolves with a stranger's woe, and drops tear for tear with the sorrowful and broken-hearted. Again, we may divide into two separate classes, those sensible hearts that feel unfeignedly for the woes of others, and interest themselves tenderly in all that concerns the happiness of their fellow-creatures; for there are who sympathise with every tale of distress, who love to dwell on topics of sorrow, and whose tears drop fast at a tale of affliction, but whose pity is only in speculation, and who make but few sacrifices for the woes they lament; and there are others again whose tears are few or many, and whose apparent commiseration is either much or little, but whose actions *invariably* point to objects of kindness and humanity, and whose hands accompany their hearts in every concern of benevolence or pity. Let such as come under this latter description enjoy exclusively their just though silent claims; let them not be confounded with fraudulent pretenders, who ravish the rewards without performing the duties; or with such as feel only within the circle of their own interests and connections; or with those barren sentimentalists who refine upon sorrows without relieving them: but let *them* stand in their due eminence above the common mass of pity's advocates, and let *their* inheritance of praise be such as rightfully belongs to the eldest children of humanity.

After all, however, in our estimation of human actions perhaps it were better not too curiously to examine into their origin and motives; we have little else to do in this world, but with ostensible proofs and results. Whatever it is which keeps a man in the observance of his duty, or in the practice of be-

nevolence, it is enough for us that the present purposes of humanity are answered; we shall account at a future tribunal for our secret motives, where all hearts will be laid open, and the depths of human counsels scrutinised and exposed. Among those whose hands are always open to human distresses, and whose actions seem to testify sensibility of soul, there are some, doubtless, whom the love of celebrity alone incites, and in whose bosoms a tacit bargain accompanies every act of generosity, by which they bespeak an equivalent of praise; others, by whose conduct it should seem that they conceive that they purchase a right to sin, by scattering their bounties among the poor, or consecrating their tears to suffering humanity; and some again, whose charities belong to no better motives than a mere mechanical impulse, or a certain bias towards imitation, or an imbecile homage to the fashion of the day. It is fair, however, to pronounce, that the charities of *that* man are not the fruits of his sensibilities, nor his public assiduities and liberalities the progeny of genuine feeling, when his wife deplores at home his indifference, his unkindness, or his tyranny, or his children bear testimony to the narrowness of his heart, that has induced him to withhold those opportunities and instructions which were requisite to open their minds to their better interests.

As the business of life becomes arranged, classified, and systematised in the progress of national refinement, and as inventions and improvements push themselves on all sides, till every thing is reduced to a science, we may observe, that even the virtues themselves are squared into rules, so that the practice of them may be learned by those who have but little of the spirit or essence of them in their hearts.

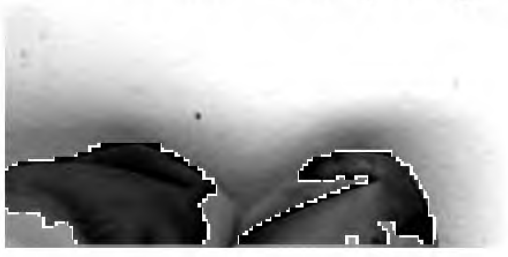
A gentleman becomes a natural philosopher by

purchasing a cabinet, and adopting the cant of the London schools; a house filled with paintings, establishes a connoisseur; a man is made a gentleman at the Herald's office much sooner than by the ordinary methods of education; and, not satisfied with manufacturing nobility of blood, we have contrivances for making men charitable, humane, and tender-hearted, without requiring them to possess these qualities in their bosoms: thus we have only to bestow in a certain way a certain sum of money, and exercise ourselves in a certain mode of declamation, to be considered as professors in the science of humanity. My projecting friend, with whose conversation I am seldom favoured, by reason of the multiplicity of business he has always on his hands, passed a day with me a fortnight ago, and was prodigiously struck with my idea of a school of sensibility, accommodated to the present state of fashionable feelings. He sent me, the next day, the following advertisement, intended for the public prints, in which some part of his plan is exhibited.

"*Grown Ladies and Gentlemen taught Sensibility on "Mathematical Principles.*

"The advertiser hopes for the encouragement of "the public, upon the strength of his long and labo- "rious application to this most elegant of all arts, "which he has reduced to a system, that makes it "easy to the dullest capacity. The principal ex- "cellence of his plan consists in its being universally "applicable, as it requires no particular constitution "of the mind, or habits of life, to qualify a scholar "to arrive at all its advantages. As the advertiser "is well aware that different kinds of sensibility be- "come different characters and stations in life, he

" will do his utmost to accommodate all ranks and " denominations, from the countess to the common- " councilman. Any lady who may have occasion to " faint during the present hot weather, at any public " place, may learn of him the most natural and easy " mode of accomplishing her purpose. He flatters " himself he can give equal satisfaction in his hysteric " fits; and engages, in the course only of twenty " lessons, to teach a delicate embarrassment, and " gentle suffusion, to the most unbending set of fea- " tures, and the most rigid apathy of countenance. " In the different modes of weeping, he is acknow- " ledged to be an unrivalled master, by those who " have made trial of his abilities this way; he would " engage to 'draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.' " In the course of a twelvemonth, he pledges himself " to turn out of his academy such a tribe of snivel- " lers, whimperers, sobbers, and blubberers, at our " funerals, charity-sermons, hanging-bouts, and tra- " gedies, as shall raise a very sentimental uproar " through his majesty's three kingdoms. Young di- " vines may be taught how to cry at any part of " their sermons, in such a manner as to overcome " the women and churchwardens; and the flourish " of the white handkerchief is reduced to general " rules. From a gentle dying-away to an agony of " sorrow, from a burst of compassion to a soft mur- " mur of sympathy, the advertiser is consummate in " his art: and whether it is at Sterne's ass, or the " woes of Clementina; whether at the dissolution of " a cock-sparrow, or the death of a husband; whe- " ther his assistance is required by a fine lady or a " carcase butcher, a mountebank or an undertaker; " he will teach the most becoming modes of sensibi- " lity, and the most characteristic expressions of sor- " row. The younger part of his scholars will have



" their heads filled with scraps from Sterne, and his " imitators; and such books as the ' Feelings of the " Heart,' and the ' Tears of Sensibility,' will be con- " sidered as classics of the highest authority. The " boys will be taught to ask for their bread and " butter in a recitative, and return thanks for a " holiday in the most plaintive and desponding " tones. Thus much at present for the notice of his " scheme. A fuller explanation of his plan will be " given with the proposals, which he has it in con- " templation to publish in a few weeks. However, " in the mean time, to prevent any suspicion that his " methods of discipline are harsh and painful, and " require an excruciating process to produce their " ends, the advertiser assures his friends and the " public, that nothing beyond a common rod will be " used on the most indocile disciples, and that gentle " means will always be preferred, such as onions, " mustard, and the like, where these are sufficient to " exercise the scholars, and there is a reasonable ir- " ritability of organs. Any hints or communications " will be received with the warmest effusions of " gratitude, and the most exquisite feelings of the " soul, by

" Paul Pensive, Heart-street."

I have been always delighted with an anecdote of Louis the Fourteenth, which exhibits a delicacy of feeling in that monarch, not common among the great and powerful. As he was one day sitting in the midst of some of his courtiers, he undertook to tell them a story which should make them all die with laughing. Notwithstanding his promise, however, the conclusion was very insipid, and produced only a forced smile on the countenances of his hearers. As soon he had finished speaking, the

prince d'Armagnac happened to leave the room: whereupon Louis resumed his story, with informing those who were present, that he had recollected in the middle of it, that, in the humour on which it turned, there was something which might give pain to the nobleman that had just left the company; but that, now he was absent, he would try again. His story, which was exceedingly diverting, had its full effect upon his auditors.

Sensibility branches out into as many relations as the scriptural sense of charity, and touches as many points of human character and conduct. Where I discern only a partial exercise of it, I cannot think that it can have any real existence in the mind; and such as can weep at a tragedy, without solicitude or sorrow for the actual distresses of life, or those who, while they are founding an alms-house, can feel pleasure in mortifying honest pride, or exciting a blush on the cheek of modesty, may be well enough as active citizens, but, in my mind, are among the lowest order of hypocrites, considered as moral agents, and as members of social life.

I hold it necessary to offer no apology to my readers for the introduction of the two following little poems. The one, by discountenancing the false, the other, by exhibiting the true sensibility, are both of them promotive of the purposes of to-day's essay, and have in themselves the richest claims possible to the patronage of every feeling heart. Why need I mention that the author is a female, since she stands neither in need of courtesy from the critic, nor of partiality from the public?

TO SENSIBILITY.

OH, sacred source of joy below,
Thou friend of life, thou nurse of woe;

Rich essence of the high-wrought soul!
Blest spark that animat'st the whole!
That bid'st th' enlighten'd thought aspire,
That lend'st to genius all its fire---
Thy gifts ennoble and refine;
Aye! all the LIFE of LIFE is thine!
Shall then conspicuous Sorrow pour
From willing eyes her ready show'r,
At mimic woes by fashion dress'd,
Because distress becomes her best,
And the soft heroine appears
"Most amiable when dress'd in tears!"
Within so cold, so vain a heart,
Thy angel form can share no part;
Nor dwell'st thou in th' eternal quote
Of hackney'd phrases conn'd by rote;
Or whining sentimental chat,
How Sterne said this, Eliza that.
Yorick! indignant I behold
Such spendthrifts of thy genuine gold!
To see Le Fevre's hallow'd tear
To vulgar eyes expos'd and bare!
And every rhyming school-girl's verse
Thy poor Maria's woes rehearse;
And, panting for a fond renown,
Call thy "recording angel" down!---
Sick is my wearied soul to see
Such proofs of sensibility.
Ye spirits, who delight to show,
And deeper dye, the dress of woe!
Go, range through pallid Mis'ry's cell;
Go, where Disease and Anguish dwell;
Where Want extends her eager hands,
Where unrepining Patience stands,
And palsy'd Age, by Grief subdu'd,
In faltering accents craves for food---
There fix thine eyes---there ask thy heart,
If in these sorrows thou hast part?
These scenes full surely will reveal,
If thou hast learn'd what wretches feel!
If *then* escape the stealing sigh,
If the kind tear *then* dim thine eye;
If, more than all, thou weep'st to know
So scant thy lot of wealth below,

As barely leaves thee for thy share
But little more than tears to spare;
Yet, unresisting, still you give
That LITTLE MORE that bids them live;
Deny'st thyself one joy, to shed
A comfort on thy brother's head,
And all the while unheard thy sigh,
Unseen the tear that dims thine eye;
If thy benevolence be known
To misery and thy God alone;
Then answer'd is thy just appeal;
Yes, thou hast learn'd what wretches feel!
Yes! yes! will voices from on high,
Of sainted sufferers, seem to cry---
Yes! when my mortal flesh was weak,
When tears bedew'd my pallid cheek,
And when my naked limbs were cold,
When I was hungry, poor, and old,
You rais'd me from the bed of woe,
You bade my tears no longer flow;
You did my naked body hide,
Gave me what great ones had deny'd,
The needful long-untasted meal---
Yes! thou hast learn'd what wretches feel!

WRITTEN AT THE BED-SIDE OF A SICK INFANT.

AH, dear one! while thy suffering form I see
So pale, extended on thy bed of pain,
What a sad tale thy dumb grief tells my heart!
Yet sure 'twere kind to let thee thus depart,
Nor call thee to this cheating life again.

For should'st thou live, sweet cherub! who can tell
What woes, what vice, may future years impart?
And what could I, to soothe thy misery,
But cling around thy neck, and weep with thee,
And, weeping, load afresh thy breaking heart!

See cold neglect repress each rising thought,
Or see thy youth's first hopes meet swift decay;
The roses on thy mind-illumin'd face
Wither'd, and every soul-enchanting grace
Thrown, like a weed, a worthless weed, away!

Or crush'd by Poverty's indurate hand,
Or Labour's ruder grasp, thy rising powers;
Or worse, some sworn seducer stain thy mind,
Whilst thou, to thine own killing thoughts resign'd,
Weep'st out the remnant of thy wretched hours!

Oh, better, better far to see thee dead!
Nay, better could I bear to see thee die;
Could sooner take thee in these trembling arms,
And offer up to heav'n thy infant charms,
Than see thee scorn'd by each insulting eye!

Thou God of mercy, justice, truth, and love,
To whom, at Mis'ry's midnight hour, I pray,
Who seest that quiv'ring cheek, who seest these tears,
These restless thoughts, these agonizing fears,
"Whate'er Thou will'st, unargu'd I obey."

N° 63. SATURDAY, JULY 27.

Tuas res tibi habe, Amor: mihi amicus ne fuas unquam.
PLAUT. Trin.

Love, I have nothing to do with you---you were never a friend to me.

My readers may well wonder how the subject of love finds its way into the thoughts of such a poor little piece of anatomy as myself. It is a certain, though singular truth, that our family, as far back as we can trace our lineage, notwithstanding our hereditary composure, have had locked up in their veins a portion of this subtle poison, which has never failed to manifest itself with more or less strength in every

generation, and still inhabits the weak little frame with which I am endowed. In me, however, age, and the natural coldness of my constitution, have overcome its ordinary effects; and I am only put in mind of its existence by a certain involuntary interest which I feel in all that concerns this noble passion, in every tale of tender sufferings, and every instance wherein true hearts are united. This hereditary particle in the constitution of the Olive-branches, has sometimes lain quiet for a generation, and then again it has broken out with redoubled effect: but I gather from our family records, that it has shown itself under very different aspects, according to the different complexions on which it has operated.

What remains of my great-grandfather's opinions on this subject, are eminently sober and sentimental; and in consonance with his love of general rules, and his spirit of legislation, he has left us a very ample code of amorous institutes, adapted to all ages and all conditions. I remember, when I was full five and thirty (before which age, by the laws of our family, we are not allowed to assume the *toga virilis*), my mother put into my hands this mysterious manual, saying, "There, Sim, this will make a man of you: depart not, while you live, from the wisdom it contains—and when you shall, at a discreet age, bethink yourself of matrimony, lay it by, as a sacred gift to be handed down to your children's children."

In the person of Mr. Isaac Olive-branch, who is considered as the wittiest of our patriarchs, this hereditary sentiment discovered itself in the drollest conceits imaginable. It was one of his whims to contrive what he called his amorous pudding, into which he threw such a collection of ingredients, as, by a proper fermentation in the stomach, might send up those melancholic fumes into the brain, which

engender soft ideas and images, and dispose the whole system to love. My comical progenitor having a pretty turn to poetry, put his receipt for this dish into verse, a part of which (for the whole is very long, and includes a list of ingredients that would require a long life to collect) I shall here insert.

"Round about the pudding move
You that wish to live and love;
And the magic fuel throw,
All that to love does sacred grow:
First a lock of Lydia's hair,
But not that one that floats in air,
That which in her bosom lies;
Ruthless seize the wanton prize,
Seize it, ere it yet has seen
Summers more than bare fifteen.
Trouble, trouble, tender trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
The tear from night's blue arch that drops,
Till in the blossom's bell it stops;
Tip of Philomela's tongue,
Chaunting o'er her callow young;
Plume pluck'd from a sparrow's side,
As it quiver'd by his bride;
Farina from a passion-flow'r,
That hath not felt the zephyr's pow'r;
Pend'lous drops, in morning grey,
The balmy quintessence of day;
Then a tear from Chloe's eye,
That with Indian pearl doth vie;
Finger of the gadding vine,
That with liquid love doth shine;
Snow-drop nurs'd in April's lap,
Throw into the potent pap;
Flower of Nigella great,
Stooping to his dwarfish mate;
Sprig of woodbine, ivy shoot;
Mimosa's leaf throw in to boot;
Nodding cups of cowslip sweet,
Cast into the charmed treat.
Trouble, trouble, tender trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

In those days of witchcraft and credulity, an invention of this sort gained an easy belief, which was moreover assisted by the spirit of amour which the genius of chivalry inspired. Mr. Isaac, who was somewhat of a beau, a knight, and a conjuror, and who had almost a faith in the magical potency of herbs, persuaded himself and half the court into a high conceit of the merits of such a pudding.

If our records are to be believed, queen Elizabeth invited lord Essex to breakfast upon one of these puddings, of my ancestor's making; the first effects of which so much resembled the cholic, that it was always a nice point to distinguish between love and simple indigestion. As this was the first refinement upon the ancient plum-pudding, and gave the first stimulus to our inquiries into those innumerable modifications of which this standing dish is susceptible, I conceive that the world is more substantially indebted to my family than it imagines. The ancient mystical pudding is represented at present by the wedding-cake; and the property ascribed to it, when cold, of settling love, is a discovery that has since branched out from the great original invention of my wise progenitor.

This constitutional bias towards love did not fail of manifesting itself in my mother's father, together with a strong analogous propensity towards pudding; and as a disorder in the viscera carried him off at the age of ninety-seven, my mother and the faculty are still at issue about the cause of his death—the one attributing it to disappointment in love, the other to a constipation of the bowels. The family-mark is not yet worn out of my mother: I found her, the other day, in the middle of Solomon's Song; and a variety of old ballads, which have fastened upon her memory, and from time to time break involuntarily from her lips, betray symptoms of a yet unsubdued

relish of these amiable fancies. She called me to her, about a week ago, as she was reading in our little arbour the Memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and assured me very gravely, that she had thoroughly resolved against a second marriage—and that not so much from any aversion to the state, as from her dislike to the manner in which our young cavaliers conducted the business of love in the present day, when she compared it with the disinterested ardour and generous enthusiasm of our gallant forefathers.

I assure my readers I am not behind the rest of my family in this warmth of sentiment, though I confess that my turn is rather to *speculate* upon the passion of love, and watch its effects on the bosoms of my fair countrywomen, than to take an active interest in its proceedings. As a fountain plays the stronger the more confined its aperture, so the sentiment of which I have been speaking, having nothing to play it off in my exterior, no grace of carriage, and but little animation of feature, no magic of persuasion or secrets of utterance, no seductions of manner or brilliancy of tongue, acts in my bosom with a collected force, and inspires it with an energy of feeling, that extends to every concern of my fellow-creatures where love has a place. Thus my soul is kept continually awake by an unwearied solicitude for the sorrows and sufferings of this noblest of the passions; and I am ever lamenting that there is so much in the world to cross its tendency, and abuse its blessings.

There is surely nothing more to be deplored in the system of life, than its counteraction to the natural movements of this exalted passion; and it is, methinks, the greatest of all satires upon our schemes

and contrivance for happiness, to reflect, that it is their tendency to traverse and exclude those boons of nature from which our greatest enjoyments arise. That unnatural disposition of things which has raised money to so undue a pre-eminence, has placed love under those circumstances of slavery and depression which effectually disappoint all its grandest purposes, and leave it little more than a name to decorate a fiction, or to cover a design. In contemplating the gradual extinction of this sentiment, to which, in its true nature, is attached whatever is great and honourable in man, we cannot regard without shame the system under which it is trampled, and repine at the triumphs of those treacherous passions which engage us to conspire against our own felicity. Instead of that delight to which it naturally leads, we see nothing in the present operations of love but a perpetual warfare, an incessant struggle after that freedom for which heaven designed it. And instead of forming a part of the system of life, so widely has the present scheme departed from its principle, that wherever it appears, it beggars the hopes of rising fortunes, and diverts from the road of industry and advancement.

