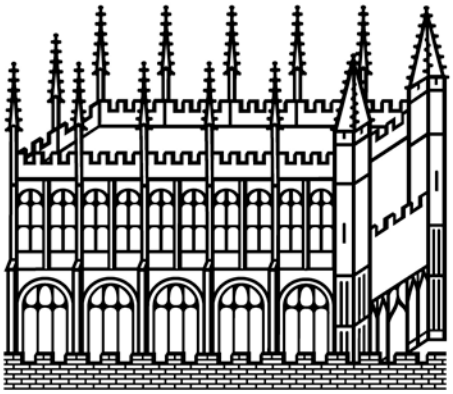

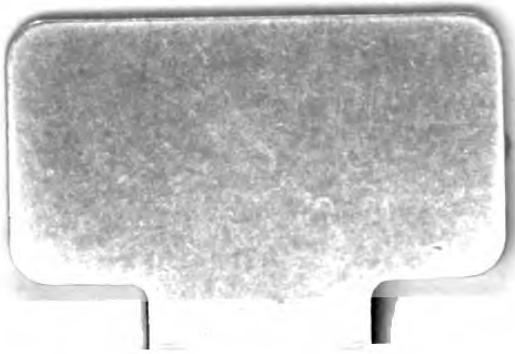

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XLII.

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THE

LOOKER-ON:

A

PERIODICAL PAPER.

BY THE

REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH, A. M.

N° 25—50.

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VOL. XLII.

THE

LOOKER-ON.

N° 26. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1792.

Disputat subtiliter, graviter, ornatè: frequenter etiam Platonicam illam sublimitatem et latitudinem effingit. Sermo est copiosus et varius: dulcis in primis, et qui repugnantes quoque ducat et impellat. Ad hoc, proceritas corporis, decora facies. Quæ licet fortuita et inania putentur, illi tamen plurimum venerationis acquirunt. Nullus horror in vultu, nulla tristitia, multum severitatis: reverearis occursum, non reformides. Vitæ sanctitas summa, comitas par. Insectatur vitia, non homines: nec castigat errantes, sed emendat. SEQUARIS MOMENTEM ATTENTUS ET PENDENS; ET PERSUADERE TIBI, ETIAM QUUM PERSUASERIT, CUPIAS. Plin. Epist.

His argumentation was acute, grave, and polished; it frequently even represented the Platonic sublimity and compass. His style, copious and diversified; opening upon you with such sweetness as to draw and allure you in spite of your prejudices. Add to this a portly figure and a handsome countenance; which circumstances, however accidental or trifling they may be esteemed, much enhanced the general impression of respect which his presence created. Nothing harsh or gloomy in his looks, but a dignified severity. His approach inspired awe, but not alarm. If the sanctity of his life is great, his urbanity is not less conspicuous. Our vices, and not ourselves, are the subject of his reprobation.

When he counsels, you would hang attentively on his words; and when he has finished advising you, you would fain have him begin over again.

As I have long regarded my readers in the light of a family that belongs to me; and as the interest with which I espouse them, has become of the most cordial kind by exercise and cultivation; I cannot view them gathering again around me, without those complacent emotions of domestic affection, which animate the meeting of relations that have been some time separated. But though my pen has been long idle, my labours have not altogether been suspended. I have been employed in looking around in the resorts of gaiety, and the busiest scenes of active life, for fresh matter of contemplation, fresh subjects of amusement, and fresh sources of instruction. My mind brings new energy to its task after this interval of recreation; and my spirits have acquired an alacrity which throws a gay colouring over the objects of my lucubrations, and enables me, in spite of grey hairs and growing infirmity, to look at life through a sprightly medium, and to deck out my topics in the dress of good-humour.

To that flexibility of thought, and diversity of attention, which is necessary to the execution of my design, nothing is more essential than an habitual cheerfulness; for it is the nature of melancholy, not only to contract the mind, and destroy its fecundity, but to draw to a point that latitude of discrimination, on which alone a good judgement can be founded, on the mixed and modified condition of human affairs. The best security against this gloominess of disposition, except the natural boon of a happy temper, is to dislodge as early as possible from the mind, all splendid views of life, and sanguine expectations of the future, which, by accumulating particular disappoint-

ments, are sure, in the end, to discolour the general character of our thoughts and maxims. But the particular advantages which I derive from this serenity of disposition, display themselves in my official character, and help very much to qualify me for the charge of dealing forth advice to the well-disposed part of my readers: for I know of nothing that so damps the efficacy of counsel, as a suspicion that it is bottomed in disgust or disappointment, or that it flows more from the character than the experience of the person who lends it. Of all the talents which lie within the the compass of our ability, there are none which comprehend a greater range of qualifications, than the art of giving advice. To how few belong that delicate art which Persius attributes to Horace in these well-known lines,

> " *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
> *Tangit, et admissus* CIRCUM PRÆCORDIA LUDIT.
>
> " Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
> Did crafty Horace his low numbers join,
> And with a sly insinuating grace
> Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
> Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
> And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound."
>
> DRYDEN.

If nothing more were necessary to ensure its success than its own internal recommendations, every man of sense, education, and experience, would be fully accomplished for the task; but, unhappily, these pretensions are of trifling avail, without a certain prejudice of character, and command of manner; without that selection of opportunity, of those " *mollia tempora fandi,*" and that grace of insinuation, which are advantages that result only from long and calm experience in human affairs, and are fruits that ripen slowly in a mind where even the soil and culture go

hand in hand. But although the qualifications necessary to authorise advice, are thus formidably great, yet there is no undertaking in which we more heedlessly embark; and the meanest among us are every day exalting themselves into the chair, from a pert propensity to rule and dogmatism. This promptitude to interpose advice, is particularly common to characters remarkable for their enthusiasm and precipitation; who, for the greater part, discover plainly, by their egotism and sufficiency, that they are more occupied with themselves, than the persons whom they charitably espouse.

Another set of unqualified lawgivers are those who, after a youth besotted with idleness and dissipation, claim the privilege of schooling the world;—a description of people whom I regard as no way superior to broken merchants, that will give you plenty of notes, while they are without a shilling in their coffers. Such are misled by a notion, that maturity of mind is to be calculated by years; and that discretion is a plant of spontaneous growth, which, if you give it time, will rise to as high perfection in a wilderness as in a cultivated garden.

I conceive that it would be wonderfully for the advantage of the political, as well as the petty concerns of life, if any way could be found of lessening the quantity of advice in the country; instead of which, we are contented to import it from our continental neighbours, at a price which leaves us most notorious losers, and turns the balance most cruelly in our disfavour.—Our vestries, our clubs, and our associations, have lately brought us such an overflow of this commodity, that the operations of productive industry are in danger of being embarrassed thereby: for I have remarked that the quantity of activity is generally in a reverse proportion to the quantity of

counsel; and that where very many suppose in themselves an ability to advise, but very few feel the obligation to perform.

It is one of our family maxims, derived to us through many generations, never to take advice from the unfortunate, or from those who have bought experience at the expense of their honour, their reputation, or their happiness; which maxim is founded on a suspicion, that in these cases a levelling wish may lurk at the bottom, and on a persuasion that no man is pleased with raising a contrast to deepen the shades of his own inferiority. Those who build their pretensions to advise, simply upon their experience, may not improperly be denominated a species of quacks in morality; while those only can be considered as regularly bred to the art of administering counsel, whose minds have been matured by contemplation and study, whose knowledge has been digested through a long course of tranquil reflection, and whose observation has run parallel with their experience through the whole tenour of their lives.

An Utopian speculatist might amuse himself with planning a department in every district, or parish, which should be called the office of advice; from which might issue certificates and testimonials, constituting such only dispensers of counsel, who could prove themselves qualified by producing a countenance of health and cheerfulness, a character unimpeached, and the means of a comfortable subsistence: for though, in some cases, sufficient ability might be found where these documents are wanting, yet, for a solitary exception or so, one would not destroy a rule which would preclude so much impertinence, and help so materially to debarrass the motions of business and activity. There is something too in the affirmative testimony with which those can urge

their advice, who carry in their own persons the substantial proofs of its good consequences, that is greatly more animating and decisive than those negative arguments which an experience in vice will afford us in the defence of virtue. If we change the application of this remark, we shall find it equally true in what respects the interests of immorality: thus, one affirmative proof of the success of gaming, will easily overbalance the testimony of a hundred martyrs to its ruinous infatuation.

It is pleasing thus to contemplate virtue in this light of worldly importance; to view her intrenching herself in human policy and wisdom, and asserting her claim to temporal advantages; to behold her high prerogatives over vice, her superiority of controul, and the more imposing weight of her authority; and to regard that slow and certain operation, with which these advantages have endowed her, towards extending her dominion on earth, and propagating her culture among mankind.

It was a saying of St. Augustine, that if the conduct of a man be at variance with the salutary advice he exhibits, we should regard him as a directing-post, which is not the less to be attended to, because it has never gone the way to which it directs us. The allusion is neat, but the reasoning is fallacious; since the circumstances of man are so different from those of a directing-post, and since it is on the neglect of a capacity, which the directing-post is without, that we found our suspicion of the motives which govern advice. In regard to the delicacy and difficulty attending the task of administering advice, there is a passage in the *Nigrinus* of Lucian, which affords some very sensible hints. After a long discourse held by that philosopher, in which a great variety of useful precepts are contained, he

thus speaks of the impression that was made upon him:

"He concluded with a number of excellent remarks of the same nature: I was divided between astonishment at what I heard, and apprehension lest he should add nothing more. For a long time my eyes were fixed on him; my head turned round; and so oppressed was I with my veneration for him, that I almost sunk under a sense of my own inferiority. My tongue faltered, my voice forsook me; till at length my bosom discharged itself in a flood of tears. It was not a slight touch his discourse had given me, that merely raised the skin; but it was a deep and thorough wound, that pierced to my very soul. A mind with good dispositions may be compared to a soft mark or butt, on which numberless archers exert their skill, with their quivers full of pointed speeches; but to take a judicious aim is an excellence to which but few attain. Some, by stretching the cord too tight, send the arrow with more force than is necessary; so that, instead of fixing itself in the butt, it passes through, and leaves a gaping wound behind; while others, for want of sufficient strength, fall short of the mark, and are unable to send their arrows above half way; or if they complete their course, they give but a feeble touch, and then fall ineffectual to the ground. But the dexterous bowman begins with examining the quality of the material against which he is to shoot, that he may exert a force proportionate to its hardness or softness; and then dipping his arrow, not in poison like the Scythians, or in opium like the Curetes, but in a liquor properly prepared for the purpose, takes a deliberate and accurate aim, and fixes his weapon in the centre of his object, whence it diffuses around a medicinal virtue."

What truths in respect to archery this passage

may contain, is not my concern; but in what regards the nature of advice, the author has shown some acquaintance with the human heart. As to myself, whose province it has become to deal forth a certain quantity of advice in every week, I have felt the whole weight and difficulty that such a duty imposes; and the fluctuating sale of these papers, from the different estimations which are put upon them, affords me a criterion by which to judge of the humours of my readers, and of the most eligible forms under which wholesome counsel can be administered. One unhappy phrase has sometimes lost me a dozen of my readers; and my correspondent assures me, that on a motion's being made to introduce my paper into a female *dilettanti* society in the Borough, it was successfully opposed by a snuff-seller's wife, who took offence at the mention of tobacco-stopper in my first paper, as too *ornary* a word for the elevated character of their meeting.

This anecdote, furnished by my correspondent, added to my natural sensibility to reproof from the fair part of my readers, has called forth all my industry, to find a method of qualifying and medicating my advice in such a manner as to disguise every harsher ingredient; at the same time that I must confess myself amused with the various reasons which have operated with different readers to discontinue the perusal of my paper. There was a moment in the course of mine, as there is in every undertaking that challenges a long exertion of the brain, when my fortitude was beginning to yield to the puny attacks of vexatious criticism, and my spirits were threatening to revolt at the perpetual recurrence of a task, whose effects are slow, and whose rewards are distant: in one of those moments of distaste and inaptitude, which, in the turns and

varieties of our dispositions, all have felt who have taxed their powers as they ought, I was suddenly raised into the best humour in the world with the merits of my work, and my mind restored to its full force and alacrity, on being informed by my correspondent, that a spurious kind of animal, between a beau and a bully, who puts manhood to the blush, and modesty to flight, wherever he appears, entered one day into the shop of my hawker, and, after doing my performances the honour of acknowledging himself most heartily disgusted with them, talked very courageously of chastising the Northamptonshire parson, the first time he should meet him in Bond-street, for his insolence to people of rank.

There are many others to whom I am indebted for their obliging censure of my work; since, if it had been my misfortune to have won their commendation, I should have sunk proportionably in my own opinion. As I feel grateful to those from whom I have derived any assistance in the progress of my labours, it seems but just to take some notice of such as have negatively borne a great part towards encouraging me in the prosecution of them.

To Mr. C—, the gentleman with the silk handkerchief round his neck, many thanks for his flattering abuse.

To the rout-going lady near Hanover-square, my acknowledgments are due for her pretty severities. —I hope soon to win from her the most caressing abuse, and to bask in the sunshine of her displeasure.

Nothing could be better timed than a gentleman's criticism, a few nights ago, at a circulating library in Bond-street. I shall depend upon a continuance of his friendly hostilities, especially when his work shall appear, which is now in the Minerva press.

In a conversation about the LOOKER-ON yesterday

evening, in the pit at the Haymarket theatre, a little news-paper critic in black is much thanked for his complimentary shake of the head.

Old Simon is very sensible of his obligation to old lady D——; will do all he can to merit those amiable reproaches, provided she on her part will persevere in her present modish equipment, and carry every where the credentials of her judgement in that authentic vacancy of her visiting smiles.

A young gentleman with his boots about his ancles, is thanked for the countenance of three elderly ladies, by damning the LOOKER-ON in their hearing. I beg he will continue these kind testimonies, and support me through my work with the sanction of his saving anathemas.

The outrageous kindness of Mr. Brute, in throwing the most conciliating abuse on the eighteenth number, has carried it off so rapidly, that the author is hesitating whether it be not expedient to reprint it. Mr. B—'s condemnation is wanted, to help off the first number; as a second edition of it has already been produced, and thus a greater proportion remains.

The baronet who gaped so often some nights ago, in a company in Berners-street, while the LOOKER-ON was being read, could not have opened his mouth to a better purpose.

To a variety of other characters who have recommended my work by yawning, dozing, sleeping, burning, tearing, daubing, and cursing applause, my most grateful acknowledgements are here presented; and I beg (with assuring them that I shall ever study to excite the same flattering symptoms of their disgust) to subscribe myself their much-abused and obliged humble servant,

SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

N° 27. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Παντα αλληλοις επιπλεκεται, και ἡ συνδεσις ιερα.
ANTONINUS PIUS.

All things are double, one against another; and God has made nothing imperfect. Eccles. chap. lxii. ver. 24.

It is so long since the subject of Religion has made its appearance in the Looker-on, that it may surely come boldly forward after such an interval, and challenge the attention of the gayest of my readers. I have promised to present it in its liveliest dress; so that none of my fair disciples may blush at its homeliness, and so that it may decently enter the drawing-room of a duchess, or the levee of a prince. I have before observed, that, for the sake of the loose form of the argument, and the variety of discussion it admitted, I have chosen to consider those analogies on which religion grounds its apology, and those beautiful resemblances, in the scheme of life and constitution of nature, to the course of Revelation, which develope and vindicate the glorious consistency of our Maker's appointments, and the steadfast unity of his plans and counsels. In the progress of my lucubrations on this subject, I shall keep in view the conduct of a book which has ever been my delight since reading and reflecting have been my occupation — I mean the mighty performance of bishop Butler, to whose work if I could turn the attention of any serious mind, my labours would be indeed recompensed.

That I may likewise lay my account sometimes to arrest a volatile and vagrant spirit, that is spending itself in desultory pursuits, and give it a steady direction, I shall intersperse my matter with anecdote and digression, as I see opportunities; and while the main body of the argument marches onward under the conduct of the victorious prelate, I shall follow him up with my light-armed troops, scouring the country, beating about for forage, and watching the motions of the enemy.

It is but justice that I should dedicate a little portion of this paper to the consideration of a work to which it is so much indebted.

I know but few books, on any subject, or in any language, that are not somewhat objectionable on the score of bulk and prolixity. Profit, vanity, dotage, habit, and facility, all help to persuade an author to swell out his publication as far as it will bear. But, in truth, the strength, the consistency, the form, and the vivacity of an argument, lose as much by the general propensity to accumulate around it superfluous matter, as the muscular vigour of our bodies under the oppression of corpulency and the weight of years. It is, however, the nature of probable evidence, of which the substance of this excellent volume consists, to owe a principal part of its strength to an accumulation of instances; and, according to the well-known principle in hydrostatics, the more its surface is enlarged, the greater will be the number of the columns on which it presses, and consequently the greater its support. On this ground, the seeming repetitions of bishop Butler stand excused to the sensible part of his readers; since it is the pressing concurrence and uniform bearing of its probabilities, that carries presumptive testimony to the very confines of demonstration.

This elegant kind of reasoning, in defence of Revelation, doubtless did not originate with the excellent author of this book. The correspondence between the natural and moral dispensations of God, has always been occurring to the studious and contemplative. Our great countryman was the first who presented these analogies under one view, and digested them into a regular and uniform plan of defence in behalf of our holy religion. An argument so beautiful and so fertile, in favour of so universal a cause, could not but suggest itself to the most enlightened of the ancients; but as their notions of nature's laws were very far from the truth, the chain of analogy soon fell short; and every attempt to pursue the comparison to any length, soon perished in solecism and error. So grand and boundless an investigation was reserved for maturer and happier times, in which our Creator is pleased yet a little more to unveil his goodness, and yet a little further to draw aside the curtain from the sanctuary of his wisdom. Neither good sense nor discretion have dictated the arguments which some objectors have opposed to this reasoning from analogy in behalf of religion. To those whose belief is implicitly grounded on the basis of scriptural authority, it holds out at least an innocent and delightful contemplation. While the strong pillar of their faith stands immovably firm, it cannot displease them to see its beauties and proportions unfolded, and the rich order of its capital emerge from the mists which surround it. To those who require external consistency and connection in the objects of their faith, it affords an evidence satisfactory and consoling; while it imposes silence on those arrogant claimants who are satisfied with nothing less than a clear and rational view of the whole internal constitution and

plan of God's Revelation, by forcing a conviction upon them, that their lives are passed in the same blindness and ignorance with respect to the things of this world, which they yet must acknowledge to exist, and to owe their origin and their order to the wisdom of God. The objections therefore which are founded on the incomprehensibility of Revelation, should, in common justice, be first tried against the objects of our daily experience: here they are overthrown by the evidence of our senses, and the obstinacy of facts: here we are constrained to bow down the pride of our understandings; to acknowledge effects, without comprehending their causes; to admit truths which we cannot explain; and to rest our reasonings on data that will ever disappoint our researches, while our views are bounded by mortality.

"Since I was of understanding," says the learned and candid sir Thomas Brown, "to know we know nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith. I am now content to understand a mystery, without a rigid definition, in an easy and Platonic description. Where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, it is good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration. By acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive to the subtilties of faith." Such objections to the frame of our religion as have no other ground than the impossibility of bringing it entire within the scope of our understanding, are stifled in the very womb of infidelity; they are strangled ere they can pass the threshold of life. Plainly, then, the attempt is ridiculous to oppose them to that invisible system, in respect to which our experience supplies no documents or

data. When this new life shall come, and our souls shall branch out into new faculties and perceptions, then, perhaps, a new order of facts will arise to reconcile these apparent difficulties and incongruities, by presenting us with a full display of their dependencies and relations.

Another class of cavillers have objected to this argument from analogy, that its conclusions a. «imperfect, and that nothing is established by it on the affirmative side. Such reasoners do not consider how much it conduces to a point, to overcome the presumptions against it; how greatly an argument is strengthened by the removal of prejudices; and how much the native force of reason can avail, when rescued from these great incumbrances. They do not consider, that to remove the presumptions against religious testimony, is to place it on the same grounds with common historical testimony; and that, when this is done, no colour of consistency is left to infidels, unless they carry their incredulity to every system of facts that is grounded on the records of man: for, supposing there be nothing intrinsically incredible in what our religion, whether natural or revealed, commands us to believe, nothing is more clear, than that the external testimony on which it reposes, is above any common historical evidence; is more supported by witnesses, more confirmed by documents, more strengthened by circumstantial coincidences and corresponding relations.

The potent operation of this negative virtue belongs in an eminent degree to the argument from analogy, the direct tendency of which is to vindicate religion from those ordinary presumptions against it, which consist in an opinion that its doctrines are internally more incredible than the common facts of

history; and that, supposing no actual proofs to exist of the object of our daily experience, still they would have greater claims in themselves to be received, and a higher colour of probability. This opinion, founded on habit and prejudice, is clearly refuted by the reasons which analogy supplies; and the objects of our faith are placed in a light to receive the full advantage of all the proofs and authorities which belong to them. As a faithful handmaid to Religion, it attends upon it to decorate its form, and improve its comeliness; to debarrass its motions, and to display its attractions; to dispose the white robe in which Truth has arrayed it, and to remove the obstacles which error and obduracy have thrown in its path.

But though the principal strength of this reasoning from analogy consists in its negative proofs, yet it is by no means destitute of force, when viewed on the affirmative side: while it effectually removes all presumptions against religion, it supplies to the candid and reasonable a variety of positive conclusions in its favour. If a correspondence be clearly displayed between revealed religion and God's natural and moral government of the world, so strong that they appear to be evidently conducted in the same spirit, and under similar laws, it is beyond obduracy to deny the inference of a common origin. The argument then at this point leaves us to determine who was the author of both these dispensations, and to decide between chance and providence; for in reality there is no alternative, whatever terms and denominations the wantonness of infidelity has dared to invent. To erect, therefore, this argument from analogy on its proper basis, we have only to establish as a datum, that the phænomena of nature, and

the moral government of the world, are from the hands of the Almighty. With this footing it is complete, and in a syllogistic form runs thus:

God is the author of the natural and the moral government of the world; but the natural and moral government of the world, and the system of revealed religion, are evidently derived from one and the same author. Therefore God is the author of the system of revealed religion.

I am so jealous of the honour of the subject of this paper, and at the same time so well aware how soon it fatigues the light character of the present race of readers, that I have determined not to press it too far, nor even to carry it on to the conclusion of this day's entertainment. As the next letter in Eugenio's packet is very short, I cannot do better perhaps than terminate this paper with it, especially as nothing comes from that quarter but what will harmonise with religious contemplations. The letter is from Amelia to Eugenio.

"My best of friends,

"And does the little vista in the wood begin to look delightful? Then does every place else begin to look dull to me; for no place has attractions for Amelia, but where she can imagine the presence of Eugenio. My father promises to bring me in a fortnight to see you, and in the mean time I must be satisfied with thinking of you; yet think of you I cannot, with all that perfect delight with which your image used to fill my bosom, as long as you continue to cherish this pensiveness of disposition, and to dip all your thoughts in this melancholy dye. Why travel into the land of dreams for topics

of sorrow, and thence transplant into our minds these shadowy griefs, while so many substantial joys await us, and while genial hopes and native pleasures spring up in gay luxuriance before our feet? My dear friend, your mind is too highly wrought for the relish of actual pleasure, and the objects of common life. Oh, how I wish you could a little unrefine yourself, and reduce to a lower pitch those high tones of feeling that never can harmonise with the measures of our condition, and our allotment here! As of late you have sometimes complained of debility of nerves, accept my recipe: instead of reposing on the strength of a fragile philosophy, and maintaining the struggle alone, call to your aid the practical consolations of business and amusement; build more upon the success of diversion than opposition, and study rather to make a dexterous retreat than a desperate defence. In the mean time accept of this little poem, which has been given to my father by one of his friends, and which is somewhat applicable to your particular case.

"Say, HENRY, should a man of mind
Sigh o'er his brittle crust,
Or grieve because it is not join'd
To fibres more robust?

"Look round with philosophic ken,
Through Nature's works below,
From very atoms up to men,
You'll find it order'd so

"That much of all we choicest hold,
Admire with one acclaim,
Is of a delicater mould,
And of a feebler frame.

"Look at that bird * of glossiest wings,
Yet sweeter taste than plume,

* Humming-bird.

That scuds, that murmurs, sips and sings,
And feasts upon perfume.

" Look at the rose his bill invades
With eager wanton strife;
On what a slender stem it fades,
And blushes out its life!

" Look at bent lilies as you walk,
How elegantly thin!
Yet well that fragrance from their stalk
Proclaims the power within.

" Look at that sex whose form may vaunt
More grace than bird or rose;
What fine infirmities enchant,
What frailties charm in those!

" Examine men, the world around,
That soar with gen'rous aim;
How few with rugged strength abound
In fibre, or in frame!

" Great souls, with energetic thought,
Wear out their shell of clay;
Yet at each crevice light is caught,
Till all is mental day.

" Then, HENRY, let no man of mind
Sigh o'er his brittle crust,
Or grieve because it is not join'd
To fibres more robust."

N° 28. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

Μηδ' ἀγαπᾶν λίαν τὰς τοιαυτας ἀρετας, ὠν καὶ τοῖς φαύλοις μετεστιν, αλλ' ἐκείνας ὠν ἀδεὶς αν' πονηρὸς κοινωνησειε. ISOCRATES, Epist. II.

We should only value ourselves upon those attainments which are out of the reach of pitiful minds.

I KNOW of nothing which creates in the mind a more tormenting jealousy of other men's success and celebrity, and contributes more to make our old-age the season of impotent regret, than the consciousness of having lived below the measure of our abilities, in contradiction to nature's design in the talents with which she has furnished us. The weightier part of those sorrows which years accumulate, are in a manner the revenge which they take upon us for having suffered them to mature our faculties, without illustrating them in our turn by any honourable occurrence or record of utility. That broad and level road of life, which leads to the common sink of mortality, is trodden by multitudes of those whose mould and conformation had qualified them for steep and difficult ascents, for services of high account, and enterprises that demand ability and exercise virtue. To those who, like myself, have courted literature in academical bowers, amidst a crowd of competitors, instances have not been wanting of the truth of this observation. I have seen with sorrow the fair promise of expanding genius, and the expec-

tation of many a noble mind, receive a perversion at its first entrance into active life, and, renouncing its privileges at the very threshold of manhood, subside into the common rank of insignificance, and the little detail of vulgar actions and amusements.

It is one of the greatest infelicities of Fashion, that she seeks no accommodation with Nature in any of her plans or arrangements; but throws an uniform colouring over one whole rank of life, and brings to the same standard of insipid conformity, every size of understanding, and every variation of genius. A young nobleman, whom I formerly knew at college, gave me the most cheerful hopes that my country would derive benefit from his maturer exertions: his mind was extremely active at about the age of eighteen, and his attainments were equal to his diligence; but for these twenty years since, to my great disappointment, I have heard of nothing but his horses, his phaëtons, his losses, his gains, his court-dresses, and his masqued characters, his journeys out, and his journeys home, and such-like inanities of newspaper history.

Mr. Strutgate, who has been only famous these last thirty years for handing a lady into a room, and then handing her out again, like some generals, who shine in leading on the attack, and in covering a retreat, but not in the conduct of the day, was in Mr. Allworth's time a senior wrangler in the university of Cambridge. I have seen this gentleman retire within himself with feelings manifestly discomposed, with a conscious colour kindling in his cheeks, and a pensiveness piercing through his smile, when the conversation has happened to turn upon literary merit, or the particular praise of some eminent scholar. For Mr. S. has only now a scattered

recollection of those terms and ideas which he once could so readily combine; and only a few solitary axioms, a few fragments of erudition, are left in his mind, the poor remains of the proud but perishable monuments of his juvenile proficiency. It was his fate, just as he stepped into public life, to fall among a set of companions, who presently gave a new turn to his ambition, and presented a new range of objects and attainments before him. The nature of those pursuits in which he now was engaged, supplying no channel through which his college-acquirements might be turned to practical advantage, the estimation of those acquirements was sunk in his mind, and their substance fell gradually away, amidst the distractions of idle pleasures and fashionable engagements.

"*Tunc subit recordatio, quot dies quam frigidis rebus absumpsi.*"

When the mind is once unstrung, it is surprising with what rapidity all its knowledge unravels itself, especially that knowledge which was not the easy accumulation of practical discoveries, or the natural result of involuntary combinations; not consisting in conclusions derived from sensible objects, or the smooth produce of a summer's ramble; but deep-drawn from the unwearied efforts of the brain, and the closeted labours of academical solitude. When opportunity has come in aid of ability, and education has not been wanting to genius, it is painful indeed to witness the prodigality with which some of us squander these gifts of nature and fortune on attainments which demand only bodily vigour, or mechanical dexterity. Nothing is more ridiculous than to hear the credit which some men give themselves for their proficiency in driving a phaëton, riding a race, or leaping a gate, with minds cast in a statesman's

mould, and an education as enlarged and as costly as princes can enjoy.

When a proper subordination is observed in our pursuits, and when those which are unequal to our powers of attainment are cast into the order of amusements, and suffered only to engross our hours of recreation, I see nothing blameworthy in a man of ability who thus gives scope to the range of his curiosity, and the excursiveness of his genius, in the prosecution of diminutive attainments and mechanical excellence; but if these have the effect of narrowing his accomplishments, by degrading his ambition and exertions, they are then to be considered in the light of moral delinquencies, and as stains upon his social character.

I remember, some years ago, on going up to London from college, I was at a loss to imagine from what description of the people such a troop of fine jockeys and stable-boys and coachmen could come, as I met in Hyde-Park on a sunshiny day; till I recognised most of them in our house of parliament, and saw them sitting there in deep contemplation, and revolving in their minds all the politics of their stables, with their ideas going round in a *rotatory* motion, while questions of deep concern to their country were in agitation, and the flowers of eloquence were in vain scattered round them. A gentleman of my acquaintance has procured me from one of these whip-gentlemen a list of his engagements for a week to come.

Monday.—To back Wapping Will the dustman, against Joe Crib the collier, for 100 guineas—To attend on the grand jury at Maidstone, and afterwards to run a maggot-race with Jack Smoaky.

Tuesday.—To attend the match between a wooden-legged walker and a hamstringed hog—To pro-

ceed to the *hanging-match*, and from thence to the dinner of the *Philanthropic* Society.

Wednesday.—To see eleven games at putt played between Patrick Murdock and the chimney-sweeper—To go to Hastings's trial, and then to dine with the fighting tinman at lord Canaille's.

Thursday.—To trot Miss Graceless against sir Andrew's Nutcracker, for 500 guineas—go to the levee—meet lord and lady Giles at the jack-ass race—back Humphry Hog, my coachman, against the whole county, for eating hot hasty-pudding.

Friday.—The state of the nation to come on to-day—To go to the house, and carry my betting calculations in my pocket—from thence to the badger-baiting, and bring home Tom Cary, the leaping butcher, to dine with me.

Saturday.—To dine with the society for the *Recovery of Drowned Persons*, and immediately from thence to the *duck-hunt*—To go to the house, and vote either for the abolition of juries, or the general verdict of the slave-trade—see my wager determined that Joe Gorget eats a shoulder of mutton before Nimble Ned the barber shaves seven customers.

Sunday.—To go a steeple-hunting with lord Dash—To send for our parson to dinner, and ask Will Washy to help and smoke him—To lay ten guineas with Jack Simple, that lord Paramount makes the curate play at Casino.

It is this growing degeneracy in the taste for pleasure, among the higher orders of my countrymen, that confounds the distinction of real merit, and is the supreme consolation of dunces. In proportion as such low and illiberal amusements steal into consequence, by mixing with the glare of rank

and office, we shall see the glory of folly extend itself, and virtue droop in common disesteem. But, besides the moral detriment which may result from such confusion of character, and inversion of ambition, we may fairly consider it in the light of a political evil. One of the principal columns on which the constitution of our country reposes, is the dignity of sentiment, and sensibility of honour, supposed in the hearts of our English nobility. To this order we look up, as the last and purest resource of justice; as the representative of that ancient characteristical valour of our feudal forefathers; as the nursery of generals and captains; as the model of high-born courtesy; as the shelter of honourable fatigues, and exhausted services; and, lastly, as the potent barrier to the prince and the people, against the dangerous encroachments of the one or the other. It is plain, therefore, that whatever habits or customs have a tendency to lower the character of our great men, give a secret wound to the constitution of our country; and especially, at this conjuncture, unhappily afford some colour to that levelling malcontent spirit, which is gone abroad, and is maintaining a struggle with the laws of nature and the oracles of common sense.

I doubt much whether any Ulysses of the present day would discover a young nobleman (as noblemen are) when intrenched among jockeys, and bullies, and black-legs, by displaying before him the sabre, the buckler, and the plumed helmet. Those generous times are past; and, what is more to be lamented, their spirit and their genius is gone for ever with them; when a grandeur of soul, almost inseparably adhered to nobility of birth; and manhood, and prowess, and courtesy, and faith, were the graceful distinctions of an English gentleman.

For my own part, descended as I am through a long line of peaceful ancestry, I have no wish to see the *mania* of chivalry revived; our civil shopkeepers in the Poultry converted into cavaliers; and the man-in-armour, instead of the lord mayor, adjusting the price of bread with the Bakers' Company. But I own it is not without a sensible regret, that I observe that spirit, which was once at the bottom of those romantic chimeras, destroyed, together with those chimeras themselves. I could wish it had been regulated, instead of being smothered; I could wish to have seen it qualified through the medium of our present superior intelligence, blended with the softer genius of the times, and preserving all its magnanimity and mildness, without any of its apparatus and incumbrance, its absurdity and extravagance.

While our great men persist in cheapening gentility, by this voluntary degradation of themselves; and while a petty train of qualifications usurp the place of those manlier attainments which used once to characterise noble descent, we are not to wonder that gentlemen are so easily formed; that a door is open to upstart opulence; and that great men are springing up around us, like the Lombardy poplars which decorate their villas.

Of all the passions to which we are exposed, Pride is surely that which plays us the falsest; for by giving us an insensible bias towards company inferior to ourselves, it is at variance with its own nature, and allures us to our disgrace, while it holds out prospects of aggrandisement, till it ends in heaping up contradictions in our characters, and planting mortifications in our bosoms. The old Greek proverb, εν αμαθοις και Κορυδος φθεγγεται, "A witling is a wit among fools," contains a truth which most parents have had occasion to lament; and I know of no way

of averting its consequence, but by taking upon themselves, as far as possible, the education of their children, and leaving them, as little as they can avoid, to the contagion of low examples, and the mercy of illiterate instructors.

I do not remember any severer satire pronounced against our young noblemen, than that which escaped from the pen of our entertaining novelist, Henry Fielding; who, after passing many encomiums on the manly deportment and fine appearance of Joseph Andrews, concludes with observing, that one unacquainted with the present race of our nobility, might have mistaken him for a person of high descent. Unhappily, the present devotion to the whip, is not likely to correct this vulgarity of demeanour; and in the progress of this *mania* we may in time expect that the mock criterion of nobility, so proverbial in alehouses and stables, may become the real badge of titular distinction; and that a right honourable protuberance on the back, may run in an increasing proportion, from the baron of yesterday, to the premier duke.

Juvenal, the bent of whose satire was turned with just severity against the Roman nobility, who forgot the responsibility of their characters, and sullied their honours with mean occupations and pleasures, is particularly scandalised at this *hippomany*, or horse-madness, and expresses his indignation in the following lines.

" *Præter majorum cineres, atque ossa, volucri*
Carpentó rapitur pinguis Damasippus; et ipse,
Ipse rotam stringit multo sufflamine consul:
Nocte quidem; sed luna vidit; sed sidera testes
Intendunt oculos. Finitum tempus honoris
Cum fuerit, clara Damasippus luce flagellum
Sumet, et occursum nusquam trepidabit amici

Jam senis; ac virga prior innuet atque maniplos
Solvet, et infundet jumentis hordea lassis.

"Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers' peaceful ashes sleep,
Driving himself his chariot down the hill;
And though a consul links himself the wheel.
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night;
Yet the moon sees, and ev'ry smaller light
Pries as a witness to the shameful sight:
Nay, when his year of honour 's ended, soon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon,
Nor blush, should he some grave acquaintance meet;
But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet;
And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down."

DRYDEN.

I have only to remark upon these lines, that, sunk as the Romans were in virtue and in dignity, when our satirist reproached them, yet, as it appears from the above lines, some little sense of shame did still accompany these puerile addictions to such pitiful attainments, in characters and situations where decorum and consistency demand a full exertion of the powers of understanding, and a general circumspection and manliness of behaviour.

N° 29. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

" *Strenua nos exercet inertia.*

" With idle industry, and languid stress,
We urge refinement to a cold excess."

In the catalogue of improvements on which we moderns found our claim to pre-eminence above our homelier ancestors, a thinking observer will see reason to make perpetual discriminations, frequent deductions, and some erasures. There is a crisis in the affairs of men, beyond which, acquisition is loss, riches beggary, and success miscarriage; a point of coalition, where extremes unite, and where excellence totters on the verge of inanity. I have often thought that those spots among the mountainous parts of Switzerland, where the right hand gathers a full-blown flower, while the left may touch a mass of ice, expresses, in a manner, the moral of life, where a little heap transports us out of full perfection into false refinement; out of the glowing confines of high-wrought excellence, into the gelid province of penurious hyperbole.

The present age has refined us out of half our honest feelings, and a great part of our natural taste; and our pride seems to consist in tricking the worn-out frame of science and of genius, with such meretricious arts as serve to sophisticate the shattered relics of female beauty. It is pleasant to one who has not gone along with the stream, to contemplate aloof the ridiculous excesses to which the spirit of refine-

ment is pushed in the little concerns of social life, as well as in the duties of morality and the objects of taste. In social life, by the habit it has introduced of falsifying our feelings, it has left to what is called the fashionable world, little more than an image, or rather a mockery of the social affections: it has in a manner hollowed out the substance of our pleasures, and suffered nothing but the shell to remain; it has cheated us of our rank, under colour of advancing us; it has passed upon us a bauble instead of a diamond; in short, to finish this train of allusion, it has carried off our old coat with the purse in the pocket, and has given us a fine holiday suit in its place. For proofs of this, we have only to look into the present plan of fashionable intercourse: what inanity of compliment! what affectation of transport! what hollowness of profession! what a waste of margin in every remark! what a length of straw to every grain of sense! what idle industry! what manœuvre without plan! mirth without meaning! play without point! pride without pretension! love without regard!

On that plain buff principle of old English hospitality, this spirit of refinement has certainly made no small intrenchments. Our visits are now paid with empty carriages; and a very close intimacy can subsist for a twelvemonth on a dish of chocolate and a morsel of cake; while friends can eat each other up whenever they meet, who have never broken bread together in their lives. As to love and friendship, it may truly be said, that they have lost their exclusive and engrossing spirit. Instead of flying to groves and sequestered walks, they have found their element in noise and publicity. Love is so unsensualised and sublimed above passion, that it has forgotten its old retreats, and appears with calm confi-

dence in crowds and gay resorts; and friendship is so moulded and adjusted to the rules of etiquette, that it finds the drawing-room a scene sufficiently interesting for all its wishes and exertions, and the card-table an ample medium for the display of all its cordialities and emotions. Thus the tones of feeling and the energies of passion, the swell of humanity and the ardours of affection, have subsided to the common surface of life, and settled into the smooth current of ordinary intercourse, and the every-day topics of vulgar communication. Thus the very sinews of society are relaxed; and, in the progress of our debilitation, we may expect to see the time when those great actions which decorate our history, shall be without a name in our language, or place in our hearts.

