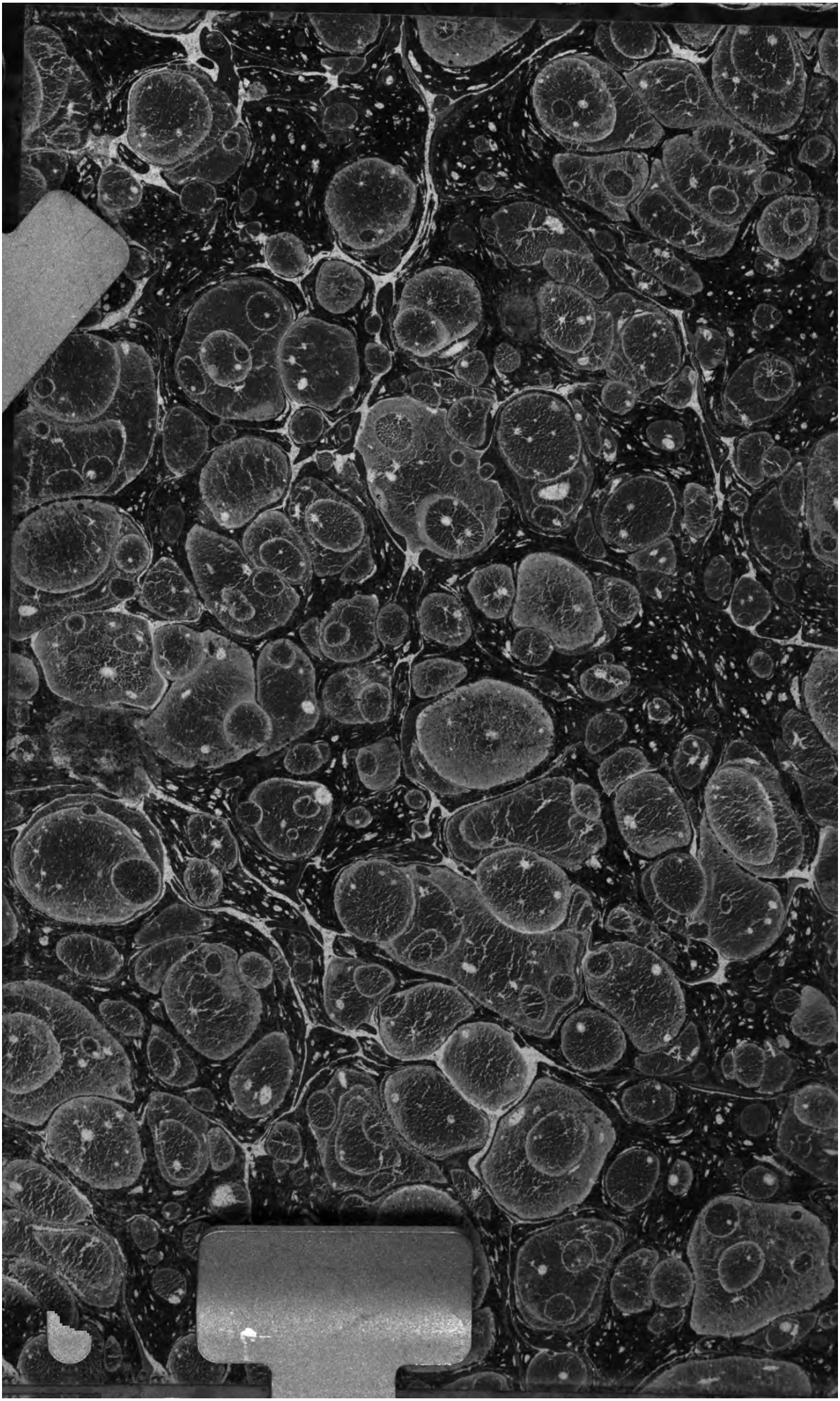

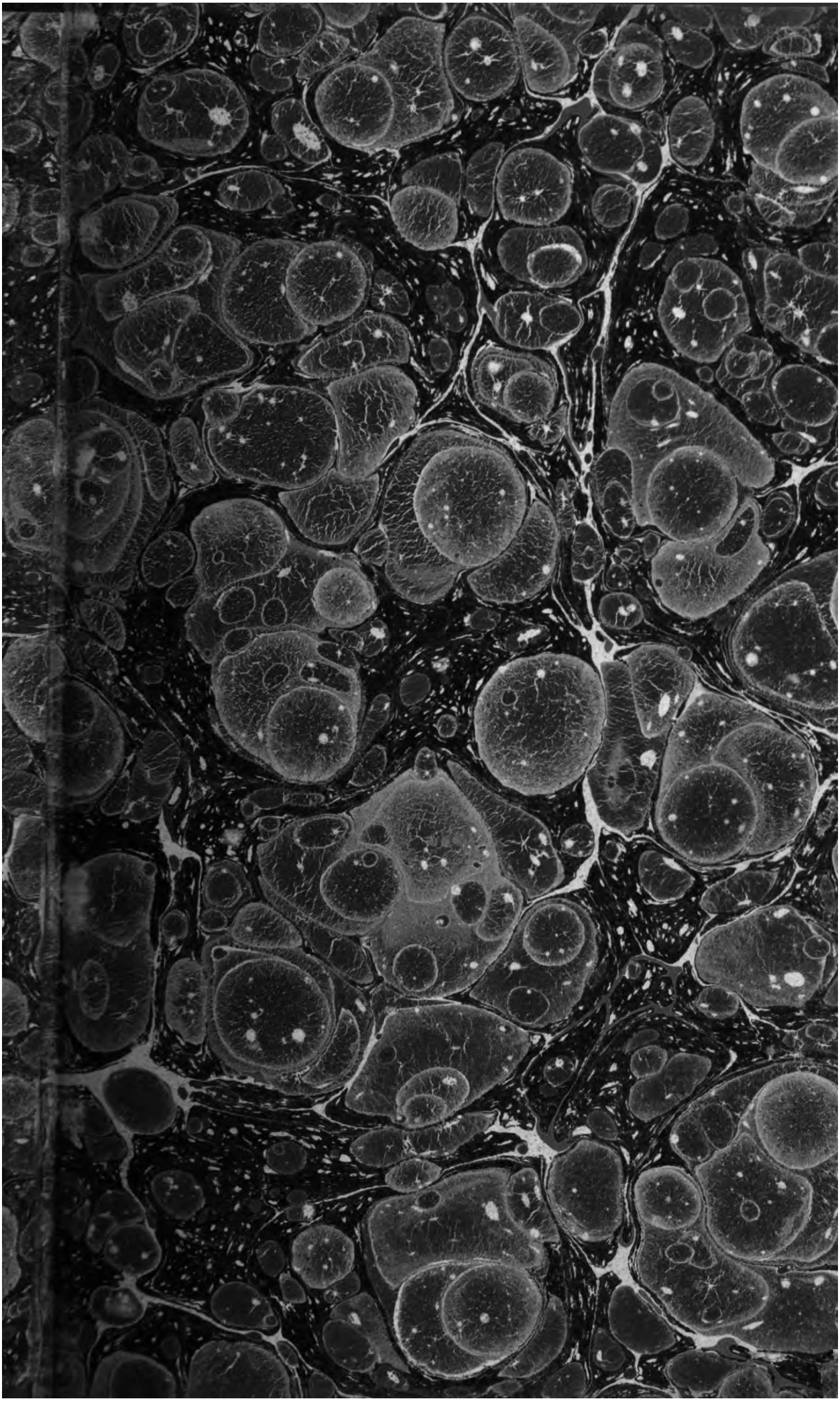

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PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THE Volumes I now preſent the Public, conſiſt, as their Title indicates, of various Matter; treating of Subjects which bear not the leaſt Relation to each other; and perhaps, what *Martial* ſays of his Epigrams, may be applicable to theſe ſeveral Productions.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria,
ſunt mala PLURA.

At leaſt, if the *Bona* be denied me, I ſhall, I apprehend, be allowed the other Two.

The Poetical Pieces which compoſe the Firſt Part of the Firſt Volume, were moſt of them written when I was very young, and are indeed Productions of the Heart rather than of the Head. If the Good-natured Reader thinks them tolerable, it will anſwer my warmeſt Hopes. This Branch of Writing is what I very little pretend to, and will appear to have been very little my Purſuit, ſince I think (one or two Poems excepted) I have here preſented my Reader with all I could remember, or procure Copies of.

My

My Modernization of Part of the ſixth Satire of *Juvenal*, will, I hope, give no Offence to that Half of our Species, for whom I have the greateſt Reſpect and Tenderneſs. It was originally sketched out before I was Twenty, and was all the Revenge taken by an injured Lover. For my Part, I am much more inclined to Panegyric on that amiable Sex, which I have always thought treated with a very unjuſt Severity by ours, who cenſure them for Faults (if they are truly ſuch) into which we allure and betray them, and of which we ourſelves, with an unblamed Licence, enjoy the moſt delicious Fruits.

As to the *Essay on Conversation*, however it may be executed, my Design in it will be at least allowed good; being to ridicule out of Society, one of the most pernicious Evils which attends it, *viz.* pampering the gross Appetites of Selfishness and Ill-nature, with the Shame and Disquietude of others; whereas I have endeavoured in it to shew, that true Good-Breeding consists in contributing, with our utmost Power, to the Satisfaction and Happiness of all about us.

In my Essay on *the Knowledge of the Characters of Men*, I have endeavoured to expose a second great Evil, namely, Hypocrisy; the Bane of all Virtue, Mora-

Morality, and Goodneſs; and to arm, as well as I can, the honeſt, undeſigning, open-hearted Man, who is generally the Prey of this Monſter, againſt it. I believe a little Reflection will convince us, that moſt Miſchiefs (eſpecially thoſe which fall on the worthieſt Part of Mankind) owe their Original to this deteſtable Vice.

I ſhall paſs over the remaining Part of this Volume, to the *Journey from this World to the next*, which fills the greateſt Share of the ſecond.

It would be paying a very mean Compliment to the human Underſtanding, to ſuppoſe I am under any Neceſſity of vindicating myſelf from deſigning, in an Allegory of this Kind, to

oppoſe any preſent Syſtem, or to erect a new one of my own: but perhaps the Fault may lie rather in the Heart than in the Head; and I may be miſrepreſented, without being miſunderſtood. If there are any ſuch Men, I am ſorry for it; the Good-natured Reader will not, I believe, want any Aſſiſtance from me to diſappoint their Malice.

Others may (and that with greater Colour) arraign my Ignorance; as I have, in the Relation which I have put into the Mouth of *Julian*, whom they call the Apoſtate, done many Violences to Hiſtory, and mixed Truth and Falſhood with much Freedom. To theſe I anſwer. I profeſs Fiction only; and tho' I have choſen ſome Facts out of Hiſtory, to embelliſh my Work,

and

and fix a Chronology to it, I have not, however, confined myſelf to nice Exactneſs; having often ante-dated, and ſometimes poſt-dated the Matter I have found in the Hiſtorian, particularly in the *Spaniſh* Hiſtory, where I take both theſe Liberties in one Story.

The Reſidue of this Volume is filled with two Dramatic Pieces, both the Productions of my Youth, tho' the latter was not acted 'till this Seaſon. It was the third Dramatic Performance I ever attempted; the Parts of *Millamour* and *Charlotte* being originally intended for Mr. *Wilks* and Mrs. *Oldfield*; but the latter died before it was finiſhed; and a ſlight Pique which happened between me and the former, prevented him from ever ſeeing it. The

Play was read to Mr. *Rich* upwards of twelve Years ſince, in the Preſence of a very eminent Phyſician of this Age, who will bear me Teſtimony, that I did not recommend my Performance with the uſual Warmth of an Author. Indeed I never thought, 'till this Seaſon, that there exiſted on any one Stage, ſince the Death of that great Actor and Actreſs abovementioned, any two Perſons capable of ſupplying their Loſs in thoſe Parts: for Characters of this Kind do, of all others, require moſt Support from the Actor, and lend the leaſt Aſſiſtance to him.

From the Time of its being read to Mr. *Rich*, it lay by me neglected and unthought of, 'till this Winter, when it viſited the Stage in the following Manner.

Mr.

Mr. *Garrick*, whoſe Abilities as an Actor will, I hope, rouſe up better Writers for the Stage than myſelf, asked me one Evening, if I had any Play by me; telling me, he was deſirous of appearing in a new Part. I anſwered him, I had one almoſt finiſhed: but I conceived it ſo little the Manager's Intereſt to produce any thing new on his Stage this Seaſon, that I ſhould not think of offering it him, as I apprehended he would find ſome Excuſe to refuſe me, and adhere to the Theatrical Politics, of never introducing new Plays on the Stage, but when driven to it by abſolute Neceſſity.

Mr. *Garrick*'s Reply to this was ſo warm and friendly, that, as I was full

as

as desirous of putting Words into his Mouth, as he could appear to be of speaking them, I mentioned the Play the very next Morning to Mr. *Fleetwood*, who embraced my Proposal so heartily, that an Appointment was immediately made to read it to the Actors who were principally to be concerned in it.

When I came to revise this Play, which had likewise lain by me some Years, tho' formed on a much better Plan, and at an Age when I was much more equal to the Task, than the former; I found I had allowed myself too little Time for the perfecting it; but I was resolved to execute my Promise, and accordingly, at the appointed Day I produced five Acts, which were entitled, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

Besides,

Besides, that this Play appeared to me, on the Reading, to be less completely finished than I thought its Plan deserved; there was another Reason which dissuaded me from bringing it on the Stage, as it then stood, and this was, that the very Actor on whose Account I had principally been inclined to have it represented, had a very inconsiderable Part in it.

Notwithstanding my private Opinion, of which I then gave no Intimation, *The Good-natured Man* was received, and ordered to be writ into Parts, Mr. *Garrick* professing himself very ready to perform his; but as I remained dissatisfied, for the Reasons abovementioned, I now recollected my other Play, in which I remembered there

there was a Character I had originally intended for Mr. *Wilks*.

Upon Perusal, I found this Character was preserved with some little Spirit, and (what I thought would be a great Recommendation to the Audience) would keep their so justly favourite Actor almost eternally before their Eyes. I apprehended (in which I was not deceived) that he would make so surprising a Figure in this Character, and exhibit Talents so long unknown to the Theatre, that, as hath happen'd in other Plays, the Audience might be blinded to the Faults of the Piece, for many I saw it had, and some very difficult to cure.

I accordingly sat down with a Resolution to work Night and Day, during the

the ſhort Time allowed me, which was about a Week, in altering and correcting this Production of my more juvenile Years; when unfortunately, the extreme Danger of Life into which a Perſon, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my Task.

To this Accident alone, I have the Vanity to apprehend, the Play owes moſt of the glaring Faults with which it appeared. However, I reſolved rather to let it take its Chance, imperfect as it was, with the Aſſiſtance of Mr. *Garrick*, than to ſacrifice a more favourite, and in the Opinion of others, a much more valuable Performance, and which could have had very little Aſſiſtance from him.

I then

I then acquainted Mr. *Garrick* with my Design, and read it to him, and Mr. *Macklin*; Mr. *Fleetwood* agreed to the Exchange, and thus the WEDDING DAY was destined to the Stage.

Perhaps it may be asked me, Why then did I suffer a Piece, which I myself knew was imperfect, to appear? I answer honestly and freely, that Reputation was not my Inducement; and that I hoped, faulty as it was, it might answer a much more solid, and in my unhappy Situation, a much more urgent Motive. If it will give my Enemies any Pleasure to know that they totally frustrated my Views, I will be kinder to them, and give them a Satisfaction which they denied me: for

tho'

tho' it was acted ſix Nights, I received not 50 *l.* from the Houſe for it.

This was indeed chiefly owing to a general Rumour ſpread of its Indecency; which originally aroſe, I believe, from ſome Objections of the Licenſer, who had been very unjuſtly cenſured for being too remiſs in his Reſtraints on that Head; but as every Paſſage which he objected to was ſtruck out, and I ſincerely think very properly ſo, I leave to every impartial Judge to decide, whether the Play, as it was acted, was not rather freer from ſuch Imputation than almoſt any other Comedy on the Stage. However, this Opinion prevailed ſo fatally without Doors, during its Repreſentation, that on the ſixth Night, there were not above five Ladies preſent in the Boxes.

But I ſhall ſay no more of this Comedy here, as I intend to introduce it the enſuing Seaſon, and with ſuch Alterations as will, I hope, remove every Objection to it, and may make the Manager ſome Amends for what he loſt by very honourably continuing its Repreſentation, when he might have got much more by acting other Plays.

I come now to the Third and laſt Volume, which contains the Hiſtory of *Jonathan Wild.* And here it will not, I apprehend, be neceſſary to acquaint my Reader, that my Deſign is not to enter the Liſts with that excellent Hiſtorian, who from authentic Papers and Records, *&c.* hath already given ſo ſatisfactory an Account of the Life and

Actions

Actions of this Great Man. I have not indeed the leaſt Intention to depreciate the Veracity and Impartiality of that Hiſtory; nor do I pretend to any of thoſe Lights, not having, to my Knowledge, ever ſeen a ſingle Paper relating to my Hero, ſave ſome ſhort Memoirs, which about the Time of his Death were publiſhed in certain Chronicles called News-Papers, the Authority of which hath been ſometimes queſtioned, and in the Ordinary of *Newgate* his Account, which generally contains a more particular Relation of what the Heroes are to ſuffer in the next World, than of what they did in this.

To confeſs the Truth, my Narrative is rather of ſuch Actions which he might have performed, or would, or ſhould have performed, than what he really

did; and may, in Reality, as well ſuit any other ſuch great Man, as the Perſon himſelf whoſe Name it bears.

A ſecond Caution I would give my Reader is, that as it is not a very faithful Portrait of *Jonathan Wild* himſelf, ſo neither is it intended to repreſent the Features of any other Perſon. Roguery, and not a Rogue, is my Subject; and as I have been ſo far from endeavouring to particularize any Individual, that I have with my utmoſt Art avoided it; ſo will any ſuch Application be unfair in my Reader, eſpecially if he knows much of the Great World, ſince he muſt then be acquainted, I believe, with more than one on whom he can fix the Reſemblance.

In

In the third Place, I ſolemnly proteſt, I do by no means intend in the Character of my Hero to repreſent Human Nature in general. Such Inſinuations muſt be attended with very dreadful Concluſions; nor do I ſee any other Tendency they can naturally have, but to encourage and ſoothe Men in their Villainies, and to make every well-diſpoſed Man diſclaim his own Species, and curſe the Hour of his Birth into ſuch a Society. For my Part, I underſtand thoſe Writers who deſcribe Human Nature in this depraved Character, as ſpeaking only of ſuch Perſons as *Wild* and his Gang; and I think it may be juſtly inferred, that they do not find in their own Boſoms any Deviation from the general

Rule. Indeed it would be an insufferable Vanity in them to conceive themselves as the only Exception to it.

But without considering *Newgate* as no other than Human Nature with its Mask off, which some very shameless Writers have done, a Thought which no Price should purchase me to entertain, I think we may be excused for suspecting, that the splendid Palaces of the Great are often no other than *Newgate* with the Mask on. Nor do I know any thing which can raise an honest Man's Indignation higher than that the same Morals should be in one Place attended with all imaginable Misery and Infamy, and in the other, with the highest Luxury and Honour. Let any impartial Man in his Senses be

 asked,

asked, for which of theſe two Places a Compoſition of Cruelty, Luſt, Avarice, Rapine, Inſolence, Hypocriſy, Fraud and Treachery, was beſt fitted, ſurely his Anſwer muſt be certain and immediate; and yet I am afraid all theſe Ingredients gloſſed over with Wealth and a Title, have been treated with the higheſt Reſpect and Veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the Gallows in the other.

If there are then any Men of ſuch Morals who dare to call themſelves Great, and are ſo reputed, or called at leaſt, by the deceived Multitude, ſurely a little private Cenſure by the few is a very moderate Tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be de-

manded: But I fear this is not the Caſe. However the Glare of Riches, and Awe of Title, may dazzle and terrify the Vulgar; nay, however Hypocriſy may deceive the more Diſcerning, there is ſtill a Judge in every Man's Breaſt, which none can cheat nor corrupt, tho' perhaps it is the only uncorrupt Thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honeſt as this Judge is, (however polluted the Bench be on which he ſits) no Man can, in my Opinion, enjoy any Applauſe which is not thus adjudged to be his Due.

Nothing ſeems to me more prepoſterous than that, while the Way to true Honour lies ſo open and plain, Men ſhould ſeek falſe by ſuch perverſe and rugged Paths; that while it is ſo

eaſy

eaſy and ſafe, and truly honourable, to be good, Men ſhould wade through Difficulty and Danger, and real Infamy, to be *Great*, or, to uſe a ſynonimous Word, *Villains*.

Nor hath Goodneſs leſs Advantage in the Article of Pleaſure, than of Honour over this kind of Greatneſs. The ſame righteous Judge always annexes a bitter Anxiety to the Purchaſes of Guilt, whilſt it adds a double Sweetneſs to the Enjoyments of Innocence and Virtue: for Fear, which all the Wiſe agree is the moſt wretched of human Evils, is, in ſome Degree, always attending on the former, and never can in any manner moleſt the Happineſs of the latter.

This is the Doctrine which I have endeavoured to inculcate in this Hiſtory, confining myſelf at the ſame Time within the Rules of Probability. (For except in one Chapter, which is viſibly meant as a Burleſque on the extravagant Accounts of Travellers, I believe I have not exceeded it.) And though perhaps it ſometimes happens, contrary to the Inſtances I have given, that the Villain ſucceeds in his Purſuit, and acquires ſome tranſitory imperfect Honour or Pleaſure to himſelf for his Iniquity; yet I believe he oftner ſhares the Fate of my Hero, and ſuffers the Puniſhment, without obtaining the Reward.

As

As I believe it is not eaſy to teach a more uſeful Leſſon than this, if I have been able to add the pleaſant to it, I might flatter myſelf with having carried every Point.

But perhaps ſome Apology may be required of me, for having uſed the Word *Greatneſs*, to which the World have affixed ſuch honourable Ideas, in ſo diſgraceful and contemptuous a Light. Now if the Fact be, that the Greatneſs which is commonly worſhipped is really of that Kind which I have here repreſented, the Fault ſeems rather to lie in thoſe who have aſcribed to it thoſe Honours, to which it hath not in Reality the leaſt Claim.

The

The Truth, I apprehend, is, we often confound the Ideas of Goodneſs and Greatneſs together, or rather include the former in our Idea of the latter. If this be ſo, it is ſurely a great Error, and no leſs than a Miſtake of the Capacity for the Will. In Reality, no Qualities can be more diſtinct: for as it cannot be doubted but that Benevolence, Honour, Honeſty, and Charity, make a good Man; and that Parts, Courage, are the efficient Qualities of a Great Man, ſo muſt it be confeſs'd, that the Ingredients which compoſe the former of theſe Characters, bear no Analogy to, nor Dependence on thoſe which conſtitute the latter. A Man may therefore be Great without being Good, or Good without being Great.

How-

However, tho' the one bear no neceſſary Dependence on the other, neither is there any abſolute Repugnancy among them which may totally prevent their Union ſo that they may, tho' not of Neceſſity, aſſemble in the ſame Mind, as they actually did, and all in the higheſt Degree, in thoſe of *Socrates* and *Brutus*; and perhaps in ſome among us. I at leaſt know one to whom Nature could have added no one great or good Quality more than ſhe hath beſtowed on him.

Here then appear three diſtinct Characters; the Great, the Good, and the Great and Good.

The

The laſt of theſe is the *true Sublime* in Human Nature. That Elevation by which the Soul of Man, raiſing and extending itſelf above the Order of this Creation, and brighten'd with a certain Ray of Divinity, looks down on the Condition of Mortals. This is indeed a glorious Object, on which we can never gaze with too much Praiſe and Admiration. A perfect Work! the Iliad of Nature! raviſhing and aſtoniſhing, and which at once fills us with Love, Wonder, and Delight.

The Second falls greatly ſhort of this Perfection, and yet hath its Merit. Our Wonder ceaſes; our Delight is leſſened; but our Love remains; of which Paſſion, Goodneſs hath always appeared

appeared to me the only true and proper Object. On this Head I think proper to obſerve, that I do not conceive my Good Man to be abſolutely a Fool or a Coward; but that he often partakes too little of Parts or Courage, to have any Pretenſions to Greatneſs.

Now as to that Greatneſs which is totally devoid of Goodneſs, it ſeems to me in Nature to reſemble the *Falſe Sublime* in Poetry; whoſe Bombaſt is, by the ignorant and ill-judging Vulgar, often miſtaken for ſolid Wit and Eloquence, whilſt it is in Effect the very Reverſe. Thus Pride, Oſtentation, Inſolence, Cruelty, and every Kind of Villany, are often conſtrued into True Greatneſs of Mind, in which we always include an Idea of Goodneſs.

This

This Bombaſt Greatneſs then is the Character I intend to expoſe; and the more this prevails in and deceives the World, taking to itſelf not only Riches and Power, but often Honour, or at leaſt the Shadow of it, the more neceſſary is it to ſtrip the Monſter of theſe falſe Colours, and ſhew it in its native Deformity: for by ſuffering Vice to poſſeſs the Reward of Virtue, we do a double Injury to Society, by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief Incentive to the latter. Nay, tho' it is, I believe, impoſſible to give Vice a true Reliſh of Honour and Glory, or tho' we give it Riches and Power, to give it the Enjoyment of them, yet it contaminates the Food it can't taſte, and ſullies the Robe which nei-

ther fits nor becomes it, 'till Virtue diſdains them both.

Thus have I given ſome ſhort Account of theſe Works. I come now to return Thanks to thoſe Friends who have with uncommon Pains forwarded this Subſcription: for tho' the Number of my Subſcribers be more proportioned to my Merit, than their Deſire or Expectation, yet I believe I owe not a tenth Part to my own Intereſt. My Obligations on this Head are ſo many, that for Fear of offending any by Preference, I will name none. Nor is it indeed neceſſary, ſince I am convinced they ſerved me with no Deſire of a public Acknowledgment; nor can I make any to ſome of them, equal with the Gratitude of my Sentiments.

I can-

I cannot, however, forbear mentioning my Senſe of the Friendſhip ſhewn me by a Profeſſion of which I am a late and unworthy Member, and from whoſe Aſſiſtance I derive more than half the Names which appear to this Subſcription.

It remains that I make ſome Apology for the Delay in publiſhing theſe Volumes, the real Reaſon of which was, the dangerous Illneſs of one from whom I draw all the ſolid Comfort of my Life, during the greateſt Part of this Winter. This, as it is moſt ſacredly true, ſo will it, I doubt not, ſufficiently excuſe the Delay to all who know me.

Indeed

Indeed when I look a Year or two backwards, and ſurvey the Accidents which have befallen me, and the Diſtreſſes I have waded through whilſt I have been engaged in theſe Works, I could almoſt challenge ſome Philoſophy to myſelf, for having been able to finiſh them as I have; and however imperfectly that may be, I am convinced the Reader, was he acquainted with the whole, would want very little Good-Nature to extinguiſh his Diſdain at any Faults he meets with.

But this hath dropt from me unawares: for I intend not to entertain my Reader with my private Hiſtory: nor am I fond enough of Tragedy, to make myſelf the Hero of one.

However, as I have been very unjuſtly cenſured, as well on account of what I have not writ, as for what I have; I take this Opportunity to declare in the moſt ſolemn Manner, I have long ſince (as long as from *June* 1741) deſiſted from writing one Syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public Paper; and that I never was, nor will be the Author of anonymous Scandal on the private Hiſtory or Family of any Perſon whatever.

Indeed there is no Man who ſpeaks or thinks with more Deteſtation of the modern Cuſtom of Libelling. I look on the Practice of ſtabbing a Man's Character in the Dark, to be as baſe and as barbarous as that of ſtabbing him with a Poignard in the ſame Manner;

ner; nor have I ever been once in my Life guilty of it.

It is not here, I ſuppoſe, neceſſary to diſtinguiſh between Ridicule and Scurrility; between a Jeſt on a public Character, and the Murther of a private one.

My Reader will pardon my having dwelt a little on this Particular, ſince it is ſo eſpecially neceſſary in this Age, when almoſt all the Wit we have is applied this Way; and when I have already been a Martyr to ſuch unjuſt Suſpicion. Of which I will relate one Inſtance. While I was laſt Winter laid up in the Gout, with a favourite Child dying in one Bed, and my Wife in a Condition very little better, on another, attended with other Circum-

ſtances, which ſerved as very proper Decorations to ſuch a Scene, I received a Letter from a Friend, deſiring me to vindicate myſelf from two very oppoſite Reflections, which two oppoſite Parties thought fit to caſt on me, *viz.* the one of writing in the *Champion*, (tho' I had not then writ in it for upwards of half a Year) the other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the Honour of inſerting a ſingle Word.

To defend myſelf therefore as well as I can from all paſt, and to enter a Caveat againſt all future Cenſure of this Kind; I once more ſolemnly declare, that ſince the End of *June* 1741, I have not, beſides *Joſeph Andrews*, publiſhed one Word, except *The Oppoſition, a Viſion. A Defence of the*

Dutcheſs

Dutchess of Marlborough's Book. Miss Lucy in Town, (in which I had a very small Share.) And I do farther protest, that I will never hereafter publish any Book or Pamphlet whatever, to which I will not put my Name. A Promise, which as I shall sacredly keep, so will it, I hope, be so far believed, that I may henceforth receive no more Praise or Censure, to which I have not the least Title.

And now, my good-natured Reader, recommending my Works to your Candour, I bid you heartily farewell; and take this with you, that you may never be interrupted in the reading these Miscellanies, with that Degree of Heart-ach which hath often discomposed me in the writing them.

OF

TRUE GREATNESS.

An EPISTLE to

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

OF

TRUE GREATNESS.

An EPISTLE to

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

'TIS strange, while all to Greatness Homage pay,
So few should know the Goddess they obey.
That Men should think a thousand Things the same,
And give contending Images one Name.
Not *Greece*, in all her Temples wide Abodes,
Held a more wild Democracy of Gods
Than various Deities we serve, while all
Profess before one common Shrine to fall.

Whether ourselves of Greatness are possest,
Or worship it within another's Breast.

While a mean Crowd of Sycophants attend,
And fawn and flatter, creep and cringe and bend;
The Fav'rite blesses his superior State,
Rises o'er all, and hails Himself the Great.

Vain Man! can ſuch as theſe to Greatneſs raiſe?
Can Honour come from Dirt? from Baſeneſs, Praiſe?
Then *India*'s Gem on *Scotland*'s Coaſt ſhall ſhine,
And the *Peruvian* Ore enrich the *Corniſh* Mine.

Behold, in blooming *May*, the May-pole ſtand,
Dreſs'd out in Garlands by the Peaſant's Hand;
Around it dance the Youth, in mirthful Mood;
And all admire the gaudy, dreſt up Wood.
See, the next Day, of all its Pride bereft,
How ſoon the unreguarded Poſt is left.
So Thou, the Wonder of a longer Day,
Rais'd high on Pow'r, and dreſt in Titles, gay,
Stript of theſe Summer Garlands, ſoon wouldſt ſee,
The mercenary Slaves ador'd not thee;
Wouldſt ſee them thronging thy Succeſſor's Gate,
Shadows of Power, and Properties of State.
As the Sun Inſects, Pow'r Court-Friends begets,
Which wanton in its Beams, and vaniſh as it ſets.

Thy higheſt Pomp the Hermit dares deſpiſe,
Greatneſs (crys this) is to be good and wiſe.
To Titles, Treaſures, Luxury and Show,
The gilded Follies of Mankind, a Foe,
He flies Society, to Wilds reſorts,
And rails at buſy Cities, ſplendid Courts.
Great to himſelf, he in his Cell, appears,
As Kings on Thrones, or Conquerors on Cars.

O Thou,

O Thou, that dar'ſt thus proudly ſcorn thy Kind,
Search, with impartial Scrutiny, thy Mind;
Diſdaining outward Flatterers to win,
Doſt thou not feed a Flatterer within?
While other Paſſions Temperance may guide,
Feaſt not with too delicious Meals thy Pride.
On Vice triumphant while thy Cenſures fall,
Be ſure, no Envy mixes with thy Gaul.
Aſk thy ſelf oft, to Pow'r and Grandeur born,
Had Pow'r and Grandeur then incurr'd thy Scorn:
If no Ill-nature in thy Breaſt prevails,
Enjoying all the Crimes at which it rails.
A peeviſh ſour Perverſeneſs of the Will,
Oft we miſcall Antipathy to Ill.