In former days it was the effect of love to prompt the spirits to activity, and to challenge all the vigour of the mind; to inspire felicity into all our undertakings, and to animate the business of life. The arrangements of society were not then in hostility with this generous passion: to ensure success, we had only to prove ourselves worthy—and personal superiority, the distinctions of manhood and the gifts of heaven, were the only claims that beauty would acknowledge. But how is the complexion of things altered! In vain has nature distinguished her fa-

vourites by her costliest endowments; in vain has she bestowed her orders of merit, her titles of nobility: she gives nothing that is negotiable on the Exchange, where the commerce of love is at present transacted; — her funds supply no interest that is marketable, no dividend that can be transferred. Shame on the pedlar system of life! her hand-writing has less credit than that of a jobbing Jew; and her promissory notes, whatever their amount, are of less value than a Liverpool penny.

In former days, a true and virtuous love was the source of dignity and confidence, and prowess and magnanimity; it lent intelligence to the simple, and grace to the rustic; it was the ornament of youth, and the attribute of a gentleman; no man feared to avow it, or dared to despise it; the eyes that confessed it were the brighter for it, and it bloomed on the lips and on the cheeks;—but that was when the dispositions of life made it paramount over the sordid passions, and placed it in its just elevation.

Alas! what a reverse has succeeded! Is Pamphilus in love, and is he fortuneless? Adieu the confidence of his carriage, and comeliness of his looks! Adieu the manliness of his mind, and vigour of his understanding! Lost is his activity, and lost are his hopes; defoliated is his mind, in the very spring of its advancement; and the promises of his intellect are cankered in the blossom. A gradual dereliction of his powers sinks him lower and lower in the scale of society; every one remarks the change, and Envy is gratified with contemplating his fall; till at length even Envy loses sight of him, and Pamphilus is heard of no more. This is the fate of the genuine passion without portion. I have nothing to do with that mockery of it which subsists at present — it is a subject for bargainers and for calculators.

" ---------- What woes arous'd
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
Neglected Fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
Loses his light; the rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault."

I am an ancient man, grey-headed, and fettered to principle; not illuminated by the lights of the new philosophy in morality or metaphysics; and tenacious of the maxims of my forefathers; and yet I freely declare myself to regard with more favourable eyes a clandestine amour, nay the grossest prostitution by which the temple of the Holy Ghost can be defiled, than the basis on which modern marriages are founded—in which some of my countrywomen sell themselves, not for a transitory bliss, not for the fleeting raptures of the moment, but for the whole of human life, for the whole of that life on which heaven depends; and in a manner stipulate to pollute that life with one lengthened series of perjury and legal prostitution, one continued course of sanctified abomination, for the sake of a paltry eminence and a spurious grandeur. I look upon it as one of the unhappiest consequences that flow from ill-sorted matches, or those in which the true passion has no place, that they induce a constant habit of feigning, where any sense of decency prevails, and perpetuate a lie through a course of years. The best feelings and the strongest principles are not able to contend against such a stress of circumstances; necessarily then, such feelings and such principles as those women must have, who can marry without love, must be without much contest overborne.

Clarina was married to the most affectionate of

husbands; and, as it appeared to the world, the love which she felt in return had never been equalled in any tale or romance. Four months had not elapsed since their marriage, before the husband fell dangerously ill; yet the poor Clarina was the object of the greatest compassion. It was judged impossible for her to survive him; and so unbounded was her affliction, that no one thought she could live to close even the eyes of her dying husband. "O Death! Death!" she cried, as she leaned weeping over his emaciated body, "O Death! if you are not altogether a stranger to pity, make me your prey, instead of my dear husband." Death heard, and presenting himself at the door, demanded, Who called? "The gentleman who lies in that bed," replied Clarina.

I shall conclude this paper with something on the other side, that the ladies may not quarrel with my severity, or suppose that it is a pleasure to me to heap censures on that sex to which life is indebted for its sincerest delights.

In the year 1594, a young Norman gentleman entered at the university of Angers, to study the civil law. Renée Corbeau was the daughter of a tradesman in the same town. She was young, prudent, and handsome, and possessed an extraordinary share of understanding and wit. But these brilliant qualities were tarnished by a fault, of which philosophers make but little account, but which, in the eyes of the world, was deemed unpardonable — Renée Corbeau was poor. The young student no sooner beheld this amiable lady, than he became enamoured, and had the good fortune to inspire her with an equal passion. So rapid was the progress of their mutual flame, that in a few weeks he made her an offer of marriage, and, in the transports of his affec-

tion, gave her a promise in his hand-writing. It was too in one of these transporting intervals that the poor young lady forgot her prudence: so mighty and sudden is the success of love in overthrowing that structure of modesty, which whole years of admonition and discipline have been spent in erecting.

The effect of this amour could not long be concealed; and the unhappy girl was obliged to tell the sad tale to her mother, who disclosed it to her father. It was now past the season for reproaches; all that was left them, was to lay their heads together to discover the best remedy which the case admitted. After a reasonable consultation, it was agreed that the parents should feign a design of going into the country that same evening, while the daughter, in the mean time, was to give an interview to her lover at their own house, so that thus they might be surprised together. The contrivance succeeded entirely; the lover was surprised, and, in the first emotions of his fear, confessed himself ready to enter into any engagement that would be deemed most satisfactory. Not to lose this opportunity, they pressed him upon his word, and forced him to sign a contract of marriage. This business was scarcely transacted in a regular form by a notary, before the young gentleman felt his passion unaccountably chilled, and a sense of compulsion gave the engagement into which he had entered the colour of an odious obligation. He quitted his mistress in two or three days after this transaction with very little ceremony, and repaired to his father, to whom he related his story from beginning to end. This father was, as fathers often are, a stranger to the true interests of his child, and determined against any match for his son that was not brilliant in point of fortune and connection. In this difficulty, the

only means of escaping, was by entering immediately into holy orders; a proposition to which the son readily agreed.

Renée Corbeau received the intelligence of this cruel transaction with such grief and indignation as was natural in her situation. Her parents determined to avenge her infamy, and entered into a prosecution of the perjured seducer. The affair was referred to commissioners from the parliament of Paris, of which Mons. de Villeray was president. Here the whole proceeding being traced and laid open, its iniquity appeared so flagrant in the eyes of the judges, that the culprit was condemned to lose his head, unless he chose to fulfil his engagement; and as this was rendered impossible by his entrance into holy orders, it was decreed that the sentence of decapitation should be executed. He had only a short time given him to prepare himself, with the aid of his confessor, for his approaching dissolution.

In the mean time the heart of Renée Corbeau was cruelly torn, when she considered what a lamentable end her excessive love was on the point of bringing upon its object. She was unable to support this idea; and, in a distracted state of mind, rushed into the hall where the judges were yet assembled. Here, with such eloquence as grief inspired, she thus addressed them: — "Gentlemen, I come to present before you a lover, the most wretched that the cruelties of fortune have ever afflicted. In condemning to death that dear person, you pronounce the same sentence upon me—upon me, whom you have judged more unfortunate than culpable. Nay, the very infamy of his death will rebound to me; and I shall die, alas! as dishonoured as I have lived. You have done this to repair the wound my honour has received; but in doing it you have doubled my dis-

grace, and have made me an object of detestation to the world. How can you reconcile such a conduct with the justice you profess? You were men before you were judges, and have, some of you, felt what lovers feel: yes, you have felt enough to paint to your imaginations the torment which one that so dearly loves must feel, when she can reproach herself with being the cause of death, of a miserable death, to the object of her passion. Tell me, if ye are men, and sympathise like men, is there in the compass of your decrees a punishment equal to this terrible idea? To condemn me to the scaffold, would be a blessing in comparison. I am now going, sirs, to open your eyes. I have hitherto concealed my crime, that your decision might be favourable to me: but, urged by remorse, I can no longer dissemble my guilt. It was I that loved the first—I communicated the flame which was consuming me—I was the seducer—I was the instrument of my own dishonour. Spare an innocent person—spare my love; and let your punishments fall upon the real offender. He has indeed engaged in holy orders, to avoid the necessity of fulfilling his contract. But this is not his own action: it is the action of a barbarous father, whom he had no power to resist. Is it right in you, who are fathers, to postpone the duties of a child to the duties of a lover? But how can you retract your first decree? You condemned my lover to death, *unless* he performed his promise to me; and then, by your second award, you precluded that option which your first had allowed. You permit him a mockery of choice, and then choose for him what his own heart would of course have rejected. That he may yet marry me, in spite of the profession he has embraced, who can doubt? Although, in truth, I am nothing but an ignorant girl, my love prompts my

tongue and gives me knowledge upon this occasion. Ah! what science could not such love as mine inspire me with, if its interests required it! Yes, I know—and you, sirs, know also, that an ecclesiastic may marry, with a dispensation from the pope. The legate from his holiness is expected soon to arrive, and he has all the plenitude of the papal power. I will ask myself—on my knees will I beg this dispensation, and I know I shall obtain it. My love is a match for all obstacles. Oh! deign then to suspend the execution of your decree, till the legate arrives. Though you still persist in thinking the crime of my lover enormous, ah! consider, in your clemency, what crime is not all the apparatus and show of death, that has already moved before his eyes, sufficient to expiate? Are you still inflexible? Then refuse me not the consolation of dying under the same axe with my lover."

The judges were melted, and suspended the decree: but the legate was so struck with the iniquity of the young man's conduct, that he would grant the dispensation to no instances or tears. Distracted with the disappointment, Renée Corbeau rushed into the presence of the king, and threw herself at his feet. It was Henry the Fourth, and afflicted beauty was imploring his assistance;—little more need be said. The kind monarch himself became her advocate, and easily obtained the dispensation. The marriage was immediately celebrated, and became the happiest in all France.

As my story is no fiction, but among the celebrated causes collected by Mr. Gayot de Pitaval, let my readers confess that it is one of the greatest miracles which love has ever performed.

N° 64. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis: levibus enim atque inanibus sonis ludibria quædam excitando effecistis, ut corpus enervaretur et caderet. Grandis, et, ut ita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculosa nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. PETRONIUS.

Allow me to say that you have been among the first corrupters of the true eloquence: you have substituted indeed a kind of mockery of it, while the real substance is perishing. An elevated and chaste style of oratory is not tricked out with cumbrous ornament, but recommends itself by its own natural beauty.

In the course of these papers some pains have been taken to discountenance that false refinement to which the present age is tending, and towards which every age and nation inclines, at a certain period of its growth. But it is not enough to expose that mock sensibility of manners which has borne away the rewards of genuine feeling—of that feeling which is too dignified to be loquacious: there is also a mock sensibility in the *writings* of some men, that deserves all the ridicule which can be thrown upon it, as it falsifies the natural tones of virtue, and debauches our relish of the sublime in morals. I have before remarked the alliance which subsists between taste and morality; the truth is, that the one is rarely corrupted without some depravation of the other. He who ingrafts upon his stock of virtue solecisms in taste, and distorted ideas of elegance and beauty, however upright and pure his theory may be, will

hardly escape continual absurdity in his practice and deportment. There is a decorum in truth, and in every thing in which truth is concerned, that demands a certain severity of dress, and simplicity of ornament; and virtue, methinks, has an honest sort of language in which she loves to express herself, and which, though by no means preclusive of elegance, disdains that gaudiness of phrase and imagery which may be necessary to meaner subjects.

Religion and virtue are not always assisted by their busiest friends; and there is an officiousness in some of their advocates which disappoints their purposes, and brings no honour to the cause. Of this number are those who are for ever introducing their favourite themes, however little they harmonise with the subjects they are upon; or, when their principal concern is with these sacred topics, are perpetually degrading them with low allusions and comparisons, and laying under contribution to them the whole of the natural world in a strain of symbolical enthusiasm. At the head of these raving philosophers, is the author of certain Meditations upon tombs and gardens; one who could find a resemblance between religion and a radish, or draw the fire of devotion out of cucumbers; to whom every thorn was the thorn of Glastonbury, and every bush contained a divinity; who could make up the ten commandments into a nosegay for the bosom, and squeeze morality for a dozen pages out of a green gooseberry. I shall suppose this gentleman, after a visit to Covent-garden market, detailing, in a letter to a lady, the reflections which occurred to him on so moving an occasion.

"My dear Madam,

"After following my melancholy march among the silent dead, and my gayer progress among the

garden flowers, you will not refuse me your gentle society in a moral stroll through this instructive scene. What a delicious confusion of tongues! One might imagine one's-self at the building of the Tower of Babel: but who can wonder, where there is so much to nourish contemplation, and to prompt the tongue, that this most amiable part of the creation should exalt their tones, and give a loose to those laudable feelings which the objects before them inspire? What a rich and varied repast here offers itself to the thinking mind! In this view, the luxury of courts, and the appointments of princes, must yield up the palm to yon loaded jackass, that seems to smile significantly as he trots on with his vegetable burden. Approach, thou venerable beast! for in those symbolical baskets which grace your comely sides I read important lessons of life, and a vegetable kind of philosophy sprouts up in my view. Jog on, my gentle friend! and let it render your burden light, to reflect, that it is all instruction which you carry. In the mean time my thoughts shall ramble to the place whence you set out on your morning's progress, saluting the sun-rise with a bray of exultation. And why should not the kitchen-garden be as great a school of morality as the beds of the flaunting flowers, or the silent sepulchres of the dead? Or why should I injure the olitory, by seeming thus to doubt of its attractions? If the tomb and the grave present us with wholesome mementos of mortality and revival, may we not find as striking emblems of both, in those regions where what goes in a dead seed, comes out a living cabbage? Shall the vegetable tribes hide their diminished heads before the children of Flora, so long as the mouth shall maintain its due pre-eminence over the nose? so long, too, as the bean shall rival with its odours the choicest essences

of the parterre, while, on the other side, the most unrefined feeder would die of hunger amid the richest exuberance of jasmines and roses?

"But let me spare my eloquence—for either I am duped by the illusions of an enthusiastic fancy, or yon artichoke, with its hundred tongues, is raising itself on its stalk, to plead the cause of its esculent brethren:—and even the low-born and grovelling potatoe might, on such an occasion, rise from its earthy habitation, and, in a strain of native Hibernian eloquence, confound the boldest orator in the courts of Flora. And which could we select, among all these various tribes, as better entitled to the honourable privilege of pleading for the rest? For surely we shall not, like the worldling, measure desert by external standards; we shall not appreciate the pulp of the potatoe by the humility of the situation in which it grows, or under-rate the qualities of this precious plant because its retiring modesty renders it necessary to dig it from its courted obscurity. Rather shall this circumstance convince us, if we doubted it before, of its title to our respect. And why does it sequester its plain, I had almost said clumsy form, from the sight of man, but for the noblest purposes—viz. that when our summer friends of the garden have deserted us in our need, it may bring forth its stores in the winter adversity of our tables, and endure, for the gratification of our capricious appetites, sometimes the ordeal of the gridiron, sometimes the martyrdom of the faggot, and sometimes the lingering and cruel persecution of the salamander.

"Alas, poor potatoe! Oh! that a more eloquent tongue than mine were employed in singing thy praises, and asserting thy claims! But I will leave thee to that happy consciousness of deserving a reward, which, to the virtuous, ever constitutes that re-

ward itself; and pursue my exquisite meanderings among the other sons and daughters of the spade, my eyes watering with gratitude, and my mouth with appetite, as I range through the delicious cohort of turnips, cabbages, kidney-beans, radishes, browncole —not forgetting thee, thou *sacred* artichoke of Jerusalem!—O how tumultuously mingle in my breast emotions of delight, at the lavishness with which the culinary stores are showered around, and of self-abasement at the reflection how little worthy am I of the most insignificant stick of horse-radish which at once garnishes and improves the titled loin that smokes upon my Sunday-board! like some fair one, at once beautiful and wise, that graces our dwelling while she meliorates our minds. And as I throw my glistening eye around, a sweet perplexity where to open the theme of wonder, forces adown my glowing cheek that tear which stood ripe for its fall. My heart roves from one topic of admiration to another; and, like the humble beast in the fable, my gratitude is in danger of starving, from inability to choose between the rival delicacies which solicit my preference.

" O why will the fickle ones of this world devote themselves to the charms of variety, and pall their sensuality by the ceaseless repetition of vapid pleasures, while their garden gates stand open day and night, and invite them to scenes of inexhaustible profusion and incomparable delight!—scenes that might leave Methuselah, in the last year of his life, yet but beginning to investigate their beauties! In this we should do well to imitate, instead of destroying, the curious caterpillar, who is never content with wandering through the mazes of the cauliflower—and the contemplative hog, who never manifests such genuine transport, as when an opportunity is yielded him of revelling with inquisitive snout in the territories of

Vertumnus; while we jealously bar his researches, by inserting that envious ring in his nostrils which would far better become our own, when we intrude them into the concerns of our brethren.

"Ah! how long might the eye rest unsated on the upright graces of those aspiring asparagus, that bristle up their vegetable spears, as if in defiance of the mightiest children of the garden! while yon crouching cabbages, that grow at their feet, seem to spread abroad their leafy arms, as if to acknowledge their prowess, and implore their mercy. Well may the end of the former be to lose their heads, the death of the valiant—and well may the latter be the constant emblem of the knights of the thimble, nine of whom are required, by the contemptuous arithmetic of the vulgar, to compose an individual man. Yet, as the bee can extract honey from the nettle, so can charity find good in the cabbage. Thus let us not scoff at the dastardliness of this production, without at the same time drawing a lesson of unanimity from the ways of this numerous family.

"O Foxite and Pittite, Jacobin and Aristocrat, Atheist and Christian! blush ye all at your enmities and divisions, while ye see the Early-York, the Sugar-loaf, the Battersea, and the Scotch-kale, with all their hostilities of season, colour, form, and flavour, growing side by side, and each meekly tolerating the diversities of the other! Shall man and wife still pollute the annals of matrimony by divorces and separations, while the purple brocoli, and the snowy cauliflower, possess one bed? And shall history stain her page with the animosities of the white and red rose, while the white and red cabbage are content to vegetate on the same soil, simmer in the same pot, and smoke upon the same table?

O philanthropic root! that, like some bountiful

father of a family, not content with yielding us the fruit of its own sound heart, dedicates its posterity to our use, in that profusion of sprouts, which it supplies to us from its own parent stock! O how unlike the penurious pea, that obliges us to tear open its bowels for its globular treasures! while even for these we are indebted to our own industry, in supporting its sluggard tendrils, which else would sordidly creep and wither on the ground. So, many a profligate genius of this world would suffer his talents to moulder away in indolence, but for some solicitous friend, that, with salutary severity, forces them into exertion.

Not less harsh, nor less beneficial in its agency, the stimulating chamomile, that, like a rigid yet loving confessor, descends into the depths of our bosoms, and compels us to discharge their foul and peccant accumulations. And see too, where, in the hue of innocence, humbly shows its head the pious parsnip, that pays us its annual Lenten visit, and, by its significant insipidity, points out to us the tastelessness of worldly pleasures and pursuits! And what are those two that suddenly strike my sight, whose name shows them to be allied, while their shape and properties betoken irreconcilable contrariety? They are French and Windsor beans—O how pertinently so named! The former, in its spare form and scattered growth, aptly representing the meagre figures and disunited state of the people from whom they have their name, while the mangled and massacred condition in which they are brought to our boards still more forcibly typifies the savage ferocity with which they have substituted the sword for the sceptre.

"Turn your eye from the painful picture, to contemplate its like in name, as its antagonist in nature,

the Windsor bean—and admire, with me, how appositely the fair rotund form of its contents represents the honest British plumpness of the gracious potentate whose residence has furnished its title—while the clustering manner in which they hang from their luxuriant branches adumbrates the numerousness and concord of his royal offspring. But see where on this side spires the Coss, and on that spreads the brown Dutch, lettuces—plants that instruct us by their very nothingness! Those very leaves, that in the natural state are considered but as provender for the swine, O how sweetly, how gratefully do they salute the palate, when aided by the delicious provocatives of the cruet-stand!