I do not know in what this "strenuous idleness," which spreads so fast thoughout the character of the times, is better shown, than in the dull complexion of our public amusements, and the vapid insignificance of common visiting. One would think, without possessing this spirit of inactivity, that it is having no common mercy to one's self, to force nature into so perverse a tract in obedience to opinion; and a savage would certainly be softened to compassion, in contemplating the voluntary drudgery of our fashionable meetings; and would be prompted to inquire into the nature of those crimes to which such punishments belonged.

My projecting friend used to think, that the genius of that public resort, which we know by the name of Ranelagh, is most particularly in unison with this *strenua inertia;* and so earnest was he in the great cause, that he was for experimenting upon this hopeless quality, and endeavouring to promote his philanthropical object, by extracting positive virtue out of

simple negation, and rivaling that philosophical adventurer, who conceived the project of drawing the sunbeams out of cucumbers. His plan went to combine the amusement of Ranelagh with the purposes of a mill, and to make every one in the progress of his circuit conduce to its operation. Among such a multitude, this might be done by the silent efforts of the *strenua inertia*, without the danger of a suspicion in the breast of any one, that he was doing good; and the more effectually to prevent this remorse from taking place to ruffle the flowing tide of murmuring insipidity, or to rouse from his hallowed slumbers the negative genius of the place, every thing was to be removed from sight which could convey such unharmonising sentiments; the whole process of the machine was to be detached from the scene of amusement; and the same set of wheels which were grinding our corn at a respectful distance, should be grinding an organ in our view.

If my friend can turn this growing, or rather gravitating propensity of my countrymen to any useful account, I shall certainly allow him credit for a very extraordinary management and resource in the great concerns and interests of our condition here below; but this frivolity of refinement is, I fear, a constitutional malady, which accompanies a worn-out frame and exhausted stamina: and the worst of all is, that the complaint is of a flattering kind; and, like the slow victims to consumption, we silently waste and waste, in the fond security of fancied improvement, till nature suddenly succumbs, and the fountains of life refuse to flow. There is a balsam in our minds, like that which enriches our blood, which, when once it is destroyed by luxurious habits and baneful indulgences, no restoratives in the compass of moral medicine can renew, no succedaneums can replace,

nor all the aromatic virtue of argument and counsel supply to the corrupted system.

A sensible passage presented itself to me the other day in a book but little consulted at this time, which is so much to my present purpose, that I cannot help transcribing it for my readers. "What Vice has lost in coarseness of expression, she has gained in a more easy and general admittance. In ancient days, bare and impudent obscenity, like a common woman of the town, was confined to brothels: whereas the *double entendre,* like a modern fine lady, is now admitted into the best company, while her transparent covering of words, like a thin fashionable gauze delicately thrown across, discloses, while it seems to veil, her nakedness of thought."

This false feeling of refinement, on which the author I have been quoting animadverts with such justice, has turned the bent of our delicacy from things and realities, to words and images; and it little imports to the chastest mind, what idea is presented, let only the medium be properly sophisticated through which it is viewed. On this principle, a lady who revolts at the study of botany, because of the sexual system, and the shameless libertinism and concubinage of plants, can consistently learn by heart the epistle of Eloïse to Abelard; and a fair reader, who dares not avow her acquaintance with Tom Jones, may lawfully peruse the memoirs of actresses, and drink in golden goblets the poisonous essence of medicated debauchery.

Nothing can be more absurd than the struggles which this sickly effeminacy of the times is making to gloss over and disguise all the real wretchedness of life. Unable any longer to draw wholesome lessons from those passages of sorrow which so often occur in the great volume of our existence, we gild

and illuminate the margin, in the vain hope of brightening the text: we are dressing up a corpse with ribands; but still the cadaverous countenance of Death will mock our endeavours, and triumph in the contrast it exhibits. Thus a language is found to express the whole train of maladies to which humanity is exposed, that wears almost the appearance of eulogy; and crimes that call for vengeance, are wrapped up in a courtesy of phrase, that looks more like commiseration than abhorrence. We talk of the *unfortunate* gentleman who poisoned his uncle, and was afterwards so *unhappy* as to strangle his wife; and I have been told of a very *elegant* mode of extracting the stone. I remember a navy surgeon, who used, in his accounts of battles, to talk of amputations, and other *arrangements*; and they tell me of a French farce, called *La Mort de Madame la Princesse de Lamballe, et ses agrémens.*

I must own, that, as I grow old, I become fond of narrating; and perhaps those who shall hereafter criticise my work, will observe that I suppose too much of this passion for stories in my readers. I will, however, run the risk of this censure, rather than suppress an anecdote which will serve to show, by comparing it with the character of Frenchmen at this hour, that an affected strain of refinement, which has no foundation in religion and humanity, is no security against the most brutal depravation and degeneracy.—" Mademoiselle Duclos, a celebrated actress on the French stage, was playing the part of the Sister in the Horatii of Corneille. She had just vented her imprecations on her victorious country, and was about to quit the stage with much precipitation, when her foot was caught in the train of her gown, and caused her to tumble. The actor that personated Horatius, whose business it was to have

killed her as she was retiring, with one hand took off his hat, and very gallantly offered her the other to help her on her legs again. He then led her forwards very politely, and, putting on his hat, drew his sword, and proceeded to kill her with every mark of fury in his countenance and manner." A good actor, says the relator of this anecdote, would have profited by the occasion, and killed her as she was falling.

All great operations are now performed in a manner to inspire us with a taste for them. A tooth is promised to be drawn by little more than whistling to it; a system is refined by a pinch of snuff; and the Roman Materia Medica, of friction, jactation, and fumigation, is entirely exploded. Few medicines are so rude as to require confinement, or abstinence; and it is almost worth while to be grievously afflicted, in order to be perfumed into health, and syruped into a sound constitution. We have long discontinued the phrase of cutting off, and have adopted that of removing a leg; by which ingenious turn, we must of course put the patient in excellent humour with the operation, by persuading him to regard that in the light of an inconvenience, which he is under an unavoidable necessity of losing for ever. In the article of funerals, too, we do all in our power to bring it within the influence of this general plan of refinement, and to give it an elegance and brilliancy, that may serve to spare our sensibilities, and substitute surprise in the place of feeling. A poor family will starve three children, to bury one; and no man can *afford* to die without a thousand pounds to his fortune. I could not help being much entertained a few days ago with an advertisement in a news-paper, in which a very sombre topic had borrowed the colours of this general characteristic refinement.

"James Maddox, at the *Sugar-Loaf* and *Coffin*,

" respectfully solicits the patronage of the living and " the dead, who have had experience of his delicacy, " dispatch, and punctuality. He furnishes skele- " tons in the best taste, of all sizes, of both colours, " and of both sexes, accurately articulated; he packs " them safe, either for sea or land carriage: he also " mounts for those gentlemen who have loose sets of " bones; and ladies may depend upon their orders " being obeyed with the utmost regularity. M—— " has discovered a most elegant method of securing " any human corpse above ground from ill odours, " and all manner of annoyance, without embowelling " or embalming; while a certain hitherto-undisco- " vered balsam in his possession will preserve the " finest glow of health upon the face of the de- " ceased. This is he that took up the Dutch corpse " in Painswick, after thirteen months interment, and " so set him up by his elegant preparations, that he " was able to bear, without inconvenience, the jour- " ney to Rotterdam. Among other excellencies, he " has an ointment which cures people of condition, " and communicates present ease, in an hour and a " half. He has also coffins ready made for the ac- " commodation of his friends, furnished with every " convenience; a circumstance he has a peculiar " pleasure in announcing to the public, and the de- " ceased in particular, as, for want of such coffins, " persons of quality have been much incommoded."

Under the spreading influence of this whimsical delicacy, the commonest terms and phrases are shifting their dress, and strutting in fantastic finery. No man *eats* with you on a public occasion, but *assists at your dinner;* and the butcher, who helps to provide you, is now a purveyor of meat; while your poulterer is gradually rising to the Turkey merchant.

But this spirit of refinement does not confine itself to the little moralities of life, but plays about the confines of religion, and stretches over the whole province of literature and taste. In our catalogues of books we find the Flowers of Infidelity, Religious Courtship, the Gentleman's Religion, the Dance to Eternity, the Box of Precious Ointment, the Perfumes of Grace, and Voltaire's Philosophical Works, recommended in the same line, as being very deistical, and elegantly bound. This effeminacy of character, which in the high concerns of religion has the air of buffoonery, produces a sad debility and languor in the objects of taste. A sickly thirst for novelty, local allusion, puerile point, and puny sentiment, has banished from the stage all the higher parts of poetry. The great display of general manners, the manly strokes of antique colouring, and the reign of character, is gone for ever; in their place have arisen a train of fleeting topics of the day and the hour, such as the fungous growth of news-paper anecdotes supplies. A piece of news is hardly certain till it is confirmed at one of our playhouses; and finds its way to the Theatre Royal before it can reach the Royal Exchange.

In what relates to style and composition, this effeminacy of taste is still predominant: a proud march of words without meaning, the trappings of sense without the substance, the features of fine writing without the soul, constitute a great part of the excellence of modern composition; and when we sit down with glowing expectation to one of the magnificent pages of modern printing, we fare like the famished porter at the table of the Barmicide in the Arabian story; except that he took his leave at last, completely rewarded for his patience and good-humour.

I cannot finish, without confessing my envy of the modern reader, who, like the Astomi or people without mouths,—that Indian nation of whom Pliny tells us that they lived upon the smell of meats,—can also content himself with the ambrosia of language, without caring for any solider nourishment, or demanding that milky chyle of real knowledge which enriches and invigorates the soul.

N° 30. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Sed, mehercule, mi Pœte, extra jocum, moneo te, quod pertinere ad beatè vivendum arbitror; ut cum viris bonis, jucundis, amantibus tui vivas. Nihil aptius vitæ, nihil ad beatè vivendum accommodatius. Nec id ad voluptatem refero: sed ad communitatem vitæ, atque victus, remissionemque animorum; quæ maximè sermone efficitur familiari, qui est in conviviis dulcissimus; ut sapientius nostri, quam Græci; illi συμποσια aut συνδειπνα, id est compotationes, aut concœnationes; nos convivia; quod tum maximè simul vivitur.

CICERO, Epist. L. 9. Ep. 24.

But, indeed, my dear Pœtus, jesting apart, I exhort you, for I know that it will conduce to your happiness, to court the society of good, agreeable, and friendly company; for nothing is so suitable to the ends of our being, and so essential to the comforts of life, as an intercourse of this kind. An union that has mere pleasure and indulgence for its objects, is not what I have in my contemplation; my thoughts are bent on that delicious commerce of minds, and relaxation from cares, which are found in the free conversation of friends, and which, in those moments when true conviviality reigns, are carried to their full perfection. Of this idea our own language supplies a word much more expressive than that of the Greeks: συμποσια or συνδειπνα refer us only to the gross gratifications of eating and drinking; our own *convivia* implies, that then we truly feast, when we live together with such harmony as results from a benevolent interchange of minds.

Last night our society had what we denominate a maiden meeting: not a single forfeit was paid; and a general feeling of emulation had set every man so much upon his guard, that the wrath of the Echo was never excited, and sense and reason were signally

triumphant. Once indeed I thought I heard a gentle murmur whisper along the cupola; and the Genius of the place seemed to sigh, when Mr. Farthingale, the gentleman so remarkable for his aberration of thought, made his excuses to Mr. Blunt for having sent him a young foundling designed for the poor-house, instead of a roasting-pig, which he had dispatched with his compliments to the churchwarden. Mr. Barnaby, who had profited by the mistake, assured him that he had done his duty by the little orphan, and felt so grateful for the present, that he was heartily sorry for the statute against toasts, which denied him the pleasure of drinking a health to the *absent* members of our club.

As I saw how matters went, and that this general zeal promised a fair trial of the efficacy of our system, I collected my mind to examine at leisure whether the interests of argument and conversation really lost any thing of vigour and discussion by this spirit of controul, which distinguished our institutions. I had here a remarkable opportunity of convincing myself, that to expand the sensibilities of the soul, and open its sources of intelligence, there was no need of raising any commotion of the spirits; that all the purposes of impression and persuasion might be answered without the aid of noise and vehemence; and that true force of expression and language does not depend upon exaltation of tones, and turbulence of manner, but on a certain judicious balance and proportion in the terms and phrases we adopt, on a nice and masterly poise of words, and on fine and appropriate distinctions in our emphases, figures, and allusions. It is thus the experienced racer sets out with sober vigour, and husbands his mettle, till the contest becomes urgent, and his spirits hurry towards the goal.

I could not but observe that Mr. Allworth took a leading part in the conversation of that evening, and was pleased at remarking the triumph of meekness in the great ascendancy his manner and deportment had procured him over the forwardest members of our society. When he showed a disposition to speak to any point, the most respectful silence awaited him, and he sat like another Timoleon among his people, to whom he had given happiness and laws, and tempered freedom.

Since I last opened the affairs of our club to my readers, we have had one very unpromising addition in a little baronet, sir Gabriel Grimstone, who from certain habitudes of life had fallen into a hostile practice of perpetual contradiction. As we had at this time nearly as much upon our hands as we could well perform in the correction and discipline of Mr. Farthingale; after some counsel and deliberation on the dilemma, we determined that very summary and potent methods were to be taken, or some anarchy might be introduced into our little republic. It happily occurred to Mr. Shapely (of whom respectable mention has been made in my 24th number, as being the judge in all offences against decorum and delicacy), that a man of absence, and a man of contradiction, might be so opposed to each other, as to become a mutual corrective, like acid and alkali; that the apathy of the one would disappoint the spleen of the other; while the repeated attacks and challenges of the gainsayer would force the attention of the wanderer, and bring home his truant contemplations. As this plan had a manifest tendency to lighten our labours, we adopted it without hesitation; and to improve a little upon it, we resolved not only to place them invariably together, but to insulate them for a time, by cutting of all communication

between them and their neighbours on each side of them, and to make it a rule never to address any but self-evident propositions to the gainsayer; while our absent friend is laid by with a mortifying neglect, his name omitted in our registers and account-books, and himself considered as leaving a vacancy in our number, and as totally disqualified to fill any office in our system of administration.

Being anxious to observe the effects of our mode of discipline, I paid a close attention to the dialogue which took place between these contradictory gentlemen, who were thus pressed together in a forced kind of union, like the figure oxymeron. The circumstance which started a conversation between them, was an observation from Mr. Farthingale on the pleasantness of the day, while the hail was beating so hard against the windows, as almost to alarm the echo. This the baronet not only denied most stoutly, but maintained, with a great deal of blood in his cheeks, that the remark was thrown out with a view to provoke altercation, a thing he most cordially detested. This produced a little regeneration of thought in the breast of our absent friend, who with great mildness apologised to his neighbour for his rash assertion about the weather, while he was drinking up his glass of wine. For this robbery, his mode of making reparation was by oversetting a bowl of hot negus upon his knee, and then assuring him it was of no consequence, and begging he would not mention it.

Mr. Farthingale was certainly the worst subject the contentious baronet could possibly have found for the exercise of his spleen; no opposition could pique his pride or arrest his attention. Hardly had sir Gabriel finished his contradiction, before his neighbour was lost in a reverie on far distant topics,

from which he recovered as soon as the baronet had ended, to thank him for his flattering concurrence with him in opinion.

I could plainly perceive that this lubricity of manner, and alienation of thought in his neighbour, tended very much to damp the ardour of contradiction in the plethoric sir Gabriel; but these wholesome effects have been wonderfully assisted by a resolution among the members to address no observations to him that contained any propositions above intuitive certainty, or universal notoriety, so as effectually to preclude him from any share in interesting, dignified, or useful investigation. After having castled himself up as it were in his own exclusive spirit, and secured himself with sullen intrenchments and menacing fortifications, he has found an enemy too wise to expend its force in assaults, when a bloodless victory might so easily be gained by cutting off all the means of subsistence, and starving him to a quiet surrender. The progress towards a cure wrought in this last-mentioned gentleman, by the salutary specifics our society employs, has been as fifty to five above that which has been made on our absent patient. A wrong bias of the understanding is much more easily corrected, than the want of energy can be supplied: we may dig long and deep for a spring, and lose our pains at last; whereas a little drain will speedily reduce an overflow to its proper level; or if you leave it to time, its cataracts will soon become mute, till, renouncing its usurpations, it discloses a fertilised plain. I shall now take leave for the present of these two anti-characters, and pursue my thoughts on the pleasures of conversation.

Among all the felicities and consolations of life, there are certainly none so unmixed, so salutary, and

so durable, as those which are felt in the free communication of minds, and the liberal interchange of sentiments and sensibilities. To have no relish of these unbought delicacies, is to be without the chief ornament and delight of a reasonable creature: and none are without it, but those whose minds are warped with selfish cares, or strained upon the chord of ambition, or where there is a penury of thought and resource, that disqualifies for the reciprocity of conversation, and the social balance of instruction and intelligence. Of this latter description is the greater part of those flourishing young men of our time, who, for want of any sources of entertainment in themselves, are ever seeking it in a senseless flutter over a range of ridiculous objects, and a giddy whirl from place to place, proceeding with a sort of planetary motion through their orbits of insipidity, but without any revolution around their own axes.

There is hardly any character so rare as an elegant and interesting converser. So many adventitious circumstances are necessary to constitute this species of excellence, that one man can seldom, with every advantage of culture, embrace them all; and perhaps the customs and modes of the age in which we live are calculated in some measure to disfurnish the mind, and scatter its materials of knowledge. The premature introduction of our youth into the world with the pretensions of manhood, the distraction of objects which are crowded into the system of education, the seductions of poisonous books, the usurping importance of frivolous attainments, and, above them all, the crude propensity to harangue and debate, so epidemic at this moment through the country, are circumstances in the present constitution of things that militate much against the interests and delights of conversation. But I know of nothing more disad-

vantageous in this view than the late introduction of the spirit of debate into our social meetings; since conversation is as distinct, in its nature and demands, from dispute and oratory, as any two determinate ideas that exist, as a Campus Martius from a field of battle, or as the play of a fountain from the pelting of a storm. In ancient days taciturnity was the ornament of youth, the mute harbinger of a graceful maturity and accomplished manhood, the symbol of gentle worth and high promise, and the best recommendation to the symposiacs of sages and the lectures of philosophers. But at present a beardless orator of fifteen years' standing is permitted to talk down his grandfather at a sitting; and the grey honours of age and experience are to make way for these pastimes of youthful petulance.

About half a century ago, an English embassy was dispatched to an Indian nation, with propositions for the reception of the Gospel among them. The missionaries were received with becoming respect, and the whole court was assembled under the shade of a hickery tree, to deliberate upon this solemn question, and to give audience to their dignified instructor. Nothing could exceed the gravity and decorum of the whole proceeding on the part of the Indians. As soon as they had all taken their seats and were sufficiently composed, a grave personage, who sat on the right hand of the chieftain, arose, and intimated to the English, that they were at full liberty to explain the doctrine which they wished to inculcate, and unfold the mysteries of this new religion. The missionaries were determined to profit by this indulgence, and all of them delivered their sentiments one after the other. As each took a reasonable time to explain himself, it was very long before all their

minds were disburdened, and any answer could be returned on the part of the Indians. During the whole time, however, they sat in profound silence, and forebore to manifest any signs of impatience, although on so interesting a subject the minds of most of them must doubtless have been teeming with answers, interrogations, and objections.—When every Englishman had thus successively delivered himself, the savages still maintained a solemn silence for many minutes, to give each person an opportunity of restoring any omissions, or urging any explanations. When they thought that a reasonable time had been afforded them, and nothing seemed to occur to our countrymen as necessary to be enforced or elucidated, the oldest of their party rose, and began in his turn to enter upon a display of their own opinions and persuasions on the subject of religion. The venerable spokesman had hardly got three sentences forward, before he was interrupted by two or three of the missionaries speaking together, and denying his positions with great vociferation. A glow of indignation animated the Indian's face; after a minute's pause, and a look of conscious superiority, he thus again addressed the Europeans:—"With our religion, such as it is, my friends, we manage to conduct ourselves with respect and forbearance towards each other, and to hold up to our teachers themselves an useful pattern of patience and justice: we listened to you with that respect and tranquillity which become men who have much to learn; but in your unmanneredly haste to interrupt us in return, you have convinced us that, with such ignorance of the common civilities of life, you must be but ill calculated to give us wholesome counsel in the weightier concerns of religion." With this the whole assembly rose, and

in spite of entreaties, concessions, and remonstrances, marched solemnly back to their own habitations.

Here is an instance in which unlettered savages put their conceited instructors to shame; in which it is proved, that, in the composition of true politeness, there is more nature than most of us imagine; and that the refinement of which we boast is frequently illiberal at the bottom, and without the staple of humanity, good sense, and justice.

It would be stretching my thoughts over too wide a field at present, to collect together the different affirmative points which are necessary to excellence in conversation: those exclusions which are negatively essential to it may be embraced within a shorter compass. In the list of these proscriptions I give the first place to the determined joker: such a man is constantly putting you in mental fear; you are in perpetual alarm in his company, lest what you mean as serious, or feel as sacred, should be rendered abortive by some ridiculous perversion.

Next to the determined joker, I consider the everlasting quoter as an enemy to the peace of conversation. I have generally found that those who have the truest taste and value for classical literature, do not choose to draw from them on vulgar occasions, or abuse the real sense and application of illustrious passages, for the sake of some partial or verbal resemblance. To quote opportunely, easily, and elegantly, is a desirable talent; but there are a set of determined quoters, who, without being touched with the beauties of arrangement, order, and connection, which belong to the whole, bring away their fractured spoils with as little distinction or taste, as did the Roman general of old the sacred plunder of Corinth. I never could bear to be thus tantalised with

teaspoonfuls, when I could fill my mind with flowing goblets, and drink long uninterrupted draughts at the immortal fountains themselves.

Enough has been said, in the course of my paper, on the argumentative and contradictory character; but I would be understood to think as humbly of the smooth complimenter, and the dishonest flatterer—a set of levellers that confound just distinctions, and nourish dangerous infatuations; that prostitute the title of virtue, and scatter her rewards with unfeeling profusion. Those who are on the perpetual strain to excel, and whose attention to others is absorbed in their own impatience themselves to shine in the conversation, must go upon my exiled list; and as proper companions for such as would raise their own credit too high, let them have with them the whole tribe of detractors that would sink that of others too low.

Before I dismiss my readers, I cannot help including within the pale of this proscription all those men of real abilities, the moral character of whose minds is so poorly constituted, as to feel its ambition gratified by an association with men of inferior mould. Let me assure them that there is a caballing spirit in folly which will often disappoint them, and that many a powerful mind has been traversed and overthrown by a confederacy of dunces. The very poor, and the very rich, are in extremes equally unfavourable to this object; and I lay it down, that all great inequalities of condition are subversive of the true interests of conversation. I have seen a very able disputant very much humbled at the end of a long argument, and a long evening, by a cold offer, on the part of his wealthy opponent, to give him a *set down* in his carriage.

For the use of the rich disputers, I will here draw up an advertisement, which shall conclude my paper of to-day. "Wanted a sleek gentleman to argue with, of a yielding, acquiescing, and accommodating temper. He must know how to provoke and elicit the powers of his companion, without endeavouring to rival him. He must be easily excited to laughter, when a joke is meant; and ready to mourn at a minute's notice, if required. An unremitting attention to his employer's remarks is absolutely indispensable, even at meals; and a little taciturnity will be no objection. He must know how to season compliments; must think indifferently of his own judgement; and be able to turn his hand to abuse, if wanted. He must have no decided opinion or preference, but must hold himself ready to relish chopped hay, if required; or to be convinced that the sun goes round the earth. Above all, he must not mind being *worked*, or flinch at odd jobs; must be always at hand; utterly ignorant of Joe Miller's jests; not given to gaping; a coarse feeder, and fond of scraps and cold things."

N° 31. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Ουδε γε ὁπως αφρων εσται ἡ ψυχη επειδαν τυ αφρονος σωματος διχα γενηται, ουδε τουτο πεπεισμαι· αλλ' ὁταν ακρατος και καθαρος ὁ νους εκκριθῃ, τοτε και φρονιμωτατον εικος αυτον ειναι. XEN. CYR.

I could never be persuaded that the soul loses its capacities when it is separated from the senseless body which it animates: but it is according to reason to suppose, that, when pure and unmixed, the mind is thus separated from its alloy, then it attains to the full perfection allotted to it.

My readers are, I think, by this time ready for a fresh essay on the subject of Religion. In my present paper I hope to be able to mix more than ordinary amusement with it, and to raise such a degree of curiosity concerning it, that it will in future stand no more in need of apology than my other lucubrations. In pursuance of the plan of bishop Butler, my business at present is with the doctrine of a future state. I shall hope to establish, in this paper, that there is nothing in reason or in nature to oppose the necessary and consoling belief in the soul's immortality, confirmed to us by the Scriptures. In this question, two points are necessary to be proved: in the first place, that, as far as the analogy of nature can enter into the consideration, it affords a favourable testimony; secondly, that there exist no grounds in the reason of the thing for supposing that death is the destruction of a living agent. When these ob-

stacles, arising from common appearances, are removed, it is not difficult to conceive with what great advantages the positive arguments for a future life may be brought forwards. But if, after all, it be asked, what proofs of religion are contained in the proofs of a future life? the answer is—none; for the scheme of Atheism will perfectly accord with the notion of a future life. But although a future life does not imply religion, yet religion does imply a future life: any presumption therefore against a future life, is a presumption against religion. A future life is then a necessary and fundamental doctrine of religion.

Difficulties have been raised by some, respecting personal identity, or the sameness of living agents, implied in the notion of our existing now and hereafter, or in any two successive moments. For the particular circumstances and criteria which constitute and ascertain personal identity, I must refer the reader to a particular treatise of Dr. Butler's on that subject: in this place, I shall only consider it in the light of an objection to a future life. Sufficient for this purpose is the evidence afforded by the analogy of nature: the various changes which we ourselves and other animals undergo during the present life, furnish strong inferences as to the effect which death may or may not have upon us.

If we consider the progress from infancy to maturity in man, we cannot but perceive it to be a general law of nature, that the same individuals should exist with perceptions, and capacities immensely different in the different periods of their lives. Our state in the womb, and during the first moments of our subsequent existence, and the condition appointed us in the maturity of manhood, are as widely different

as we can possibly conceive any two states or degrees to be constituted.

Wonderful also are the transformations which inferior animals undergo: the change of worms into flies, and the vast enlargement of their locomotive powers by such a change; the passage of birds and insects into a new world, after bursting the shell, their first habitation; are instances of this general law of nature. The gnat not only changes surprisingly its figure and properties, but even its element, as in its worm-state it lives in the stagnant waters. A condition therefore after death, exceedingly different from that in which we live at present, is but according to the analogy of nature, and an order and appointment of the same kind with what we have already experienced in ourselves, or observed in other created beings.

"Those strange and mystical transmigrations that I have observed in silk-worms, turned my philosophy into divinity," says the learned and excellent sir Thomas Browne, in page 110 of his *Religio Medici*.

Ψυχη signifies the human soul, and a butterfly; so forcibly were the Greeks struck with the analogy between the wonderful transformation of this insect, and the survival and liberty of the soul after its separation from the body. The analogy between our living soul, this *animula vagula blandula*, and this mysterious insect, appeared to them so strong, that it is one of the most common and favourite emblems exhibited on their medals. The marriage of Cupid and Psyche is, with great reason, concluded to be an allegory; and though related only by Apuleius, an author of the second century, we cannot doubt of its place in the ancient mythology, while we behold it depictured on so many gems and medals. The mo-

rality included in this allegory is well unfolded in a little pamphlet, containing remarks on the ballad of Cupid and Psyche; and the opinions of this writer are confirmed by the acquiescence of Mr. Bryant, in p. 391 of the second volume of his Treatise on the Mythology of the Ancients.

I shall now present the reader with a poem, which I have taken the freedom to extract from a very elegant and instructive publication of the day, called the Naturalist's Miscellany.

" Segnis et informis serpens eruca per herbas
Innocue viridi sustinet ora cibo.
Jam conviva satur pertæsa et lumina vitæ
Quærit in effossa ponere corpus humo;
Exuit et vestem, ac cæcis commissa latebris
Dormit, et in placida morte quieta manet.
Hyberni frustra sugiunt per pascua venti,
Altaque Nix rigido jam tenet arva gelu.
Illa nihil sentit, tumuloque occlusa profundo
Dormit, et a vento tuta et ab hoste jacet.
At simul auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
Taurus, et a Zephyris terra soluta viret,
Cum frondent sylvæ, cum formosissimus annus,
En! tumulo surgit pulchra phalæna suo!
Surgit, et ut veteris rumpit jam claustra sepulchri,
Mirata speciem corporis ipsa sui.
Quam formosa vigens! Oh quantum distat ab illa
Viderat errantem quam prior annus humi!
Alarum ornatum, gemmantes aspice ocellos!
Jam pluma in molli corpore multa nitet:
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores
Evolvat, et cæcos despicit inde rogos;
Blandaque purpureis subvecta per aëra pennis
Per nemora et varios expatiatur agros.
Inque vices lectisque rosis violisque superbe
Incubat, et forma vincit utrasque sua.
Scilicet et nostri reputenter vana sepulchri
Præmia cum tali teste probata manent?"

" The helpless crawling caterpillar trace
From the first period of his reptile race:
Cloth'd in dishonour, on the leafy spray,
Unseen, he wears his silent hours away;
Till, satiate grown of all that life supplies,
Self-taught the voluntary martyr dies.
Deep under earth his darkling course he bends,
And to the tomb a willing guest descends:
There, long secluded in his lonely cell,
Forgets the sun, and bids the world farewell.
O'er the wide waste the wint'ry tempests reign,
And driving snows usurp the frozen plain:
In vain the tempest beats, the whirlwind blows,
No storms can violate his grave's repose.
But when revolving months have won their way,
When smile the woods, and when the zephyrs play,
When laughs the vivid world in summer's bloom,
He bursts, and flies triumphant from the tomb;
And while his new-born beauties he displays,
With conscious joy his alter'd form surveys.
Mark, while he moves amid the sunny beam,
O'er his soft wings the varying lustre gleam.
Launch'd into air, on purple wings he soars;
Gay nature's face with wanton glance explores;
Proud of his various beauties, wings his way,
And spoils the fairest flowers, himself more fair than they.
And deems weak man the future promise vain,
When worms can die, and glorious rise again?"

To show more clearly the appositeness of this allusion to the transformation of this insect, as an emblem of the soul's translation into a future state, I shall produce some noble lines which begin the ninth book of Lucan's Pharsalia, descriptive of the apotheosis of Pompey; in which the reader will remark a great resemblance to the lines above inserted.

" At non in Pharia Manes jacuêre favilla,
Nec cinis exiguus tantam compescuit umbram.
Prosiluit busto, semustaque membra relinquens,
Degeneremque rogum, sequitur convexa tonantis,

Qua niger astriferis connectitur axibus aër,
Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus
Semidei manes habitant, quos ignea virtus
Innocuos vitæ, patientes ætheris imi
Fecit et æternos animas collegit in orbes.
Non illuc auro positi, nec ture sepulti
Perveniunt; illic postquam se lumine vero
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur, et astra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci."

Mr. Rowe has thus translated this passage:

" Nor in the dying embers of its pile
Slept the great soul upon the banks of Nile,
Nor longer by the earthly parts restrain'd,
Amidst its wretched relics was detain'd;
But, active and impatient of delay, [way.
Shot from the mould'ring heap, and upwards urg'd its
Far in those azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling starry sphere,
Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height
Where Cynthia drives around her silver light,
Their happy seats the demi-gods possess,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heav'n and stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
There Pompey's soul, adorn'd with heav'nly light,
Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright;
New to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
The stars and moving planets he beheld,
Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay;
But when he saw, how, on the shore forlorn,
His headless trunk was cast for public scorn,
When he beheld how cruel Fortune still
Took pains to use a senseless carcass ill;
He smil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pitied impotent mankind below."

We are now to consider whether, in the reason of the thing, there be any grounds for supposing that death is the destruction of a living agent: for if there be no well-grounded apprehension at all, either in the reason of the thing, or in the analogy of nature, that this will be the case, we have a fair presumption that our living powers will remain after the dissolution of the body; a presumption built on that kind of analogy, expressed in the word *continuance*, which seems our only natural reason for believing that the course of this world will be to-morrow, as it has been so far back as our experience or knowledge of history can carry us. This is an assurance of great importance, and such as, in the affairs of common life, is fully sufficient to ground all our proceedings upon. To obtain this assurance in regard to a future life, all that is really necessary is to prove that there is no distinct ground for any apprehension that death will destroy a living agent, whatever confused suspicion, prior to the natural and moral proofs to the contrary, might arise from the terrors of imagination, that the sensible shock of that event must involve our complete destruction; for if there be no ground for thinking that death will destroy our living powers, why not conclude, as we do in respect to the course of nature, that, as we know they exist up to that event, they will exist after it? If there be any distinct ground for such an apprehension, it must arise either from the reason of the thing, or from the analogy of nature.

Now, as for the analogy of nature, it cannot afford the slightest presumption that other animals ever lose their living powers, much less that they lose them by death: for we have no faculties to trace any beyond, or through it, so as to see what

becomes of them after it. Death withdraws from our view the sensible proof we had before of their living powers, but affords no manner of reason to believe that they are by that event deprived of them. The reason of the thing can furnish no proof that death is the destruction of a living agent, since we know not what death is in itself. We behold the dissolution of our flesh and bones; but these we have seen in part alienated and destroyed without any seeming interruption to our living powers. We know not on what these living powers depend, since the actual exercise and the capacity of exercising them are suspended during sleep or a swoon; yet do they remain undestroyed.—If, then, we do not know on what they depend, how can we be sure that death will destroy them?

I am much concerned at the necessity of breaking off in the middle of this great subject, and of pursuing it through part of the succeeding paper. I will try to think, however, that I have raised sufficient curiosity in my readers to insure their acquiescence. Unless I were to prosecute this subject to the end without interruption, the force of the argument would be dissipated and relaxed; for as I have once already observed, it is the stress of many particulars, and the accumulation of instances, that constitute the strength of probable evidence; whereas a single demonstration is as good as a thousand.

N° 32. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.

Συ γαρ ει ψυχη, το δε σωμα σου, τα δε εκτος τ' σωματος· HIEROCLES.

Thy soul is thyself--thy body thine--thy externals thy body's.

I SHALL in this paper, as I promised my readers, conclude the subject of my last; and what room remains will be filled up with some letters which will accord with the subject I open with, in as much as, though they do not immediately touch upon religion itself, they will show some of the fairest fruits of it in the conduct of one of its professors.

The argument on which we have been building, has more than a negative virtue; for the reason of the thing does not only afford no proof that death will be the destruction of a living agent, but it positively forbids such a supposition, by proving it to be improbable. A multitude of circumstances and cases may be adduced in proof of the entire separate natures of the spiritual and corporeal substances —their independency, their disparity, and their disagreement. For though a variety of instances might be produced, in which they appear to suffer together, yet, as long as we can argue from so many in which the one subsists in full glory and perfection under the greatest infirmities and afflictions of the other, there is enough to convince us that their connection is not permanent and necessary, but temporary and accidental.

I have always admired the force of the Latin word *abiit*, when I have met with it in the place of *mortuus est;* and have ever been delighted with those passages in heathen authors, in which the native vigour of the mind, prompted by the analogy of nature, springs forth of itself, and grasps a future existence, which, though not approaching the Christian immortality, shows how much our unaided reason delights to fasten on this consoling hope, amidst all its wanderings and perversions. So separate in their natures were the soul and the body considered by Plato and Pythagoras, that they were fond of comparing them to a chariot and charioteer; and according to those great men, we lay down our bodies as we lay down our carriages, hoping to resume them in happier times, and under circumstances of greater splendour. The same meaning is given us in four words by the sage Epictetus, "ψυχαιριον ει βασαζον νεκρον;" to which I shall give a Latin translation, as I think its spirit would escape in the English,—"*animula es cadaver gestans.*"

Thus the living agent makes use of a material substance (for such is its destiny here) as the instrument of its operations. If this instrument be injured, its exertions are obstructed, but its capacities remain the same; that is to say, its exertions are obstructed as long as its obligation to use this instrument remains. Let the means be restored, and the power again displays itself. This capacity resides in the consciousness of the mind; it belongs to our living powers, to something independent of all matter. For some time after the amputation of a limb, the sufferer is said to feel as if he still retained it, and had actually the power of walking as usual; which affords an inference in favour of what has been stated above, that this capacity is in the soul,

and a part of our living powers, entirely separate from the instrument itself. If the capacity of seeing resided in the eye, spectacles could not improve the sight; for if such were the case, then would that capacity be impaired together with the eye itself; and we can never suppose that mere inert and foreign matter could restore the living capacity, or be more than subordinate and instrumental to its operations. But if, in this present life, the living capacity within us can make use of foreign matter as the instrument of its operations when its own is insufficient, why not in some other life make use of other and much nobler instruments than this life can supply?

All presumption that death will be the destruction of living beings, must rest upon the supposition that these living beings are compounded, and therefore capable of being dissolved: but since the perception or consciousness which we have of our own existence is indivisible, so that it is a contradiction to suppose one part here and another there, the perceptive power, or power of consciousness, is indivisible also, and consequently the subject in which it resides—the conscious being.

If the reader does not readily conceive all this, let him look into page 780 of Cudworth's Intellectual System. In the mean time to proceed:—Supposing, then, a living agent to be a single being, it follows, that our organised bodies are no more a part of ourselves than any other matter around us; and it is as easy to conceive, that we may live out of our bodies as in them—it is as easy to conceive, that we might possess animated bodies of any other organs or senses, or that we may hereafter animate these same bodies differently modified and organised, as that we can animate such bodies as we have at present.

It is well known that the bodies of animals are in constant flux: we have already, several times over, lost a great part, or perhaps the whole of our bodies; yet we remain the same living agents—why then should we not remain the same after death? After having passed through so many revolutions of matter, why should we suppose that death has power to destroy us? And why should the suddenness of the stroke destroy us? We find that sudden losses and alienations do not affect our living powers, for we can afford to lose several limbs without any defalcation of intellect. To some parts of our bodies, indeed, we stand in a nearer relation than to others; but what does this amount to, but that the living agent and those parts of the body do mutually affect each other? The same thing in kind, though not in degree, may be said of all foreign matter which gives us ideas, or over which we have any power.

There is therefore, on the whole, no ground for supposing that the dissolution of any matter is the destruction of a living agent, from the interest he once had in such matter. I have heard these arguments objected to, as pleading for the immortality of brutes. But I ask, where is the mischief if they do? We must take truth with all its consequences. I know not why I am not to suppose that brutes are immortal: we ourselves were once as imbecile as they. Such a supposition, however, does by no means admit them to a coheirship with ourselves; since their natural immortality does not in the least imply that they are endued with any latent capacities of a rational or moral nature.

The letters which I promised at the beginning of my paper, I shall now produce with sensible satisfaction, as they reflect great credit upon a profession,

in the honour of which we all are concerned. They are from a poor clergyman in Derbyshire, who, from a plurality of benefices in that county, drew a sorry income of sixty pounds a-year, to one of the most excellent men that ever filled the post of lord chief justice, but who was less proud of that eminence, than of being the patron of modest worth, and the model of a humane and religious character in private life. I should gladly have mentioned the names both of this high character (whose example has but lately been withdrawn from us), and of his near relation, from whom I received these documents, had not the heir of his father's virtues inherited also his humility. The letters of this great person, from the same motives, I am not permitted to produce; but it will be sufficient to say, that in January, 1757, he wrote to the clergyman of his parish, to offer him the first fruits of that patronage which his recent preferment had put into his hands; to which he received the following answer.—

" Sir, *Jan.* 14, 1757.