Scorn and Diſdain the little *Cynick* hurl'd
At the exulting Victor of the World.
Greater than this what Soul can be deſcry'd?
His who contemns the *Cynick*'s ſnarling Pride.
Well might the haughty Son of *Philip* ſee
Ambition's ſecond Lot devolve on thee;
Whoſe Breaſt Pride fires with ſcarce inferior Joy,
And bids thee hate and ſhun Men, him deſtroy.

But hadſt thou, *Alexander*, wiſh'd to prove
Thy ſelf the real Progeny of *Jove*,
Virtue another Path had bid thee find,
Taught thee to ſave, and not to ſlay Mankind.

Shall the lean Wolf, by Hunger fierce and bold,
Bear off no Honours from the bloody Fold?
Shall the dead Flock his Greatneſs not diſplay;
But Shepherds hunt him as a Beaſt of Prey?
While Man, not drove by Hunger from his Den,
To Honour climbs o'er Heaps of murder'd Men.
Shall ravag'd Fields, and burning Towns proclaim
The Hero's Glory, not the Robber's Shame?
Shall Thouſands fall, and Millions be undone
To glut the hungry Cruelty of one?

Behold, the Plain with human Gore grow red,
The ſwelling River heave along the Dead.
See, through the Breach the hoſtile Deluge flow,
Along it bears the unreſiſting Foe:
Hear, in each Street the wretched Virgin's Cries,
Her Lover ſees her raviſh'd as he dies.
The Infant wonders at its Mother's Tears,
And ſmiling feels its Fate before its Fears.
Age, while in vain for the firſt Blow it calls,
Views all its Branches lopp'd before it falls.
Beauty betrays the Miſtreſs it ſhould guard,
And, faithleſs, proves the Raviſher's Reward:
Death, their ſole Friend, relieves them from their Ills,
The kindeſt Victor he, who ſooneſt kills.

Could ſuch Exploits as theſe thy Pride create?
Could theſe, O *Philip*'s Son, proclaim thee Great?

Such

Such Honours *Mahomet* expiring crav'd,
Such were the Trophies on his Tomb engrav'd.
If Greatneſs by theſe Means may be poſſeſt,
Ill we deny it to the greater Beaſt.
Single and arm'd by Nature only, He,
That Miſchief does, which Thouſands do for thee.

Not on ſuch Wings, to Fame did *Churchill* ſoar,
For *Europe* while defenſive Arms he bore.
Whoſe Conqueſts, cheap at all the Blood they coſt,
Sav'd Millions by each noble Life they loſt.

Oh, Name auguſt! in Capitals of Gold,
In Fame's eternal Chronicle enroll'd!
Where *Cæſar*, viewing thee, aſham'd withdraws,
And owns thee Greater in a greater Cauſe.
Thee, from the loweſt Depth of Time, on high
Blazing, ſhall late Poſterity deſcry;
And own the Purchaſe of thy glorious Pains,
While Liberty, or while her Name remains.

But quit, great Sir, with me this higher Scene,
And view falſe Greatneſs with more aukward Mien.
For now, from Camps to Colleges retreat;
No Cell, no Cloſet here without the Great.
See, how Pride ſwells the haughty Pedant's Looks;
How pleas'd he ſmiles o'er Heaps of conquer'd Books.
Tully to him, and *Seneca*, are known,
And all their nobleſt Sentiments his own.

Theſe, on each apt Occaſion, he can quote;
Thus the falſe Count affects the Man of Note,
Aukward and ſhapeleſs in a borrow'd Coat.

Thro' Books ſome travel, as thro' Nations ſome,
Proud of their Voyage, yet bring nothing home.
Criticks thro' Books, as Beaus thro' Countries ſtray,
Certain to bring their Blemiſhes away.

Great is the Man, who with unwearied Toil
Spies a Weed ſpringing in the richeſt Soil.
If *Dryden*'s Page with one bad Line be bleſt,
'Tis great to ſhew it, as to write the reſt.

Others, with friendly Eye run Authors o'er,
Not to find Faults, but Beauties to reſtore;
Nor ſcruple (ſuch their Bounty) to afford
Folios of Dulneſs to preſerve a Word:
Cloſe, as to ſome tall Tree the Inſect cleaves,
Myriads ſtill nouriſh'd by its ſmalleſt Leaves.
So cling theſe Scriblers round a *Virgil*'s Name,
And on his leaſt of Beauties ſoar to Fame.

Awake, ye uſeleſs Drones, and ſcorn to thrive
On the Sweets gather'd by the lab'ring Hive.
Behold, the Merchant give to Thouſands Food,
His Loſs his own, his Gain the Publick Good.
Her various Bounties Nature ſtill confines,
Here gilds her Sands, there ſilvers o'er her Mines:

The

The Merchant's Bounty Nature's hath outdone,
He gives to all, what ſhe confines to one.
And is he then not Great? Sir *B.* denies
True Greatneſs to the Creature whom he buys;
Bluſh the Wretch wounded, conſcious of his Guile.
B—nard and *H—cote* at ſuch Satyr ſmile.

But if a Merchant lives, who meanly deigns
To ſacrifice his Country to his Gains.
Tho' from his Houſe, untruſted and unfed,
The Poet bears off neither Wine nor Bread;
As down *Cheapſide* he meditates the Song,
He ranks that Merchant with the meaneſt Throng.
Nor Him the Poet's Pride contemns alone,
But all to whom the Muſes are unknown.
Theſe, cries the Bard, true Honours can beſtow,
And ſeparate true Worth from outward Show;
Scepters and Crowns by them grow glorious Things,
(For tho' they make not, they diſtinguiſh Kings.)
Short-liv'd the Gifts which Kings to them bequeath;
Bards only give the never-fading Wreath.
Did all our Annals no *Argyle* afford,
The Muſe conſtrain'd could ſing a common Lord.
But ſhould the Muſe with-hold her friendly Strain,
The Hero's Glory bloſſoms fair in vain;
Like the young Spring's, or Summer's riper Flow'r,
The Admiration of the preſent Hour.
She gleans from Death's ſure Scythe the noble Name,
And lays up in the Granaries of Fame.

Thus the great tatter'd Bard, as thro' the Streets
He cautious treads, leaſt any Bailiff meets.
Whoſe wretched Plight the Jeſt of all is made;
Yet moſt, if haplefs, it betray his Trade.
Fools in their Laugh at Poets are ſincere,
And wiſer Men admire them thro' a Sneer.
For Poetry with Treaſon ſhares this Fate,
Men like the Poem and the Poet hate.
And yet with Want and with Contempt oppreſt,
Shunn'd, hated, mock'd, at once Men's Scorn and Jeſt,
Perhaps, from wholeſome Air itſelf confin'd,
Who hopes to drive out Greatneſs from his Mind?

Some Greatneſs in myſelf, perhaps I view;
Not that I write, but that I write to you.

To you! who in this *Gothick* Leaden Age,
When Wit is baniſh'd from the Preſs and Stage,
When Fools to greater Folly make Pretence,
And thoſe who have it, ſeem aſham'd of Senſe;
When Nonſenſe is a Term for the Sublime,
And not to be an Ideot is a Crime;
When low Buffoons in Ridicule ſucceed,
And Men are largely for ſuch Writings fee'd,
As *W*——'s ſelf can purchaſe none to read;
Yourſelf th' unfaſhionable Lyre have ſtrung,
Have own'd the Muſes and their Darling *Young*.

All court their Favour when by all approv'd;
Ev'n Virtue, if in Faſhion, would be lov'd.

You

You for their Sakes with Fashion dare engage,
Mæcenas you in no *Augustan* Age.

Some Merit then is to the Muses due;
But oh! their Smiles the Portion of how few!
Tho' Friends may flatter much, and more ourselves,
Few, *Dodington*, write worthy of your Shelves.
Not to a Song which *Cælia*'s Smiles make fine,
Nor Play which *Booth* had made esteem'd divine;
To no rude Satyr from Ill-nature sprung,
Nor Panegyrick for a Pension sung;
Not to soft Lines that gently glide along,
And vie in Sound and Sense with *Handel*'s Song;
To none of these will *Dodington* bequeath,
The Poet's noble Name and laureate Wreath.

Leave, Scriblers, leave, the tuneful Road to Fame,
Nor by assuming damn a Poet's Name.
Yet how unjustly we the Muses slight,
Unfir'd by them because a Thousand write!
Who would a Soldier or a Judge upbraid,
* That ------ wore Ermine, ------ a Cockade.

To Greatness each Pretender to pursue,
Would tire, Great Sir, the jaded Muse and you.

The lowest Beau that skips about a Court,
The Lady's Play-thing, and the Footman's Sport;

* This Verse may be filled up with any two Names out of our Chronicles, as the Reader shall think fit.

Whose

Whose Head adorn'd with Bag or Tail of Pig,
Serves very well to bear about his Wig ; †
Himself the Sign-Post of his Taylor's Trade,
That shews abroad, how well his Cloaths are made ;
This little, empty, silly, trifling Toy,
Can from Ambition feel a Kind of Joy ;
Can swell, and even aim at looking wise,
And walking Merit from *its* Chair despise.

Who wonders then, if such a Thing as this
At Greatness aims, that none the Aim can miss !
Nor Trade so low, Profession useless, thrives,
Which to its Followers not Greatness gives.
What Quality so mean, what Vice can shame
The base Possessors from the mighty Claim ?
To make our Merits little Weight prevail,
We put not Virtue in the other Scale ;
Against our Neighbour's Scale our own we press,
And each Man's Great who finds another Less.
In large Dominions some exert their State,
But all Men find a Corner to be Great.
The lowest Lawyer, Parson, Courtier, Squire,
Is somewhere Great, finds some that will admire.

Where shall we say then that true Greatness dwells ?
In Palaces of Kings, or Hermits Cells ?
Doth she confirm the Minister's Mock-State,
Or bloody on the Victor's Garland wait ?

† These Verses attempt (if possible) to imitate the Meanness of the Creature they describe.

Warbles,

Warbles, harmonious, ſhe the Poet's Song,
Or, graver, Laws pronounces to the Throng?

To no Profeſſion, Party, Place confin'd,
True Greatneſs lives but in the noble Mind;
Him conſtant through each various Scene attends,
Fierce to his Foes, and faithful to his Friends.
In him, in any Sphere of Life ſhe ſhines,
Whether ſhe blaze a *Hoadley* 'mid Divines,
Or, an *Argyle*, in Fields and Senates dare,
Supreme in all the Arts of Peace and War.
Greatneſs with Learning deck'd in *Carteret* ſee,
With Juſtice, and with Clemency in *Lee*;
In *Cheſterfield* to ripe Perfection come,
See it in *Littleton* beyond its Bloom.

Lives there a Man, by Nature form'd to pleaſe,
To think with Dignity, expreſs with Eaſe;
Upright in Principle, in Council ſtrong,
Prone not to change, nor obſtinate too long:
Whoſe Soul is with ſuch various Talents bleſs'd,
What he now does ſeems to become him beſt;
Whether the Cabinet demands his Pow'rs,
Or gay Addreſſes ſooth his vacant Hours,
Or when from graver Taſks his Mind unbends,
To charm with Wit the Muſes or his Friends.
His Friends! who in his Favour claim no Place,
From Titles, Pimping, Flattery or Lace.
To whoſe bleſt Lot ſuperior Portions fall,
To moſt of Fortune, and of Taſte to all,

Aw'd

Aw'd not by Fear, by Prejudice not ſway'd,
By Faſhion led not, nor by Whim betray'd,
By Candour only biaſs'd, who ſhall dare
To view and judge and ſpeak Men as they are.
In him, (if ſuch there be) is Greatneſs ſhewn,
Nor can he be to *Dodington* unknown.

OF

OF

GOOD-NATURE.

To his GRACE the

DUKE of *RICHMOND.*

WHAT is Good-nature? Gen'rous *Richmond*, tell;
He can declare it beſt, who beſt can feel.
Is it a fooliſh Weakneſs in the Breaſt,
As ſome who know, or have it not, conteſt?
Or is it rather not the mighty whole
Full Compoſition of a virtuous Soul?
Is it not Virtue's Self? A Flow'r ſo fine,
It only grows in Soils almoſt divine.

Some Virtues flouriſh, like ſome Plants, leſs nice,
And in one Nature bloſſom out with Vice.
Knaves may be valiant, Villains may be Friends;
And Love in Minds deprav'd effect its Ends.
Good-nature, like the delicateſt Seeds,
Or dies itſelf, or elſe extirpates Weeds.

Yet in itſelf howe'er unmix'd and pure,
No Virtue from Miſtakes is leſs ſecure.

Good-nature often we thoſe Actions name,
Which flow from Friendſhip, or a ſofter Flame.
Pride may the Friend to nobleſt Efforts thruſt,
Or Salvages grow gentle out of Luſt.
The meaneſt Paſſion may this beſt appear,
And Men may ſeem good-natur'd, from their Fear.

What by this Name, then, ſhall be underſtood?
What? but the glorious Luſt of doing Good?
The Heart that finds it Happineſs to pleaſe,
Can feel another's Pain, and taſte his Eaſe.
The Cheek that with another's Joy can glow,
Turn pale, and ſicken with another's Woe;
Free from Contempt and Envy, he who deems
Juſtly of Life's two oppoſite Extremes.
Who to make all and each Man truly bleſt,
Doth all he can, and wiſhes all the reſt?

Tho' few have Pow'r their Wiſhes to fulfil,
Yet all Men may do Good, at leaſt in Will.
Tho' few, with you or *Marlborough* can ſave
From Poverty, from Priſons, and the Grave;
Yet to each Individual Heav'n affords
The Pow'r to bleſs in Wiſhes, and in Words.

Happy the Man with Paſſions bleſt like you,
Who to be ill, his Nature muſt ſubdue.
Whom Fortune fav'ring, was no longer blind,
Whoſe Riches are the Treaſures of Mankind.
O! nobler in thy Virtues than thy Blood,
Above thy higheſt Titles place THE GOOD.

High

High on Life's Summit rais'd, you little know
The Ills which blacken all the Vales below ;
Where Induſtry toils for Support in vain,
And Virtue to Diſtreſs ſtill joins Diſdain.
Swelt'ring with Wealth, where Men unmov'd can hear
The Orphans ſigh, and ſee the Widow's Tear :
Where griping Av'rice ſlights the Debtor's Pray'r,
And Wretches wanting Bread deprives of Air.

Muſt it not wond'rous ſeem to Hearts like thine,
That God, to other Animals benign,
Shou'd unprovided Man alone create,
And ſend him hither but to curſe his Fate!
Is this the Being for whoſe Uſe the Earth
Sprung out of nought, and Animals had Birth?
This he, whoſe bold Imagination dares
Converſe with Heav'n, and ſoar beyond the Stars?
Poor Reptile! wretched in an Angel's Form,
And wanting that which Nature gives the Worm.

Far other Views our kind Creator knew,
When Man the Image of himſelf he drew.

So full the Stream of Nature's Bounty flows,
Man feels no Ill, but what to Man he owes.
The Earth abundant furniſhes a Store,
To ſate the Rich, and ſatisfy the Poor.
Theſe wou'd not want, if thoſe did never hoard ;
Enough for *Irus* falls from *Dives'* Board.

And doſt thou, common Son of Nature, dare
From thy own Brother to with-hold his Share?
To Vanity, pale Idol, offer up
The ſhining Diſh, and empty golden Cup!
Or elſe in Caverns hide thy precious Ore,
And to the Bowels of the Earth reſtore
What for our Uſe ſhe yielded up before?
Behold, and take Example, how the Steed
Attempts not, ſelfiſh, to engroſs the Mead.
See how the lowing Herd, and bleating Flock,
Promiſcuous graze the Valley, or the Rock;
Each taſtes his Share of Nature's gen'ral Good,
Nor ſtrives from others to with-hold their Food.
But ſay, O Man! wou'd it not ſtrange appear
To ſee ſome Beaſt (perhaps the meaneſt there)
To his Repaſt the ſweeteſt Paſtures chuſe,
And ev'n the ſoureſt to the reſt refuſe.
Wouldſt thou not view, with ſcornful wond'ring Eye,
The poor, contented, ſtarving Herd ſtand by?
All to one Beaſt a ſervile Homage pay,
And, boaſting, think it Honour to obey.

Who wonders that Good-nature in ſo few,
Can Anger, Luſt, or Avarice ſubdue?
When the cheap Gift of Fame our Tongues deny,
And riſque our own, to poiſon with a Lie.

Dwells there a baſe Malignity in Men,
That 'ſcapes the Tiger's Cave, or Lion's Den?

Dwells

Does our Fear dread, or does our Envy hate
To ſee another happy, good, or great?
Or does the Gift of Fame, like Money, ſeem?
Think we, we loſe, whene'er we give Eſteem?

Oh! great Humanity, whoſe Beams benign,
Like the Sun's Rays, on juſt and unjuſt ſhine;
Who turning the Perſpective friendly ſtill,
Doſt magnify all Good, and leſſen Ill;
Whoſe Eye, while ſmall Perfections it commends,
Not to what's better, but what's worſe attends:
Who, when at Court it ſpies ſome well-ſhap'd Fair,
Searches not through the Rooms for *Shaftſb'ry*'s Air;
Nor when *Clarinda*'s Lillies are confeſt,
Looks for the Snow that whitens *Richmond*'s Breaſt.
Another's Senſe and Goodneſs when I name,
Why wouldſt thou leſſen them with *Mountford*'s Fame?
Content, what Nature laviſhes admire,
Nor what is wanting in each Piece require.
Where much is Right, ſome Blemiſhes afford,
Nor look for *Ch*———*d* in ev'ry Lord.

LIBERTY.

TO

GEORGE LYTTLETON, *Esq*;

TO *Lyttleton* the Muſe this Off'ring pays;
Who ſings of Liberty, muſt ſing his Praiſe.
This Man, ye grateful *Britons*, all revere;
Here raiſe your Altars, bring your Incenſe here.
To him the Praiſe, the Bleſſings which ye owe,
More than their Sires your grateful Sons ſhall know.
O! for thy Country's Good and Glory born!
Whom Nature vy'd with Fortune to adorn!
Brave, tho' no Soldier; without Titles, great;
Fear'd, without Pow'r; and envy'd, without State.
Accept the Muſe whom Truth inſpires to ſing,
Who ſoars, tho' weakly, on an honeſt Wing.

See Liberty, bright Goddeſs, comes along,
Rais'd at thy Name, ſhe animates the Song.
Thy Name, which *Lacedemon* had approv'd,
Rome had ador'd, and *Brutus* Self had lov'd.

Come,

Come, then, bright Maid, my glowing Breaſt
inſpire ;
Breathe in my Lines, and kindle all thy Fire.

Behold, ſhe cries, the Groves, the Woods, the
Plains,
Where Nature dictates, ſee how Freedom reigns ;
The Herd, promiſcuous, o'er the Mountain ſtrays ;
Nor begs this Beaſt the other's Leave to graze.
Each freely dares his Appetite to treat,
Nor fears the Steed to neigh, the Flock to bleat.

Did God, who Freedom to theſe Creatures gave,
Form his own Image, Man, to be a Slave ?

But Men, it ſeems, to Laws of Compact yield ;
While Nature only governs in the Field.
Curſe on all Laws which Liberty ſubdue,
And make the Many wretched for the Few.

However deaf to Shame, to Reaſon blind,
Men dare aſſert all Falſhoods of Mankind ;
The Publick never were, when free, ſuch Elves
To covet Laws pernicious to themſelves.
Preſumptuous Pow'r aſſumes the publick Voice,
And what it makes our Fate, pretends our Choice.

To whom did Pow'r original belong ?
Was it not firſt extorted by the Strong ?
And thus began, where it will end, in Wrong.

Theſe ſcorn'd to Pow'r another Claim than Might,
And in Ability eſtabliſh'd Right.

At length a ſecond nobler Sort aroſe,
Friends to the Weak, and to Oppreſſion Foes;
With warm Humanity their Boſoms glow'd,
They felt to Nature their great Strength they ow'd.
And as ſome Elder born of noble Rate,
To whom devolves his Father's rich Eſtate,
Becomes a kind Protector to the reſt,
Nor ſees, unmov'd, the younger Branch diſtreſt.
So theſe, with Strength whom Nature deign'd to grace,
Became the Guardians of their weaker Race;
Forc'd Tyrant Pow'r to bend its ſtubborn Knee,
Broke the hard Chain, and ſet the People free.
O'er abject Slaves they ſcorn'd inglorious Sway,
But taught the grateful freed Man to obey;
And thus by giving Liberty, enjoy'd
What the firſt hop'd from Liberty deſtroy'd.

To ſuch the Weak for their Protection flew,
Hence Right to Pow'r and Laws by Compact grew.
With Zeal embracing their Deliv'rer's Cauſe,
They bear his Arms, and liſten to his Laws.
Thus Pow'r ſuperior, Strength ſuperior wears,
In Honour chief, as firſt in Toils and Cares.
The People Pow'r, to keep their Freedom, gave,
And he who had it was the only Slave.

But

But Fortune wills to wiſeſt human Schemes,
The Fate that Torrents bring to pureſt Streams,
Which from clear Fountains ſoon polluted run,
Thus ends in Evil what from Good begun.

For now the Savage Hoſt, o'erthrown and ſlain,
New Titles, by new Methods, Kings obtain.
To Prieſts and Lawyers ſoon their Arts apply'd,
The People theſe, and thoſe the Gods bely'd.
The Gods, unheard, to Pow'r Succeſſors name,
And ſilent Crowds their Rights divine proclaim.
Hence all the Evils which Mankind have known,
The Prieſt's dark Myſtery, the Tyrant's Throne;
Hence Lords, and Miniſters, and ſuch ſad Things;
And hence the ſtrange Divinity of Kings.
Hail Liberty! Boon worthy of the Skies,
Like fabled *Venus* fair, like *Pallas* wiſe.
Through thee the Citizen braves War's Alarms,
Tho' neither bred to fight, nor pay'd for Arms;
Thro' thee, the Lawrel crown'd the Victor's Brow,
Who ſerv'd before his Country at the Plough:
Thro' thee (what moſt muſt to thy Praiſe appear)
Proud Senates ſcorn'd not to ſeek Virtue there.

O thou, than Health or Riches dearer far,
Thou gentle Breath of Peace, and Soul of War;
Thou that haſt taught the Deſart Sweets to yield,
And ſhame the fair *Campania*'s fertile Field;
Haſt ſhewn the Peaſant Glory, and call'd forth
Wealth from the barren Sand, and Heroes from the
North;

The

The ſouthern Skies, without thee, to no End
In the cool Breeze, or genial Show'rs deſcend :
Poſſeſs'd of thee, the *Vandal*, and the *Hun*,
Enjoy their Froſt, nor mourn the diſtant Sun.

As Poets *Samos*, and the *Cyprian* Grove,
Once gave to *Juno*, and the Queen of Love ;
Be thine *Britannia :* ever friendly ſmile,
And fix thy Seat eternal in this Iſle.
Thy ſacred Name no *Romans* now adore,
And *Greece* attends thy glorious Call no more.
To thy *Britannia*, then, thy Fire transfer,
Give all thy Virtue, all thy Force to her ;
Revolve, attentive, all her Annals o'er,
See how her Sons have lov'd thee heretofore.
While the baſe Sword oppreſs'd *Iberia* draws,
And ſlaviſh *Gauls* dare fight againſt thy Cauſe,
See *Britain*'s Youth ruſh forth, at thy Command,
And fix thy Standard in the hoſtile Land.
With noble Scorn they view the crowded Field,
And force unequal Multitudes to yield.
So Wolves large Flocks, ſo Lions Herds ſurvey,
Not Foes more num'rous, but a richer Prey.
O ! teach us to withſtand, as they withſtood,
Nor loſe the Purchaſe of our Father's Blood.
Ne'er bluſh that Sun that ſaw in *Blenheim*'s Plain
Streams of our Blood, and Mountains of our Slain ;
Or that of old beheld all *France* to yield
In *Agincourt* or *Creſſy*'s glorious Field ;

Where Freedom *Churchill*, *Henry*, *Edward* gave,
Ne'er blush that Sun to see a *British* Slave.

As Induſtry might from the Bee be taught,
So might Oppreſſion from the Hive be brought:
Behold the little Race laborious ſtray,
And from each Flow'r the hard-wrought Sweets convey,
That in warm Eaſe in Winter they may dwell,
And each enjoy the Riches of its Cell.
Behold th' exciſing Pow'r of Man deſpoil
Theſe little Wretches of their Care and Toil.
Death's the Reward of all their Labour loſt,
Careful in vain, and provident to their Coſt.

But thou, great Liberty, keep *Britain* free,
Nor let Men uſe us as we uſe the Bee.
Let not baſe Drones upon our Honey thrive,
And ſuffocate the Maker in his Hive.

TO A

FRIEND

ON THE

CHOICE of a WIFE.

'TIS hard (Experience long ſo taught the wiſe)
Not to provoke the Perſon we adviſe.
Counſel, tho' aſk'd, may very oft offend,
When it inſults th' Opinion of my Friend.
Men frequent wiſh another's Judgment known,
Not to deſtroy, but to confirm their own.
With feign'd Suſpence for our Advice they ſue,
On what they've done, or are reſolv'd to do.
The favour'd Scheme ſhould we by Chance oppoſe,
Henceforth they ſee us in the Light of Foes.
For could Mankind th' Advice they aſk receive,
Moſt to themſelves might wholeſome Counſel give.
Men in the beaten Track of Life's Highway,
Ofter through Paſſion than through Error ſtray,
Want leſs Advice than Firmneſs to obey.

Nor can Advice an equal Hazard prove
To what is given in the Cauſe of Love;

None

None aſk it here 'till melting in the Flame.
If we oppoſe the now victorious Dame,
You think her Enemy and yours the ſame.

But yet, tho' hard, tho' dangerous the Taſk,
Fidus muſt grant, if his *Alexis* aſk.
Take then the friendly Councils of the Muſe;
Happy, if what you've choſen ſhe ſhould chuſe.

The Queſtion's worthy ſome diviner Voice,
How to direct a Wife's important Choice.
In other Aims if we ſhould miſs the White,
Reaſon corrects, and turns us to the Right:
But here, a Doom irrevocable's paſt,
And the firſt fatal Error proves the laſt.
Raſh were it then, and deſperate, to run
With Haſte to do what cannot be undone.
Whence come the Woes which we in Marriage find,
But from a Choice too negligent, too blind?

Marriage, by Heav'n ordain'd is underſtood,
And bounteous Heav'n ordain'd but what is good.
To our Deſtruction we its Bounties turn,
In Flames, by Heav'n to warm us meant, we burn.
What draws Youth heedleſs to the fatal Gin?
Features well form'd, or a well poliſh'd Skin.
What can in riper Minds a Wiſh create?
Wealth, or Alliance with the Rich and Great:
Who to himſelf, now in his Courtſhip, ſays,
I chuſe a Partner of my future Days;

Her

Her Face, or Pocket ſeen, her Mind they truſt;
They wed to lay the Fiends of Avarice or Luſt.

But thou, whoſe honeſt Thoughts the Choice intend
Of a Companion, and a ſofter Friend;
A tender Heart, which while thy Soul it ſhares,
Augments thy Joys, and leſſens all thy Cares.
One, who by thee while tenderly careſt,
Shall ſteal that God-like Tranſport to thy Breaſt,
The Joy to find you make another bleſt.
Thee in thy Choice let other Maxims move,
They wed for baſer Paſſions; thou for Love.

Of Beauty's ſubtle Poiſon well beware;
Our Hearts are taken e'er they dread the Snare:
Our Eyes, ſoon dazzled by that Glare, grow blind,
And ſee no Imperfections in the Mind.
Of this appriz'd, the Sex, with niceſt Art,
Inſidiouſly adorn the outward Part.
But Beauty, to a Mind deprav'd and ill,
Is a thin Gilding to a nauſeous Pill;
A cheating Promiſe of a ſhort-liv'd Joy,
Time muſt this Idol, Chance may ſoon deſtroy.
See *Leda*, once the Circle's proudeſt Boaſt,
Of the whole Town the univerſal Toaſt;
By Children, Age, and Sickneſs, now decay'd,
What Marks remain of the triumphant Maid?
Beauties which Nature and which Art produce,
Are form'd to pleaſe the Eye, no other Uſe.

The

The Huſband, ſated by Poſſeſſion grown,
Or indolent to flatter what's his own;
With eager Rivals keeps unequal Pace:
But oh! no Rival flatters like her Glaſs.
There ſtill ſhe's ſure a thouſand Charms to ſee,
A thouſand Times ſhe more admires than he:
Then ſoon his Dulneſs learns ſhe to deſpiſe,
And thinks ſhe's thrown away too rich a Prize.
To pleaſe her, try his little Arts in vain;
His very Hopes to pleaſe her move Diſdain.
The Man of Senſe, the Huſband, and the Friend,
Cannot with Fools and Coxcombs condeſcend
To ſuch vile Terms of tributary Praiſe,
As Tyrants ſcarce on conquer'd Countries raiſe.
Beauties think Heav'n they in themſelves beſtow,
All we return is Gratitude too low.
A gen'ral Beauty wiſely then you ſhun;
But from a Wit, as a Contagion, run.
Beauties with Praiſe if difficult to fill;
To praiſe a Wit enough, is harder ſtill.
Here with a thouſand Rivals you'll conteſt;
He moſt ſucceeds, who moſt approves the Jeſt.
Ill-nature too with Wit's too often join'd;
Too firm Aſſociates in the human Mind.
Oft may the former for the latter go,
And for a Wit we may miſtake a Shrew.
How ſeldom burns this Fire, like *Sappho*'s, bright?
How ſeldom gives an innocent Delight?
Flavia's a Wit at Modeſty's Expence;
Iris to Laughter ſacrifices Senſe.

Hard

Hard Labour undergo poor *Delia*'s Brains,
While ev'ry Joke ſome Myſtery contains;
No Problem is diſcuſs'd with greater Pains.
Not *Lais* more reſolv'd, through thick and thin,
Will plunge to meet her ever-darling Sin,
Than *Myrrha*, through Ingratitude and Shame,
To raiſe the Laugh, or get a witty Fame.
No Friendſhip is ſecure from *Myrrha*'s Blows;
For Wits, like Gameſters, hurt both Friends and Foes.
Beſides, where'er theſe ſhining Flowers appear,
Too nice the Soil more uſeful Plants to bear;
Her Houſe, her Perſon, are below her Care.
In a domeſtick Sphere ſhe ſcorns to move,
And ſcarce accepts the vulgar Joys of Love.
But while your Heart to Wit's Attacks is cool,
Let it not give Admiſſion to a Fool.
He who can Folly in a Wife commend,
Propoſes her a Servant, not a Friend.
Thou too, whoſe Mind is generous and brave,
Wouldſt not become her Maſter, but her Slave;
For Fools are obſtinate, Advice refuſe,
And yield to none but Arts you'd ſcorn to uſe.
When Paſſion grows, by long Poſſeſſion, dull,
The ſleepy Flame her Folly ſoon muſt lull;
Tho' now, perhaps, thoſe childiſh Airs you prize,
Lovers and Huſbands ſee with diff'rent Eyes.
A riſing Paſſion will new Charms create;
A falling ſeeks new Cauſes for its Hate.
Wiſely the Bee, while teeming Summer blooms,
Thinks of the Dearth which with cold Winter glooms,

So

So thou ſhould'ſt, in thy Love's ſerener Time,
When Paſſion reigns, and *Flora*'s in her Prime,
Think of that Winter which muſt ſure enſue,
When ſhe ſhall have no Charms, no Fondneſs you.
How then ſhall Friendſhip to fond Love ſucceed?
What Charms ſhall ſerve her then in Beauty's Stead?
What then ſhall bid the Paſſion change, not cool?
No Charm's in the Poſſeſſion of a Fool.
Next for the all-attracting Power of Gold,
That as a Thing indifferent you hold,
I know thy am'rous Heart, whoſe honeſt Pride
Is ſtill to be on the obliging Side,
Would wiſh the Fair One, who your Soul allures,
Enjoy'd a Fortune rather leſs than yours.
Thoſe whom the dazzling Glare of Fortune ſtrikes,
Whom Gold allures to what the Soul diſlikes;
If counterfeit Affection they ſupport,
Strict Pennance do, and golden Fetters court.
But if ungrateful for the Boon they grow,
And pay the bounteous Female back with Woe,
Theſe are the worſt of Robbers in their Wills,
Whom Laws prevent from doing leſſer Ills.