"Let us hence collect the emptiness and unserviceableness of man in his natural state, and the high things of which he is capable, when heightened by the precious sauce of education. And let the mystic artichoke, which once more arrests my attention, read us a lecture on human life: may I not be indulged in the pleasing, even the fanciful supposition, that the leaves with which it is so munificently arrayed, may have been designed as emblems of the years through which we pass in our human pilgrimage, which, as each is exhausted, gradually unfold to us the choke of mortal miseries—those miseries, like that choke, covered over with a flimsy coating of comfort, which, moreover, we ever burn our fingers in endeavouring to obtain; till, at length arrived at the bottom, or death, our difficulties are at an end, and our sweets begin?

"But what ambiguous root is here, whose flavour contradicts to our palates the report made by its form to our eyes?—The turnip-radish! O let it warn us against the wily foe, that cheats our credulous eyes with the smooth turnip of tenderness,

while inwardly he bites us with the sharp radish of rancour. Nor let yon hypocritical onion less admonish us of the insidious wretch, that can force tears from our eyes at one moment, and at the next annoy us with the foul breath of defamation; and, to render his machinations still more fatal, can lay us asleep while they are working. And see too, how those callous cucumbers, though ripened and fostered beneath the genial glass of protection, shall return the benefactions of their patron with coldness at least, if not with bitterness.

"And as at the moral uses of these vegetable riches, so let us admire at the contrivance which has accommodated each with its appropriate form and structure, which it could not exchange but with disadvantage. How should we smile to see the cumbrous cauliflower hanging, like an infant with a dropsied head, from the slim spires of the asparagus! or the diminutive pea, which we now behold so artfully emboxed in its commodious mansion, loosely scattered like the potatoe beneath the earth, while the hours of the impatient cook would pass in the tedious toil of separating the little balls from the clods amidst which they would be lost! and, in return, the rugged and hardy potatoe, transplanted from its subterraneous abode into the slender and silken shell which we now see so aptly tenanted by the miniature globes of the pea! What room should we find for extolling the artifice of creation, if the artichoke, of which we have already admired the progressive conformation, should exhibit its parts in an inverted series? if the moist and marrowy bottom were taken from its needful asylum in the inmost recesses of the plant, and laid bare to the beating hail and blowing blasts, while the tough and sturdy leaves should be translated from their present character-

istical exposure, to an useless security within? In all these cases, would not the transposition equally offend the eye of a spectator, and the interests of each individual product?

"Thus rich, thus copious, does the page of horticulture appear, even in the feeble epitome of it which is here exhibited. Ah! would we but study it as it deserves! would we but resort as eagerly to its more refined and symbolical, as we do to its grosser though not more substantial advantages, we should find it speak a language of reason and religion, that would set all the subtleties of logic and all the systems of ethics at defiance. With such a clue to guide us through the labyrinths of life, no process would occur in the cultivation of our beds, which would not give a lesson to our consciences, while it provided a meal for our tables. We should not then water a plant, without dropping, at least from our mind's eyes, the fostering tears of transport over our growing virtues, or of repentance over our transgressions. We should not rake the stones or root the weeds from our foul ground, without at the same time raking out the foul passions with which our hearts are choked and over-run—or roll the gravel of our walks, without adverting at the same time to the rising turbulence of our desires, which need to be pressed down by the roller of reflection. Above all, we should not fail to impress on our hearts the fragility and transitoriness of all sublunary things, when we consider how soon the luxuries of the garden fade away, and elude the most confident hopes of hunger.

"O let the ambitious man learn to despise the ladder on which he stands, while he considers that yon towering artichoke shall shortly wither on its stem, or be scalded in the pot! O let the lover

withdraw his adoration from Chloe's eyes, when he sees the blushing apple of love droop and shrivel in the odious embraces of time, and the amorous pea torn from its darling stick, and sacrificed to the voracity of man! O let the epicure renounce his delicacies, while he reflects that, like yon cauliflower, he shall soon administer to the gluttony of the worm! and the fop his essences, while he faints at the fumes from those corrupted beans, so late the pride of vegetable fragrance!—In a word, let all the hunters after worldly delights resign their ardour for them, as they contemplate that period when kings and cabbages, popes and peas, sages and sallads, beauties and brocoli, artichokes and archbishops, lords and leeks, princes and parsnips, tyrants and turnips, cucumbers and conquerors, shall lie in one promiscuous heap of sapless putrefaction!"

I do seriously apprehend that these false models have been so successful in corrupting the taste of the public, that it may be necessary to apprise some few of my readers, that what they have been reading is really not sublime.

N° 65. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

Παντα εν μεταβολη.
All things are in a constant flux.

ALTHOUGH I really believe that the reverses of fortune and the revolutions of matter have been felt in less proportion by me and my race than by the generality of the world, yet I must own that no sentiment is so frequently in my mind as that which is inspired by a view of the transitoriness of our natures, and the perishable allotment of every thing that appertains to man. I was grey-headed at twenty-five, and grey-headed I remain: and my mother assures me, that forty years have made but little alteration in my face or figure. But, in the mean time, what a wreck have I beheld of things around me! How many have been swept away, and how many have been led forwards by the hand of Time! How many have again succeeded and departed, and carried away with them all memory of their existence! How often have I marked the early promise of manhood bloom, ripen, wither, and drop off! How often have I seen the throne of beauty disputed, till both competitors have lost their claims! And what a list of queens in the empire of love have these forty years afforded! In the midst of such caducity, one almost wonders that man should be merry; but one wonders more that he should be sad; and, most of all, that he should be ambitious;

that he should have his objects, and hopes, and friendships, and enmities, is all wonderful in the few short years of this passing existence.

That our habits should so outlive our powers; that our ambition should begin at the close of life; that our hopes and anxieties should bloom in our wrinkles; that the love of acquisition should so long survive the enjoyment; and that our desire of knowledge should increase with our decay; are to me irresistible proofs of the vast disproportion between our existence and our faculties, and of the separate natures of our corporeal and mental constitution. This princely permanence of the mind, this "forma mentis æterna," is proved in a clear and astonishing manner by the inverse proportion in which its capacities improve under a visible decay of the instrument of its operations. Even in the hour of mortal decrepitude the soul asserts its independency, and exhibits proofs that, however it may fail in its organical functions, its essential powers are in no sort diminished. The living faculties are destined here to work with instruments not immortal like themselves, but of frail and perishable natures. When these are injured by age or accident, they are sometimes repaired, sometimes supplied, by human contrivance: the mind, when called upon, is always ready; give it but an engine, and its action recommences. Now either it was the same, or it was reduced in its capacities, during the suspension of its operations, and mutilation of its instruments. If it were defalcated and reduced, we must consent that human means could restore the *living* powers. If it were the same, then is the mind as separate from the body, its vehicle, as is the charioteer from the chariot in which he rides.

Yet for all this it is melancholy to reflect upon the

changing condition of all that regards our nature; to contemplate the decline and dissolution of the ostensible objects of all our cares, affections, and friendships; then to look inwards, and regard the revolutions of our own bosoms, the shadowy succession of hopes and wishes, the gradual dereliction of those interests and pleasures in which our hearts have formerly delighted, and the painful disenchantment of those happy delusions which make a paradise of our thoughts in early life, and which are among the most precious sacrifices that youth can make to manhood, or inexperience to knowledge. Yet this changing condition of man brings its comforts as well as its regrets: the objects of our anxieties, our pains, our loves, and our sorrows, alter their complexion or lose their existence in a little time, and nothing but remorse can so fasten upon the mind, but that its liberty may again be regained at some subsequent period, in some new condition or posture of things. It is the solace of disappointed ambition to reflect that those rewards and attainments, which at present elude its grasp, will one day or other be robbed of their relish and attractions, and that thus a sort of revenge will be given it in this natural waste of life; and love despised may find comfort in the thought, that the period is not very distant when those features, which inspired it, shall lose their polish, and those feelings shall be blunted from which it drew its power to torment us.

Were it not for this insensible change, that is perpetually taking place in our bosoms and in the colour of every thing around us, it would be impossible for human nature to support the losses and sorrows to which it is subject. It is that law of our existence in which Providence has peculiarly consulted human imbecility; for, without such a law, our reason could

but ill contend with the crosses and calamities of life. But if this condition of universal change was designed as a source of consolation to suffering humanity, it was also designed to be a perpetual lesson of instruction, and a gradual preparation for that last great change to which at length we must resign ourselves.

Amidst so much fluctuation and so much mortality, in such a state of lubricity and deception, amidst such a mass of perishing objects of pleasure and fleeting monuments of pride, one would think it impossible for a mind that has been exercised to reflection to fix its hopes on any thing in this life, or lend to present concerns that greater half of our being which belongs to a permanent and solid futurity. Such contemplations as these, continually renewed, make a salutary impression upon the mind; they release it from that thraldom in which the devotees to this world and its pleasures are involved, and hold it in a sort of equilibrium as to temporal concerns, while its option and its views fasten on a spiritual eternity.

While such is the insecurity of enjoyment, the pleasures of this existence must be always incomplete; and as no depression of fortunes can long endure, so no elevation of circumstances can raise us above the dread of change. A certain secret alarm, an obtrusive threatening idea, enters into all our delights which depend upon present objects, and troubles those moments of felicity to which have been devoted all the ardours of the mind, as to the consummation of its hopes and rewards. This pensively painful feeling grows intenser as our happiness increases, gains strength with the progress of our fortunes, and is in a manner nourished from those very circumstances with which it is ever at hostility.

How admirably is this constitution of things contrived! Our splendours, our sufferings, and our sorrows, thus carry their correctives and antidotes in themselves; and while life is restrained within that measure of enjoyment which is necessary to prevent or to disappoint a too great addiction to worldly pleasures, in the bosom of misery also there grows up a silent and comforting anticipation of change, which, where a sense of religion prevails, is fostered by our griefs, and fed by our calamities. How admirably are things contrived in a world like this, that is nothing but the fore-runner of an immortal futurity, to dispose the mind to the contemplation of that futurity! How suited to such ends is a world wherein such a passing scene is moving before us, such a giddy whirl of unwearied alteration, such a sliding succession of objects, that the thoughts have no repose, no resting-place in the compass of our present existence, no points of contact to which they can adhere, but are forced involuntarily onwards to those durable and stedfast objects which eternity presents!

Although the physical vicissitudes of life, such as the loss of strength and the decay of beauty, more deeply affect us by their closer connection with our being, yet the suddenness of moral changes, and the rapid revolutions of our external condition, more forcibly excite our attention, and rouse a more animated sense of the uncertainty of human affairs. When we reflect on the sinking fortunes of nations, and the sudden falls of mighty kingdoms, we are impressed with an awful idea of the supreme Disposer, in whose hands a whole nation is but as one man. When we walk upon fields and meadows, where nothing but a few mounds remain to remind us that here, in ancient times, was raised a fortification that

withstood the efforts of armies; and reflect that on the same spot where oxen now graze in tranquillity, was once decided the fate of empires;—when we tread upon piles of stones, which once administered to the grandeur of princes, and over-awed the territory round; how can we persist in building our pride upon such transitory foundations, and in sacrificing the repose of our minds for such unstable rewards?

In the packet which my friend Eugenio has left with me, I find a short letter to his Amelia, where there are some affecting ideas on the present subject.

"My dearest Emily,

"I was thinking, last night, as I sat in my little plantation, how many new possessors it is destined perhaps to receive, long after time shall have swept away the memory of our names and our loves. In this frame of mind, I cast my eyes upon that fragment of a Gothic window, and those other vestiges of an ancient abbey, which remain upon the premises. Here my thoughts were carried back, through a series of changes, to that long-forgotten period in which this abbey stood in all its pride, regarded perhaps then as an upstart edifice in the fashion of the day, and built perhaps in part with the ruins of some older monument that occupied the same spot of ground—

'But Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient are the smiles of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great, the mighty, have
Between the cradle and the grave.'

"Thus, in the great mysterious system of change, by which the universe is governed, we see one thing gradually drop into another; and, amidst a perpetual fluctuation of its parts, the great order of the world goes on with unchangeable constancy. While 'one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another;' while the seasons return with unfailing regularity, and the great and governing laws of nature preserve an unerring uniformity; a silent succession of parts, a perpetual course of renewal and decay in the organization of the particulars which compose this great whole, make the tenure of life and all its circumstances awfully precarious in the midst of such general certainty and catholic order.

"This fickle constitution of our natures I can easily apply to myself; I can imagine the hand with which I am writing palsied and decayed;—but on thy dear face I cannot suppose a wrinkle; I cannot figure to my fancy that victory of time, which shall destroy the charms of that mouth I have so often hung over enraptured. Yet, my dear Emily, that beauty must yield, all paramount as it is at present; and unless the grave interfere, those features will one day have nothing but the mind to illuminate them, though such a mind as would have made thee handsome in spite of rules.

"You complain of the grave turn of my reflections, and recommend me to mix in the world, and take a part in its contests and ambitions. Indeed, my child, I am not dull, except when you are from me: as for grave reflections, this is surely not a merry being that we possess; and it is more our own folly than the comedy of life which makes some of us go so laughingly through it. But into the contests and ambitions of the world, another consideration deters me from embarking—and that is, the

vanity and uncertainty with which they are attended. I am no novice in the game of life; and it is from conviction that I affirm all that part of it to be but a splendid cheat in which our solid comforts are played against a slippery and hazardous elevation. I should as soon persuade myself to sacrifice my friend to a momentary jest, as to give up what I conceive to be the serious business of life for the short-lived vanity of rising in the world.

"Happily, you have more reading than experience in the affairs of mankind; but your reading supplies you with sufficient examples of the disappointment of every scheme of aggrandisement whose views terminate with our present existence. In all the compass of history, I know of no instance in which ambition has ended in enjoyment, or wherein its troubles and sacrifices have been ultimately rewarded. Those have turned it to the best account who have voluntarily descended from their heights, and anticipated the changes of fortune by a timely abdication. Yet these have in some measure cut off their own retreat by an unavoidable depravation of their minds in a course of ambitious pursuits: for a mind once exercised to cabal and intrigue, is unhappy in its own element, and unfitted for every other.

"If, then, after all our endeavours, and all our anxieties, the best we can do with our bargain is to forfeit the deposit, how infinitely wiser to rest satisfied as we are, and give up the concern altogether! I am sure you are not unacquainted with the name of Pyrrhus, although you may happen to be with this anecdote of him. 'What do you propose to yourself in this expedition against the Romans?' says Cineas. 'To conquer all Italy,' answers the monarch. 'And what next?' 'Next we will make Sicily our own.' 'And then?' 'Why then we will

sail into Africa, and bring that country into subjection to our arms.' 'And after this?' 'After this, we will sit down and be merry.' 'And what,' returns Cineas, 'prevents your majesty from doing so at present?'

"In truth, the only conquest necessary to be gained for the attainment of this object, is the conquest of one's-self; and if I have not advanced in this sufficiently far to render myself merry, I am at least become by its assistance tolerably tranquil. I think I am armed against most of the vicissitudes of this world, except those in which love is concerned; and here, indeed, should any cross accident intervene, I cannot answer for my own philosophy, or even for my life. Ah! why, my dearest Emily, do we yet delay to complete that felicity which is within our grasp, and to raise what rampart we can round our loves, by such means as our stars afford us? I have seen the rev. Mr. OLIVE-BRANCH to-day, who has promised to perform the ceremony of our nuptials. This kind promise on his part seems in a manner to strengthen those sacred bonds which unite us; to give alacrity to my confidence, and security to my hopes. He says the verses you sent are exquisite, and ought to afford me some consolation. They are indeed beautiful; but a smile from thee, dear girl, would have wrought a more powerful effect.—Adieu."

The history of all times and all nations is so replete with examples of sudden elevations and sudden downfalls in the lives of particular persons, that I have forborne to introduce any instances in aid of my observations. Besides which, the riotous sports of fortune in a neighbouring kingdom have afforded such a train of unprecedented revolutions, as beggars all former experience. The vulgar details of the

day are full of lessons on the instability of greatness, and the vanity of ambition; the very elements of civilization have been destroyed in a moment, and society itself disbanded. In the general agitation and tumult, the very mud of the community has been excited from the bottom of the pool, which no longer reflects from its surface the human face divine, but exhibits a dark and melancholy abyss, in which nothing is traceable, nothing distinct; nothing but a squalid commixture of human woes and depravities. At this moment, how many testimonies to the instability of grandeur are spread over this part of the globe! How many are wandering without homes, whose homes were principalities; and how many have exchanged their palaces for prisons! How humiliating are these lessons to the pride of human nature! But a little while ago our shores were visited by a mendicant general, supplicating an asylum in that country whose establishments he had menaced with certain overthrow, whose prosperity he had viewed with derision, and whose fair and flourishing land in his heart he had vowed to destruction.

Such catastrophes instruct us in the littleness of our pride and pretensions, and show us the folly of all those hopes which depend upon man for their accomplishment. They are greater, indeed, than such as fall within the experience of ordinary men, and more awful by their magnitude; but they are only the same, on a greater scale, with those constant miscarriages in lower life, with which every attempt is accompanied, that is not founded on principles of prudence and probity, and makes no provision for those perpetual shocks and vicissitudes which place disappointment and disaster among the moral certainties of life.

N° 66. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17.

Satis est, mi Tiberi, si hoc habemus ne quis nobis male facere possit.
SUETON. in Aug.

"Let them say what they please, Tiberius; it is enough revenge for us, that we are out of the reach of their malice."

THE reader may naturally wonder, that, considering the prevalence of scandal in the world, it has not drawn upon itself, before this time, the attention of the LOOKER-ON. The truth is, that, like a cautious physician, I am not fond of being called in upon desperate occasions; and I really regard the propensity to slander and detraction as one of the most incurable diseases to which the mind of man is subject. It seems hardly to undergo the common fluctuations which we may observe in the course of other vices. In all ages and all nations it has been triumphantly mischievous; and from Hesiod to Addison, every moral writer has complained of it, as the prevailing infirmity of his times. The gigantic growth, ascendancy, and universality of this evil, arise from the extraordinary nourishment it receives from all the bad propensities of our nature: there is no passion but what lends to it some assistance; and the sources which contribute to sustain it are so various and inexhaustible, that, before it can be subdued in the mind, a thousand collateral supports must be destroyed.

I have observed too, that it is the retreat of disappointed passion; and that, when our hopes and ambitions are defeated, they not seldom fall upon this mode of reparation. As soon as our schemes of aggrandisement fail, we rarely perplex ourselves for a moment with inquiring into the grounds on which they stood; but, by scattering a promiscuous abuse on all around us, endeavour to save our own credit at the expense of the public judgement or public probity. We forget, however, that mankind are, after all, to be our judges, and that by these measures we are in fact denouncing those to whom we are making our appeal. It is a truth which we are long in being taught, that the world is very independent of every individual, while no individual is independent of the world; and that, if one man be rejected by the rest, he can have no revenge in attacking the whole. After all our spleen and all our resentment, the world will still continue to suppose itself right, and will not be cudgeled into approbation.

It is somewhat curious to observe the uniform appearance under which this vice has shown itself in all ages, and how nearly the different descriptions of it, which the poets and moralists of all times have left us, do coincide in the circumstances under which they represent it. Lucian has left us a kind of sermon upon scandal, which is as suitable to the complexion of the present times as it was to that of his own; and the Thersites of Homer may be found in every village in England. The blacksmiths' and barbers' shops in Greece and in Rome were always, as they are at this day in country towns, the resorts of idle folks and gossiping tale-bearers. Thus Aristophanes, in his Plutus:

Ου πειθομαι
Και τοι λογος γ'ην, νη τ' Ηρακλεα, πολυς
Επι τοισι κουρειοισι των καθημεναν.