" I received the favour of your letter too late to send an answer by return of post. I am exceedingly obliged to you for offering your first living to me. Content and easy in my present situation, I have not, for several years past, wished or desired more. About sixty pounds a-year neat, I have found sufficient to supply me with necessaries and conveniences, and cannot think of going into Wales upon any condition whatsoever. Life is but a span long; and as I am now drawing towards the end of it, having turned sixty-five, fresh preferment would add rather to my pocket than my happiness. However, I am truly thankful for your kind intentions, and

shall ever bear a grateful remembrance of the many kindnesses I have received from you, and the very great regard you have expressed for me, who am,

" Sir,

" Your most obedient

" and obliged humble servant,

THOMAS S——."

In the April of 1757, the abstinence of this virtuous man was put to a second trial by his affectionate patron; and greater preferment was offered, and refused with greater magnanimity. The poor man's letter runs thus:

" Sir, *April* 6, 1757.

" You know that I am entrusted with a plurality of benefices, contiguous, and very small in every respect; and as I am so conveniently situated, that I am always at hand to perform the divine offices, visit the sick, and teach my little flocks by constant example as well as doctrine, I may hope that God will accept of this discharge of duty from me. The general good of the church is the principle by which every clergyman ought to direct himself: and to enter upon a remote benefice, advanced in years, and less active in life, and a cure too on which perhaps I should not choose to reside long, would show more of the lucrative mind than the pastoral care. Although I should endeavour to procure a fellow-labourer that would be diligent in instructing, exhorting, admonishing, visiting, and comforting the people of the said parish, yet they would be apt to say, that my attendance was not for the sake of the flock, but of the fleece; that I came to receive the wages, but committed the work to the care of another. I might,

indeed, in a *small* parish, assist those who most needed instruction, and preach to them, even while absent, by putting into their hands some of those excellent little treatises written by the worthy members of our church, with a desire to promote the true interest of religion, and teach men how to live to God's glory, and be happy for ever. But this I could not expect to do in a *great* one: therefore I think I ought rather to disclaim the thoughts of taking another, than perform so small a share of duty in it myself, or give my best friend repeated trouble about what I might not live long to enjoy. I hope I shall ever gratefully remember your many kindnesses and great favours offered to me, who am,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient

"and obliged humble servant,

"Thomas S——."

As every thing in this paper should, as far as possible, be of the same colour with the noble sentiments contained in the above letters, I am glad to be empowered, by the same hand from which those were received, to lay before the reader an interesting letter from Dr. Tillotson to Sir Robert Atkins.

"Honoured Sir, *May* 11, 1686.

"I am sorry I did not know of your being in town, that I might have paid my respects to you at your lodgings. It is upon Mr. Brabant's request that I now give you this trouble. He tells me you were pleased to promise him the living of Waltham Abbey, when it should be void, as it is shortly likely to be; but that he having, since that promise, obtained another living, you make a doubt whether it be

lawful for him to leave that, and take another; and that in this my opinion is desired. When he mentioned this to me, I was afraid he had desired to have had both; which, with me, would have made a much greater difficulty, especially considering the greatness of the parishes, and the distance between them. But I never had any apprehension of the unlawfulness of the other, if there be the same probability of doing good, which ought always to be regarded, because that is the end of our ministry. I know our law calls a man's living his wife; but there is no arguing from similitudes, if the reason be not equal in both cases, which I confess I do not see.

" When by your favour and interest (which I must ever own with a just sense of it) I was preferred to Lincoln's Inn, I left a living in the country, not doubting but that I might lawfully do it, and had reason to do so; because I hoped, or at least was over-ruled by my friends into an apprehension, that I should be in a capacity of doing more good there than in the country: and the same consideration hath kept me there so many years, though I have twice been offered by my late lord chancellor Nottingham, and once very earnestly importuned by him to accept of St. Martin's in the Fields, the greatest and best living in England; which I only mention, to show that I always thought it lawful to remove from one place to another, but still with regard to our great end, which is the probability and opportunity of doing most good. But I submit all this to your better judgement and consideration; and shall only crave leave to add, that, unless you think the thing clearly unlawful, the obligation of your promise is still in force. With my very humble service to my lady, and my hearty prayers for her safe deli-

verance, and for the prosperity of your family, I rest,

" Honoured sir,
" Your most obliged and humble servant,
" Jo. Tillotson."

The letter which follows has already been in print; but as it is probable that few of my readers have met with it, and as it suits admirably the complexion of this paper, I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of inserting it. It is from sir Hugh Dalrymple to sir Laurence Dundas.

" Dear Sir Laurence, *North Berwick.*

" Having spent a whole life in the pursuit of pleasure and health, I am now retired from the world, with poverty and the gout; so joining with Solomon, that " all is vanity and vexation of spirit," I go to church every day, and say my prayers. Going last Sunday as usual, I saw an unknown man in the pulpit; and rising up to pray, I found my ears engaged by the foreign accent of the parson. I paid him all attention, and had my devotion awakened by the most pathetic prayer which I ever heard. This made me attend equally to the sermon —a better never came from the lips of man. I returned in the afternoon, and heard the same preacher finish his morning's work by the finest chain of reasoning conveyed in the most eloquent expression. I sent to ask the Man of God to honour my roof, and dine with me. I asked him about his country; I even asked him if his sermons were his own? He affirmed they were. I assured him I believed him, for never man wrote or spoke so well. " My name," says he, " is Dishington. I am curate to a mad

minister in the Orkneys, who enjoys a rich benefice of 50*l.* a-year, out of which I receive 20*l.* for preaching to and instructing 1200 people, who inhabit several islands. Out of this 20*l.* I pay 25 shillings every year to the boatman who transports me from one to the other by turns. I should be very glad if I could continue in that terrestrial paradise; but we have a great lord, who has many little people soliciting him for many little things which he can do, and many that he cannot do; and if my minister were to die, his succession is too great a prize not to raise up many powerful rivals to baulk my hopes of preferment." I asked of him if he possessed any other wealth than his 20*l.* a-year? "Yes," said he, "I married the prettiest girl in the island; she has already blessed me with three children, and, as we are both young, we may expect more. Besides, I am so beloved, that I have all my turf brought home carriage-free."—This is my story: now to the prayer of my petition. I never before envied you the possession of the Orkneys, which I now do, only to provide for this eloquent innocent apostle. The sun has refused your barren island its kind influence; do not then deprive them of so eloquent a preacher.***

"Yours, in all meekness and benevolence,

"H. D."

Nº 33. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

Magnum certè quiddam praestare videntur, ſi delibantes aliorum ingenia ex compendio sapiant, aut in cortice doctrinae aliquatenus haereant. BACON, de Aug. Scient.

They think they have done wonders, if, by simply colouring their thoughts with other men's wit, they can shorten the fatigues of study, or just penetrate the rind of knowledge, unable to pierce into the core.

I HAVE given my readers a chapter on the false refinements of the present age — I shall now present them with my thoughts on the false learning by which it is disgraced.

False learning, in which I include false taste, is properly a branch of that false spirit of refinement which has been considered before, and consists, in lord Bacon's words, " of vain altercations, vain affectations, and vain imaginations." This part of the question was left untouched in the former paper, as being a topic broad and interesting enough to demand a separate consideration. It is a subject of regret to consider, that this false learning does not arise from the want of a disposition in the character of the times, towards objects of this nature, but from a wrong bias in its direction, resulting from the contagious effects of this distempered refinement.

It would be unjust to our own age to deny, that what we have lost in depth, we have recovered in breadth; and that, for one profoundly learned of the old times, we have ten superficially so in the present.

Unfortunately, indeed, literature has of late years become a part of the mode, and has accordingly partaken of its insipidity, its caprice, and its adulterations. There is in Fashion a tyrannical insolence, that loves to trample upon nature and the right constitution of things: she insists upon submission, and yet her requisitions are as perverse as they are peremptory. She imposes the same tax upon us all, without considering our inequality of resource, and different measures of ability. If it be the fashion to be learned, learned we must be at all events; and our ingenuity is strained to the top of its bent, to discover succedaneums that may supply, and impositions that may dazzle, till literature becomes a commodity as artificial as dress, and admits of the same mockery of imitation, the same speciousness of ornament, the same coxcombry of character, and the same artifices of deception. When an article becomes the mode, such as have the means will procure it genuine and perfect; while those who are without them, must resort to some adulteration that retains its resemblance, or some composition that usurps its appearance.

The remark is perhaps a little paradoxical, yet in some circumstances I cannot but lament the abundance of our resources, and the fertility of our inventions, which, in respect to learning, have conjured up such impositions and deceptions, and suggested such seducing resemblances, that we are betrayed by our impatience, precipitance, and vanity, into the adoption of this literary chicane, instead of the ingenuous ambition of real attainments. The effect of these mechanical helps has been very much to multiply the professors of knowledge, without adding many to the number of its faithful votaries; they

have stocked its wardrobe with such an inexhaustible diversity of tinselled apparel, that her badges have lost their customary distinction, and are become as equivocal tests as ribands and stars.

Besides the operation of this impertinent mixture of fashion, in extending the surface, and contracting the depth of knowledge, it may be made a question, whether some of those inventions on which humanity prides itself the most, may not be in some sort chargeable on a similar ground. I contemplate the art of printing with a pious sort of gratitude, when I consider it as nobly instrumental towards the propagation of truths, which laid claim to universality, and involved the immortal interests of the soul. I regard it with reverence, as the only weapon of power to cope with the spreading usurpations of prejudice and error, which were not to be overcome by partial opposition, or temporary exertions: with the gigantic arms with which this art has furnished us, we have been enabled to grapple with Error in her remotest retreats, and expose her under all her disguises.

Unhappily, however, the assistance which this art affords us, is of a mercenary nature: indifferent in itself, it obeys whatever impulse and direction are given to it; and, in a certain ratio with our spreading inquiries, delusions and false lights have been unhappily multiplied. When the tones of public reasoning, by being overstretched, grow lax and nerveless, and a wanton spirit of change gets abroad, under pretence of illumination and discovery; when a secret corruption has invaded our stores of accumulated knowledge, and a corroding infidelity is consuming the very core of philosophy; our admiration is turned to regret, in contemplating this mighty engine of intellectual rule, in the hands of a natural

foe, disposed to use it to our destruction, and leave us nothing but the monuments of faded vigour and lost perfection.

But there are other circumstances in the tendency of this noble invention, which are but too favourable to false learning. The multiplication of books on every subject has occasioned to some a perplexity of choice in the destination of their views, that has long suspended their application; and to others, an uncontroulable passion for reading, that intrenches upon the time which belongs to reflection, and harasses the mind in a perpetual chase, by starting at each minute fresh objects of pursuit. The character of a book-purchaser, known in ancient times, and so common in our own, seems to spread with the increase of this literary merchandise. A good library is now a part of every gentleman's establishment; and if the learning of a wealthy man be but elegantly bound, no matter in how small a compass, or with how great a waste of margin. It is a common thing for a modern scholar to found his fame on the arrangement of his library; tender the mean while of its repose, and viewing it with a sort of Platonic love, that suffers no thoughts of actual fruition to break the serenity of his contemplations: while others, with a passion for distinction, without an idea of difference, rest their claims to literary eminence on their painful acquisition of scarce editions, of which their admiration is as groundless as that with which children prefer a farthing with a hole in the middle, to one that has no such pretensions to notice.

I do not love to let myself loose in unqualified censure; and yet I cannot in this place help feeling a temptation to declare, that, in the long course of my observation of human nature, I have never discovered much real knowledge in your indefatigable

book-collectors; and am often put in mind, when I am led in triumph to their libraries, which I am to consider as bearing testimony to their learning, of our common friend Mr. Patence, who, in a note to his advertisement, in which the afflicted are more particularly instructed how to find his house, tells us, "that his abilities are to be known by the blue lamps at his door."

Lucian is very pleasantly severe upon the illiterate book-hunter, and enforces a sensible strain of ridicule with this story among others. "A man of respectable quality, whose name was Evangelus, had conceived a mighty rage for gaining a victory at the Pythian Games. As his personal deficiencies precluded all excellence in running or wrestling, he bethought himself of his skill in playing on the harp, which had been so magnified by some treacherous flatterers, that he resolved to try the success of this fancied accomplishment. To Delphi then he came in great splendour, with a crown of laurel ornamented with gold and emeralds. Nothing could exceed the beauty and richness of his harp, which was decorated with jewels and gems of great costliness, and on which the figures of Apollo, Orpheus, and the Muses, were admirably sculptured. When the day of celebration arrived, three candidates presented themselves; but Evangelus drew upon himself the admiration of all the spectators, arrayed as he was in a purple robe, and shining all over with diamonds of the finest lustre. Thespis, the Theban, came first into the lists, and exhibited no inconsiderable talent; but he could hardly prevent the impatience of his auditors from breaking forth, so great were their expectations of the skill of Evangelus. At length the Theban harper finished; and now stepped forth, with a countenance betraying a confident security,

the favourite of the public: a respectful silence prevailed; expectation had charmed every tongue, and every man was preparing himself to feel sensations he had never proved before; when, after a variety of flourishes and gestures on the part of the performer, a wretched unmusical strain assaulted their ears, accompanied with the snapping of the chords, which were not able to sustain the rudeness of his blows. The surprise of the assembly held them for some time in this silence, so flattering to the deluded Evangelus; till at length the performance became so intolerable, that the judges, enraged with their disappointment, and conceiving themselves in a manner insulted, ordered him to be turned out of the theatre, and well disciplined for his ignorant assurance. As soon as he was dismissed, an Elean, whose name was Eumelus, came modestly forward, whose whole appointment was scarcely worth ten drachmas; his harp was old and crazy, and furnished with wooden pegs. The man's appearance, however, was presently forgotten when he began to sing and play, both of which he did in a manner so exquisite and masterly, that the most rapturous attention fixed every eye upon him; and while he touched the chords, his air and figure, and his very instrument, homely as it was, appeared with infinitely more grace than his opponent was able to assume, with the aid of his trappings and insignia. As he was returning from the theatre, with his crown of victory on his head, he met Evangelus, and thus accosted him—"Friend, you have now had an opportunity of learning, that the union of folly and splendour draws aggravated ridicule upon both; and that where we find it yoked with arrogance and pomposity, we cannot even pity the miscarriage of ignorance."

I have no intention, any more than my friend Lu-

cian, to hold to ridicule those hunters after books and editions, in whom this curiosity is built on a certain patriotism in literature, and that delicacy of selection which true taste inspires. I have only in my thoughts a set of characters who contemplate the sacred walks of the Academy as a market or fair, where, in pedlar fashion, they have only to bustle among rows of book-stalls, and purchase learning on the true mercantile principle of buying that only which may be sold to advantage again. I am told that many of our adepts in this species of traffic, introduce some speculation into the commerce of books, and will buy an author very much out of condition, to get him up in order, against a good time for sale; and that oftentimes an old stager, that has been hacked through a public school, will, under proper management, come out in the spring with an entire new coat, and so judiciously hogged and cropped, that, except you opened his mouth, you might imagine him in the full prime and mettle of his years.

But this diffusion of literary property, which printing has produced, is not only chargeable with this nominal learning, to which it has given an injurious kind of credit among us; but we may lay to its account also a tendency to draw out our ancient weight of metal into flimsy wire, or to flatten its substance into tawdry plates, to cover over a larger surface indeed, but to impose a fictitious worth on the simple and the vulgar. There is little doubt but that the practice of transcribing, on which the ancients were forced from the scarcity of books, was calculated to impress them deeply with the subjects on which they were engaged, and opposed a salutary barrier to that roving inconstancy of pursuit, which, acting on the mind with opposite impulses, suspends it in a floating medium of broken particulars. The continuity of

thought, and perseverance of application, enforced by these difficulties and restraints, had a direct tendency to give to the ancients that mastery over the subjects about which they were conversant, that power of assimilation, that unperishing tenure, that unalienable property, which mightily manifests itself in the vigour and simplicity of their details, and the masculine touches of bold originality with which they abound.

The same literary wants, in which, on a superficial view, we seem to see so much to lament, threw them upon the frequent necessity of oral instruction and learned communications; a circumstance of twofold advantage, calculated at once, by a reflective force, to infix in the mind of the speaker his own acquisitions, and to press conviction on the hearer, by the weight of present authority. Since the æra of printing, it seems as if a flood of learning had been progressively spreading over the human mind, checking its wholesome productions, and nourishing the growth of a worthless vegetation; but in the simpler ages of antiquity, it dropped from the mouth at intervals in gentle showers, fertilising wherever it fell, sinking deep into the pores of the soil, and rising again in genial juices and vegetable life.

It is not unpleasant to remark, as this supposititious learning diffuses itself, the manner in which it operates upon the new provinces of life on which it encroaches; how soon it accommodates itself to a new range of subjects, elevates the low, amplifies the little, and decorates the vulgar. There is now no occupation so mean, into which it has not found its way, and whose consequence it has not raised, from the maker of geometrical breeches, to the mere manufacturer of manuscript sermons. We all begin to exalt our tones and pretensions, and adopt a prouder

language. Mr. Powell, the fire-eater, is a singular *genius;* and Mendoza has more science than Johnson. —I have heard of hieroglyphical buckles; so that our very shoes will want deciphering, and the Coptic language must soon make part of the education of our Birmingham buckle-makers. Alphabetical buckles are become common; insomuch that in teaching ourselves to talk with our fingers, we may begin with learning to spell with our toes. Our wigs are made upon principles, which used to be made upon blocks. Our chimneys are cured of smoking by *professors;* and a dancing-master engages to teach you the nine orders of the Graces, and, if you take forty lessons, will throw you in an *eleemosinary* horn-pipe. Our servants are beginning, as my correspondent tells me, to read behind our carriages: and the Bond-street lounger, with his breeches cut by a problem, has as much of the language at least of learning, as any servitor in black logics at Oxford.

This wide spirit of accommodation, so characteristic of modern learning, has opened ways to the attainment of literary honours that were barred for ages before. There is scarcely a mind in which nature has not drawn its line of demarcation between the rational and the brute; scarcely a creature that walks erect and inhales the breeze, but may find some employment in the provinces of literature level to its powers. If you cannot compose, you may scrape together; if you cannot build sentiment, you may rake anecdote; if you cannot write a poem, you may sew together an opera; if you cannot write your name, you may edit a horn-book with historical engravings.

I shall now take leave of my subject for the present; but as I have not yet half exhausted myself

upon it, I shall follow it up through another paper, in which I shall de cend more into particulars, and develope, as far as I am able, a few of those ambushes and disguises, which false learning has borrowed from the sophistry of modern improvements, for the sake of my modest countrymen, wherever they are to be found, who sacrifice their rights to a race of bold usurpers. My intention has hitherto been only to show that learning has outgrown its stren th; and that, unless we call in to its aid the proper exercise and cultivation, we have reason to fear that its decay will forestall its maturity.

N° 34. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Ju gere si vel i, et varias inducere p mas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
I esinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi, risum teneat s, amici?

If to a human head, a painter join
A horse's neck; or, idiot! would combine
A sordid fish s tail--t e f vel r s' are
O' lovely woman---limbs sought here and there,
Stuck round with feath rs all, pick'd where he could---
Would you not laugh, my friends? I know you would.

THE last time our society met, it was the fashion of the evening to talk upon my paper. As each successively gave his opinion as to the spirit in which such a work should be conducted, I could observe how the bias of their particular professions and oc-

cupations had narrowed the range of their curiosity, and how much I might have overlooked of what concerns our general nature, had I followed in the selection of my subjects the counsel of any one individual.

My excellent old friend, Mr. Allworth, whose talent of reasoning upon life, independently of his own particular concerns in it, is peculiar to himself, gave me real pleasure by his manner of considering this subject. "When I think," said he, "good Mr. Olive-branch, upon the objects and uses of this undertaking of yours, it strikes me that it cannot well cover too extensive a portion of that variety which human life affords; while it maintains in itself a certain consistency and order, a certain regularity of construction, and subserviency of parts, which will stamp it a whole when it comes to its completion, place it above mere collections and magazines, and assign it a liberal rank among intellectual productions. It should, methinks," continued he, "be constructed and distributed like the plan of a Roman villa, with its *urbana*, its *rustica*, and its *fructuaria*. Its *urbana*, laid out in elegant apartments, should admit only drawing-room company and fashionable topics; its *rustica* should be dedicated to humbler life and homelier characters, and accommodated to the uses of the mechanic, the labourer, and the peasant. Into the *fructuaria* should be thrown fragments of erudition and stores of pleasantry, hints, projects, inventions, specimens, and a rich miscellany of ready materials. It might not be amiss also, if you had your *chenoboscium*, or goose-pen; your *nessotrophium*, or place for wild fowl; your *suile*, for swine; *cochleare*, for snails; and *theriotrophium*, for wild beasts. With this stock and establishment, you have only to place yourself in the *cenatio*, which was

usually at the top of the tower, whence you may overlook the land that stretches itself before you, and select those objects which interest you most in the busy scene which presents itself."

I relished this idea of my good friend's so well, that I have been induced to carry it a step or two farther, and, in consequence of a very curious letter I received a few days ago from an intelligent correspondent in my neighbourhood, on the subject of sign-posts, have been induced to add to my premises an apartment for monsters.

To Mr. Simon Olive-branch.

"Having observed that it is the spirit of your undertaking to reject no topics from which instruction or amusement may be drawn, I have put together, with a view to their admission into your paper, some remarks on the various devices by which innkeepers and tradesmen decorate their houses, and distinguish their several occupations. I am well aware that the Spectator has pre-occupied a part of this ground, but a great deal remains yet to an attentive observer; and in this fairy world new and mysterious phænomena are continually arising, to tempt conjecture, and excite investigation.

"As to the moral purposes to be answered by this inquiry, I cannot boast much of them, unless you will allow that it affords an useful lesson, by occasioning us to reflect what a strange sort of creation we should gather around us, if we were left to contrive for ourselves, and into what an unaccountable perplexity we should throw the whole economy of nature, if she were once to submit her work to our correction.

"Though I am well convinced that sign-posts are no modern invention, but of considerable antiquity, yet I believe that the Bush, which still keeps its place at country wakes, and which used to be hung up at the door of almost every cottage, to signify that the owner had tapped a fresh barrel of beer, was the indication generally adopted in very early times. I have never read the Greek or Roman writings in a view to this object, but have no doubt of their existence among them. I have somewhere seen *ad bubula capita*, 'at the sign of the bull's head;' and I recollect a passage in Quintilian to this purpose, *Tabernæ erant circa forum, ac scutum illud signi gratiâ positum*—'There were shops about the market-place, and that shield was put up by way of sign.' Your extensive reading may perhaps furnish you with many more passages that bear this way. I shall engage no further in this deep part of the inquiry, but shall begin with the creation of those monstrous productions which sign-post painters have been accused of introducing, but which in reality are to be charged to the account of the heralds. The Golden Griffin, the Green Lion, the Black Swan, and the Blue Boar, are nothing more than a griffin, or; a lion, vert; a swan, sable; and a boar azure; the simple heraldic distinction of the neighbouring lord paramount in the feudal times, and adopted as a sign by such of his tenants as opened houses for the reception of the public. The same system still prevails in every part of the kingdom; and an attentive traveller, who is conversant with heraldry, may know what families are the principal proprietors of the estates over which he passes, without asking the question. Thus, in North Wales, the Upright Hand, and the Eagles, will inform him whether he is upon the territories of the Middeltons

or the Wynnes. The Eagle and Child, commonly called, in Lancashire, the Bird and Baby, serves in like manner to point out the estates of the earl of Derby, who bears that device for his crest.

"When there is occasion to paint over again an heraldic sign, the scientific part being little attended to, it frequently happens, that only the principal component parts of the arms are retained upon the new board; to which circumstance we owe the Three Tuns, the Three Goats, the Three Swans, the Three Pretty Pigs, and innumerable trios of the same kind. The most respectable class of signs is that of such as relate to historical subjects; some of these record minute facts which might otherwise have been lost to posterity. I remember to have seen at Sherston in Wiltshire, a sign called the Rattlebones: upon making inquiry into the signification of so obscure a name, which was not at all explained by a half-obliterated painting on the sign-post, I learned that it was intended to commemorate a British hero, who, in fighting against the Danes, received a dreadful wound in the abdomen, and who, in this critical situation, by holding a tile against the wound, preserved his own life till he found means to take away that of his enemy. The classical sign of the Pick-my-toe relates to the well-known story of the Roman, who would not stop to pick a thorn out of his foot before he had delivered his message. The Rose and Crown still reminds us of the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster. The William of Walworth, represented in the act of arresting Wat Tyler, is very properly chosen as a sign at the place whence he took his name. The restoration of Charles the Second introduced among us the common sign of the Royal Oak; and to the house of Hanover we owe the troops of White Horses which

pranced upon the sign-posts of our Whig innkeepers. I suspect that the Hole in the Wall alludes to some obscure historical fact.

"Sacred story has not been neglected by these historical sign-painters; nor have they forgotten the mysterious character of the original in their unintelligible mode of representation. In Chandos-street, a dragon supporting a bell, insinuates the story of Bell and the Dragon. The Two Spies, the Baptist's Head, the Noah's Ark, and the Jacob's Well, still bespeak a certain orthodoxy in the landlord, which, by an easy transition, we carry to his ale and october. Among the few signs which propriety has suggested, I have remarked a portrait of Simon the Tanner of Joppa, at Bermondsey, and Elisha's Raven at a butcher's shop in the Borough, with a mutton-chop in its mouth. The King or Queen's head, on the sign-post of an inn, affords a pretty sure criterion by which we may guess the date of its original establishment, as the reigning monarch always *lends his countenance* upon these occasions. Sometimes indeed, on fresh painting the sign, the old king is deposed, and a new monarch reigns in his stead; but no landlord that feels for the antiquity of his house will suffer this revolution to take place. Henry the Eighth is still to be seen at Lambeth; and considering his host-like appearance, I wonder more freedoms have not been taken with his person in this way. A Queen Elizabeth is as scarce as an Otho. There are but few Charleses, perhaps because the head of a Stuart was thought an uncertain tenure; a greater proportion of King Williams, who is properly enough exhibited where the liquor of his country is sold; more of Queen Anne than of George the First; and several of the late king. A royal progress produces a number of new king's heads; on

these occasions the painters work faster than the horses travel; and I have known his majesty's nose and chin get the start of him by a full quarter of a mile. Biographical signs frequently occur in the cities of London and Westminster; and they are generally placed with due regard to the residence or place of resort of the persons whom they represent—as the Essex Head, the Sir John Falstaff, the Sir Paul Pindar, the Whittingdon and his Cat, and many more of the same kind;—a practice that will enable our English biographers to decide between contending cities, in naming the birth-place of an illustrious character.

"The devices of our tradesmen might in general bear a much stronger relation than they do to their several occupations: some indeed are less unhappy than others. The peacock under a rainbow, is well enough chosen for a silk-dyer; the wheat-sheaf is a good emblem for a corn-chandler; and the ham and chicken are not much amiss for a cook's shop. The naked boy with a pair of breeches in his hand, in Monmouth-street, makes a more forcible appeal to us than the unwearied courtesy of the bowing-beggar-prince himself, striding from one frontier to the other of his ragged empire. The head of Sir Walter Raleigh very properly overlooks the door of a dealer in tobacco, as we owe the introduction of the plant to that illustrious admiral. Many tradesmen are contented with the representation of the article in which they deal; and this would be perfectly unexceptionable, were it not that the mercantile principle of turning every thing to money had induced them to cover their signs with gold. Every object is seen by them through this jaundiced medium; and we have golden boots, golden periwigs, golden razors, golden hams, and golden sugar-loaves. As for the

fish, they all look as if they came out of Pactolus's stream. The cook in Rag-Fair, who hangs out every morning a piece of raw beef, has hit upon a very natural mode of announcing his occupation; while the great A and the bouncing B, at a printer's door, is perfectly in *character*.

"The bee-hive, as emblematical of industry, might be adopted by any trade; but I observe it is most frequently used by the linen-drapers. The Adam and Eve too is a favourite with them, being intended to exhibit the contrast between the vegetable drapery of our first ancestors, and the varied decorations of a modern drawing-room. The ingenuity of the sisterhood, in the fabrication of lace and the ornamental articles of female attire, may account for the sign of the Three Nuns at a milliner's shop; and I find great fault with Nun and Crucifix, milliners in York-street, Covent-garden, for suffering a device so suited to their names and professions to escape them. If these ladies, on a matter of such moment, thought it necessary to be furnished with a precedent, I could have supplied them with one on the grave authority of Batt. Pigeon, of famous memory; who, in the adoption of three pigeons for his sign, showed it to be his opinion that a coincidence of name was a sufficient apology. Why a haberdasher should live at the Hen and Chickens, I cannot imagine, or a tea-dealer at the sign of the Grasshopper; unless we suppose a change of tenants, and a transition from one business to another in the same shop, without regard to the consequent anomaly of the signs: indeed, unless for this way of accounting for it, the adoption of signs has sometimes such little foundation, that it would look almost like Egyptian idolatry.

"We should be at a loss to guess at the meaning

of the leathern doublet at a great iron foundery in the Borough, were we not informed that it was placed there by the first institutor of the manufacture, who, from a very humble beginning, rose to distinguished opulence, as a representation of the identical doublet which he wore when he first came up to the metropolis. The Z's, an ancient stgn at grocers' shops, look very enigmatical; but I am told they allude to the word zinziber, or ginger, and intimated the sale of that article. Many have been the conjectures about the sign of the Good Woman, which is used by the colour-men; and very undeserved jokes have been passed upon the fair sex on this occasion. Were I to hazard an opinion upon so delicate a subject, it would be, that at the time when every trade and occupation had its patron saint, male or female, the colour-men fixed upon some good woman who had lost her head by an accident not uncommon in the days of saintship. The origin and meaning of the barbers' pole has afforded also a great field for conjecture: it is generally, however, supposed to allude to the joint occupation which they formerly professed; and its twisted ornament has been thought to represent the fillet which they used in bleeding.

"I cannot quit these gentlemen without bestowing upon them the praise they so richly deserve for the moderation of their terms and their steadfast adherence to their original price, while the charges for every other article in life are so fast improving upon us. This moderation is particularly commendable in men of genius and literature; and under this head I introduce to your notice Mr. Puff, who has inscribed the following couplet over the entrance of an alley in Shoreditch:

"Up this Court lives A. Puff,
Shaves for a penny, and thinks it A. Nuff."

Such of my readers who are connoisseurs or amateurs in sign-painting, must look to a future paper for the conclusion of this subject.

N° 35. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1793.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

LET it not discredit my opinions on a political subject, that I confess myself an obscure Northamptonshire clergyman. It is not always the lot of those who act the busiest parts in life, to know the most of human nature: a very wide range of exertion will often absorb reflection, and the mind will sometimes be thrown out of its balance by the conflicting pressure of surrounding objects. Such is the monotony of human passions, and such the uniformity that runs through the human character, that if the sphere in which he moves be but wide enough for him to collect a sort of average, each in his own little platoon, by the force of careful observation, may arrive at a pretty general knowledge of man and his nature. If this remark be just in regard to the contemplation of individual man, it holds more strongly in what respects the survey of civil society; for as, in this case, we can form no competent judgement of the parts, but what is built upon a consideration of the whole, it is the more necessary to be so far unoccupied with the detail, as to possess our understandings

entire, and capable of stretching their views to the wide relations of civil life.

Your patriotic and manly proceedings have reached me in my peaceful retreat; and as the design of my periodical undertaking calls from me whatever efforts I can make in the cause of humanity and my country, I am happy to have found a set of men to whom I can with courage address myself, and to whose sanction I may with confidence recommend my endeavours for the common good. The discontents which have been sown with such industrious malignancy among our deluded countrymen, render every exertion necessary to disabuse all those whose enjoyment of the unexampled blessings which the present state of England holds out to them, has been transformed into a sour spirit of dis-atisfaction, by the most unblushing mis-statements and the falsest theories.

But nothing so provokes our contempt, as the petulance with which these proud prophets of sedition predict the downfall of our national establishments. They assure us of this, as if it were a conclusion deduced from the quiet examination of the errors of our constitution; while they secretly presume upon the success of their own machinations, and are ready to charge upon the exaggerated corruptions of our political system whatever calamities may result from their own pestilential endeavours to disseminate false terrors and false feelings among the natives of this happy island. To conjure up fictitious grounds of complaint in the bosoms of those who confess themselves happy and content, and to persuade them to put every thing to hazard, in a state flourishing and exalted beyond all former experience, for the sake of giving a trial to theories, extravagant in their

doctrines, and threatening in their forms, is an extent of turpitude that one must be wicked even to comprehend, and which is scarcely credible in Christians of the eighteenth century.

But, what are these theories, that pretend to such wonderful illumination; that have marked so many thresholds with blood; that have sent the peaceful from their homes; that have been so fruitful in cold massacres and street butcheries; that have dictated a lengthened series of cruelty, wonderful for the unanimity by which it has been characterised, and the spirit of deliberation in which it has proceeded; and, to finish the picture, that have induced a whole nation to hold up with exultation, to the eyes of mankind, the saddest spectacle of human wretchedness that the heart can suggest—a man and a king, harassed for years with every mortification and misery that could affect him in either capacity; torn from his wife and his children; hourly trembling for their fate; and called out from his comfortless prison, only to witness fresh scenes of calamity, or to sanction some new insult upon his natural feelings, or invasion of his political rights?* Such have been the visible effects of these theories, as far as they have been attempted to be reduced to practice. In the mean time, their compensations have been none; since no establishments which promise any continuance, or which are suited to the circumstances of man in society, have yet succeeded to those which have been destroyed. It must be owned, that in France they have expunged the abuses of the old government; but how have they done it?—by anni-

* Since this paper was written, their iniquity has been wound up; and every mind of common tenderness must have rejoiced in the catastrophe, melancholy as it was.

hilating government altogether. Like drugs of a baneful quality, they have cured the disorders of the state by the sorrowful resource of the grave.

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that experience has proved a variety of substantial advantages to result to man from the adoption of these new theories; still it remains a question whether these advantages be sufficient to counterbalance the misery they have occasioned. But if their benefits have been purely negative, consisting only in the abolition of certain errors, while the positive abuses they have engendered are beyond all comparison more destructive and more durably calamitous than the evils they have removed, they stand without apology, and are deserving only of detestation and abhorrence. After such proofs of their dangerous tendency, it would be madness in an *ill-governed* state to hazard what mixture of good there might reside in its constitution, for the sake of doctrines which could only give them in exchange no government at all, and which, it might be easily shown, contain principles that wage eternal war with all political subordination, and that mark out a state of society which, however metaphysically imposing, has no foundation in nature, and makes no provision for the passions and propensities which belong to humanity.

If, then, as it appears, a state whose constitution was inadequate to the purposes of good government, could only lose by taking in exchange such raw theories, for arrangements, at worst peaceable, I ask the plain sense of my countrymen, if it be the act of rational creatures to barter a constitution which, after having for ages been cherished in the speculations of wise men, has at last, in the only country which has been able to display it in practice, pro-

duced an unexampled state of political prosperity; if it can be the wish of any but the most abused understandings, or the corruptest hearts, to barter such a constitution for schemes so crude and unaccommodating, of which no quiet experiment has yet been made, and which, as far as they have advanced in execution, have marked their footsteps with blood?

But the better to clear my ground, I must deny the solidity of any proofs which can be drawn from the actual state of America, in support of these new theories of government. We know that, in the first ardours of independence, a coarse levelling spirit was as rife in that country as it has since become among a neighbouring people; and we know too, that after sufficient experience of the miseries to which they conducted, the minds of these British descendants returned to their natural posture, their native character of sense and manliness emerged; and, having exposed to them the puerilities of their first essays in government, suggested a system in which human nature, as well as human rights, were taken into the account: in which, by some entrenchments on speculative liberty, the sum of practical freedom was increased; and in which securities were planted round man's social rights, by a necessary subtraction from those which belong to a state of nature.

I shall content myself, in this paper, with estimating the real value of these new lights in the theory of government, and shall hope to demonstrate, that, by reason of their inapplicability to human affairs, they would prove but a bad exchange for a very faulty constitution, supposing that constitution sufficient for the general purposes of order and civil restraint. If I shall have the good fortune to make this clear in my essay of to-day, I shall hope, next Saturday, to place in their true point of obliquity

the schemes of these destroying theorists, who would willingly scatter in the dust the monuments of British freedom, to make way for their houses of straw.

In the first place, I would caution my countrymen against the stale pretences, set up by these political doctors, to new lights and intelligence: the same doctrines have been preached in æras remote from the present, and have exalted their tones with unfailing constancy, when the times have been most favourable to their reception. They roared forth their incoherences with fanatical howlings, amidst the base hypocritical jargon of Cromwell's days; and having maintained but a short-lived credit in their native barbarity of form, they have since disguised themselves in the dress of philosophy, and played upon us but too successfully with the false glitter of their borrowed trappings. We cannot expect to found an argument on many instances of their practical failure, since the repulsiveness of their nature to all political arrangements, has denied them these opportunities of making so complete a display of the ignorance on which they are founded, and has stopped them short in their career, ere they could manifest their maturity of contradiction and plenitude of mischief.

Thus we see that in France, where the greatest struggle has been made to reconcile these abstracted rights of man with his actual interests, wants, and dependencies, nothing can endure that is made of such materials; and the vanity of their proceedings and fluctuation of their councils, the contradiction of their conduct and the unsteadiness of their professions, mark well the lubricity of all those principles which are not grounded in the real circumstances of man, and in the constitution of nature.

We have seen in that country a government over-

thrown; a constitution substituted; that constitution again subverted, although it had expressly provided against violent changes; and in its place we behold a shapeless pile of broken powers, top-heavy with an enormous military, and on the point of tumbling into one universal ruin. This army, which has carried away all those who should have cultivated the land, and thus may be said to have eaten up its own bowels, has just in the eyes of all Europe given the lie to the most boasted principle of the French revolution, I mean the abstinence from conquest, in annexing Savoy to the dominions of France. Into the same absurdities and contradictions are individuals betrayed, when they profess a rule of conduct which their natures are incompetent to maintain.

The rights of man are of two denominations, as man has a two-fold nature—he is either a solitary individual, or he is a member of a corporation. As an independent individual, he has a right to all he can acquire; as a member of a corporation, he has a right only to what he can acquire without trespassing upon others. In society, therefore, his rights become relative and confined; and, consequently, in questions that relate to man in society, we are not to consider what are man's abstract and solitary rights, but what are those rights which may be allowed him consistently with the common advantage. Our individual rights ought to be considered as so completely subordinate to the interests of the whole, and by consequence so distinct from our individual interests, that our first care, in forming ourselves into a political body, must be to establish a power which no individual can resist. Natural liberty, as has somewhere been said, is the right of common on a waste; but civil liberty is the safe exclusive enjoyment of a cultivated inclosure. The rights, then, which constitute our civil

liberty, are the only rights which are worth maintaining, and these are properly the rights of the people.

The word people supposes society and subordination; and man, as a part of the people, has his civil rights alone to consider, which include as much of his natural rights as are wholesome in his present circumstances. Nor can man, in this situation, be said to be removed out of a state of nature: it is only an improved state of nature to which he is advanced. The weakness of infancy, the vigour of manhood, and the wisdom of age, are all in a course of nature; and the real import of the term is so far from being confined to a state of uncultivated independence, that art and habit do in fact belong to our nature, and are a part of our original constitution. It is this spontaneous faculty of improvement that is the distinguishing property of man, in opposition to the brute: a state, therefore, to which the exercise of this attribute exalts us, cannot be otherwise than a state of nature to man; and, consequently, the rights which belong to this state are natural rights; and our civil rights are the rights of nature and of man, in those circumstances of improvement to which the exercise of his natural faculties has raised him.

Let us no longer then be imposed upon by these savage theories about natural liberty and the rights of man; let us consider our rights as swallowed up in our interests, and let us disclaim all those boasted rights which are incompatible with our real happiness. The right which we ought to contemplate with the greatest satisfaction, is the right of restraining, by mutual compact and general consent, those unsocial rights which are exercised in savage life.