Many who Profit in a Match intend,
Find themſelves clearly Loſers in the End.
Fulvius, who baſely from *Meliſſa* broke,
With richer *Chloe* to ſuſtain the Yoke,
Sees, in her vaſt Expence, his Crimes repaid,
And oft laments the poor forſaken Maid.
And ſay, What Soul, that's not to Slav'ry born,
Can bear the Taunts, th' Upbraidings, and the Scorn,

Which

Which Women with their Fortunes oft beſtow?
Worſe Torments far than Poverty can know.

Happy *Alexis*, ſprung from ſuch a Race,
Whoſe Blood would no Nobility diſgrace.
But O prefer ſome tender of a Flock,
Who ſcarce can graft one Parſon on her Stock.
To a fair Branch of *Churchil*'s Noble Line,
If Thou muſt often hear it match'd with thine.
Hence ſhould, I ſay, by her big Taunts compell'd,
With *Tallard* taken, *Villars* forc'd to yield,
And all the Glories of great *Blenheim*'s Field.
While thus ſecure from what too frequent charms,
Small Force againſt the reſt your Boſom arms.
Ill-nature, Pride, or a malicious Spleen,
To be abhorr'd, need only to be ſeen;
But to diſcover 'em may aſk ſome Art:
Women to Lovers ſeldom Faults impart.
She's more than Woman, who can ſtill conceal
Faults from a Lover, who will watch her well.
The Dams of Art may Nature's Stream oppoſe,
It ſwells at laſt, and in a Torrent flows.
But Men, too partial, think, when they behold
A Miſtreſs rude, vain, obſtinate, or bold,
That ſhe to others who a Dæmon proves,
May be an Angel to the Man ſhe loves.
Miſtaken Hope, that can expect to find
Pride ever humble, or Ill-nature kind.
No, reſt aſſur'd, the Ill which now you ſee
Her act to others, ſhe will act to thee.

Shun

Shun then the Serpent, when the Sting appears,
Nor think a hurtful Nature ever ſpares.
Two Sorts of Women never ſhould be woo'd,
The wild Coquette, and the cenſorious Prude:
From Love both chiefly ſeek to feed their Pride,
Thoſe to affect it ſtrive, and theſe to hide.
Each gay Coquette would be admir'd alone
By all, each Prude be thought to value none
Flaretta ſo weak Vanities enthrall,
She'd leave her eager Bridegroom for a Ball.
Chloe, the darling Trifle of the Town,
Had ne'er been won but by her Wedding Gown;
While in her fond *Myrtillo*'s Arms careſs'd,
She doats on that, and wiſhes to be dreſs'd.
Like ſome poor Bird, juſt pent within the Cage,
Whoſe rambling Heart in vain you would engage,
Cold to your Fondneſs, it laments its Chain,
And wanton longs to range the Fields again.
But Prudes, whoſe Thoughts ſuperior Themes employ,
Scorn the dull Tranſports of a carnal Joy:
With ſcrew'd-up Face, confeſs they ſuffer Raptures,
And marry only to obey the Scriptures.
But if her Conſtitution take the Part
Of honeſt Nature 'gainſt the Wiles of Art;
If ſhe gives looſe to Love, ſhe loves indeed;
Then endleſs Fears and Jealouſies ſucceed.
If Fondneſs e'er abate, you're weary grown,
And doat on ſome lewd Creature of the Town.
If any Beauty to a Viſit come;
Why can't theſe gadding Wretches ſtay at Home?

They think each Compliment conveys a Flame,
You cannot both be civil to the ſame.
Of all the Plagues with which a Huſband's curſt,
A jealous Prude's, my Friend, ſure knows the worſt.

Some ſterner Foes to Marriage bold aver,
That in this Choice a Man muſt ſurely err:
Nor can I to this Lottery adviſe,
A thouſand Blanks appearing to a Prize.
Women by Nature form'd too prone to Ill,
By Education are made proner ſtill,
To cheat, deceive, conceal each genuine Thought,
By Mothers, and by Miſtreſſes are taught.
The Face and Shape are firſt the Mother's Care;
The Dancing-Maſter next improves the Air.
To theſe Perfections add a Voice moſt ſweet;
The ſkill'd Muſician makes the Nymph compleat.
Thus with a Perſon well equipp'd, her Mind
Left, as when firſt created, rude and blind.
She's ſent to make her Conqueſts on Mankind.
But firſt inform'd the ſtudied Glance to aim,
Where Riches ſhew the profitable Game:
How with unequal Smiles the Jeſt to take,
When Princes, Lords, or Squires, or Captains ſpeak;
Theſe Lovers careful ſhun, and thoſe create;
And Merit only ſee in an Eſtate.
But tho' too many of this Sort we find,
Some there are ſurely of a nobler Kind.
Nor can your Judgment want a Rule to chuſe,
If by theſe Maxims guided you refuſe.
His Wiſhes then give *Fidus* to declare,
And paint the chief Perfections of the Fair.

May

May ſhe then prove, who ſhall thy Lot befall,
Beauteous to thee, agreeable to all.
Nor Wit, nor Learning proudly may ſhe boaſt;
No low-bred Girl, nor gay fantaſtic Toaſt:
Her tender Soul, Good-nature muſt adorn,
And Vice and Meanneſs be alone her Scorn.
Fond of thy Perſon, may her Boſom glow
With Paſſions thou haſt taught her firſt to know.
A warm Partaker of the genial Bed,
Thither by Fondneſs, not by Lewdneſs led.
Superior Judgment may ſhe own thy Lot;
Humbly adviſe, but contradict thee not.
Thine to all other Company prefer;
May all thy Troubles find Relief from her.
If Fortune gives thee ſuch a Wife to meet,
Earth cannot make thy Bleſſing more complete.

TO

JOHN HAYES, Esq;

THAT *Varius* huffs, and fights it out to Day,
Who ran last Week so cowardly away,
In *Codrus* may surprize the little Skill,
Who nothing knows of Humankind, but Ill:
Confining all his Knowledge, and his Art,
To this, that each Man is corrupt at Heart.

But thou who Nature thro' each Maze canst trace,
Who in her Closet forcest her Embrace;
Canst with thy *Horace* see the human Elves
Not differ more from others than themselves:
Canst see one Man at several Times appear,
Now gay, now grave, now candid, now severe;
Now save his Friends, now leave 'em in the Lurch;
Now rant in Brothels, and now cant in Church.

Yet farther with the Muse pursue the Theme,
And see how various Men at once will seem;
How Passions blended on each other fix,
How Vice with Virtues, Faults with Graces mix;

How Paſſions oppoſite, as ſour to ſweet,
Shall in one Boſom at one Moment meet.
With various Luck for Victory contend,
And now ſhall carry, and now loſe their End.
The rotten Beau, while ſmelt along the Room,
Divides your Noſe 'twixt Stenches and Perfume:
So Vice and Virtue lay ſuch equal Claim,
Your Judgment knows not when to praiſe or blame.
Had Nature Actions to one Source confin'd,
Ev'n blund'ring *Codrus* might have known Mankind.
But as the diff'ring Colours blended lie
When *Titian* variegates his clouded Sky;
Where White and Black, the Yellow and the Green,
Unite, and undiſtinguiſh'd form the Scene.
So the Great Artiſt diff'ring Paſſions joins,
And Love with Hatred, Fear with Rage combines.

Nor Nature this Confuſion makes alone,
She gives us often Half, and Half's our own.

Men what they are not ſtruggle to appear,
And Nature ſtrives to ſhew them as they are;
While Art, repugnant thus to Nature, fights,
The various Man appears in different Lights.
The Sage or Heroe on the Stage may ſhow
Behind the Scenes the Blockhead or the Beau.
For tho' with *Quin*'s, or *Garrick*'s matchleſs Art,
He acts; my Friend, he only acts a Part:
For *Quin* himſelf, in a few Moments more,
Is *Quin* again, who *Cato* was before.
Thus while the Courtier acts the Patriot's Part,
This guides his Face and Tongue, and that his Heart.

Abroad the Patriot ſhines with artful Mien,
The naked Courtier glares behind the Scene.
What Wonder then to Morrow if he grow
A Courtier good, who is a Patriot now.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

U——n G——, (alias *New Hog's Norton*) in *Com. Hants.*

Written to a young Lady in the Year 1728.

TO *Roſalinda*, now from Town retir'd,
Where nobleſt Hearts her brilliant Eyes have fir'd;
Whom Nightingales in fav'rite Bow'rs delight,
Where ſweeteſt Flow'rs perfume the fragrant Night;
Where Muſic's Charms enchant the fleeting Hours,
And Wit tranſports with all *Thalia*'s Pow'rs;
Alexis ſends: Whom his hard Fates remove
From the dear Scenes of Poetry and Love,
To barren Climates, leſs frequented Plains,
Unpoliſh'd Nymphs, and more unpoliſh'd Swains.

In ſuch a Place how can *Alexis* ſing?
An Air ne'er beaten by the Muſe's Wing!
In ſuch a Place what Subject can appear?
What not unworthy *Roſalinda*'s Ear?
Yet if a Charm in Novelty there be,
Sure it will plead to *Roſalind* for me;
Whom Courts or Cities nought unknown can ſhew,
Still *U*---- *G*---- preſents a Proſpect new.

As the dawb'd Scene, that on the Stage is ſhewn,
Where this Side Canvas is, and that a Town;
Or as that Lace which *Paxton* Half Lace calls,
That decks ſome Beau Apprentice out for Balls;
Such our Half Houſe erects its mimick Head,
This Side an Houſe preſents, and that a Shed.
Nor doth the inward Furniture excel,
Nor yields it to the Beauty of the Shell:
Here *Roman* Triumphs plac'd with aukward Art,
A Cart its Horſes draws, an Elephant the Cart.
On the Houſe-Side a Garden may be ſeen,
Which Docks and Nettles keep for ever green.
Weeds on the Ground, inſtead of Flow'rs, we ſee,
And Snails alone adorn the barren Tree.
Happy for us, had *Eve*'s this Garden been;
She'd found no Fruit, and therefore known no Sin.
Nor meaner Ornament the Shed-Side decks,
With Hay-Stacks, Faggot Piles, and Bottle-Ricks;
The Horſes Stalls, the Coach'a Barn contains;
For purling Streams, we've Puddles fill'd with Rains.
What can our Orchard without Trees ſurpaſs?
What, but our duſty Meadow without Graſs?

I've thought (ſo ſtrong with me Burleſque prevails,)
This Place deſign'd to ridicule *Verſailles*;
Or meant, like that, Art's utmoſt Pow'r to ſhew,
That tells how high it reaches, this how low.
Our Converſation does our Palace fit,
We've ev'ry Thing but Humour, except Wit.

O then, when tir'd with laughing at his Strains,
Give one dear Sigh to poor *Alexis'* Pains;
Whoſe Heart this Scene wou'd certainly ſubdue,
But for the Thoughts of happier Days, and You;
With whom one happy Hour makes large Amends
For ev'ry Care his other Hours attends.

TO

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

(Now Earl of *ORFORD*)

Written in the YEAR 1730.

SIR,

WHILE at the Helm of State you ride,
Our Nation's Envy, and its Pride;
While foreign Courts with Wonder gaze,
And curſe thoſe Councils which they praiſe;
Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
Your Bard a greater Man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the Sequel out.

You know, great Sir, that antient Fellows,
Philoſophers, and ſuch Folks, tell us,
No great Analogy between
Greatneſs and Happineſs is ſeen.
If then, as it might follow ſtrait,
Wretched to be, is to be great.
Forbid it, Gods, that you ſhould try
What 'tis to be ſo great as I.

The

The Family that dines the lateſt,
Is in our Street eſteem'd the greateſt;
But lateſt Hours muſt ſurely fall
Before him who ne'er dines at all.

Your Taſte in Architect, you know,
Hath been admir'd by Friend and Foe;
But can your earthly Domes compare
To all my Caſtles———in the Air?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think thoſe greater who're above us.
Another Inſtance of my Glory,
Who live above you twice two Story,
And from my Garret can look down
On the whole Street of *Arlington*.*

Greatneſs by Poets ſtill is painted
With many Followers acquainted;
This too doth in my Favour ſpeak,
Your Levée is but twice a Week;
From mine I can exclude but one Day,
My Door is quiet on a *Sunday*.

Nor in the Manner of Attendance
Doth your great Bard claim leſs Aſcendance
Familiar you to Admiration,
May be approach'd by all the Nation:

* Where the preſent Lord *Orford* then lived.

While

While I, like the Mogul *in Indo*,
Am never ſeen but at my Window.
If with my Greatneſs you're offended,
The Fault is eaſily amended:
For I'll come down, with wond'rous Eaſe,
Into whatever Place you pleaſe.

I'm not ambitious; little Matters
Will ſerve us great, but humble Creatures.
Suppoſe a Secretary o' this Iſle,
Juſt to be doing with a While;
Admiral, Gen'ral, Judge or Biſhop;
Or I can foreign Treaties diſh up.
If the good Genius of the Nation
Should call me to Negotiation;
Tuſcan and *French* are in my Head;
Latin I write, and *Greek* I ——— read.

If you ſhould aſk, what pleaſes beſt?
To get the moſt, and do the leaſt,
What fitteſt for?——you know, I'm ſure,
I'm fitteſt for a——*Sinecure*.

To the ſame. *Anno* 1731.

GREAT Sir, as on each Levée Day
I ſtill attend you----ſtill you ſay
I'm buſy now, To-morrow come;
To-morrow, Sir, you're not at Home.
So ſays your Porter, and dare I
Give ſuch a Man as him the Lie.

In Imitation, Sir, of you,
I keep a mighty Levée too;
Where my Attendants, to their Sorrow,
Are bid to come again To-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
And then like you, Sir, I'm gone out.
So ſays my Maid----but they, leſs civil,
Give Maid and Maſter to the Devil;
And then with Menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your Heart.

Good Sir, or make my Levée fly me,
Or lend your Porter to deny me.

Written

Written *Extempore*, on a Half-penny, which a young Lady gave a Beggar, and the Author redeem'd for Half a Crown.

DEAR little, pretty, fav'rite Ore,
That once encreas'd *Gloriana*'s Store;
That lay within her Bosom blest,
Gods might have envy'd thee thy Nest.
I've read, imperial *Jove* of old,
For Love transform'd himself to Gold:
And why, for a more lovely Lass,
May he not now have lurk'd in Brass?
Oh! rather than from her he'd part,
He'd shut that charitable Heart,
That Heart whose Goodness nothing less
Than his vast Pow'r, cou'd dispossess.

From *Gloriana*'s gentle Touch
Thy mighty Value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his Medals are to *Sloan*.

Not for the Silver and the Gold
Which *Corinth* lost shouldst thou be sold:
Not for the envy'd mighty Mass
Which Misers wish, or *M——h* has:

Not

Not for what *India* ſends to *Spain*,
Nor all the Riches of the Main.

While I poſſeſs thy little Store,
Let no Man call, or think me poor:
Thee, while alive, my Breaſt ſhall have,
My Hand ſhall graſp thee in the Grave;
Nor ſhalt thou be to *Peter* giv'n,
* Tho' he ſhould keep me out of Heav'n.

* In Alluſion to the Cuſtom of *Peter-Pence*, uſed by the *Roman Catholicks*.

THE

BEGGAR.

A

SONG.

I.

WHILE cruel to your wiſhing Slave,
You ſtill refuſe the Boon I crave,
Confeſs, what Joy that precious Pearl
Conveys to thee, my lovely Girl?

II.

Doſt thou not act the Miſer's Part,
Who with an aking, lab'ring Heart,

Counts

Counts the dull joyleſs ſhining Store,
Which he refuſes to the Poor?

III.

Confeſs then, my too lovely Maid,
Nor bluſh to ſee thy Thoughts betray'd;
What, parted with, gives Heav'n to me;
Kept, is but Pain and Grief to thee.

IV.

Be charitable then, and dare
Beſtow the Treaſure you can ſpare;
And truſt the Joys which you afford
Will to yourſelf be ſure reſtor'd.

AN

EPIGRAM.

WHEN *JOVE* with fair *Alcmena* lay,
He kept the Sun a-bed all Day;
That he might taſte her wond'rous Charms,
Two Nights together in her Arms.
Were I of *Celia*'s Charms poſſeſt,
Melting on that delicious Breaſt,
And could, like *JOVE*, thy Beams reſtrain,
Sun, thou ſhould'ſt never riſe again;
Unſated with the luſcious Bliſs,
I'd taſte one dear eternal Kiſs.

THE

THE QUESTION.

IN *Celia*'s Arms while bleſs'd I lay,
My Soul in Bliſs diſſolv'd away;
Tell me, the Charmer cry'd, how well
You love your *Celia*; *Strephon*, tell.
Kiſſing her glowing burning Cheek,
I'll tell, I cry'd -- but could not ſpeak.
At length my Voice return'd, and ſhe
Again began to queſtion me.
I pull'd her to my Breaſt again,
And try'd to anſwer, but in vain:
Short falt'ring Accents from me broke,
And my Voice fail'd before I ſpoke.
The Charmer pitying my Diſtreſs,
Gave me the tendereſt Careſs,
And ſighing cry'd, You need not tell;
Oh! *Strephon*, Oh! I feel how well.

J--n W----ts at a PLAY.

WHILE Hiſſes, Groans, and Cat-calls thro' the Pit,
Deplore the hapleſs Poet's want of Wit:
J--n W---ts, from Silence burſting in a Rage,
Cry'd, *Men are mad who write in ſuch an Age.*
Not ſo, reply'd his Friend, a ſneering Blade,
The Poet's only dull, the Printer's mad.

TO
C E L I A.

I Hate the Town, and all its Ways;
Ridotto's, Opera's, and Plays;
The Ball, the Ring, the Mall, the Court;
Wherever the Beau-Monde reſort;
Where Beauties lie in Ambuſh for Folks,
Earl *Straffords*, and the Duke of *Norfolks*;
All Coffee-Houſes, and their Praters;
All Courts of Juſtice, and Debaters;
All Taverns, and the Sots within 'em;
All Bubbles, and the Rogues that ſkin 'em.

I hate all Critics; may they burn all,
From *Bentley* to the *Grub-ſtreet Journal*.
All Bards, as *Dennis* hates a Pun:
Thoſe who have Wit, and who have none.
All Nobles, of whatever Station;
And all the Parſons in the Nation.
All Quacks and Doctors read in Phyſick,
Who kill or cure a Man that is ſick.
All Authors that were ever heard on,
From *Bavius* up to *Tommy Gordon*;
Tradeſmen with Cringes ever ſtealing,
And Merchants, whatſoe'er they deal in.
I hate the Blades profeſſing Slaughter,
More than the Devil Holy Water.
I hate all Scholars, Beaus, and Squires;
Pimps, Puppies, Paraſites, and Liars.
All Courtiers, with their Looks ſo ſmooth;
And Players, from *Boheme* to *Booth*.
I hate the World, cram'd all together,
From Beggars, up the Lord knows whither.

Aſk you then, *Celia*, if there be
The Thing I love? My Charmer, Thee.
Thee more than Light, than Life adore,
Thou deareſt, ſweeteſt Creature, more
Than wildeſt Raptures can expreſs;
Than I can tell, -- or thou canſt gueſs.

Then tho' I bear a gentle Mind,
Let not my Hatred of Mankind
Wonder within my *Celia* move,
Since ſhe poſſeſſes all my Love.

ON

ON A

LADY,

Coquetting with a very ſilly Fellow.

CORINNA's Judgment do not leſs admire,
That ſhe for *Oulus* ſhews a gen'rous Fire;
Lucretia toying thus had been a Fool,
But wiſer *Helen* might have us'd the Tool.
Since *Oulus* for one Uſe alone is fit,
With Charity judge of *Corinna*'s Wit.

On the Same.

WHILE Men ſhun *Oulus* as a Fool;
Dames prize him as a Beau;
What Judgment form we by this Rule?
Why this it ſeems to ſhew.
Thoſe apprehend the Beau's a Fool,
Theſe think the Fool's a Beau.

EPITAPH

ON

BUTLER's MONUMENT.

WHAT tho' alive neglected and undone,
O let thy Spirit triumph in this Stone.
No greater Honour could Men pay thy Parts,
For when they give a Stone, they give their Hearts.

ANOTHER.

On a wicked Fellow, who was a great BLUNDERER.

INTERR'D by Blunder in this ſacred Place,
Lies *William*'s wicked Heart, and ſmiling Face.
Full Forty Years on Earth he blunder'd on,
And now the L--d knows whither he is gone.
But if to Heav'n he ſtole, let no Man wonder,
For if to Hell he'd gone, he'd made no Blunder.

EPIGRAM

On one who invited many Gentlemen to a ſmall Dinner.

PETER (ſays *Pope*) won't poiſon with his Meat;
'Tis true, for *Peter* gives you nought to eat.

A SAILOR'S

A SAILOR's

SONG.

Design'd for the STAGE.

COME, let's aboard, my jolly Blades,
That love a merry Life;
To lazy Souls leave home-bred Trades,
To Husbands home-bred Strife;
Through *Europe* we will gayly roam,
And leave our Wives and Cares at Home.
With a Fa la, &c.

If any Tradesman broke should be,
Or Gentleman distress'd,
Let him away with us to Sea,
His Fate will be redress'd:
The glorious Thunder of great Guns,
Drowns all the horrid Noise of Duns.
With a Fa la, &c.

And while our Ships we proudly steer
Through all the conquer'd Seas,
We'll shew the World that *Britons* bear
Their Empire where they please:
Where'er our Sails are once unfurl'd,
Our King rules that Part of the World.
With a Fa la, &c.

The *Spaniard* with a ſolemn Grace
  Still marches ſlowly on,
We'd quickly make him mend his Pace,
  Deſirous to be gone:
Or if we bend our Courſe to *France*,
We'll teach Monſieur more briſk to dance.
With a Fa la, &c.

At length, the World ſubdu'd, again
  Our Courſe we'll homeward bend;
In Women, and in briſk Champaign,
  Our Gains we'll freely ſpend:
How proud our Miſtreſſes will be
To hug the Men that fought as we.
With a Fa la, &c.

ADVICE

TO THE

NYMPHS of *New S----m.*

Written in the Year 1730.

CEASE, vaineſt Nymphs, with *Celia* to contend,
  And let your Envy and your Folly end.
With her Almighty Charms when yours compare,
When your blind Lovers think you half ſo fair,

Each

Each *Sarum* Ditch, like *Helicon* ſhall flow,
And *Harnam Hill*, like high *Parnaſſus*, glow;
The humble Dazie trod beneath our Feet,
Shall be like Lillies fair, like Violets ſweet;
Winter's black Nights outſhine the Summer's Noon,
And Farthing Candles ſhall eclipſe the Moon:
T--b-ld ſhall blaze with Wit, ſweet *Pope* be dull,
And *German* Princes vie with the *Mogul*.
Ceaſe then, advis'd, O ceaſe th' unequal War,
'Tis too much Praiſe to be o'ercome by her.
With the ſweet Nine ſo the *Pierians* ſtrove;
So poor *Arachne* with *Minerva* wove:
'Till of their Pride juſt Puniſhment they ſhare;
Thoſe fly and chatter, and this hangs in Air.
Unhappy Nymphs! O may the Powers above,
Thoſe Powers that form'd this ſecond Queen of Love,
Lay all their wrathful Thunderbolts aſide,
And rather pity than avenge your Pride;
Forbid it Heaven, you ſhould bemoan too late
The ſad *Pierian*'s or *Arachne*'s Fate;
That hid in Leaves, and perch'd upon a Bough,
You ſhould o'erlook thoſe Walks you walk in now;
The gen'rous Maid's Compaſſion, others Joke,
Should chatter Scandal which you once have ſpoke;
Or elſe in Cobwebs hanging from the Wall,
Should be condemn'd to overlook the Ball:
To ſee, as now, victorious *Celia* reign,
Admir'd, ador'd by each politer Swain.

O ſhun a Fate like this, be timely wiſe,
And if your Glaſs be falſe, if blind your Eyes,
Believe and own what all Mankind aver,
And pay with them the Tribute due to her.

TO

CELIA.

Occaſioned by her apprehending her Houſe would be broke open, and having an old Fellow to guard it, who ſat up all Night, with a Gun without any Ammunition.

CUPID call'd to Account.

LAST Night, as my unwilling Mind
To Reſt, dear *Celia*, I reſign'd;
For how ſhould I Repoſe enjoy,
While any Fears your Breaſt annoy?
Forbid it, Heav'n, that I ſhould be
From any of your Troubles free.
Oh! would kind Fate attend my Pray'r,
Greedy, I'd give you not a Share.

Laſt Night then, in a wretched taking,
My Spirits toſs'd 'twixt Sleep and waking,

I dreamt

I dreamt (ah! what ſo frequent Themes
As you and *Venus* of my Dreams!)
That ſhe, bright Glory of the Sky,
Heard from below her Darling's Cry:
Saw her Cheeks pale, her Boſom heave,
And heard a diſtant Sound of Thieve.
Not ſo you look when at the Ball,
Envy'd you ſhine, outſhining all.
Not ſo at Church, when Prieſt perplext,
Beholds you, and forgets the Text.

The Goddeſs frighten'd, to her Throne
Summon'd the little God her Son,
And him in Paſſion thus beſpoke;
" Where, with that cunning Urchin's Look,
" Where from thy Colours haſt thou ſtray'd?
" Unguarded left my darling Maid?
" Left my lov'd Citadel of Beauty,
" With none but *Sancho* upon Duty!
" Did I for this a num'rous Band
" Of Loves ſend under thy Command!
" Bid thee ſtill have her in thy Sight,
" And guard her Beauties Day and Night!
" Were not th' *Heſperian* Gardens taken?
" The hundred Eyes of *Argus* ſhaken?
" What Dangers will not Men deſpiſe,
" T' obtain this much ſuperior Prize?
" And didſt thou truſt what *Jove* hath charm'd,
" To a poor Centinel unarm'd?

" A Gun

" A Gun indeed the Wretch had got,
" But neither Powder, Ball, nor Shot.
" Come tell me, Urchin, tell no Lies;
" Where was you hid, in *Vince*'s Eyes?
" Did you fair *Bennet*'s Breaſt importune?
" (I know you dearly love a Fortune.)"
Poor *Cupid* now began to whine;
" Mamma, it was no Fault of mine.
" I in a Dimple lay *perdue*,
" That little Guard-Room choſe by you.
" A hundred Loves (all arm'd) did grace
" The Beauties of her Neck and Face;
" Thence, by a Sigh I diſpoſſeſt,
" Was blown to *Harry Fielding*'s Breaſt;
" Where I was forc'd all Night to ſtay,
" Becauſe I could not find my Way.
" But did Mamma know there what Work
" I've made, how acted like a Turk;
" What Pains, what Torment he endures,
" Which no Phyſician ever cures,
" She would forgive." The Goddeſs ſmil'd,
And gently chuck'd her wicked Child,
Bid him go back, and take more Care,
And give her Service to the Fair.

To

To the SAME.

On her wiſhing to have a LILLIPUTIAN, to play with.

IS there a Man who would not be,
My *Celia*, what is priz'd by thee?
A Monkey Beau, to pleaſe thy Sight,
Would wiſh to be a Monkey quite.
Or (couldſt thou be delighted ſo)
Each Man of Senſe would be a Beau.
Courtiers would quit their faithleſs Skill,
To be thy faithful Dog *Quadrille*.
P—lt--y, who does for Freedom rage,
Would ſing confin'd within thy Cage;
And *W—lp-le*, for a tender Pat,
Would leave his Place to be thy Cat.
May I, to pleaſe my lovely Dame,
Be five Foot ſhorter than I am;
And, to be greater in her Eyes,
Be ſunk to *Lilliputian* Size.
While on thy Hand I ſkipt the Dance,
How I'd deſpiſe the King of *France!*

That

That Hand! which can beſtow a Store
Richer than the *Peruvian* Ore,
Richer than *India*, or the Sea,
(That Hand will give yourſelf away)
Upon your Lap to lay me down,
Or hide in Plaitings of your Gown.
Or on your Shoulder ſitting high,
What Monarch ſo enthron'd as I?
Now on the roſy Bud I'd reſt,
Which borrows Sweetneſs from thy Breaſt.
Then when my *Celia* walks abroad,
I'd be her Pocket's little Load:
Or ſit aſtride, to frighten People,
Upon her Hat's new-faſhion'd Steeple.
Theſe for the Day; and for the Night,
I'd be a careful, watchful Spright.
Upon her Pillow ſitting ſtill,
I'd guard her from th' Approach of Ill.
Thus (for afraid ſhe could not be
Of ſuch a little Thing as me)
While I ſurvey her Boſom riſe,
Her lovely Lips, her ſleeping Eyes,
While I ſurvey, what to declare
Nor Fancy can, nor Words muſt dare,
Here would begin my former Pain,
And wiſh to be myſelf again.

SIMILES

SIMILES.

To the SAME.

AS wildeſt Libertines would rate,
Compar'd with Pleaſure, an Eſtate;
Or as his Life a Heroe'd prize,
When Honour claim'd the Sacrifice;
Their Souls as ſtrongeſt Miſer's Hold,
When in the Ballance weigh'd with Gold;
Such, was thy Happineſs at Stake,
My Fortune, Life, and Soul, I'd make.

THE PRICE.

To the SAME.

CAN there on Earth, my *Celia*, be,
A Price I would not pay for thee?
Yes, one dear precious Tear of thine
Should not be ſhed to make thee mine.

HER

Her CHRISTIAN NAME.

To the SAME. A Rebus.

A Very good Fish, very good Way of Selling
A very bad Thing, with a little bad Spelling,
Make the Name by the Parson and Godfather giv'n,
When a Christian was made of an Angel from Heav'n.

To the SAME;

Having blamed Mr. GAY for his Severity on her Sex.

LET it not CELIA's gentle Heart perplex,
That GAY severe hath satyriz'd her Sex:
Had they, like her, a Tenderness but known,
Back on himself each pointed Dart had flown.
But blame thou last, in whose accomplish'd Mind
The strongest Satire on thy Sex we find.

A N

AN

EPIGRAM.

THAT *Kate* weds a Fool what Wonder can be,
Her Husband has married a Fool great as she.

ANOTHER.

MISS *Molly* lays down as a positive Rule,
That no one should marry for Love, but a Fool:
Exceptions to Rules even *Lilly* allows;
Moll has sure an *Example* at Home in her Spouse.

To

To the MASTER of the

SALISBURY ASSEMBLY;

Occasioned by a Dispute, whether the Company should have fresh Candles.

TAKE your Candles away, let your Musick be mute,
My Dancing, however, you shall not dispute;
Jenny's Eyes shall find Light, and I'll find a Flute.

THE

CAT and FIDDLE.

TO THE

Favourite CAT of a Fiddling MISER.

THrice happy Cat, if in thy A—— House,
Thou luckily shouldst find a half-starv'd Mouse.
The Mice, that only for his Musick stay,
Are Proofs that *Orpheus* did not better play.

Thou

Thou too, if Danger could alarm thy Fears,
Haſt to this *Orpheus* ſtrangely ty'd thy Ears:
For oh! the fatal Time will come, when he,
Prudent, will make his Fiddle-ſtrings of thee.

THE Queen of Beauty, t'other Day,
(As the *Elyſian* Journals ſay)
To eaſe herſelf of all her Cares,
And better carry on Affairs;
By Privy-Council mov'd above,
And *Cupid* Miniſter of Love,
To keep the Earth in due Obedience,
Reſolv'd to ſubſtitute Vice Regents;
To Canton out her Subject Lands,
And give the faireſt the Commands.

She ſpoke, and to the Earth's far Borders
Young *Cupid* iſſued out his Orders,
That every Nymph in its Dimenſions
Should bring or ſend up her Pretenſions.
Like Lightning ſwift the Order flies,
Or ſwifter Glance from *Celia*'s Eyes:
Like Wit from ſparkling *W——tley*'s Tongue,
Or Harmony from *Pope*, or *Young*.