"I would not credit it, if it were the common talk of all the lounging fellows in the barbers' shops."

The Greeks, whose language affords us a name (επικαιρεκακια) for this cruel delight in the misfortunes of others, had certainly so strong a propensity to gossiping, that nothing but their constant occupation in their wars would have prevented their becoming the veriest prattlers under heaven: and this seems to have been eminently the character of all those who were settled in peaceful situations at Rome under the emperors. As their affairs declined, and their ardour in the cause of liberty no longer engaged them in continual warfare, this prominent part of their character began to develope itself, and increased to such a degree, that at length they talked themselves out of all their dignity, and much of their philosophy. The following verse in the Acts of the Apostles bears testimony to the truth of this remark —"For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to hear or tell some new thing." Of how many of my countrymen does this at present constitute the only *classical* accomplishment!

It gives me pain to observe, that, in ancient as well as modern times, the reproach of this gossiping mania has principally fallen upon the women, whose natural bias towards tenderness and mercy would make this a very unaccountable particularity, unless we looked for the cause of it in the narrower compass of their education, and the more circumscribed range of their lives and employments. The love of scan-

dal is generally in proportion to the deficiency of other topics; and, as in some countries it has been the fashion to starve the minds of the females, in all to abridge them of the necessary nourishment, we are not to wonder at their resorting to these supplements and succedaneums.

Whether it be true or not of nature, it is clear enough that the mind abhors a vacuum, and, if it be not supplied with better matter for contemplation, it will fill up its measure of thinking with the homely topics of the day, or the vulgar gossip of idle curiosity. We shall find it every where through life the same: the mind of man has an unwearied activity, that keeps it in perpetual motion: if we stop its progress in one place, it will burst out in another; and if we bar its access to things, it will of necessity fall upon persons. For the same reason, wherever there is the greatest dearth of popular information, there will always be the greatest tendency to this odious habit; and in proportion as a place is small, and insulated from general communication; in proportion as, by its situation, it is dependent on its own internal harmony for its happiness and its amusement, it manifests a disposition to abuse and calumny.

I hope I shall not experience the displeasure of the ladies for what I have said of their propensity to scandal, in which I have produced a cause that vindicates the constitution of their minds, and throws the whole blame upon the circumstances in which they are placed. If, however, the general accusation be founded on truth, it is a truth sorely to be lamented, since nothing is so inimical to beauty as the shadow of ill-nature; and the lips from which harsh animadversions are perpetually flowing, do their own cause a more serious injury than that of those they are traducing. Thus I would not desire a

more ample revenge upon a fair calumniator, than that which she executes upon herself. It would be unrelenting indeed to require more in satisfaction than it costs a fine eye to sympathise in its expression with a malignant tongue; and our resentment should almost turn to pity, when we see the most beautiful mouth deposit its honey together with its sting in the wound it inflicts.

Where an addiction to calumny arises from a deep depravity of mind, from a savage union of ignorance and pride, it were folly to expect a cure from such considerations as these; but I am persuaded that more than half the scandal of the world is either a resource of inoccupation, a substitute for sense, a mere efflorescence of vulgar wit, or an idle superficial habit without malice or meaning. I think I could do a great deal in these latter cases, could I once raise in the minds of my fair countrywomen an adequate sense of the damages their beauty sustains in such perilous amusements, and show them as in a mirror the physical deformity of this indecent practice. I shall bestow no farther remarks in this place on its moral turpitude; but shall wait till the leveling philosophy of the present day, in its march of paradoxical confusion, after all the other distinctions between vice and virtue shall have been overthrown, shall send forward its pioneers to destroy the barriers between candour and detraction.

In the mean time, my readers will not be displeased with this passage from Lucian — "There is no more effectual instrument of calumny than the love of novelty, which is natural to all mankind, joined to the disgust arising from satiety, and a passion for the marvellous and incredible: add to this, that we are all fond, I know not why, of listening to private suspicions which are whispered to us. I know many

whose ears itch with calumny, as if they were tickled with a feather. No wonder that with such assistance she persuades all, especially where she is in no danger of being confronted. The calumniated, like a city taken by night, are slain in their sleep."

Not above a week ago, I passed a few hours, which were among the most agreeable of my life, at the female society, where the topic of the evening was the subject of my present paper. After a multitude of very sage and pleasant observations, Miranda entertained us with the following little story.

A certain widow, though pretty much advanced in life, had a mind to marry again. As her fortune was very large, she thought herself entitled to a young husband; and accordingly fixed her eyes upon a handsome youth, who had nothing but his personal recommendations to depend upon. She plainly perceived that there would be no difficulty on his part, but she dreaded the censure and ridicule of her neighbours. In this perplexity, she communicated her wishes and alarms to a maiden sister, who lived in her house, and who possessed an uncommon share of shrewdness and address for all such occasions. "Sister," says the amorous widow, "what think you of Leander? It is surely the picture of my late husband. Alas! I should never have yielded my heart but to this irresistible resemblance. What shall I do? for I am in a dreadful consternation about what my neighbours may say of me, being well acquainted with their malice and cruelty: — the purest love is not sheltered from their ill-natured ridicule. Were it not for that, this dear young man should—but—" "How absurd is all this, my dear sister!" replied the other. "Follow your inclinations, and don't tell me of such foolish fears. You will be sung,

hooted, halloo'd after, and chalked up, for eight days; —on the ninth, they will think no more of you than one thinks of a friend one has quitted for three months. That ass which you see yonder, shall, if you please, impose silence on the whole parish about you the morning after your nuptials."—"That ass!" —"Yes, that ass. Marry, I say, and leave the rest to me and my ass." The widow was easily persuaded, and the marriage was concluded, on the credit of the ass. Dreadful outcry in the parish—rough music before their doors — not a soft thing could be heard from the mouth of either party for the noise of kettles and frying-pans. In the mean time, the sister had painted the ass as green as a parrot; and out rushed the phænomenon, with a triumphant bray, into the midst of the crowd. In an instant every kettle and pan was mute, and every soul in the parish crowded round so strange a prodigy. "A green ass! Good heavens! who could have believed it! Well, wonders will never cease. How surprising is Nature in all her operations!"—"I dreamed," cries an old woman, "of this very ass a week ago. I am sure it betokeneth something bad to our town. A number of white mice appeared in the same manner just before the plague that happened in my youth." Such observations and exclamations as these took place of the clamour about the new-married couple. The green ass lasted its eight days, and then there was no more curiosity about the green ass than there had been about the new-married couple the moment the ass appeared.

Miranda's story entertained us all extremely; and my mother, forgetting her usual composure, laughed till the chagreen spectacles tumbled from her nose. I now thought it an excellent time to relate to them

an extraordinary dream, which had happened to me about three weeks before, and of which I had thought it worth while to make some memorandums, that I might introduce it when the occasion presented itself. As it was thought curious by this judicious society, it may perhaps entertain my readers.

About a quarter of an hour before I retired to bed, I happened to find in the window-seat, a volume of the Spectator; and, opening it, fell by chance upon that paper in which he gives us the dissection of a coquette's heart. The idea took such possession of my brain, that, as soon as I laid my head upon my pillow, it produced the following dream.

"Methought I was in a large room, where a gentleman of the faculty was giving lectures on anatomy. Upon inquiring what was his subject, I was given to understand that it was the ear of an old maid, whose propensity to scandal had distinguished her, even among her sisterhood. We could observe nothing peculiar in the external form of the ear, unless a greater number of those tortuous cavities which are so admirably designed by nature, in its construction of that organ, to collect the circumambient undulations of sound, and give it a circulation and refraction in its passage. Our operator next proceeded to open the lobe, in the cellular substance of which we discovered a greenish liquor, that turned the colour of every thing which it touched; and a small sprinkling of it upon the surgeon's hand gave him all the appearance of being ill of the meazles. The auditory passage was extremely narrow, and not funnelled as in other subjects, but singularly twisted, while its inner surface was covered with little knots; so that altogether it looked as if there was only room for one part of a story to enter, and that in a broken and mutilated condition. The *portio dura* of the au-

ditory nerve was perfect, but the *portio mollis* had become completely ossified; and this was, our anatomist assured us, a peculiarity he had always discovered in maids above the age of five and thirty. The wax of the *meatus auditorus* was unusually bitter, and the mucilage of the *periosteum* fermented prodigiously with salt of wormwood. The passage into the neck bone was formed like that in owls, and projected further out above than below, so that the least possible sound might be perceived. I should not forget that the wax, which is reckoned by Pliny and others to possess a healing virtue, was in this subject not only without those balsamic qualities, but actually brought a blister upon a young person's hand who tried it in this view. On applying our own ears as close as we could to the concha of the ear in question, we could distinctly hear a whizzing sound in a smaller degree like the blasts of a coal-mine: and upon bringing a fresh-blown rose as near to it as we could, it immediately hung its head, and appeared as if the sun had been on it a whole day. We conceived this to be that innate air on which some anatomists have insisted. The form of the concha put me in mind of those places of whose powers of conveying sounds we read such prodigious effects in history; as the prison of Dionysius, which could raise a whisper to the roar of a cannon; or the aqueducts of Claudius, which could carry a voice sixteen miles. In every other subject, one of the branches of the auditory nerve inosculates with the muscles of the eye, the tongue, and the nose, as well as the heart and præcordia; but in the instance before us, we could discern a connection only with the tongue, at the root of which there was a spring of prodigious elastic power, and a vast provision of oily globules, which supplied a perpetual mucilage to prevent friction,

and wear and tear. In the *tuba eustachiana* or palate tubes, there was a sort of distillation, which turned the taste of every thing sour, and which when the lady was alive, inundated the mouth with such a supply of pungent mucus, as kept that region in a perpetual irritation, and preserved the tongue, like a rod, in pickle. All my readers have heard of the labyrinth of the ear, in which are the semicircular canals, those very curious passages through which sounds are admitted. These three canals are of different sizes, according to the degrees of sound which they are fitted to receive. They have been denominated the major, minor, and minimus; and upon these we tried several experiments. A great list of names, distinguished in the world, were repeated by the experimenter as loud as was possible; and it was plain that the bad were received by the largest tube to afford room for exaggeration, while the good and the brave could find entrance only through the smallest duct, in which there was but scanty room for the slenderest endowments to pass.

"At this moment a person present, notorious for his wicked wit and indecent calumnies, desired to be permitted to whisper in the ear. As I happened to be next to him, I thought I heard a word or two of treason fall from him: and immediately a hollow kind of noise seemed to be returned from the concha, that gave me the idea of the deafening sound of a horn in a diving-bell, while every one in the room confessed a kind of mortal chill about the præcordia. Our most interesting experiments were made upon the *tympanum*, or drum of the ear, which the limits of my paper will not allow me to relate. There was nothing very particular indeed in the construction of this part. There were, as usual, the two membranes, with their four little bones and at-

tendant muscles, to produce such tension or relaxation of this organ as the different sounds required. We could perceive that the membrane was only stretched when a scandalous speech was uttered, and the chord with which it is furnished would only vibrate to certain words. While our attention was directed to this part, somebody or other happened to mention lady Languish's pad; upon which, such a tremulous motion was given to the chord as astonished every beholder, and a vast quantity of oily globules seemed to be secreted at the place where it is joined to the nerve of the tongue. Methought at this moment our anatomist took up a horn, like the figure of Alexander's tube preserved in the Vatican, and pronounced the name of the queen upon the throne: immediately the ear sent forth a sound like that of a trumpet, and vanished into air. The imaginary noise awoke me; and the first thing I did, after feeling for both my ears, was to make minutes in my pocket-book of all that had passed in this shadowy scene."

N° 67. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24.

Ψευδος δε μισει πας σοφος και χρησιμος.

Every sound and good man abhors a lie.

THE night before last, as I was sitting in the great chair at the meeting of our society, the following extraordinary letter was brought to me from the post-office, which being of an official nature, I read it out to the gentlemen present, who are pleased to take a more than common interest in the concerns of this paper.

" To the Rev. Simon Olive-branch.

" Sir,

" I am one of those enlightened reasoners of the present day, that have raised themselves above the prejudices of their forefathers, and have framed a philosophy of the most comfortable, accommodating, and practicable sort, and which requires none of those unreasonable and painful sacrifices by which Nature is traversed and outraged in her plainest institutes and designs. Although the fundamental points of this amiable philosophy are simple and few, yet I have only time to present you with the leading principle on which its excellence is founded. I set out with concluding, that in studying to make ourselves happy we fulfil one of the most evident indications which Providence has given us of his will, and the principal

end of our creation. In the prosecution of this end, nothing is unwarrantable but what encroaches upon the general plan; for as the happiness of all mankind is equally the concern of our Maker, his great scheme must not be interrupted for any private advantage to an individual. Thus where I destroy more happiness than I procure to myself, I make, or attempt to make, a subtraction from the sum of happiness conceded to mankind; but where I render one person only a victim to my own felicity, the account with Providence is exactly balanced, provided indeed the gain and loss are in equal proportion.

"Nothing can be more simple, intelligible, and just, than this system of philosophy, in which one mystery only is contained, involving indeed something like a contradiction; though I have no doubt but that in the plan of reconcilement we are pursuing, we shall find some compromise between reason and nature in this particular. It seems, I say, something like a contradiction, that since the promotion of his private happiness is so entirely the duty of every individual, there should be so much in the general system to disappoint this purpose, and that the interests of all mankind should not coalesce to this one great object of our being. Abating this little difficulty, nothing can be more satisfactory than the proposition on which our reasonings are grounded; and the simplicity which accompanies its further developement recommends it powerfully to the judgements of those who, with a resolute independence of thinking, are determined to believe nothing they do not exactly comprehend, or cannot with ease reduce to the standard of their feelings.

"Nature has given us passions—and these passions were given us, no doubt, to be indulged. It is our duty therefore to indulge them as far as we can, with-

out opposing the like duty enjoined to the rest of our species. Between man and man there is a tacit convention, within the limits of which our passions and appetites may sport at large; and the only barrier to pleasure is pleasure. Thus, in this elegant and liberal philosophy, virtue and vice have none but merely relative distinctions, and indeed are not cognisable as virtue and vice till they begin to promote or interrupt the happiness of society. It seems as if there were a certain measure of felicity distributed among mankind; and if we have robbed an individual of his due proportion, we have only to make it out to Providence by taking upon ourselves what remains on the balance. What a delicious atonement is this! and out of what a plain principle of equity it arises! What encouragement and certainty it lends to repentance! while it renders our duty our delight, and our religion a regale. Adieu, under such a system, to the secret torments of conscience, and that inward sense of depravation which in ordinary and unphilosophical minds are attached to the free indulgence of those appetites which nature has given us. Adieu to those shallow prejudices which, by supposing absurd distinctions where none exist, overwhelm the mind with unreasonable terrors, and make our very thoughts susceptible of stain and criminality.

"I have observed, sir, with great regret, that you have adopted, in their full extent, these unhappy prejudices, and have applied them to almost all the pursuits and actions of our lives. There is one very important subject, however, which has as yet escaped your pen, and which I would fain rescue from that illiberal partiality with which the rest have been treated. You are to know, sir, that from earliest youth I have ever detested partiality and persecution of every kind; and I see no reason why what you are pleased

to call vice should not have as fair play as what you choose to denominate virtue.

"To avoid the charge of egotism, I will say no more of myself, though I must own I was on the point of presenting you with a very astonishing history, but will proceed to the consideration of the subject alluded to above, which is that of the practice of acting and speaking with an intention to deceive, or what is vulgarly called a habit of lying. I maintain that the idea of sin will only then properly attach to this universal practice, when it destroys more pleasure than it procures, or tends actually to diminish the quantity of solid happiness permitted to mankind. To talk of any intrinsic turpitude in a lie, or any inward sense of corruption or reproach of conscience in the fabrication of an imposture, is an absurdity which every true philosopher must heartily despise, and which tends to rob life of all its spirit and pleasantry.

"Were the influence of truth, by the exertions of its advocates, to be very much increased upon earth, I should fear it would become a very sombre world, and lose all its merriment, almost all its amusement, and much of its good-humour. We should no longer see ignorance and deformity with smiling faces; and folly would want that confidence in itself which makes life so rich in ridicule and burlesque. Moreover, what a topsy-turvy disposition of things would result from such an arrangement in favour of truth! We should have physicians refusing fees for conscience-sake, and apothecaries throwing away their gallipots and phials; officers declining promotion; bishops begging absolution; 'squires pulling off their hats to their coachmen; lords over-awed by chimney-sweepers, and countesses confused in the presence of their dairy-maids. What is there like fiction that

sweetens and adorns life? It gives, as it were, a varnish to nature's work, a sort of polish to our existence, and blends into one shining mass of gay confusion those mortifying differences and inequalities which are planted in the real constitution of things. No shape so crooked, no face so forbidding, no faculties so obtuse, no manners so coarse, but what may be kept in countenance by this lying system, which happily prevails more and more in the world.

"A sober inquiry into the nature of civilization and refinement will prove to us that these are only modifications of this great and ruling plan of imposition; and that in proportion as men advance in the art of lying, they advance in all the delicacies and elegancies of behaviour. Life itself is but one lengthened lie, with those who aspire to the praise of polished manners, or, in other words, who undertake to keep mankind in good-humour with themselves. But not only in the lighter concerns of life does the happy operation of this system of imposture appear, but in its graver duties and employments it is of equal use and importance. So necessary an accomplishment is it thought to the most sanctified situations, that the whole bench of bishops receive their dignities with a manifest lie in their mouths, and declare themselves adverse to their exaltation, at the same time that all the world knows to what they have submitted to obtain it. The solemnity of aspect, and formality of deportment, assumed in certain professions, are nothing but grave lies and a more studied kind of imposture. This is the garnish of life, and without which, existence would hardly be swallowed.

"It is the same principle that governs us all. The bishop refuses his dignity, the physician his fee, and the lady her lover's kiss, in conformity with this

same universal rule of lying, to which all things must bend in a civilized country. Let us only reflect for a moment on the situation of the lover without this happy resource: what would become of all his gay comparisons and devout protestations? Alas! he could no longer assume that irresistible eloquence with which I seem to hear him repeat this tender falsehood—'Indeed, my Laura, it is not your fortune, immense as it is, nor your person, though that was made for princes to bow before it, which has robbed me of my rest. No, by those eyes I swear, I am a martyr to your mind alone, in which I behold, as in a mirror, the very form of virtue reflected, and which taste and elegance, and wit and wisdom, have made their favourite abode.' But if the lover would have reason to repine at the overthrow of this lying system, how would the poet exist in such an inverted order of things? Tell him to be *splendide mendax* no longer —no longer to devote his talents to the propagation and embellishment of lies, you impose silence upon him for ever, and wantonly throw up the greatest privilege of man, the right to be imposed upon.

"For my part, I am determined never to abandon this great ornament of our nature, and to be *true* to this lying system as long as I have the faculty of invention and the power of utterance. But as I consider it as my duty to lie, I consider it also as my province to believe, that I may be passively as well as actively a promoter of this enchanting commerce. There is therefore nothing so marvellous but what I easily admit, and nothing so incredible but what I receive as gospel; by which means I overflow with ideas, and have in a manner doubled my existence. I enjoy the spirit as well as the letter of life; can ramble, and be at home; know more than I know; see more than I see; have two stories for every

event, and two faces for every occasion. I am never put to the blush by any detection; and if a person gives me the lie, I take it as a compliment, and generally ask him to dinner. By your frequent quotations from Lucian, I presume he is a favourite author; on which account it rather surprises me that you have never entertained your readers with any of those pleasant stories related in his dialogue, called The Liars. Give me leave to conclude this long letter with a specimen from that ingenious ancient.