In the mean time, as an Englishman, I venerate civil liberty, and the rights of the people; but I have learned to know that civil liberty implies restraint, and that the people's rights require to be secured by a strong government; which government, to endure, must be accommodated to man's nature, and the mixed circumstances of his condition here. It must be built on no abstracted doctrines of right, but on the more solid ground of expediency. It must suppose and allow for human passions and human vices; it must maintain a controul over these passions, by directing them to mutual opposition; it must turn them, when it can, into favourable channels; it must proceed upon a supposition that industry begets property, property inequality, inequality ambition; it must conciliate, and not oppose, these natural tendencies, and enable itself to withstand the shock of unavoidable evils, by warily providing against them.

Politics are no abstract things; they exist only by their relation to positive facts and occurrences. In the air of speculative possibility they cease to breathe; they contain no metaphysical demonstrations, no truths *à priori*, no immutable axioms; but are complexional, contingent, and variable, as are all the natural and moral circumstances of man. Nothing is true in politics that is not experimentally good; and every thing is politically false that is practically injurious. And thus we see that the principles of government, for which so many are searching into remote and occult causes, are in fact deposited in every man's bosom.

The sense which our present race of speculative politicians would give to the rights of man, renders them as unwarrantable as the divine rights of kings; and is certainly an error more dangerous in its con-

sequences, as it leads to the worst condition of humanity, a condition of anarchy and confusion. But whatever qualifications others more reasonable may annex to this phrase, it is the last imprudence to hold it forth to the people as expressive of the object for which they are to strive. The vulgar take the broadest meaning of the words, as most suitable to their capacities, and most flattering to their passions. The rights of man, to their conceptions, suppose an equal participation of luxury and power; not understanding that power implies subordination, and luxury owes its existence to the distinction of orders in society; that, in levelling the rich, they rob themselves of employment; and that, in raising themselves out of their sphere, they would annihilate that description from which arises the plenty they are so eager to enjoy.

When a people rise, from a sense of grievance, their objects are clear and definite; but when their minds are possessed with a zeal for speculative opinions, they have no reason in their claims, or rule in their actions; but urged on in the dark with undistinguishing impetuosity, they suppose every thing an enemy that they happen to encounter, and they destroy in a moment what an age is insufficient to repair.

Nº 36. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

In my paper of last Saturday, it was my design to show that the rights of man, in the sense in which they are now vulgarly meant and understood, are not his natural rights, or suited to his circumstances in civil society. It follows, then, that if our constitution be a bad one, at the worst it is better than the plan of these theoretical politicians, since positive facts do undeniably prove, that, such as it is, it has enough of the cementing principle to hold us together in a long political union, and sufficient accommodation to the wants and faculties of man, to favour the growth of every social improvement. Now although this evident truth (upon the principle laid down in my last essay, that in politics things are true or false according to their tendencies to produce good or evil, without any reference to any abstract reasonings) is a clear testimony to the legitimacy and the wisdom of the British constitution; yet as the causes of these effects lie open to inquiry, it is worth the pains to examine them, to be convinced how far they are built on solid and durable foundations.

Amidst all the variations in the moral circumstances of man, his passions persevere in an uniform and steady current. Their tones, their expressions,

and their modes, may be diversified by contingencies; but their objects are ever the same. Rule, acquisition, distinction, pleasure, applause, are the rewards which animate his hopes, and prompt his exertions. Forced into activity by these unwearied monitors, he becomes gradually acquainted with the capabilities of his mind, and is led by their constant agency in a regular ascent to property, inequality, and subordination; taking new impressions as he proceeds, till he reaches his true point of dignity and elevation in the orderly dispositions of civilised life.

Now all this is in a true course of nature, and with little consultation of the rights of man. Still, in this state of improved nature, the human mind is true to itself, and preserves in a manner its parallelism. Its habits and qualities have changed their modes, but are the same in principle, dilated indeed by their reference to higher purposes, and their connection with wider combinations. We perceive, therefore, that these passions and dispositions are not only inseparable from the mind of man, but are really the instruments of his social advancement; and that plainly every good system of policy ought not only to suppose their existence and allow scope for their operation, but so to dispose and direct them as to render them subservient to its interests and support.

The ancient governments were none of them suited to the nature of man. *Democracies* were all either loose and uncompacted, or violent and distorted; and nothing shows their weakness more than their constant jealousy of their great men. Their history, therefore, is a melancholy picture of tumults and proscriptions; and, however it may suit the purposes of weak arguments to build upon their examples,

and blazon their transactions, it can never be the wish of any sober mind to see them repeated in our times. The *monarchies* of old were still less calculated to promote the happiness or improvement of society; and plainly neither the one nor the other proceeded upon the idea of consulting the nature of man; and rational liberty was equally a stranger to both. So little adapted was the commonwealth of Rome to second the progressive improvement of man, and consequently so weak, timid, and jealous in its principles, that the introduction of philosophy and the cultivation of the arts were dreaded, by those who knew best the interests of the republic, as the forerunners of their country's ruin. The Spartan government was still more forced and unnatural than that of Rome, and can only be admired by those politicians whose opinion it is that nature designed us for soldiers, and that the ends of creation are fulfilled by courage and military discipline. Athens had no constitution that deserves the name of government: a natural taste, the force of emulation, the noble air of freedom, and a national pride, raised within its walls a gigantic growth of geniuses, and produced individuals that have furnished models to their posterity in those arts which dignify and polish humanity; but in a political light, it was the most wretched of all communities.

We may perceive, in a sober examination of these ancient republics, that their prosperity, and even existence, depended upon the operation of a national spirit and patriotic enthusiasm in the mass of the people. While this principle was in its full vivacity, all was sure to go well; it served as a point of union to all the individuals of the state: by an irresistible attraction, it drew every thing to itself; and every custom and usage, however intrinsically barbarous,

suggested nothing to the mind but images and associations of the purest patriotic tendency: but as soon as this superinduced and precarious principle fell away, for want of other cements arising out of the uniform and constant feelings and passions of the mind, the whole system went speedily to decay, and being vitally wrong in its construction, afforded no stock from which recovery might be hoped, or whereon improvements might be grafted.

It was late indeed in the history of man before it came to be understood that the principle of surest operation, on which governments could depend for their continuance, was simply the love of self, a feeling that does not decay with time, or lie exposed to contingencies; and that no political union was made to last, in which the interests of the whole body were not so blended with those of the individual, that, in prosecuting his own advancement, he was adding strength and support to the community. This law of action and reaction, and this spirit of mutual controul which pervades all nature, and which upholds the great fabric of the universe, did sometimes present itself to the wisest among the ancients, as affording analogies to direct us in the theory of governments; but they cherished it as a pleasing vision, not daring to hope that the temper of the times would ever admit of so rational a system.

This theory, so sublime, so consonant to the mighty scheme of nature, so grounded in principles of unfailing operation, which no force of human genius or human counsels have been able to accomplish under all the diversities of place and circumstance on the great theatre of the world, has, at length, by a train of fortuitous occurrences and combinations, acted upon by vigorous intelligences and that native majesty of mind which early directed the views

of Englishmen towards a noble freedom, established a footing in this favoured isle, and exhibited a practical wonder to the envy of surrounding nations.

Could those ancients, whose deep study of human nature suggested this form of government, as an unattainable model of perfection, have been told that at length it would actually exist under an inclement sky, in a remote island in the northern seas; which island it would raise to unrivalled splendour in arms, in commerce, and in arts — how would their minds have been overwhelmed with astonishment! and yet how would that astonishment have been increased, by hearing that the day would arrive when this happy country, satiated with prosperity, should contain a description of persons, and those not destitute of sense and knowledge, who would have the hearts to plan its destruction, and set every engine to work to root it up from its very foundations!

The false principles on which the enemies of this envied constitution proceed, appear in nothing more clearly than in their objections to its dateless origin and gradual incidental progress: they acknowledge nothing that has not sprung at once into form, and received a ratifying stamp from a regular convention of the people; as if, to legitimate a real blessing, we must produce the evidences and records of its birth. In this instance, however, as in its general tenor, our constitution has proceeded in a manner correspondent to nature, whose method it is to develope her greatest truths, and to unlock her stores of knowledge, with gradual reserve, and in a tardy course of progressive discovery. I trace with veneration the finishing hand of nature in this slow conformation of our political liberty. Every thing that is most valuable in human knowledge has been the fruit of this gradual attainment: every gift of God,

and even religion itself, has moved in the same march of progression. The moral order of the universe itself, while cities and empires flourish and decay, rolls on in a silent course of unmarked improvement. Thus answering to nature in the manner of its progress, it has not lost sight of her in the spirit of its plans, in which we observe a remarkable accommodation to the frame and character of the human mind. It depends on no forced or superinduced principles of action; and while it is susceptible of every advantage resulting from the highest exercise of virtue, it has not only *provided against* the operations of selfish passions, but has made them the fountain of useful activity.

Power there must be in every state, and power has a natural bias towards falling into the hands of a single ruler: forestalling, therefore, these effects, which never peaceably happen of themselves, our constitution has adopted and modified this evil, thereby preventing the greater evil of numerous pretenders.—In the progress of national wealth, large proportions of property and influence will be necessarily accumulated; hence will unavoidably arise pretensions to honours and distinctions. Our constitution has prevented the struggles for these distinctions, by creating them at once; and by the invention of titles has enabled itself to gratify this ambition, without entrenching upon the integral power of the state to supply it.—The people are a great body, and mighty, which ever way they turn: if they enjoy no consequence themselves, they are always liable to become the instruments of bad and interested designs. The state has therefore given them a form, invested them with great power, and provided for them a medium through which they may act; and as the few that have most sense and spirit

will naturally take the lead, this tendency has been suffered to have its course, and the best instructed have been made the organs of the claims and wishes of the rest. Thus in this wise constitution a free passage is opened for the nature of our minds to operate, and the violence and ambition inseparable from man is turned into useful channels. Power so distributed is a check upon itself, and the impulse of indirect forces has produced a new force in the state, which agreeably to nature's laws proceeds in a strait and uniform line.

Let us not be imposed upon, therefore, by those writers who tell us that fortuitous governments must necessarily fall below the works of intellect: to such reasoners we reply, that a government which has been gradually moulded by time and occasion has not excluded the exercise of the understanding, in waiting for the lessons of experience. It is reason which gives the stamp to those combinations which unforeseen events and emergencies have struck out; and, retracing effects back to their causes, has founded a collection of practical rules to serve as guides in subsequent proceedings. Great experiments, and violent enterprises, suit only desperate circumstances.

In some countries, perhaps, nothing could be lost, and every thing might be gained, by a sudden subversion of the government. Where no principles of good are to be found, and rottenness has sunk into the very marrow of the state, let the carcase be thrown by as food for the ravenous tribe of revolutionists; but let not the vultures and the harpies be suffered to prey upon a body where the life-blood yet flows in the veins, and where balsamic restoratives and alteratives might yet avail. Wherever the influence of Christianity has reached, it has breath-

ed into governments a benevolence of spirit, and a gentleness of principle, that leaves them open to gradual improvements.

Much may be safely left standing as a security for present peace and order, while the work of reformation is going forwards. But these furious advocates for conventions, regenerations, and the rights of man, are at issue with all governments on a question of competency and title, and would involve them all in one undistinguishing ruin, for the sake of trying what they triumphantly call their splendid experiments. I speak here, however, only in a view to foreign states; our own constitution wants no such apology. All good men consider it as sacred, especially in times of heat and temerity; and so far are they from arraigning its purity, that they consider it as the only pattern according to which we are to proceed in the correction of its abuses.

By thus consulting the great example of nature in the conduct of the universe, we shall learn properly to estimate the value of our own constitution; we shall consider it as a part of a mighty whole, and as linked in fellowship with that scheme of analogy which unites in a sacred league our nature, our morals, and our religion, and characterises the counsels, as far as our minds can explore them, of the Great Disposer of all things. We shall learn to despise those sorry calculators, that would persuade a country whose constitution has raised her to be the envy of all the civilised world, to hazard that constitution in experiments on the grossest, clumsiest, and stalest theories. We shall learn, I hope, if English blood yet beats in our bosoms, to treat with a manly and spirited indignation the impudent and flagitious attempts of French incendiaries, who dare to come to our thresholds and our hearths, to tell us, that in four

or five bloody summers they have emerged from a state of political slavery, to a fairer freedom than the long-exercised spirit of the English people has obtained; to tell us, while as yet they have no ostensible establishment, that, upon their bare and unwarranted assertions, we should leave all to follow them, and join them in promoting the labéfaction of all human government; despising for their sakes that precious inheritance of rights and privileges, bought with the lives and fortunes of our forefathers, and abandoning for their sakes our thrones, our sepulchres, and our altars.

Nº 37. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

I HAVE endeavoured to show, in my last paper on this subject, that power, which must exist somewhere, can only be restrained within wholesome bounds by being rendered a check upon itself: this is man's nature, and the nature of the universe, wherein every thing is upheld by this law of action and reaction. This system of mutual controul in a state will not be effected by frittering power of the same denomination among a multitude of individuals, but by sharing it among different orders of the community at large, and in proportionate masses. Thus in our own

country this sober counterpoise of authority in the state, is our great security against partial encroachments; and abuses can enter but slowly into a system where there is always in some quarter or other a phalanx of opposition.

Power that is distributed among a number of individuals has invariably a strong tendency to coalesce; it is the society of interest which makes opposition firm, and maintains the equilibrium unshaken. While an individual is driving onwards in the pursuit of his own solitary aggrandisement, his objects are seldom limited or defined; but suppose him a member of a corporate body, his efforts are then directed to the interests of his order: any eccentricity from this orbit of exertion is regarded with watchfulness and jealousy, and an account is taken of such a man's actions from the first moment of his aberration.

In the simple representative legislation adopted in France, this natural classification and reciprocation of power has been despised by the green precocity of these upstarts in freedom. All-sufficient in themselves, they disdain those intimations which nature affords, and seem to be persuading themselves that they have erected a system so metaphysically enchanting, that nature and man will lay aside their ancient character, and assume another that shall harmonise with its principles. "*Et mihi res non me rebus subjungere conor.*"

What is the consequence of these proceedings? Turning our eyes towards this people, we behold a desultory, disbanded, enormous crowd of individuals, held together by no other cement than a temporary fanaticism, maintaining an unwieldy army, while they are starving themselves; mistaking the cowardice or the misfortune of the enemy for their own valour, and, in a delirium of national vanity, conducting a

preposterous crusade against civil society itself, without revenue, and without the means of enforcing contributions: glorying in what they call their splendid crimes, committed for the most part in cold blood, against unresisting imbecility; *and proceeding at length to bring their king to trial, by an ex-post-facto law, for the crime of reigning; on which principle the whole nation might with equal justice be tried for the crime of obedience.* I say, the crime of *reigning;* for what more was it, to make such resistance as he could, either secret or open, to proceedings which were threatening him with a prison in exchange for a palace, unless it be an aggravation to call it the crime of *self-preservation?* As the father of his people, he was bound by an obligation which will bear no comparison with that of an oath extorted from a mind prostrated with grief and apprehension, to put forth what vigour and resource was left him to prevent the ruin of his country. This man, distinguished among the princes of the earth for being the first in his own kingdom to promote a salutary reform of government—distinguished for his voluntary sacrifices of power, his early attention to the complaints of his people, and his parental love in inviting them to assemble and lay their grievances before the throne—this man have they pursued with a vengeance unworthy of Christians, disgraceful to civilization, and becoming a people at war with nature and with feeling.

Such is the view which the French nation presents to us at this shameful period of their history, and such is the consequence of a defection from nature and her rights. In the mean time, I am far from condemning the principle of the revolution: I advert only to the conduct of it. They have shaken off a galling yoke, and vindicated humanity from despotic

oppression; but the barbarous levity of their subsequent career, their dogmatism, their puerility, their upstart contempt, their vain-glory, their inconsistency, their destroying rage, and their distorted theories, bespeak them a people unripe for rational and manly freedom, and with minds too ill constituted in general for the enjoyment of so precious a boon. Is this a people to give lessons of liberty to Englishmen? this a state of things to serve Englishmen for a model? Are we to lay by a constitution which in ten years has raised us from an abyss of national desperation, to circumstances of splendour hitherto unknown, for such a shapeless structure as the French have reared, which, like the chimerical figure of a broken cloud, while we are endeavouring to trace it, shifts and shifts its form, till at length it perishes in confusion?

I hear in my obscurity with extreme satisfaction, that our hearths and altars are still dear to my countrymen, and that the blessings of our wise constitution are not lavished on ungrateful minds. I hear, gentlemen, that your patriotic example has been followed in every corner of the kingdom; and I begin to hope, that since Providence has protracted my life to witness the rise of such absurd and calamitous theories of government, he will graciously permit me to see them in the end thrust out from society with deserved execration, "among the bestial herds to range."

But it is not to these contemptible theories, and to the distorted condition of the French at this juncture, that I am satisfied with opposing the constitution of my country; no republic of any times can endure a comparison with it. The histories of Greece and Rome are stained in every page with blood and crimes; and no man can wish to see those classical

days again, except in a tragedy or an epic poem. Of modern republics, most are tyrannically governed; many of them timorous and dependent; and such as have made a transient figure in the world, have owed it to the contingent advantages of a commercial situation, and not to any superiority of constitutional resource.

In regard to America, which certainly at this moment enjoys some share of political happiness, we have two or three points to consider. It is well known in what a dissipated state of society she remained for some time after her declaration of independence. In good time, however, she rallied her native intelligence; and perceiving that her enthusiasm had betrayed her into an admiration of a liberty that was impracticable in a state of political union, she put forth all her strength in a general convention to fortify her freedom by a strong and efficient government. This government, if it flatter her pride, she may call a republic; but in fact it admits a strong monarchical mixture, and was copied after the British constitution as far as her circumstances would permit at the juncture in which it was formed. Where the constitution of America differs from our own, it is generally weaker. While the patriotic fervour of newly-acquired liberty supports her national spirit, while peace endures, and the struggle of rising fortune supplies occupation and employment, her present government may be found sufficient: but when the extension of her commerce shall induce luxury, and luxury new wants and new crimes; when the exigencies of the times shall impose burdens upon the people, and the increase of her connections shall call for additional activity; she may then possibly be obliged to avail herself of the power of self-correction she has reserved, in im-

parting energy to such parts of her government as may seem to fail most in the balance.

Government must ever be placed in a high degree of security, to be just and mild in its administration: weakness produces jealousy, and jealousy injustice. It has been thus with all the republican forms which have prevailed in the world; they have always been violent in proportion to their timidity and their want of confidence in themselves. Every individual can shake them, and every minute derangement affects their existence. It is for this reason that they are always so occupied with the detail of their domestic quarrels, as to be rendered inattentive to the great interests of their political establishments. A strong government, like that of our own country, elevated above these petty apprehensions, has no concern with individuals simply as individuals, but in their capacity as members of a corporation. Here an individual in his own person can produce but little harm to the community, unless he can acquire such an influence over the body to which he belongs, as to persuade them to act in concert with his wishes. When thus much is effected, still bodies of equal magnitude oppose his career; and if singly they are insufficient to encounter him, an invincible junction is speedily formed, to which he is obliged to yield with disgrace. Thus in our balanced constitution we see every day individuals of gigantic ability, of power to wield a democracy, straining every nerve to exalt themselves on the ruin of our establishments; but the constant re-action resulting from the counterpoise of interests and authority is such, and such the elastic vigour of our system, that the pressure of these attacks has only tended to exercise its resources, and to provoke its might. In simple republics, where power is subdivided and frittered away, a

sudden combination meets with small resistance, and rarely the state supports the rencounter; but the tempered solidity of the British government not only views without alarm or embarrassment the associations perpetually formed in support of requisitions of a dangerous tendency, but calmly hears, examines, and rejects.

This insecurity and jealousy characteristic of republican governments, place them in one view of inferiority to limited monarchy, in which humanity is most deeply concerned: they dare not relax the severity of the laws, in those cases where mercy should season justice. The danger is extreme, where the immediate authors of law interrupt its course, or set aside its execution; thus the curtain of hopeless sorrow is drawn round their tribunals, forbidding to imitate the justice of heaven, and suffering no ray to enter from the source of mercy above.

But although the obvious interests of a republic point out the necessity of an awful regard to the laws, yet the English constitution is far better adapted to uphold their sacredness, and ensure their stability. The triple sanction they receive, the solemn process of their ratification, the variety of discussion they undergo, and the necessity of the same solemnities in their repeal, all conduce to strengthen their claims to veneration. Indebted for their existence to no single power in the state, they are in a manner independent of all; and each department of the constitution will look with greater awe to those penalties which separately they stand qualified neither to repeal nor avert.

The monarchy of England has these remarkable advantages, to which I should be happy could I turn the attention of my countrymen. It is according to nature, and anticipates her; for the course of human

affairs is always tending to produce what our government has in the first instance established. It creates therefore without struggle what would probably otherwise take place with violence and convulsion; it does that coolly and temperately which might otherwise be done precipitantly and lavishly. Power conferred immediately, and on the occasion, by the people, is generally the offspring of sudden fondness, and consequently extravagant; we are not to expect enthusiasm and moderation to mix in the same acts and adoptions.

Another advantage we derive from this monarchical part of our constitution, is the discouragement it holds out to intemperate ambition: the establishment of so splendid a post beggars all objects of ambition in which an unsolid titular greatness is the only incentive, and the public esteem is become the source of our truest exaltation. On this side a passage is clear to patriotism and public virtues; and yet so are things constituted in this happy country, that popular favour, which in other states may carry an individual to a dangerous elevation, in England sets bounds to itself, and expires by its own exertions: borne upwards by the gale of popularity, the aspiring individual rises and rises, till he loses that intimate connection and fellow feeling with the people, and escapes almost out of their sight, being called, if I may so say, into situations of splendid obscurity. A mutual apathy succeeds, and his place is filled up in their hearts by some new adventurer.

Thus in England the supreme object of society is obtained: what is great in the souls of individuals finds room for exercise, without endangering the common safety: ambition is called forth by high rewards: but these rewards are also its limits, and its consummation is its grave. Meantime the unity,

solidity, and indivisibility of the British crown, is the source of complicated blessings to this kingdom. As the point of union to the different members of the community, it cements and compacts our frame of polity, and gives steadiness and direction to the jarring interests and counsels of the different organs of the state.

The same circumstance of unity and solidity in the executive power, is admirable in a view to the liberty of the subject. Wherever it is shared among many, it becomes vague, slippery, and fluctuating; difficult to be limited, because difficult to be ascertained: but thus bound down and consolidated by the constitution of England, it presents a permanent and definable object to the people of this country, against which all their efforts and their caution may with certainty be directed. Thus, in the progress of political liberty, a regular course of attack has been conducted against this citadel of prerogative, and a regular course of grants have been obtained: what has been thus gradually and with difficulty acquired, has been wisely used and piously guarded, and has been continually increased by casual accessions, till it has gained a predominancy in the system.

In contemplating this mild strength of the executive power, it is an additional comfort to consider, that it arises, not so much from its own separate resources, as from its binding connection with the rest of our government; as an integral part of the whole, deriving its security, not from its own private supports, but from the reciprocal dependence of a constitutional balance. Here we see the reason why the army is so little depended upon by the crown: to this we ascribe the subjection of the military to the civil power, and the sacredness of the English law.

But if imperfections still remain in the British

constitution (and imperfection is the law of nature in every thing that is human), let it console us to reflect that it is not more distinguished by what it has already acquired, than by its power of acquiring still. This principle of improvement has lately endeared to us our precious inheritance, by adding fresh value to the trial by jury. While therefore we are grafting new excellencies on our native "tree of liberty," while we are reposing under its guardian shade, let us gratefully cherish its root; let us moisten it with our blood, in defending it against those who would unnaturally change it for one of French growth and cultivation, with its crude and noxious produce of the "rights of man."

N° 38. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

THE most difficult part of my subject lies yet before me—I mean the question of a reform of parliament. I have endeavoured, in what I have written already, to show the danger that lurks in the phrase of the "rights of man," when unexplained and unqualified, and the nonsense it implies in its vulgar acceptation. It has been attempted also, as far as the necessity for compression would allow, to contrast the fundamental principles of our own constitution

with the spirit of these doctrines. Happily for the effect of this reasoning, there was an appeal to practical proofs, in the experience of two great countries; examples interesting and affecting to Europe, to the world, and to posterity. If the reasoning has been good, it furnishes two most valuable conclusions: we learn from it, to consider our constitution as devolved to us in a course of nature, and as, consequently, well accommodated to the condition of man—but we learn from it also, that, like its great prototype, it contains a principle of improvement, has a property of growth under due cultivation, and affords intimations from time to time which assist our endeavours to promote it.

In this view, while we bury in our hearts the precious treasure of our rights, to depart thence only with our blood, we feel it a duty to ourselves to add to them, as time and occasion permit; meanwhile, taking a religious care that what we add is sterling gold, and not a glittering bastard coin of foreign adulteration. By rights, I mean the rights of the people; and by people, I mean all the orders of the state; for the word supposes orders and degrees, and includes them—I mean the rights of Englishmen—such rights as breathe no spirit of destruction, and can only be promoted by referring to subsisting models. Let those then cherish, as doubly sacred, the principles of our constitution, who meditate wholesome reforms. If they wish to reform the practice, they have additional reasons for preserving the principle entire; since, as it has been said before, to spoil and to improve, are words more strongly opposed than to spoil and to preserve.

I proceed to consider the subject of reform under two heads; in respect to the time when, and the manner how.

The argument which appears to have been most insisted upon by those who press the present moment, is the security afforded by the prosperous condition of the country—an argument to which there are evidently two handles: for it may either recommend the time being, as offering less ground of complaint, and therefore less to apprehend from violence; or, supposing other reasons to exist for the propriety of delay, this same prosperity of the country makes the task of supporting such delay easy, and the intermediate time is brightened by the consciousness that we are nevertheless advancing.

It is doubtless the character of a strong government, as it is of a well-constituted mind, to shrink from no examination of itself, and to acknowledge with candour its infirmities and errors. This is, in fact, the great praise of the British constitution. There is nothing mysterious, or imposing, or jealous in its operations; and so often are its fundamental articles implicated in subjects under the consideration of the legislature, that to one unacquainted with its cautious provisions against hasty adoptions, consisting in the triple ordeal to which they are subject, our system might appear but a perishable tenure at best. Built to encounter the storms of human passions and human vices, our vessel is borne out into the main with all her canvas spread; the tempest in vain assails her; she has no rocks, or shoals, or quicksands, to fear: what seems to menace her with momentary ruin, only speeds her course; and what looks so like her own unwilling labour, is in truth the tossings of the troubled medium through which she proceeds.

Although the constitution of our country is thus hardy from its habits of daily exposure, yet there

are rough mischances to which every thing that is human is surrendered: and there are contingencies in the affairs of men, which it would be policy in us to elude, and madness to encounter. If it were true, that in this country the fanatical doctrine of the "rights of man" had so far gained upon the good sense of Englishmen as to blind them to the blessings of our constitution, and inflame a deluded majority of the people with a zeal for destroying it, I should say, that this was the wrongest time that could be chosen for canvassing its defects.

All reforms, which are meant to be nothing more than reforms, require a sober disposition of the country at large; and those who sit on so solemn a question, should be able to devote to it the undivided force of their minds, in the fullest security as to every other political or personal concern. Now, although the present is a moment in which too many outrages are passing near us, and too many bad spirits are at work in our own country, to leave our minds in a state of tranquillity; yet the high consolatory proofs of a loyal and constitutional sentiment, re-echoed through all the classes of the community, to his majesty's late proclamation, have, for some while at least, laid all our apprehensions to sleep. Thus far we have a negative argument in favour of the present juncture for entering upon the work of reform.

A great deal has been said in the preceding papers, on the powers of action and re-action, residing in our constitution, as copied from the great law of nature: in pursuance of the same plan of policy, measures that work towards any capital alteration in the scheme of our legislation, can never be so wisely timed as when there is evidently a spirit residing in the com-

munity at large to balance against this derangement, and an active sentiment is awakened in favour of the subsisting establishments.

When minds are heated with a love of innovation, and hurried by I know not what fatality towards revolutions, regenerations, and conventions, to make the minutest change is to open a floodgate through which the torrents of the great deep are ready to burst in upon us. Now we may choose a time in which the ardours of the whole nation are directed towards the saving side; in which the different classes of the community, with a spirit of union and sobriety most honourable to their understandings and hearts, have joined in one great fraternity for the preservation of order and peace; in which the body of the people will be themselves the security for the maintenance of the whole, while a regular and constitutional mode is pursued of altering, repairing, and strengthening, the construction of particular parts. If this *be* an opportunity, it would be wise to embrace it, for such a time may not hastily again present itself: it would be wise to embrace this great occasion of contrasting, in the view of all mankind, the sterling sense and moderation of this happy country, with the violence, the cruelty, and absurdity of a neighbouring nation: let these memorable and opposite events pass down recorded together to our latest posterity, and furnish examples for warning and for imitation to future generations*.

It is a circumstance beyond all praise honourable to the nation in general, that two feelings, which

* It is necessary to look back to the date of this paper, as its principles may not apply at present. Indeed whether they did then apply or not, it little imports to their value: the application is a question of fact, which was far from being the main object of the paper.

seldom arise together in the mind, except where there is much good sense and discrimination, at this moment divide the minds of Englishmen. They are at once occupied with their cares for the safety of the constitution, and their solicitude for its reform. Nothing can afford a stronger testimony to the moderation of their views, and the correctness of their ideas on this question of reform, than their anxiety to preserve the spirit of the constitution entire for its sake. To demands so regulated, so reasonable, and so universal, the legislature must listen sooner or later; but the conduct and consequences of the measure may be deeply and permanently affected by this difference in the order of time. It is particularly wise to do what must be done, with the best grace we can assume. It is, in such a case, the summit of good policy in the legislature to anticipate the struggles of the people. The general sense of a country, when it has outlived its first enthusiasm, is for the most part in the right. If it remain steady through a course of years, it is for the most part irresistible. Whichever way it points, the legislature must one day or other go, or be driven; and it had better go, than be driven; go willingly, and at once, than late, and by compulsion. The people are never content with what they have *extorted;* unreasonable opposition provokes their indignation; and when once they have become acquainted with their own strength, they can rarely be brought to use it with discretion. Perhaps, for these reasons, the present is a crisis the most favourable that has happened, or is likely to happen again, for the parliament of England to begin a reform of the representation, and correct what other abuses in the practice have falsified the spirit of our excellent constitution.

With respect to the conduct and degrees of so de-

licate a proceeding, I shall state loosely some general observations.—To a business of such difficulty and danger, every man should bring with him a certain temper of mind, borrowed from a previous contemplation of the political situation of his country at the moment. He should make up some general resolution as to the degree of alteration to which his assent should be given. When our objects are undefined, there is danger of being drawn by the detail into a wider scheme of correction than is prudent and salutary under our circumstances. Evils are not always to be removed, simply because they are evils. In every human system there are necessary evils; and sometimes, in our solicitude to shake off these badges of our infirmity, we substitute more solid inconveniences. Those who go to work with high-wrought notions of purity and perfection, are as ill calculated for the undertaking, as if their object were really to destroy our government, or to render it unfit for the purposes of society. As there is neither absolute good nor absolute evil in life, it is the business of him who would reform our condition, not simply to separate the evil from the good, but to balance between evils of different magnitudes. He must distinguish between adscititious and necessary ills; between those which are compensated by no advantages, or by none that amount to a counterpoise, and those which grow out of our felicities and cling to our blessings as the badges of our imperfection. Without this thorough examination, this round calculation, we can never effectuate a wholesome reform; and the same arrow, which was aimed at an evil, may strike through a blessing that lies beyond it, and sacrifice a substantial good to the removal of a diminutive sorrow. *Government is not a mere holiday amusement, not a model to be gazed at for its delicacy*

of workmanship; but a machine to endure, to suffer constant use, constant attrition, constant exposure; a thing of every day, fitted to the vulgar, the coarse, and the profane, as well as to the refined, the lofty, and the learned.

I have said that a member of the legislature, before he enters upon so momentous a question, should bring with him the proper temper, resulting from a candid survey of the present state of the country. If, in regarding her comparative situation in different periods, he perceive that our present constitution, with all its imperfections and abuses, has not prevented a rise of fortune since her depressed condition in 1783, so rapid as to be almost incredible; if he find that four annual millions have acceded to the revenue of the nation; that the number of ships entered inwards and cleared outwards have increased from seven to twelve thousand; that the value of imports, which in 1783 was thirteen, is in 1792 not less than nineteen millions sterling; while the exports, which produced fourteen, have mounted to twenty; that the public funds have risen from between fifty and sixty, to between ninety and a hundred;—if he suffer his mind to meditate at leisure on these important facts, will he not be reserved in the liberty he allows himself, of proposing or supporting plans of alteration? He may say, that the political *prosperity* which has here been referred to, does not include political *happiness;* but let him solemnly ask himself, if the people, unless they were generally happy, nay, rendered so by their government, would or could enable their government, by their loans, contributions, and commercial exertions, to pursue its objects with such vigour and success?

The Americans, whose example has sometimes been cited for very opposite purposes to those for

which it has been adduced in the course of these essays, built as much as possible on old foundations, and left standing their ancient records, and precedents, and all the common law of the land. They left them standing, not only because they wisely held them in veneration, but because they felt (for woeful experience had improved them in polity) that it was enough at once to establish a constitution which contained within itself the principles of its future melioration. They left this reforming principle to operate in a course analogous to that of nature, in a course of incidental improvement; to wait the suggestions of time and occasion, and to advance cautiously on the lessons of experience. The same seeds of melioration are treasured in our own constitution, and are not to be provoked into sudden maturity by violent applications, but must be left to the kindly influence of the seasons, and the cherishing dews of heaven.

I did not propose to myself, in setting out, to enter at all into the detail of the question; but one or two thoughts occur so forcibly to my miud, that I must lay them before the reader.

Much has been argued, by the advocates of reform, on the duty of going back to the Saxon scheme of legislation, as the ancient government of our forefathers, and, as such, entitled to be followed by their posterity. The inheritable nature of our rights and and liberties has been eloquently enlarged upon by a man who, with a giant's strength, has stood between our constitution and its assassins: but this part of his argument our Saxon reformists have been inconsistent enough to assail with ridicule and contempt. It is clear that both are favourers of the principle of inheritance, with this immense difference, that the one would send us back upon our steps, in

contradiction to the order of nature, to imitate an inceptive government subsisting in rude and unlettered times; the other exhorts us to regard with such veneration as nature inculcates towards individual men, the constitution which our ancestors have formed in a course of successive experience. As we cannot repay this debt of gratitude to our forefathers, let us discharge our bosoms by emulating their virtue in our love to posterity, and our solicitude to send down to our children a constitution entire in its principles, but improved in its practice. Thus, like the ancient husbandman in Tully's Old-age, we must answer, to those who demand for whom we are planting our oak, "For posterity and the immortal gods."

No man, whose mind is properly constructed, can abstain from venerating the first struggles of an infant people towards obtaining a correcter liberty—it is another thing to imitate their conceptions; this is a homage which no thinking person would wish to see paid to them; as well might we set about pulling down St. Paul's, to make room for a metropolitan church after the model of the ruin on Salisbury Plain. But though, upon the whole, the Saxon legislature, as it appears by such records as we have, was very inadequate to the purposes of good government, and to restrain the disorders of social life, yet, as it is always safer to borrow from former establishments than to follow our own inventions, it is both natural and right to consult the practice of these early times, and to copy, but with discrimination, what examples they may happen to afford us for the benefit of our own.

It would be clearly according to the spirit of that government, for not only every copyholder, but every householder, to have the privilege of voting for a member of the representative body. In respect to

the copyholders, I own I see no colour of justice or reason in the exception; their place in society is among the most respected orders, and they are capable of serving their country in parliament. It seems, therefore, an inconsistency to deny them the full rights of citizens, and to depress them below every freeholder of forty shillings a year. On the other hand, I know of no good that can result to the government of this country from extending this privilege to every householder: this measure, instead of giving purity to our constitution, would be stirring up the bottom of the stream, to sully its waters and obstruct its course. In the mean time, the system of borough-representation is intolerably corrupt in itself, and the source of incredible dissipation and immorality among the lower orders. I build nothing on the impurity of its origin, as having had its beginning in the interested partiality of princes and nobles. If it be notoriously corrupt and rotten, it demands an effectual remedy, at the hands of the British legislature.

N° 39. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

Intenti expectant signum. VIRGIL.
Eager they wait the sign.

I PROMISED my readers the conclusion of the contribution that was sent me on the subject of signs: they afford us a sort of information that connects itself with the history of the mind, and displays some of its strange wanderings and capricious combinations.

"The junction of many animals, utensils, &c. upon the same sign, may be accounted for in different ways. Some appear to be put together merely for the sake of *alliteration,* as the Lamb and Lark, and the Goose and Gridiron; a figure so degraded by the abuse of it in modern poetry, that at present it can hardly be dishonoured by any application. Others have a sort of connection, as the Fox and Goose, the Dog and Duck, and the Ship and Star. The Bolt and Tun I take to have been a rebus upon the owner's name; and many others, it is probable, may be accounted for in the same manner. The Cock and the Bottle has, I imagine, some connection with the transactions of the Cockpit. The Cat and Wheel is a corruption of Catherine Wheel. The Bull and Mouth, and the Bull and Gate, are well known to be corrupted from Boulogne Gate and Mouth, very fashionable signs at the time of taking that city from the French. Many of these junctions,

otherwise very unaccountable, have been occasioned by the removal of landlords from one inn to another, who, unable to forget their local attachments, have frequently incorporated their new sign with that of their old habitation, however monstrous the union might be. Some such idea as this will help us to account for the good understanding that subsists in this new creation between beings which have seldom or never met in any other; as, the Lamb and Dolphin, the George and Blue Boar, the Cock and Rose, the Black Lion and Three Bee-hives, and the Blue Mare and Magpie. Of this sort likewise is the celebrated Bell Savage inn on Ludgate Hill, the most ancient perhaps in the city of London. This sign has been the subject of various conjectures, many of them ingenious, but all erroneous. By some it is attributed to a lady of the name of Arabella Savage; others suppose it to allude to an old romance, and to be a corruption of *La Belle Sauvage*. The sign formerly represented a savage man standing by a bell; and the truth is, that it arose from an union of two inns which bore these respective signs. This piece of information I gained from an ancient record, in which it is described as the Savage Inn, *alias* the Bell upon the Hoop. There is reason for supposing that most signs consisted formerly of carved representations fixed upon a hoop; and several old books mention the Crown upon the Hoop, the Bunch of Grapes upon the Hoop, the Mitre upon the Hoop, and the Angel upon the Hoop. A sign of this nature is still preserved in Newport Street, and is a carved representation of a bunch of grapes hanging within a hoop. The Cock on the Hoop may be seen also in Holborn, painted on a board, to which perhaps it was transferred on the removal of sign-posts. It is probable also that this sign may have given rise to

the phrase of 'Cock a Hoop.' The Mitre near the Temple is still called, according to the old manner of spelling, 'The Hope and Mitre;' though some of your readers will be disposed to put a more literal construction upon this sign, and judge the connection to be by no means unnatural.

"When a tradesman abandons his original calling, and enters into what is termed the public line, he frequently engrafts on the sign some allusion to his old occupation; a circumstance which has likewise proved a source of many ill-sorted couples, as the Magpie and Horseshoe, the Angel and Sugar-loaf, the Ship and Artichoke.

"A sign is sometimes an indication of the favourite pursuits and amusements of the landlord, or of the prevalent sports for many miles round: thus the Ring of Bells, the Cricket Players, and such-like diversions, are very common upon every road. The Hand and Flower prevails among florists; though I have seen this idea greatly improved upon, in the late king's reign, by an eminent gardener, who, being possessed of a beautiful carnation called after the queen, procured an accurate portrait of it, and, placing it at his door as a sign, wrote underneath, 'My Queen Caroline.'