Why ſhould I ſing what Letters came;
Who boaſts her Face, or who her Frame?
From black and brown, and red, and fair,
With Eyes and Teeth, and Lips and Hair.
One fifty hidden Charms diſcovers;
A ſecond boaſts as many Lovers:
This Beauty all Mankind adore;
And this all Women envy more.
This witneſſes, by *Billetsdoux*,
A thouſand Praiſes, and all true;
While that by Jewels makes Pretences
To triumph over Kings and Princes;
Bribing the Goddeſs by that Pelf,
By which ſhe once was brib'd herſelf.
So Borough Towns, Election brought on,
E'er yet Corruption Bill was thought on.
Sir Knight, to gain the Voters Favour,
Boaſts of his former good Behaviour;
Of Speeches in the Senate made;
Love for its Country, and its Trade.
And, for a Proof of Zeal unſhaken,
Diſtributes Bribes he once had taken.
What matters who the Prizes gain,
In *India*, *Italy*, or *Spain*;
Or who requires the brown Commanders
Of *Holland*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*.
Thou *Britain*, on my Labours ſmile,
The Queen of Beauty's favour'd Iſle;

Whom

Whom ſhe long ſince hath priz'd above
The *Paphian*, or the *Cyprian* Grove.
And here, who aſk the Muſe to tell,
That the Court Lot to *R—chmond* fell?
Or who ſo ignorant as wants
To know that *S——per*'s choſe for *Hants*.
Sarum, thy Candidates be nam'd,
Sarum, for Beauties ever fam'd,
Whoſe Nymphs excel all Beauty's Flowers,
As thy high Steeple doth all Towers.
The Court was plac'd in Manner fitting;
Venus upon the Bench was ſitting;
Cupid was Secretary made.
The Cryer an *O Yes* diſplay'd;
Like Mortal Cryer's loud Alarum,
Bring in Petitions from *New Sarum*.
* When lo, in bright celeſtial State,
Jove came and thunder'd at the Gate.
" And can you, Daughter, doubt to whom
" (He cry'd) belongs the happy Doom,
" While *C——cks* yet make bleſs'd the Earth,
" *C——cks*, whom long before their Birth,
" I, by your own Petition mov'd,
" Decreed to be by all belov'd.

* The middle Part of this Poem (which was writ when the Author was very young) was filled with the Names of ſeveral young Ladies, who might perhaps be uneaſy at ſeeing themſelves in Print, that Part therefore is left out; the rather, as ſome Freedoms, tho' gentle ones, were taken with little Foibles in the amiable Sex, whom to affront in Print, is, we conceive, mean in any Man, and ſcandalous in a Gentleman.

" *C——cks*, to whoſe celeſtial Dower
" I gave all Beauties in my Power;
" To form whoſe lovely Minds and Faces,
" I ſtript half Heaven of its Graces.
" Oh let them bear an equal Sway,
" So ſhall Mankind well-pleas'd obey."
The God thus ſpoke, the Goddeſs bow'd;
Her riſing Bluſhes ſtrait avow'd
Her hapleſs Memory and Shame,
And *Cupid* glad writ down their Name.

A PA-

A

PARODY,

FROM THE

FIRST ÆNEID.

DIXIT; et avertens Roſeâ Cervice refulſit,
Ambroſiæque Comæ divinum Vertice Odorem
Spiravere: Pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera Inceſſu patuit Dea.———

SHE ſaid; and turning ſhew'd her wrinkled Neck,
In Scales and Colour like a Roach's Back.
Forth from her greaſy Locks ſuch Odours flow,
As thoſe who've ſmelt *Dutch* Coffee-Houſes, know.
To her Mid-Leg her Petticoat was rear'd,
And the true Slattern in her Dreſs appear'd.

A

SIMILE,

FROM

SILIUS ITALICUS.

AUT ubi Cecropius formidine Nubis aquosæ
Sparsa super Flores examina tollit *Hymettos*;
Ad dulceis Ceras et odori Corticis Antra,
Mellis Apes gravidæ properant, densoque volatu
Raucum connexæ glomerant ad Limina murmur.

OR when th' *Hymettian* Shepherd, struck with Fear
Of wat'ry Clouds thick gather'd in the Air,
Collects to waxen Cells the scatter'd Bees
Home from the sweetest Flowers, and verdant Trees;
Loaded with Honey to the Hive they fly,
And humming Murmurs buzz along the Sky.

TO

EUTHALIA.

Written in the Year 1728.

BUrning with Love, tormented with Deſpair,
Unable to forget or eaſe his Care;
In vain each practis'd Art *Alexis* tries;
In vain to Books, to Wine or Women flies;
Each brings *Euthalia*'s Image to his Eyes.
In *Lock*'s or *Newton*'s Page her Learning glows;
Dryden the Sweetneſs of her Numbers ſhews;
In all their various Excellence I find
The various Beauties of her perfect Mind.
How vain in Wine a ſhort Relief I boaſt!
Each ſparkling Glaſs recalls my charming Toaſt.
To Women then ſucceſsleſs I repair,
Engage the Young, the Witty, and the Fair.
When *Sappho*'s Wit each envious Breaſt alarms,
And *Roſalinda* looks ten thouſand Charms;
In vain to them my reſtleſs Thoughts would run;
Like faireſt Stars, they ſhow the abſent Sun.

JUVENALIS
SATYRA
SEXTA.

CRedo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris, viſamque diu; cùm frigida parvas
Præberet ſpelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et pecus, & dominos communi clauderet umbrâ:
Silveſtrem montana torum cùm ſterneret uxor
Frondibus & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum

NOTÆ.

Saturno Rege. Aureo ſcilicet ſæculo; quod viguiſſe Saturno, Cœli et Veſtæ filio, in Latio regnante a Poetis fingitur. Regem hunc eleganter ſatis Poeta profert, cum de moribus in Latio muatis agitur.

Vicinarumque. Contubernalium. Vel forſan non longe petitarum ſicut nunc; et exprobrare vult ſui Temporis Romanis, qui ex longinquo, mollitiei vel odoris cauſâ, Ferarum pelles maximo cûm pretio comparabant.

Pellibus;

PART OF

Juvenal's Sixth SATIRE,

MODERNIZED IN

BURLESQUE VERSE.

DAME *Chastity*, without Dispute,
Dwelt on the Earth with good King *Brute*;
When a cold Hut of modern *Greenland*
Had been a Palace for a Queen *Anne*;
When hard and frugal Temp'rance reign'd,
And Men no other House contain'd
Than the wild Thicket, or the Den;
When Houshold Goods, and Beasts, and Men,
Together lay beneath one Bough,
Which Man and Wife would scarce do now;
The Rustick Wife her Husband's Bed
With Leaves and Straw, and Beast-Skin made.

NOTES.

King Brute. The *Roman* Poet mentions *Saturn*, who was the first King of *Italy*; we have therefore rendered *Brute* the oldest to be found in our Chronicles, and whose History is as fabulous as that of his *Italian* Brother.

Not

Pellibus, haud ſimilis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus paſſer ocellos;
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,
Et ſæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.
Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
Vivebant homines; qui rupto robore nati,
Compoſitique luto nullos habuere parentes.
Multa pudicitiæ veteris veſtigia forſan,

NOTÆ.

Haud ſimilis, &c. Cynthia Propertii, Leſbia Catulli amica. Quarum quidem hanc ineptam, illam delicatulam fuiſſe innuit noſter.

Magnis. Grangæum quendam hic refutat Lubinus. Qui per magnos, adultæ vel ſaltem provectioris Ætatis pueros, intelligit. Ego tamen cum Grangæo ſentio. Nam delicatulis et nobiliſſimis Matronis conſuetudinem pueros a Matris Mammis arcendi objicere vult Poetu, ob quam Romanas mulieres, Juvenalis Temporibus, ſicut et noſtræ, infames et Reprehenſione dignas fuiſſe ne minimùm quidem dubito.

Rupto robore nati. Sic Virgilius.

Genſque virûm truncis, et rupto Robore nati.

Hanc Fabulam ex eo natam fuiſſe volunt, quod habitantes in arborum cavitibus exinde egredi ſolebant. Ridicula ſane Conjectura, et quæ Criticulorum Homunculorum Hallucinantem Geniunculum ſatis exprimit. Hæc Fabula et aliæ quæ de Hominis origine extiterunt, ab uno et eodem Fonte effluxiſſe videntur, ab Ignorantia ſcilicet humana cùm vanitate conjuncta. Homines enim cùm ſui Generis originem prorſus ignorarent, et hanc ignorantiam ſibi probro verterent, cauſas varias genitivas, ad ſuam cujuſque Regionem accommodatas invenerunt et tradiderunt; Alii ab arboribus, alii a Luto, alii a Lapidibus originem ſuam ducentes.

Not like Miſs *Cynthia*, nor that other,
Who more bewail'd her Bird than Mother;
But fed her Children from her Bubbies,
'Till they were grown up to great Loobies:
Herſelf an Ornament leſs decent
Than Spouſe, who ſmelt of Acorn recent.
For, in the Infancy of Nature,
Man was a diff'rent ſort of Creature;
When Dirt-engender'd Offſpring broke
From the ripe Womb of Mother Oak.
Ev'n in the Reign of *Jove*, perhaps,

NOTES.

Not like, &c. This is the firſt ſatyrical Stroke, in which the Poet inveighs againſt an over Affectation of Delicacy and Tenderneſs in Women.

'Till they were grown up. Here the Poet ſlyly objects to the Cuſtom of denying the Mother's Breaſt to the Infant; there are among us truly conſcientious Perſons, who agree with his Opinion.

When Dirt-engendered. We have here varied a little from the Original, and put the two Cauſes of Generation together.

The

Aut aliqua extiterant, & ſub Jove, ſed Jove nondum
Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis
Per caput alterius ; cùm furem nemo timeret
Caulibus, aut pomis, ſed aperto viveret horto.
Paulatim deinde ad ſuperos Aſtræa receſſit
Hâc comite ; atque duæ pariter fugêre ſorores.
Antiquum & vetus eſt, alienum, Poſthume, lectum
Concutere, atque ſacri Genium contemnere fulcri.
Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas :
Viderunt primos argentea ſecula mœchos.
Conventum tamen, & pactum, & ſponſalia noſtrâ
Tempeſtate paras ; jamque à tonſore magiſtro
Pecteris, & digito pignus fortaſſe dediſti.
Certè ſanus eras : uxorem, Poſthume, ducis ?
Dic, quâ Tiſiphone ? quibus exagitare colubris ?
Ferre potes dominam ſalvis tot reſtibus ullam ?

NOTÆ.

Sub Jove. Argenteo Sæculo, Jove Saturni filio regnante. Miram hujus Loci Elegantiam nimine prætereundam cenſeo. Quantâ enim acerbitate in vitia Humana inſurgit Poeta noſter, qui non niſi veſtigia Pudicitiæ argenteo ſæculo attribuit, neque hæc aſſerit, ſed *forſan* extîtiſſe ſæculo hoc *ineunte* dicit ; mox Jove pubeſcente ad ſuperos avolaſſe.

Græcis jurare paratis. Apud Romanos Punica Fides, et apud Græcos, ut liquet ex Demoſthene in 1 Olynth. *Macedonica* Fides, Proverbio Locum tribuerunt : Aſiaticos etiam ob Perjuriam inſectatur Noſter Sat. ſequente vers. 14. Sed hic originem Perjurii Græcis attribuere videtur.

Tonſore magiſtro. Adprimê docto. Hic et ad verſ. 78, 79. Ritus nuptiales exhibet Poeta.

Cùm

The Goddeſs may have ſhewn her Chaps;
But it was ſure in its Beginning,
E'er *Jupiter* had Beard to grin in.
Not yet the *Greeks* made Truth their Sport,
And bore falſe Evidence in Court;
Their Truth was yet become no Adage;
Men fear'd no Thieves of Pears and Cabbage.
By ſmall Degrees *Aſtrea* flies
With her two Siſters to the Skies.
O 'tis a very ancient Cuſtom,
To taint the genial Bed, my Poſthum!
Fearleſs leſt Huſband ſhould diſcover it,
Or elſe the Genius that rules over it.
The Iron Age gave other Crimes,
Adult'ry grew in Silver Times.
But you, in this Age, boldly dare
The Marriage Settlements prepare;
Perhaps have bought the Wedding Garment,
And Ring too, thinking there's no Harm in't.
Sure you was in your Senſes, Honey.
You marry. Say, what *Tiſiphone*
Poſſeſſes you with all her Snakes,
Thoſe Curls which in her Pole ſhe ſhakes?

NOTÆ.

Not yet the Greeks. They were ſo infamous for Perjury, that to have Regard to an Oath was a great Character among them, and ſufficient to denote a Gentleman. See our Notes on the *Plutus* of *Ariſtophanes.*

Her two Siſters. Truth and Modeſty.

What Tiſiphone. One of the Furies. We have preſumed to violate the Quantity of this Word.

What,

Cùm pateant altæ, caligantesque fenestræ?
Cùm tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons?
Aut si de multis nullus placet exitus; illud
Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum pusio dormit?
Pusio qui noctu non litigat: exigit à te
Nulla jacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quòd
Et lateri parcas, nec, quantum jussit, anheles.
Sed placet Ursidio lex Julia: tollere dulcem
Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,
Mullorumque jubis, & captatore macello.
Quid fieri non posse putes, si jungitur ulla
Ursidio? si mœchorum notissimus olim
Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro,
Quem toties texit periturum cista Latini?

NOTÆ.

Lex Julia. De Adulterijs; quâ lata est Pœna Adulterii, ideoque ad Matrimonium viri ab ea Lege impelluntur.

Mullorumque Jubis. i. e. Mullatis jubis. Sic Phædrus: Aviditas canis pro avido cane, et etiam apud Græcus Βίη Πρίαμοιο pro Βιαὶοϑ Πρίαμϑ.

Notissimus. Al. Turpissimus, perperam: nam si ita legas diminuitur hujus Loci vis; quo quis enim majorem Adulterarum habuit Notitiam, eo magis Maritali Capistro porrecturus, ora Exemplum præbet ridiculum.

Quid,

What, wilt thou wear the Marriage Chain,
While one whole Halter doth remain;
When open Windows Death present ye,
And *Thames* hath Water in great Plenty?
But Verdicts of Ten Thousand Pound
Most sweetly to *Ursidius* sound.
"We'll all (he cries) be Cuckolds *Nem. Con.*
"While the rich Action lies of *Crim. Con.*"
And who would lose the precious Joy
Of a fine thumping darling Boy?
Who, while you dance him, calls you Daddy,
(So he's instructed by my Lady.)
What tho' no Ven'son, Fowl, or Fish,
Presented, henceforth grace the Dish:
Such he hath had, but dates no Merit hence;
He knows they came for his Inheritance.
What would you say, if this *Ursidius*,
A Man well known among the Widows,
First of all Rakes, his Mind should alter,
And stretch his simple Neck to th' Halter?
Often within *Latinus*' Closet,
(The Neighbours, nay, the whole Town knows it,)

NOTES.

They came for his Inheritance. This Custom of making Presents to rich Men who had no Children, in order to become their Heirs, is little known to us. Mr. *Ben. Johnson*, indeed, hath founded a Play on it, but he lays the Scene in *Venice*.

Within Latinus' *Closet*. We have here a little departed from the *Latin*. This *Latinus* was a Player, and used to act the Part of the Gallant; in which, to avoid the Discovery of the Husband, he used to be hid in a Chest, or Cloaths-Basket, as *Falstaff* is concealed in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Poet therefore here alludes to that Custom.

He

Quid, quòd & antiquis uxor de moribus illi
Quæritur? O medici mediam pertundite venam:
Delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
Paucæ adeò Cereris vittas contingere dignæ;
Quarum non timeat pater oscula. necte coronam
Postibus, & densos per limina tende corymbos.
Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? ocyùs illud
Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.
Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno
Viventis: vivat Gabijs, ut vixit in agro;
Vivat Fidenis, & agello cedo paterno.
Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in
Speluncis? adeò senuerunt Jupiter & Mars?

NOTÆ.

Delicias hominis! Delicatum Hominem. Sic monstrum hominis, pro monstrosus Homo.

Cereris vittas. Mysteria Eleusynia hic respicit. Quæ quidem a Warburtono illo doctissimo in Libro suo de Mosaicâ Legatione accuratissimè nunc demum explicantur.

He hath eſcap'd the Cuckold's Search;
Yet now he ſeeks a Wife moſt ſtarch;
With good old-faſhion'd Morals fraught.
Phyſicians give him a large Draught,
And Surgeons ope his middle Vein.
O delicate Taſte! go, prithee ſtrain
Thy Lungs to Heav'n, in Thankſgivings;
Build Churches, and endow with Livings.
If a chaſte Wife thy Lot befall,
'Tis the Great Prize drawn in *Guildhall.*
Few worthy are to touch thoſe Myſteries,
Of which we lately know the Hiſtories,
To *Ceres* ſacred, who requires
Strict Purity from looſe Deſires.
Whereas at no Crime now they boggle,
Ev'n at their Grandfathers they ogle.
But come, your Equipage make ready,
And dreſs your Houſe out for my Lady.
Will one Man *Iberine* ſupply?
Sooner content her with one Eye.
But hold; there runs a common Story
Of a chaſte Country Virgin's Glory.

NOTES.

And ſtretch his ſimple Neck to th' Halter. We have endeavoured to preſerve the Beauty of this Line in the Original. The Metaphor is taken from the Poſture of a Horſe holding forth his Neck to the Harneſs.

The Myſteries of Ceres. Which the Reader may ſee explain'd in a moſt maſterly Stile, and with the profoundeſt Knowledge of Antiquity, by Mr. *Warburton,* in the firſt Vol. of his *Divine Legation of* Moſes *vindicated.*

Porticibusne tibi monstratur fœmina voto
Digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
Quod securus ames, quódque inde excerpere possis?
Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
Tuccia vesicæ non imperat; Appula gannit
(Sicut in amplexu) subitum, & miserabile longum:
Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.
Ast aliæ, quoties aulæa recondita cessant,
Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
Atque à plebeijs longè Megalesia; tristes
Personam, thyrsumque tenent, & subligar Accî.

NOTÆ.

Subitum, et miserabile, longum. Hæc et sequentia ut minus a castis intelligenda, sic ab Interpretibus minime intellecta videntur. Omnes quos unquam vidi, Codd. ita se habent.

——————— *Appula gannit*
Sicut in Amplexu; subitum, et miserabile longum
Attendit Thymele.

Quid sibi vult hæc Lectio, me omnino latere fateor; Sin vero nobiscum legas, tribus illis verbis parenthesi inclusis, invenies planam quidem (licet castiore Musa indignam) Sententiam.

Urbicus

At *Bath* and *Tunbridge* let her be;
If there ſhe's chaſte, I will agree.
And will the Country yield no Slanders?
Is all our Army gone to *Flanders?*
Can the full *Mall* afford a Spouſe,
Or Boxes, worthy of your Vows?
While ſome ſoft Dance *Bathyllus* dances,
Can *Tuccy* regulate her Glances?
Appula chuckles, and poor *Thomyly*
Gapes, like a Matron at a Homily.
But others, when the Houſe is ſhut up,
Nor Play-Bills, *by Deſire*, are put up;
When Players ceaſe, and Lawyer riſes
To harangue Jury at Aſſizes;
When Drolls at *Barthol'mew* begin,
A Feaſt Day after that of *Trin'*.

NOTES.

Is all our Army gone to Flanders? As the Patron of theſe Gentlemen is mentioned in the Original, we thought his Votaries might be pleaſed with being inſerted in the Imitation.

The Mall. The *Portico's* in the Original; where both Sexes uſed to aſſemble.

By Deſire. A conſtant Puff at the Head of our Play-Bills; Deſigned to allure Perſons to the Houſe, who go thither more for the ſake of the Company than of the Play; but which has proved ſo often fallacious (Plays having been acted *at the particular Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality, when there hath not been a ſingle Lady of Quality in the Houſe)* that at preſent it hath very little Signification.

When Players ceaſe. Viz. in the Vacation. In the Original, *As the* Megaleſian *Feſtival is ſo long diſtant from the* Plebeian. The latter being celebrated in the Calends of *December*, the former in the Nones of *April*.

Urbicus exodio risum movet Attellanæ
Gestibus Autonoës; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
Solvitur his magno comœdi fibula; sunt quæ
Chrysogonum cantare vetent; Hispulla tragœdo
Gaudet: an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur?
Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharœdus Echion
Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusve choraules.
Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos:
Ornentur postes, & grandi janua lauro,
Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
Nupta senatori comitata est Hippia Ludium

NOTÆ.

Ludium. Salmas. Ludum mavult, et hoc pro Ludio, ut Regna pro Regibus, positum censet: sed synæresis hæc frequenter occurrit apud Poetas. Sic τὸ Omnia apud Virgilium Dissyllabum est.

Ad

Others, I ſay, themſelves turn Players,
With *Clive* and *Woffington*'s gay Airs;
Paint their fair Faces out like Witches,
And cram their Thighs in *Fle—w—d*'s Breeches.
Italian Meaſures while *Fauſan*
Mov'd, what a Laugh thro' Gall'ry ran?
Poor *Ælia* languiſhes in vain;
Fauſan is bought with greater Gain.
Others make *B--rd* their wiſer Choice,
And wiſh to ſpoil his charming Voice.
Hiſpulla ſighs for Buſkin's Wit,
Cou'd ſhe love *Lyt——n* or *P——t*?
Chuſe you a Wife, whom the blind Harper,
Or any Fidler elſe, or Sharper,
Fine Rivals! might with Eaſe enjoy,
And make thee Father of a Boy?
Come then, prepare the Nuptial Feaſt,
Adorn the Board, invite the Gueſt;
That Madam may, in Time, be big,
And bring an Heir reſembling *Fig*.
Hippia to Parl'ment Man was wed,
But left him for a Fencer's Bed:

NOTES.

Fig. A celebrated Prize-fighter.

Hippia. She was Wife to *Fabricius Vejento*, a noble rich *Roman*, who was infamous for his Luxury and Pride. This laſt Quality was ſo eminent in him, that he ſcorned to ſalute any almoſt of his Fellow Citizens; for which he is laſhed by our Poet, Sat. III. v. 185. He is likewiſe introduced in the fourth Satyr. His Wife *Hippia* ran away to *Egypt* with the Gladiator *Sergius*.

Ad Pharon et Nilum, famosaque mœnia Lagi;
Prodigia, & mores urbis damnante Canopo.
Immemor illa domûs, & conjugis, atque sororis,
Nil patriæ indulsit; plorantesque improba gnatos,
Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumaque paternâ,
Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
Contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus, latéque sonantem
Pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
Mutandum toties esset mare. Justa pericli
Si ratio est, & honesta, timent; pavidoque gelantur
Pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
Fortem animum præstant rebus, quas turpitèr audent.
Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim;

NOTÆ.

Canopo. Urbs erat Ægyptîaca ad ostium Nili, sed hic pro tota Ægypto usurpatur. Hujus Populi mores tam apud Græcos quam Romanos maxime infames fuere, adeo ut ἀιγυπτιαστὶ perinde valeat ac turpiter. His duobus versibus nihil acerbius esse potest.

With him ſhe went to ſome Plantation,
Which damn'd the Morals of our Nation;
Forgetful of her Houſe and Siſter,
And Spouſe and Country too, which miſs'd her:
Her brawling Brats ne'er touch'd her Mind;
Nay more, young *C----r*'s left behind.
Nor was this Nymph bred up to Pattins,
But ſwaddled ſoft in Silks and Sattins;
Yet ſhe deſpis'd the Sea's loud Roar;
Her Fame ſhe had deſpis'd before:
For that's a Jewel, in Reality,
Of little Value 'mongſt the Quality.
Nor *Bay of Biſcay* rais'd her Fears,
Nor all the *Spaniſh* Privateers.
But ſhould a juſt Occaſion call
To Danger, how the Charmers ſquall!
Cold are their Breaſts as addled Eggs,
Nor can they ſtand upon their Legs,
More than an Infant that is ricketty;
But they are ſtronger in Iniquity.
Should Spouſe decoy them to a Ship,
Good Heavens! how they'd have the Hip!

NOTES.

Young Cib — r. In the Original *Paris*, a Player, of whom *Domitian* was ſo fond, that our Author was baniſhed for his abuſing him. He afterwards was put to Death for an Amour with the Empreſs.

The Quality. We have inſerted this rather to ſtick as cloſe to the Original as poſſible, than from any Conceit that it is juſtly applicable to our own People of Faſhion.

Tunc ſentina gravis; tunc ſummus vertitur aer.
Quæ mœchum ſequitur, ſtomacho valet: illa maritum
Convomit: hæc inter nautas & prandet, & errat
Per puppim, & duros gaudet tractare rudentes.
Quâ tamen exarſit formâ? quâ capta juventâ
Hippia? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
Suſtinuit? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur
Cœperat, & ſecto requiem ſperare lacerto.
Prætereà multa in facie deformia; ſicut
Attritus galeâ, medijſque in naribus ingens
Gibbus; & acre malum ſemper ſtillantis ocelli.
Sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:
Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa ſorori,
Atque viro: ferrum eſt, quod amant: hic Sergius
Acceptâ rude, cœpiſſet Veiento videri. (idem

NOTÆ.

Sergiolus. Diminutivo blandulo quàm facetè utitur Poeta!

Secto requiem ſperare lacerto. Miſſionem impetrabant Gladiatores, Brachio, vel aliquo alio Membro mutilato. Vide ut Sergii Laudes enumeret noſter; eum nempe Formæ Decorem, propter quem Hippia, Famæ ſuæ oblita, Ludia dici ſuſtinuit. Senex erat, mutilatus, et forma turpiſſima. Hæc omnia munere ſuo Gladiatorio compenſavit.

Quid

" 'Tis hard to clamber up the Sides;
" O filthy Hold! and when ſhe rides,
" It turns one's Head quite topſy-turvy,
" And makes one ſicker than the Scurvy."
Her Huſband is the nauſeous Phyſick,
With her Gallant, ſhe's never Sea-ſick.
To dine with Sailors then ſhe's able,
And even bears a Hand to Cable.
But ſay, what Youth or Beauty warm'd thee
What, *Hippia*, in thy Lover charm'd thee?
For little *Sergy*, like a Goat,
Was bearded down from Eyes to Throat:
Already had he done his beſt;
Fit for an Hoſpital, and Reſt.
His Face wore many a Deformity,
Upon his Noſe a great Enormity.
His Eyes diſtill'd a conſtant Stream;
In Matter not unlike to Cream.
But he was ſtill of the Bear-Garden,
Hence her Affection fond he ſhar'd in:
This did, beyond her Children, move;
Dearer than Spouſe or Country prove;
In ſhort, 'tis Iron which they love.
Diſmiſs this *Sergius* from the Stage;
Her Huſband could not leſs engage.

NOTES.

Fit for an Hoſpital and Reſt. The Gladiators, when they were maimed, received their Diſmiſſion; as a Token of which, a Wand was preſented to them. *Sergius* had not, however, yet obtained this Favour; our Poet hints only, that he was intitled to it.

But

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia, curas?
Reſpice rivales Divorum : Claudius audi
Quæ tulerit : dormire virum cùm ſenſerat uxor,
(Auſa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,
Sumere nocturnos meretrix Auguſta cucullos,)
Linquebat, comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ ;
Et nigrum flavo crinem abſcondente galero,
Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,
Et cellam vacuam, atque ſuam : tunc nuda papillis
Conſtitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciſcæ,
Oſtenditque tuum, generoſe Britannice, ventrem.
Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra popoſcit.

Mox,

But ſay you, if each private Family
Doth not produce a perfect *Pamela* ;
Muſt ev'ry Female bear the Blame
Of one low private Strumpet's Shame ?
See then a dignify'd Example,
And take from higher Life a Sample ;
How Horns have ſprouted on Heads Royal,
And *Harry*'s Wife hath been diſloyal.
When ſhe perceiv'd her Huſband ſnoring,
Th' Imperial Strumpet went a Whoring :
Daring with private Rakes to ſolace,
She preferr'd *Ch-rl-s-Street* to the Palace :
Went with a ſingle Maid of Honour,
And with a *Capuchin* upon her,
Which hid her black and lovely Hairs ;
At *H———d*'s ſoftly ſtole up Stairs :
There at Receipt of Cuſtom ſitting,
She boldly call'd herſelf the *Kitten* ;
Smil'd, and pretended to be needy,
And aſk'd Men to *come down the Ready*.

NOTES.

Harry's Wife. This may be, perhaps, a little applicable to one of *Henry* VIII's Wives.

H——d's. A uſeful Woman in the Pariſh of *Covent-Garden.*

The Kitten. A young Lady of Pleaſure.

Come down the Ready. This is a Phraſe by which looſe Women demand Money of their Gallants.

But

Mox, lenone ſuas jam dimittente puellas,
Triſtis abit; ſed, quod potuit, tamen ultima cellam
Clauſit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentigine vulvæ;
Et laſſata viris, nondum ſatiata receſſit:
Obſcuriſque genis turpis, fumoque lucernæ
Fœda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem. (num,
Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumque vene-
Privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactæ
Imperio ſexûs, minimúmque libidine peccant.
Optima ſed quare Ceſennia teſte marito?
Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam:
Nec Veneris pharetris macer eſt; aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote ſagittæ.
Libertas emitur: coram licèt innuat, atque
Reſcribat; vidua eſt, locuples quæ nupſit avaro.
Cur deſiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?
Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.

NOTÆ.

Dicet libertus. Senſus hujus loci non ſubolet Interpretibus. Divitem maritum e Libertino genere hic oſtendi volunt: cum Poeta plane ſervûm manumiſſum, vel primi ordinis ſervum intendit: quem nos anglicè, *the Gentleman, the Steward,* &c. nominamus.

Jam

But when for Fear of Juſtice' Warrants,
The Bawd diſmiſs'd her Whores on Errands,
She ſtaid the laſt —— then went, they ſay,
Unſatisfy'd, tho' tir'd, away?
Why ſhould I mention all their Magick
Poiſon, and other Stories tragick?
Their Appetites are all ſuch raſh ones,
Luſt is the leaſt of all their Paſſions.
Ceſennia's Huſband call, you cry,
He lauds her Virtues to the Sky.
She brought him twice ten thouſand Pounds,
With all *that* Merit ſhe abounds.
Venus ne'er ſhot at him an Arrow,
Her Fortune darted through his Marrow:
She bought her Freedom, and before him
May wink, forgetful of Decorum,
And Lovers Billet-doux may anſwer:
For he who marries Wives for Gain, Sir,
A Widow's Privilege muſt grant 'em,
And ſuffer Captains to gallant 'em.
But *Bibula* doth *Sertorius* move:
I'm ſure he married her for Love.
Love I agree was in the Caſe;
Not of the Woman, but her Face.

NOTES.

When for Fear. In *Rome*, the Keepers of evil Houſes uſed to diſmiſs their Girls at Midnight; at which Time thoſe who follow the ſame Trade in this City, firſt light up their Candles.

Let

Fiant obſcuri dentes, oculique minores;
Collige ſarcinulas, dicet libertus, & exi;
Jam gravis es nobis, & ſæpè emungeris; exi
Ocyùs, & propera; ſicco venit altera naſo.
Intereà calet, & regnat, poſcitque maritum
Paſtores, & ovem Canuſinam, ulmoſque Falernas.
Quantulum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergaſtula tota,

Quódq;

Let but one Wrinkle ſpoil her Forehead;
Or ſhould ſhe chance to have a ſore Head;
Her Skin grow flabby, or Teeth blacken,
She quickly would be ſent a packing.
" Be gone — (the Gentleman would cry)
" Are thoſe d---n'd Noſtrils never dry?
" Defend me, Heav'n, from a Strumpet,
" Who's always playing on a Trumpet."
But while her beauteous Youth remains,
With Power moſt abſolute ſhe reigns.
Now Rarities ſhe wants; no matter
What Price they coſt — they pleaſe the better.
Italian Vines, and *Spaniſh* Sheep.
But theſe are Trifles — you muſt keep
An Equipage of ſix ſtout Fellows;
Of no Uſe to 'em, as they tell us,

NOTES.

The Gentleman. That is, her Huſband's Gentleman. The Commentators have wretchedly blunder'd here, in their Interpretation of the *Latin*.

Italian Vines and Spaniſh Sheep. In the Original, *Falernian* Vines and *Canuſian* Sheep: for *Falernia* produced the moſt delicious Wine, and the Sheep which came from *Canuſium*, a Town or Village of *Apulia*, the fineſt Wool. I know not whether either of the Inſtances by which I have attempted to modernize this Paſſage be at preſent in Faſhion, but if they are not, it is probable the only Reaſon is, that we forget *Italian* Vines, as they would require the Aſſiſtance of artificial Heat; and *Spaniſh* Sheep, as they are to be fetched a great Way by Sea, would be extreamly expenſive, and conſequently well worth our having.