" 'You mean,' interrupted Arignotus, 'the famous Pancrates, my preceptor, a most divine man, and endued with a most expressive countenance; bald, with a flat nose, thick lips, and long legs: he used to wear a linen robe, and spoke the best Greek.'— 'The same indeed,' cried Eucrates; 'though when I met him first, I did not know whom I had with me. But in the course of the voyage I observed him perform a great many wonderful actions, such as riding upon crocodiles, and swimming among sea-monsters, who, appearing perfectly subjected to him, would wag their tails, and fawn upon him. I soon began to consider him as something above humanity; and having by degrees acquired his friendship, he trusted me with all his secrets, and prevailed upon me to leave my servants at Memphis, and follow him; assuring me we should have no occasion for attendants. When he came to an inn, he would take the bar of the door, or a broom, or a wooden pestle, dress it properly, and repeating certain magical words, command it to walk about as a man. It would immediately proceed to draw water, prepare the dinner, and act in every respect as a dexterous waiter; but this secret I never could prevail upon him to communicate, though his conduct in every other instance

was extremely obliging. One day, however, I happened to overhear the charm, as we stood together in a dark place; and the morning after, while he was absent upon business in the market-place, I took my little pestle, dressed it up, and using the proper conjuration, commanded it to bring me some water. When it had filled the cask—Now leave off, my friend, said I, and be a pestle again. It refused, however, to obey me, and persevered in fetching water till the whole house was nearly deluged. I had forgotten the counter charm, and not knowing what to do in this difficulty, and being very much afraid of the displeasure of Pancrates, I took an axe, and split the pestle in two; but both the parts, thus severed, carried off the pitchers, and continued to draw water; so that I saw my servants multiplying upon me, and my distress increasing in spite of all I could do; till at length Pancrates, coming in, reduced, in a moment, my retinue to wood, as before, and saved me from being overwhelmed by their assiduities. Pancrates, however, withdrew himself privately from me, and I never set eyes on him afterwards.'

"Now, Mr. Olive-branch, I need not inform you that Eucrates was a very ancient man, and a very great philosopher; and yet among other philosophers of the first reputation, he did not scruple to tell this enormous lie. I may hope therefore that you will follow so respectable an example, and entertain your readers with some agreeable and engaging lies. In the mean time, I beg you to believe, if you can, that I am your most obliged, humble, obedient, and devoted servant,

"Pseudophilus."

The club, in general, was much entertained with this whimsical letter; and Mr. Barnaby shook his

sides till he raised the echo. Though no man relishes humour more sensibly than Mr. Allworth, I could observe that he was rather grave upon this occasion; and as he showed an inclination to speak, a general silence took place. "I think, Mr. Olive-branch," said my worthy friend, "the letter you have received, if it were written with an humourous intention, has not ill succeeded: but I own I regard truth, and all that concerns it, as too serious a subject to be jested upon; and indeed the practice of the present age looks so much as if it were founded upon the principles set forth in the letter, that I confess your correspondent has excited in my bosom less mirth than melancholy. A direct falsehood, thank heaven, still lies under its just odium; but it is not from direct falsehoods that we have most to apprehend in the present times: I am principally alarmed at the progress of those slant deviations from truth, and those lurking obliquities of conduct, which are all in the same spirit, and are the more dangerous from the softer appellations they assume. I choose, therefore, with your leave, to think rather with Cicero than your pleasant correspondent, whose opinion is as follows: '*Ex omni vitâ simulatio, dissimulatio, tollenda est; îta nec ut emat, nec ut vendat, quidquid simulabit, aut dissimulabit VIR BONUS.*'— 'Let our lives be entirely purged of every thing like feigning or dissembling; insomuch that no one may have the title of HONEST MAN, who shall persuade himself to swerve one tittle from the truth to over-reach his neighbours.'

"The language of politeness is perfectly consistent with truth, notwithstanding all that your correspondent has advanced. A lie is not locked up in a phrase, but exists in the mind of the speaker. In the common compliments of the day we have no in-

tention to deceive; and there is a secret compact between the parties to understand them as words of course. Any thing beyond this, except where something more is felt, is not expected by good sense from genuine politeness.

"Truth, too, I believe, is generally the most political where our fortune and advancement is concerned; and where truth dare not be spoken, there is nevertheless both safety and wisdom in avoiding a falsehood. A lion having a little complaint in his stomach, called a sheep to him that happened to be passing that way, and desired to be told if his breath were tainted. The poor animal, incapable of disguise, answered frankly, "Aye;" upon which the tyrant bit off his head. A wolf next presented himself, and having the same question addressed to him, answered, courtier-like, "No, Sire."—"I will kill thee," says the lion, "for a flatterer." The fox next appeared: and the same application was made to this dexterous politician. "Indeed, Sire," says he, "I must beg your majesty to excuse me, for I am troubled with a terrible cold."

"A liar may not ill be compared to a shipwrecked sailor, swimming for his life: lie follows lie, as wave succeeds to wave, till the devoted wretch, after a thousand vain efforts, is dashed against the rock, and sinks irrevocably to the unfathomable bottom. There is little doubt but that the credit which the false yet dexterous excuses and artifices of a youth receive among his school-fellows, tends very much to reconcile the mind, at an early period, to this disgraceful habit, which gathers strength as years increase and occasions become more pressing and important. Oftentimes, indeed, the vulgar ferocity and partial severity of the master compels a mind naturally noble, to take refuge in a lie, until habit by degrees

saps all its principles; and thus is it deluded and debased, without perceiving the steps of its own degeneracy.

"If an early love of truth were more assiduously cultivated in our common seminaries, there is little doubt but that it would prove a happy forerunner of reason, and plant in the mind an instinctive antipathy to vice, which in all its colours and descriptions is tinctured with falsehood and deceit.

"I am delighted," continued this gentleman, "with a little anecdote I heard a few days ago, in which the advantage of candour and sincerity is very neatly exemplified.

"A certain viceroy of Naples had the privilege, on a particular great holiday, to release from servitude a galley slave in the dominions of the king of Spain. The day was come, and the prince proceeded to the place where this pleasing right was to be exercised. Upon interrogating the different criminals touching their mal-practices, they all began to be very clamorous in their own exculpation; in short, from their own verdict, it appeared that there never was collected together a purer race of mortals. One only among the number hung his head, and preserved a melancholy silence. Upon the question's being put to him, he replied, "Alas! sir, I am not punished as much as I deserve, for I am indeed a most notorious sinner, and entirely unworthy of pardon or favour." "Is that the case," cried the prince, affecting a good deal of choler, "then send away this wicked fellow, that he may not corrupt those innocent persons." "

As soon as Mr. Allworth had finished, Mr. Blunt took up the discourse, and added, as I thought, some very pertinent remarks, enlivened by a pleasant little story taken from the German of M. de Gellert,

professor of philosophy at Leipzig. "The son of an old farmer, by some chance or other, had travelled through several remote countries, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, returned home much richer in lies than in knowledge. A few days after his arrival, he accompanied his father (a sensible shrewd old fellow) to a market at some distance from the village. It happened that a mastiff-dog passed that way, which as soon as the stripling beheld, "Bless me! father," cried he, "this dog puts me in mind of one I saw in my travels, at least as large as the largest of our cart-horses." "What you tell me," replies the father gravely, "astonishes me: but don't imagine that in this country we are wholly without prodigies; by and by we shall come to a bridge, which we shall be obliged to pass, and which is much more extraordinary than the dog of which you have been talking. They say it is the work of some witch. All I know of it is this, that there lies a stone in the middle of it, against which one is sure to stumble as one passes on, and break at least a leg, if it so happen that one has lied in the course of the day." The youth was a little startled at this strange account. "At what a rate you are walking, father! — but to return to this dog: how large did I say? as your largest horse? Nay, for that matter, I believe it might be saying a little too much; for I recollect it was but six months old: — but I would be upon oath that it was as big as a heifer." Here the story rested, till they were a mile or two advanced on their way. The young man was very far from being comfortable. The fatal bridge appears at a distance. — "Hear me, my dear father: indeed the dog, of which I have been speaking, was very large, but perhaps not quite so large as a heifer; I am sure, however, it was

larger than a calf." At length they arrived at the foot of the bridge. The father passes on, without a word. The son stops short—"Ah! father," says he, "you cannot be such a simpleton as to believe that I have seen a dog of such a size; for since I needs must speak the truth, the dog I met in my travels was about as big as the dog we saw an hour or two ago.""

№ 68. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31.

Ητοι κυκεων και αντεμπλοκη, και σκεδασμος· η ἑνωσις και ταξις και προνοια. Ει μεν ϑν τα προτερα, τι και επι ϑυμω εικαιω συγκριματι και φυρμω τοιϑτῳ ενδιατριϐειν; τι δε μοι και μελει αλλου τινος, η του ὁπως ποτε αια γινεσθαι; τι δε και ταρασσομαι; ἡξει γαρ επ' εμε ὁ σκεδασμος, ὁ τι αν ποιω· ει δε ϑατερα εστι, σεϐω και ευσαθω, και ϑαῤῥω τω διοικϑντι.

MARK. ANT. Bι. 5.

The universe is either a mere medley, jumble, or confused mixture, such as chance might be supposed to have produced: or it is a connected system of things, such as might have been expected at the hands of a wise Providence. If the former be true, why should we be anxious to prolong our stay in such a squalid and disorderly scene? Why should we give ourselves trouble about any thing further than the easiest mode of mixing with our mother earth? Why should we suffer our minds to be so disquieted, since, do what we will, we must at last all sink into the general confusion? But if the other side of the proposition be true, then do I reverence the great Ruler of all things, put my trust in him, and am full of courage.

After all which has been urged in the foregoing papers on the proof afforded us from analogy, in defence of God's moral government of the world, it must be confessed, that it contains some facts which startle human reason, and to which analogy furnishes no specific answer; yet if the analogy of nature support the probability that the moral constitution of things is a scheme or system of government, as dis-

tinguished from a number of single unconnected acts of distributive justice and goodness, and that it is a scheme imperfectly comprehended, it affords a general answer to such doubts as arise as to the equity of this moral constitution. We shall see enough to convince us that this is the case, if we look into the course and order of things in the natural world. Here we shall find that analogy (a moral government being supposed) justifies a conclusion, in the first place, that this government is a scheme or system; in the next, a scheme imperfectly comprehended.

In the great natural order of the world, we are all related together in a common bond of necessity and dependence. Under various circumstances and conditions are we all related together, nor know we where these relations end. No action, no event stands so single and unconnected, as not to be related to other actions, other events: nor are we safe in saying that there are not other relations beyond the limit of this present world. Every thing has future unknown consequences. Were we to trace any event as far as we could proceed, we should find that if such event were not connected with something still beyond it in nature, unknown to us, such event could not have been at all: nor can we give the whole account of any thing whatever, of all its causes, ends, and necessary adjuncts. The natural world, then, and the natural government of the world, being a scheme, and such an incomprehensible scheme, we are led in consequence to believe that the moral government is also a scheme, and a scheme that also baffles human inquiry and comprehension.

On a deeper consideration, it becomes probable that these schemes are but one in truth, and that the first is subservient to the second, as the vegetable world to the animal, as bodies to minds. We are

taught, therefore, by analogy, that every act of divine justice and goodness may be supposed to look much beyond itself and its immediate object, to have reference to some other parts of God's moral administration, and to a general moral plan. Thus our very scanty views of the frame and order of the natural world, furnish (a moral government being supposed) an easy and obvious answer of a negative force to all such objections as are directed against the equity, unity, consistency, and excellence of this moral government of the world.

Our gradual progress in the developement of this great scheme of administration, has been well illustrated by the manner in which modern astronomers made the discovery of the circular form of that phænomenon which we call the Ring of Saturn. Sometimes contemplating it as a narrow, sometimes as a broader oval; sometimes in the form of a straight line, in its different relative situations during its twenty-nine years' revolution through all the parts of the ecliptic; they came at length, by a sort of optical synthesis, to ascertain the circularity of its real shape. Thus, though the great providential scheme of the world, viewed through the medium of our gross understandings, puts on distorted and broken appearances; observation and research reconcile a part; and as, in the progression of time, the moral order of the world moves on, new relations and consentaneities unfold themselves, and we gain more and more accurate views of the roundness and perfection of this mighty system, till it may please the great Dispenser of all Things to purify and enlarge our mental optics to the contemplation of his whole design.

In another view, we are forced to acknowledge that no apparent irregularities form any grounds of

objection to the adequacy and perfection of the moral plan; for, in the natural world, experience proves that very desirable ends are brought about by means in no sort desirable, and frequently by means which we should have conceived without experience would have produced very opposite effects. Besides which, the natural government of the world is conducted by general laws; and for this there may exist very wise and admirable reasons. Yet it is impossible for general laws to prevent all irregularities, or remedy them as they arise, as we find in civil government: and were all irregularities prevented or remedied by immediate interpositions, (as things are constituted) the bad consequences are plain. They would unquestionably foster indolence and apathy, render doubtful the natural rule of life, and vain those talents, qualities, and principles, given us to exercise, to mature, and to confirm.

It may with truth be said, that some of the most important parts of human knowledge are taught us by our ignorance. The proofs of our mental imbecility, which the daily trials of our understanding on the commonest objects of nature present to us, are so many lessons of humiliation, by which human philosophy is bowed down to the earth before the unsearchable truths which lie buried in the counsels of the Almighty. I have been always very much pleased with a little book, called "Glanville's Vanity of Dogmatising," in which there is a very complete map of human ignorance: we there perceive what a vast region of truth lies still unexplored by us, disqualified as we are to breathe in the tenuity of its atmosphere. The insolvable nature of light, colours, gravity, motion, and matter, is touched upon with admirable vivacity in this little treatise, and forces into the mind a conviction of its own unrea-

sonableness, in disputing points which regard a life to come, on the ground of their incomprehensibility, while at every step in this present life our understandings encounter objects to the full as inexplicable.

I shall transcribe a part of his chapter on the motion of the wheel, in which the cause of ignorance is maintained with much ingenuity. "Besides the already mentioned difficulties, even the most ordinary trivial occurrents, if we contemplate them in the theory, will as much puzzle us as any of the former. And first, if we abstractedly consider it, it seems impossible that a wheel should move; I mean not the progressive, but the motion which is merely on its own centre; and were it not for the information of experience, it is most likely that philosophy had long ago concluded it impossible: for let us suppose the wheel to be divided according to the alphabet. Now in motion there is a change of place, and in the motion of a wheel, there is a succession of one part to another in the same place; so that it seems inconceivable that A should move until B hath left its place: for A cannot move but it must acquire some place or other: it can acquire none but what was B's, which we suppose to be most immediate to it. The same space cannot contain them both; therefore B must lose its place, before A can have it; yea, and the nature of succession requires it. But now B cannot move but into the place of C; and D must be out, before C can come in: so that the motion of D will be pre-required likewise to the motion of it; and so onward, till it comes to Z. Upon the same account Z will not be able to move till A moves, being the part next to it; neither will A be able to move (as has been shown) till Z hath: so that the

motion of every part will be pre-required to itself. Neither can one evade, by saying that all the parts move at once: for, firstly, we cannot conceive in a succession but that something should be first, and that motion should begin somewhere; and secondly, if the parts may all change places with one another at the same time, without any respect of priority and posteriority to each other's motion, why then may not a company of bullets closely crowded together in a box, as well move together by a like mutual and simultaneous exchange? Doubtless the reason of this inaptitude to motion in this position is, that they cannot give way one to another, and motion can no where begin because of the plenitude. The case is just the same in the instance before us; and therefore we need go no farther for an evidence of its inconceivableness. But yet, to give it one touch more, according to the Peripatetic niceness, which says that one part enters in at the same instant that the other goes out.—Now in the instant that B leaves its place, it is in it, or not: if it be in it, then cannot A be in it in the same instant without quantitative penetration; if not, then it cannot be said to leave it in that instant, but to have left it the instant before. These difficulties, which pinch so in this obvious experiment, stand in their full force against all motion in the hypothesis of absolute plenitude."

As a comment upon this passage, I shall produce another from the philosopher Malebranche, whose works, admirable as they are in many places, are so buried in obscurity, that a fragment of them is almost a curiosity.—"The profit that one may draw from these speculations is not barely to acquire the knowledge they present, which of itself is barren enough, but it is to learn the limits of our understanding, and

to force it to confess that there are truths which it cannot comprehend; and therefore it is wholesome to fatigue the mind with these subtleties, the better to tame its presumption and abate its confidence and audacity, in opposing its feeble lights to the mysteries of religion, under pretence that it cannot comprehend them: for since all the force of human understanding is constrained to yield to the least atom of matter, and to own that it sees clearly that it is infinitely divisible, without being able to comprehend how this may be; is it not plainly a sin against reason, to refuse to believe the wonderful effects of the divine Omnipotence, merely because our understanding cannot comprehend them?"

The only argument in which I recognise the shadow of an answer to this plain kind of reasoning, is built on the superior importance of those truths which involve the concerns of a future life, and consequently the deeper interest we have in their comprehensibility. This argument, however, a little examination will prove to be more specious than solid, since we can have no further practical concern with the truths of religion, than as they are connected with the moral duties of life, and are framed with a reference to our present existence. All beyond this is the object of mere speculative curiosity; and we have no reasonable right to complain that the indulgence of this curiosity is postponed till that life shall come to which the objects of this curiosity shall bear an actual relation. No man can say that sufficient is not explained to him, to furnish out a plain rule of life; that enough is not level to his comprehension, to bar the pretence of ignorance, to direct his course, and to stimulate his activity, through the trials and temptations of this mortal scene. The whole course of

this world is one grand answer to such objections as are built on apparent impossibility. From infancy to manhood the individual is daily expanding his comprehension to new possibilities of things; and from barbarity to refinement, philosophy is daily enriching society with new treasures of knowledge, with new powers and capacities of nature, with new results of new combinations. "Who can define the outgoings of the divine fecundity, or number the rounds of the intellectual scale?"

It is worth while also to remark, that there is nothing proposed to us by our religion, of which we have not clear ideas of the parts separately, although we cannot take in their various attributes and relations. We may understand the terms of the proposition, although we are unable to comprehend its truth. We know very accurately what is meant by a circle and a square, but we are unable to determine their proportions, for want of some related idea on which this discovery depends: so no man is without a clear general idea of what is meant by spirit; but, for want of being possessed of some other ideas which bear relation to spirit, he is perfectly unqualified to comprehend its properties and attributes.

In strictness of speech, we can be said to know nothing thoroughly, unless we could trace it back through all its causes, in one uninterrupted series, up to its original mover; nor is it at all possible to acquaint ourselves with the various relations between any existent things, unless we could ascend from proximate cause to proximate cause, up to the beginning of all things. Impressed with this sense of my own insufficiency, I would not presume to assert that the potatoe that grows in my garden, and the

oyster that lies upon the rock, are not necessary to each other's existence; or that, if Alexander had not conquered Asia, Milton could have composed his Paradise Lost. Exhibit to a native of New Holland an English clock, will he readily surmise that the minute and the hour hand, as well as the striker, all owe their several motions to one original mover? Show him the internal works, will he readily comprehend that complicated operation of wheel within wheel, which produces that proportion and dependence between parts so different in their constructions, so opposite in their motions, and so apparently unconnected in their functions? Will he not make the same conclusion as the story tells us was made by one of his condition, that the whole is an animal?