"Among signs distinguished by their singularity, may be reckoned the Tumble-down-Dick, in the Borough; the Old Taberd Inn, in the same place, celebrated in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales; the Two Sneezing Cats, in Houndsditch; and the Four Winds. The Bag of Nails, at Pimlico, formerly called the Devil and Bag of Nails, has been supposed to have been a representation of Pan and the Bacchanalians. I have seen a book, however, wherein it is called the Blackamoor and the Woolpack, *alias* the Devil and Bag of Nails. The Labour-in-vain, or the Devil in

a Tub, at Canterbury, alludes to the old fable of washing the Blackamoor white. The celebrated Devil Tavern, near Temple-Bar, now no more, was an instance of a remarkable misnomer: the sign, properly speaking, was that of St. Dunstan, the patron of the neighbouring church, and represented him in the act of performing that signal exploit of pulling the Devil by the nose with a huge pair of tongs. Notwithstanding this humiliating condition of his infernal majesty, by a natural obliquity in our minds, the sign was unhandsomely transferred from the saint to the devil, from whom the tavern has been called time out of mind.

"The Chequer, so common at the door of a public-house, is said to have been intended formerly as an intimation that draught-boards were kept within for the entertainment of the customers. The colours of the Chequer used to be red and white, whence the houses so distinguished were called red houses; and they were at length so numerous, that a red house became a general name for a tavern, and is used as such in many of the old plays. I must disagree with those who suppose the Chequer to refer to the arms of a duke of Norfolk, who had formerly the profits of a duty upon ale-houses; for the arms alluded to, are those of Maltravers, quartered only by the dukes of Norfolk, which are chequers *or* and *azure*, or blue and gold; colours which do not occur at the Chequer inn.

"The solemn mystical sign of the World's End is variously adumbrated. Sometimes the emblem is a man and a woman walking arm-in-arm, with the following lines underneath:

'I'll go with my friend
To the world's end.'

Sometimes it is the figure of a globe on fire, as at Chelsea.—The various signs of the Salutation exhibit divers specimens of dress and manners, according to their dates. Sometimes we behold two fine gentlemen of the last century, equipped *en cavalier*, and exchanging most courteous salutes, to the effect of which their horses conspire by their caperings and curvettings. Sometimes two antiquated beaux, with long buckramed accoutrements and flowing perukes, joining hands, and bowing almost to the ground. The 'Welcome Rodney to the Prince of Wales,' at Lambeth, is the only modern Salutation I recollect.

"We are put in mind of a striking period of our history by the Saracen's Head. The rough manner in which that people treated our crusaders, and the sounding tales that were told of them by those who returned from engaging with them to their own country, gave this sign the formidable appearance it wears to this day.

"The local history which signs afford us is not to be despised. The Mitre at Lambeth, and the Hop-pole at Worcester, are specimens of this sort. Bishop Blaise, the patron of the wool-combers, adorns a sign in most towns which have any connection with the woollen manufacture. The Dog and Bear, in the Borough, perpetuates the memory of the Bear-Garden there; and Simon the Tanner, as I have said before, justly holds a place among the brethren of that mystery at Bermondsey.

"It is pleasant enough to remark the contests about the point of originality between neighbouring signs of the same description. Some years ago the disputes ran very high between the Magpies on the Windsor road; and the pride of antiquity had nearly carried back their claims to the Ark itself. We had

accordingly the Magpie, the Old Magpie, and the Old Original Magpie.

"Sign-post poetry is much too extensive a field for me to enter upon in this place; but I almost wonder that the prevailing taste for scraps and collections of all sorts, has not set some of my worthy contemporaries to work upon these specimens. I think admirers in this age might be found for them; and it is evident how fruitful such a compilation would be in subjects for the painters and engravers of the day, who are grasping at every thing that can be embodied and represented, and laying the whole world under contribution to their arts. The young student, who sets out from the Bull inn, in Holborn, to travel to Oxford, may remark his approach to the seat of the Muses, in the following models of ale-house poetry.

'Fine Purl rare o,
Fit for a hero.
If not in haste,
Step in and taste.'

'I am a Fox, you plainly see;
There is no harm can come of me;
My master he has plac'd me here,
To let you know he sells good beer.'

"I have now, Mr. Olive-branch, nearly exhausted my sign-post erudition, which may perhaps have afforded some information that is new and interesting to many of your readers. To you at least it may show what a multitude of topics lie before you that have scarcely been breathed upon, and how objects that seem of no importance are connected with other objects of real magnitude in the system of life, and

supply sources of amusement, and matter for contemplation.

"Yours, &c."

As my correspondent has left me a little room, I think it will be an act of gratitude towards him, to insert a short epistle I received some weeks ago, which will help to vindicate the importance of his subject, by showing on how much minuter frivolities the thoughts of half the world are exercised.

To Mr. Simon Olive-branch.

"Sir,

"Among the various articles of useful information with which our diurnal prints abound, there are none which I breakfast upon with greater appetite than those paragraphs which give us an account of the motions of our superiors. What particular satisfaction must it afford readers of the class to which I belong, to be informed that a great man dined at ten o'clock in the evening, got into his post-chaise at twelve, and, while he was taking his *afternoon's* nap, was conveyed to Brighthelmstone to supper at nine the next morning!

"I am only kept from travelling by one consideration, which I conceive is a pretty ordinary one among persons of circumscribed incomes. In this inability, however, I am greatly consoled by the perusal of such books and papers as describe the travels of others. As I have a pious confidence in the veracity of all writers of travels, especially if they write their own, I take a more than common

interest in this sort of reading, and my mind is full of a new creation, into which I can slip at pleasure, when any thing disgusts me in the visible world. So extensive has been my reading on these subjects, that I have very little to learn at present from such as go about the world by day-light: but as it is of late the custom to peregrinate by night, I think a volume of road-dreams, or, where they have lamps in their carriages, highway lucubrations, would not be unacceptable to the public.

"But to return to the daily accounts which we receive of those that move in a sphere above us.—I fear I cannot make your readers sensible of the satisfaction I have just enjoyed, from being positively informed that the duke of Ditchend, who reposed yesterday at Newmarket, sleeps to-morrow in town, and being able to make up my mind as to the fact of lord Feeble's arrival at Bath. Sir John Garçon, driving down Pall-Mall, in his phaëton, gives a pleasing jog to my spirits; lord Canaille's losses at play inspire me with pathetic emotions; lady Jumper's delivery excites my sympathies; and Dr. Gobblestone's gout throws me into a delicious melancholy. My soul feasts with delight on the motions of the court; and my bosom glows with satisfaction when I read of a journey to Windsor, and am assured that the royal family have all had their dinner. I sometimes imagine myself controuler of the universe, and that these accounts are officially laid before me. In short, it is impossible to tell you how much tender anxiety is bred in me for my species by this kind of reading, and how much I learn to forget myself in these glowing pictures and *moving* details of other men's actions and concerns. Indeed, I would have every motion of the Great, however minute, announced in the way which a grave author informs

me is practised in Monomotapa, where, when the king sneezes in a room, those present greet him in a voice loud enough to be heard by those in the antechamber; these give the same warning to those in the next rooms; thence it goes into the court, next into the places nearest the palace, and at length into the town; so that in a few moments all places resound with acclamations. If every action of those above us could be so extended, and every sound that issues from them be promulgated in the same authentic and official manner, it would afford infinite satisfaction to their curious inferiors; and I am sure none would take greater delight in hearing from them this way than,

"Sir,

"Your very obedient humble servant,

"Peter Pry."

N° 40. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

O imitatores servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe
Bilen, sæpe jocum vestri movère tumultus!

O imitators vile! O slavish herd!
How oft within me have your efforts stirr'd
The spleen, how oft with laughter shook my beard!

I KNOW of no quality of the mind, of a more general force than the love of imitation: every circumstance of opinion or behaviour bends to it by degrees; and often, while we suppose ourselves entrenched in a most inflexible singularity, we are working after some secret model which engages us insensibly, and in a manner steals us from ourselves. My old housekeeper is an instance of the truth of this observation; the irregularities and roughnesses of whose temper are every day yielding to the contagion of tranquillity, and to the gentle influence of my mother's example. My principal correspondent in town, between whom and myself there subsists so regular an intercourse, and who is my first cousin by my father's side, is mightily taken with the smooth and uniform character of the Olive-branch family. I am informed he has so successfully hit my manner, and the turn of my features, that the other day, upon his entering the coffee-room, a Northamptonshire gentleman declared, that Old Simon was come up to town —and spread a general alarm. The curiosity of all present grew so troublesome to my representative, that he could not forbear contracting his brows, and

showing evident signs of dissatisfaction and distress, which immediately convinced the whole room that the original Mr. Simon Olive-branch must be still in Northamptonshire. I have desired him to add a tail to his wig, and to dismiss his little round buckles and sugar-loaf buttons, that he may be less suspicious for the future in public places.

In our own society, I have seen both the good and the bad effects of this love of imitation. It appears very evident to me that the gentlemanlike and easy manners of Mr. Shapely have greatly won upon Mr. Barnaby the churchwarden, with whose homely style of behaviour my readers have been long ago made acquainted. If my friend Mr. Barnaby could have contented himself with catching the *spirit* of Mr. Shapely's behaviour, his fear of disconcerting, his attention to the person addressing himself to him, his tenderness of contradiction, his silence on all matters of obligation, his frugal mention of himself, and his little curiosity in other men's concerns, he might have gained his point without laying himself open to ridicule by abandoning his natural manners. But, unhappily, it is the exterior about which Mr. Barnaby is grown so solictious; and being of a bulky unactive make, the determined manner in which he executes his civilities, frequently ends in a catastrophe that completely disappoints his purpose. If you drop your tea-spoon, your head encounters Mr. Barnaby's as you endeavour to recover it. As he rises with the prize in his hand, he comes with such fury against the table, that every glass and tea-cup is thrown down, and the Echo vehemently excited. At last, you are presented with your spoon, but the same courteous hand oversets your tea. You are scalded, and rendered uncomfortable for the evening; and Mr. Barnaby retires to his place, with a fit of

coughing, that lasts him a quarter of an hour, and keeps the Echo in constant amaze.

Last night this singular gentleman came to our society with a pair of ruffles and a snuff-box; looking, as Mr. Allworth says, like beef *à la mode*. Every tender of his snuff-box is sure to be followed by some inconvenience to his neighbour; for as he generally gives his arm a swing upon these occasions, it is sure to take by the way somebody's nose, or wig, or spectacles, and give them a very rude assault. In short, Mr. Barnaby's hostile civilities have put us all in such bodily fear, that it is agreed amongst us, that, unless the paroxysm die away of itself, which we trust it will soon do, we must think of some laws for the restraint of boisterous breeding.

I observe with great pleasure, however, that this love of imitation is directed to another object in our club, from which no ridiculous misconceptions can possibly arise. The sentiments and maxims of Mr. Allworth begin to be retailed by every member of the society, and his temperate use of words is becoming very general. Thus when we are emulous of a person's spirit and principles, rather than his manner, our attempts are generally to a certain degree successful; and if we fail, we are but where we were, without any superinduced absurdities of carriage and behaviour. If we succeed in our endeavours, we often carry more points than one; for the new habits of thinking and conversing we have acquired, seldom fail to give a new effect and colour to our manners, to impress on our conduct new modes of address and delivery, and to give to our feelings new tones of utterance and expression.

The other evening, as my mother and myself were sitting over the parlour fire, we happened to

fall upon the subject of to-day's paper. I remember, it was a remark of my mother's, that those persons whom it has pleased Providence to place in such situations of eminence as necessarily hold them out as objects of imitation to half the world, must have a vast deal more to answer for than their own conduct. "The eldest son of the crown," continued she, "what a mighty influence has this man over the nation in general! Let him wear the bow of his neckcloth at the back of his neck, and the seam of his stocking on the front of his leg, and in a fortnight's time not a leg or a neck but would receive the same twist. How worthily might such an influence be exerted on the moral character of his countrymen! How easy 'twere to make it the fashion to be just, honourable, and religious, if this great personage could be convinced that these were points of equal importance with the style of a head-dress, or the structure of a phaëton! I wish he would read and study," continued the good old lady, reaching from the window-seat a small octavo, with black covers, "this excellent book, which belonged to your great-grandfather, and, for aught I know, to his ancestors before him."

She then read to me a great part of the Life of Sir Philip Sydney, till, beginning to grow weary, she shut up the book, and thus continued—"This bright and accomplished cavalier might, if he pleased, in his day, have set the fashion of a shoe-tie, or have altered the shape of every man's peruque in the country; but he thought it more beseeming his manhood and his greatness of soul, to hold out a brave example of virtue and religion. While all were looking up to him as the sample of courtesy, of elegance, and gallantry, he was bethinking himself of

his paraphrase of the Psalms. He fell, fighting for his country, and died in an act of Christian charity."

For my own part, I am thinking that it might not be much amiss if a petition were drawn up to the P---ce of W-les, by a body who should style themselves Christianity-mongers, which might run thus:

"Humbly showeth,

"That your petitioners conceive they have an equal title with the buckle-makers of Birmingham, to entreat the benefit of your highness's sanction to the interests of their trade. The commerce of Virtue and Religion is the most important that is carried on by this prosperous nation. That your petitioners are convinced, that all the articles of their manufacture are of sound and staple consistency, and would be particularly becoming to your highness's figure and condition. Your petitioners are the more particularly induced to throw themselves upon your royal protection, because they are well assured that their commerce, so intrinsically noble, wants nothing to promote and enlarge it, but the recommendations of fashion, which your highness is so well able to bestow upon it. Your petitioners take the freedom to assure you, that while their cause would borrow great advantages from your polished deportment, these qualities would derive infinite grace and dignity from their new connections. Moreover, they pray that your highness would not content yourself with being negatively virtuous; and that while you are, to the great joy of good and loyal men, laying down your imputed extravagance, you would take up, to fill the vacancy, some of those Christian habits which your petition-

ers deal in, and which, for want of fashion, lie long on hand. In great hopes that this petition will find its way to the ear of your highness, your petitioners will ever think themselves bound to pray, with a true Christian loyalty, for long life and prosperity to the Eldest Son of the British Crown, &c. &c."

I have now done with the *moral* effects of imitation, and shall devote the rest of my paper to a consideration of them in a literary view.

It is in these provinces that imitation is for the most part ill-directed, and pointed at the manner of an original rather than the spirit and the character. Fine geniuses are always bold, and pass on to the very verge of permission, the very furthest limit of judgement and propriety; but their imitators break down the barriers, outrage their spirit, and distort their manner into downright caricature. Most imitators begin at the wrong end; they think if they are fortunate enough to catch the manner, the spirit will succeed: whereas the converse of this idea is the real truth; if we can once emulate the spirit, the manner will generally follow, or some manner of equal grace and effect.

For the decadency of dramatic writing, many reasons may be given; but no one strikes me more forcibly than the rage for imitation, so characteristic of modern composition: for perhaps with no kind of poetry does imitation so ill agree as with that of the stage. Nature and real life is its only model; and the fluctuation of common opinions, sentiments, and manners, requires a fresh impression to be taken off at every time we wish to exhibit a likeness. When the great and simple effects of passion are described, as in the epic poetry, imita-

tion is more allowable and less discoverable: such general descriptions are suitable to all ages and nations. Here also we expect one general cast of language, for the great passions of the mind have always the sames tones and utterance: but when we take in the more mixed and complicated scheme of human actions, the smaller varieties of character, and the more multiplied forms of distress, cruelty, ambition, intrigue, love, affectation, and fraud, the language as well as the sentiments must be suited to the actual course of real life, or the hearer cannot participate with much feeling or intelligence. Let the subjects and scenes of our plays be what and where they will; let them be heroic or domestic; let it be Athens or Venice; the piece must wear the stamp of real life, the colouring must show the breathing vivacity of original observation, or not a genuine tear will flow, or a natural laugh break forth.

To all these ends nothing is so contrary as the effects of imitation, which excite in the mind of the hearer or reader a disgusting idea of artifice, deception, and want of feeling in the author: and even though it remain invisible itself, it never fails to impress its character wherever it prevails, and produces incongruities and disproportions, and a general sickliness of colouring, that fatigues and offends the reader of animated taste. We shall no where perhaps find these observations better illustrated than in the ridiculous imitations of Shakspeare, so common among our modern dramatic writers. It is not by imitating, but by emulating this great poet, and by copying unweariedly from the same model which he himself had ever before him, that we can hope to rise to any sort of resemblance. We make but little advancement towards this perfection, by a superficial m

micry of his forms of expression, and those antiquated words, of which time, not Shakspeare, is properly the author.

When Shakspeare wrote, his style was doubtless of the most popular and familiar sort. In the merit of language, therefore, we best imitate this great author, when we adopt the most natural and suitable expressions relatively to the times in which we live, and to which we write. It is plain, that the same language which was natural and simple in his time, has lost that character in our own, and is become difficult, remote, and affected. We reverence it in the author himself; we are prepared to expect it in a writer of that age; we revere it as the rusty armour of our ancestors, which would nevertheless show ridiculous enough on the shoulders of a modern cavalier*.

It has been the fate of another great original writer in our own country, to be succeeded by a crowd of unworthy imitators: I speak of the author of Tristram Shandy. As his *manner* was extraordinary, this has been the great object of imitation to the tribe of his copyists. It has been the fate of this man to have his style and composition degraded by the deformed likenesses through which they have been held up to vulgar view. All his imitators are in the same cant; and we will conclude this paper with a specimen that may do for them all.

* Since these observations were written, a play has been represented on our stage, in times truly discouraging to such an attempt, in times in which the depravity of public taste has well nigh converted the theatre into a puppetshow, which has surmounted these disadvantages, and struck so vigorously on the chord of nature and feeling, as in some measure to shake us out of our dullness, and alarm the sleeping sense of the nation. Such is the "Wheel of Fortune," written by Mr. Cumberland.

" THE TOUR OF SENTIMENT.

" And so!—said I, on entering the famed town of Brentford—and so!—I could bear it no longer—I gushed into a flood of tears—An unfeeling butcher who stood near, and who had no joy above the fruitless struggles of the ox who tottered under his axe, pointed me out to the ridicule of his hardened comrades—A glow of shame, which by the bye human nature cannot always suppress, suffused my cheek—This, said I, is the dark side of things—My horse (who perhaps felt the force of the appeal—'tis a pliant beast) went onward, as if grateful that I had spared the spur. Before I knew that I was out of the reach of the butcher's taunts, my faithful steed stopped, as if unwilling to interrupt my reverie,—at Mr. March's great inn at Salt-hill.—And in what, said I, am I superior to the labouring wretches that herd in the meaner houses which are open to their more circumscribed necessities? A conviction of self-applause invigorated my whole frame.—In my life I never experienced a more tranquil glow of animated sensibility.—A chequered window-shutter soon caught my eye—'Good entertainment for man and horse'—Aye, aye, said I—for my late triumph over pride still made my blood dance in milder meanders through my veins—Aye, aye, said I, and I patted the meek neck of my faithful companion—Aye, aye, said I, and I hope we may reverse the motto, and say, 'Good man and horse for entertainment'—and so saying, I gave my horse to honest Will the ostler; and walking briskly into the *worst* room I could find, I fared sumptuously on a crust of brown bread, half mouldy with age, and a glass of

water which I drew from the pail in which my steed had been drinking. The worldling will smile at my mortification — but let it be remembered that I am writing a language which the worldling cannot understand.

"'Tis strange! said I — passing strange, that French cooks should be called in, when sentiment can give so keen a zest to the homeliest fare! — [A tear filled each eye as I spoke — I know not how they came there — and as the heart is not made for scrutinies, I did not stay to inquire.] Thou, hapless animal, said I to my faithful steed, art unacquainted with this luxury. Esopus knew it not, or peacocks' tongues would not have been in his bill of fare. I spoke with vehemence; and I fear my quiet companion suffered by the enthusiasm of his master — for he stopped suddenly, hung his head, and presented an attitude so moving, and so pregnant with silent reproach, that Balaam's ass, with all his loquacity, would have suffered by the comparison. 'Pardon me,' said I, 'most useful and harmless creature, if I have unwarily drawn innocent blood.' My tones, as I spoke, were sweet and flexible — partaking of the melting philanthropy of the soul that gave them utterance. His gentle nature was appeased — he recovered his pace — 'Kind heaven,' said I, 'for once reverse thy decrees, and grant my excellent beast the immortality he merits, by virtues his rider would be proud to possess.' Whether my imagination was warmed by a train of reflections, each of which would put the tyrant conqueror to shame, or whether merit, though in a quadruped, is never unnoticed — but it matters not — the effect was the same; (we are ever prone to judge by events;) so it was, that he reared exultingly as I finished my prayer. He had never thus raised himself before;

his humble disposition kept him nearer the earth.—And why, said I, should I reject the suggestions of my expanding heart? Xanthus, said I, prophesied before thee, honest brute. I embrace the omen; and, if I am credulous, let me not be scoffed. Achilles was so before me—And so saying, I raised my eyes (which, by a habit of thoughtfulness, were generally rivetted to my horse's mane) to view the streets of

SLOUGH.

"*Slough!*—'tis an invidious name—but let that pass.—Charity would perhaps have chosen a tenderer appellation: but are not words intended as the pictures of ideas? The town, reader, is not clean; and the mire which my steed gathered in his passage through it, impressed more forcibly upon my mind the appositeness of the title.—Yet what will not habit effect?—The countenances of the inhabitants, though defiled, were illumined with serenity; but the solution is not yet complete.—Patriotism will have its dues—it was native dirt; and who shall say that the natale solum can ever inconvenience or disfigure?—The mystery was at an end—or I was too indolent to pursue the inquiry—or perhaps pride concealed the deficiencies of my theory (as is often the case with wiser men, or what shall we say to Descartes and his atoms?)—But be it as it may—when an attempt is made to remove difficulties, one may fail in the primary end—but it is made up to us in another way; and the self-applause arising from a consciousness of strenuous endeavours, more than pays us for our trouble. If I am wrong, let not a cruel world too harshly buffet my system—A fly's wing might overturn it—I have a heart too feeble and tender to sustain the penalties to which

the errors of my head might expose it.—'Do not laugh, but pity me.'"

It was my intention to have added something on the signs and evidences of imitation in authors; but the question is too diffusive for my present paper. I cannot help remarking, however, while I am upon it, that we are to make up our judgements in this matter from evidences which lie both in the sentiment and in the writer. No man has better described what ought to be taken into the account in respect to the writer, than the author of the Essay on Imitation.—"If a northern poet," says he, "describe an Italian spring—if an author of a gloomy disposition delineate scenes of merriment—if we find a course of sentiments or cast of composition different from that to which genius, situation, or complexion, would naturally lead; that is, if a recluse man write like a man of the world, if a great writer deviate much from his natural manner, if a humane man deal much in bitter and acrimonious sentiments—we may judge them all to be led away by the charms of imitation." We must make also a comparison between the general turns of sentiment and manner by which two writers are characterised; and in proportion to the affinity we think we can perceive between them, we should be disposed to think a similitude of thought fortuitous.

Perhaps this apology cannot fairly be made for Tacitus, one of whose most beautiful passages runs suspiciously parallel with one I met with the other day in the twelfth chapter of Zenophon's Agesilaus.

" Huc illuc agibatur Galba vario turbæ fluctuantis impulsu, completis undique basilicis et templis lugubri prospectu. Neque populi nec plebis ulla vox, sed attoniti vultus et conversæ ad omnia aures; nec silentium aut quies, sed quale magni metûs magnæ iræ silentium est." TACIT. GALB.

Και κραυγη μεν ουδεμια ἠν, ου μεν ουδε σιγη, φωνη δε τις ην τοιαυτη οἱαν οργη τε και μαχη παρασκοιτ' αν. ZENOPH.

In determining with respect to the probability of imitation from a consideration of the sentiment, we perceive that one thought, by its own nature and quality, is more probable than another, to have occurred accidentally to different writers; and therefore that, notwithstanding the widest dissimilitude of character, authors may sometimes exhibit remarkable coincidences, without deserving to be suspected of imitation. Thus the well-remembered sentiment in the play of Terence, *Homo sum,* &c. is exactly expressed in a line which I read a long time ago, in the first or second part of Lucian's Panegyric on Demonax; but which I do not remember well enough to quote.

The resemblance which a passage of Menander in Hirelius bears to the Scriptural commandments, is remarkable, and is certainly not to be ascribed to imitation, but to the breadth, compass, and universality of the thoughts, as well as the home appeal they make to the moral sense and our general nature.—" If any one, O Pamphilus, think that, by merely offering a sacrifice, he can arrive at the favour of God, he has an unworthy opinion of him, and will find himself mistaken. He must become a man of virtue, beneficial to society; must not pollute virgins, nor

commit adultery, nor steal, nor murder; and the wife, house, horse, youths and maids of another, he must not covet them.—Sacrifice therefore to God with justice and benevolence; let your purity be in your hearts rather than in your garments."

It is altogether the operation of a nice judgement to discern the true marks of imitation. Upon the reconsideration of a passage which at first wore a suspicious appearance, we often discover that there was a train of thought in the writer's mind, which led necessarily to it, and that to have avoided the resemblance would have been really an effort of study, and an injustice to himself. Truth and fact too, and the same track of observation, will often force two writers upon the same adoptions; and by sacrificing too much to a delicate scrupulosity, an author may submit to a cruel defalcation of his principal idea. Would any man have chosen that the author of the Reflections on the Revolution in France, should have given up the following transcendent passage, because part of the thought, or rather the fact on which it is grounded, occurs in Buffon or in Virgil?

"Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole at one time is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression." BURKE's Reflections.

"Nevertheless, however admirable this work appears, it is not the individuals that are the most wonderful, but the whole under which these individuals are in perpetual fluctuation—It is in the succession, reproduction, and duration of species, that nature becomes inconceivable. This mysterious faculty of reproduction which resides alone in animals and vegetables—this kind of unity in diversity, always subsisting, and seemingly eternal—this procreative power, which perpetually exercises itself, without being destroyed—is a secret, the depth of which we are unable to fathom." BUFFON, Nat. Hist. Anim.

Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus ævi
Excipiat (neque enim plus septima ducitur ætas)
Sed genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et ævi numerantur avorum.
VIRGIL, Georg. iv.

I am sorry that my limits allow me to say no more on this head of imitation, as I am persuaded of its importance to the general objects of literature. To suspect it every where, and on insufficient grounds, or on the other hand to be dupes to its artifices, are extremes that tend equally to betray our judgements.

N° 41. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

" Round him much embryo, much abortion lay."

POPE.

In revolving the general cast and spirit of such of my lucubrations as have been committed to the world, I cannot help secretly accusing myself of treating the votaries of fashion with too little indulgence. So much has this lain upon my conscience, that I determined, a few days ago, upon making them some reparation; and accordingly wrote with great urgency to my friend the Projector to turn the course of his labours as far as possible into a channel that might produce some advantages to fashionable life. He has accordingly exerted himself with his usual vigour and alacrity, and has sent me several draughts and plans designed for the ease and benefit of the world of fashion. The first produce of his lucubrations is a system of economy, by which the Great will be enabled at once to abridge their expense of time, of pocket, and of study. His conceptions are given to me almost in the following words:

" To persons whose lives are full of business, and of great concern to themselves and their fellow-creatures, as is undoubtedly the case with people of fashion, no gift is so worthy of being cherished as time:---to economise and preserve which, I propose the following rules:

" 1st. No time to be expended on thought, as nothing comes of it among men of fashion.

" 2dly. The wear and tear of time, by constant *use*, to be avoided, as so precious an article ought to be employed sparingly.

" 3dly. Time often to be protracted by long and wearisome lounges, by way of making the *most* of it.

" 4thly. When time is heavy with lassitude, and dull with inoccupation, be tender of using it in this torpid and vapourish condition, and endeavour to refresh it by the slumbers of inanity.

" 5thly. Make up your mind at once and irrevocably on every question: by these means you save the time that would otherwise be lost in choosing, and need never after waste a moment in hearing what another man has to say.

" 6thly. Avoid the acquisition of too many new ideas, which will demand considerable time to arrange in your minds. The fewer your ideas, the more speedily will your measures be taken, and your resolutions formed; it being a much shorter process to determine with two ideas than with half a score.

" 7thly. Dispossess yourself as much as possible of all feeling for other men; sorrow for others is a double consumer, and lights at both ends the torch of existence. We lose to ourselves the present moment, and quicken the approach of grey hairs and the grave.

" 8thly. Rob other men of as much of their time as possible, by way of saving your own. This is a golden rule, and a most ingenious economy.

" 9thly. Study your own gratification in every concern of life, and *waste no time* in thinking of the

sacrifices you make to them, or of their consequences to other men.

" 10thly. Let all your time be spent upon yourself, on the farmer's principle of spending his manure on his own grounds; and let your constant admiration of your own perfections absorb all the praise that is due from you to others.

" 11thly. Fill up your time as much as possible with pleasures that exclude participation.

" 12thly. The last and greatest rule is this:—Allow no time for praying, or for works of charity; for this is giving up a portion of our time to eternity, which is a greater absurdity than sending presents to Crœsus, or pouring water into the ocean."

So much for my friend's rules for the economy of time, designed for the benefit of the fashionable world. He next considers the various articles in which money may be saved, so that a sufficiency may be preserved for the uses of gaming and the business of dissipation.

" 1st. All expensive feelings and sensations to be subdued; such as compassion, generosity, patriotism, and public spirit.

" 2dly. The money bestowed on horses to be saved out of the education of our children; they are therefore to be sent to school where the cheapest bargain can be made for them.

" 3dly. To banish hospitality from our bosoms, and to ask the company of our friends for the sake of pillaging them at play, and in a view to the *douceurs* which they in course leave behind them, and which we divide with our servants.

"4thly. To sacrifice comfort to ostentation in every article of life; to go without substantial conveniences, for the sake of shining superfluities; to be misers at home, that we may look like prodigals in public; and to live like beggars in secret, to glitter like princes abroad.

"5thly. To abandon all poor relations, and to be charitable only to those who are much richer than ourselves—this is pious usury.

"6thly. To be loud against the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced; and to reserve our charity for deserving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.

"7thly. To be active and forward in speculative schemes of charity, which we are well assured can never take place; while we are silently raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed families.

"8thly. To pass by the door of Famine, with our money glued to our pockets; while, to see a new dancer at the Opera in the evening, we draw our purse-strings as generously as princes.

"9thly. To repair to the house of Distress, not to dissipate our money in common-place acts of compassion and generosity, but to extort good bargains from hunger and necessity, and to purchase at cheap rates the last valuable relics of perishing fortunes.

"10thly. To be lavish of kind speeches, which cost nothing; and to lament, when death has come in relief to misery, that the circumstances of so melancholy a case were not known to us in time to afford us the luxury of exercising our humanity."

I shall now retail my friend's hints for the economy of learning and morality.

" 1st. To become a member of two or three learned societies; for thus we maintain the title of philosopher, at the cheap rate of a few guineas a year.

" 2dly. Instead of collecting a library, to belong to a reading club, where one book may serve many persons, and where the waiter takes the responsibility of choice off our hands, and contracts to supply books, as he usually does cards.

" 3dly. A cheap system of morality may be collected from the introductory parts of advertisements, which may do for ourselves and children. For instance—Some fine sentiments on the passions may be found in the advertisement of the Cyprian Preventive.—The Dumb Dolly, or a machine for washing, is recommended by some lively remarks on the saving of time.—An elegant preface on parental duties ushers in the famous pills for conception.---The great fecundity of nature is a natural theme of admiration in the advertisement of the Persian powder for lice.---The contagion of bad communications is very forcibly descanted upon by the inventor of the antivariolique bags against the infection of the small-pox, &c.---A sincere believer in future rewards and punishments conscientiously recommends his elastic *desiderata*.---The advantages of exercise are set forth very pointedly in recommendation of a plaster for corns.---The inventor of the *aqua mirifica* for the eye, has not forgotten to expatiate on the tendency which

the contemplation of Nature's works has to open and expand the mind."

These valuable passages contain all the morality necessary to a man of *fashion*. The rumbling of his carriage will soon shake them together, so as to form them into a compacted system; and so furnished, he will soon acquire the title of a great philosopher in his *own circles*.

Together with his system of fashionable economy, my friend the Projector has sent me some hints for a visiting-map, which he desires me to lay before the elegant part of my readers. To this map there are to be an equator, ecliptic, poles, circles, degrees, &c. The houses where visits are due, are to be distributed after the following manner:---Persons of high quality are situated nearest the line, as claiming the greatest warmth of attachment; and all above the degree of baronet to be placed within the tropics. In the degrees without the tropics, our acquaintance to be ranged according to their figure and fortune. A poor relation to be carried to a very cold latitude; and an old friend with broken fortunes to be transported to the regions of eternal frost. Persons of celebrity for genius or beauty to be placed on our own meridian. Whatever part of the map has most of the sun, which is the emblem of prosperity, there your visits are chiefly to be directed, till this luminary again forsake them. The places of worship are to be situated on the tops of high mountains, which will afford an apology for leaving your card at the door only once a month or so. As visits of charity make no part of the fashionable scheme of visiting, the poor must either be kept at a great longitudinal distance, insulated in the midst of the ocean, or ice-bound in the polar extremities. The

signs of the Zodiac are to be noted, and the sun's passage through them is to influence the spirit and plan of your visits. While he passes through Aries and Taurus, and the realms of Love, let love be the principal object of your visiting; but when he enters Cancer, you may fairly let yourself loose in scandal. While the sun is in Libra, you are to sit in judgement on your neighbours; and during his stay in Scorpio, you are at liberty to deal around damnation to all you have ever known or heard of. Persons to whom you may happen to be under great obligations, are to be placed as far as possible out of reach, on the point of some cape or promontory, at the back of impassable mountains, on the farther side of vast lakes, or in the midst of forests and defiles, or lastly at the bottom of the sea. Your creditors are to be set down in the map as Nogayan or Katschintz Tartars; and in your progress you are to do all you can to avoid the *trade* winds, which may hurry you against your will into very *inhospitable* climes.

My friend has sent me one or two more contrivances for the accommodation of the fashionable part of the community, which I shall lay by till a fit opportunity calls for them.

As, by some accident or other, it has transpired, that I was about preparing some hints for the improvement of visiting, a gentleman whom I do not know, has requested me, by letter, to publish the following advertisement for him, in the Looker-on, in so pressing a manner, that, considering too the importance of the communication, I don't know how to refuse it insertion.

"A gentleman at the court end of the town, "having a great many cards to leave in Bloomsbury, "Bedford, Hanover, Cavendish, Manchester, and

" Grosvenor squares, wishes for an agreeable compa-
" nion who has been used to travelling. The gen-
" tleman is of a cheerful disposition, and will readily
" enter into any scheme that may be calculated to
" render the journey pleasant. He wishes particu-
" larly to take advantage of the present fine weather,
" and the moon which now rises before the genteel
" part of the morning sets."

As my aim, throughout this paper, has been to conciliate the favour of my fashionable readers, and to make up for past severities, I think two letters, which I have received from a gentleman who seems as hearty as myself in the cause of the great world, will not badly conclude the entertainment of the day.

To Mr. Simon Olive-branch.

" Sir,

" Among the many curious and elegant accommodations for the rich and luxurious, which the fertile genius of my countrymen is daily producing, no art seems to me to have been carried to greater perfection, than the construction of those machines by which the labour of locomotion is transferred from our own limbs to those of our horses, and by the help of which we preserve the serenity of our minds and composure of spirits, during the most violent agitation of all about us, and the greatest rapidity of motion from place to place.

" I hope to raise myself in the opinion of your readers, as a person of elegant taste, when I assure them that I often admire a gay equipage, at the risk of being run over by it. My mind, thank God! is

not so mean as to think that the existence of a poor pedestrian deserves the least consideration, when opposed to the sublime satisfaction a youth of distinction must enjoy in finding that dinner at the Thatched House has not waited for him above two hours. Indeed, as the poor are an useless and expensive part of the creation, and are likely to over-run the rich, if the rich do not run over them, I am vastly pleased when I see persons of exalted rank, or great fortunes, whirl over the pavement, and especially through a crowd, making us fly on all sides. There is something truly magnificent, and indeed classical, in this; for, if I recollect right, we read of armed chariots, in the ages of antiquity, driving through the thickest ranks, and mowing down all resistance; and as the poor-rates are an enormous burden upon us, I think it a question not unworthy of consideration, whether the addition of a few scythes to our phaëton wheels, would not more effectually thin our streets, and diminish the number of the poor (especially the helpless through age or infancy), than any of the methods which the numerous writers on that subject have proposed.

"Since I have suffered my thoughts to run upon wheels, I have *turned over* Fitz-Stephens, Stow, and several others of our civic historians, intending to have traced the rise and progress of these machines; but, upon reflection, I considered it as losing time to look back into the practices of our barbarous ancestors. I shall only observe, that in old times coaches were unknown in our island. The first chariot, or whirlicot, that I read of, is one that was erected by Richard the Second for his mother, 'because she was sick and weak.' Richard was not one of the wisest of our princes; and the absurdity of his troubling his head about his mother, an old woman, will

forcibly strike the youth of the present day. The chariot, notwithstanding it was introduced by the king, was far from becoming a general fashion; and some time after, Ann of Bohemia, Richard's queen, invented side-saddles; and the ladies, following the queen's example, went a shopping, visiting, and to the public places, on horseback. The mules had the honour of carrying the churchmen for several centuries; and cardinal Wolsey appears mounted on one, in his picture at Windsor. In the reign of Mary, an open carriage, called a Landau, was introduced, so named from the place in Alsace where it was invented; and Stow informs us that, in his day, the world was running upon wheels. If we should hit horses together this time, perhaps I may whip up something more for you on this subject on a future occasion. In the mean time I shall continue

"Your constant reader,

"Peter Pry."

To Mr. Simon Olive-branch.

"Sir,

"I understand that the funds of a charity-school, in Cripplegate parish, were in such a declining state, that the governors found it a hard task to support the establishment, even upon a very contracted scale. Sermon after sermon was preached, and little advantage derived from them. At length a genius, who happened to be in the direction, suggested the happy idea of instituting a ball for the benefit of the charity. The proposal was instantly adopted: a room was hired, and a number of tickets were printed, on which the device represented a figure of Charity in the fourth position. For these

there was a very speedy demand; and the worthy inhabitants of the parish convinced the world that, although when ye mourned unto them they would not weep, when ye piped unto them they would dance. The profits arising from the assembly, restored the affairs of the school; and there is every reason to hope, that a ball or two annually will carry the intention of the pious founder into effect. I further understand that, in gratitude to the science from which the establishment has derived such advantages, the children are all to be taught to dance. A saving will be made, sufficient to counterbalance the expense, in not suffering them to learn to sing; for charity, which used to be at our fingers' ends, has, of late, got as low as our toes; and thus they have gained more by a single appeal to this part of us, than by all the anthems and hymns they have chanted these seven years. I suppose, as the experiment has been attended with success, charity sermons will give way to charity balls, and the poor children must foot it in future into the favour of the public.

"Yours, &c.

"Peter Pry."

N° 42. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

It is as long coming as Cotswold barley.
RAY *on Proverbs.*

In returning to the long-forsaken subject of religion, I feel like a traveller, who, after feasting upon the various produce of various countries, after roving from delicacy to delicacy, and sharing in the luxury of princes, turns homewards his wearied steps with increased delight, longs to slake his thirst at the fountain before his door, and brings a keener relish to the simple fare his home affords, than he carried to the remotest rarities of the richest climates. Not, however, in quality of a clergyman, but in quality of a thinking man---not on account of my profession, but on account of my nature---not from a peculiar, but a common interest, do I love to turn my thoughts towards religion, from time to time, as their final home. In all its distresses my heart fastens upon it as the great anchorage of its hopes, and refuge of its sorrows. It refreshes me from a fountain that sends new life into my veins, and braces me anew for the warfare of the passions. After all its crosses and all its perplexities, in the unsatisfactory round of common occupations, to this at length my mind reverts, as the solace of its cares, as the sabbath of its labours.