Six ſtout Fellows. The *Latin* hath it — *All the Fellows in the Work-Houſe:* but this is an Inſtance that our Luxury is not yet ſo extravagant as that of the *Romans* was in *Juvenal*'s Days.

Unleſs

Quódq; domi non eſt, & habet vicinus, ematur.
Menſe quidem brumæ, cùm jam mercator Iaſon
Clauſus, & armatis obſtat caſa candida nautis,
Grandia tolluntur cryſtallina, maxima rurſus
Myrrhina, deinde adamas notiſſimus, & Berenices
In digito factus pretioſior: hunc dedit olim
Barbarus inceſtæ; dedit hunc Agrippa ſorori;
Obſervant ubi feſta mero pede ſabbata reges,
Et vetus indulget ſenibus clementia porcis.
Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?
Sit formoſa, decens, dives, fœcunda, vetuſtos
Porticibus diſponat avos, intactior omni
Crinibus effuſis bellum dirimente Sabinâ:
(Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima cygno.)
Quis feret uxorem, cui conſtant omnia? malo,
Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.

NOTÆ.

Dedit hunc, &c. Repetitionem hujus vocis *dedit* ſunt qui conantur abjicere, licèt elegantiſſimam; ideoque Interpretum Guſtui minus gratam.

De tantis gregibus. Ambiguitatem qua Greges refert tam ad mulieres quam ad porcos miratur Lubinus, et queritur quod ab aliis non animadvertatur. Sed neſcio annon inurbanus potius quam argutus hic dicendus ſit Poeta.

Unleſs to walk before their Chairs,
When they go out to ſhew their Airs.
However liberal your Grants,
Still what her Neighbour hath ſhe wants;
Even *Pit*'s precious Diamond — that
Which *Lewis* Fifteen wear's in's Hat;
Or what *Agrippa* gave his Siſter,
Inceſtuous Bribe! for which he kiſs'd her.
(Sure with leſs Sin a *Jew* might dine,
If hungry, on a Herd of Swine.)
But of this Herd, I mean of Women,
Will not an Individual do Man?
No, none my Soul can e'er inflame,
But the rich, decent, lovely Dame:
Her Womb with Fruitfulneſs attended;
Of a good ancient Houſe deſcended:
A Virgin too, untouch'd, and chaſte,
Whom Man ne'er took about the Waiſte.
She's a rare Bird! find her who can,
And much reſembling a black Swan.
But who could bear a Wife's great Merit,
Who doth ſuch Qualities inherit?
I would prefer ſome Country Girl
To the proud Daughter of an Earl;
If my Repoſe muſt ſtill be hindred
With the great Actions of her Kindred.

NOTES.

What Agrippa *gave his Siſter.* Berenice.

Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Sypha-
In castris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra. [cem

Parce, precor, Pæan; & tu, Dea, pone sagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt; ipsam configite matrem;
Amphion clamat: sed Pæan contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentem,
Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,
Atque eadem scrofâ Niobe fœcundior albâ.
Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet? hujus enim rari, summique voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo
Plus aloës, quâm mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem

NOTÆ.

Cornelia. Scipionis Africani Filia, Cornelio Graccho nupta, et Caii et Tiberii mater, hîc maximæ Laudis, non vituperationis causa, memorata.

Usque

Go to the Devil, ſhould I ſay,
With the *Weſt-Indies* ta'en— away.
" Hold, *Pæan*, hold; thou Goddeſs, ſpare
" My Children, --- was *Amphion*'s Pray'r ---
" They have done nought to forfeit Life;
" O ſhoot your Arrows at my Wife."
His Pray'r nor God nor Goddeſs heard,
Nor Child, nor ev'n the Mother ſpar'd.
For why, the Vixen proudly boaſted,
More than *Latona* ſhe was toaſted;
And had been oft'ner in the Straw,
Than the white Sow *Æneas* ſaw.
But ſay, tho' Nature ſhould be laviſh,
Can any Mien or Beauty raviſh,
Whoſe Mind is nothing but Inanity,
Meer Bladder blown with Wind of Vanity?
Truſt, if for ſuch you give your Money,
You buy more Vinegar than Honey.

NOTES.

With the Weſt Indies *ta'en — away.* Juvenal here mentions *Cornelia*, the Daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, Wife of *Cornelius Gracchus*, and Mother of the *Gracchi*, *Caius* and *Tiberius* The Beauty of the Original here is inimitable.

The Vixen proudly boaſted. Our Poet here alludes to the Story of *Niobe* Wife of *Amphion* King of *Thebes*, who affronted *Latona*, in preferring her own Fruitfulneſs to that of the Goddeſs; for which Reaſon *Apollo* and *Diana* deſtroyed all her Children; the Number of which Authors report variouſly.

The white Sow. Which produced thirty Pigs at a Litter.

Uſque adeò eſt, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
Horreat? inque diem ſeptenis oderit horis?
Quædam parva quidem; ſed non toleranda maritis.
Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd ſe non putat ullâ
Formoſam, niſi quæ de Thuſcâ Græcula facta eſt?
De Sulmonenſi mera Cecropis omnia Græce;
Cùm ſit turpe minùs noſtris neſcire Latiné.
Hoc ſermone pavent; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi ſecreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Græcé. dones tamen iſta puellis:
Túne etiam, quam ſextus & octogeſimus annus
Pulſat, adhuc Græcé? non eſt hic ſermo pudicus
In vetulâ. quoties laſcivum intervenit illud,
ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, modò ſub lodice relictis
Uteris in turbâ. quod enim non excitat inguen
Vox blanda & nequam? digitos habet: ut tamen
Subſidant pennæ: dicas hæc molliùs Æmo [omnes
Quanquam, & Carpophoro; facies tua computat an-
[nos.

Si

Who is there ſuch a Slave in Nature,
That while he praiſes would not hate her?
Some ſmaller Crimes, which ſeem ſcarce nominable,
Are yet to Huſbands moſt abominable:
For what ſo fulſome --- if it were new t' ye,
That no one thinks herſelf a Beauty,
'Till *Frenchify'd* from Head to Foot,
A meer *Pariſian* Dame throughout.
She ſpells not *Engliſh*, who will blame her?
But *French* not underſtood would ſhame her.
This Language 'tis in which they tremble,
Quarrel, are happy, and diſſemble;
Tell Secrets to ſome other Miſs;
What more? --- 'tis this in which they kiſs.
But if to Girls we grant this Leave;
You, Madam, whom faſt by your Sleeve
Old Age hath got --- muſt you ſtill ſtammer
Soft Phraſes out of *Bowyer*'s Grammar?
Mon ame, mon Mignon! how it comes
Moſt graceful from your toothleſs Gums!
Tho' ſofter ſpoke than by Lord *Fanny*,
Can that old Face be lik'd by any?

NOTES.

'Till Frenchify'd. The *Romans* were (if I may be allowed ſuch a Word) *Greecify'd*, at this Time, in the ſame manner as we are *Frenchify'd*.

Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis
Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
Causa; nec est quare cœnam & mustacea perdas,
Labente officio, crudis donanda, nec illud,
Quod primâ pro nocte datur; cùm lance beatâ
Dacicus, & scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Est animus; submitte caput cervice paratâ
Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.
Ardeat ipsa licèt, tormentis gaudet amantis,
Et spoliis, igitur longè minùs utilis illi
Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.
Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge: vendes
Hâc obstante nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.
Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus
Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
Testandi cùm sit lenonibus, atque lanistis
Libertas, & juris idem contingat arenæ,
Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.
Pone crucem servo: meruit quo crimine servus
Supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi:

NOTÆ.

Primâ pro nocte. Mos erat præmium aliquod novæ nuptæ donandi, quasi Virginitatis depositæ pretium: Hæc est autem hujus loci vis. *Si non amaturus es Nuptam quam ducis, ne nox prima quidem grata erit; Quam solam in Matrimonio jucundam esse expectare debes.*

Nulla

If Love be not your Cauſe of Wedding,
There is no other for your Bedding;
All the Expence of Wedding-Day
Would then, my Friend, be thrown away.
If, on the contrary, you doat,
And are of the uxorious Note,
For heavy Yoke your Neck prepare;
None will the tender Huſband ſpare:
Ev'n when they love they will diſcover
Joys in the Torments of a Lover:
The Hope to govern them by Kindneſs,
Argues, my Friend, a total Blindneſs.
For Wives moſt uſeleſs ever prove
To thoſe moſt worthy of their Love.
Before you give, or ſell, or buy,
She muſt be courted to comply:
She points new Friendſhips out --- and ſtrait
'Gainſt old Acquaintance ſhuts your Gate.
The Privilege which at their Birth
Our Laws bequeath the Scum o'th' Earth,
Of making Wills, to you's deny'd;
You for her Fav'rites muſt provide;
Thoſe your ſole Heirs creating, who
Have labour'd to make Heirs for you.
Now, come Sir, take your Horſe-whip down,
And laſh your Footman there, *Tom Brown.*
What hath *Tom* done? or who accuſes him?
Perhaps ſome Raſcal, who abuſes him.

Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.
O demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:
Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.
Imperat ergo viro: sed mox hæc regna relinquit,
Permutatque domos, & flammea conterit: inde
Avolat, & spreti repetit vestigia lecti;
Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit
Vela domûs, & adhuc virides in limine ramos.
Sic crescit numerus; sic fiunt octo mariti
Quinque per autumnos: titulo res digna sepulchri.
Desperanda tibi salvâ concordia socru:
Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti:
Illa docet, missis à corruptore tabellis,
Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere: decipit illa
Custodes, aut ære domat: tunc corpore sano
Advocat Archigenem, onerosaque pallia jactat.
Abditus intereà latet accersitus adulter,
Impatiensque moræ silet, & præputia ducit.

NOTÆ.

Fiunt octo Mariti. Quot nempe a Lege permissi sunt. Nam prohibitum erat mulieribus, pluribus quam octo maritis nubere, cum hunc numerum ergo minime liceret transire, necessitate coacta uxor ab octavo Marito redit iterum ad primum.

Scilicet

Let us examine firſt — and then —
'Tis ne'er too late to puniſh Men.
Men! Do you call this abject Creature
A Man? — He's ſcarce of human Nature.
What hath he done? — no matter what —
If nothing — laſh him well for that:
My Will is a ſufficient Reaſon
To conſtitute a Servant's Treaſon.
Thus ſhe commands; but ſtrait ſhe leaves
This Slave, and to another cleaves;
Thence to a third and fourth, and then
Returns, perhaps, to you again.
Thus in the Space of ſeven ſhort Years
Poſſeſſing half a ſcore of Dears.
Be ſure, no Quiet can arrive
To you while her Mamma's alive:
She'll teach her how to cheat her Spouſe,
To pick his Pocket, ſtrip his Houſe:
Anſwers to Love-Letters indite,
And make her Daughter's Stile polite.
With Cunning ſhe'll deceive your Spies,
Or bribe with Money to tell Lies.
Then, tho' Health ſwells her Daughter's Pulſe,
She ſends for *Waſey*, *Hoadley*, *Hulſe*.
So ſhe pretends, — but in their Room,
Lo, the Adulterer is come.

NOTES.

He's ſcarce of Human Nature. The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* an Opinion, that their Slaves were of a Species inferior to themſelves. As ſuch a Sentiment is inconſiſtent with the Temper of Chriſtianity, this Paſſage loſes much of its Force by being modernized.

Do

Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,
Aut alios mores, quàm quos habet? utile porrò
Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.

Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem
Moverit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
Componunt ipsæ per se, formantque libellos,
Principium atque locos Celso dictare paratæ.

Endromidas Tyrias, & fœmineum ceroma
Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?
Quem cavat assiduis sudibus, scutoque lacessit,
Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsùs
Florali matrona tubâ; nisi si quid in illo
Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenæ.
Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem?
Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat; hæc tamen ipsa
Vir nollet fieri: nam quantula nostra voluptas?
Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,

NOTÆ.

Si rea non est. Accusator et reus eandem habent quam in Lege nostra Querens et defendens, significationem.

Florali dignissima tuba. Tuba ad impudicos ludos vocante. Hos a Flora meretrice quadam in honorem Floræ Deæ institutos docet Ovid Fast: Acerbius quidem hoc in matronas a Poeta dictum.

Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat? &c. Ita prorsus legendum existimo, finita interrogatione ad vocem pudorem? sensus tum erit. *Quamquam amat* vires *mulier quæ fugit a sexu, tamen omnino* vir *fieri nolit, quia, &c.* — Multo elegantior ita fiet sententia. Alii legunt *Quæ fugità sexu et vires amat.* — Sed minus rectè.

Do you expect, you ſimple Elf,
That ſhe who hath them not herſelf,
Should teach Good Manners to your Lady,
And not debauch her for the Ready?
In Courts of Juſtice what Tranſactions?
Manilia's never without Actions:
No Forms of *Litigation* 'ſcape her,
In Special Pleading next to *Dr--per*.
Have you not heard of fighting Females,
Whom you would rather think to be Males?
Of Madam *Sutton*, Mrs. *Stokes*,
Who give confounded Cuts and Strokes?
They fight the Weapons through complete,
Worthy to ride along the Street.
Can Female Modeſty ſo rage,
To draw a Sword, and mount the Stage?
Will they their Sex entirely quit?
No, they have not ſo little Wit:
Better they know how ſmall our Shares
Of Pleaſure—how much leſs than theirs.
But ſhould your Wife by Auction ſell,
(You know the modern Faſhion well)

NOTES.

Worthy to ride, &c. Prize-Fighters, on the Day of Battle, ride through the Streets with a Trumpet before them.

And

Balteüs, & manicæ, & criſtæ, cruriſque ſiniſtri
Dimidium tegmen! vel ſi diverſa movebit
Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ.
Hæ ſunt, quæ tenui ſudant in cyclade, quarum
Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit.
Aſpice, quo fremitu monſtratos perferat ictus,
Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere; quanta
Poplitibus ſedeat; quàm denſo faſcia libro;
Et ride, ſcaphium poſitis cùm ſumitur armis.
Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcive Metelli,
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia ſumpſerit unquam
Hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Aſylli?

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet: minimùm dormitur in illo.
Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,
Cùm ſimulat gemitus occulti conſcia facti,
Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat
Uberibus ſemper lachrymis, ſemperque paratis

In

Should *Cock* aloft his Pulpit mount,
And all her Furniture recount,
Sure you would ſcarce abſtain from Oaths,
To hear, among your Lady's Cloaths,
Of thoſe ſuperb *fine Horſeman's Suits,*
And thoſe magnificent *Jack-Boots.*
And yet, as often as they pleaſe,
Nothing is tenderer than theſe.
A Coach! — O Gad! they cannot bear
Such Jolting! — *John*, go fetch a Chair.
Yet ſee, through *Hide-Park* how they ride!
How maſculine! almoſt aſtride!
Their Hats fierce cock'd up with Cockades,
Reſembling Dragoons more than Maids.
Knew our Great Grandmothers theſe Follies?
Daughters of *Hampden, Baynton, Hollis?*
More Modeſty they ſurely had,
Decently ambling on a Pad.
Sleep never ſhews his drowſy Head
Within the Reach of Marriage-Bed:
The Wife thence frightens him with Scolding.
— Then chiefly the Attack ſhe's bold in,
When, to conceal her own Amours,
She falls moſt artfully on yours:
Pretends a Jealouſy of ſome Lady,
With Tears in Plenty always ready;

NOTES.

Daughters of Hampden, *&c.* Theſe, according to *Sidney*, are ſome of the beſt Families in *England*, and ſuperior to many of our modern Nobility.

In ſtatione ſuâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo: tu credis amorem;
Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis
Exorbes; quæ ſcripta, & quas lecture tabellas,
Si tibi zelotypæ retegantur ſcrinia mœchæ!
Sed jacet in ſervi complexibus, aut equitis: dic,
Dic aliquem, ſodes hîc, Quintiliane, colorem.
Hæremus: dic ipſa: olim convenerat, inquit,
Ut faceres tu quod velles; necnon ego poſſem
Indulgere mihi: clames licèt, & mare cœlo
Confundas, homo ſum. Nihil eſt audacius illis
Deprènſis: iram atque animos à crimine ſumunt.
Unde hæc monſtra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
Præſtabat caſtas humilis fortuna Latinas
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva ſinebat

NOTÆ.

Mare cœlo confundas. Exclamando ſcilicet, ut apud Terentium, O Cœlum! O Terra! O Maria!

Tecta

Which on their Poſt true Cent'nels ſtand,
The Word ſtill waiting of Command,
How ſhe ſhall order them to trickle.
—Thou thinkeſt Love her Soul doth tickle
Poor Hedge-Sparrow—with fifty Dears,
Lickeſt up her fallacious Tears.
Search her Scrutore, Man, and then tell us
Who hath moſt Reaſon to be jealous.
But, in the very Fact ſhe's taken;
Now let us hear, to ſave her Bacon,
What *Murray*, or what *Henley* can ſay;
Neither Proof poſitive will gainſay:
It is againſt the Rules of Practice;
Nothing to her the naked Fact is.
" You know (ſhe cries) e'er I conſented
" To be, what I have ſince repented,
" It was agreed between us, you
" Whatever beſt you lik'd ſhould do;
" Nor could I, after a long Trial,
" Perſiſt myſelf in Self-Denial."
You at her Impudence may wonder,
Invoke the Lightning and the Thunder:
" You are a Man (ſhe cries) 'tis true;
" We have our human Frailties too.
Nought bold is like a Woman caught,
They gather Courage from the Fault.
Whence come theſe Prodigies? what Fountain,
You aſk, produces them? I'th' Mountain
The *Britiſh* Dames were chaſte, no Crimes
The Cottage ſtain'd in elder Times;

When

Tecta labor, ſomnique breves, & vellere Thuſco
Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
Hannibal, & ſtantes Collinâ in turre mariti.
Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: ſævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciſcitur orbem.
Nullum crimen abeſt, facinuſque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perît: hinc fluxit ad iſtos
Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodos, atque Miletos,
Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Taren-
Prima peregrinos obſcœna pecunia mores [tum.
Intulit, & turpi fregerunt ſecula luxu
Divitiæ molles.———

NOTÆ.

Sævior armis Luxuria, &c. Eximiæ ſunt hi verſus Notæ, et vix ſatis laudandi.

When the laborious Wife ſlept little,
Spun Wool, and boil'd her Huſband's Kettle:
When the *Armada* frighten'd *Kent*,
And good Queen *Beſſy* pitch'd her Tent.
Now from Security we feel
More Ills than threaten'd us from Steel;
Severer Luxury abounds,
Avenging *France* of all her Wounds.
When our old *Britiſh* Plainneſs left us,
Of ev'ry Virtue it bereft us:
And we've imported from all Climes,
All ſorts of Wickedneſs and Crimes:
French Finery, *Italian* Meats,
With *German* Drunkenneſs, *Dutch* Cheats.
Money's the Source of all our Woes;
Money! whence Luxury o'erflows,
And in a Torrent, like the *Nile*,
Bears off the Virtues of this Iſle.

We ſhall here cloſe our Tranſlation of this Satire; for as the Remainder is in many Places too obſcene for chaſte Ears; ſo, to the Honour of the *Engliſh* Ladies, the *Latin* is by no Means applicable to them, nor indeed capable of being modernized.

TO

Miſs H----AND at *Bath.*

Written *Extempore* in the Pump-Room, 1742.

SOON ſhall theſe bounteous Springs thy Wiſh beſtow,
Soon in each Feature ſprightly Health ſhall glow;
Thy Eyes regain their Fire, thy Limbs their Grace,
And Roſes join the Lillies in thy Face.
But ſay, ſweet Maid, what Waters can remove
The Pangs of cold Deſpair, of hopeleſs Love?
The deadly Star which lights th' autumnal Skies
Shines not ſo bright, ſo fatal as thoſe Eyes.
The Pains which from their Influence we endure,
Not *Brewſter*, Glory of his Art, can cure.

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

MAN is generally repreſented as an Animal formed for and delighting in Society: In this State alone, it is ſaid, his various Talents can be exerted, his numberleſs Neceſſities relieved, the Dangers he is expoſed to can be avoided, and many of the Pleaſures he eagerly affects, enjoyed. If theſe Aſſertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviouſly certain, thoſe few who have denied Man to be a ſocial Animal,

have left us these two Solutions of their Conduct: either that there are Men as bold in Denial as can be found in Assertion; and as *Cicero* says, there is no Absurdity which some Philosopher or other hath not asserted; so we may say, there is no Truth so glaring, that some have not denied it. Or else; that these Rejecters of Society borrow all their Information from their own savage Dispositions, and are indeed themselves the only Exceptions to the above general Rule.

But to leave such Persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an Answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social State, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own Species; and, entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking Parts of the Creation, from all Benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general Distinction, between the Human and the Brute Species.

Shall we conclude this *Denial* of all Society to the Nature of Brutes, which seems to be in Defiance of every Day's Observation, to be as bold, as the Denial of it to the Nature of Men? Or, may we not more justly derive the Error from an

 im-

improper underſtanding of this Word *Society* in too confined and ſpecial a Senſe? In a Word; Do thoſe who utterly deny it to the Brutal Nature, mean any other by Society than Converſation?

Now if we comprehend them in this Senſe, as I think we very reaſonably may, the Diſtinction appears to me to be truly juſt; for though other Animals are not without all Uſe of Society, yet this noble Branch of it ſeems, of all the Inhabitants of this Globe, confined to Man only; the narrow Power of communicating ſome few Ideas of Luſt, or Fear, or Anger, which may be obſervable in Brutes, falling infinitely ſhort of what is commonly meant by Converſation, as may be deduced from the Origination of the Word itſelf, the only accurate Guide to Knowledge. The primitive and literal Senſe of this Word is, I apprehend, to *Turn round together*; and in its more copious Uſage we intend by it, that reciprocal Interchange of Ideas, by which Truth is examined, Things are, in a manner, *turned round*, and ſifted, and all our Knowledge communicated to each other.

In this Respect Man stands, I conceive, distinguished from and superior to all other Earthly Creatures: it is this Privilege which, while he is inferior in Strength to some, in Swiftness to others; without Horns, or Claws, or Tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him Master of them all. Indeed, in other Views, however vain Men may be of their Abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal Neighbours. With what Envy must a Swine, or a much less voracious Animal, be survey'd by a Glutton; and how contemptible must the Talents of other Sensualists appear, when oppos'd, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of Brutes: But in Conversation Man stands alone, at least in this Part of the Creation; he leaves all others behind him at his first Start, and the greater Progress he makes, the greater Distance is between them.

Conversation is of three Sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall, at present, pass them by, and confine myself, in this Essay, to the third only: Since it

seems

ſeems to me amazing, that this grand Buſineſs of our Lives, the Foundation of every Thing, either uſeful or pleaſant, ſhould have been ſo ſlightly treated of; that while there is ſcarce a Profeſſion or Handicraft in Life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furniſhed with proper Rules to the attaining its Perfection, Men ſhould be left almoſt totally in the Dark, and without the leaſt Light to direct, or any Guide to conduct them in the proper exerting of thoſe Talents, which are the nobleſt Privilege of human Nature, and productive of all rational Happineſs; and the rather as this Power is by no means ſelf-inſtructed, and in the Poſſeſſion of the artleſs and ignorant, is of ſo mean Uſe, that it raiſes them very little above thoſe Animals who are void of it.

As Converſation is a Branch of Society, it follows, that it can be proper to none who is not in his Nature ſocial. Now Society is agreeable to no Creatures who are not inoffenſive to each other; and we therefore obſerve in Animals who are entirely guided by Nature, that it is cultivated by ſuch only, while thoſe of more noxious Diſpoſition addict themſelves to Solitude, and, unleſs when prompted by Luſt, or that neceſſary

Inſtinct implanted in them by Nature, for the Nurture of their Young, ſhun as much as poſſible the Society of their own Species. If therefore there ſhould be found ſome human Individuals of ſo ſavage a Habit, it would ſeem they were not adapted to Society, and conſequently, not to Converſation: nor would any Inconvenience enſue the Admittance of ſuch Exceptions, ſince it would by no means impeach the general Rule of Man's being a ſocial Animal; eſpecially when it appears (as is ſufficiently and admirably proved by my Friend, the Author of *An Enquiry into Happineſs)* * that theſe Men live in a conſtant Oppoſition to their own Nature, and are no leſs Monſters than the moſt wanton Abortions, or extravagant Births.

Again; if Society requires that its Members ſhould be inoffenſive, ſo the more uſeful and beneficial they are to each other, the more ſuitable are they to the ſocial Nature, and more perfectly adapted to its Inſtitution: for all Creatures ſeek their own Happineſs, and Society is therefore natural to any, becauſe it is naturally productive of this Happineſs. To render therefore any Animal ſocial is to render it inoffenſive; an Inſtance of which is to be ſeen in thoſe the Ferocity of whoſe

* The Treatiſe here mentioned is not yet public.

Nature

Nature can be tamed by Man. And here the Reader may obſerve a double Diſtinction of Man from the more ſavage Animals by Society, and from the ſocial by Converſation.

But if Men were meerly inoffenſive to each other, it ſeems as if Society and Converſation would be meerly indifferent; and that in order to make it deſirable by a ſenſible Being, it is neceſſary we ſhould go farther, and propoſe ſome poſitive Good to ourſelves from it; and this preſuppoſes not only negatively, our not receiving any Hurt; but poſitively, our receiving ſome Good, ſome Pleaſure or Advantage from each other in it, ſomething which we could not find in an unſocial and ſolitary State: otherwiſe we might cry out with the Right Honourable Poet; *

Give us our Wildneſs and our Woods,
Our Huts and Caves again.

The Art of pleaſing or doing Good to one another is therefore the Art of Converſation. It is this Habit which gives it all its Value. And as Man's being a ſocial Animal (the Truth of which is inconteſtably proved by that excellent Author

* The Duke of *Buckingham*.

of

of *An Enquiry*, &c. I have above cited) presupposes a natural Desire or Tendency this Way, it will follow, that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable End from Ignorance only in the Means; and how general this Ignorance is, may be, with some Probability, inferred from our want of even a Word to express this Art by: that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple Ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The Word I mean is *Good Breeding*; a Word, I apprehend, not at first confined to Externals, much less to any particular Dress or Attitude of the Body: nor were the Qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a Milliner, a Taylor, or a Perriwig-maker; no, nor even by a Dancing-Master himself. According to the Idea I myself conceive from this Word, I should not have scrupled to call *Socrates* a well-bred Man, though I believe he was very little instructed by any of the Persons I have above enumerated. In short, by *Good Breeding* (notwithstanding the corrupt Use of the Word in a very different Sense) I

mean

mean the Art of pleaſing, or contributing as much as poſſible to the Eaſe and Happineſs of thoſe with whom you converſe. I ſhall contend therefore no longer on this Head: for whilſt my Reader clearly conceives the Senſe in which I uſe this Word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original Application.

Good Breeding then, or the *Art of pleaſing in Converſation*, is expreſſed two different Ways, *viz.* in our Actions and our Words, and our Conduct in both may be reduced to that conciſe, comprehenſive Rule in Scripture; *Do unto all Men as you would they ſhould do unto you.* Indeed, conciſe as this Rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all Treatiſes on Ethics, but Comments upon it? And whoever is well read in the Book of Nature, and hath made much Obſervation on the Actions of Men, will perceive ſo few capable of judging, or rightly purſuing their own Happineſs, that he will be apt to conclude, that ſome Attention is neceſſary (and more than is commonly uſed) to enable Men to know truly, *what they would have done unto them*, or at leaſt, what it would be their Intereſt *to have done.*

If

If therefore Men, through Weakneſs or Inattention, often err in their Conceptions of what would produce their own Happineſs, no wonder they ſhould miſs in the Application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too ſevere a Cenſure on their Inclinations, account for that frequent Failure in true Good Breeding, which daily Experience gives us Inſtances of.

Beſides, the Commentators have well paraphraſed on the abovementioned divine Rule, that it is, to *do unto Men what you would they*, IF THEY WERE IN YOUR SITUATION AND CIRCUMSTANCES, AND YOU IN THEIRS, *ſhould do unto you:* And as this Comment is neceſſary to be obſerved in Ethics, ſo is it particularly uſeful in this our Art, where the Degree of the Perſon is always to be conſidered, as we ſhall explain more at large hereafter.

We ſee then a Poſſibility for a Man well diſpoſed to this Golden Rule, without ſome Precautions, to err in the Practice; nay, even Good-Nature itſelf, the very Habit of Mind moſt eſ-

ſential

ſential to furniſh us with true Good Breeding, the latter ſo nearly reſembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the Appearance at leaſt of Propriety, artificial *Good Nature.* This excellent Quality itſelf ſometimes ſhoots us beyond the Mark, and ſhews the Truth of thoſe Lines in *Horace:*

Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui
Ultrà quam ſatis eſt VIRTUTEM *ſi petat ipſam.*

Inſtances of this will be naturally produced where we ſhew the Deviations from thoſe Rules, which we ſhall now attempt to lay down.

As this Good Breeding is the Art of pleaſing, it will be firſt neceſſary, with the utmoſt Caution, to avoid hurting or giving any Offence to thoſe with whom we converſe. And here we are ſurely to ſhun any kind of actual Diſreſpect, or Affront to their Perſons, by Inſolence, which is the ſevereſt Attack that can be made on the Pride of Man, and of which *Florus* ſeems to have no inadequate Opinion, when ſpeaking of the ſecond *Tarquin*, he ſays; *In omnes ſuperbiâ (quæ Crudelitate gravior eſt* BONÎS) *graſſatus*; "He trod on "all

" all with INSOLENCE, which ſits heavier on " Men of great Minds than Cruelty itſelf." If there is any Temper in Man, which more than all others diſqualifies him for Society, it is this Inſolence or Haughtineſs, which, blinding a Man to his own Imperfections, and giving him a Hawk's Quick-ſightedneſs to thoſe of others, raiſes in him that Contempt for his Species, which inflates the Cheeks, erects the Head, and ſtiffens the Gaite of thoſe ſtrutting Animals, who ſometimes ſtalk in Aſſemblies, for no other Reaſon, but to ſhew in their Geſture and Behaviour the Diſregard they have for the Company. Though to a truly great and philoſophical Mind, it is not eaſy to conceive a more ridiculous Exhibition than this Puppet; yet to others he is little leſs than a Nuſance; for Contempt is a murtherous Weapon, and there is this Difference only between the greateſt and weakeſt Men, when attacked by it; that, in order to wound the former, it muſt be juſt; whereas without the Shields of Wiſdom and Philoſophy, which God knows are in the Poſſeſſion of very few, it wants no Juſtice to point it; but is certain to penetrate, from whatever Corner it comes. It is this Diſpoſition which inſpires the empty *Cacus* to deny his Acquaintance, and over-

look

look Men of Merit in Diſtreſs; and the little, ſilly, pretty *Phillida*, or *Foolida*, to ſtare at the ſtrange Creatures round her. It is this Temper which conſtitutes the ſupercilious Eye, the reſerved Look, the diſtant Bowe, the ſcornful Leer, the affected Aſtoniſhment, the loud Whiſper, ending in a Laugh directed full in the Teeth of another. Hence ſpring, in ſhort, thoſe numberleſs Offences given too frequently, in public and private Aſſemblies, by Perſons of weak Underſtandings, indelicate Habits, and ſo hungry and foul-feeding a Vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its Way. Now, if Good-Breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how oppoſite to it, muſt ſuch a Behaviour be? And can any Man call a Duke or a Dutcheſs who wears it, well-bred? or are they not more juſtly entitled to thoſe inhuman Names which they themſelves allot to the loweſt Vulgar? But behold a more pleaſing Picture on the Reverſe. See the Earl of *C*—— noble in his Birth, ſplendid in his Fortune, and embelliſhed with every Endowment of Mind; how affable, how condeſcending! himſelf the only one who ſeems ignorant that he is every Way the greateſt Perſon in the Room.