But little more than this Indian could know of the clock, did sir Isaac Newton know of the great system of the universe. More of its dependencies, connections, and relations, he certainly did discover than had been till then conceded to human penetration; yet was he forced to bottom all his reasonings on the hypothesis of gravitation, of which he could give no other account than that it was necessary to the conclusions he rested upon it. I think I cannot finish my paper better than by laying before the reader the sentiments of Job on this subject, which seem in one place to have anticipated this barrier to our natural researches.

"He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and *hangeth the earth upon nothing*.

"He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under them.

"He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it.

" He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end.

" The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof.

" He divideth the sea with his power; and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud.

" By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens; his hand hath formed the crooked serpent.

" *Lo! these are parts of his ways;*

" *Yet how little a portion is heard of him!*

" But the thunder of his power, who can understand?"

N° 69. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

"I bless God heartily that I had the advantage of a religious education, which is an invaluable blessing; for even when I minded it least, it still hung about me, and gave me checks."

LORD RUSSEL'S *Paper, given to the Sheriff at the Place of his Execution.*

POLEMO was the most abandoned of the Athenian youth. He seemed not only to have lost all the scruples of conscience, but the dread of infamy; and no one suspected that any portion of either principle or feeling remained in his mind. One day after sunrise, as he returned from a feast, he saw the gate of Xenocrates the philosopher open. He was full of wine, and anointed with a variety of essences; his head was crowned with a garland, and his limbs were clothed with a thin transparent garment. In this condition he reeled into the school, in which were assembled the most grave and learned men in the city. Unawed by so venerable a sight, he sat himself down in the midst of them, to laugh at their proceedings. The whole assembly were to the last degree indignant at this outrageous behaviour. Xenocrates alone was unmoved: without the smallest change of countenance, he dismissed the theme upon which he was discoursing, and drew a lively and affecting picture of the miserable consequences of intemperance and debauchery. As he proceeded in

his subject, Polemo was observed to comport himself with more decency. In a short time he laid aside the garland from his head: at length he drew his arm within his cloak, and seemed wrapt in the profoundest attention.—This Polemo became afterwards one of the greatest philosophers of his time.

I am inclined to think that a great many Polemos are every day lost to society for want of a Xenocrates to give a turn to their lives. There is, in all minds in which the sensibilities are not entirely dead, and the understanding impenetrably dull, some secret hold or handle by the help of which a new motion may be given to the machine; some fastening that may bind one solitary proposition or so, to which salutary conclusions may attach, or whereon may depend a train of irresistible truths. In a mind of dissipation and disorder, to search out this saving quality demands something beyond the activity of common virtue, or the patience of common philosophy. The thorough disgust of vice implies a certain share of positive virtue; but to bear with it in the hope of reclaiming it, is a much higher reach of excellence. The physician can never hope to rise to perfection in his art, until he can subdue his repugnance to whatever is most terrible and disgustful in the maladies to which human nature is subject: and he who cherishes with his virtue an exclusive spirit, that abandons the vicious to themselves, must expect rewards no greater than his sacrifices, and praise proportioned to his pains; must expect to be answerable for a crime rising out of his virtues, that of neglecting their noblest use and natural direction.

Providence, who knows the weakness of our strength, and oscitancy of our zeal, has not left the

children of error to this only chance of correction, but has thickly sown existence with wholesome mementos and admonitions, and such salutary shocks as recall us at every instant to self-recollection and silent remorse. The efficacy of these correctives will be always in proportion to the degree of principle inculcated in the mind by early education. There is an adhesion in those habits and sentiments that have taken the first possession of the heart, and are blended with associations of awe and respect, which prevents their being dislodged entirely amidst the corruptest practices and examples. To infix these deeply and indelibly in the mind is the first duty of every parent, from which they may draw back to themselves, in the worst circumstances, the consoling reflection that they had raised all the barriers they could to the ruin which has succeeded, if not the cheerful hope that one day or other, by some chance collision of events, the latent sparks may be kindled into a flame, and surprise with unlooked-for lustre. Parents are the real educators of their children; they are of necessity so, if they live with them in their earliest infancy. Nothing drops from *them* without its consequences. The mind of a child is ever on the watch; and the hungry nature of early curiosity falls upon whatever is set before it, only solicitous to satisfy the appetite, without caring either for health or nourishment.

It is in fact of little importance, in a view to their morals, whether we choose a public or private seminary for our children; the business is entirely done at home. It is here that the first and ruling propensities have their birth; it is here that those models are furnished to which instinct directs their attention. The interposition of masters and the lessons of life

may train the branches, and improve the foliage; but it is here that the trunk of sentiment is nourished, that trunk which cannot well be destroyed, and can never be renewed, while its leaves and its branches may yet again be restored, though scattered and blasted by the tempests of life. While such are my opinions, I enter with little concern into the anxiety of those parents about the mode of education they shall prefer, or their complaints of disappointment and expense in the education they have bestowed, whose doting partiality or criminal inattention have lost them the opportunities, which infancy afforded, of giving a happy direction to the thoughts and capacities of those whom Providence and their country have committed to their care.

I find, among the letters of Eugenio, an answer to some interrogatories addressed to him by the father of Amelia, in which I think I discover strong proofs of that sound judgement in human affairs, which makes a part of the character I have given of him in a former paper. I shall lay this letter before my readers, as it supersedes in a great measure what I had intended to say upon my present subject.

"My dear sir,

"I am most particularly flattered that, notwithstanding the thousand books which are open to you on the subject of education, you should think it in my power to reflect any new lights on the question. I am flattered, but yet frightened, both on account of those into whose province I am venturing, and of him to whose penetration I am submitting. But you desire me to say what I feel, and that is enough. What I dare think, I dare express, on every matter that is not of personal and individual

concern. But do not, I beseech you, call me philosopher; for in the present abuse of that title, it comprehends whatever I most despise in human learning—arrogance, insolence, conceit, dogmatism, and infidelity.

"That a subject so interesting to man as the improvement of his moral state, by the culture and direction of his talents and propensities, should draw forth an unwearied succession of endeavours to illustrate it with new arguments and fresh experiments, is a consequence both natural and advantageous: for how little soever particular plans and propositions may tend directly and intrinsically to promote the end in view, yet every new speculation that is laid before us (with some exceptions) demonstrates that it is still an object of public care and solicitude, excites a general ardour for the cause, and gives a fashion to sentiments which must, one would think, terminate in some benefit to humanity, however capriciously directed by the defects of judgement and the illusions of imagination.

"It is plain, however, that no collateral advantages can counterbalance the injury resulting from any attempt to relax our motives to care and circumspection, by the propagation of absurd notions respecting the efficacy of unassisted nature, or a contrary persuasion of the incorrigible depravity of the human heart: nor ought we to regard without abhorrence any corrupt endeavours to loosen the foundations of morality, by pretending to teach it separately from religion. Taking up the subject in a general view, it may be doubted whether any considerable improvements have obtained in our practice at this advanced period, in comparison of former ages, of ages less favoured by the influence of religion and philosophy.

"These considerations lead us to conclude, that some radical and universal defect must have entered into all our schemes and plans for this purpose, to disappoint the tendency of such an accumulation of excellent advice, that appeals to every man's experience, and is connected with every man's interest. The great advantages held out to us by many of these proposals cannot be denied, nor indeed the powerful recommendations to notice which most of them possess, if their parts be separately considered: but when, with that avidity which is so natural to human reason, we aim at embracing the whole system, we find all our efforts to reduce it to practice attended with provoking disappointments; the apparition eludes our grasp, and mocks our credulity.

"The particular parts, which, when separately viewed, produced in our minds conviction and regard, when considered with a reference to the whole, assume an appearance of disproportion and deformity; we wonder at the strange deductions to which they are made subservient, and condemn ourselves for listening to propositions which are susceptible of such extravagant conclusions, and which are capable of lending their aid to a system of opinions so contrary to common sense and common experience. The consequences, however, are seldom imputable to the propositions which first gained our assent and approbation; they are artificially and imposingly attached to them by the ingenuity of the author, who, setting out, perhaps, with the upright intention of investigating truth, and promoting the good of his species, no sooner gets sight of a system, however indistinct and remote, than every wish to elucidate the subject makes room for the vanity of raising himself to a sort of sovereign authority, and of stretching his laws and empire over some entire province in philo-

sophy, where his fancy may exert an uncontrouled domination.

" There is another tribe of system-makers, whose errors are of deeper criminality, and more malignant and fatal in their origin and results; who live in perpetual hostility with their own understandings, their own interests, and their own repose; and sacrifice the sure and lasting enjoyment of honest fame and self-approbation, to the vain and perilous glory of paradoxical eminence and audacious singularity. Though the operation of this fatal propensity has in no small degree multiplied our labours and retarded our progress in our search after physical truths, yet the firm opposition of sense and experience, together with the irresistible potency of scientific deduction, have been at length a match for it in those provinces of human knowledge. Its influence at present is nearly confined to metaphysics and morality.

" A kind Providence, however, even here has not left us to the mercy of these arrogant usurpers. A great and steady light is afforded to the diligent and humble-minded, by which their reason may be guided with sufficient certainty amidst human vanity and error. It has been, therefore, at all times, the peculiar interest of these proud schemers to violate the sacred league between morals and religion; to burst asunder the bonds which united them; and, having deprived morality of those great and awful sanctions by which it was explained and guarded, to subject it to a mere human and fluctuating philosophy, and perplex and torture its principles into an accommodation with their various systems of gross infidelity or fastidious refinement.

" So inviting a field as education could not remain long uninvaded by this systematising mania. The

fluctuating state of men's opinions concerning it, the multiplicity of objects it respected, the endless variety of ways by which the genius and faculties of man are to be drawn forth according to the various constitution of his mind and predominancy of his passions, the mixed considerations that arise from taking into view the relations subsisting between the external and internal condition of a human being, the short insight we have into the nature of ideas, and the progress of the mind;—all these difficulties and perplexities, attendant on the *theory* of education, gave but too much room for visionaries of all complexions to refine and systematise to whatever degree the turn of their thoughts and principles might carry them. It stood equally exposed to the licentious assaults of Mandeville, and the delusive graces of Rousseau.

"I think I may fairly place at the head of system-makers, in this branch of human inquiry, these opposite theorists,—diametrically opposite indeed in their premises, but conspiring in their conclusions to the same destructive ends: the one, with a strange and affected excess of romantic refinement, proposing to deprive our helpless infancy of all correction and culture: the other urging with desperate audacity the natural and inborn wickedness of man as a reason for withholding instruction, considering that instruction as putting weapons into the hands of mischief. The one would postpone all cultivation as useless, when we are most open to impressions, and most undetermined in our course; and because our dispositions are naturally corrupt, the other would leave them to themselves, at the time when they are most easily controuled and conquered. Rousseau would ruin our cause, like Fabius, by delay; and Mandeville carries slaughter before him with the sword of Marcellus.

"The injuries resulting to education and humanity from such corrupt systems, can be compensated by no excellence or ingenuity displayed in particular parts of them. The writings of Mandeville are but little read, or read with contempt and disgust. Rousseau has numerous votaries; and it is to be feared that few of those who profess to respect his system only in part, are in reality possessed of judgements severe enough to reject those seducing theories which give to his writings an irresistible power over the imagination.

"It appears to me, that a principal cause of the failure or impracticability of every scheme hitherto proposed for the improvement of our plans of education, has been the prevailing fondness for singularity and system, and the too little regard shown to that almost boundless extent to which human life is diversified, and that vast variety of relations and attributes, natural and moral, by which the condition and wants of our nature are modified.

"For these reasons I cannot help thinking that a few plain rules are best, which may keep in view the great and necessary duties of humanity, universally intelligible, universally practicable, divested of the parade of principles, and recommending a simple and natural course of proceeding. When we once bring the subject into abstruse and metaphysical discussions, we presently lose sight of practice and utility, and seek only how we may construct a system lofty and imposing, and appearing to be the result of deep research into human nature. (You will take notice here, my dear sir, that I confine myself to the moral part of the education of children.) After treating the systems of others with such little ceremony, you may expect me perhaps to come forward with one of my

own. But recollect, I am not at issue with any particular system, but with systems altogether. My own private notions on the subject will lie within a very small compass.

"I think I may confess to you, sir, my opinion, without danger of your smiling at me, that religion should be made the great and leading object in the education of youth; that every instruction, as far as possible, should be brought in aid of this greatest good to mankind; on this every principle of morality should be built, every habit formed, and every opinion adjusted. Here we find a boundless scope for the natural and sprightly curiosities of children, an excellent exercise to their opening faculties, and a sufficient incitement to all the virtuous sensibilities and ardours of their minds. Religion I regard as the sun in the system of education, the great and mighty dispenser of light and life to the whole, and capable, by its attractive power, of maintaining to every part its proper place and destination in the order of things. It is the pride of our reason, which delights in a chimerical notion of independence, that has prevented us from profiting by the simple aid of religion; and hence have arisen all that refinement and perplexity which characterise those parts of every system of education which respect morality.

"The frigid propositions of ethics, and arguments drawn from the beauty of virtue or the fitness of moral obligation, can make but small impression on the feelings or understandings of children, and require a thousand artifices and expedients to enforce them; but the injunctions of religion are plain to the apprehensions, and interesting to the hearts of youth; they furnish a solution to every moral question which can arise in their minds, and are a safe guide in every

critical case, and anxious dilemma. I consider it therefore as the great art of moral education to give religion a due and permanent effect on the mind, and to use every means of confirming its influence, till it grows into a deep and resolute habit, which no accidents or vicissitudes may in future dislodge. In young and in feeble minds, this *habit* is alone calculated to anticipate the maturity of reason, or to supply its deficiency. Of habit in general, I will venture to say, that it is the most active and universal principle of excellence or depravity. It either confers on our bad propensities that irresistible preponderancy, by considering which, some have been induced to excuse their vices on the plea of imbecility; or it is a firm and faithful ally, that gives our reason the victory in most of her contests, or enables her to rally her forces, and rise mightier from defeat. Those indeterminate sensibilities and affections which sport in the bosoms of infants, settle, as manhood approaches, into solid habits and decided adoptions; besides their immediate influence on our lives, they are ultimately the source of all that is noble and all that is base in our actions. To these busy and potent agents, before they are combined into settled features of character, or determined in their bias and direction, the whole stress of education should be turned; every emotion should industriously be watched; every burst of passion should be corrected or suppressed; while every benevolent feeling should be trained to its proper object, should be prompted by encouragement, and mellowed by use. It is the happy tendency of a sober religion to foster these sensibilities, at the same time that it corrects them; to furnish the fittest objects for their exercise, and the plainest boundaries for their limitation; to give

them their proper poise and stability; to collect them under one standard, and to make them uniformly subservient to a common end.

"I am persuaded, sir, that the adoption of these few principles would throw great ease and simplicity into the business of education, and reduce all its rules to a state of practicable reconcilement; they would enable us to dispense with those refined and complex schemes, those nice and arduous expedients, which, supposing them certain of success, demand more leisure, more penetration, and more temper, than the lot of human infirmity will suffer us to bring to the cause.

"&c. &c.

"EUGENIO."

Nº 70. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

They
---------- saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal sense of operas, and the fair;
The stews and palace equally explor'd;
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd;
Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store;
Spoil'd their own language, and acquir'd no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
At last turn'd air, the echo of a sound. POPE.

It is the error of those who speculate on the subject of education, that they consider the mind rather as a passive than an active being. Forgetting that law of our nature which decrees, that intellectual attainments shall spring only out of mental exertions, they seem to suppose that the mechanical operation of a certain degree of culture and opportunity must necessarily produce an answerable progress in knowledge and accomplishment. In the estimation of common minds, scholarship is exactly rated in proportion to the education supposed; and it would be difficult to persuade an illiterate mechanic that Charlemagne could not sign his name, and that a famous sophist of Lycia could neither read nor write.

Those who are in the secret well know, that

where the spirit and disposition is wanting, but little is to be done by the force of education, the abundance of resource, and the incitement of opportunity; while a mind that is vigorous and excursive by nature, breaks through every disadvantage, and grows by moments to gigantic stature, where others would perish through indigence and hunger. But this prejudice is not solely confined to the lower classes; it obtains among the better sort; and no small number of this description should seem by their conduct to imagine that knowledge is to be forced into the mind like water into a cistern; not considering, that before it becomes knowledge, where it is endeavoured to be transferred, it must undergo a process of assimilation, like that which the aliment of our bodies experiences, ere the system is nourished, and the blood and spirits recruited. Without a proper organization and predisposition of our bodies, our food would turn to but little account; and unless the mind be disposed to act upon the nourishment it has taken with the necessary force, the chyle of real knowledge will be but ill prepared and scantily supplied to the understanding.

The mistake above adverted to, induces all that can afford the costs, indiscriminately to send their children abroad, with a view to the advantages which they think must necessarily result from travelling, on the principle on which they suppose that knowledge is the certain consequence of a college-education. All men are not born for all things: the lessons to be learned by travelling are among the most difficult that can be offered to the human intellect, and can only enter into a capacity to which nature has been originally kind, and which culture has duly prepared. It was not till Heraclitus had

contracted a dropsy by living upon grass, that he discovered that nature had intended different foods for the ox and for Heraclitus. The natures of different minds are equally discordant; and what imparts strength and nutrition to one, to another is the source of disease and corruption.

All predetermination, in respect to the disposal of a child, is folly and cruelty in the parent. He who resolves to make his son a lawyer, or a divine, without attending to the developement of his mind and bias of his talents, undertakes for a measure of ability which it is not in his power to bestow, and determines without those *data* on which a right judgement can alone be formed. This, however, is only acting independently of nature, but not in defiance of her; it is presumption, but not contradiction. But at the age at which young men are sent on their travels, the qualities of the head and the propensities of the heart become pretty decided and manifest to an interested observer. At this time, to send a young man to travel for improvement, whom nature has gifted with no turn for observation, or power of deduction, is to set up a mechanical process in opposition to nature's laws, and to suppose that there are artificial methods of acquiring knowledge, without the agency of the understanding, or the participation of natural capacity.

"I will give my child an excellent education," is a phrase which may be thus explained—I will keep my son at school till he has reached the age of eighteen, at which time I shall suppose him accomplished in all that the discipline of his school inculcates. I shall send him from school to college, where those opportunities will be afforded him which his scholastic acquirements will have quali-

fied him to improve. After three years spent at college, in the prosecution of those advantages which the situation presents, he shall travel abroad, to mature, by practical observation, the theoretical knowledge he has laid up in his mind.—All this is a resolution formed in the mind of the parent, without allowing for any of those obstacles which the condition of the understanding or the temper may interpose; without laying their account with human infirmities, the want of taste, the want of feeling, the abuse of opportunity, the inaptitude of talent, or the indisposition of the heart.