In pursuance of the plan of my argument, after considering the grounds for our belief in a future

life, our next concern is with the conditions of that life. If from analogy, or from any other consideration, there be any foundation afforded for thinking that our happiness or misery in that future life depends upon our actions here, then there is abundant reason for our most active thought and solicitude to provide for it. Such an apprehension would deserve our most serious consideration, though it rested upon no stronger proofs than what the argument from analogy supplies.

As far as the events of this world can determine our notions of God's government, we have every reason to expect a future state of rewards and punishments, and that too depending upon circumstances within our own power. Pleasure and pain, in this world, are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our nature with a capacity of foreseeing these consequences. All the good of this world depends upon our own exertions; and we arrive at no kind or degree of enjoyment, but through the medium of our own actions. By a prudent management and discreet forbearance, we may pass our days in tolerable ease; but the fruits of indolence and excess are, disgrace, poverty, sickness, and untimely death. It is not at least the question in this place, if it can be soberly agitated elsewhere, why the Supreme Being adopts these measures of governing the world, and ordains that man should not be happy but by the instrumentality of his own actions? The whole end and design of Providence in the government of the world, it may be as impossible for us to conceive, as for a person born blind to have a right conception of colours.

It is natural for us to suppose, that we are under the government of God in the same sense as we are

under the government of civil magistrates. Our proper formal notion of government implies a distribution of pains and pleasures according to the quality of our actions, supposing that those who are concerned have been previously warned of the judgement that awaits them. Thus far the reasoning from analogy assists us in the present question, which is but little invalidated by considering that the measure of our rewards and punishments is not in exact proportion to our behaviour, according to the present appearances. Enough is experienced here, to show what the laws of the universe may admit; enough is experienced, to manifest the folly of that disbelief of a future state, which is founded on a vain idea that the force of temptations and the fragility of our nature can be pleaded against the guilt and the punishment of human vices. And since, in the system of this world, our obliquities of conduct are stamped with a degree of disgrace and suffering, it is plain that the objections from *necessity* have no grounds of analogy to stand upon, or such objections as proceed upon a supposition that, as an infinite being cannot be contradicted, he must therefore be a stranger to offence and provocation. "*Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur irâ.*"

The question of future rewards and punishments draws naturally after it the consideration of God's moral government of the world. It is in the direction of these rewards and punishments that we are to look for the character of this moral government. Were the world so constituted, that the footsteps of vice were marked with constant misery, and that happiness invariably attended upon virtue, this most essential doctrine would rest upon plain and indisputable grounds; but it appears that the virtuous man not always receives his recompence in this world, nor

the vicious his overthrow: the moral scheme is therefore far from being perfect in the present existence. This is not a state in which things can be expected to be perfect; were it the abode of perfection, it would cease to be a state of preparation. A righteous government, however, appears to be carried on in this life to a certain degree—enough to ground an apprehension that it shall ultimately be completed, or raised to that degree of perfection which religion assures us it shall accomplish, but which cannot appear until much more of the divine administration shall be seen than can be contemplated in the present life.

Let us inquire how far this is the case; how far the principles and beginnings of a moral government may be discerned amidst the confusion and disorder of human affairs. It is agreed that virtue must often be disappointed of its natural effects, and vice rescued from its consequent evils, by accidental obstructions and perversions arising from the perplexed and jarring course of human actions and human policy. Notwithstanding these interruptions, however, it is plain that they maintain an uniform character and established tendency. The general tranquillity, the mental satisfaction, and the external advantages of virtue, as well as the frequent calamities of which vice is productive, manifest a right constitution in nature, as the correction of children, under circumstances of misconduct, is a part of right education. Moreover, as we are endued with a capacity of reflecting upon this constitution of things, and of foreseeing the consequences of our behaviour, some sort of moral government is plainly implied.

But not only in the natural course of things, but by the intervention of human means, the same moral scheme appears to be carried on; and mankind find

themselves placed by Providence in such circumstances, as to be unavoidably accountable to each other for their behaviour. Thus is our conduct rewarded or punished, in a view of its being mischievous or beneficial to society. Besides which, in the social commerce of the world, virtue and vice are distinguished by various degrees of favour or discountenance. The man of upright conduct claims and receives from the generality a disinterested respect and regard; and the vicious man, for the most part, has a great majority even of his own character against him. Injuries are retaliated not only in a view to the harm they produce, but to the wrong they imply; and we have our resentments in behalf of others as well as of ourselves. On the same principle we are disposed to requite good offices, not merely as a party benefited, but from a love of the actions themselves.

Upon the whole then, besides the good and bad effects of virtue and vice on their authors, the course of the world does in a great measure turn upon the approbation or disapprobation of them as such in others.—Thence we may reasonably infer the existence of a moral nature erected in our minds; and since our condition here is such as to give this nature scope for operation, and in effect to oblige it to operate, it holds out a farther additional proof of a moral government of the world. The first observation leads us to conclude, that God will finally give effectual support to virtue; the second furnishes an example of a certain degree of actual support afforded it in the present existence. This constitution of our minds, that inclines us to discountenance vice, and to treat virtue with favour and distinction, is an intuitive proof that so Nature intends it, or a palpable solecism would follow. It is doubtless her pervading voice that proclaims this pre-eminence of virtue, and promulges

its unalterable decrees, amidst all the errors and incongruities of human actions.---"*Sunt enim ingeniis nostris semina innata virtutum, quæ si adolescere liceret ipsa nos ad beatam vitam natura perduceret.*"

I am well aware that the existence of a moral sense or instinctive preference of virtue, is a point in much dispute. Those who take the negative side of the question, insist that our distinctions in favour of virtue originally result from a perception of its advantages; and that nothing but repeated experience of the good which is reflected from it on ourselves, erects in the mind that settled habit of approbation, which at length comes to pronounce an instantaneous judgement in its favour. The constancy of these good effects establishes a general consent in behalf of virtue; and as the feelings of mankind are improved by the exercise of social benevolence, new maxims and duties branch out, as the interests of humanity become better understood. This, according to them, is the course in which we proceed without supernatural aids and instructions. Were you to relate the story of Catiline's conspiracy, or Tarquin's usurpation, to a solitary savage, he would discover no marks of abhorrence, or even of disapprobation. Moreover, were this preference of virtue instinctive, it must necessarily act with uniform and universal ascendancy: on the contrary, however, what has been considered as vicious in one age and in one country, has been regarded as praiseworthy in other times and other situations. Suicide, theft, fornication, and even crimes which we tremble to name, have been sanctioned and approved in particular nations, and among certain individuals.

To all this it may be replied, that it little imports whether or not it be allowed that these seeds of virtue are given us with our existence, if it be admitted

that as soon as reason begins to operate it pronounces in its favour, and that there is plainly a constitution of things adapted to foster and confirm this pre-eminence. The existence of a moral government is no less indicated by such a disposition of things, than by supposing an instinctive preference of virtue, or what is termed the moral sense. The relation of any particular act of criminality might fail of its due impression upon the mind of a savage, from the absolute impossibility of conveying to him an adequate idea of its mischief, and a perfect sense of its consequences: for the real nature and injury of vice is only to be contemplated through its operation on society; and the mind must be placed in its proper relative position, ere it can come to any right conclusions respecting the tendencies and qualities of human actions. Still, however, this savage has clear impressions of right and wrong, although his right and wrong be not shaped to the condition of man as a member of civil society.

Again, the objections to the doctrine of a moral sense, founded on the want of uniformity and universality in our notions of virtue, and the encouragement afforded to particular vices in different ages and nations, will lose their force if we consider that where these inverted maxims have prevailed through whole countries, they have arisen either under some violent and unnatural system of religion or civil policy, or during a state of barbarous depression; and that, where they have obtained among particular sects or individuals, they may always be traced to some peculiarity of circumstances, or to some superadded motives which have over-ruled the tendencies of this secret guide. The encouragement of theft, said to have been a principle of Spartan policy, was the result of a forced and distorted system, which had for its sole object the

promotion of military talents, among which, in those days, deception and stratagem held a conspicuous place.

I have never read of any country, however barbarous, where the sense of modesty was entirely asleep; and the promiscuous commerce of the sexes lies every where under an implied reproach, where marriage is among the customs of the country---and marriage has every where place, where the smallest approaches have been made to social intercourse. Murder has never been purely and positively sanctioned in any condition of humanity. The Indians, it is true, put their captured enemies to cruel deaths; but to this bloody practice they are prompted by an excessive love to their fallen associates, and mistaken principles of patriotism and friendship. Suicide was wont to carry with it such an imposing image of virtue, before the promulgation of Christian morality, that the frequency of it argued no want of instinctive love of virtue, but was an instance in which a fond interpretation was put upon her decrees, to favour the impatience and imbecility of passion.

So much for the argument as it rests upon that internal evidence which a view of our nature affords. The tendencies of virtue and vice, as seen in the external order of things, deserves a little farther consideration.

In respect to individuals, these tendencies are obvious; but the settled tendency of virtue to accumulate power in society, and to prevail over every sort of power which is not under its direction, is perhaps less readily conceived. It is an important part of the subject, as it may elevate in our conceptions the dignity and might of that instrument by which Providence governs the world.

In the same manner as reason has a natural ten-

dency to triumph over brutal force, and to give to man an ascendancy over the rest of the animal creation, so has virtue a tendency to produce superiority, and a perpetual increase of power. It exerts this tendency by rendering public good an object and end to the members of a society, by inspiring diligence, recollection, and self-government, and by uniting men together in harmony and affection, on a basis of mutual confidence. Yet do these tendencies of virtue, as well as those of reason, require many concurring circumstances to promote their operation. There must be a certain proportion between the natural power which is, and that which is not, under the direction of virtue; there must be sufficient length of time; for, in the nature of the thing, its success must be gradual; there must be a fair field of trial, a stage ample enough, with proper occasions and opportunities, for the virtuous to join together.

Now, as to the first requisite, it is to be hoped there is in the world a proportion of virtuous men, sufficient to render virtue prevalent to a very considerable degree, if other circumstances would permit; for much less force, under the direction of virtue, would prevail over much greater, not under its direction. There are many causes, however, which obstruct the union of virtuous men, spread over the face of the earth; and, above all, the very short and busy scene we are passing through, denies to virtue its proper latitude of operation. This tendency, therefore, is disappointed of its natural effect in the present state. But haply these hindrances may be removed in a future world; and surely it is more natural to conclude, that the obstructions will be removed, than that the tendency will be destroyed. Virtue is militant here, and many untoward accidents contribute to its being overborne; but we may

fairly hope that hereafter it may combat with greater success, or rather may enjoy its rewards in triumph and in peace.

It appears, therefore, that God has qualified us to perceive a peculiar connection in the several parts of his great scheme, and a tendency towards the completion of it arising out of the very nature of virtue, which tendency is to be considered as something moral in the essential constitution of things. On the whole then, there is a kind of moral government implied in God's natural government—virtue and vice are naturally rewarded and punished, as beneficial or mischievous to society, and rewarded and punished directly as virtue and vice.—The notion, therefore, of a moral scheme of government, is not fictitious, but natural; for it is suggested to our thoughts by the constitution and course of nature; and the execution of this scheme is actually begun in the present world.—And the notion of a moral scheme of government, much more perfect than what is seen here, is not a fictitious but a natural notion, suggested to our thoughts by the essential tendencies of virtue and vice.

I shall conclude this paper, with recommending my readers to turn to the 36th and 37th Psalms, where they will find this natural tendency of virtue, and its final rewards, in the completion of this moral scheme of government, sublimely treated.

N° 43. SATURDAY, MARCH 2.

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis Olivæ
Sacra ferens? VIRGIL.

But who is he that yonder comes, that wears
The OLIVE-BRANCH, and sacred incense bears?

IF the reader is at all interested by the character of poor Eugenio, or sympathises with the unfortunate Amelia, he will pardon that affection for their memories which induces me to consecrate the two or three succeeding papers to my long-lost and regretted friends. Poor Eugenio! I little thought, when I held thee in these arms in thy last struggles for breath, and received this little deposit of thy letters, that I should have lived to moisten it with my tears at this distance of time. The great ones are hourly passing before me; events of magnitude are happening daily about me; sorrows and catastrophes surround me; but still the traces of thy virtues are freshest in my thoughts; and hardly do I live to present times, when I think on those quiet hours we passed together, and those evening walks, and those various conversations on men and things, ever ending in the subject of thy heart, thy dear Amelia.

Methinks I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful figure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes: I seem again to see his features gathering fresh and fresh animation as involuntarily he winds the conversation into that channel

in which his bosom so loved to discharge itself: and now his countenance assumes a softened expression of melancholy, as the subject gradually takes the colours of his mind—a mind, almost from the cradle, of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, and destined to a course of continual disappointment. But nothing had the effect of souring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling *that* melancholy which produced neither complaint nor despondency, and which felt it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but showed itself alone in a certain bias towards topics of sorrow, and an inclination to visit the house of mourning rather than the house of joy. It comforts me to think that the soul of this excellent youth has been long at rest, after a short career of sorrow in this world; and that that bosom which found so little congeniality here, is probably in those abodes where its sorrow is turned into joy, and where what was the source of disappointment is become the fountain of delight.

Eugenio was in his four-and-twentieth year when I first became acquainted with him. It was not long after this that an increase of fortune enabled him to live up to his own feelings of duty, and to follow those amusements which his heart pronounced innocent. After a youth of much variety and uniform disappointment, he retired to his father's house in Shropshire, which their circumstances now enabled them to render more comfortable, and the grounds about which Eugenio took great delight in disposing in such a manner as was calculated to favour the contemplative turn of his mind. Five years he spent in a truly elegant and philosophic retirement, not savagely shutting himself up from the world, but asserting that title to the use of his time which he

deemed necessary to the cultivation of his soul, and the great ends of his creation. Before this period he had passed through various scenes and situations of life.—But why should I thus piece out the history of my friend? I feel that in the end it must all be told, such is my fondness for talking about him: I will therefore lay it before my readers, with the advantages of a regular narration.

It was on a cold night in December, that the father of Amelia and myself, being overtaken by a shower of rain, entered the kitchen of an inn on the western road to warm ourselves by the fire. There sat in one corner of the room a tall thin young man, in a mean travelling dress, but of an elegant form and dignified aspect. He leaned upon the table with his elbow, and had very much the air of fatigue in his looks, though there was evidently too much agitation within him to admit of the necessary repose. I observed, as we stood by the fire, that the eyes of my friend were fixed upon the youth, who himself never once regarded us, or paid us the least attention from our first entrance into the room.

As my friend's house, where I then was upon a visit, was only a mile distant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom rose, except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I shall call Barville, having some reasons for concealing his true name), during our walk home, was silent and thoughtful, and would enter into no conversation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addressed me:—"My good Mr. Olive-branch, I must beg your forgiveness for my behaviour yesterday evening; but the truth is, the physiognomy of the young stranger we saw last

night has so touched me, that I have been able to think of nothing else ever since. My mind," continued he, "will never be at ease till I have had some conversation with him: what think you of sending to desire his company to breakfast?" I approved of his intention; the message was sent, and a very polite refusal was returned. This, however, only the more inflamed the curiosity of Mr. Barville. He set off himself to the inn, and returned in half an hour, together with the stranger. He was a little better dressed than on the preceding day, and bore every characteristic of the gentleman about him. His deportment was the most manly I ever beheld; and a slight suffusion, which tinged his cheeks upon entering the room, being unaccompanied with any embarrassment, prognosticated that amiable union of qualities which adorn a mind at once modest and assured.

He expressed his sense of the honour done him in a very warm manner. Mr. Barville, whose knowledge was very considerable, started various subjects of conversation, and seemed very desirous of engaging the stranger's confidence, and of bringing their acquaintance to that state of maturity which would admit of some interesting questions, in which he longed to give a loose to his curiosity.

As Mr. Barville was a character a little out of the common road, it may be worth while to digress a moment for the sake of describing him. This gentleman was the eldest of several children. His father was a merchant of some eminence, and a man of very solid parts, and great worldly knowledge. He used to say, that he looked on his seven children with the sentiments of a Spartan; that he considered them as a stock, in which the public and himself had equal shares. To the commonwealth he resigned

the qualities of their heads; and reserved to himself the paramount property in the province of the heart.

His children were all permitted to choose their professions; for he deemed it a monstrous attack upon reason and common sense, to settle the destination of a child without waiting for his capacities to develope themselves. Unhappily the old man's precautions were vain: he died in circumstances by no means affluent; and Mr. Barville, the eldest son, who had already entered on the study of the civil law, was obliged to relinquish the profession of his choice, in order to support his brothers and sisters, who were yet children, with the profits of his father's business. Many years however after this event, when he had attained the age of thirty, he came to the unexpected possession of a very ample fortune by the will of a distant relation.

As this change in circumstances raised him into more elevated company, he began to feel his own disparity in the point of education so severely, that he resolved to repair these deficiencies by a few years of assiduous application. He immediately purchased a judicious little collection of books; and being too old and too nice to become a pupil, he sat down with solitary ardour to the elements of mathematics, and the treasures of ancient literature. Aided by a quick comprehension and a sound memory, he made such dispatch, that, in the course of three years, his head was furnished with a rich variety of materials for reasoning and contemplation. The solitude in which he prosecuted these researches, did not fail to give an original turn to his thoughts and arguments, and fastened some singularities and prejudices on his mind, which time and opposition served only to provoke and confirm. In the scholar's craft, as well as in others, there prevails a common

cast of conversation, a sort of complexional tincture, which some would call *cant*, that pervades the whole profession. Mr. Barville's learning was not of this technical sort; his preferences and aversions were the progeny of his own mind, and his taste was unborrowed, as well as the principles on which he supported it.

His phraseology had something in it that was strange at first, but which proved it to be his own, and at once told you he was no common man; and those who conversed with him were frequently surprised by new combinations of words, and new effects of language. He abounded in principles, in maxims, and in systems, which he cherished the more fondly, as being his undisputed offspring, and could therefore never endure interruption until the whole scheme of his argument was perfectly detailed. He was fond of framing improvements, of which humanity was the object; and the poor and unfortunate were the constant theme of his inventions, and the unceasing objects of his care. On the whole, he was tender on the subject of religion, serious in all questions of morality, and ardent and disinterested in his search after truth; and if the quickness of his apprehension, and the constancy of his tenets, made him sometimes impatient and imperious, it was almost worth while to be exposed a little to this defective part of his character, to witness that benevolent concern and unaffected candour with which he studied to expiate the offence.

Mr. Barville was just proceeding to address some important questions to the stranger, whom I shall in future call Eugenio, when Amelia entered the room. I shall attempt no description of this young lady's person: it will be enough to say, that the most melting sensibility, and the most exalted virtue, height-

ened and corrected each other's expression, in a complexion and a set of features formed for love and delight. Mr. Barville introduced her to his guest, whose frame underwent a new kind of agitation, and who now felt doubly ashamed of the meanness of his apparel. "Amelia," said the father, "you are to look upon this gentleman as no common acquaintance; certain rules of judging, which have never yet betrayed me, make me very ambitious of his friendship." This speech, in spite of herself, strained her looks towards Eugenio, and an involuntary expression of sweet approbation kindled the first spark of that unhappy flame in which they were both destined to be consumed. Mr. Barville stopped a moment for their mutual compliments to be paid; but nature had fixed on their mouths a seal of silence, on which each other's image was engraved, and which a little time sufficed to carry to the heart, there to abide for ever.

The vivacity of Mr. Barville's disposition, and the fermentation of his mind, never suffered a pause to last till it was painful; and in any embarrassment of that kind it was usual for the company to turn towards him for relief. Some agreeable comment, or some useful inference, was always revolving in his mind, and ready for the occasion; and a certain equability and delicacy of thought were more remarkable in his conversation, than the poignancy of satire, or the splendour of wit. He made us all join in requesting Eugenio to spend that and the following day with us; but it was easy to see whose application had the most influence in obtaining his consent. A thousand agreeable topics were started by the hospitable entertainer; and so much pleasantry and good-humour prevailed through the day, that towards the close of it, the stranger had shaken a

much of his reserve, and more than once gave way to emotions of gaiety and mirth, which so developed the expression of his countenance, that many new and excellent qualities were read in it by the philosophical Mr. Barville; and the seeds of much future sorrow were sown in another bosom, where, alas! the same philosophy did not, at least at that moment, exist.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the worthy gentleman of the house, turning towards his guest, and putting his two fingers upon his hand as it rested upon his knee—(I see them both now before me)—"You must be sure, sir," said he, "I could have had no inducement to seek so earnestly your acquaintance, but what was perfectly disinterested and honourable: I have long cherished the persuasion that there are certain lines in the countenance which never fail to announce a well-constituted mind. There is a kind of running-title in the face, which opens fresh matter to interest us in every page. Not a certain assemblage of features, but the modification of those features under the various influence of successive emotions, is the rule of my judgement in these cases, with a reserve, however, in favour of the testimonies of subsequent experience. Look upon me as one, therefore, whom no accidental circumstances of obligation or connection have made your friend, but whom the secret ties of nature herself have drawn towards you with a force not to be resisted. I frankly offer you my confidence and friendship; make what use you can of me in your own affairs; and if you have any distresses (alas! they are legible in your countenance) which are not too desperate for relief, or too severe to be softened by communication, I earnestly entreat you to make me a sharer in them. I too have had my

sorrows: in the most virtuous and affectionate of wives, I have lost the tenderest of friends; and my only son is gone from me, Heaven knows where, with circumstances that render the loss of him ten times more distressful, and which add weight to a misfortune that one would think almost too heavy for aggravation."

These kind sentiments, uttered with great energy, were too much for Eugenio: he was mute for some moments; in spite of his efforts, a tear stole from him, and a sigh escaped from the depths of his bosom. At length, after some unintelligible effusions, he went on thus: "This generosity, my dear sir, and this extraordinary goodness, are so greatly above what I have been used to experience, that I dare not attempt to make adequate acknowledgements. The best way, doubtless, to manifest my sense of it, would be to yield instantly to your flattering request; but, indeed, sir, my history contains but little to interest or to amuse you. As for some few distresses I may have suffered, they have not been of that incidental, various, and adventurous kind, which affect in the relation, but were for the most part spun out of my own feelings, which are such as to raise trifling circumstances into serious misfortunes: while, so is my mind constructed, that I can endure those evils, whose sensible magnitude is infinitely greater, and which most disturb the serenity of others, with sufficient calmness and composure. I know, sir, I am making a confession much to my discredit; but I cannot abuse such a noble goodnature, by keeping you ignorant of the unworthiness of its object."

It is easy to imagine that the excuse was not listened to; and Eugenio, after a pause of some moments, was beginning to gratify the curiosity of his

new friend, when, perceiving Amelia and myself rising from our chairs, as if to leave the room, he entreated us both to remain, and, with a look of some impatience, assured Amelia that there was nothing in the story he was about to relate, which could give any umbrage to her delicacy, or which he could wish to conceal from her knowledge. I think, if subsequent events do not deceive me, a melancholy forecast at that moment drew from me an involuntary sigh, and I felt inwardly troubled as the situation of things brought to my thoughts the effects wrought on the mind of the gentle Desdemona by the pitiable story of the valiant Moor.

Eugenio proceeded, as well as I can recollect, with the assistance of my memorandums, in the following terms: "I am the only son of virtuous parents, and who, if more need be said, were both of gentle blood. My father bore arms at a very young age, served his country in many campaigns, and was, as those report who have followed his fortunes, a truly gallant soldier. Whether it was from reading, or a natural elevation of mind, I know not; but it was his misfortune to have imbibed a certain enthusiasm of honour and grandeur of sentiment, which proved a great interruption to his happiness during the whole course of his life. My father had a soul for great actions: he was the hero in the field, but he was also too much the hero in common life; and as Socrates is said to have brought down philosophy from the skies, so it seemed an ambition of my father's to force into the most ordinary concerns in which he was engaged, those erect principles of justice, and those sentiments of heroic disinterestedness, which, though in the main they certainly should form the great rule of our actions, yet can never be rendered universally applicable in the petty

commerce of society. I use the past tense in speaking of my father, not because I know that he is dead—to be assured of that would remove from my mind a heavy load of anxiety—but because I fear I have lost him for ever; and my busy sorrow is ever presenting him to my thoughts in a state much worse than death—a state unworthy of his birth and his feelings, and ill accommodated to his age and infirmities. In short, sir, after having lost him for one twelvemonth, without knowing whither he was fled, I heard only a week ago, that during all this interval he has served as a common soldier in the army of prince Ferdinand. But I will not anticipate the events of my story; I fear they will interest you but little, with every advantage of relation."

N° 44. SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

Huic pudor, et justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?

Sister of justice uncorrupted faith,
And naked truth, and generous shame, ah! when
His equal shall they find?

"In the year 1735, my father, then a youth, and burning to distinguish himself in the field, fought under the Imperialists, at that time at war with the French. In a fierce encounter, an Austrian captain was slain by his side, a gentleman of great merit,

and whose friendship and courage had, on a former occasion, saved my poor father from the bayonet's point. His comrade and friend fell upon his bosom, and had just time to entreat him to make a transfer of that affection which had so long been his pride and happiness, to a helpless orphan he was leaving behind him. In his sorrow for his departed friend, my father found comfort in thinking that still the opportunity was left him of evincing his gratitude towards him, and of honouring his memory by better testimonies than unavailing tears. Touched with the destitute situation of the daughter, his pity was soon succeeded by a warmer sentiment, which the gentle sorrow and the amiable qualities of the young lady strengthened and matured. In short, he fulfilled his engagements, by marrying her as soon as the peace was concluded between the belligerent powers. In a few months after they came to England, and took those little premises in Shropshire, where they have lived ever since. I was born in about three years after this marriage, and destined, alas! to succeed to all my father's pride, and all his mortifications; to all his exaltation of spirit, and all his depression of circumstances.

"The narrowness of their income, and still more, my father's jealous eagerness to inspire no sentiments into my mind but his own, determined them to take my education upon themselves, every essential part of which they were between them well qualified to conduct, except that in which worldly wisdom was concerned, and the interests of my future fortunes. As myself and a sister were their only charge, the duty they had imposed upon themselves was not more than they could fulfil with ease and delight, and my father has often assured me that the ten years which succeeded his marriage were a

counterbalance to the fatigues and sufferings of his whole life.

"He had married a woman of no personal accomplishments; but Providence had rewarded his pious regard to the memory of his friend, by giving her a soul great like his own, and full of the most exalted notions of justice, purity, and benevolence. Her German ancestry were noble, and a tincture of national haughtiness had formerly discoloured her sentiments; but as their union was more a marriage of the mind than of the person, their constant communication and mutual respect softened down the pride of my mother's bosom, to the same temper with that which informed my father's, and effected a perfect congeniality in the principles on which they were founded. Strengthened by his reasons, animated by his example, and assisted by the force of her own understanding, she was soon persuaded of the folly and fragility of that pride which has no sources to draw from but human prejudices and self-flattery, and discerned the broad partition that separates dignity from disdain, and grandeur of soul from pride of circumstance.

"In the year 1745, when I was entering on my tenth year, my father followed the Royal Duke into the Netherlands, and left me to the sole care and tuition of my mother, who, though not wanting in female sensibility or maternal softness, was yet so well acquainted with the duties and the ornaments of my sex, that every endeavour was made to build up that masculine structure of thought and habit, of which my father had laid the foundation in my mind; and as the warmth and sensibility of female bosoms rarely suffer them to be moderate in a cause in which their interests or affections are engaged, she carried this principle as far as it would bear, and

perhaps a little beyond the scope of its meaning and application.

"The histories of great men and great times were the constant objects of my study; and those pages were pointed out for my particular attention, wherein deeds of heroism abroad, or acts of patriotism at home, were recited; and I consider the sequel of my life as a comment on a passage in an ancient writer, which casts a just reproach on the general tendency of education, to hold up rules rather for the extraordinary, than the ordinary occasions of life. All my playthings were martial; guns, trumpets, swords, and helmets, were lavished upon me; and every day I was so busy in plying my batteries, in bombarding and cannonading, that my little heart was exalted almost to madness, and the horn of battle was always blowing in my ears.

"I am ashamed, my good sir, to trouble you with this petty detail: but as the period of life we are now considering, though of little importance in itself, borrows a great deal from the influence it has on the years of maturity; and as it may, perhaps, in some degree apologise for the singular and unaccommodating cast of my mind; I cannot refuse myself the liberty of relating an anecdote of my infancy, which I still remember with feelings in which pleasure and pain are somewhat whimsically blended.

"I had just completed the extravagant though bewitching Memoirs of Charles XII. of Sweden, and the roar of bombs and cannons was still sounding in my ears, when a letter from my father brought us an account of the defeat at Fontenoy, acquainting us at the same time, that he was then in garrison at Ostend, and in hourly expectation of the enemy. Here my ardent imagination figured to me all the horrors of a siege, and I resolved to sympathise with

the supposed sufferings of my father. I chose a spot in a meadow about a mile distant from our house, where I laboured incessantly for a week, in raising ramparts, and digging trenches, to represent the fortifications at Ostend: as soon as they were completed, I prevailed upon the son of a gardener in our neighbourhood, a boy about my own age, to carry on the siege, while I shut myself up within my works, resolving to hold out to the last, having previously frightened the besieger into secrecy, by threatening, in case of treachery, to lay waste his father's cauliflowers, and put all I should find to the sword. We kept up this mockery through half the day, when suddenly the operations of the enemy ceased altogether; whether the vigour and impetuosity of my frequent sallies had driven him off, or hunger, a more powerful assailant, had forced him from the field. I gloried, however, in neglecting the calls of hunger; and imagining myself blockaded, I resolved to try how long I could hold out in such a situation. I kept within my fortifications with great obstinacy till late in the evening, when, beginning to find that the contest with nature could no longer be maintained, I determined not to surrender to the besiegers; but snatching the standard which I had fixed on the ramparts, with one hand, and grasping my sword in the other, I rushed out at a breach that was made in one of the ravelins; and fancying myself in the pursuit of the enemy, I ran to our garden wall, where I fell, overcome with weariness and hunger. Here I lay for some time, with my sword and standard still in my hands, and probably should have died on the field of honour, if one of my father's labourers, who happened to pass by, had not picked me up, and conveyed me to my mother.

"As soon as she was made acquainted with the

whole transaction, she was delighted with this testimony to the force of her instruction; made me a present of a new sword, and promised me to persuade my father to make me a colonel as soon as he returned. She kept, however, a more watchful eye over my proceedings in future, and confined my operations within our garden wall. The Pretender's invasion, which took place soon after, so agitated my mind, that I was very near losing my senses; and my mother began to repine at the extraordinary success of her methods of education, and used her best efforts to bring this luxuriancy of mind within the bounds of reason.

"After the victory of Culloden, my father returned, covered with honour, and wounded in the service; but, alas! his circumstances were lower than ever; for his own illnesses, and his compassion for others, had rendered these late campaigns more than ordinarily expensive. The tender and endearing reception, however, which he found at home, banished every subject of regret from his mind; and he sat down, as he then thought, to enjoy for a length of time the solace of domestic tranquillity.

"The Quixotic mania with which I was possessed, could not but be displeasing to a man of his sense; it was very wide of that character which it had been his object to form. He had but little, however, to combat with, in convincing my mother of her mistake: she had already begun to perceive it, and her mind was too great to scruple confession. Soft and gradual means were used to let me down gently from the heights to which I had been raised; and as I now had the rank of colonel in my own eyes, especial care was taken not to wound the honour which I conceived to be attached to my situation. By their judicious management I was weaned a good deal

from my military enthusiasm; but, as you will see in the sequel, the impression has never been thoroughly effaced.

"My father had resolved, on his return home, to sell out of the army, and enjoy the repose which he had earned; but as soon as he was perfectly cured of his wounds, his ardour of mind returned with his health, and all his sedentary projects disappeared. In the autumn of 1746, he followed sir John Ligonier to the Dutch Netherlands, and was wounded in three places at the battle of Roucoux. He returned home in a very wretched and emaciated state, to the great affliction of my poor mother, to whose unexampled care he again owed his recovery, which however was not completed under full four years, during which time he was confined to his apartment in a state of extreme lameness and debility.

"I shall now pass over a lapse of seven years, which were chequered by no incidents worth relating; except it may be proper to mention that in this interval my father, surrendered to the impressions of sickness, grew gradually sedate and tranquil in his deportment and sentiments, and lost in great part his predilection for the military life. So great, indeed, was the change which time and circumstances had wrought in his mind, that when I reached my eighteenth year, instead of realizing the splendid visions of my childhood, he sent me to college in the year 1755, to accomplish myself for holy orders. But before two months had expired, I was heartily wearied with the forms and institutions, as well as with the manners and usages of the place.

"My ideas had been accustomed to expatiate over a wide scene of action, in which every thing that was vast and unbounded in human enterprise, or elevated in human character, was ever moving before

my fancy, in which a shade was cast over vulgar wants and vulgar interests, and in which that middle order of men, among whom I was now to take my place, was seen at a confused distance, or lost in the surrounding blaze. The inactive pomp, the inglorious ease, the narrow range, and the petty politics of a college life, were ill calculated to arrest a mind like mine, which had taken flight, at ten years of age, into regions of visionary perfection, and whose aspiring humour had already taught it contempt, not only for the common amusements of infancy, but for the common playthings of maturity.

"Alas! sir, since those days my wings have been clipped: they were severely shorn at my first entrance into those real scenes of which my young fancy had imaged such delusive representations. At first I fluttered like a young eagle imprisoned in a cage, whose privilege it once was to sit on the summit of a rock, in the broad blaze of the sun, and contemplate the immensity before it, as filled with objects of enterprise—as the scene of prowess and adventure. But though I never could accommodate myself to my cage, I ceased to make those ineffectual struggles which would only serve to cover me with ridicule, and sink me in my own esteem; and, if I was not happy, I was at least apparently composed, and took some care that, at this introductory stage of my life, my singularity should not be insulting, or my silence austere.

"What principally fostered my aversion to college was doubtless the very circumscribed state of my finances, which soon taught me to measure the distance at which poverty throws us from our social dues—from a just participation in the courtesies and amenities of life. It is, however, its high privilege and consolation to be secure from the seductions of

flattery, to see before it the unvarnished side of human nature, and to view the native forms of Virtue and Vice in their genuine light.

"Though my poor parents almost beggared themselves to support me with respectability, all would not do; and my circumstances were so low, as hardly to suffice for my bare maintenance. The reverence I feel for the principle of every institution which has the good of mankind for its object, makes me cautious how I reprove; for there is a spirit of correction, which chases away the good with the evil, and which, in its zeal for completing the beauty of a building, destroys the cement on which its existence depends. But I cannot avoid, in this place, expressing my concern, that means are not more industriously used, to lower the rate of living at college, by a close inquiry into frauds and excessive charges, by the prevention of long credit, and a clearer exposition of college accounts. I had not been above three weeks in my new situation, before I began to be weary of the society into which I had entered, and to draw upon myself no small portion of hatred and persecution. I was nicknamed Major Strutt; my windows were frequently broken, and my doors were scribbled over with low and contemptible scurrility. The high and dignified notions which my father had taken such pains to rear in my mind, were in a great measure the cause of this odium; yet it is but fair to confess that whereas these were mixed and qualified in my father's mind with a thousand soft and humane ingredients, in mine they soon hardened into a firm and indissoluble frame, and bred within me a degree of misanthropy and choler which neither reason nor religion has yet been able to subdue."

"I cannot help thinking, however," cried Mr.

Barville with some earnestness and precipitation, "that you do not yourself understand all the ingredients of this boiling spirit. I will take upon myself to affirm that inhumanity is not one of them; and I am persuaded that your severity was principally directed against yourself. You carry your own eulogy in your countenance, and that is a testimony which I never dispute." Eugenio bowed and shook his head, while a tear trickled down his face, as he thus proceeded—

"A thousand boyish and pitiful insults continued to be levelled at my peace, but they were yet too weak and diminutive to provoke any thing more than contempt; I treated the whole pack with sovereign indifference; and I really believe that hitherto the mortification was greater on their side than my own. My loftiness of temper, and the scorn expressed in my countenance, challenged their utmost malignancy. Hints were at length thrown out in disparagement of my birth, and derogatory to the virtue of my mother as well as to the courage and honour of my father. This atrocious attack applied a torch to my feelings, and kindled them into a blaze of indignation. What methods I took to vindicate the honour of my family are perhaps as well omitted: they were such as compelled my calumniators to contradict in writing the infamous reports they had spread, and even further, to write severally to their parents in the spirit of abjuration and remorse; which letters I put myself into the post, and in a few days received answers, filled with expressions of shame and sorrow for the ignominous conduct of their sons. These letters, together with their recantations, I took care to make sufficiently public: my enemies were abashed, and an interval of peace succeeded. This suspension of

hostilities was, however, only a breathing-time for my persecutors, and the same infamous tales continued to be propagated.

"My disgust now rose to such a pitch, that I lived a whole year in entire solitude, nourishing the pride of my spirit, and my contempt for those around me."—At this moment, a gentleman of the neighbourhood called in; and Eugenio and myself, in the interim, took a walk into the garden. I seized this opportunity of entreating him to continue one day longer among us, and was secretly delighted at his ready acquiescence, and with his manner of expressing his compliance. "Mr. Olive-branch," said he, pressing my hand, "I don't know what it is which gives you this power over me, but I feel that I can refuse you nothing. The complacency I read in your looks, helps to tranquillize my own thoughts—and it seems as if my spirits could find in your friendship a harbour from those storms within and without me, to which I am ever exposed." A tear, which stood in my eyes at this moment, assured him of those sympathetic feelings which were really too strong to suffer me to answer him directly, and, taking courage from this omen, he addressed me as follows.

N° 45. SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

Ut pudicè verba fecit! cogitatè et commodè!
Ut modestè orationem præbuit! Certò hic meus est.
PLAUT. Pœnul.

With how much modesty, good sense and propriety, did he speak! This is the man after my own heart.

We broke off last Saturday, when Eugenio was beginning to speak as follows. "I am aware, Mr. Olive-branch, that I have been much my own enemy in relating the particulars of a life so sullied with errors both of sentiment and practice—of the heart and of the head. If, however, without displaying a fresh instance of that pride which it is my resolution to overcome, I may look to an event so much above my deserts, as the acquisition of your friendship, I shall hope yet to redeem myself in your opinion, by summoning all the resources of reason and philosophy to this work of reformation. I am convinced that in nothing the justice of Providence is more conspicuous than in the balance of strength, the action and reaction with which our minds are endued. There is sufficient vigour for the controul of our passions wherever there is the will to exert it; but the armour of the mind, like that of the body, must be polished by use, and preserved from the rust of neglect, or, like that, it becomes a testimony to our reproach, and a monument of our cowardice and degeneracy. I have it written in my heart that

the time is coming, when I shall resume the empire of my feelings, and drive out this capricious and cruel usurper, this petty tyrant to which I have been so long enslaved. Assist me, my good sir, in these resolutions: your friendship and counsel will ensure them success, if Providence permit me to return to so great a blessing from the doubtful errand in which I am embarking."

Here he left off speaking, and I could perceive that his bosom was discharged of a considerable burthen. "My dear sir," I replied, "you have made this day the most interesting, and perhaps the happiest of my life. You have given me great preferment in my own eyes, by calling me your friend; and trust me, it shall be my future study to deserve so honourable a title. As for the work of reformation, I look upon it as already done: to walk in the train of your triumph without a share in the victory, is all that is left to me: but this will content my ambition; and I shall sympathise in your glory, as much as if it reflected honour on my own exertions. But do not refuse me the satisfaction of knowing the nature of that doubtful errand on which you are bent. I may be in time to contribute to the safety of your person, though I am too late to assist in the consummation of your virtue."