But it is not ſufficient to be inoffenſive, we muſt be profitable Servants to each other: we are, in the ſecond Place, to proceed to the utmoſt Verge in paying the Reſpect due to others. We had better go a little too far than ſtop ſhort in this Particular. My Lord *Shaftſbury* hath a pretty Obſervation, that the Beggar, in addreſſing to a Coach with, my Lord, is ſure not to offend, even though there be no Lord there; but, on the contrary, ſhould plain Sir fly in the Face of a Nobleman, what muſt be the Conſequence? And indeed, whoever conſiders the Buſtle and Contention about Precedence, the Pains and Labours undertaken, and ſometimes the Prices given for the ſmalleſt Title or Mark of Pre-eminence, and the viſible Satisfaction betray'd in its Enjoyment, may reaſonably conclude this is a Matter of no ſmall Conſequence. The Truth is, we live in a World of common Men, and not of Philoſophers; for one of theſe, when he appears (which is very ſeldom) among us, is diſtinguiſhed, and very properly too, by the Name of an *odd Fellow:* for what is it leſs than extream Oddity to deſpiſe what the Generality of the World think the Labour of their whole Lives well employed in procuring: we are therefore to adapt our Beha-

viour to the Opinion of the Generality of Mankind, and not to that of a few odd Fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impoſſible, to ſpecify every Inſtance, or to lay down exact Rules for our Conduct in every minute Particular. However, I ſhall mention ſome of the chief which moſt ordinarily occur, after premiſing, that the Buſineſs of the whole is no more than to convey to others an Idea of your Eſteem of them, which is indeed the Subſtance of all the Compliments, Ceremonies, Preſents, and whatever paſſes between well-bred People. And here I ſhall lay down theſe Poſitions.

Firſt, that all meer Ceremonies exiſt in *Form* only, and have in them no Subſtance at all: but being impoſed by the Laws of Cuſtom, become eſſential to Good Breeding, from thoſe high-flown Compliments paid to the Eaſtern Monarchs, and which paſs between *Chineſe* Mandarines, to thoſe coarſer Ceremonials in uſe between *Engliſh* Farmers and *Dutch* Boors.

Secondly, That theſe Ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more Conſequence than they at firſt appear, and, in Reality, conſtitute the only

external Difference between Man and Man. Thus, His Grace, Right Honourable, My Lord, Right Reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Eſquire, Mr. *&c.* have, in a Philoſophical Senſe, no Meaning, yet are, perhaps, politically eſſential, and muſt be preſerved by Good Breeding; becauſe,

Thirdly, They raiſe an Expectation in the Perſon by Law and Cuſtom entitled to them, and who will conſequently be diſpleaſed with the Diſappointment.

Now, in order to deſcend minutely into any Rules for Good Breeding, it will be neceſſary to lay ſome Scene, or to throw our Diſciple into ſome particular Circumſtance. We will begin then with a Viſit in the Country; and as the principal Actor on this Occaſion is the Perſon who receives it, we will, as briefly as poſſible, lay down ſome general Rules for his Conduct; marking, at the ſame Time, the principal Deviations we have obſerved on theſe Occaſions.

When an expected Gueſt arrives to Dinner at your Houſe, if your Equal, or indeed not greatly your Inferior, he ſhould be ſure to find your Family in ſome Order, and yourſelf dreſs'd and

ready

ready to receive him at your Gate with a ſmiling Countenance. This infuſes an immediate Cheerfulneſs into your Gueſt, and perſwades him of your Eſteem and Deſire of his Company. Not ſo is the Behaviour of *Polyſperchon*, at whoſe Gate you are obliged to knock a conſiderable Time before you gain Admittance. At length, the Door being opened to you by a Maid, or ſome improper Servant, who wonders where the Devil all the Men are; and being aſked if the Gentleman is at home, anſwers, She believes ſo; you are conducted into a Hall, or back Parlour, where you ſtay ſome Time, before the Gentleman, in *Diſhabille* from his Study or his Garden, waits upon you, aſks Pardon, and aſſures you he did not expect you ſo ſoon.

Your Gueſt being introduced into a Drawing-Room, is, after the firſt Ceremonies, to be aſked, whether he will refreſh himſelf after his Journey, before Dinner, (for which he is never to ſtay longer than the uſual or fixed Hour.) But this Requeſt is never to be repeated oftner than twice, in Imitation of *Chalepus*, who, as if hired by a Phyſician, crams Wine in a Morning down the Throats of his moſt temperate Friends, their Conſtitutions being not ſo dear to them as their preſent Quiet.

When Dinner is on the Table, and the Ladies have taken their Places, the Gentlemen are to be introduced into the Eating-Room, where they are to be ſeated with as much ſeeming Indifference as poſſible, unleſs there be any preſent whoſe Degrees claim an undoubted Precedence. As to the reſt, the general Rules of Precedence are by Marriage, Age, and Profeſſion. Laſtly; in placing your Gueſts, Regard is rather to be had to Birth than Fortune: for though Purſe-Pride is forward enough to exalt itſelf, it bears a Degradation with more ſecret Comfort and Eaſe than the former, as being more inwardly ſatisfied with itſelf, and leſs apprehenſive of Neglect or Contempt.

The Order in helping your Gueſts is to be regulated by that of placing them: but here I muſt with great Submiſſion recommend to the Lady at the upper End of the Table, to diſtribute her Favours as equally, and as impartially as ſhe can. I have ſometimes ſeen a large Diſh of Fiſh extend no farther than to the fifth Perſon, and a Haunch of Veniſon loſe all its Fat before half the Table had taſted it.

A ſingle

A ſingle Requeſt to eat of any particular Diſh, how elegant ſoever, is the utmoſt I allow. I ſtrictly prohibit all earneſt Solicitations, all Complaints that you have no Appetite, which are ſometimes little leſs than Burleſque, and always impertinent and troubleſome.

And here, however low it may appear to ſome Readers, as I have known Omiſſions of this kind give Offence, and ſometimes make the Offenders, who have been very well-meaning Perſons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the Ceremonial of drinking Healths at Table, which is always to begin with the Lady's, and next the Maſter's of the Houſe.

When Dinner is ended, and the Ladies retired, though I do not hold the Maſter of the Feaſt obliged to fuddle himſelf through Complacence; and indeed it is his own Fault generally, if his Company be ſuch as would deſire it, yet he is to ſee that the Bottle circulate ſufficiently to afford every Perſon preſent a moderate Quantity of Wine, if he chuſes it; at the ſame Time permitting thoſe who deſire it, either to paſs the Bottle, or fill their Glaſs as they pleaſe. Indeed, the beaſtly Cu-

ſtom of beſotting, and oſtentatious Contention for Pre-eminence in their Cups, ſeems at preſent pretty well aboliſhed among the better ſort of People. Yet *Methus* ſtill remains, who meaſures the Honeſty and Underſtanding of Mankind by the Capacioufneſs of their Swallow; who ſings forth the Praiſes of a Bumper, and complains of the Light in your Glaſs; and at whoſe Table it is as difficult to preſerve your Senſes, as to preſerve your Purſe at a Gaming Table, or your Health at a B——y-Houſe. On the other Side, *Sophronus* eyes you carefully whilſt you are filling out his Liquor. The Bottle as ſurely ſtops when it comes to him, as your Chariot at *Temple-Bar*; and it is almoſt as impoſſible to carry a Pint of Wine from his Houſe, as to gain the Love of a reigning Beauty, or borrow a Shilling of *P*—— *W*——.

But to proceed. After a reaſonable Time, if your Gueſt intends ſtaying with you the whole Evening, and declines the Bottle, you may propoſe Play, Walking, or any other Amuſement; but theſe are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his Choice with all Indifference on your Part. What Perſon can be ſo dull as not to perceive in *Agyrtes* a Longing to pick your Pockets? or in *Alazon*, a Deſire to ſatisfy his own Vanity

in

in ſhewing you the Rarities of his Houſe and Gardens? When your Gueſt offers to go, there ſhould be no Solicitations to ſtay, unleſs for the whole Night, and that no farther than to give him a moral Aſſurance of his being welcome ſo to do: no Aſſertions that he ſhan't go yet; no laying on violent Hands; no private Orders to Servants, to delay providing the Horſes or Vehicles; like *Deſmophylax*, who never ſuffers any one to depart from his Houſe without entitling him to an Action of falſe Impriſonment.

Let us now conſider a little the Part which the Viſitor himſelf is to act. And firſt, he is to avoid the two Extremes of being too early, or too late, ſo as neither to ſurprize his Friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in Expectation. *Orthrius*, who hath nothing to do, diſturbs your Reſt in a Morning; and the frugal *Chronophidus*, leſt he ſhould waſte ſome Minutes of his precious Time, is ſure to ſpoil your Dinner.

The Addreſs at your Arrival ſhould be as ſhort as poſſible, eſpecially when you viſit a Superior; not imitating *Phlenaphius*, who would ſtop his Friend in the Rain, rather than omit a ſingle Bowe.

Be

Be not too obſervant of trifling Ceremonies, ſuch as riſing, ſitting, walking firſt in or out of the Room, except with one greatly your Superior; but when ſuch a one offers you Precedence, it is uncivil to refuſe it: Of which I will give you the following Inſtance. An *Engliſh* Nobleman being in *France*, was bid by *Lewis* XIV. to enter his Coach before him, which he excuſed himſelf from; the King then immediately mounted, and ordering the Door to be ſhut, drove on, leaving the Nobleman behind him.

Never refuſe any Thing offered you out of Civility, unleſs in Preference of a Lady, and that no oftner than once; for nothing is more truly Good Breeding, than to avoid being troubleſome. Though the Taſte and Humour of the Viſitor is to be chiefly conſidered, yet is ſome Regard likewiſe to be had to that of the Maſter of the Houſe; for otherwiſe your Company will be rather a Penance than a Pleaſure. *Methuſus* plainly diſcovers his Viſit to be paid to his ſober Friend's Bottle; nor will *Philopaſus* abſtain from Cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himſelf; whilſt the ſlender *Leptines* gives his fat Entertainer a Sweat, and makes him run the Hazard of breaking his Wind up his own Mounts.

If

If Conveniency allows your ſtaying longer than the Time propoſed, it may be civil to offer to depart, leſt your Stay may be incommodious to your Friend: but if you perceive the contrary, by his Solicitations, they ſhould be readily accepted; without tempting him to break theſe Rules we have above laid down for him; cauſing a Confuſion in his Family, and among his Servants, by Preparations for your Departure. Laſtly, when you are reſolved to go, the ſame Method is to be obſerved which I have preſcribed at your Arrival. No tedious Ceremonies of taking Leave: not like *Hyperphylus*, who bowes and kiſſes, and ſqueezes by the Hand as heartily, and wiſhes you as much Health and Happineſs, when he is going a Journey home of ten Miles, from a common Acquaintance, as if he was leaving his neareſt Friend or Relation on a Voyage to the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Having thus briefly conſidered our Reader in the Circumſtance of a private Viſit, let us now take him into a public Aſſembly, where, as more Eyes will be on his Behaviour, it cannot be leſs his Intereſt to be inſtructed. We have indeed already formed a general Picture of the chief Enor-

mities

mities committed on theſe Occaſions, we ſhall here endeavour to explain more particularly the Rules of an oppoſite Demeanour, which we may divide into three Sorts, *viz.* our Behaviour to our Superiours, to our Equals, and to our Inferiours

In our Behaviour to our Superiours, two Extremes are to be avoided, namely, an abject and baſe Servility, and an impudent and encroaching Freedom. When the well-born *Hyperdulus* approaches a Nobleman in any public Place, you would be perſuaded he was one of the meaneſt of his Domeſtics: his Cringes fall little ſhort of Proſtration; and his whole Behaviour is ſo mean and ſervile, that an Eaſtern Monarch would not require more Humiliation from his Vaſſals. On the other Side; *Anaſchyntus*, whom fortunate Accidents, without any Pretenſions from his Birth, have raiſed to aſſociate with his Betters, ſhakes my Lord Duke by the Hand, with a Familiarity ſavouring not only of the moſt perfect Intimacy, but the cloſeſt Alliance. The former Behaviour properly raiſes our Contempt, the latter our Diſguſt. *Hyperdulus* ſeems worthy of wearing his Lordſhip's Livery; *Anaſchyntus* deſerves to be turned out of his Service for his Impudence. Between theſe two is that golden Mean, which declares

clares a Man ready to acquieſce in allowing the Reſpect due to a Title by the Laws and Cuſtoms of his Country, but impatient of any Inſult, and diſdaining to purchaſe the Intimacy with, and Favour of a Superior, at the Expence of Conſcience or Honour. As to the Queſtion, Who are our Superiours? I ſhall endeavour to aſcertain them, when I come, in the ſecond Place, to mention our Behaviour to our Equals. The firſt Inſtruction on this Head, being carefully to conſider who are ſuch: Every little Superiority of Fortune or Profeſſion being too apt to intoxicate Men's Minds, and elevate them in their own Opinion, beyond their Merit or Pretenſions. Men are ſuperior to each other in this our Country by Title, by Birth, by Rank in Profeſſion, and by Age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to Fortune, though ſo much is generally exacted by it, and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more deſpicable Light, than when I ſee them, by a ſimple as well as mean Servility, voluntarily concurring in the Adoration of Riches, without the leaſt Benefit or Proſpect from them. Reſpect and Deference are perhaps juſtly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with ſome Reaſon at leaſt, from Expectation, paid to the Rich and Liberal from the Neceſſitous: but

but that Men ſhould be allured by the glittering of Wealth only, to feed the inſolent Pride of thoſe who will not in Return feed their Hunger; that the ſordid Niggard ſhould find any Sacrifices on the Altar of his Vanity, ſeems to ariſe from a blinder Idolatry, and a more bigotted and ſenſeleſs Superſtition, than any which the ſharp Eyes of Prieſts have diſcovered in the human Mind.

All Gentlemen, therefore, who are not raiſed above each other by Title, Birth, Rank in Profeſſion, Age, or actual Obligation, being to be conſidered as Equals, let us take ſome Leſſons for their Behaviour to each other in public, from the following Examples; in which we ſhall diſcern as well what we are to elect, as what we are to avoid. *Authades* is ſo abſolutely abandoned to his own Humour, that he never gives it up on any Occaſion. If *Seraphina* herſelf, whoſe Charms one would imagine ſhould infuſe Alacrity into the Limbs of a Cripple ſooner than the *Bath* Waters, was to offer herſelf for his Partner, he would anſwer, *He never danced*, even though the Ladies loſt their Ball by it. Nor doth this Denial ariſe from Incapacity; for he was in his Youth an excellent Dancer, and ſtill retains ſufficient Knowledge of the Art, and ſufficient Abilities in his Limbs

Limbs to practice it; but from an Affectation of Gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest Desire of others. *Dyskolus* hath the same Aversion to Cards; and though competently skilled in all Games, is by no Importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at *Ombre*, or a fourth at Whisk and *Quadrille*. He will suffer any Company to be disappointed of their Amusement, rather than submit to pass an Hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The Refusal of *Philautus* is not so general: he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite Game, but it is impossible to perswade him to any other. I should add, both these are Men of Fortune, and the Consequences of Loss or Gain, at the Rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The Rebukes these People sometimes meet with, are no more equal to their Deserts than the Honour paid to *Charistus*, the Benevolence of whose Mind scarce permits him to indulge his own Will, unless by Accident. Though neither his Age nor Understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any Pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole Evening, rather than a fine young Lady should lose an Opportunity of

display-

displaying her Charms by the ſeveral genteel and amiable Attitudes which this Exerciſe affords the ſkilful of that Sex. And though Cards are not adapted to his Temper, he never once baulked the Inclinations of others on that Account.

But as there are many who will not in the leaſt Inſtance mortify their own Humour to purchaſe the Satisfaction of all Mankind, ſo there are ſome who make no Scruple of ſatisfying their own Pride and Vanity, at the Expence of the moſt cruel Mortification of others. Of this Kind is *Agroicus*, who ſeldom goes to an Aſſembly, but he affronts half his Acquaintance, by overlooking, or diſregarding them.

As this is a very common Offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its Cauſe and Effect, than is generally imagined, I ſhall examine it very minutely; and I doubt not but to make it appear, that there is no Behaviour (to ſpeak like a Philoſopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil Senſe, more deteſtable than this.

The firſt Ingredient in this Compoſition is Pride, which, according to the Doctrine of ſome, is the univerſal Paſſion. There are others who conſider it as the Foible of great Minds; and

others

others again, who will have it to be the very Foundation of Greatneſs; and perhaps it may of that Greatneſs which we have endeavoured to expoſe in many Parts of theſe Works: but to real Greatneſs, which is the Union of a good Heart with a good Head, it is almoſt diametrically oppoſite, as it generally proceeds from the Depravity of both, and almoſt certainly from the Badneſs of the latter. Indeed, a little Obſervation will ſhew us, that Fools are the moſt addicted to this Vice; and a little Reflection will teach us, that it is incompatible with true Underſtanding. Accordingly we ſee, that while the wiſeſt of Men have conſtantly lamented the Imbecility and Imperfection of their own Nature, the meaneſt and weakeſt have been trumpeting forth their own Excellencies, and triumphing in their own Sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined; *the Pleaſure we feel in contemplating our own ſuperior Merit, on* comparing *it with that of others.* That it ariſes from this ſuppoſed Superiority is evident: for however great you admit a Man's Merit to be, if all Men were equal to him, there would be no Room for Pride: now if it ſtop here, perhaps there is no enormous Harm in it,

or at leaſt, no more than is common to all other Folly; every Species of which is always liable to produce every Species of Miſchief: Folly I fear it is; for ſhould the Man eſtimate rightly on this Occaſion, and the Ballance ſhould fairly turn on his Side in this particular Inſtance; ſhould he be indeed a greater Orator, Poet, General; ſhould he be more wiſe, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever Inſtance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himſelf thoroughly, will he find no Reaſon to abate his Pride? Is the Quality, in which he is ſo eminent, ſo generally or juſtly eſteemed; Is it ſo entirely his own? Doth he not rather owe his Superiority to the Defects of others, than to his own Perfection? Or, laſtly, Can he find in no Part of his Character, a Weakneſs which may counterpoiſe this Merit, and which as juſtly, at leaſt, threatens him with Shame, as this entices him to Pride? I fancy, if ſuch a Scrutiny was made, (and nothing ſo ready as good Senſe to make it) a proud Man would be as rare, as in Reality he is a ridiculous Monſter. But ſuppoſe a Man, on this Compariſon, is (as may ſometimes happen) a little partial to himſelf, the Harm is to himſelf, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my Excellence in Poetry to *Pope* or *Young*: if an inferior Actor

 ſhould,

ſhould, in his Opinion, exceed *Quin* or *Garrick*; or a Sign-Poſt Painter ſet himſelf above the inimitable *Hogarth*; we become only ridiculous by our Vanity; and the Perſons themſelves, who are thus humbled in the Compariſon, would laugh with more Reaſon than any other. PRIDE therefore, hitherto, ſeems an inoffenſive Weakneſs only, and entitles a Man to no worſe an Appellatition than that of a FOOL: but it will not ſtop here; though FOOL be perhaps no deſirable Term, the proud Man will deſerve worſe: He is not contented with the Admiration he pays himſelf; he now becomes ARROGANT, and requires the ſame Reſpect and Preference from the World; for Pride, though the greateſt of Flatterers, is by no means a profitable Servant to itſelf; it reſembles the Parſon of the Pariſh more than the 'Squire, and lives rather on the Tithes, Oblations, and Contributions it collects from others, than on its own Demeſne. As Pride therefore is ſeldom without Arrogance, ſo is this never to be found without Inſolence. The arrogant Man muſt be inſolent, in order to attain his own Ends: and to convince and remind Men of the Superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill Words, Actions, and Geſtures, endeavour to throw the deſpiſed Perſon at as much Diſtance as poſſible from

him. Hence proceeds that ſupercilious Look, and all thoſe viſible Indignities with which Men behave in public, to thoſe whom they fancy their Inferiors. Hence the very notable Cuſtom of deriding and often denying the neareſt Relations, Friends, and Acquaintance, in Poverty and Diſtreſs; leſt we ſhould anywiſe be levelled with the Wretches we deſpiſe, either in their own Imagination, or in the Conceit of any who ſhould behold Familiarities paſs between us.

But beſides Pride, Folly, Arrogance, and Inſolence, there is another Simple (which Vice never willingly leaves out of any Compoſition) and that is Ill-nature. A Good-natured Man may indeed (provided he is a Fool) be proud, but arrogant and inſolent he cannot be; unleſs we will allow to ſuch a ſtill greater Degree of Folly, and Ignorance of human Nature; which may indeed entitle them to Forgiveneſs, in the benign Language of Scripture, becauſe *they know not what they do.*

For when we come to conſider the Effect of this Behaviour on the Perſon who ſuffers it, we may perhaps have Reaſon to conclude, that Murder is not a much more cruel Injury. What is the Conſequence of this Contempt? or indeed,

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What is the Design of it, but to expose the Object of it to Shame? a Sensation as uneasy, and almost intolerable, as those which arise from the severest Pains inflicted on the Body: a Convulsion of the Mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces Symptoms of universal Disorder in the whole Man; which hath sometimes been attended with Death itself, and to which Death hath, by great Multitudes, been with much Alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest Degree of Ill-nature can permit a Man to pamper his own Vanity at the Price of another's Shame? Is the Glutton, who, to raise the Flavour of his Dish, puts some Bird or Beast to exquisite Torment, more cruel to the Animal, than this our proud Man to his own Species.

This Character then is a Composition made up of those odious contemptible Qualities, Pride, Folly, Arrogance, Insolence, and Ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general Observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a Light, that a Man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable Portion, either of Folly or Impudence, to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand Fallacy: for whereas this Wretch is endeavouring, by a ſupercilious Conduct, to lead the Beholder into an Opinion of his Superiority to the deſpiſed Perſon, he inwardly flatters his own Vanity with a deceitful Preſumption, that this his Conduct is founded on a general pre-conceived Opinion of this Superiority.

Secondly, This Caution to preſerve it, plainly indicates a Doubt, that the Superiority of our own Character is very ſlightly eſtabliſhed; for which Reaſon we ſee it chiefly practiced by Men who have the weakeſt Pretenſions to the Reputation they aim at: and indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble Perſon whom we have already mentioned in this Eſſay, and who can never be mentioned but with Honour, by thoſe who know him.

Thirdly, This Opinion of our Superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not ſeen a General behaving in this ſupercilious Manner to an Officer of lower Rank, who hath been greatly his Superior in that very Art, to his Excellence in which the General aſcribes all his Merit. Paral-

lel Inſtances occur in every other Art, Science, or Profeſſion.

Fourthly, Men who excel others in trifling Inſtances, frequently caſt a ſupercilious Eye on their Superiors in the higheſt. Thus the leaſt Pretenſions to Pre-eminence in Title, Birth, Riches, Equipage, Dreſs, &c. conſtantly overlook the moſt noble Endowments of Virtue, Honour, Wiſdom, Senſe, Wit, and every other Quality which can truly dignify and adorn a Man.

Laſtly, The loweſt and meaneſt of our Species are the moſt ſtrongly addicted to this Vice. Men who are a Scandal to their Sex, and Women who diſgrace Human Nature: for the baſeſt Mechanic is ſo far from being exempt, that he is generally the moſt guilty of it. It viſits Ale-Houſes and Gin-Shops, and whiſtles in the empty Heads of Fidlers, Mountebanks, and Dancing-Maſters.

To conclude a Character, on which we have already dwelt longer than is conſiſtent with the intended Meaſure of this Eſſay: This Contempt of others is the trueſt Symptom of a baſe and a bad Heart. While it ſuggeſts itſelf to the Mean and the Vile, and tickles their little Fancy on every

Occaſion, it never enters the great and good Mind, but on the ſtrongeſt Motives; nor is it then a welcome Gueſt, affording only an uneaſy Senſation, and brings always with it a Mixture of Concern and Compaſſion.

We will now proceed to inferior Criminals in Society. *Theoretus* conceiving that the Aſſembly is only met to ſee and admire him, is uneaſy unleſs he engroſſes the Eyes of the whole Company. The Giant doth not take more Pains to be view'd; and as he is unfortunately not ſo tall, he carefully depoſits himſelf in the moſt conſpicuous Place: nor will that ſuffice, he muſt walk about the Room, though to the great Diſturbance of the Company; and if he can purchaſe general Obſervation, at no leſs Rate will condeſcend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at, to being taken little Notice of.

On the other Side, *Duſopius* is ſo baſhful, that he hides himſelf in a Corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the firſt Chair he lights upon, leſt he ſhould expoſe himſelf to public View. He trembles when you bowe to him at a Diſtance; is ſhocked at hearing his own Voice, and would almoſt ſwoon at the Repetition of his Name.

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The audacious *Anedes*, who is extremely amorous in his Inclinations, never likes a Woman, but his Eyes aſk her the Queſtion; without conſidering the Confuſion he often occaſions to the Object: he ogles and languiſhes at every pretty Woman in the Room. As there is no Law of Morality which he would not break to ſatisfy his Deſires, ſo is there no Form of Civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets Poſſeſſion of a Woman's Hand, which thoſe of ſtricter Decency never give him but with Reluctance, he conſiders himſelf as its Maſter. Indeed there is ſcarce a Familiarity which he will abſtain from, on the ſlighteſt Acquaintance, and in the moſt publick Place. *Seraphina* herſelf can make no Impreſſion on the rough Temper of *Agroicus*; neither her Quality, nor her Beauty, can exact the leaſt Complacence from him; and he would let her lovely Limbs ach, rather than offer her his Chair: while the gentle *Lyperus* tumbles over Benches, and overthrows Tea-Tables, to take up a Fan or a Glove: he forces you as a good Parent doth his Child, for your own Good: he is abſolute Maſter of a Lady's Will, nor will allow her the Election of ſtanding or ſitting in his Company. In ſhort, the impertinent

tinent Civility of *Lyperus* is as troublesome, tho' perhaps not so offensive as the brutish Rudeness of *Agroicus*.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common Enormities committed in publick Assemblies, to our Equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this Sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the Particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last Place, to consider our Behaviour to our Inferiors: in which Condescension can never be too strongly recommended: for as a Deviation on this Side is much more innocent than on the other, so the Pride of Man renders us much less liable to it. For besides that we are apt to over-rate our own Perfections, and undervalue the Qualifications of our Neighbours, we likewise set too high an Esteem on the Things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential Difference between us than they really do. The Qualities of the Mind do, in reality, establish the truest Superiority over one another; yet should not these so far elevate our Pride, as to inflate us with Contempt, and make

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us look down on our Fellow Creatures, as on Animals of an inferior Order: but that the fortuitous Accident of Birth, the Acquiſition of Wealth, with ſome outward Ornaments of Dreſs, ſhould inſpire Men with an Inſolence capable of treating the reſt of Mankind with Diſdain, is ſo prepoſterous, that nothing leſs than daily Experience could give it Credit.

If Men were to be rightly eſtimated, and divided into ſubordinate Claſſes, according to the ſuperior Excellence of their ſeveral Natures, perhaps the loweſt Claſs of either Sex would be properly aſſigned to thoſe two Diſgracers of the human Species, common called a Beau, and a fine Lady: For if we rate Men by the Faculties of the Mind, in what Degree muſt theſe ſtand? Nay, admitting the Qualities of the Body were to give the Pre-eminence, how many of thoſe whom Fortune hath placed in the loweſt Station, muſt be ranked above them? If Dreſs is their only Title, ſure even the Monkey, if as well dreſſed, is on as high a Footing as the Beau.——But perhaps I ſhall be told, they challenge their Dignity from Birth: That is a poor and mean Pretence to Honour, when ſupported with no other. Perſons who have no better Claim to Superiority, ſhould

ſhould be aſhamed of this; they are really a Diſgrace to thoſe very Anceſtors from whom they would derive their Pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate Portion of Underſtanding which would enable them to deſpiſe themſelves.

And yet, who ſo prone to a contemptuous Carriage as theſe! I have myſelf ſeen a little female Thing *which* they have called My Lady, of no greater Dignity in the Order of Beings than a Cat, and of no more Uſe in Society than a Butterfly; whoſe Mien would not give even the Idea of a Gentlewoman, and whoſe Face would cool the looſeſt Libertine; with a Mind as empty of Ideas as an Opera, and a Body fuller of Diſeaſes than an Hoſpital. I have ſeen this *Thing* expreſs Contempt to a Woman who was an Honour to her Sex, and an Ornament to the Creation.

To confeſs the Truth, there is little Danger of the Poſſeſſor's ever undervaluing this Titular Excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that Deference which the Policy of Government hath aſſigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the moſt exact Compliance with this Reſpect, as a Fundamental in Good-Breeding; nay, I inſiſt

 only

only that we may be admitted to pay it; and not treated with a Diſdain even beyond what the Eaſtern Monarchs ſhew to their Slaves. Surely it is too high an Elevation, when inſtead of treating the loweſt human Creature, in a Chriſtian Senſe, as our Brethren; we look down on ſuch as are but one Rank, in the Civil Order, removed from us, as unworthy to breathe even the ſame Air, and regard the moſt diſtant Communication with them as an Indignity and Diſgrace offered to ourſelves. This is conſidering the Difference not in the Individual, but in the very Species; a Height of Inſolence impious in a Chriſtian Society, and moſt abſurd and ridiculous in a trading Nation.

I have now done with my firſt Head, in which I have treated of Good-Breeding, as it regards our Actions. I ſhall, in the next Place, conſider it with reſpect to our Words; and ſhall endeavour to lay down ſome Rules, by obſerving which our well-bred Man may, in his Diſcourſe as well as Actions, contribute to the Happineſs and Well-being of Society.

Certain it is, that the higheſt Pleaſure which we are capable of enjoying in Converſation, is to be met with only in the Society of Perſons whoſe Under-

Underſtanding is pretty near on an Equality with our own: nor is this Equality only neceſſary to enable Men of exalted Genius, and extenſive Knowledge, to taſte the ſublimer Pleaſures of communicating their refined Ideas to each other; but it is likewiſe neceſſary to the inferior Happineſs of every ſubordinate Degree of Society, down to the very loweſt. For Inſtance; we will ſuppoſe a Converſation betwen *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, and three Dancing-Maſters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the Heel Sophiſts would be as little pleaſed with the Company of the Philoſophers, as the Philoſophers with theirs.

It would be greatly therefore for the Improvement and Happineſs of Converſation, if Society could be formed on this Equality: but as Men are not ranked in this World by the different Degrees of their Underſtanding, but by other Methods, and conſequently all Degrees of Underſtanding often meet in the ſame Claſs, and muſt *ex neceſſitate* frequently converſe together, the Impoſſibility of accompliſhing any ſuch *Utopian* Scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a viſible but unavoidable Imperfection in Society itſelf.

But

But as we have laid it down as a Fundamental, that the Eſſence of Good-Breeding is to contribute as much as poſſible to the Eaſe and Happineſs of Mankind, ſo will it be the Buſineſs of our well-bred Man to endeavour to leſſen this Imperfection to his utmoſt, and to bring Society as near to a Level at leaſt as he is able.

Now there are but two Ways to compaſs this, *viz.* by raiſing the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us ſuppoſe then, that very unequal Company I have before mentioned met: the former of theſe is apparently impracticable. Let *Socrates*, for Inſtance, inſtitute a Diſcourſe on the Nature of the Soul, or *Plato* reaſon on the native Beauty of Virtue, and *Ariſtotle* on his occult Qualities.--- What muſt become of our Dancing-Maſters? Would they not ſtare at one another with Surprize? and, moſt probably, at our Philoſophers with Contempt? Would they have any Pleaſure in ſuch Society? or would they not rather wiſh themſelves in a Dancing-School, or a Green-Room at the Play-Houſe? What therefore have our Philoſophers to do, but to lower themſelves to thoſe who cannot riſe to them?

And

And ſurely there are Subjects on which both can converſe. Hath not *Socrates* heard of Harmony? Hath not *Plato*, who draws Virtue in the Perſon of a fine Woman, any Idea of the Gracefulneſs of Attitude? and hath not *Ariſtotle* himſelf written a Book on Motion? In ſhort, to be a little ſerious, there are many Topics on which they can at leaſt be intelligible to each other.

How abſurd then muſt appear the Conduct of *Cenodoxus*, who having had the Advantage of a liberal Education, and having made a pretty good Progreſs in Literature, is conſtantly advancing learned Subjects in common Converſation? He talks of the Claſſics before the Ladies; and of *Greek* Criticiſms among fine Gentlemen. What is this leſs than an Inſult on the Company, over whom he thus affects a Superiority, and whoſe Time he ſacrifices to his Vanity?

Wiſely different is the amiable Conduct of *Sophronus*; who, though he exceeds the former in Knowledge, can ſubmit to diſcourſe on the moſt trivial Matters, rather than introduce ſuch as his Company are utter Strangers to. He can talk of

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Fashions and Diversions among the Ladies; nay, can even condescend to Horses and Dogs with Country Gentlemen. This Gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest Points, can likewise talk on a Fan, or a Horse-Race; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a Man of Learning, the least Reason to conceive the vast Knowledge of *Sophronus*, unless from the Report of others.