If we suppose the mind of a child to be in all or any of these predicaments, there is no more effectual method of urging him to his utter ruin than the plan I have just been describing. It is condemning him to compulsory idleness, without any resources but such as are to be found in the frivolities of fashion, the sallies of folly, or the excesses of debauch. Nature has made some men in a mould that unfits them for the paths which lead to intellectual eminence; yet her distribution, though various, is equitable: and if to some she has denied the ornaments of genius and the access to academical honours, she has furnished them, for the greater part, with the means of becoming useful to mankind in the exercise of powers as productive if not so splendid, as conducive to the purposes of humanity if not so subservient to the ends of ambition. When a father is induced, from motives of pride, or from the prejudice of example, to push a youth of blunt capacity into the road to intellectual advancement, and destines him, in spite of nature's remonstrances, to move in a sphere of publicity and consequence, he pronounces, in effect, a cruel and capricious sentence

of condemnation upon his own child, which, in the style of the courts, would run as follows:

"My son, you are now to receive that dreadful "sentence which the laws of pride, fashion, and cus- "tom, direct me in my parental capacity to pro- "nounce upon you. The crime of which you stand "convicted by an attentive and impartial jury, is "that of being born to a great estate, with a slender "portion of abilities. For this crime, which your "country has considered as worthy of the severest "punishment, you are to suffer in the manner I am "now to declare to you. You are to be taken from "from this place to a public school, where as much "as possible of crude Greek and Latin is to be "forced into your head, to the entire exclusion of all "those subjects which your capacity might embrace "and turn to advantage. Every morning, fasting, "you are to be publicly whipped in part of your "sentence, and this punishment will be continued "through ten long years. After this, instead of "sending you to hard labour for a term of three "years at college, you will there pass three years of "compulsory idleness; during which time, all that "cast of pursuits will be shut out from your view, "which might provoke in you some laudable at- "tempts to become useful, by harmonising with the "colour of your mind. In this desperation you are "to be driven into courses, for want of better em- "ployment, which must terminate in the wreck of "your constitution, and the total ruin of those dor- "mant capacities, which, if once called forth, might "render you valuable to others, and happy in your- "self. Thus your case will be put beyond all hope "of redemption in this world. While you are in

" this state of punishment, you will be branded by " certain marks of ridicule called Degrees, in receiv- " ing which you are to be led with a hood about " your neck to a stage, or rostrum, where you are to " be publicly put to the question. When this part " of your sentence shall be completed, you will be " transported to the Continent, where every day a " slow poison will be administered to you, called " philosophy by some, and infidelity by others. " The laws which dictate this terrible sentence have " decreed, that, for a crime so flagrant, it is not " enough that your body be sacrificed; your mind " is to be the principal object of the pains and " penalties enacted. You will carry this about with " you in a naked, lacerated, miserable state, through " all the great cities of Europe, till it is brought " back, at the end of two years, to be starved to death " in the midst of unavailing abundance. When de- " bauchery has done that for your body which edu- " cation has done for your mind, you shall be carried " to Stationers'-Hall, as the statute directs, and dis- " sected for the public in a sixpenny magazine, and " the L—d have mercy upon your sinful soul!"

It is not with the common modes of education, but with the application of those modes, that I declare myself at hostility. For a youth whose mind shows any bias towards literary and philosophical objects, and faculties equal to the pursuit, our ordinary plans and institutions may be tolerably calculated. Though I am persuaded that at an early age nothing is to be obtained at school, comparatively with that which parental example and precept can effect at home; yet I am willing to allow that the opportunities, the leisure, the tranquillity, the abs-

traction, and the emulation of an university career, are excellently adapted to encourage growing talents, and to rivet the application of real genius. Yet these same characteristics of a college education are eminently ruinous to minds of another cast; and where there are not powers of thinking for the full employment of leisure and abstraction, there is no safety or resource but in a perpetual round of suitable occupation. The expanse and the depth of the waters which compose a lake, preserve it in a pure and pellucid state; but the little rivulet must be constantly running, to save itself from corruption, and to maintain its colour and salubrity.

The same remark will apply to what is called finishing the education by travel. It applies indeed with greater propriety and force, in as much as this part of education has a more decisive influence on the habits and principles. There is in some minds a propensity to draw inferences from every occurrence in life, and to start fresh matter for contemplation at every step they proceed: for such as have minds of this make and quality, a plan of education would be very imperfect that did not include the advantages of foreign travel. To a youth so qualified, it is fruitful in the most important lessons of life: it generalises his views, and enlarges his comprehension, in respect to all the concerns and objects of humanity. In that greater scale in which he contemplates man, he rises to a better judgement on his comparative excellencies and defects.

Moreover, by a survey of those different characters and complexions under whole classes and descriptions, which a narrower range would only suffer him to contemplate in the detail and among individuals, his understanding becomes stored with general

maxims, and fortified with general rules; he is thus enabled to consider man in the abstract, and independently of particular associations or prejudices, till his thoughts mount gradually to that true philosophical elevation which fits us for great situations, for wide connections, and for illustrious distinctions among the rest of our species.

But where we see in a youth no spontaneous essays of thought and observation, no tendency towards enlargement, no principle of growth, nothing that binds, that builds, that accumulates, nothing that buckles to the objects which are presented before it, we have no way of doing him a more fatal injustice, no better way of condemning him to perpetual sterility, and of barring out every solace and every resource, no better way of damning his hopes, his peace, and his principles, than that of sending him abroad into a vortex of dissipation and infidelity, where he can only acquire some little grimace, or some little talent to disguise mischief or decorate inanity, in exchange for whatever manliness, virtue, or reverence, the earlier lessons of his life may have taught him.

If there were really no other mode of filling up the years between eighteen and twenty-one, of a youth of ordinary capacity, it were better, methinks, could it be done, to set him to sleep for this interval of his existence, and let it be a blank rather than a blot in the catalogue of his life. I must own too it appears to me something like robbing our country, and betraying its interests, to send abroad such an useful class of manufacturers, who in their proper departments at home, in those departments for which nature so manifestly designed them, might have rendered a service to mankind, and a particular

benefit to the land in which they were born. I have just room to introduce a letter, received about five years ago by a gentleman in our neighbourhood from his son on his travels. It was exultingly shown to me, as a proof of vivacity and observation, by the sagacious parent.

" Honoured sir,

" We are at last arrived at the town of Geneva. T'ent half so fine a place as London, for all it is abroad.—How we got here the Lord knows; for you never see such a sight of mountains and rivers in your life. We get tolerable good eating here, but never was nothing like the living all the way through France: I thought I should have been starved—and so I should, I believe, in good earnest, if Parson Jones had not fried us a homlet, as they call it, every night. How you would have laughed to have seen them all a jabbering French! and even the children that play in the streets talk it as fast as sister's governess. I keep a regular journal of all I see, and have got down upon paper the market-days of every town, the number of miles from one place to another, the names of all the principal country-seats and their owners, with the rivers that runs by them, and all that. I think they beat us out and out in religion; their churches are as fine you can't think! but then we beat them in malt liquor and boots. I went into one of their churches the other day, and I think their service is much prettier than ours. I here found what it was to have been at a Lattin school; for every now and then I caught a word as I know'd, though they thought I did not, I'll warrant 'em. The monks, as they call 'em, are very comical in their dress, and look some'at like

our waggoners. How they can talk Lattin I can't conceive, since they don't seem as though they had had any education. I went up to the altar, where the ministers were got a bowing to each other. They were n't half so civil to me, however; for, as I came near 'em, I was like to have had a violent blow in the face with a large silver jug tied with a chain. I wanted to see what they were about, and so got close to the table, upon which one of them pushed me away, and I asked him where was his manners? An old monk without shoes or stockings frowned at me, and mumbled something, I don't know what, but I told him that I was n't afraid of none of them, could pay my way, and put down guinea for guinea with him at any time; and more than all, that my father was a justice of peace. A great many people on the road called me My Lord Anglay; I suppose they had heard that you was lord of the manor. I have not got many acquaintance, but I am like soon to have plenty; for as I walked out in the streets late last night, I met a very fine young lady, who spoke to me, and asked me if I wa'n't a stranger. I told her, yes, and asked her if she know'd W———, our village. She said she had heard of you, and said a great many polite things, making me promise to come and see her the next day. Our John ha'n't been right well ever since he left England; he says, he can't do without ale. He has been so ill of the rheumatis that I have been forced to hire my hair-dresser to wait upon me, who knows a great deal about politics, and tells me what the ladies say of me. I can't tell what's come to Parson Jones, but he looks as if he had got the jaundiss. He behaves very well, and never contradicts me. He says the mountains here are nothing

like the Welch mountains, which, he says, are as high as our steeple at W———. I have bought a snuff-box; and Le Frere, my hairdresser, has bought a ring for me, a very great bargain, for ten louis. He says that the best way of learning the language is to buy a great many things, and so call 'um by their names. Le Frere tells me that a certain marquis of his acquaintance wants to be introduced to me. He knows our village, and has heard talk of you very often. The people have been bringing me a great number of stones, and cockles, and things from the mountains. Le Frere was so lucky as to get me one yesterday, for which a great philosopher of this place has offered a hundred pounds, for only six guineas. I shall bring it home to sister: it is so bright that she may see her face in it. We are going to-morrow to see a fine valley in the midst of a great many mountains; they call it Shammoney, or some such thing. Parson Jones wo'n't go; he says they can't be so big as the Welch mountains. He grows as yellow as our coachman's livery; if so be as he dies, it will be a sad thing to be buried out of a Christian country. I can ask you how you do, what's o'clock, already; and Le Frere says I pronounce the language better than he can English, though he has been several years in St. James's Street. One learns very quick among such good-natured people. I have made it a rule to see every thing as was to be seen in all the towns I have passed through; but I ha'n't yet seen nothing so curious as the Lincolnshire ox. There was a great deal of dancing at the opera at Paris, but nothing like the slack-rope dancing as we saw last summer in sister's holidays. I don't know what else to tell you, for we have seen so many things that I don't remem-

ber above half. But as you have been in Wales, perhaps it don't signify talking of any thing here, for Mr. Jones says he ha'n't seen nothing like the Welch mutton and Welch mountains. We saw a fine library at Paris, as I thought; I can't think where they could find so many books; but the parson won't allow it to be nothing to the libraries in Wales. We went also to see some curiosities at a place called the Cabinet, which put me in mind of sister's shells; but Mr. Jones would not go, for he said he had seen so many in Wales. Here we saw Mr. What's-his-name, the library-man, and cabinet-maker to the Dawfing. Our parson went with us to see a battle among wild beasts, where there was a jack-ass that fought like any thing: you never see such fine sport in your life. With love to mother and sister, I remain, in haste,

"Your dutiful son,

"PARIDEL."

N° 71. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

Nos miranda quidem, sed nuper Consule Junio
Gesta, super calidæ referemus mœnia Copti;
Nos vulgi scelus, et cunctis graviora Cothurnis.
Nam scelus a Pyrrhâ, quanquam omnia Syrmata volvas,
Nullus apud tragicos populus facit, accipe nostro
Dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit ævo.

JUVENAL, Sat. 15.

What I relate's more strange, and e'en exceeds
All registers of purple tyrants' deeds;
Portentous mischiefs they but singly act;
A multitude conspir'd to this most horrid fact.
Prepare, I say, to hear of such a crime,
As tragic poets, since the birth of time,
Ne'er feign'd, a thronging audience to amaze,
But true, and perpetrated in our days. DRYDEN.

" To the Rev. Simon Olive-branch.

" Rev. Sir,

" As the world in general are fond of a sad story, and as I do not observe many of this nature in your very entertaining work, I determined to send you the following account of the celebrated Urbain Grandier. I think it may conduce to two or three moral purposes: we may learn from it a lesson of caution against making enemies in the period of our prosperity, even among those whose imbecility or

folly we most despise. The world hates those who are in the pride of security; and it is in the power of malice to operate our ruin with the grossest engine, when once the spirit of envy is excited against us. It shows us too, how little we should pique ourselves on the progress of refinement in these latter ages, when we consider that in the time of Louis the Thirteenth, but the third prince from that unfortunate monarch whose atrocious murder has brought fresh ignominy upon this boastful period, the sanction of the French government was given to an act of horror, hardly equalled in the annals of the Inquisition.

"Loudun is a small town in Poitou, where there was established a monastery of nuns, the principal object of which was the instruction of young women, whom they received as boarders. In the year 1632, these young ladies lost their director, a person venerable for his piety and wisdom, whose name was Moussaut. As the interior of a convent does not abound in amusement, the young persons it contained let no opportunity pass of diverting themselves: and among other frolics, it was their humour to frighten each other by personating the ghost of their deceased director. Jean Mignon, a canon of the collegiate church of Sainte Croix, at Loudun, was chosen in the place of Moussaut. It was remarked that, instead of discountenancing these sports, he gave them every possible encouragement, from which many have since concluded that he had already cast his eyes upon these young actresses, as the instruments of that inveterate hate with which he afterwards pursued the unfortunate Urbain Grandier, and considered the tricks with which they were at present amused, as a proper preparation for those

more serious impostures in which they were soon to be exercised.

"The man who is to figure in this little history was the son of a notaire royal at Sablé, and born at Rouéres, a town at some little distance from Loudun. It was said that he learned magic of his father and uncle; but the inhabitants of the place have borne the best testimony to their good conduct and demeanour. Urbain Grandier studied under the Jesuits at Bourdeaux, who, on account of his great talents, considered him with no common regard. As they were convinced that he would do credit to their order, they bestowed upon him the benefice of St. Peter at Loudun, of which they were the patrons, and procured for him a prebend in the church of Sainte Croix.

"Such considerable preferment excited the envy of his ecclesiastical brethren. He was a young man too of a most prepossessing figure, and something great and elevated was manifested in all his actions and deportment. In his person there was an attention to the Graces, that was some reproach to him among his Order, but which enhanced the general prejudice in his favour. He was every way accomplished to make a figure in the world; and possessed, in an uncommon degree, the talent of expressing himself with ease and force in conversation. The same superiority attended him in the pulpit; and on whatever subject he was engaged, he left nothing to be wished by the correctest judges.

"The rusticity of the monks could not bear to contemplate the credit which such accomplishments attracted; their jealousy grew the more malignant from the restraint imposed on it by the elevation of his character; till at length it was carried beyond

all bounds of moderation by the deserved contempt with which the efforts of their malice were regarded. The friends of Grandier found infinite charms in his conversation and manners; but to his enemies his carriage was full of loftiness and disdain. All his designs and undertakings were marked with peculiar firmness and intrepidity: and in matters of interest he was not easily wronged or overborne. But he repelled every attack with such vigour and resentment, that his enemies were rendered irreconcilable.

"But innocent as was Grandier of the crime of magic, he was undoubtedly chargeable on the score of gallantry, in which he discovered but little self-government and moderation — a part of his history that will account for many of those implacable enmities which he drew upon himself: and we may conclude, that the least furious of his persecutors were not among his defeated rivals, and the relations of the victims to his seductive qualities. Amidst the many amours with which he was embarrassed, there was but one mistress of his heart, and report gave this title to Magdeleine de Brou, with whom he was thought to have contracted a marriage of conscience, and to have written, for the greater repose of her mind, his famous treatise against the celibacy of the clergy. But as his heart was great and honourable, he was never known, by the slightest breath of intimation, to sport with the character of any female whose charms had yielded to his allurements.

"Notwithstanding the predominancy which this passion had gained in his mind, it had not been able to subdue or weaken the sentiments of piety and principles of faith with which he was inspired; and we shall see in the end that these qualities acquired their due ascendancy, and supported him under

great trials—greater than humanity is constructed to bear, without the extraordinary succours and resources of a never-failing religion.

"Some legal victories, which his superior eloquence and address obtained in various ecclesiastical suits, excited the keenest resentment in the breasts of those he had defeated, which was moreover exasperated to an uncommon pitch by the disdainful triumphs with which these victories were accompanied. Mounier and Mignon were the principal among this number. To these we may add the numerous relations of Barot, president des elus, the uncle of Mignon, whom Grandier had treated with a mortifying contempt in a difference which had taken place between them, and whose great riches and connections gathered round him an immense crowd of sharers in his resentment. But the most determined of all his enemies was Trinquant, the king's procureur, whose daughter's affections had been won by Grandier, and to whom it was on good grounds supposed that her virtue had been likewise surrendered.

"The exposure of the young lady was prevented by an act of friendship that deserves to be recorded. Marthe Pelletier, by whom the unfortunate girl was tenderly beloved, disguised from the world the fruits of the amour, and took upon herself the whole reproach, by declaring the child to be her own, and bestowing upon it the care of a tender mother.

"The enemies of Grandier, attracted by a sympathy of hate, drew every day closer together; till at length a desperate combination was formed for his utter destruction. Accusation upon accusation was preferred against him, on the score of his imputed profligacies and impieties; but not a single woman could be found to appear against him, and the evi-

dence altogether involved so many palpable contradictions, that although the part taken against him by the bishop of Poitiers procured his frequent imprisonment, the strength of his cause triumphed over all the malice of his persecutors. He continued however to wind up to the highest possible pitch the virulence of their hate, by the insulting and imperious deportment he adopted towards them.

"It was about this time that the archbishop of Bourdeaux, in whose court he had been acquitted, and who appeared to be well disposed towards him, on account of his superior attainments, advised him with much earnestness to abandon his present situation, and seek repose from the vindictive persecutions of his enemies in some distant benefice. But, unhappily, Urbain Grandier was not of a character to follow this counsel: he loved too well the gratification of his vengeance, not to pursue the conquests he had already made. It was suspected, besides, that there lived a young person at Loudun from whom he could not resolve to be separated. Alas! what transcendancy of virtue is necessary to oppose this sort of temptation in a man whose profession forbids him to marry, while the sensibilities of an ardent complexion are urging him with all their violence, and the opportunities which personal accomplishments produce are tempting him with all their persuasion!

"It was in vain that the friends of Grandier remonstrated with him against the manifest imprudence of drawing upon himself the vengeance of an implacable and powerful cabal, and of challenging the full effects of their utmost malignancy, by an opposition that could end in neither honour nor advantage. He was not to be moved by these representations, and

continued to gall and irritate the festering wounds he had inflicted on the credit and feelings of his enemies, till at length they were prepared for a conspiracy so dark, so durable, so complicated, that it may be said to stand alone in the history of the human heart. The following was the plan of revenge adopted by this savage combination:—It appears that Mignon, with the assistance of certain others disposed like himself, exercised the nuns of his convent every day in playing the part of persons possessed with devils. They were accordingly taught to imitate the contortions and convulsions which are supposed to belong to this afflicted state.

"It would not be unreasonable, in this place, for your readers to demand, how it was possible for a whole convent to be engaged in such an inhuman plot? how it was possible for the hearts of young and inexperienced females to be thus hardened against those feelings so natural to their age and sex, in a case too wherein youth and elegance were to be the mournful sacrifice? Such a question, however, can only be answered by the fact itself. The whole story of their being possessed with devils appears unquestionably to have been an imposture, to which Grandier was at length a victim; and as it seemed to have no other end but the destruction of this devoted object of their hate, we are justified in supposing that it was purely in this view that the whole contrivance was undertaken. Arguments too might easily have been used with such young and prejudiced persons, capable of lessening the horrors of the scene in which they were acting, drawn from the interests of their particular convent, and of the church in general. They might have been persuaded, that it was praiseworthy to operate towards an end so conducive to the

honour of the church, as the punishing a profligate character, by any, the darkest contrivances;—that they would render themselves conspicuous thereby to their country, and to Europe at large, and draw to themselves a greater contribution of alms, and a more numerous conflux of pensioners. However it was, they certainly, day after day, for a length of time, were practised in the parts of persons possessed—in all the grimaces, contortions, and convulsions, which were supposed to indicate this terrible condition of humanity. It was said, that Mignon, their director, took care to bind them to secrecy, as well as to a co-operation, by the most dark and tremendous oaths.

"The rumour of this *possession*, as it was called, of the nuns of Loudun, at first ran silently through the town. The moment it became a public topic, Mignon exorcised the superior of the convent, and another nun. In these exorcisms he joined to himself Barré, curé de St. Jaques de Chinon, a man of a gloomy and melancholic habit, and full of ambition to be regarded as a saint. He came with great parade to Loudun, at the head of his parishioners, whom he led in procession, walking himself on foot, to give lustre to the proceeding. The two ecclesiastics, having exercised themselves and their pupils in this mockery for a week, judged themselves qualified to support a public exhibition. Granger, curé de Venier, united himself to this cruel cabal—for what reason it is not exactly known, since there was no visible motive on his part. He undertook, however, to represent the state of the convent to Guillaume de Cerisay de la Gueriniere, bailli du Loudonois, and Louis Chauvet, lieutenant civil, and to request their attendance at the exorcisms which were about to take place. He assured them, that in her paroxysms

one of the nuns spoke Latin with ease, although she had never learned that language.