"If you can bear with me," replied Eugenio, "to the end of my little history, you will know what is the object of the errand to which I have alluded."—At this moment Mr. Barville and Amelia joined company with us. As we were all impatient for the sequel of Eugenio's story, Amelia conducted us to a bower at the end of the walk, where my friend thus proceeded:—"All this while however I was careful to plant no thorns in the bosoms of my parents; I read over and over each letter that I sent to them or my

poor little Sophy (for that was my sister's name), that no inadvertent expression might escape me, to betray the situation of my mind: and during the few weeks I spent with them, I feigned all the complacency I could possibly assume, though I could perceive, by the anxiety expressed in my mother's countenance, that my dissimulation was not as successful as I had hoped.

"In spite of my abstinence from all the diversions of my age, my expenses were considerably greater than my income. To confess the truth, in money concerns I was already as much a soldier as my father, who would long ere this have swallowed up his little revenue, had not my mother's excellent management suspended the blow, to fall in the end with redoubled violence."---Here Mr. Barville interposed —"And can you not," said he, "call to mind any secret donations to the indigent and distressed, which might help a little to impoverish you? Did no truant guinea steal away in some holiday of the spirits, when an object of misery has thrown itself in the way of your compassion, and betrayed this misanthropy, which you profess to have felt, into a momentary slumber?"---"Indeed, sir," replied Eugenio, "there need no such collateral drains, to account for my poverty: the direct expenses of an University life, are a sufficient reason for a man's becoming poor, whose pocket is but moderately supplied. I will not deny that sometimes the imbecility of my mind may have drawn me into such imprudences: for what better title do those feelings deserve, which induced me to dissipate money that was not my own? In the order of moral duties, justice precedes generosity."

"I know," interrupted Mr. Barville, "that you will pardon a curiosity which results from the deep

solicitude I feel in all that concerns you. An absolute seclusion from society for a whole year, appears to me a situation so dreadful, that I can hardly conceive a mind endued with strength to support it; but as your quarrel seems only to have been with our sex, you may perhaps have derived consolations from the other, which were capable of very much softening this sentence of solitude."

"In my situation at that time," answered Eugenio, "it was not easy to form any of those tender connections to which you allude; but however," continued the young gentleman, looking on the ground, and reddening as he proceeded, "to keep from you no part of the truth, Nature, when she planted so many strong and ardent propensities in my mind, did not forget the passion of love. Not all the haughtiness of my temper has been able to resist its growth; in spite of every opposition it has flourished with incredible luxuriancy. I cannot, however, accuse myself of any hard-heartedness, treachery, or design, in my intercourse with the sex: nothing but simple crimes of this nature load my conscience---tear has been shed for tear, wherever they have flowed on my account."

Here the deepest vermillion overspread the cheek of Amelia; and in spite of her utmost pains to suppress it, a tear trickled down, that in the sequel of their mournful intimacy was to be paid by a thousand from Eugenio. I took notice, that, as he finished this sentence, his looks involuntarily strayed towards Amelia's; and in the chaste and melting concern which he read in them, he saw himself rebuked, chastised, pitied, and forgiven.

"Well, sir," continued Eugenio, "as soon as I felt that my fortunes were sinking fast, I revolved in my mind various schemes of redemption; and no resource

took my fancy so much as that of writing for the press. With this I immediately retouched some satirical pieces, into which I had poured all my indignation, and sold them for trifling sums to a bookseller of no eminence, who appeared to esteem them so little that I never afterwards made any inquiries after them, or even looked for their characters in those monthly bills of literary mortality, the Reviews. They answered, however, the purpose of present relief; and kept me from that saddest of all degradations, the necessity of running into debt. By engaging in various booksellers' jobs, I gained a tolerable supply; and as I was subject to no interruptions, I made such dispatch, that I was able, out of my savings, to send two or three little presents home, and, among others, some books on medicine, to my mother, who, finding it impossible to be bountiful in proportion to her feelings, was daily filling up the measure of her humanity by administering such comfort as was within her reach to the sick and the sorrowful. This experience of what I was able to perform towards my own support, fired me with an ambition to launch forth into the literary world in quality of Author, which situation I figured to myself as most correspondent to my feelings of independence.

"Impressed myself with an awful respect for genius, I conceived that its claims must be heard whereever they were advanced; and that, as soon as my title was acknowledged, it would insure me place and precedency amidst the press of interest and the pride of fortune. Full of these illusory expectations, I wrote a very florid epistle to my father, in which I scrupled not to acquaint him with the irksomeness of my situation, as well as with the unprofitable expenses to which I was subject, and painted the advantages of my plan of authorship in the best colours

I was able. I proposed to take a lodging in town, and immediately to enlist in the service of the booksellers, some of whom had suggested such tasks to me as they thought were suitable to my particular talents. My father, whose enthusiasm was not entirely vanquished, and who felt his old fires rekindle at the notion of enterprise and adventure, entered readily enough into the proposal. My mother resisted for a time, from a general habit of caution and timidity; but being furnished with no particular objections from experience, soon left the field to my father, who now growing heated with the project, as was his custom, urged me to hasten my departure from college, and to enter upon my *brilliant career* as soon as my arrangements could be made. My precipitancy corresponded with my father's impatience. In two days after the receipt of this letter, I cleared all my accounts in the University, and set off for London with a few guineas in my pocket, and a lighter heart than I had ever yet felt in the course of my life, except when I sallied out against a flying enemy from my little fortifications behind my father's house.

"As soon as I arrived in town, I repaired to the house of a bookseller, with whom I had corresponded, and who had promised me accommodation and employment. My friend was as good as his word, and I entered immediately on this brilliant career, as my father had termed it, in a little room four stories high, which was my parlour, my study, and my chamber. From this elevated apartment, I looked out of my window, and proudly surveyed the little world below me, as a victorious general casts his eye over the country before him, which he soon expects to lay under contribution. Such were the extravagant hopes

I had suffered my fancy to indulge, which a few months were sufficient to disenchant.

" My employer, if rigid in his exactions, was punctual in his payments; and such was my zeal and assiduity in this undertaking, that in a quarter of a year I found money to follow up those presents to my parents, which had once already so sweetened the rewards of diligence. I began to wonder, however, that I entered coffee-houses, and travelled the streets, without hearing my name mentioned, or my writings applauded. I never had supposed that genius stood in need of patronage, or talents of introduction; and as I then persuaded myself that I was not without these pretensions, my choler rose at the frigid indifference with which I was regarded, and my mind began again to fluctuate between pride and despondency.

" One day, as I was passing through the shop, I observed a young man turning over some books with an air of contemptuous importance. As he looked round, I recognised a face which I had seen at college. It happened that this gentleman was one of those who had manifested a good disposition towards me, and had made frequent offers of service to me, which it suited not my pride to accept. I was no sooner perceived by him, than he made up to me with great cordiality, and endeavoured to engage me in conversation. Though I felt but little promptitude to push my acquaintance beyond its narrow limit, in my present quarrel with the world; yet there was something of originality and history in the countenance of this person, that interested my curiosity in spite of myself. He drew from me, somehow or other, the particulars of my situation, and the nature of my present engagements, of all which circum-

stances I observed that he made notes in a little book of memorandums.

"'My dear sir,' said he, putting his book into his pocket, 'it gives me concern to think that you have so egregiously lost your way in the pursuit of fame. The direct road which used to lead to its temple has long been barred, and there is no access left, but through by-ways and secret passages. As you have always had my esteem and good wishes, it is a sensible pleasure to me to be able to put you right, and to lay before you a chart of these cross-roads, with all the odd turnings, that will help to shorten the length and fatigues of your journey.' Here he proposed to me to step into a coffee-house, that he might be at liberty to detail those instructions which were to raise so rapidly my fortune in the world. As soon as we were seated, he thus continued:—

"'I also was intended, sir, for holy orders; but I was of a humour uncongenial with all professions; and my mind was too excursive, or my nature too volatile, to endure the confinement and buckram of any formal course of habit, or punctilious line of duty. I resolved to remain at large, and to take up at once the character of a gentleman, without sacrificing the most precious half of life to obtain it. In the life of an author I saw all that distinction of which I was enamoured, and a range of exertion very suitable to the vivacity of my temper and genius.

"'I must confess too, that having but a small fund of my own to draw from, I saw vast room in this great town for the exercise of innocent chicane, in profiting by other men's superfluities of talent, and disguising my own deficiency; in which kind of resource I may say I have proved myself consummate. Thus prepared, I set out upon my career about twelve months ago; and, notwithstanding the great competition

which late years have produced among our fraternity, I soon acquired more than my just share of distinction, and am already considerable enough to be abused by half the town. By computing the ratio of this abuse for the last three months, I find that my credit is making very rapid advances; and, as I am pretty prodigal of abuse in my turn, I have reason to expect that my head, ere a month passes over it, will either appear in the pillory, or as a frontispiece to the next magazine.'

"As this was all new ground to me, I expressed no small surprise at what I had heard: upon which he observed, 'that as I had not yet passed my noviciate, it was no wonder that these mysteries and sublimities of the art were above my comprehension; but a little experience would convince me that in these crooked times the ways of the learned are not the least oblique. Is fame your object?—Be assured, the common-place methods of labouring to deserve it, are the last now-a-days to succeed in obtaining it. If you persist in this obsolete course, you may extort a Dedication from a Dutch commentator, or be called an ingenious gentleman in the preface to a new rhyming dictionary; but your purse will remain empty, and your face unknown.

"'And now, sir, what are your sentiments? Are you willing to follow the track which I have marked out for you, and which I believe you will find as profitable and easy as any?' I shook my head, and replied, that I was afraid I had not much talent for abuse; and moreover, that as this particular branch of literature required a disposition invulnerable to abuse from others, I knew myself to be very ill qualified for a member of his academy. 'Well, sir,' continued he, 'I will lay some other schemes of advancement before you; and, that example may

not be wanting to my instructions, I will expose to you, in great confidence, the various methods of literary chicane practised with the most brilliant success by a club of gentlemen, of which I have the honour to be a member. Two or three instances will be sufficient for the present: but I shall be proud to introduce you to the whole society, that you may become the disciple of him of whose fancy you shall most approve. They are none of them those ordinary drudges, that drag their steps along through the common rounds of the Forum and Academy; but speed onwards, as the crow flies, unanxious about what they leave behind, and fearless about what they encounter. These gentlemen disturb no families by their early rising, or their midnight lucubrations; but by a little management, and much acquaintance with human nature, and the motives of human applause, they have risen to greater eminence than your great readers, without the same expense of spirits and constitution. There is a kind of economy of learning, with which none but these adepts are acquainted; and to make a little go far, by a mode of setting it off, is one of those perfections on which we value ourselves the most in this our select society. The imposing manner in which we announce our publications, the pompous stage on which they are reared, by the mechanical helps of printing, paper, and engraving; our flourished title-pages, comely portraits, and the procession of initials that march before our names; all help to distinguish our productions from vulgar performances, and to enable one of our eighteen penny pamphlets to wrestle with imperial quartos, and eclipse the labours of half a life.' "

Nº 46. SATURDAY, MARCH 30.

Non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus aut Erimanthus.

JUVENAL.

Where artifice, pretence, and mockery reign,
Sound sterling merit seeks for room in vain.

"I FEAR, sir," continued Eugenio, turning towards Mr. Barville, "that this discourse on authorship will interest you but little: it presses, indeed, rather forcibly upon my mind, as having wrought a change in my condition, and disabused me of a very material error: we are too liable to suppose our own feelings in the breasts of other men, without regard to difference of circumstances." "Your remark is generally good," returned Mr. Barville, "but it does not apply. Little as I know of learning, I know yet less of learned men. How chicanery can find a place in the province of literature, I am at a loss to imagine. The skill of the moderns in mechanical improvements has not yet risen to the invention of false understandings, unless false legs may be so called; and I have never yet heard of the brain's being out of joint, but in a metaphor. I am therefore curious to be informed what means men have devised to impose upon one another in a point in which no artificial aid will avail us, and where the appeal is so easy and direct to clear and unequivocal testimonies."

"My dear sir," replied Eugenio, "this appeal is only open to the clear-sighted and impartial: it

argues no mean capacity to estimate the abilities of other men. The mass of mankind, though right in their abstract judgement of things, are perpetually wrong in their application of this judgement to persons. Here its purity is destroyed by associations, which mix in its decisions, and debase its value. The common opinion waits upon the efforts of a few superior wits, who march before to cut down the barriers, that the muddy stream may escape, and clarify itself in its course. I agree, then, that in regard even to persons, give the public mind but time enough, and its opinions will be gradually depurated; but unfortunately this process of fining is so slowly performed, that it is odds but in the mean time success has crowned the imposture. But to proceed with the group of characters to which my friend was beginning to introduce me.

"'There is Dr. ——, of the scholar's department,' continued my communicative friend, 'a venerable linguist, commentator, and scholiast: if your bent be towards languages, I do not know what better model I can lay before you. The doctor was whipped through a public school to very little purpose: it was not till he had been a twelvemonth at college that those fine obliquities of his genius began to expand, and, taking a thousand slant and cross directions, to graze the confines of many of those remote provinces of scholarship, where few of our hardiest academicians have dared to venture. Impelled by a generous love of distinction, and rightly judging that, in the ordinary paths of literature, to acquire fame he must penetrate further and persevere longer than suited the reach of his understanding or his powers of application, he struck out at once into those roads where few were disposed to follow him; and, leaving common minds to grapple with common

difficulties, set out upon those great and gigantic pursuits, only to *embark* in which is greater glory than to carry a *common* undertaking to its accomplishment.' These last words suited very much the complexion of my mind; and I had begun to feel a predilection for this gallant course of study, when my friend proceeded thus to undeceive me, by finishing his portrait.

" 'It is with learning,' continued he, 'as it is with travelling. We are tired of accounts of Italy and Greece, and look with much greater admiration on him who tells us he has killed a lion or a lynx in Africa, or feasted with Kamtschadales on the fat of dogs, than on one who brings back from classic regions fresh accessions to the literature of his country, and a taste inspired by the chastest models of Athens and of Rome. The same gaping principle of ignorant wonder leads us to contemplate with awe the merest smattering in Hebrew, Arabic, or the Gothic languages of Northern Europe; while the Greek and Latin will scarcely push our fame beyond the walls of the university, or raise our fortunes above a Welch curacy. The learned gentleman in question knew very well how to avail himself of this propensity of the species towards the uncommon rather than the useful; and at the same time that he suffered no pursuits but what were extraordinary to engage him, he took care to lose no time by proceeding a step further in any one of these pursuits than was necessary to impose upon mankind. Thus he is generally understood to be consummate in the Coptic and Chaldee, and is supposed at this moment to be very busy with the Turkish and Tartarian; though it is well known to us who are in the secret, he would be puzzled to ask his way in any place out of his majesty's three kingdoms. He has always,

however, a kind of Lingua Franca ready at command, with which he assists certain authors of our fraternity, who undertake to elucidate ancient customs and manners by the help of the analogies of language; likewise those who endeavour to account for the first peopling of countries by verbal coincidences; and all those travellers who describe more than they have seen. As all this, however, was playing a very deep game, and as one or two ventures had been a little unlucky for him, he determined to make haste to profit by his reputation; and about two months ago espoused the daughter of a capital grocer, whose heart he had gained by interpreting the Chinese characters on a chest of Souchong. I am informed, however, that the grocer's daughter is a match for him with only one language, and will fairly out-talk him at the end of a long day.' The disgust which this picture excited in my mind was sufficiently explained in my looks; and my instructor waited for no other answer, but thus proceeded—

"'Another of my intimate acquaintance supports a very high degree of credit at a much cheaper rate, and is thought to have made the best bargain with fame of any of our fraternity. His great talent lies in the art of preserving a most politic and pregnant silence. In exchange, however, he is profuse in nods, bows, smiles, contortions of feature, and shakes of the head. He is supposed to be very profound in the mathematics; and as this is not a verbose species of knowledge, and cannot easily be displayed in conversation, the world is content without any other proofs than the testimonies afforded by those who are interested in propagating the belief of his abilities.

"'As the nods and gesticulations of this man

have a sort of oracular equivocality, every one supposes the decision in his own favour. He is therefore an acceptable guest at a great many good tables; and as his particular employment is thought to impart great force to the judgement, every one is proud of his acquiescence, and regards it as an omen of victory in whatever dispute he happens to be engaged. Thus he not only dines every day for nothing, but with less interruption than any of the company. Suspect me not, sir, of insinuating that your abilities are so low in themselves as to need either pretence or disguise; but, believe me, whatever they are, the fame of them may be prodigiously enhanced by this negative chicane, if conducted with address.'

"I replied, that silence was not ill accommodated to my talents or turn of mind; but that I was so unpractised in imposition, that I despaired of succeeding, even where my only task was to hold my tongue. This was not enough to discourage my friend from proceeding with his list, after having assured me that these were the prejudices of a green author, whom the logic of hunger had not taught to conclude, that the world must, after all, be treated in its own way.

"'Voltaire says of Gassendi, *Il avoit moins de réputation que Descartes, parce qu'il étoit plus raisonnable;* and the truth of this remark was well understood by a young gentleman of my acquaintance, who, being determined to raise a reputation on a very slender foundation, saw no way so good, of conciliating the praise of mankind, as by contradicting them as roundly as possible. On whatever subject this gentleman's thoughts are exercised, he is sure to turn up something that nobody has dreamed of before; and where he cannot persuade by the inge-

nuity of his argument, he never fails to surprise by the hardiness of his assertions. He affects in every thing a *goût de travers;* and the zeal of opposition has carried him to an incredible pitch of absurdity in the points of dress and deportment. To avoid the imputation of thinking like other men, he stops at no profanation in principle, or solecism in taste. He commends Dr. P——y for his religious arguments, as much as he condemns his philosophical researches; and is much offended at the preference bestowed on the theories of Newton above those of Descartes and Buffon. He pretends to great depth in the occult sciences, and praises them chiefly for the certainty they afford, and their superior precision to the deductions of mathematics. He accordingly affects to be greatly enamoured of the sciences of physiognomy, demonology, and astrology, where it is not easy to dispute the ground with him, and where ignorance finds a refuge from the weapons of logic, and escapes like the cuttle-fish by muddying the stream through which it glides. By these means, this gentleman has succeeded in raising a curiosity about his productions, which prepares them an universal reception, and has turned them very much to his profit. He is now engaged in writing an apology for polytheism, with a hymn to Jupiter Olympus, who, it is supposed, will reward him by descending again in a shower of gold.

" ' Another knight of this our venerable order has adopted a plan of proceeding remarkable for the ingenuity of its conception, no less than the ease and certainty of its execution. He observed, that the general did not fight like the soldier, and yet engrossed all the honour of the day; and that the master-mason, and the owner of the mill, and not those who actually performed the labour, were the

principal gainers in their several crafts. It was his ambition to introduce a like disposition of things into the provinces of literature, and to bring it under those laws of exchange and profit, to which all things should bend in a commercial country. To get his work done cheaply, it was his first care to search out obscure wits, whom the urgency of their affairs rendered happy to find any market for their labours; youthful geniuses, who knew not as yet the value of their productions, or those timid spirits, who, not daring to execute their own conceptions, require a task-master to prompt their efforts and accredit their productions. The success which has attended this gentleman's career has been equal to the dexterity of his conduct; while the real founder of his prosperity has often, like the lamp to which Anaxagoras compared himself, been on the eve of perishing for want of oil.

" 'As he is not unaware of the disproportion that would manifest itself between his discourse and his publications, he maintains an inflexible taciturnity on every question which might hazard the credit of his understanding; and, by a master-piece of address, has imposed this political conduct upon the world for the natural result of a simple and unambitious mind. A negligence of dress and deportment, and a general *nonchalance* of behaviour, contribute not a little to favour the imposture; for when we once are become enthusiasts in behalf of a man's virtues or abilities, his character rather casts lustre upon his foibles, than his foibles reproach upon his character; and we accept the excuse which Milton has suggested in the following passage—*Mens quasi grandior facta in tantis corporis angustiis difficulter agitans se, minus habilis est ad exquisitiores salutationum gesticulationes.*'

"You are surprised, perhaps," said Eugenio, "that I remember so well the greatest part of this lecture; but the truth is, that it interested me in a more than common degree, and occupied my thoughts night and day for some time after; not to mention some memorandums which I made on my return to my chamber. I could not help remarking, however, at the time," continued Eugenio, "that it was a little extraordinary for a gentleman who had given proofs, in the course of the conversation, of respectable abilities, to mix in so low a conspiracy, and demean himself by the adoption of such illiberal arts. 'It is true,' he replied, 'I am not so destitute of real claims as some of those to whose characters I have introduced you; but as I was full as destitute of money, I considered that the returns would be too slow for my necessities if I employed my talents in the service of mankind. Men do not read, out of gratitude towards the author, but from interest in his work: they speak well of a man, if they speak of him *at all*, who writes for their improvement; but they do not read his book the more on that account. We must consult, therefore, the methods by which this interest is to be excited; and as men are more alive to abuse than they are to kindness, an author will do well to practise upon them in this rough manner, if he hope to draw advantage out of them. I will frankly own to you, I bring rather too much feeling and nicety into the business for the particular department of authorship which I have chosen, and do not entirely possess those rigid nerves, those *cornea fibra*, which are so necessary to form the great man. The gentleman under whom I have studied in this school of scurrility, is happy in a most classical obduracy of mind. He includes in his black list the innocent, the generous, the dignified,

and the brave; and, to pay his lodgings for a month, will hang them all up together in a string of doggrel rhymes.

"'Our time,' continued he, 'will not permit me to go more at length into my present subject: indeed you give me but small encouragement to proceed, as I see in you little or no disposition to become one among our worthies. Believe me, however, on the credit of no mean experience, that neither learning nor talents will avail where address and management are wanting. Whatever is the subject of much competition, will necessarily accumulate round itself much deception and imposture; it is the nature of all human things; and while every one is practising his arts about him, he imposes upon himself egregiously who dreams of gaining his dues from mankind without some degree of imposition on his own part. All the world are so exalted on stilts, that a giant becomes a dwarf without them. A part of your youth, as well as my own, has been spent in the groves of the Academy; but your habits of seclusion were such, as to let you but little into the history of the different characters around you. Had your observation been greater, you would have seen that not even the Muses' seat was secure from these sort of profanations, and that the hallowed river, even at its source, is not entirely pure from stains and corruptions. You have there, as every where, a great deal of affectation without learning, and but little learning without affectation.

"'I used to see with sorrow, for I once had a patriotic love of literature, men of real erudition, by striving to appear more knowing than they were, and to draw more than their share of attention, outrage the dignity of their talents, by contracting a distortion of manner, which, while it has scandalised

plain men, has passed with their juvenile admirers for the genuine characteristic of genius, and the eccentric produce of uncommon ability. You have there the loose-stocking hero, who claims to be an extraordinary wit, by neglecting the ordinary duties and decencies of life, and who gains additional admiration by a beggarly indecorum of dress and deportment. There are some who find their account in the affectation of roughness and inurbanity of behaviour; some enhance their credit by stammering; some squint themselves into reputation; and some manage to raise a literary on the ruins of their moral fame. Many impose by silence, many by volubility of tongue; some by an habitual sneer, and others by an unremitting frown. So true is the remark of Rochefoucault, *Il y a certains défauts qui bien mis en œuvre brillent plus que la vertu même.*

" 'There are a body of authors, of whom I have not yet taken notice, because they are viewed by our fraternity with that kind of jealousy and indignation with which the poorer sort regard the inventors of those machines which are calculated to abridge employment — I mean the literary manufacturers. Late years have brought their engines to great perfection; insomuch that a good workman, if furnished with the raw materials from a rhyming dictionary, may compose two or three hundred lines a day. *Scit tendere versum—non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* It is curious to enter the apartment of one of these mechanical poets, and view it strewed with heaps of half-lines from Pope, Dryden, &c. which are joined together in a moment, like conjuration, with *cæsuras* between them to keep the peace, that never fail to fall, like smiths' hammers, exactly in the same place.'

" Here my kind instructor again consulted his

watch; and finding it time to depart, took an obliging leave of me, with a promise of assistance and advice upon all occasions. I turned myself homewards, with a bosom dismantled of all its towering hopes, and abandoned to disappointment and remorse, its usual assailants."

Nº 47. SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

Virginium cogito, Virginium video, Virginium jam vanis imaginibus, recentibus tamen, audio, alloquor, teneo. PLIN. Epist.

I contemplate Eugenio, I see Eugenio; in my vain but vivid imagination, I hear, I hold, I converse with Eugenio.

"My mind," continued Eugenio, "which before this conversation had already begun to despond, felt the full force of its disquietude return at these unwelcome instructions. I viewed the scene which my friend had presented to me, as a wide and desolated forest, in which all the straight and towering timber, the venerable pride of the place, had fallen, and none but a kind of literary pollards remained, sending from their penurious tops a paltry growth of little branches, short in their duration, feeble in their texture, and servile in their uses. The repugnance to my employment, which followed from this change in my sentiments, doubled its difficulty, and made it truly laborious; and in the same proportion the necessity of application and confinement was increased, till my health began to feel the effects of this perpetual conflict.

"As the progress of my indisposition was very gradual, I attended but little to its first approaches, till at length it attacked me with such violence, that I was one morning unable to rise from my bed, after a night of painful application. My fever, which was of a nervous kind, entrenched so much upon my understanding, that I became totally useless to my employer; and, for the three weeks following, my life was considered as in imminent danger. My employer, who saw his chance of compensation lessening in proportion to the length and danger of my disorder, grew proportionably less solicitous about my treatment; and I was turned over to an apothecary and an old woman, who, between them, were conducting me very fast to my dissolution. At the end of fourteen days my senses had almost abandoned me, and I become pretty much unconscious of what was passing around me. This dereliction of mind lasted but a short time; and my surprise was not little, when I regained my faculties, to find a very officious attendance at my bedside, and every convenience and solace which my situation required. I was now visited by a physician, whose methods of treatment succeeded beyond expectation; and in a few days I felt myself much advanced in my recovery.

"As soon as my thoughts began to return to the objects of this existence, after having been some time absorbed in the contemplation of another, my pride, my gratitude, and my curiosity, were all interested in discovering the humane quarter whence these silent benefits had flowed. I could collect nothing, however, towards the explanation of this mystery from any body that attended me, though I could observe that my kind host affected an air of consciousness, as if he wished the suspicion to fall upon him-

self. I was now, however, too well read in mankind to be the dupe of such a finesse; and as my blind sensibilities had no where else to fasten, I felt myself strongly disposed to see in my physician my only friend and benefactor. This persuasion operated so strongly upon my feelings, that I could not forbear seizing an opportunity of confessing my suspicions to him, and entreating him, if they were erroneous, to draw aside the veil that hid from me to whom those unappropriated feelings belonged, which so agitated my bosom.

"This gentleman, it so happened, had too honourable a mind to give a tacit encouragement to a belief which conferred upon him the credit of an action unowned by the delicacy of its real author. He assured me he had no claim to my acknowledgements, except as the agent of another, whose silent charities stole abroad like dews under the shade of night, and who had laid upon him such injunctions of secrecy, as he could not in honour disregard, however painful it was to be dumb on such an occasion. I was constrained, therefore, to suffer the mystery to remain, after my thoughts were fatigued by a thousand vain efforts to find some clue for its detection. I am truly ashamed to confess, that at that time pride had as large a share in the disappointment as gratitude; and I felt myself shocked at the consideration that I had owed my preservation to any hands but my own. But how mean and unmanly is that pride which is at variance with the noblest feelings that the bosom can entertain! that makes of the mind a desolate insulated solitude, where no harbour is open to the commerce of benevolence, or medium afforded to the precious produce of humanity.

"The anxieties and mortifications of life are

thorns whereon science rarely builds her nest. The very name of a book raised painful ideas in my mind; and my intellect not having yet recovered its original tone, I forbore to push it beyond its strength, for fear of occasioning a relapse. In the mean time, the care that was taken of me, and the assiduity with which I was attended, kept me still in an anxious perplexity in respect to the source of these humanities. One day, as I was leaning out of my window for the sake of the air, a lady walked out of the shop below, and, having proceeded a few steps, was stopped by an elderly gentleman, who engaged her in conversation exactly under me, and whom I soon perceived to be the physician by whom I had been attended. Though the circumstances of this meeting were sufficient to rouse all my curiosity, yet a feeling of common delicacy was forcing me to retreat, when I heard my name pronounced by a voice that seemed to sympathise with my sufferings, and which was surely the sweetest that ever came from the lips of woman. I could no longer resist; and, listening attentively, I distinguished the following sentence, pronounced by the same lips from which my name had issued—'Well, sir, as you tell me he is a young man of merit, I am doubly happy in having contributed to restore him to his friends and to society.' What followed was in so low a tone of voice, that I could hear nothing that was said. As she took leave, however, of the doctor, she accidentally cast a look at the window where I was. I thought her concern in my recovery made her regard me with an unusual attention; and her beauty was such as to rivet mine, in spite of my shame and my pride. The eloquence of her large blue eyes, and a complacent sympathy in her expression that almost bordered upon a smile, the graces of her

shape, and the dignity of her deportment, all, added to the conviction with which I was now impressed that to this sweet person I had owed my recovery, made me forget that I ought to have felt confusion at the act in which I was detected. My debt of gratitude seemed to have grown much larger since I had discovered to whom it was owing; and my eyes were fastened upon her as long as she remained in sight, while the tears streamed down my face, as if I was to lose her for ever. What were my feelings the remainder of that day it is needless to represent to you: they were such as kept the image of this excellent woman constantly present to my mind, and set my thoughts a-roving over a thousand visionary prospects. As I could not rest till I had given some vent to my sensibilities, I succeeded, after many failures, in finishing the following letter, which the man who attended the shop, and who knew her abode, conveyed to her the next morning.—

" ' Madam,

" ' It is in vain that, anxious to distribute your bounties unseen, you desire to imitate the great Dispenser of all things: such perfection of virtue is denied you in a place where such goodness is too rare to escape observation. I have seen you; and had I seen Virtue herself embodied, she could not have taken a form more becoming her excellence. This is not gallantry; for how should I hope to please a person who so studiously shrinks from applause, by common-place eulogy? But this, madam, is the tribute of a man that knows not how to flatter, and whose fortunes are too humble, were he so disposed, to give his flattery effect. In one respect, however, to remain unseen may be your greatest

charity: for, be assured, that such benevolence, so set off, can be contemplated by none with impunity. I regard myself, indeed, as safe, in an adoration which excludes passion, and an awe that checks presumption; safe in the habit of considering myself as too much the outcast of Fortune to cherish any views towards your delightful sex. Thus fortified by my insignificancy, I dare ask to be permitted to pour at your feet the effusions of the most grateful of hearts; to meet again those gentle looks; and kiss, were it not too high a favour, the hand that has raised me from the bed of sickness and sorrow.'

"Three or four days of anxious expectation succeeded, without any notice being taken of my letter. During this interval, my mind was a prey to the most tormenting doubts: in a word, I felt like a proud man that fears he has been officious. At length, however, I received a note from my benefactress, desiring me to be in the Park at a certain hour on the following day---a day which I could wish to forget for ever, as the date of that melancholy with which my mind has ever since been overcast, and, what is infinitely more lamentable, of the remediless decay of the greatest mind that ever inhabited a female form, and of the fairest form that ever doubled the charms of an accomplished mind. Alas, sir! how shall I describe to you my sensations—I may say sufferings—when I saw her coming towards me at the place appointed! My knees tottered under me, as if they carried an unusual weight, and I was ready to tumble at every step; till at length my feelings overcame my strength, and I fairly sunk down upon a bench in a most unmanly trepidation. She approached me as I sat, and seemed an angel

charged with some gracious message. At length I summoned my fortitude, and advanced, trembling, towards her. She stretched out her fair hand to me, with a frankness that enchanted me, and gave me at the same time that confidence of which I stood so much in need. It is impossible to detail the conversation which passed; it was such as raised my admiration at her understanding, as much as it had already been raised by her sweetness and generosity of mind. She left me, with an injunction to call upon her the next morning—an appointment I was punctual in observing. I found her in her study, with a book before her, in which she seemed to be making memorandums of her bounties, while the angel was registering them in heaven. As I approached her, she took off her large mellow eyes, yet glistening with the dews of charity, and fixed on me such an affectionate regard, that that moment repaid me for all the pains I had hitherto endured.

"'This, sir,' said she, bidding me sit down by her side, 'is the way in which I amuse myself during the absence of my husband. I have more money than I can spend upon myself, by reason of the little satisfaction I receive in the pleasures which money can purchase. You perceive, therefore, that I can appropriate to myself but little credit for these bounties, as the sacrifice they demand from me is so small. My compassion too you may perhaps consider as of a contracted sort; for I confess to you, that the calls of loud and clamorous misfortune do but little excite it—the shallowest streams murmur most in their course. I am in the habit of searching only for that peculiar wretchedness which courts concealment, and flows in a deep and silent channel through the vale of misery. The fruit of this employment has been a constant serenity and cheerful-

ness of mind, under circumstances which, in the opinion of the world, must necessarily disturb my tranquillity. My husband lives from me the greatest part of the year, and, the world says, is false to me: but I take no pains to inquire into his conduct, having enough to do to preserve my own from contamination.'

"How it was, I cannot tell, but I felt it no mortification to be informed that she was married: I had never raised my hopes to an union with her; and singular though it may seem, in the whole course of our friendship nothing of the vulgar passion ever mixed with my affection for this best of women. Unriddle me, sir, if you can, for you probably are more read in these subjects than myself, how is it that, in our connections with the sex, we sometimes feel too much admiration for love, and too much obligation for intimacy, at the same time that our zeal and devotion transcend even common love, prepare the mind for greater sacrifices, and carry it to a higher pitch of enthusiasm?

"Something like this, sir, was my attachment to this adorable person: but, alas! sir, in what terms sufficiently chaste and sanctified shall I confess to you, that such was not the temper of her own regards; our affections are always mellowed towards those whom we have greatly obliged; and the pity with which we view the children of misfortune, is very apt, ere we are conscious of the change, to soften into love. Indeed, sir, if you have escaped the misery of beholding it, believe me, it is the most painful of all human sights, to contemplate the decay of a great and ornamented mind—to behold it the innocent prey of a hopeless passion—to see it defoliated and withered, just as it had accomplished its growth. Such an affecting sight was I destined to behold in

my dear benefactress, with the additional sorrow inspired by the reflection, that, in saving me, she lost herself, and that my very existence is implicated in the destruction of the fairest and best of women.

"In such circumstances, sir, what are my hopes of happiness on this side of the grave? My very life is a reproach to me; and with my breath I draw in an accumulation of that debt which is poorly paid in sighs to her memory. By the decay of her mind, suppose not that I mean any vitiation of sentiment, or impoverishment of principle, much less any stain upon that virtue which passed immaculate with her to the grave, and was pure enough for an angel to own, after all that was mortal about her had perished. But such were the effects of her fatal passion, that I was doomed to see all her energies of soul—even her alacrity in the service of humanity, droop; her spirits languish; and the sceptre drop from that mind, where reason and compassion had reigned together. Alas! sir, do tell me, how I shall ever discharge such a debt as this, unless by dying a martyr, like her, which is surely an improbable event, to the merciless effects of a fruitless passion.

"I shall spare both myself and you, by avoiding a detail of this unhappy attachment, which, taking place in a mind too unsuspicious of its growth, and too innocent to regard itself with distrust, attained insensibly to such strength, that no force could withstand it, or even moderate its violence. It lay a long time concealed in the deep sanctuary of her bosom, till an event happened, which drew aside the veil, and displayed the secret ruin that passion had wrought. We were one day on the road at a late hour, when two highwaymen stopped the carriage; one of whom putting his pistol brutally to the cheek of my companion, I was unable to restrain my in-

dignation, and wresting it with violence from his hand, brought him to the ground with the butt end. At the same moment a bullet from the other grazed my temple, whom however I managed to treat as I had done his comrade, and in the end secured them both.

" On my return to the carriage, I found the dear lady so ill, that it was necessary to stop at the next inn we came to for rest and refreshment. Her gentle spirits had been so agitated during the encounter, that she was some time in recovering her faculties. In her delirium, she insisted that I was shot through the heart, and held her handkerchief to my breast to stop the blood which her disordered fancy represented as flowing in torrents. As her reason at this moment had deserted its post, her passion had nothing to oppose it. From time to time she flung her arms round my neck, and imprinted kisses on my cheek; then recovering herself, put her handkerchief again to my supposed wound, and cast her eyes up to heaven, streaming with tears. It is my firm persuasion, however, that not one thought which saints might blush to acknowledge, found its way into that spotless mind; and I may safely say, that these blandishments had no other effect upon me, than to distract my soul with the cruelest presages. In the state in which she was, it was necessary to rest at the inn; and, as her servant informed me, she did nothing but talk in her sleep of Eugenio all the night long, and call for fresh handkerchiefs to stop his bleeding wound. Alas! sir, I am almost tempted to wish that it had really been a bleeding wound, and that that night had been my last; but I was unhappily preserved to feel a deeper wound than any bullet could have inflicted. Happy had it been for me, had the chances

of battles in which I have since been engaged, released me from my melancholy existence!

"The next morning this best of women had recovered her usual serenity, and fortunately retained but a faint recollection of the transactions of the preceding evening. From this moment I marked the gradual waste of her spirits and understanding: but the expression of humanity had given her unperishing graces; and though in a few months nothing was left but the shadow of that beauty which was made to rob princes of their rest, yet enough of her native loveliness remained to manifest that it was a decay without degeneracy, and that her virtue, though inactive for a while, was waiting in dormant suspense the summons to a more suitable existence. Meanwhile the breath of scandal, which tainted her reputation, gave her not a minute's sorrow; and she repined for their own sakes, at the malignities of her sex. Confusion to that outrageous virtue, that can feast, like savages, on the very blood of the fallen! As to myself, it has ever been my opinion, that want of charity is the greatest heresy, and that the infirmities of the sex are above their severities."

N° 48. SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

--------- *Non ego te meis*
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impunè, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones.

Ah! never shall thy modest fame
In silence sink without a name:
While I can write, while I can feel,
The tomb shall not thy worth conceal;
Nor shall the livid hand of death
Steal, unreveng'd, thy gentle breath.

"As soon," continued Eugenio, "as my eyes were opened to the full extent of the danger into which we had incautiously plunged ourselves, I was determined to exert every power that was left me, to avert the malevolence of our stars. As I had just received from home a bad account of my mother's health, I embraced this occasion of making a visit to my parents. I shall not speedily forget the sensations with which my bosom was filled, upon my father's observing the many new lines which marked a new history in my countenance. In truth, he saw enough in my manner and deportment to convince him, that the *brilliant career,* in the prospect of which his imagination had indulged, had not yet been entered upon. In the mean time, sorrows were coming fast upon me from another quarter. The following letter was the last I ever received from that hand which raises misery no more from its bed of sickness, but

waits in the grave till it is called up to receive a recompence above, for its unrewarded charities on earth.

"'Let not my best of friends feel a moment's sadness on my account. All my suffering is over; there is now no struggle, no conflict in my bosom. My spirits are suddenly become wonderfully tranquil—and I know not how: I do not even lament my situation—and I know not why: it is not certainly because any new prospects within the barrier of the grave are opening themselves to my mind. One thing however, my dear youth, I feel it necessary to insist upon, for our mutual repose—and that is, that we meet no more in this mortal state. May your passage through life be as smooth as my departure out of it! and let your sorrow for me be solaced in the reflection, that I am snatched from no enjoyments for which I could wish to remain; and that as to thy society, which is a pleasure indeed, I am going to the only place where I can have that with innocence and irreproach. Fare thee well!'