Let us compare these together. *Cenodoxus* proposes the Satisfaction of his own Pride from the Admiration of others; *Sophronus* thinks of nothing but their Amusement. In the Company of *Cenodoxus*, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of Knowledge, and longs for the End of the dull Assembly: With *Sophronus* all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their Knowledge of Matters which they find worthy the Consideration of a Man of Sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with Envy and Hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet Fruit of Good-Will. The former is shunned, the latter courted by all.

This Behaviour in *Cenodoxus* may, in ſome Meaſure, account for an Obſervation we muſt have frequent Occaſion to make: That the Converſation of Men of very moderate Capacities is often preferred to that with Men of ſuperior Talents: In which the World act more wiſely than at firſt they may ſeem; for beſides that Backwardneſs in Mankind to give their Admiration, what can be duller, or more void of Pleaſure than Diſcourſes on Subjects above our Comprehenſion! It is like liſtning to an unknown Language; and if ſuch Company is ever deſired by us, it is a Sacrifice to our Vanity, which impoſes on us to believe that we may by theſe Means raiſe the general Opinion of our own Parts and Knowledge, and not from that cheerful Delight which is the natural Reſult of an agreeable Converſation.

There is another very common Fault, equally deſtructive of this Delight, by much the ſame Means; though it is far from owing its Original to any real Superiority of Parts and Knowledge: This is diſcourſing on the Myſteries of a particular Profeſſion, to which all the reſt of the Company,

pany, except one or two, are utter Strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this Fault, as they are more confined to the Converſation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable Company ſpoilt, where there have been two of theſe Gentlemen preſent, who have ſeemed rather to think themſelves in a Court of Juſtice, than in a mixed Aſſembly of Perſons, met only for the Entertainment of each other.

But it is not ſufficient that the whole Company underſtand the Topic of their Converſation; they ſhould be likewiſe equally intereſted in every Subject not tending to their general Information or Amuſement; for theſe are not to be poſtponed to the Relation of private Affairs, much leſs of the particular Grievance or Misfortune of a ſingle Perſon. To bear a Share in the Afflictions of another is a Degree of Friendſhip not to be expected in a common Acquaintance; nor hath any Man a Right to indulge the Satisfaction of a weak and mean Mind by the Comfort of Pity, at the Expence of the whole Company's Diverſion. The inferior and unſucceſsful Members of the ſeveral Profeſſions are generally guilty of this Fault; for as they fail of the Reward due

to their great Merit, they can ſeldom refrain from reviling their Superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjuſt Fate.

Farther; as a Man is not to make himſelf the Subject of the Converſation, ſo neither is he to engroſs the whole to himſelf. As every Man had rather pleaſe others by what he ſays, than be himſelf pleaſed by what they ſay; or, in other Words, as every Man is beſt pleaſed with the Conſciouſneſs of pleaſing; ſo ſhould all have an equal Opportunity of aiming at it. This is a Right which we are ſo offended at being deprived of, that though I remember to have known a Man reputed a good Companion, who ſeldom opened his Mouth in Company, unleſs to ſwallow his Liquor; yet I have ſcarce ever heard that Appellation given to a very talkative Perſon, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unleſs he hath done this with Buffoon'ry, and made the reſt amends, by partaking of their Scorn, together with their Admiration and Applauſe.

A well-bred Man therefore will not take more of the Diſcourſe than falls to his Share: nor in this will he ſhew any violent Impetuoſity of Temper,

per, or exert any Loudneſs of Voice, even in arguing: for the Information of the Company, and the Conviction of his Antagoniſt, are to be his apparent Motives; not the Indulgence of his own Pride, or an ambitious Deſire of Victory; which latter if a wiſe Man ſhould entertain, he will be ſure to conceal with his utmoſt Endeavour: ſince he muſt know, that to lay open his Vanity in public, is no leſs abſurd than to lay open his Boſom to an Enemy, whoſe drawn Sword is pointed againſt it: for every Man hath a Dagger in his Hand, ready to ſtab the Vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

Having now ſhewn, that the Pleaſure of Converſation muſt ariſe from the Diſcourſe being on Subjects levelled to the Capacity of the whole Company; from being on ſuch in which every Perſon is equally intereſted; from every one's being admitted to his Share in the Diſcourſe; and laſtly, from carefully avoiding all Noiſe, Violence, and Impetuoſity; it might ſeem proper to lay down ſome particular Rules for the Choice of thoſe Subjects which are moſt likely to conduce to the cheerful Delights propoſed from this ſocial Communication: but as ſuch an Attempt might ap-

pear abſurd, from the infinite Variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its Nature, I ſhall confine myſelf to rejecting thoſe Topics only which ſeem moſt foreign to this Delight, and which are moſt likely to be attended with Conſequences rather tending to make Society an Evil, than to procure us any Good from it.

And Firſt, I ſhall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to reſtrain within certain Bounds, namely, Arguments: but which if they were entirely baniſhed out of Company, eſpecially from mixed Aſſemblies, and where Ladies make Part of the Society, it would, I believe, promote their Happineſs: they have been ſometimes attended with Bloodſhed, generally with Hatred from the conquered Party towards his Victor; and ſcarce ever with Conviction. Here I except jocoſe Arguments, which often produce much Mirth; and ſerious Diſputes between Men of Learning (when none but ſuch are preſent) which tend to the Propagation of Knowledge, and the Edification of the Company.

Secondly, Slander; which, however frequently uſed, or however ſavory to the Palate of Ill-

nature,

nature, is extremely pernicious. As it is often unjuſt, and highly injurious to the Perſon ſlandered; and always dangerous, eſpecially in large and mixed Companies; where ſometimes an undeſigned Offence is given to an innocent Relation or Friend of ſuch Perſon, who is thus expoſed to Shame and Confuſion, without having any Right to reſent the Affront. Of this there have been very tragical Inſtances; and I have myſelf ſeen ſome very ridiculous ones, but which have given great Pain, as well to the Perſon offended, as to him who hath been the innocent Occaſion of giving the Offence.

Thirdly; all general Reflections on Countries, Religions, and Profeſſions, which are always unjuſt. If theſe are ever tolerable, they are only from the Perſons who with ſome Pleaſantry ridicule their own Country. It is very common among us to caſt Sarcaſms on a neighbouring Nation, to which we have no other Reaſon to bear an Antipathy, than what is more uſual than juſtifiable, becauſe we have injured it: But ſure ſuch general Satire is not founded on Truth: for I have known Gentlemen of that Nation poſſeſſed with every good Quality which are to be

wiſhed in a Man, or required in a Friend. I remember a Repartee made by a Gentleman of this Country, which though it was full of the ſevereſt Wit, the Perſon to whom it was directed, could not reſent, as he ſo plainly deſerved it. He had with great Bitterneſs inveighed againſt this whole People; upon which, one of them who was preſent, very cooly anſwered, *I don't know, Sir, whether I have not more Reaſon to be pleaſed with the Compliment you pay my Country, than to be angry with what you ſay againſt it; ſince by your abuſing us all ſo heavily, you have plainly implied you are not of it.* This expoſed the other to ſo much Laughter, eſpecially as he was not unexceptionable in his Character, that I believe he was ſufficiently puniſhed for his ill-manner'd Satire.

Fourthly; Blaſphemy, and irreverent mention of Religion. I will not here debate what Compliment a Man pays to his own Underſtanding, by the Profeſſion of Infidelity; it is ſufficient to my Purpoſe, that he runs a Riſque of giving the cruelleſt Offence to Perſons of a different Temper: for if a Loyaliſt would be greatly affronted by hearing any Indecencies offered to the Perſon of a

temporal

temporal Prince, how much more bitterly muſt a Man, who ſincerely believes in ſuch a Being as the Almighty, feel any Irreverence, or Inſult ſhewn to his Name, his Honour, or his Inſtitution? And notwithſtanding the impious Character of the preſent Age, and eſpecially of many among thoſe whoſe more immediate Buſineſs it is to lead Men, as well by Example as Precept, into the Ways of Piety, there are ſtill ſufficient Numbers left, who pay ſo honeſt and ſincere a Reverence to Religion, as may give us a reaſonable Expectation of finding one at leaſt of this Stamp in every large Company.

A fifth Particular to be avoided is Indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating ſuch Words as would give an immediate Affront to a Lady of Reputation; but the raiſing any looſe Ideas tending to the Offence of that Modeſty, which if a young Woman hath not ſomething more than the Affectation of, ſhe is not worthy the Regard even of a Man of Pleaſure, provided he hath any Delicacy in his Conſtitution. How inconſiſtent with Good-Breeding it is to give Pain and Confuſion to ſuch, is ſufficiently apparent; all Double-Entendres,

Entendres, and obſcene Jeſts, are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But ſuppoſe no Ladies preſent, nothing can be meaner, lower, and leſs productive of rational Mirth, than this looſe Converſation. For my own Part, I cannot conceive how the Idea of Jeſt or Pleaſantry came ever to be annexed to one of our higheſt and moſt ſerious Pleaſures. Nor can I help obſerving, to the Diſcredit of ſuch Merriment, that it is commonly the laſt Reſource of impotent Wit, the weak Strainings of the loweſt, ſillieſt, and dulleſt Fellows in the World.

Sixthly; You are to avoid knowingly mentioning any thing which may revive in any Perſon the Remembrance of ſome paſt Accident; or raiſe an uneaſy Reflection on a preſent Misfortune, or corporeal Blemiſh. To maintain this Rule nicely, perhaps requires great Delicacy; but it is abſolutely neceſſary to a well-bred Man. I have obſerved numberleſs Breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from Negligence and Inadvertency; yet I am afraid ſome may be too juſtly imputed to a malicious Deſire of triumphing in our own ſuperior Happineſs and Perfections: now when it proceeds from this Motive, it is not eaſy to imagine any thing more criminal.

Under

Under this Head I ſhall caution my well-bred Reader againſt a common Fault, much of the ſame Nature; which is mentioning any particular Quality as abſolutely eſſential to either Man or Woman, and exploding all thoſe who want it. This renders every one uneaſy, who is in the leaſt ſelf-conſcious of the Defect. I have heard a *Boor* of Faſhion declare in the Preſence of Women remarkably plain, that Beauty was the chief Perfection of that Sex; and an Eſſential, without which no Woman was worth regarding. A certain Method of putting all thoſe in the Room, who are but ſuſpicious of their Defect that way, out of Countenance.

I ſhall mention one Fault more, which is, not paying a proper Regard to the preſent Temper of the Company, or the Occaſion of their meeting, in introducing a Topic of Converſation, by which as great an Abſurdity is ſometimes committed, as it would be to ſing a Dirge at a Wedding, or an Epithalamium at a Funeral.

Thus

Thus I have, I think, enumerated moſt of the principal Errors which we are apt to fall into in Converſation; and though perhaps ſome Particulars worthy of Remark may have eſcaped me, yet an Attention to what I have here ſaid, may enable the Reader to diſcover them. At leaſt I am perſuaded, that if the Rules I have now laid down were ſtrictly obſerved, our Converſation would be more perfect, and the Pleaſure reſulting from it purer, and more unſullied, than at preſent it is.

But I muſt not diſmiſs this Subject without ſome Animadverſions on a particular Species of Pleaſantry, which though I am far from being deſirous of baniſhing from Converſation, requires, moſt certainly, ſome Reins to govern, and ſome Rule to direct it. The Reader may perhaps gueſs, I mean Raillery; to which I may apply the Fable of the Lap-Dog and the Aſs: for while in ſome Hands it diverts and delights us with its Dexterity and Gentleneſs; in others, it paws, dawbs, offends, and hurts.

The

The End of Converſation being the Happineſs of Mankind, and the chief Means to procure their Delight and Pleaſure; it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this End, which tends to make a Man uneaſy and diſſatisfied with himſelf, or which expoſes him to the Scorn and Contempt of others. I here except that Kind of Raillery therefore, which is concerned in toſſing Men out of their Chairs, tumbling them into Water, or any of thoſe handicraft Jokes which are exerciſed on thoſe notable Perſons, commonly known by the Name of Buffoons; who are contented to feed their Belly at the Price of their Br—ch, and to carry off the Wine and the P—ſs of a Great Man together. This I paſs by, as well as all Remarks on the Genius of the Great Men themſelves, who are (to fetch a Phraſe from School, a Place not improperly mentioned on this Occaſion) great DABS at this kind of Facetiouſneſs.

But leaving all ſuch Perſons to expoſe Human Nature among themſelves, I ſhall recommend to my well-bred Man, who aims at Raillery, the excellent Character given of *Horace* by *Perſius*.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum Præcordia ludit,
Callidus excuſſo Populum ſuſpendere naſo.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious Tranſlator of that obſcure Author.

Yet cou'd ſhrewd Horace, *with diſportive Wit,*
Rally his Friend, and tickle while he bit:
Winning Acceſs, he play'd around the Heart,
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.
The Crowd he ſneer'd; but ſneer'd with ſuch a Grace,
It paſs'd for downright Innocence of Face.

The Raillery which is conſiſtent with Good-Breeding, is a gentle Animadverſion on ſome Foible; which while it raiſes a Laugh in the reſt of the Company, doth not put the Perſon rallied out of Countenance, or expoſe him to Shame and Contempt. On the contrary, the Jeſt ſhould be ſo delicate, that the Object of it ſhould be capable of joining in the Mirth it occaſions.

All great Vices therefore, Misfortunes, and notorious Blemiſhes of Mind or Body, are impro-

per Subjects of Raillery. Indeed, a Hint at such is an Abuse and Affront is sure to give the Person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) Pain and Uneasiness, and should be received with Contempt, instead of Applause, by all the rest of the Company.

Again; the Nature and Quality of the Person are to be considered. As to the first, some Men will not bear any Raillery at all. I remember a Gentleman who declared, *He never made a Jest, nor would ever take one.* I do not indeed greatly recommend such a Person for a Companion; but at the same Time, a well-bred Man, who is to consult the Pleasure and Happiness of the whole, is not at Liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the Quality, I mean the Sex, Degree, Profession, and Circumstances; on which Head I need not be very particular. With Regard to the two former, all Raillery on Ladies and Superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the Rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient Caution.

Lastly.

Laſtly. A Conſideration is to be had of the Perſons before whom we rally. A Man will be juſtly uneaſy at being reminded of thoſe Railleries in one Company, which he would very patiently bear the Imputation of in another. Inſtances on this Head are ſo obvious, that they need not be mentioned. In ſhort, the whole Doctrine of Raillery is comprized in this famous Line.

QUID *de* QUOQUE *viro et* CUI *dicas ſæpe caveto.*
Be cautious WHAT *you ſay,* OF WHOM *and* TO WHOM.

And now methinks I hear ſome one cry out, that ſuch Reſtrictions are, in Effect, to exclude all Raillery from Converſation: and, to confeſs the Truth, it is a Weapon from which many Perſons will do wiſely in totally abſtaining; for it is a Weapon which doth the more Miſchief, by how much the blunter it is. The ſharpeſt Wit therefore is only to be indulged the free Uſe of it; for no more than a very ſlight Touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruiſing, as if they were to *hew a Carcaſe for Hounds*, as *Shakeſpear* phraſes it.

Nor

Nor is it ſufficient that it be ſharp, it muſt be uſed likewiſe with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Good-nature: and as the niceſt Dexterity of a Gladiator is ſhewn in being able to hit without cutting deep, ſo is this of our Rallier, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True Raillery indeed conſiſts either in playing on Peccadillo's, which, however they may be cenſured by ſome, are not eſteemed as really Blemiſhes in a Character in the Company where they are made the Subject of Mirth; as too much Freedom with the Bottle, or too much Indulgence with Women, *&c.*

Or, Secondly, in pleaſantly repreſenting real good Qualities in a falſe Light of Shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So Generoſity may be treated as Prodigality; Œconomy as Avarice; true Courage as Fool-Hardineſs; and ſo of the reſt.

Laſtly; in ridiculing Men for Vices and Faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the Cowardice of *A——le*, the Dulneſs of *Ch——d*, the Unpoliteneſs of *D——ton*, may be attacked without Danger of Offence; and thus *Lyt——n*

may be cenſured for whatever Vice or Folly you pleaſe to impute to him.

And however limited theſe Bounds may appear to ſome, yet, in ſkilful and witty Hands, I have known Raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffenſive Entertainment to the whole Company.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with theſe two Obſervations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been ſaid.

Firſt, That every Perſon who indulges his Ill-nature or Vanity, at the Expence of others; and in introducing Uneaſineſs, Vexation, and Confuſion into Society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, That whoever, from the Goodneſs of his Diſpoſition or Underſtanding, endeavours to his utmoſt to cultivate the Good-humour and Happineſs of others, and to contribute to the Eaſe and Comfort of all his Acquaintance, however low in Rank Fortune may have placed him, or however clumſy he may be in his Figure or Demeanour, hath, in the trueſt Senſe of the Word, a Claim to Good-Breeding.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

KNOWLEDGE

OF THE

Characters of Men.

AN ESSAY ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE Characters of Men.

I Have often thought it a melancholy Instance of the great Depravity of Human Nature, that whilst so many Men have employed their utmost Abilities to invent Systems, by which the artful and cunning Part of Mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the World; few or none should have stood up the Champions of the innocent and undesigning, and have endeavoured to arm them against Imposition.

Thoſe who predicate of Man in general, that he is an Animal of this or that Diſpoſition, ſeem to me not ſufficiently to have ſtudied Human Nature; for that immenſe Variety of Characters ſo apparent in Men even of the ſame Climate, Religion, and Education, which gives the Poet a ſufficient Licence, as I apprehend, for ſaying, that

Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beaſt,

could hardly exiſt, unleſs the Diſtinction had ſome original Foundation in Nature itſelf. Nor is it perhaps a leſs proper Predicament of the Genius of a Tree, that it will flouriſh ſo many Years, loves ſuch a Soil, bears ſuch a Fruit, *&c.* than of Man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honeſt, or cunning.

This original Difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and ſtrong Inclination to Good or Evil, which diſtinguiſhes different Diſpoſitions in Children, in their firſt Infancy; in the moſt un-informed Savages, who can be thought to have altered their Nature by no Rules, nor artfully acquired Habits; and laſtly, in Perſons who from the ſame Education, *&c.* might be

thought

thought to have directed Nature the ſame Way; yet, among all theſe, there ſubſiſts, as I have before hinted, ſo manifeſt and extreme a Difference of Inclination or Character, that almoſt obliges us, I think, to acknowledge ſome unacquired, original Diſtinction, in the Nature or Soul of one Man, from that of another.

Thus, without aſſerting in general, that Man is a deceitful Animal; we may, I believe, appeal for Inſtances of Deceit to the Behaviour of ſome Children and Savages. When this Quality therefore is nouriſhed and improved by Education, in which we are taught rather to conceal Vices, than to cultivate Virtues; when it hath ſucked in the Inſtruction of Politicians, and is inſtituted in the *Art of thriving*, it will be no Wonder that it ſhould grow to that monſtrous Height to which we ſometimes ſee it arrive. *This Art of thriving* being the very Reverſe of that Doctrine of the Stoics; by which Men were taught to conſider themſelves as Fellow-Citizens of the World, and to labour jointly for the common Good, without any private Diſtinction of their own: Whereas *This*, on the contrary, points out to every Individual his own particular and ſeparate Advantage,

to whioh he is to ſacrifice the Intereſt of all others; which he is to conſider as his *Summum Bonum*, to purſue with his utmoſt Diligence and Induſtry, and to acquire by all Means whatever. Now when this noble End is once eſtabliſhed, Deceit muſt immediately ſuggeſt itſelf as the neceſſary Means: for as it is impoſſible that any Man endowed with rational Faculties, and being in a State of Freedom, ſhould willingly agree, without ſome Motive of Love or Friendſhip, abſolutely to ſacrifice his own Intereſt to that of another; it becomes neceſſary to impoſe upon him, to perſuade him, that his own Good is deſigned, and that he will be a Gainer by coming into thoſe Schemes, which are, in Reality, calculated for his Deſtruction. And this, if I miſtake not, is the very Eſſence of that excellent Art, called *The Art of Politics*.

Thus while the crafty and deſigning Part of Mankind, conſulting only their own ſeparate Advantage, endeavour to maintain one conſtant Impoſition on others, the whole World becomes a vaſt Maſquerade, where the greateſt Part appear diſguiſed under falſe Vizors and Habits; a very few only ſhewing their own Faces, who become, by ſo doing, the Aſtoniſhment and Ridicule of all the reſt.

But

But however cunning the Diſguiſe be which a Maſquerader wears: however foreign to his Age, Degree, or Circumſtance, yet if cloſely attended to, he very rarely eſcapes the Diſcovery of an accurate Obſerver; for Nature, which unwillingly ſubmits to the Impoſture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and ſhew herſelf; nor can the Cardinal, the Friar, or the Judge, long conceal the Sot, the Gameſter, or the Rake.

In the ſame Manner will thoſe Diſguiſes which are worn on the greater Stage, generally vaniſh, or prove ineffectual to impoſe the aſſumed for the real Character upon us, if we employ ſufficient Diligence and Attention in the Scrutiny. But as this Diſcovery is of infinitely greater Conſequence to us; and as perhaps all are not equally qualified to make it, I ſhall venture to ſet down ſome few Rules, the Efficacy (I had almoſt ſaid Infallibility) of which, I have myſelf experienced. Nor need any Man be aſhamed of wanting or receiving Inſtructions on this Head; ſince that open Diſpoſition, which is the ſureſt Indication of an honeſt and upright Heart, chiefly renders us liable

to

to be impoſed on by Craft and Deceit, and principally diſqualifies us for this Diſcovery.

Neither will the Reader, I hope, be offended, if he ſhould here find no Obſervations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer, or more known, than the general Rules of Morality, and yet thouſands of Men are thought well employed in reviving our Remembrance, and enforcing our Practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my Readers whom I am not capable of inſtructing on this Head, and who are indeed fitter to give than receive Inſtructions, at leaſt from me, yet this Eſſay may perhaps be of ſome Uſe to the young and unexperienced, to the more open honeſt and conſidering Part of Mankind, who, either from Ignorance or Inattention, are daily expoſed to all the pernicious Deſigns of that deteſtable Fiend, Hypocriſy.

I will proceed therefore, without further Preface, to thoſe Diagnoſtics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the Diſeaſes of the Mind, ſeeing ſhe takes ſuch Pains to diſcover thoſe of the Body. And firſt, I doubt whether the old Adage of *Fronti nulla Fides*, be generally well underſtood:

The Meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that *no Truſt is to be given to the Countenance.* But what is the Context in *Juvenal?*

——— *Quis enim non vicus abundat*
Triſtibus obſcœnis?
——— *What Place is not filled with*
auſtere Libertines?

Now that an auſtere Countenance is no Token of Purity of Heart, I readily concede. So far otherwiſe, it is perhaps rather a Symptom of the contrary. But the Satyriſt ſurely never intended by theſe Words, which have grown into a Proverb, utterly to depreciate an Art on which ſo wiſe a Man as *Ariſtotle* hath thought proper to compoſe a Treatiſe.

The Truth is, we almoſt univerſally miſtake the Symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us; and err as groſsly as a Phyſician would, who ſhould conclude that a very high Pulſe is a certain Indication of Health; but ſure the Faculty would rather impute ſuch a Miſtake to his deplorable Ignorance, than conclude from it, that the Pulſe could give a ſkilful and ſenſible Obſerver no Information of the Patient's Diſtemper.

In

In the ſame Manner, I conceive, the Paſſions of Men do commonly imprint ſufficient Marks on the Countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of Skill in the Obſerver, that Phyſiognomy is of ſo little Uſe and Credit in the World.

But our Errors in this Diſquiſition would be little wondered at, if it was acknowledged, that the few Rules which generally prevail on this Head are utterly falſe, and the very Reverſe of Truth. And this will perhaps appear, if we condeſcend to the Examination of ſome Particulars. Let us begin with the Inſtance given us by the Poet above, of Auſterity; which, as he ſhews us, was held to indicate a Chaſtity or Severity of Morals, the contrary of which, as himſelf ſhews us, is true.

Among us, this Auſterity, or Gravity of Countenance, paſſes for Wiſdom with juſt the ſame Equity of Pretenſion. My Lord *Shaftſbury* tells us, that *Gravity is of the Eſſence of Impoſture.* I will not venture to ſay, that it certainly denotes Folly, though I have known ſome of the ſillieſt Fellows in the World very eminently poſſeſſed of

it.

it. The Affections which it indicates, and which we ſhall ſeldom err in ſuſpecting to lie under it, are Pride, Ill-nature, and Cunning. Three Qualities which when we know to be inherent in any Man, we have no Reaſon to deſire any further Diſcovery to inſtruct us, to deal as little and as cautiouſly with him as we are able.

But though the World often pays a Reſpect to theſe Appearances which they do not deſerve; they rather attract Admiration than Love, and inſpire us rather with Awe than Confidence. There is a Countenance of a contrary Kind, which hath been called a Letter of Recommendation; which throws our Arms open to receive the Poiſon, diveſts us of all kind of Apprehenſion, and diſarms us of all Caution: I mean that glavering ſneering Smile, of which the greater Part of Mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the Sign of Good-Nature; whereas this is generally a Compound of Malice and Fraud, and as ſurely indicates a bad Heart, as a galloping Pulſe doth a Fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this Deceit, by a groſs but common Miſtake of Good-Humour for

Good-Nature. Two Qualities ſo far from bearing any Reſemblance to each other, that they are almoſt Oppoſites. Good-Nature is that benevolent and amiable Temper of Mind which diſpoſes us to feel the Misfortunes, and enjoy the Happineſs of others; and conſequently puſhes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abſtract Contemplation on the Beauty of Virtue, and without the Allurements or Terrors of Religion. Now Good-Humour is nothing more than the Triumph of the Mind, when reflecting on its own Happineſs, and that perhaps from having compared it with the inferior Happineſs of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering Smile, whoſe principal Ingredient is Malice, to be the Symptom of Good-Humour. And here give me Leave to define this Word Malice, as I doubt whether it be not in common Speech ſo often confounded with Envy, that common Readers may not have very diſtinct Ideas between them. But as Envy is a Repining at the Good of others, compared with our own, ſo Malice is a rejoicing at their Evil, on the ſame Compariſon. And thus it appears to have a very cloſe Affinity

to

to that malevolent Diſpoſition, which I have above deſcribed under the Word Good-Humour: for nothing is truer than that Obſervation of *Shakeſpear*;

— A Man may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a Villain.

But how alien muſt this Countenance be to that heavenly Frame of Soul, of which *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf was the moſt perfect Pattern; of which bleſſed Perſon it is recorded, that he never was once ſeen to laugh, during his whole Abode on Earth. And what indeed hath Good-Nature to do with a ſmiling Countenance? It would be like a Purſe in the Hands of a Miſer, which he could never uſe. For admitting, that laughing at the Vices and Follies of Mankind is entirely innocent, (which is more perhaps than we ought to admit) yet ſurely their Miſeries and Misfortunes are no Subjects of Mirth: And with theſe, *Quis non vicus abundat?* the World is ſo full of them, that ſcarce a Day paſſes without inclining a truly good-natured Man rather to Tears than Merriment.

Mr. *Hobbes* tells us, that Laughter ariſes from Pride, which is far from being a good-natured

Paſſion.

Paſſion. And though I would not ſeverely diſcountenance all Indulgence of it, ſince Laughter, while confined to Vice and Folly, is no very cruel Puniſhment on the Object, and may be attended with good Conſequences to him; yet we ſhall, I believe, find, on a careful Examination into its Motive, that it is not produced from Good-Nature. But this is one of the firſt Efforts of the Mind, which few attend to, or indeed are capable of diſcovering; and however Self-Love may make us pleaſed with ſeeing a Blemiſh in another which we are ourſelves free from, yet Compaſſion on the firſt Reflection of any Unhappineſs in the Object, immediately puts a Stop to it in good Minds. For Inſtance; ſuppoſe a Perſon well dreſt ſhould tumble in a dirty Place in the Street; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the Accident: Now what is this Laughter other than a convulſive Extaſy, occaſioned by the Contemplation of our own Happineſs, compared with the unfortunate Perſon's! a Pleaſure which ſeems to ſavour of Ill-nature: but as this is one of thoſe firſt, and as it were, ſpontaneous Motions of the Soul, which few, as I have ſaid, attend to, and none can prevent; ſo it doth not properly conſtitute the Character. When we

come

come to reflect on the Uneasiness this Person suffers, Laughter, in a good and delicate Mind, will begin to change itself into Compassion; and in Proportion as this latter operates on us, we may be said to have more or less Good-Nature: but should any fatal Consequence, such as a violent Bruise, or the breaking of a Bone, attend the Fall, the Man who should still continue to laugh, would be entitled to the basest and vilest Appellation with which any Language can stigmatize him.

From what hath been said, I think we may conclude, that a constant, settled, glavering, sneering Smile in the Countenance, is so far from indicating Goodness, that it may be with much Confidence depended on as an Assurance of the contrary.

But I would not be understood here to speak with the least Regard to that amiable, open, composed, cheerful Aspect, which is the Result of a good Conscience, and the Emanation of a good Heart; of both which it is an infallible Symptom; and may be the more depended on, as it cannot, I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable Resemblance, by the nicest Power of Art.

Neither have I any Eye towards that honeſt, hearty, loud Chuckle, which ſhakes the Sides of Aldermen and 'Squires, without the leaſt Provocation of a Jeſt; proceeding chiefly from a full Belly; and is a Symptom (however ſtrange it may ſeem) of a very gentle and inoffenſive Quality, called Dulneſs, than which nothing is more riſible: for as Mr. *Pope*, with exquiſite Pleaſantry, ſays;

—— *Gentle Dulneſs ever loves a Joke.*

i. e. one of her own Jokes. Theſe are ſometimes performed by the Foot; as by leaping over Heads, or Chairs, or Tables, Kicks in the B——ch, *&c.* ſometimes by the Hand; as by Slaps in the Face, pulling off Wigs, and infinite other Dexterities, too tedious to particularize: ſometimes by the Voice; as by hollowing, huzzaing, and ſinging merry (*i. e.* dull) Catches, by *merry* (i. e. dull) Fellows.

Laſtly; I do by no means hint at the various Laughs, Titters, Tehes, *&c.* of the Fair Sex, with whom indeed this Eſſay hath not any thing to do; the Knowledge of the Characters of Women

men being foreign to my intended Purpoſe; as it is in Fact a Science, to which I make not the leaſt Pretenſion.

The Smile or Sneer which compoſes the Countenance I have above endeavour'd to deſcribe, is extremely different from all theſe: but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my Reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to miſtake it, I ſhall wind up my Caution to him againſt this Symptom, in Part of a Line of *Horace:*

—— *Hic niger eſt; hunc tu caveto.*

There is one Countenance, which is the plaineſt Inſtance of the general Miſunderſtanding of that Adage, *Fronti nulla Fides.* This is a fierce Aſpect, which hath the ſame Right to ſignify Courage, as Gravity to denote Wiſdom, or a Smile Good-Nature; whereas Experience teaches us the contrary, and it paſſes among moſt Men for the Symptom only of a Bully.

But I am aware, that I ſhall be reminded of an Aſſertion which I ſet out with in the Beginning of this Eſſay, *viz. That Nature gives us as ſure*

Symptoms of the Diſeaſes of the Mind as ſhe doth of thoſe of the Body. To which what I have now advanced may ſeem a Contradiction. The Truth is, Nature doth really imprint ſufficient Marks in the Countenance, to inform an accurate and diſcerning Eye: but as ſuch is the Property of few, the Generality of Mankind miſtake the Affectation for the Reality: for as Affectation always over-acts her Part, it fares with her as with a Farcical Actor on the Stage, whoſe monſtrous over-done Grimaces are ſure to catch the Applauſe of an inſenſible Audience; while the trueſt and fineſt Strokes of Nature, repreſented by a judicious and juſt Actor, paſs unobſerved and diſregarded. In the ſame Manner, the true Symptoms being finer, and leſs glaring, make no Impreſſion on our Phyſiognomiſt; while the groſſer Appearances of Affectation are ſure to attract his Eye, and deceive his Judgment. Thus that ſprightly and penetrating Look, which is almoſt a certain Token of Underſtanding; that cheerful compoſed Serenity, which always indicates Good-Nature; and that fiery Caſt of the Eyes, which is never unaccompanied with Courage, are often over-looked: while a formal, ſtately, auſtere Gravity; a glavering fawning Smile, and a ſtrong

Contraction

Contraction of the Muſcles, paſs generally on the World for the Virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as theſe Rules are, I believe, none of them without ſome Exceptions; as they are of no Uſe but to an Obſerver of much Penetration: Laſtly, as a more ſubtle Hypocriſy will ſometimes eſcape undiſcovered from the higheſt Diſcernment; let us ſee if we have not a more infallible Guide to direct us to the Knowledge of Men; one more eaſily to be attained, and on the Efficacy of which we may with the greateſt Certainty rely.