"The two magistrates repaired to the monastery, to assist at these ceremonies, and, in case they should see reason to believe that the possessions were real, to authorise the exorcisms; otherwise, to stop the course of an illusion that might bring great discredit upon the church and religion in general. As soon as these officers made their appearance, the superior of the convent fell into strange convulsions, and distorted her features into such horrible grimaces, that, from one of the handsomest women in France, she became in a moment one of the most deformed. To add to this effect, she imitated the cries of a young pig with singular success. At her right hand stood a White Friar, and Mignon at her left. The latter conjured the demon to answer to the following questions: 'For what reason have you entered into the body of this maid?' 'From a principle of animosity.' 'By what compact?' 'By flowers.' 'What flowers?' 'Roses.' 'Who sent them?' 'Urbain.' She pronounced this name with apparent repugnance, and with violent throes and convulsions. 'Tell me his surname,' said Mignon. 'Grandier,' answered the supposed demon.

"It was plain enough that the superior might easily have learned, in the course of the time in which they had been forming her to the character, a sufficiency of Latin to make these few answers in that language, and that, to have put her fairly to the proof, the examination should have been committed to ecclesiastics to whom she was a stranger. The sœur laie, who was also very pretty, began her part as soon as the other had finished, and went through the same mockery. The devil of this last proved not so

learned, and referred her examiners to the other devil for the information they required. After the scene was over, the judges retired.

"The affair began now to be the subject of all conversations in the town, and the name of Grandier to be in every body's mouth. The credulous and superstitious part of the neighbourhood bowed their understandings; the simple took all upon trust, through reverence and want of discernment: but all thinking and sensible persons saw clearly the absurdity of the whole proceeding, though their charity at first would not suffer them to suppose that it had for its object so truly diabolical a purpose. They could not help remarking, however, that when Mignon was urged to demand of the demon the cause of that animosity which occasioned the compact between him and Grandier, he refused to comply, because, in reality, it was a question to which he had not taught the nun a Latin answer. They could not but admire the ignorance of the devil that possessed the sœur laie. It occurred also, that these devils had forgotten to vary their parts, since they had played exactly the same scene before different persons. They remarked too the excess of Mignon's hate, which could not conceal itself, where disguise would have been political. The share too which the Carmelites took in the transaction, seemed plainly to result from the resentment they bore towards Grandier, for the contempt in which he held their preaching. And lastly, they observed that the enemies of Grandier assembled every night in a house of Trinquant's, at the village of Puidardane.

"The next time the magistrates made their appearance in the convent, the convulsions were just finished, but the superior was foaming and drivelling

at the mouth, and presented a spectacle squalid and shocking. Barré demanded of the demon 'When he should depart?' He replied, 'To-morrow morning.' He next asked, 'For what reason he should remain till that time?' The devil replied, 'It is a compact,' and immediately after, 'Sacerdos, finis.' It seemed as if he hardly knew what he said, and was come to the end of his Latin. After many ceremonies had been performed, and a long list of the names of saints repeated, the superior regained her tranquillity, and regarding Barré with a smile, declared that the demon had left her. She was asked if she remembered the questions which had been addressed to her? to which she replied in the negative. After she had taken a little nourishment, she assured those around her that it was about the hour of six in the evening when the demon first invaded her; that she was in bed, with several nuns in her chamber. She could perceive that somebody took one of her hands, and, after having put into it three black pins, closed it again.

"It is strange to think that such absurdities should not have inspired universal disgust among any people above barbarous ignorance;—the only shadow of excuse under which such torpid credulity could shelter itself, was the natural repugnance men felt at imaging that there could be found capable of so horrid a machination, so large a number of their fellow creatures, and that too among the ministers and votaries of a mild and merciful religion.

"A similar scene was every day acted before the magistrates and officers of the town. The bailli, however, and the lieutenant civil, were not among the number of the implicit believers, and refused to authorise or accredit any relations of miracles to which

they themselves were not ocular witnesses. Grandier had regarded in profound tranquillity the first proceedings of the conspirators; he had seen them in a light so contemptible, as to feel no apprehension for their consequences. But perceiving that, at length, the comedy grew less laughable, and that serious impressions, to the injury of his character, had already been made by their calumnies, he felt it necessary to represent his situation to the bailli, and to protest against their proceedings. It required but little argument to expose a delusion so gross. Grandier obtained from the magistrate a candid attention to his representations, who entered them in the public register, and gave him a clear recital of the various scenes at which he had been present in the monastery.

"In the mean time the unfortunate ecclesiastic saw his enemies multiply around him, to whom were now added René Memin sieur de Silli, the major of the town, the lieutenant criminel, and all the servants of the king. The bishop of Poitiers had manifested an ill disposition towards him from the commencement of the plot; and, upon being applied to by Grandier, threw him again upon the royal judges. It was in vain that the bailli repeatedly ordered that the nuns should be separated from each other, and examined by unprejudiced persons. The rest of the officers would not assist him; and Mignon refused to comply, on the pretence that such a proceeding would be contrary to the oaths of their order. Such an union of persons in dignified situations, both civil and religious, imposed silence upon all men; and the tremendous oaths with which Barré, the principal exorciser, protested his veracity before the magistrates and judges, overawed little minds, and gained vast credit to the imposture.

"The transaction had need of all these sanctions to support it; for, emboldened by success, the machinators, in a thousand instances, lost sight of their caution and consistency, and every day ran greater risks of exposure by still hardier experiments upon the public credulity. Their machinery was so clumsily contrived, that perpetual failures in their tricks began at length to open the eyes of all reasonable men—all, except those who made it a merit to be blind in religious concerns, and who, unhappily for the devoted Grandier, composed a very great majority of the people."

N° 72. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

Hôc sævit rabie imbelle et inutile vulgus. JUVENAL.

Such rage inflam'd an useless coward crew.

"REGARDLESS of the interpretations which good sense might have given to their proceedings, and of the infamy they were accumulating upon their names and their order, the enemies of Grandier were pursuing with stedfast malignity their plan of revenge, when they received a blow from an unexpected quarter, which confounded them for a while, and checked the career of their malice. The archbishop of Bourdeaux, metropolitan of that district, paid a visit about this time to his Abbey of St. Jouin, in the neighbourhood of Loudun. As soon as he was acquainted with the affairs of that town, he sent his physician to examine the possessed. All was in a moment as quiet as the grave, and no vestige of possession could any longer be discovered.

"In the mean time Grandier, confiding no more in the gross complexion and self-evident absurdity of the whole contrivance, laid before the archbishop a clear and manly account of the proceeding, with a particular exposition of the motives which urged his enemies to so devilish a conspiracy. The archbishop, touched with the representations of Grandier,

deputed unbiassed persons to examine fairly and dispassionately the circumstances of this extraordinary affair; and to this end, to separate the afflicted persons, so as effectually to prevent the possibility of collusion. Such was the virtue of this decree, that the whole legion of spirits were instantly put to flight. Barré withdrew himself to Chinon, and all was restored to perfect tranquillity. No reasonable man after this could doubt but that the business shrunk from the test of a fair inquiry; and the name of the bishop of Poitiers fell very low in the public esteem, while all extolled the candour of his metropolitan. This bad success of the conspiracy brought the convent into so great disesteem, that parents withdrew their children from its school, and the nuns became the fable and the jest of the whole neighbourhood. In the midst of these cross accidents, however, Mignon relaxed nothing of his horrid purpose, and his hate was only the more exasperated by disappointment.

"While things were in this train, an event as unexpected as it was decisive, drove the current of adversity with such fatal violence against the unhappy Grandier, that neither patronage, talents, nor the justice of his cause, could avail to protect him. It happened that just about this time there went an order from the council to dismantle all the fortresses throughout the interior part of the kingdom, and M. de Laubardemont was commissioned to destroy that of Loudun. This man was entirely devoted to cardinal Richelieu, the ordinary instrument of his oppressions, and, when any subject was to be sacrificed without the formalities of justice, the most dexterous agent on those sanguinary occasions. An old connection had subsisted between him and the perse-

cutors of Grandier; and no sooner did he make his appearance at Loudun, but the cabal recovered their spirits, and rallied round him with an exultation which they took but little pains to conceal.

"Some time before these events, a woman, named La Hamon, belonging to the town of Loudun, had accidentally recommended herself to the notice of the queen, in whose service she now was employed. As she had manifested abilities much above the common rate, and no despicable vein of wit and irony, a suspicion fell upon her, supported by other circumstances, of having written a most unmerciful satire upon the cardinal, entitled *La belle Cordonnière*. In this piece were contained reflections the most galling upon his birth, his person, and his character, but more particularly a ludicrous account of his eminence's passion for a female cobbler. The ruling propensity of Richelieu's heart was that of revenge; and the smart that followed from this lampoon excited such a storm of this passion in his mind as the world saw plainly was not to be appeased without some victim or other.

"As Grandier was well acquainted with La Hamon, who had been one of his parishioners, it occurred to the conspirators that they could not by any contrivance more effectually promote their object, than by attributing to this unfortunate man a correspondence with the supposed authoress, and a particular concern in this perilous satire. Other schemes were also adopted for exasperating the cardinal against the unhappy ecclesiastic, and things were in this posture when M. de Laubardemont returned to Paris. He there made a report of the condition of the nuns, whom he represented to be really possessed with devils, after having given them, as he

declared, a full and unprejudiced examination. It is true, that since the arrival of Laubardemont a numerous reinforcement had been added to the list of the possessed, and the ladies had somewhat improved themselves in the parts they were to play.

The cardinal trusted entirely to M. de Laubardemont the execution of his vengeance, who returned to Loudun with a full commission to bring Grandier to his trial, and to decide finally on each article of the accusation. The first step of this minister was to order Grandier to prison, without waiting for any information against him, who, though forewarned of this intention in time to make his escape, disdained to confess himself a culprit by flying the face of justice. He was seized the next morning before it was light, as he walked to his church to assist at matins, and was immediately conveyed to the castle at Angers, where he lay in a dungeon for three months. Here he composed a volume of prayers and meditations, which breathed nothing but piety, forgiveness, and resignation; a composition of great elegance both for diction and sentiment, and which looked very little like the production of a magician's brain. This work, which was exhibited on his trial, operated as little in his favour as the testimony of his confessor, who visited him in prison. His enemies were sworn to destroy him. Some feeble struggles were made for the poor ecclesiastic by his aged mother, who presented several appeals in vain. He was tried on the 19th of December, 1633, on the grounds of the supposed possessions; and Grandier, though surrounded with bitter enemies, and with a miserable death staring him in the face, wore a countenance serene and unmoved, while the villainous artifices of this monstrous conspiracy were played off before him.

posure under his sufferings drew tears of pity from all but his priestly brethren; but the sovereign authority with which the commissary was invested imposed awe upon the people, and a dreadful silence sealed up their lips.

"In the mean time the vulgar were cajoled by a thousand conjuring tricks, which passed for the agency of the devils. Father Lactance promised them that the demon should take the commissary's cap from his head during the service, and suspend it while they chanted a *Miserere*. This was done by an easy contrivance, when the glare of the chandeliers favoured the deception. An order was now published, declaring the possession by devils of the nuns of Loudun to be a true representation, and enjoining a general belief, because the king, the cardinal, and the bishop believed it. Such as refused assent were declared to be infidels and heretics.

"Grandier was now brought for the first time into the presence of the nuns who had acted the parts of the possessed; immediately strange transports and convulsions ensued, succeeded by horrible outcries and yellings, and all pretended to put him in mind of the times and places in which he had communicated with them. Grandier was no way dismayed by this sudden attack, but answered with a smile of indignation, 'that he renounced Satan and all his devils, that he gloried in the name of Jesus Christ, and that he disclaimed all knowledge of and intercourse with such miserable impostors.'

"This execrable scene, however, produced considerable effect upon the people, who could not believe it possible for women that had devoted themselves to their God, to be capable of such monstrous iniquity. The nuns would now have torn him to

pieces, if they had not been withheld; they threw, however, their slippers at his head, distorting at the same time their countenances into the most terrible grimaces. About two months before the condemnation of Grandier, a sudden remorse seized upon the sister Clara and the sister Agnes: they publicly confessed the part they had taken in this infamous plot. One of the seculars, La Nogeret, made the same avowal; but the principals of the conspiracy laughed at their declarations, which they insisted were only the artifices of the devils to foster incredulity.

"The judges were now appointed for the trial of Grandier, the issue of which was easily foreseen, when it was observed that the choice fell entirely upon his avowed and inveterate enemies. Such an outrage against all the principles of justice drew together the sound part of the inhabitants of the town: at the ringing of the bell, they assembled in the town-house, and there composed a letter to the king, in which the proceedings of the cabal were spiritedly and justly exposed. This measure, however, proved entirely ineffectual, and contributed only to exasperate the commissary, who, with the other commissioned judges, annulled the act of the assembly, and forbade any persons in future to deliberate on matters which came within the power of the commission.

"Grandier began now to consider his condemnation as the certain consequence of these outrageous proceedings; he neglected, however, no arguments which might tend to open men's eyes to the unexampled perversion of justice and violation of human rights, by which his ruin was to be accomplished. One last solemn appeal he addressed to his judges, full of force and full of dignity, reminding them

'that the Judge of judges would sit in the midst of them, and take account of their motives and decisions on that day in which they would sacrifice an innocent man to the implacable fury of an unrighteous cabal; that, as mortals, but a little time would bring them before that mighty tribunal, where the temporary judgements, which they shall have authorised in this world, will form the grounds on which that last immortal judgement shall be pronounced upon them, which shall extend through endless ages.'

"About this time an occurrence took place which affected all minds with the deepest horror:—as M. de Laubardemont was entering the convent, he was surprised with the figure of a woman in the outer court, with only a linen covering on her body, and her head naked; a torch was in her hand, a cord about her neck, and her eyes were swelled with weeping. On approaching, it was found to be the superior of the convent, the chief actress in these infernal scenes.

"As soon as she perceived the commissary, she threw herself on her knees, and declared herself the wickedest of God's creatures for her conduct in this iniquitous affair. Immediately after this confession, she attached the cord to a tree in the garden, and would have strangled herself outright, had it not been for the interference of some nuns who were near her. Not even this spectacle could touch the heart of Laubardemont: these recantations were represented as fresh proofs of the friendship that subsisted between Grandier and the demons, who made use of these expedients to save him. To the prejudiced every thing serves as a proof; it feeds upon that which should naturally destroy it. At length, on the 18th of August 1634, after a multitude

of depositions the most absurd that it ever entered into the human heart to invent, Urbain Grandier was condemned to be tortured and burned alive, before the porch of his own church of Sainte Croix.

" Grandier heard the sentence of his judges without undergoing the smallest change of countenance, or betraying the slightest symptom of mental trepidation. Erect and dauntless, his eyes cast upwards to heaven, he walked by the side of the executioner, to the prison assigned him. Mamouri, the surgeon, followed him, to execute such indignities upon his body as Laubardemont should direct. Fourneau, another surgeon of the town, was confined to the same prison with Grandier, for manifesting human feelings on an occasion on which he was ordered to exercise some cruelties upon his person. ' Alas,' says the poor ecclesiastic, ' you are the only being under heaven that has pity on the wretched Grandier.'—' Sir, you know but a small part of the world,' was the reply of Fourneau.

" Fourneau was now ordered to shave him all over, which he was preparing to do, after entreating the pardon of the unhappy sufferer, when one of the judges commanded him also to pluck out his eye-lids and his nails. Grandier desired him to proceed, assuring him that he was prepared, by the gracious support of a good God, to suffer all things. But Fourneau peremptorily refused to execute this last order, for any power on earth. As soon as the first part of the operation had been performed, Grandier was clothed in the dress of the vilest criminals, and led to the town-hall, where M. de Laubardemont, and a vast concourse of people, were waiting to receive him. The judges, on this occasion, gave up their seats to the ladies, as if gallantry could with decency

mix in so woful a scene. Before he entered the audience chamber, father Lactance exorcised the air, the earth, and the prisoner himself.

"As soon as he was admitted, he fell upon his knees, and looked around with a serene countenance; whereupon the secretary told him, with a stern voice, 'to turn and adore the crucifix,' which he did with ineffable devotion; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, remained for some time wrapt in silent adoration. As soon as he recovered from his reverie, he turned to the judges, and thus addressed them: 'My lords, I am no magician; to which truth I call to witness God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The only magic that I know, is that of the Gospel, which I have always preached. I have never entertained any other faith than that which our holy mother the Catholic Church has prescribed to me. I recognise Jesus Christ for my Saviour; and I pray that his blood, which was spilled upon the cross, may blot out my transgressions, which indeed are manifold. My lords,' continued he (here the tears trickled down his face), 'I beseech you, moderate the rigour of my punishment, not for my body's sake, but lest my soul be reduced to forget its God in despair.'

"He was now put to the question, ordinary and extraordinary. His legs were placed between two pieces of wood, round which several strong cords were tied together with the extremest force: between the legs and the boards, wedges were beat in with a mallet, four for the question ordinary, and eight for the extraordinary. During this process, the priests exorcised the boards, the wedges, and the mallet. Many of them, indeed, assisted at the torture, and took the mallet out of the executioner's hand. Gran-

dier uttered neither groans nor complaints, but regarded this horrible testimony of their hate with supernatural serenity, while the marrow of his bones was seen to drop on the pavement. In this extremity, he pronounced distinctly a strain of fervent adoration, which was copied from his mouth by one of the attending magistrates, but which he was not permitted to preserve. After this terrible scene, he was stretched before the fire, and recovered from frequent faintings by some strong liquor, which was poured into his mouth. Here he named two confessors, to whom he wished to consecrate his last moments, but they were both refused. This instance of unrelenting malice forced some tears down his cheek; and when other confessors were offered him, he desired that no one might interpose between God and himself.

"In his way to the place of execution, he cast a look of pity and complacency on those that accompanied him; and often kissed a lighted torch which he held in his hand. Father Grillau, whom he had demanded for his confessor, approached him with these consoling words: 'Remember that your Saviour Christ ascended to heaven by the way of sufferings. Your poor mother blesses you. I implore for you the divine mercy; and I believe firmly that God will receive you in heaven.' At these words, a placid joy overspread the countenance of Grandier, which never forsook him from that moment, till the flames devoured him. The executioner would feign have strangled him before he had set fire to the pile; but the exorcists had done all in their power to prevent this miserable charity, by filling the cord so full of knots that it could not be effected. At this moment, father Lactance seized a torch, and thrust-

ing it into Grandier's face, 'Wretch,' cried he, 'renounce the devil; you have but a moment longer—confess!' Without waiting for the order, this implacable friar applied his torch to the pile, and publicly performed the office of executioner. 'Ah! where is thy charity, Lactance?' cried the poor ecclesiastic. 'There is a God that will judge both you and me. I cite you to appear before him within the month.'

"There was a vast concourse of people in the square, among whom this devilish conduct of a minister of God excited a murmur of abhorrence. They cried out with one voice to the executioner, 'Strangle him! strangle him!' but the flames had already seized his body, and prevented this last sad act of dreadful compassion. Thus miserably perished the body of Urbain Grandier, sacrificed to the most diabolical hate that ever possessed human bosoms, and condemned by the most iniquitous tribunal that ever mocked with a show of justice."

END OF VOL. XLIII.

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