"You must, no doubt, sir, feel it time to have your attention diverted from this dismal picture—but to what objects more cheerful can I direct it? In my short acquaintance with life, I have met with nothing that has raised in me much enjoyment. If I succeed in rendering myself, by the aid of a religious philosophy, independent of what used to raise pain in my bosom, I shall think that I have pretty well filled up the measure of my allotment here. Birth, nature, and education, as you perceive, all marked me out for a man of melancholy. Our minds are a kind of musical instruments, in which there is something in the quality of their sounds that originally adapts them

to grave or merry airs, and which, if you strain them from their native bias, will often turn grief into burlesque, and falsify merriment with involuntary touches of sorrow.

"I had been about a fortnight at home, when a young gentleman took a lodging at a quarter of a mile distance from our cottage, in order to pursue the diversion of shooting, an exercise in which he took great delight, and for which the country about us has been much celebrated. It happened, that in two or three days after his arrival, in his search after game, accident brought him within our little territory. Our family was assembled together in an arbour at the end of the orchard, where my sister was reading to us, when this young gentleman came close up to the place where we were sitting. As soon as he perceived us, he seemed a little surprised; but, recovering himself, approached my father with an air of polite concern, and expressed himself sorry for the interruption his frequent firing must have occasioned us. He then put the game which he had killed into his servant's hands, and begged to be permitted to send them to our house.

"My father, with whom it was a point of honour never to be out-done in good-natured offices, insisted so much on his walking home with us, and partaking of some refreshment, that he could not help accepting his invitation. I thought, as he walked beside my mother, I never saw a manlier figure than that of the young stranger. His limbs were large, but not ponderous, and adjusted to the nicest proportions. A complacency and sweetness of countenance mingled itself with a boldness of expression, that bespoke him at once brave and compassionate. His forehead and all his features were large, without being coarse: his nose aquiline; his eyes hazel, and full of fire;

his mouth wide, but set well in its place, and full of intelligence when he smiled. His manners were perfectly open and assured; his confidence seemed to spring from good intention, and his vivacity from good-nature; while his sense prevented this good intention from being mistaken, and his sensibility his good-nature from becoming tame and uninteresting.

"This accidental introduction naturally led to a further intimacy; and in the course of a month, my father began to be extremely fond of the youth, whose name was Laurens. I wish indeed that my father had been the only one of the family on whom this young man's attractions had made any impression: the truth is, they had bewitched the whole house. My mother was enthusiastic in his praise; but the effects of those attractions on the tender bosom of my sister have been fatal to her health and her peace. In truth, my poor Sophy is a girl whom few can behold without interest:—to that interest her subsequent sorrows have added what they have taken from the splendor of her charms. There never was a bodily machine so nicely formed to express the movements of a delicate mind, as that which Sophia possesses. An exquisite slenderness of shape, a fairy lightness of carriage, a subtle elegance, that steals into every act and gesture, and yet eludes detection; a pervasive beauty, without name, description, or place, but in the heart of the beholder; conspire to give her the air of the heroine of a romance, or of one of those

> 'Fairie damsels met in forests wide
> By knights of Logres or of Lyones,
> Lancelot, or Peleas, or Pellenore.'

"My father's loftiness of sentiment, and the kind

of reading that usually took place amongst us, had not failed to give a certain colouring to my sister's character. With a sensibility beyond example, she could not hear the perpetual eulogy of brave actions, and the constant expression of gallant feelings, without becoming a little of the enthusiast in her fancies, and falling into some aberrations of sentiment. How often, when both of us were children, has she sat whole hours to hear me, with extravagant delight, describe the different sieges in which my father has been concerned; building up my fortifications of mahogany, and converting whatever I could wield into bombs and mortars! Yet, mixed up with this ardour of mind, there was a severe sense of shame, which restrained it within its due limits, and in the end, indeed, turned it inwardly upon itself, when the anxiety of her situation made it operate too strongly to be moderated or subdued.

"A person so elegantly constituted, with an eye of anarchy, that refused the controul of her modesty; a soul on fire, that maintained an endless struggle with her prudence; a body trembling to every movement of the mind; could not fail of touching the heart of a young man whose countenance bespoke him no stranger to the softer passions, any more than they could save a young woman from the attractions of a youth decorated with the choicest gifts of nature, and glittering with all the polish of cultivation. There never surely was a truer model of a lover and a gentleman, than that which was displayed by this young stranger. His attentions were so delicate, his assiduity so tender, and his whole deportment so manly, open, and engaging, that Sophy could not conceal her approbation, and a very little time was sufficient to ripen this sentiment into love; and love indeed it was, of the truest and tenderest kind that ever man

inspired, and of which princes might envy the object.

"I speak, sir, in these terms of eulogy of my poor sister, because she is unfortunate; for there is in misfortune something that challenges all the praise which is its due, and that praise which at other times it might be indelicate to bestow. Their intercourse was now arrived at such a state of maturity, that it was thought time to declare themselves to my father and mother—a service which Mr. Laurens performed with every appearance of honour and sincerity. Yet it was a circumstance not a little surprising, that when we requested to be informed on the subject of his family connections, he begged to be excused from complying with this demand, reasonable as it was, as he had powerful motives for concealing them at present, which he was sure our kind opinion of him would not suffer us to imagine to be such as he was ashamed to avow. My sister was so satisfied of his honour, and our prejudices were so strong in his favour, that we could not suspect him of disingenuous reasons for keeping from us this essential part of his history. My mother, indeed, watched him from this time with greater caution; but the more he was observed, the more amiable he appeared; and nothing could equal the happiness he seemed to enjoy in Sophia's company, but the respect and delicacy of his carriage towards her. Things were in this state at our little cottage in the country, when the post brought me the following letter from London.

"'Sir,

"'No man rivals me in the affections of my wife with impunity; and he who has so done, and refuses to give me satisfaction with his sword, is a coward as well as a villain. How far you have

gone with Mrs. —— I do not trouble myself with inquiring: it is enough for me that you have, somehow or other, robbed her of her peace and her health. That love is a poison, I never was so convinced as now; for no serpent's juice sould more effectually have destroyed the lady whom you have chosen for the object of your mischievous passion. If you have any of the feelings of a gentleman, you will not refuse to meet me at —— Coffee-house, on Monday, at twelve o'clock, to fix the time, place, and manner, in which we shall settle our difference.'

"As every thing in this life has its consolation, so is despair itself not without it, in its privilege of exemption from fear. I felt at that moment so little interested by any thing that this existence could promise me, that I would have gladly quitted it to follow my benefactress. But another consideration startled me: my despair was bounded to the objects of this world, and I had still ever before my eyes the most awful fears for eternity. My late sickness, and subsequent sorrows, had deepened every religious impression which education had made on my mind; and my conscience was not now to be satisfied with the sophistry of the passions, and with arguments drawn from the unauthorised principles of a fictitious honour. But the misfortune is, that where conscience is unsatisfied, she cannot always enforce her claims; and so unripe at this period was my philosophy, that all she could obtain of me was a secret resolution not to spill the blood of my adversary. A long course of years, spent in the admiration of military achievements, and in the nourishment of those captivating prejudices which the language of honour inspires, could not at once submit to a new yoke, although that yoke be easy, and that burden light.

"I was at the coffee-house which had been named, at the hour appointed. The husband of my benefactress was there. He was a person of a gentlemanly figure, and mettlesome carriage, though there was something of the plebeian cast in the turn of his features. His eye was full of fire; but it did not burn clear, as from the furnace of a fine understanding; and his manner was precipitate, without the vivacity which results from a quickness of feeling and comprehension. In short, he was not the man whom nature had intended for her whose bed he had filled, whose bed he had dishonoured, and for whom he was going to fight with her friend that had done him no wrong. I found him much too obtuse for any arguments to enter his brain, or interest his sensibility, which humanity or religion could supply, against the crime we were going to commit: he answered them from the common-places of honour and character, and persisted in his first resolutions. It was decided that we should meet on the morrow evening, in a field at the back of this gentleman's house, which was situated at one of the extremities of the town. The whole of the preceding night I spent in a most unphilosophical temper of mind: my spirits fluctuated amidst a thousand hopes and fears respecting that eternity I was probably going to experience. I cared not a great deal for what the sword could do to my body, but I shuddered at the damage it might do to my soul; and I trembled at the criminality of affording to a fellow-creature an opportunity of committing murder.

"It was by moon-light, in one of those evenings of autumn when the chilling damps of the air, and the caducity of nature, deepen the gloom of a melancholy mind, and strengthen melancholy resolutions, that we met at the place appointed. I was alone,

but my adversary had his surgeon and his second. As I stood on the spot on which we were to engage, I cast my eyes sorrowfully towards the house, and beheld the window of the little study in which I first visited the unhappy subject of our quarrel. At that instant the shutters opened, the gleaming light of a taper appeared in the room; and in a moment after, the form of a female glided rapidly across the opening. I had no time to give way to the horrors which rushed into my mind at this mournful sight; my adversary's sword was drawn, and any more delay would have looked like fear. I drew mine also; determined, however, to act only on the defensive, and, if possible, to disarm my enemy. This I was able to effect without much difficulty, as fencing had been one of the favourite exercises of my youth.

"Near the spot where we fought, there was a grove of trees, among which the wind was making a mournful noise, while the leaves were whirling in eddies about us. My adversary's weapon lay on the ground, and I knew that, under our present circumstances, my superior skill might not avail me if he recovered it. I felt, however, so overpowered by my situation, that I stood still while he stooped to take up his sword. At that moment I thought I heard a thick panting among the trees:—my mind misgave me, and my hand lost its vigour. In the mean time my adversary pressed on, and passed his weapon through my sword-arm. Immediately a violent shriek issued from the spot where the panting was heard; and suddenly the form of her on whose account my blood was flowing stood before us. The dear unhappy lady staggered into my arms, and could only pronounce my unfortunate name. She was instantly conveyed home, and, as I afterwards learned, breathed her last in a few days after this

wretched interview. The physician, by whom I had been attended, had been sent for; and the surgeon, observing my wound to bleed fast, conveyed me to my lodgings. Nothing can be more vain than to attempt a description of such feelings as were mine, long after this melancholy event. The wound in my arm was presently cured: but what can ever cure the wounds of my heart, but the physician that cures all—the grave? This, sir, is the great misfortune of my life: what I have suffered since, I count for nothing in comparison. It is this which has bent down my pride and my ambition, and laid to sleep all the fervours of my mind. It is this which has made me the man of melancholy which you see before you; which has, as it were, stripped my soul of its regalia, and taken from me the command of my powers and capacities.

"Notwithstanding, however, the debility of my mind, in the midst of these misfortunes I was called forth into a scene very different from those in which I had hitherto acted, and which demanded such exertions as I had been well able to bring to it about two years before this event. My friend the physician, who had always acted towards me with a kindness and generosity that could only have been inspired by that best of women, of whose charities he had been the agent, brought me the news, one morning, of his having procured me a commission in one of the regiments that were then going to serve in Germany. I have before observed to you, that the impressions of my childhood have never been eradicated. I felt a faint revival of the old enthusiasm, not enough to have carried me out of my country, had my country been any longer agreeable to me; but enough to influence a man so far gone in despair, as hardly to have a choice between life

and death, and yet so far under the dominion of ancient habits, as to feel a kind of mechanical love to the soldier's profession. Before I set out on this new career, I had just time to take leave of my parents in the country, whom I found still enamoured of the young stranger whose acquaintance they had just made when I was last at home."

N° 49. SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

Tuque, ô sanctissime Conjux,
Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem. VIRGIL.

And thou, dear partner of his toil, repose,
Blest in thy death, nor sav'd for weightier woes.

"I MAY safely assert, that no soldier ever began his fortunes armed with greater intrepidity than myself, though I confess that this intrepidity was borrowed rather from the desperation than the ardour of my mind. The remains, however, of former impressions were still alive enough within me, to mount into some degree of enthusiasm, when surrounded by objects of enterprise and courage, and all the spirit-stirring apparatus of a moving army. There is something too, in a common participation of danger, which by closer drawing the knot of amity, and awakening the social and benevolent affections, gives to the spirits a sort of spring and hilarity which the happiest occasions cannot always inspire.

"I shall not fatigue you with a history of the campaigns in which I served, much less with a general account of this destructive war, in which so much of English blood was shed, and so much of

English valour displayed. The history of wars is but a dull theme, involving a number of wearisome repetitions, and furnishing but one mournful inference of a general kind. It teaches us only to conclude, that man can cheerfully go on to massacre and to plunder, without regard to the authority of reason or religion, in the pursuit of a vain and criminal glory, derived from the multiplied destruction of his fellow-creatures. Yet, while we are compelled to acknowledge that war is in itself a proof of the corruption of our general nature, we may still consider it as a theatre in which the most generous qualities of our minds are exercised, and in which virtue meets with more splendid and trying opportunities of exertion, than in the comparatively calm and equable course of common life. This remark, indeed, holds most in regard to the tumultuous warfare of ancient times, in which, though carried on with greater national ferocity and personal rancour than in our days, yet, from the looser principles on which the art was grounded, fortitude was encompassed with more difficulties and perils, honour was provoked by loftier occasions, and compassion was excited by more eminent sorrows and distresses. Thus the history of ancient wars creates an interest greatly above what we feel in modern details of the same nature.

"The business of war is now reduced to a perfect science, and men go gravely and coolly to the bloody employment, contend without emulation, and slaughter without resentment. This mode of destroying our fellow-creatures, the delicacy and refinement of the moderns has discovered to be more humane: but perhaps it would be difficult to prove, on any rational grounds, that to destroy from motives of interest, is less culpable than to do it with the plea

of vengeance. But, however it may be considered in the light of humanity, in a view to history the ancient practice had considerably the advantage. The indecisiveness of battles, the formalities of encounter, the multitude of fortified places that retard the course of victory, and the intricacy and multiplicity of views and negociations, render the detail so dull and heavy, that, contradictory as it may appear, the most active parts of modern history are generally the least interesting and eventful. By the rapidity of ancient battles, we are so hurried along, as to lose the idea of their inhumanity and fatal effects: by the coldness and deliberation of modern warfare, we gain time to reflect on its deformity. By the sudden and mighty consequences of ancient victories, the attention is solemnly fixed on the progress and issue of every contest; but the balance of modern successes generally leaves the state of things little altered, after long and destructive campaigns, and an unwearied perplexity of plot and negociation.

"But I must beg your excuse for so unnecessary a digression, for which, however, perhaps, you are to blame your own condescension, which, by inspiring me with an unusual confidence, has opened at once all the channels of my bosom. I have generally observed, that pensive and thinking minds, which have treasured up, through a long silence, an accumulation of sentiments and inferences, no sooner are unlocked to the gentle calls of friendship, than all their contents are lavishly poured forth, and the whole reservoir is emptied as from so many sluices and flood-gates.

"I need not tell you, that the campaign of 1757 was not very glorious to the British arms. The first considerable action in which I partook, was very inauspicious. I carried a pair of colours under the

duke of Cumberland, when he lost the battle of Hastenbeck, against the marshal d'Etrées. Little anxious about my life, and disdaining to fly, I kept my ground in the midst of a close body of Hanoverians, who made a desperate stand in the defence of my colours. The blood I lost from a wound I received in my thigh, made me tumble upon the bodies of those brave men who had fallen by my side; and even in this condition, when death seemed inevitable, my mind ran back to that ominous incident of my playful years, when, holding fast my mock banner to my little bosom, I fell breathless at the back of my father's garden. A wound which I now received on the back of my head, with the stroke of a sabre, rendered me perfectly insensible to all the horrors which passed around me; and, when I recovered my faculties, I perceived that night was fast coming on; that the engagement was over; and that I had been left for dead on the field, amidst a heap of bodies, which formed a kind of rampart around me. My hat had so far defended me, that the blow on my head had only occasioned a large contusion, and a considerable hæmorrhage, which, added to the loss of blood from my other wound, made it difficult for me to raise myself.

"By exerting the very utmost of my little strength, I crept along to the distance of about a mile from the place where I had lain, when I heard amidst the gloomy silence of the night the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me. I had forgotten the plume in my hat, which was conspicuous enough to discover me at a considerable distance; and the horseman, directed, I suppose, by this mark, came up with me, in a few seconds, on the gallop. He had a drawn sabre in his hand, from which I patiently expected my death, as I leaned against the trunk of

a miserable pollard, in the midst of the heath. He accosted me in the German; but upon my answering in English, he told me, in my own language, that he was a Hanoverian captain, who had been compelled to fly with his troop, after receiving a wound from a musket-shot in the shoulder. He then invited me to accompany him to a light, which he distinguished at about a mile distance. I assured him, however, that I was unable to proceed any further, and, wishing he might repose that night in a safe asylum, desired to be left where I was to finish my existence. This humane person, however, persuaded me, after many entreaties, to suffer myself to be raised on his horse, which carried us to the house where the light had been perceived.

"As soon as I was taken off the horse, I became insensible, through weakness, and was carried fainting to bed. It was morning before I came to the possession of my faculties, when I saw my companion and preserver sitting by my bed-side, and expressing in his looks the tenderest concern for my situation. My wounds had been dressed, and I was every way so much recovered as to be able to converse with him, which as soon as he perceived, he took me by the hand, and addressed me thus:—'Let it support you, my dear sir, to be assured that you are here under the kindest and most hospitable roof that the sun shines upon; and the people to whom we are indebted for such a seasonable relief, are some of the best, if not the wealthiest, on earth. But if you, sir, have reason to rejoice, how supremely happy ought I to consider myself, not because my life has been preserved, for that is of no high price, but because in this place I have recovered that for which I most should wish to live—the best and most affectionate of wives! My poor Matilda would follow me yesterday to the camp, in spite of all my

persuasions: I would fain have lodged her in the garrison at Hamelen; but a something which she had dreamed a week before, had made such a gloomy impression on her spirits, that she would not part from me till we took the field against the enemy. Having heard that I was among the slain, she betook herself last night to this little cottage, which is always open to misfortune, determined to search the field over as soon as it was light, for the body of her husband, to wash its wounds with her tears, and perhaps to lay down her life by its side. You may imagine, sir, what a delicious interview we have had, and how we have wept for joy in each other's arms.' As he spoke thus, the door opened, and the lady in question entered the apartment with something which she said was for my breakfast. What blood there was in my body at this moment rushed into my cheeks. 'Ah! sir,' said she, observing my embarrassment, 'be not confused at seeing me thus employed; I am never happier than when I am administering to a sick soldier: it has been my occupation for years. I have been my poor husband's surgeon and nurse through seven campaigns; and God knows with what heart-felt joy I have many times torn my clothes, to bind up the wounds of a brave gentleman in the field of battle.'

"As she spoke thus, I raised my head, to contemplate this uncommon person. Her form I could not judge of; for she had on a kind of military great-coat, buckled round her waist with a soldier's belt; but her face wore every mark of an extraordinary character: alas! it still lives, and breathes, and speaks in my imagination, together with another countenance, resembling it only in sympathy of sadness and sorrow. Surely there is no room in my mind for another portrait such as these; and my stars have not in reserve for me, any more conflicts like those I have

already sustained." Poor Eugenio! As he spoke this, his head dropped upon his breast, his heart's blood filled the veins of his temples; a tear glistened on his cheek; and his bosom struggled with a sigh, which at length broke from its prison, and gave him apparent relief. After a pause of some moments, he continued thus:

"Every feature in the face I was now contemplating, was bold, and would have been masculine, were it not for a certain dimpled expression about the mouth, which sent forth innumerable graces over the whole countenance. She was a native of a Danish island in the West Indies;—indeed, nothing could be less German than the cast of her features: her hair was nearly black, but hung upon one of the whitest necks in the world, in glossy ringlets; and her long sweeping lashes shaded a pair of large lustrous eyes, the whites of which, though sparkling like crystal, were streaked with two or three blood-shot veins, in which there was such a dance of the spirits, as brought her whole soul into her countenance: her nose was very large and aquiline; her complexion a clear brown; the form of her face oval; and her forehead divided into compartments, by a large blue vein, which seemed to swell with the workings of the brain, and which gave such an intenseness to her looks, as doubled the force of her meaning, and claimed homage from every beholder. Her husband was a young man every way worthy of her, and the truest soldier I ever beheld. His looks were full of spirit, tempered with an extraordinary gravity; his deportment solemn and taciturn; his make uncommonly robust; his face not handsome, but dignified and benevolent: he had little hair on his head, but a profusion of it in his whiskers, under which, however, his mouth was well shaped and expressive, and his teeth delicately white.

When on horseback and equipped for the field, he was the most martial figure in the whole army. His element was the camp; and he always seemed most possessed and collected, in the moment of greatest peril. A thousand times have I seen him weep at the commonest tales of distress, and at such scenes as the chances of battle were continually presenting before his eyes; and then, in a minute after, rush like a lion into the thick of the fight, whence he would sometimes return with the enemy's colours in his hands.

"We remained about a month under this kind roof, and in the mean time I was perfectly cured of my wounds. One day, as we walked round the territory of our poor host, my companion and preserver thus addressed me.—'I am happy beyond measure, Eugenio, that our care has been so completely rewarded by the restoration of your health. You have doubtless seen enough of the military life, to be heartily weary of such a course of danger and hardship. You have too, most certainly, dear friends, who wish for your return; and you have abilities to shine in a more peaceful profession. I am a soldier, and nothing else: my home is the camp; and my wife, who is my only friend, attends me wherever I go. It is my determination to follow the army of the magnanimous king of Prussia, whose virtue I venerate, and who will reward my exertions in his service. My wife and myself always carry our fortune about with us. We have enough to enable you to travel homewards with comfort, and to reward this poor cottager for his kind reception of us besides.' This was the first sensation resembling joy, which I had felt for a length of time. My colour however rose in my face, to think that so noble a friend should imagine me capable of deserting him. I strained him to my bosom with sincere delight, and

assured him that nothing should induce me to leave him, while I thought my company would give him pleasure, or render him service. It was determined, therefore, between us, to set out in a fortnight for the Prussian army. In the mean time Matilda's health declined, and a cold which she had caught in the offices of humanity had fixed itself upon her lungs. It was with the greatest difficulty we persuaded her to remain where she was, till the conclusion of the next campaign. My friend left the greatest part of the little money he possessed, between Matilda, and the poor cottager and his wife; and, on the 15th of October, we bent our course, disguised in the habits of peasants, towards the place where the Prussian troops, under the command of their illustrious monarch, lay encamped.

"The valour of my friend was sufficiently known to procure him a welcome reception; and we were both in time to participate in the victory of Rosbach, which happened on the 5th of November following. It is unnecessary to relate the particulars of this battle: it is enough to say, that my companion and myself, the one pushed on by his mettle and courage, the other urged by desperation, drew the attention of the sovereign and his whole army upon us, in the conduct of that memorable day. We followed the fortunes of this gallant prince, through a course of splendid victories, till, at the siege of Olmutz, a fatal stop was put to our career, and a fresh subject of sorrow was added to those mournful recollections with which my mind was oppressed.

"We were taking too close a view of the enemy's works, when my friend received a mortal wound, and fell by my side. What my feelings were at such a crisis I shall leave you to imagine. He had applied his handkerchief to the wound; and as I

knelt down to receive his last breath, he laid upon me, with a voice scarcely audible, this melancholy command:—'Take from my bosom my handkerchief steeped in my blood; carry it to my wife—it is the token agreed upon between us; and when she sees that, she will know I am dead, and what is more, that I died an honourable death.—It will moreover save you, my dear friend, a painful recital. You will find my pocket-book about me; carry it likewise to her—and take care of that excellent woman.' With that he clasped my hand, and died without agony or distortion.

"I will hurry over the succeeding events as briefly as possible; it will be to spare both you and myself. The body of my friend was bathed with unsuborned tears. Not a brother officer that approached it, but bestowed upon it this testimony of his sorrow; and the monarch himself was melted at the fatal intelligence. I stayed only to see him put into his grave with as such military pomp as became a brave soldier, and such honourable grief as belongs to a virtuous man; and having obtained the permission of my general, set out on my melancholy errand with the fatal gift in my bosom. It may be as well to mention, that, before I quitted the army of his Prussian majesty, I was complimented with the Order of Merit, and a present of 300 ducats. No event that is worth relating happened to me during my journey.

"I passed over the scene of my first campaign near Hastenbeck, till I came to the miserable pollard on the heath where I first met my poor companion and preserver. Here a crowd of wretched ideas rushed into my mind. The wind seemed to sigh as it passed me, the night was dreary and starless, and every thing was just in the same order as when I leaned

against this self-same tree, fainting with my wounds, and disposing myself for death. Again I seemed to hear the sounds of horses' hoofs; again to see the lifted sabre: again I thought I heard, in the hollow breezes as they passed me, the comforting voice of my departed friend; till at length my fancy was so worked upon by my feelings, that I thought several times I saw his spirit move before me. I raised my eyes, and beheld the same light gleaming from the cottage where the poor Matilda was left. My legs scarce supported me till I reached the door.

"How shall I describe the scene which succeeded! The fewest words will do it best. Matilda lay on her poor mattress, the prey of that disorder which had seized her the week before our departure. She could hardly raise her languid head; but when she did, it was to recognise me, with a look so piercingly tender, that I thought I must have died ere I could expose the fatal token. As I fell upon my knees, to bathe her hand with my tears, the bloody handkerchief dropped out of my bosom upon the bed. When I saw what was done, my eyes fastened tremblingly upon hers, where however I could perceive but little emotion. It was too late—her pulse was fluttering—her hand was convulsed—Surely death was never so kind as now. She drew, however, the handkerchief to her, and could just articulate—*Bury it with me!*—Poor Matilda! It was indeed buried with thee, but not till it was as wet with my tears as it had been with thy husband's blood. Alas! how often has it been my fate to follow the virtuous to the grave!—But Heaven's will be done!—it will be reward enough, if one virtuous man shall weep over Eugénio's tomb."

Nº 50. SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

Ad majora quædam et magnificentiora, mihi crede, Torquate, nati sumus. CICERO.

We were born, believe me, for greater and nobler things than these, Torquatus.

"It was on Matilda's tomb, while my tears were flowing to the memory of this excellent pair, that I perceived the first dawn of those new resolutions which, since that day, have been continually letting fresh sunshine into my thoughts, and opening my mind to nobler and wider prospects. About a stone's throw from the little cottage, where two stunted yew-trees, which seemed to have borne the pelting of many a storm, formed a rude kind of arch in the middle of the heath, we buried the remains of poor Matilda. The old cottager, his wife, and myself, were her only attendants to this humble grave: yet if the honour done to the dead is to be estimated by the tears of those that mourn their departure, never were funerals more pompously executed than those of this virtuous couple. On the night of that melancholy day in which this last office of kindness was performed, as I lay unable to compose myself, on the wretched mattress on which Matilda had died, in one of those slumbering deliriums when the fancy is most at work, I thought I heard myself invited to the grave of my gentle friend.

"Those sensible minds who can imagine themselves in my situation, will not wonder that, subdued and softened as I was at that moment to any

impressions, I imagined this to be a real summons, and instantly resolved upon my little pilgrimage. The stars shone very bright; and every terrestrial object being veiled in darkness, the heavens seemed to stand forth as the great subject of contemplation to man. I have always loved these midnight rambles:—in a mind properly constituted, they never fail to engender wholesome resolutions, which, though they generally vanish with the darkness, yet I am persuaded they often leave a kind of glow in the mind, like the flushing that sometimes remains on the cheek after a happy dream, and gives a graceful colouring to the features which lasts through the day. But here the comparison ends: the dye upon the cheek survives but a little time the cause which occasioned it; but the mind is so influenced by habit, that it gathers strength with every struggle, and retains for ever the vestiges of virtuous exertions.

"I do love indeed to feel my spirit mounting above the low-thoughted anxieties and petty troubles of this existence, till it reaches 'the fiery-wheeled throne of the cherub Contemplation.' I knew nothing, I confess, of the resources and satisfactions provided for us in this self-converse, this silent soliloquy, till the many meeting circumstances of that night conspired to produce in me a new train of reasoning and reflections. Much of what I held most dear on earth had just been withdrawn from me; the earth itself was obscured; my thoughts, therefore, were involuntarily thrown upon the subject of another existence, and turned upwards to those views of futurity which make every thing in this world look trifling and diminutive, except in the relation they bear to those views. How can we regard that dread magnificence above us, that world upon world,

that system upon system, without feeling every petty ambition perish within us, as village honours lose their relish when the splendid preferments of the city are opened to us, or as lesser cares retire, when ermines, sceptres, and diadems, are placed within our reach!

"These thoughts occupied me till I reached the grave of Matilda. Here, after some moments of involuntary sadness, a lucid calmness took possession of my spirits, to which I had hitherto been a perfect stranger. In this favourable position, my judgement and all the powers of my intellect seemed to gather unusual strength; and I felt on a sudden such a sovereignty of mind as I would not have exchanged for any throne in Christendom. I threw my thoughts back upon my past history, in which every thing now appeared absurd and unaccountable. I saw clearly how much I had mistaken my better interests, and how much I had misemployed the force of my understanding. I saw too, that the only means of preserving the balance of the mind when nature has bestowed upon us too large a share of feeling for the occasions of this existence, is to dedicate a just portion of it to the higher objects and interests of an awful futurity.

"A distempered sensibility, and an irritable frame of mind, are the sure consequences of a high state of feelings, with a low state of religion. If they have no other passage but what this life supplies, they will necessarily act unkindly, and produce continual conflict and disorder: operating, as it were, according to a law of physics, by which the impetus is increased in proportion to the narrowness of the vent. I reflected on the short journey through this state which that excellent young person had made, on whose turf I was reclining; I recollected her sub-

lime countenance, and those rays of an immortal mind that were shot from her eyes; I recollected that luminous intelligence that was spread over her face; and, above all, that indescribable spiritual something that played about the dimples of her mouth. I then cast my eyes downwards upon the barren spot which covered her remains; and asked myself if so much excellence was made only to come to this at last? or if all that feeling and all that intellectual beauty, with which these mortal remains were once animated and illumined, were made only for the occasions of her poor perishable body, and the objects of an existence that was thus to terminate its course? The many delightful conclusions which branched out from this thought, held me in a delicious state of mind till every star retired that studded the canopy above me. In the mean time, every proud thought retired together with them; and I felt it an unpardonable shame for a mind endued with immortality, and destined to another range of objects dispersed through an infinity of space, and which, in the circumscribed and feeble views of them afforded us at present, fill our souls with rapture and delight—for a mind that has such promises held up to it, to found its pride on the circumstances of a paltry existence like that we at present enjoy, or to consider them as entitled to engross all its sensibilities, and to exercise the full measure of its powers and capacities.

"From this moment I date the entrance of a philosophy into my mind, which has brought with it a thousand satisfactions and delights: of a philosophy, not of that dry and factitious sort which consists of the cold propositions of ethics, and involves itself in a labyrinth of logical subtleties; but of that authentic, plain, and practical kind, that regulates the feelings, while it interests the heart; that corrects our

wanderings, while it stimulates our inquiries; that teaches us how to live, and how to die, by teaching us who we are, and for what we are designed. The book of nature, and the book of revelation, are the only sources from which this my humble philosophy is derived: when I simply regard the works of my Creator, I am confounded with their immensity; when, on a more particular view of them, I discern the magnificence of design, and the parsimony of means which they every where discover, I am astonished at their wisdom; when I attempt to count the benefits which flow from them, I am overcome with their goodness: when from this glorious contemplation I turn my observations upon myself, I awfully acquiesce in my own unworthiness; but again, under this sense of unworthiness, I am supported when I reflect on the great sacrifice which has been made for me, low as I am, and on that dignity conferred upon my nature by the reconciliation wrought through the merits of my Redeemer.

"With this new treasure opened in my mind, I determined to return to my country and my friends, and to seek that situation in which I might be able to turn it to the best account. The military life was every hour sinking lower in my esteem; and indeed every life but that in which my conscience might have repose, my thoughts freedom, and my actions some determinate objects of utility. Nothing worth relating happened to me till I reached my native country, where I hoped that, as my spirit of adventure was gone, my career of fortune would be closed: but some trials were yet in reserve to put my philosophy to the test. I found what remained of my family in the deepest affliction. About two months before my arrival, my father had been arrested for a debt for which he stood liable on a brother officer's account, who was now abroad. Almost as soon, how-

ever, as they received the intelligence of this distressful circumstance, another letter brought them information, that the money was paid by some unknown hand, and the matter still remains a perfect mystery to us all.

"My father did not recover his peace of mind together with the liberty of his person. His spirit was wounded by the degradation which he conceived himself to have undergone; and being conscious that his situation was such as to subject him to more vexations of the same nature, he took the sudden resolution of leaving the country, and of trying once more his fortune in the field, under the victorious banners of prince Ferdinand. This project, so desperate for a man of his years, but so natural to a man of his complexion, and which was too speedily executed to allow us any time for interference, did not surprise us so much as the conduct of Mr. Laurens, which gave us hardly less vexation and sorrow. He happened to be at our house at the time of this unfortunate event, where he scarcely waited to hear the particulars related; but taking an abrupt leave, set off for London, and was not heard of till about a week ago, when a letter from my father informed us that they were both together in the army of the prince. Such an account could not but fill us with extreme surprise; but nothing perplexed us so much as the affectionate zeal of this same young gentleman, who seemed to have followed my father out of pure regard, and to whose unexampled friendship, as the letter expressed, he was indebted for every comfort he enjoyed. When we compared this extraordinary generosity with the seeming insensibility of other parts of his conduct, we were at a loss what to think of so contradictory a behaviour.

"In the mean time, Sophia's distress, which had

begun to occasion us the greatest alarm for her health, fixed me in my resolution of making a fresh journey abroad, to unravel, if possible, these mysteries, and to persuade my father to return to his disconsolate home. This, sir, is the errand on which I am embarking, and heaven knows with what heavy presages on my heart. If, however, it shall please God to crown my embassy with success, I think the frame of mind in which I am every day growing more confirmed, will at least enable me to live without repining; to meet events with patience, if not with complacency; and to make a more sober and solid use of my talents, than I have hitherto done."

Eugenio ended; and we were all much comforted by his last assurance, which left us reason to hope that as his feelings grew more sedate, and less exacting, his mind would daily become more accommodated to the ordinary course and complexion of life. He remained three days under this hospitable roof, and we had the satisfaction of thinking that our conversation had somewhat conduced to improve the favourable turn that was manifestly taking place in his thoughts and sentiments. We did not at length part without a thousand promises, on each side, to cement this triple alliance so auspiciously begun, and a particular assurance from Eugenio, that he would ever consider as the most essential article of the treaty, the duty of exerting all the strength of his reason, to complete the victory he was so near obtaining over the violence of his feelings. Soon after his departure, we could observe that Amelia grew more pensive than was natural to her, and more fond of the little bower at the end of the walk, where Eugenio had told his tale: she was frugal, however, of her remarks on his history, and seemed somewhat afraid of trusting her-

self with his name, lest it should escape in a sigh, or force from her an involuntary comment in the blush upon her cheek.

Mr. Barville, in the mean time, felt some consolation for the loss of his son, in the discovery of a young man so fashioned to his own opinions, and so worthy of his friendship; and from some intimations, I could perceive that he was often on the point of regretting that this excellent young lady, his daughter, was engaged to become the wife of a person at that time in the east, upon his return to England.

As the cottage where the family of Eugenio resided was not a great way from Mr. Barville's house, this gentleman took frequent occasions of paying them consolatory visits in his absence; and was greatly instrumental in keeping up the spirits of Sophia, and inclining her to put the most favourable constructions on the conduct of her lover. In the mean time, it pleased Providence not to disappoint these gentle hopes, and to prepare a course of events that was to recompense them amply for what sorrows they had hitherto endured. In a month after Eugenio's departure, they received from him a letter, replete with the most joyful intelligence. He had succeeded in finding both the father and the lover, whose merits made it easy to trace them where virtue had met with opportunities of displaying itself. They had passed under the appellation of Nisus and Euryalus—such was the affection they bore each other, and their reciprocal services in the time of action and danger. A slight wound, which Laurens had received, was at present the only obstacle to their return.

Soon after the receipt of this letter, an event happened, that scarcely yielded to it in the delight it occasioned to both of these ladies, but particularly to the tender Sophia. One morning they were surprised with a visit from the person into whose hands

the money had been paid for that debt which at present occasioned the absence of three men so dear to them. He brought a letter for Eugenio's father; and while the mother was perusing it with a countenance full of delight, Sophia was regarding, with a look of anxious curiosity, a diamond ring on the finger of the stranger. "That ring, sir, I have surely seen before: permit me to ask you if you have long been the owner."—"No, madam: the ring was given in part of your father's debt, by the person to whom it belonged." Sophia knew it to be the ring which she had often admired on young Laurens's finger. The mystery was immediately explained: Sophia flung her arms round her mother's neck, with frantic expressions of delight; and so excessive was her joy at the discovery she had made, that it was judged prudent to conceal the contents of the letter till the following day.

A legacy, however, of 10,000*l.* was nothing to Sophia in comparison of the proofs she had discovered of her lover's affection, truth, and greatness of mind. She heard her mother with little emotion, and immediately again fell upon the subject nearest her heart. This legacy was bequeathed by the same brother officer of her father's for whose debt he had stood security, in recompence of this, and a multitude of other obligations conferred upon him during the campaigns in which they had served together, when they both were young. In the midst of these happy occurrences, the time was drawing on when the three wanderers were expected home; the impatience for whose return had been greatly enhanced by the joyful news which was in store for them. A few days before it took place, Mr. Barville, Amelia, and myself, were cordially invited to visit this happy pair, that we might be present at so interesting a meeting.

At length the long-expected day arrived. Sophia

and her mother were in their gayest attire; garlands were hung out at the door; and the rooms were decorated with a thousand devices expressive of this happy occasion, about which the young lady had employed herself, instead of sleeping, the preceding night. Every wind was converted into a voice; a thousand times they were sure they heard the rumbling of carriage-wheels; and I was continually stopped in the midst of a grave observation, to hear the latchet of the outward gate. No morning was ever so tediously long. At length the moment arrived—a moment which I shall never forget. The three travellers entered, and a scene ensued, of which it would be folly to attempt a description.

I was surprised beyond measure to see young Laurens, instead of rushing into Sophia's arms, fling himself upon his knees before Mr. Barville, who raised him, and fell upon his neck with such a melting affection, as presently drew the attention of the company towards them, and painted a momentary chagrin on the face of Sophia. This, however, was presently explained in a manner that doubled the delight of all present. Mr. Barville had found in Laurens his own lamented child, of whom he had made such bitter mention to Eugenio. As he had pretended a shooting expedition only to cover his visits to Sophia, he had disguised his name, lest the well-known delicacy of her father might have interrupted his addresses, when he knew the extent of Mr. Barville's estate; besides which, he had some fears that his own father might disapprove a connection in point of fortune so much below his expectations.

Mr. Barville now freely forgave his son the generous robbery he had committed in behalf of Sophia's father, whose engagement he had satisfied with a thousand pounds, which his own father had com-

missioned him to place with his banker. Never was joy so complete as that which succeeded these affecting explanations. Eugenio's countenance expressed complacency: he joined the hands of young Barville with those of the happy trembling Sophia, and then solemnly asked the consent of their parents, which was granted amidst a thousand tears and embraces.

How painful is the thought, that any part of so good and happy a group should be destined to fresh afflictions! But the mournful catastrophe of Eugenio's history has already been related; and no event of sorrow shall tarnish the lustre of this joyous day, with which I shall dismiss my present account of him to my readers—not without a hope, however, that they may gather some useful inferences from the contemplation I have afforded them. They may observe how much a happy frame of mind depends upon the corroboration of religious regards, and how much its good dispositions are improved by sober reflection, and a timely examination of ourselves. They may conclude, from the history of this poor youth, that it is not the excess of our feelings which destroys our comfort, but the want of a proper application and distribution of them; the want of that harmony which religion inspires into them, and the wider range it affords them of proportionate objects on which they may be exercised.

END OF VOL. XLII.

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