And ſurely the Actions of Men ſeem to be the juſteſt Interpreters of their Thoughts, and the trueſt Standards by which we may judge them. *By their Fruits you ſhall know them*, is a Saying of great Wiſdom, as well as Authority. And indeed this is ſo certain a Method of acquiring the Knowledge I contend for, that at firſt Appearance, it ſeems abſolutely perfect, and to want no manner of Aſſiſtance.

There are, however, two Cauſes of our Miſtakes on this Head; and which lead us into form-

ing very erroneous Judgments of Men, even while their Actions ſtare us in the Face, and as it were hold a Candle to us, by which we may ſee into them.

The firſt of theſe is when we take their own Words againſt their Actions. This (if I may borrow another Illuſtration from Phyſic) is no leſs ridiculous, than it would be in a learned Profeſſor of that Art, when he perceives his light-headed Patient is in the utmoſt Danger, to take his Word that he is well. This Error is infinitely more common than its extream Abſurdity would perſuade us was poſſible. And many a credulous Perſon hath been ruined by truſting to the Aſſertions of another, who muſt have preſerved himſelf, had he placed a wiſer Confidence in his Actions.

The Second is an Error ſtill more general. This is when we take the Colour of a Man's Actions not from their own viſible Tendency, but from his public Character: when we believe what others ſay of him, in Oppoſition to what we ſee him do. How often do we ſuffer ourſelves to be deceived, out of the Credit of a Fact, or out of

a juſt

a juſt Opinion of its Heinouſneſs, by the reputed Dignity or Honeſty of the Perſon who did it? How common are ſuch Ejaculations as theſe? "O 'tis impoſſible HE ſhould be guilty of any "ſuch Thing! HE muſt have done it by Miſtake; "HE could not deſign it. I will never believe "any Ill of HIM. So good a Man, *&c.*!" when in Reality, the Miſtake lies only in his Character. Nor is there any more ſimple, unjuſt, and inſufficient Method of judging Mankind, than by public Eſtimation, which is oftner acquired by Deceit, Partiality, Prejudice, and ſuch like, than by real Deſert. I will venture to affirm, that I have known ſome of *the beſt ſort of Men in the World*, (to uſe the vulgar Phraſe,) who would not have ſcrupled cutting a Friend's Throat; and *a Fellow whom no Man ſhould be ſeen to ſpeak to*, capable of the higheſt Acts of Friendſhip and Benevolence.

Now it will be neceſſary to diveſt ourſelves of both theſe Errors, before we can reaſonably hope to attain any adequate Knowledge of the true Characters of Men. Actions are their own beſt Expoſitors; and though Crimes may admit of alleviating Circumſtances, which may properly induce a Judge to mitigate the Puniſhment; from

the Motive, for Inſtance, as Neceſſity may leſſen the Crime of Robbery, when compared to Wantonneſs or Vanity; or from ſome Circumſtance attending the Fact itſelf, as robbing a Stranger, or an Enemy, compared with committing it on a Friend or Benefactor; yet the Crime is ſtill Robbery, and the Perſon who commits it is a Robber; though he ſhould pretend to have done it with a good Deſign, or the World ſhould concur in calling him an honeſt Man.

But I am aware of another Objection which may be made to my Doctrine, *viz.* admitting that the Actions of Men are the ſureſt Evidence of their Character, that this Knowledge comes too late; that it is to caution us againſt a Highwayman after he hath plundered us, or againſt an Incendiary, after he hath fired our Houſe.

To which I anſwer, That it is not againſt Force, but Deceit, which I am here ſeeking for Armour; againſt thoſe who can injure us only by obtaining our good Opinion. If therefore I can inſtruct my Reader from what ſort of Perſons he is to with-hold this Opinion, and inform him of all, or at leaſt the principal Arts by which Deceit

ceit proceeds to ingratiate itſelf with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat its Purpoſe, I ſhall have ſufficiently ſatisfied the Deſign of this Eſſay.

And here, the firſt Caution I ſhall give him is againſt FLATTERY, which I am convinced no one uſes, without ſome Deſign on the Perſon flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain Nobleman, who though he was an immoderate Lover of receiving Flattery himſelf, was ſo far from being guilty of this Vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling Men their Faults. A Friend, who had his Intimacy, one Day told him; He wondered that he who loved Flattery better than any Man living, did not return a little of it himſelf, which he might be ſure would bring him back ſuch plentiful Intereſt. To which he anſwered, Though he admitted the Juſtneſs of the Obſervation, he could never think of giving away what he was ſo extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows any thing of the Nature of Men, how greedy they are of Praiſe, and how backward in beſtowing it on others; that it is a Debt ſeldom paid, even to the greateſt Merit, 'till we are compelled to it, may reaſonably conclude, that this

this Profusion, this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as *Martial* says of a Beggar's Present, from some other Motive than Generosity or Good-will.

But indeed there are few whose Vanity is so foul a Feeder, to digest Flattery, if undisguised: It must impose on us, in order to allure us: Before we can relish it, we must call it by some other Name; such as, a just Esteem of, and Respect for our real Worth; a Debt due to our Merit, and not a Present to our Pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all those great or good Qualities which are extolled in us; yet considering, as I have said above, with what Reluctance such Debts are paid, we may justly suspect some Design in the Person who so readily and forwardly offers it us. It is well observed, That we do not attend, without Uneasiness, to Praises in which we have no Concern, much less shall we be eager to utter and exaggerate the Praise of another, without some Expectation from it.

A Flatterer therefore is a just Object of our Distrust, and will, by prudent Men, be avoided.

Next

Next to the Flatterer is the Profeſſor, who carries his Affection to you ſtill farther; and on a ſlight or no Acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kiſſes, and vows the greateſt Eſteem for your Perſon, Parts, and Virtues. To know whether this Friend is ſincere, you have only to examine into the Nature of Friendſhip, which is always founded either on Eſteem or Gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now Eſteem, admitting every Requiſite for its Formation preſent, and theſe are not a few, is of very ſlow Growth; it is an involuntary Affection, rather apt to give us Pain than Pleaſure, and therefore meets with no Encouragement in our Minds, which it creeps into by ſmall and almoſt imperceptible Degrees: And perhaps, when it hath got an abſolute Poſſeſſion of us, may require ſome other Ingredient to engage our Friendſhip to its own Object. It appears then pretty plain, that this Muſhroom Paſſion here mentioned, owes not its Original to Eſteem. Whether it can poſſibly flow from Gratitude, which may indeed produce it more immediately, you will more eaſily judge: for though there are ſome Minds whom no Benefits can inſpire with Gratitude; there are more, I believe, who conceive this Af-

fection

fection without even a ſuppoſed Obligation. If therefore you can aſſure yourſelf it is impoſſible he ſhould imagine himſelf obliged to you, you may be ſatisfied that Gratitude is not the Motive to his Friendſhip. Seeing then that you can derive it from neither of theſe Fountains, you may well be juſtified in ſuſpecting its Falſhood; and if ſo, you will act as wiſely in receiving it into your Heart, as he doth who knowingly lodges a Viper in his Boſom, or a Thief in his Houſe. FORGIVE THE ACTS OF YOUR ENEMIES hath been thought the higheſt Maxim of Morality; FEAR THE PROFESSIONS OF YOUR FRIENDS, is perhaps the wiſeſt.

The Third Character againſt which an open Heart ſhould be alarmed, is a PROMISER, one who riſes another Step in Friendſhip. The Man who is wantonly profuſe of his Promiſes ought to ſink his Credit as much as a Tradeſman would by uttering great Numbers of Promiſſory Notes, payable at a diſtant Day. The trueſt Concluſion in both Caſes is, that neither intend, or will be able to pay. And as the latter moſt probably intends to cheat you of your Money, ſo the former at leaſt deſigns to cheat you of your Thanks; and it is well for you, if he hath no deeper Purpoſe,

and

and that Vanity is the only evil Paſſion to which he deſtines you a Sacrifice.

I would not be here underſtood to point at the Promiſes of political Great Men, which they are ſuppoſed to lie under a Neceſſity of giving in great Abundance, and the Value of them is ſo well known, that few are to be impoſed on by them. The Profeſſor I here mean, is he who on all Occaſions is ready, of his own Head, and unaſked, to promiſe Favours. This is ſuch another Inſtance of Generoſity, as his who relieves his Friend in Diſtreſs, by a Draught on * *Aldgate* Pump. Of theſe there are ſeveral Kinds: ſome who promiſe what they never intend to perform; others who promiſe what they are not ſure they can perform; and others again, who promiſe ſo many, that like Debtors, being not able to pay all their Debts, they afterwards pay none.

The Man who is inquiſitive into the Secrets of your Affairs, with which he hath no Concern, is another Object of your Caution. Men no more deſire another's Secrets, to conceal them, than they would another's Purſe, for the Pleaſure only of carrying it.

* A Mercantile Phraſe for a bad Note.

Nor

Nor is a Slanderer leſs wiſely to be avoided, unleſs you chuſe to feaſt on your Neighbour's Faults, at the Price of being ſerved up yourſelf at the Tables of others: for Perſons of this Stamp are generally impartial in their Abuſe. Indeed it is not always poſſible totally to eſcape them; for being barely known to them is a ſure Title to their Calumny; but the more they are admitted to your Acquaintance, the more you will be abuſed by them.

I fear the next Character I ſhall mention, may give Offence to the grave Part of Mankind; for whoſe Wiſdom and Honeſty I have an equal Reſpect; but I muſt, however, venture to caution my open-hearted Reader againſt a Saint. No honeſt and ſenſible Man will underſtand me here, as attempting to declaim againſt Sanctity of Morals. The Sanctity I mean is that which flows from the Lips, and ſhines in the Countenance. It may be ſaid, perhaps, that real Sanctity may wear theſe Appearances; and how ſhall we then diſtinguiſh with any Certainty, the true from the fictitious? I anſwer, That if we admit this to be poſſible, yet as it is likewiſe poſſible that it may be only counterfeit;

terfeit; and as in Fact it is so Ninety Nine Times in a Hundred; it is better that one real Saint should suffer a little unjust Suspicion, than that Ninety Nine Villains should impose on the World, and be enabled to perpetrate their Villainies under this Mask.

But, to say the Truth; a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious Sanctity, never is, nor can be sincere. 'Is a Readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the Temper of a Christian? Can he who passes Sentence on the Souls of Men with more Delight and Triumph than the Devil can execute it, have the Impudence to pretend himself a Disciple of one who died for the Sins of Mankind. Is not such a Sanctity the true Mark of that Hypocrisy which in many Places of Scripture, and particularly in the twenty third Chapter of St. *Matthew*, is so bitterly inveighed against.

As this is a most detestable Character in Society; and as its Malignity is more particularly bent against the best and worthiest Men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate Envy and Hatred, I shall take some Pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the Horrors of its Inside, that we may all shun it; and at the

ſame Time will endeavour ſo plainly to deſcribe its Outſide, that we ſhall hardly be liable, by any Miſtake, to fall into its Snares.

With Regard then to the Inſide (if I am allowed that Expreſſion) of this Character, the Scripture-writers have employed uncommon Labour in diſſecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himſelf, in the Chapter above-cited. *It devours Widows Houſes*; *it makes its Proſelytes two-fold more the Children of Hell*; *it omits the weightier Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith*; *it ſtrains* * *off a Gnat, and ſwallows a Camel*; *it is full of Extortion and Exceſs.* St. *Paul*, in his firſt Epiſtle to *Timothy*, ſays of them, That *they ſpeak Lies, and their Conſcience is ſeared with a red hot Iron.* And in many Parts of the Old Teſtament, as in *Job*; *Let the Hypocrite reign not, leſt the People be enſnared:* And *Solomon* in his Proverbs; *An Hypocrite with his Mouth deſtroyeth his Neighbour.*

In theſe ſeveral Texts, moſt of the Enormities of this Character are deſcribed: but there is one

* So is the *Greek*, which the Tranſlators have miſtaken: They render it, *ſtrain* at *a Gnat*, i. e. ſtruggle in ſwallowing, whereas, in Reality, the *Greek* Word is, to ſtrain through a Cullender; and the Idea is, that though they pretend their Conſciences are ſo fine, that a Gnat is with Difficulty ſtrained through them, yet they can, if they pleaſe, open them wide enough to admit a Camel.

which

which deſerves a fuller Comment, as pointing at its very Eſſence: I mean the thirteenth Verſe of the twenty third Chapter of St. *Matthew*, where *Jeſus* addreſſes himſelf thus to the *Phariſees*: *Hypocrites*; *for ye ſhut up the Kingdom of Heaven againſt Men*; *for ye neither go in yourſelves, neither ſuffer ye them that are entring to go in.*

This is an admirable Picture of ſanctified Hypocriſy, which will neither do Good itſelf, nor ſuffer others to do it. But if we underſtand the Text figuratively, we may apply it to that cenſorious Quality of this Vice, which as it will do nothing honeſtly to deſerve Reputation, ſo is it ever induſtrious to deprive others of the Praiſes due to their Virtues. It confines all Merit to thoſe external Forms which are fully particularized in Scripture; of theſe it is itſelf a rigid Obſerver; hence it muſt derive all Honour and Reward in this World; nay, and even in the next, if it can impoſe on itſelf ſo far as to imagine itſelf capable of cheating the Almighty, and obtaining any Reward there.

Now a Galley-Slave, of an envious Diſpoſition, doth not behold a Man free from Chains, and at his Eaſe, with more Envy than Perſons in theſe

Fetters of Sanctity view the reſt of Mankind; eſpecially ſuch as they behold without them *entring into the Kingdom of Heaven.* Theſe are indeed the Objects of their higheſt Animoſity, and are always the ſureſt Marks of their Detraction. Perſons of more Goodneſs than Knowledge of Mankind, when they are calumniated by theſe Saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the Calumny to an Ignorance of their real Character; and imagine if they could better inform the ſaid Saints of their innate Worth, they ſhould be better treated by them; but alaſs, this is a total Miſtake: the more Good a ſanctified Hypocrite knows of an open and an honeſt Man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to ſeize or invent an Opportunity of detracting from his real Merit.

But Envy is not their only Motive of Hatred to Good-Men; they are eternally jealous of being ſeen through, and conſequently expoſed by them. A Hypocrite in Society lives in the ſame Apprehenſion with a Thief, who lies concealed in the midſt of the Family he is to rob: for this fancies himſelf perceived when he is leaſt ſo; every Motion alarms him; he fears he is diſcovered, and is ſuſpicious that every one who enters the Room, knows

knows where he is hid, and is coming to ſeize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than Fear, many an innocent Perſon, who ſuſpects no Evil intended him, is deteſted by him who intends it.

Now in deſtroying the Reputation of a virtuous and good Man, the Hypocrite imagines he hath diſarmed his Enemy of all Weapons to hurt him; and therefore this ſanctified Hypocriſy is not more induſtrious to conceal its own Vices, than to obſcure and contaminate the Virtues of others. As the Buſineſs of ſuch a Man's Life is to procure Praiſe, by acquiring and maintaining an undeſerved Character; ſo is his utmoſt Care employed to deprive thoſe who have an honeſt Claim to the Character himſelf affects only, of all the Emoluments which would otherwiſe ariſe to them from it.

The Prophet *Iſaiah* ſpeaks of theſe People, where he ſays, *Woe unto them who call Evil Good, and Good Evil; that put Darkneſs for Light, and Light for Darkneſs*, &c. In his Sermon on which Text, the witty Dr. *South* hath theſe Words.— DETRACTION *is that killing poiſonous Arrow, drawn out of the Devil's Quiver, which is always flying*

about, and doing Execution in the Dark: Against which NO VIRTUE IS A DEFENCE, NO INNOCENCE A SECURITY. *It is a Weapon forged in Hell, and formed by that prime Artificer and Engineer, the Devil; and none but that Great God, who knows all Things, and can do all Things, can protect the* BEST *of Men against it.*

To these likewise *Martial* alludes in the following Lines.

Ut bene loquatur Sentiatque Mamercus,
Efficere nullis, Aule, Moribus possis.

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious Branch of this Character, as it is a very pernicious one; and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other Qualities. Indeed there is no Species of Mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private Villanies it daily transacts, most of the great Evils which have affected Society, Wars, Murders, and Massacres, have owed their Original to this abominable Vice; which is the Destroyer of the Innocent, and Protector of the Guilty; which hath introduced all manner of Evil into the World,

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and hath almoſt expelled every Grain of Good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat Men into the Purſuit of Sorrow and Miſery, under the Appearance of Virtue, and to frighten them from Mirth and Pleaſure, under the Colour of Vice, or, if you pleaſe, SIN? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poiſonous Potion, made up of Malevolence, Auſterity, and ſuch curſed Ingredients, while it embitters the delightful Draught of innocent Pleaſure with the nauſeous Reliſh of Fear and Shame.

No wonder then that this malignant curſed Diſpoſition, which is the Diſgrace of Human Nature, and the Bane of Society, ſhould be ſpoke againſt with ſuch remarkable Bitterneſs, by the benevolent Author of our Religion, particularly in the thirty third Verſe of the above cited Chapter of St. *Matthew*.

YE SERPENTS, YE GENERATION OF VIPERS, HOW CAN YE ESCAPE THE DAMNATION OF HELL?

Having now diſpatched the Inſide of this Character, and, as I apprehend, ſaid enough to make

any one avoid, I am ſure ſufficient to make a Chriſtian deteſt it, nothing remains but to examine the Outſide, in order to furniſh honeſt Men with ſufficient Rules to diſcover it. And in this we ſhall have the ſame divine Guide, whom we have in the former Part followed.

Firſt then, beware of that ſanctified Appearance, *that whited Sepulchre, which looks beautiful outward, and is within full of all Uncleanneſs. Thoſe who make clean the Outſide of the Platter, but within are full of Extortion and Exceſs.*

Secondly, Look well to thoſe *who bind heavy Burdens, and grievous to be born, and lay them on Mens Shoulders; but they themſelves will not move them with one of their Fingers.*

Theſe heavy Burdens (ſays *Burkit*) *were Counſels and Directions, Rules and Canons, Auſterities and Severities, which the Phariſees introduced and impoſed upon their Hearers.* This requires no further Comment: for, as I have before ſaid, theſe Hypocrites place all Virtue, and all Religion, in the Obſervation of thoſe *Auſterities and Severities*, with-

out

out which the trueſt and pureſt Goodneſs will never receive their Commendation: but how different this Doctrine is from the Temper of Chriſtianity, may be gathered by that Total of all Chriſtian Morality, with which *Jeſus* ſums up the excellent Precepts delivered in his divine Sermon: THEREFORE *do unto all Men as ye would they ſhould do unto you:* FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

Thirdly, Beware of all Oſtentation of Virtue, Goodneſs, or Piety. By this Oſtentation I mean that of the Countenance and the Mouth, or of ſome external Forms. And this, I apprehend, is the Meaning of *Jeſus*, where he ſays, *They do their Works to be ſeen of Men*, as appears by the Context; *They make broad their Philacteries, and enlarge the Borders of their Garments.* Theſe *Philacteries* were certain Scrowls of Parchment, whereon were written the ten Commandments, and particular Parts of the *Moſaic* Law, which they oſtentatiouſly wore on their Garments, thinking by that Ceremony to fulfil the Precept delivered to them in a Verſe of *Deuteronomy*, though they neglected to fulfil the Laws they wore thus about them.

Another Inſtance of their Oſtentation was — *making long Prayers*, i. e. (ſays *Burkett*) *making long Prayers* (or perhaps pretending to make them) *in the Temples and Synagogues for Widows, and thereupon perſuading them to give bountifully to the Corban, or the common Treaſure of the Temple, ſome Part of which was employed for their Maintenance. Learn*, 1. *It is no* NEW *Thing for deſigning Hypocrites to cover the fouleſt Tranſgreſſion with the Cloak of Religion. The Phariſees make long Prayers a Cover for their Covetouſneſs.* 2. *That to make uſe of Religion in Policy for worldly Advantage ſake, is the Way to be damned with a Vengeance for Religion ſake.*

Again ſays *Jeſus* — *in paying Tithe of Mint and Aniſe and Cummin, while they omit the weightier Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith.* By which we are not to underſtand (nor would I be underſtood ſo to mean) any Inhibition of paying the Prieſt his Dues; but, as my Commentator obſerves, *an Oſtentation of a preciſe keeping the Law in ſmaller Matters, and neglecting weightier Duties. They paid Tythe of Mint, Aniſe, and Cummin* (i. e. of

of the minuteſt and moſt worthleſs Things) *but at the ſame Time omitted Judgment, Mercy, and Faith; that is, juſt Dealing among Men, Charity towards the Poor, and Faithfulneſs in their Promiſes and Covenants one with another. This, ſays our Saviour, is* TO STRAIN AT *a Gnat, and ſwallow a Camel: A proverbial Expreſſion, intimating, that ſome Perſons pretend great Niceneſs and Scrupuloſity about ſmall Matters, and none, or but little, about Duties of the greateſt Moment. Hence, Note, That Hypocrites lay the greateſt Streſs upon the leaſt Matters in Religion, and place Holineſs moſt in theſe Things where God places it leaſt.* Ye Tythe Mint, *&c.* but neglect the weightier Matters of the Law. *This is indeed the Bane of all Religion and true Piety, to prefer Rituals and human Inſtitutions before divine Commands, and the Practice of Natural Religion.* THUS TO DO IS A CERTAIN SIGN OF GROSS HYPOCRISY.

Nothing can, in Fact, be more foreign to the Nature of Virtue, than Oſtentation. It is truly ſaid of Virtue, that could Men behold her naked, they would be all in Love with her. Here it is implied, that this is a Sight very rare or difficult

to

to come at; and indeed there is always a modeſt Backwardneſs in true Virtue to expoſe her naked Beauty. She is conſcious of her innate Worth, and little deſirous of expoſing it to the publick View. It is the Harlot Vice who conſtantly endeavours to ſet off the Charms ſhe counterfeits, in order to attract Men's Applauſe, and to work her ſiniſter Ends by gaining their Admiration and their Confidence.

I ſhall mention but one Symptom more of this Hypocriſy; and this is a Readineſs to cenſure the Faults of others. *Judge not*, ſays *Jeſus*, *leſt you be judged.*—And again; *Why beholdeſt thou the Mote that is in thy Brother's Eye, but conſidereſt not the Beam that is in thine own Eye?* On which the abovementioned Commentator rightly obſerves, *That thoſe who are moſt cenſorious of the leſſer Infirmities of others, are uſually moſt notoriouſly guilty of far greater Failings themſelves.* This ſanctified Slander is, of all, the moſt ſevere, bitter, and cruel; and is ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed from that which is either the Effect of Anger or Wantonneſs, and which I have mentioned before, that I ſhall dwell no longer upon it.

And

And here I ſhall diſmiſs my Character of a ſanctified Hypocrite, with the honeſt Wiſh which *Shakeſpeare* hath launched forth againſt an execrable Villain:

--That Heaven would put in every honeſt Hand a Whip,
To laſh the Raſcal naked through the World.

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal Methods by which Deceit works its Ends on eaſy, credulous, and open Diſpoſitions; and have endeavoured to point out the Symptoms by which they may be diſcovered: but while Men are blinded by Vanity and Self-Love, and while artful Hypocriſy knows how to adapt itſelf to their Blind-ſides, and to humour their Paſſions, it will be difficult for honeſt and undeſigning Men to eſcape the Snares of Cunning and Impoſition; I ſhall therefore recommend one more certain Rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would, in a great meaſure, extirpate all Fallacy out of the World; or muſt at leaſt ſo effectually diſappoint its Purpoſes, that it would ſoon be worth no Man's while to aſſume it, and the Character of Knave

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and Fool would be more apparently (what they are at preſent in Reality) allied, or united.

This Method is, carefully to obſerve the Actions of Men with others, and eſpecially with thoſe to whom they are allied in Blood, Marriage, Friendſhip, Profeſſion, Neighbourhood, or any other Connection: nor can you want an Opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakeſt of Men would raſhly and madly place a Confidence which may very materially affect him in any one, on a ſlight or no Acquaintance.

Trace then the Man propoſed to your Truſt, into his private Family and neareſt Intimacies. See whether he hath acted the Part of a good Son, Brother, Huſband, Father, Friend, Maſter, Servant, *&c.* if he hath diſcharged theſe Duties well, your Confidence will have a good Foundation; but if he hath behaved himſelf in theſe Offices with Tyranny, with Cruelty, with Infidelity, with Inconſtancy, you may be aſſured he will take the firſt Opportunity his Intereſt points out to him, of exerciſing the ſame ill Talents at your Expence.

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I have often thought Mankind would be little liable to Deceit (at leaſt much leſs than they are) if they would believe their own Eyes, and judge of Men by what they actually ſee them perform towards thoſe with whom they are moſt cloſely connected: Whereas how common is it to perſuade ourſelves, that the undutiful, ungrateful Son, the unkind, or barbarous Brother; or the Man who is void of all Tenderneſs, Honour, or even Humanity, to his Wife or Children, ſhall nevertheleſs become a ſincere and faithful Friend! But how monſtrous a Belief is it, that the Perſon whom we find incapable of diſcharging the neareſt Duties of Relation, whom no Ties of Blood or Affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that Goodneſs which Inſtinct infuſes into the brute Creation; that ſuch a Perſon ſhould have a ſufficient Stock of Virtue to ſupply the arduous Character of Honour and Honeſty. This is a Credulity ſo abſurd, that it admits of no Aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjuſtifiable to our Prudence, than an Opinion that the Man whom we ſee act the Part of a Villain to others, ſhould

ſhould on ſome minute Change of Perſon, Time, Place, or other Circumſtance, behave like an honeſt and juſt Man to ourſelves. I ſhall not here diſpute the Doctrine of Repentance, any more than its Tendency to the Good of Society; but as the Actions of Men are the beſt Index to their Thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and underſtood, with the utmoſt Certainty demonſtrate the Character; and as we are not ſo certain of the Sincerity of the Repentance, I think we may with Juſtice ſuſpect, at leaſt ſo far as to deny him our Confidence, that a Man whom we once knew to be a Villain, remains a Villain ſtill.

And now let us ſee whether theſe Obſervations, extended a little further, and taken into public Life, may not help us to account for ſome Phœnomena which have lately appeared in this Hemiſphere: For as a Man's good Behaviour to thoſe with whom he hath the neareſt and cloſeſt Connection is the beſt Aſſurance to which a Stranger can truſt for his honeſt Conduct in any Engagement he ſhall enter into with him; ſo is a worthy Diſcharge of the ſocial Offices of a private Station, the ſtrongeſt Security which a Man can give of

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an upright Demeanour in any public Truſt, if his Country ſhall repoſe it in him; and we may be well ſatisfied, that the moſt popular Speeches, and moſt plauſible Pretences of one of a different Character, are only gilded Snares to delude us, and to ſacrifice us, in ſome manner or other, to his own ſiniſter Purpoſes. It is well ſaid in one of Mr. *Pope*'s Letters; "How ſhall a Man love "five Millions, who could never love a ſingle Per-"ſon?" If a Man hath more Love than what centers in himſelf, it will certainly light on his Children, his Relations, Friends, and neareſt Acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it leſs than general Philanthropy, or Love to Mankind? Now as a good Man loves his Friend better than a common Acquaintance; ſo Philanthropy will operate ſtronger towards his own Country than any other: but no Man can have this general Philanthropy who hath not private Affection, any more than he who hath not Strength ſufficient to lift ten Pounds, can at the ſame Time be able to throw a hundred Weight over his Head. Therefore the bad Son, Huſband, Father, Brother, Friend; in a Word, the bad Man in private can never be a ſincere Patriot.

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In *Rome* and *Sparta* I agree it was otherwiſe: for there Patriotiſm, by Education, became a Part of the Character. Their Children were nurſed in Patriotiſm, it was taught them at an Age when Religion in all Countries is firſt inculcated. And as we ſee Men of all Religions ready to lay down their Lives for the Doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and ſeldom have conſidered) ſo were theſe *Spartans* and *Romans* ready with as implicit Faith to die for their Country. Though the private Morals of the former were very depraved, and the latter were the public Robbers of Mankind.

Upon what Foundation their Patriotiſm then ſtood, ſeems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no ſurer. For I apprehend, if twenty Boys were taught from their Infancy to believe, that the *Royal-Exchange* was the Kingdom of Heaven; and conſequently inſpired with a ſuitable Awe for it; and laſtly, inſtructed that it was great, glorious, and god-like to defend it; nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully ſacrifice their Lives to

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its Defence; at leaſt it is impoſſible that any of them would agree, for a paultry Reward, to ſet it on Fire; not even though they were Rogues and Highwaymen in their Diſpoſition. But if you were admitted to chuſe twenty of ſuch Diſpoſitions at the Age of Manhood, who had never learnt any thing of its Holineſs, contracted any ſuch Awe, nor imbibed any ſuch Duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their Lives in its Cauſe; nor ſhould I doubt, could I perſwade them of the Security of the Fact, of bribing them to apply the Firebrand to any Part of the Building I pleaſed.

But a worthy Citizen of *London*, without borrowing any ſuch Superſtition from Education, would ſcarce be tempted by any Reward, to deprive the City of ſo great an Ornament, and what is ſo uſeful and neceſſary to its Trade; at the ſame Time to endanger the Ruin of Thouſands, and perhaps the Deſtruction of the whole.

The Application ſeems pretty eaſy, That as there is no ſuch Paſſion in Human Nature as Patriotiſm, conſidered abſtractedly, and by itſelf, it

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muſt be introduced by Art, and that while the Mind of Man is yet ſoft and ductile, and the unformed Character ſuſceptible of any arbitrary Impreſſion you pleaſe to make on it: or, Secondly, it muſt be founded on Philanthropy, or univerſal Benevolence; a Paſſion which really exiſts in ſome Natures, and which is neceſſarily attended with the excellent Quality abovementioned: for as it ſeems granted, that the Man cannot love a Million who never could love a ſingle Perſon; ſo will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to deſtroy a ſingle Man, will never be prevailed on to cheat or to deſtroy many Millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to ſhew the ſeveral Methods by which we can propoſe to get any Inſight into the Characters of thoſe with whom we converſe, and by which we may fruſtrate all the Cunning and Deſigns of Hypocriſy. Theſe Methods I have ſhewn to be three-fold, *viz.* by the Marks which Nature hath imprinted on the Countenance, by their Behaviour to ourſelves, and by their Behaviour to others. On the firſt of theſe I have not much inſiſted, as liable to ſome Incertainty; and as the latter ſeem abundantly ſufficient to ſecure us

us, with proper Caution, againſt the ſubtle Devices of Hypocriſy, though ſhe be the moſt cunning as well as malicious of all the Vices which have ever corrupted the Nature of Man.

But however uſeleſs this Treatiſe may be to inſtruct, I hope it will be at leaſt effectual to alarm my Reader; and ſure no honeſt undeſigning Man can ever be too much on his Guard againſt the Hypocrite, or too induſtrious to expoſe and expel him out of Society.

AN

ESSAY

ON

NOTHING.

AN ESSAY ON *NOTHING.*

The INTRODUCTION.

IT is ſurprizing, that while ſuch trifling Matters employ the maſterly Pens of the preſent Age, the great and noble Subject of this Eſſay ſhould have paſſed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a Subject to which the Genius of many of thoſe Writers who have unſucceſsfully applied themſelves to Politics, Religion, *&c.* is moſt peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their Unwillingneſs to handle what is of ſuch Importance, may not improperly be aſcribed to their Modeſty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this Vice on every Occaſion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of ſome, whoſe Aſſurance in treating other Subjects hath been ſufficiently notable, that they have bluſhed at this. For ſuch is the Awe with which this Nothing inſpires Mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many Perſons of very high Character among us, that were Title, Power, or Riches to allure them, they would ſtick at it.

Bnt whatever be the Reaſon, certain it is, that except a hardy Wit in the Reign of *Charles* II. none ever hath dared to write on this Subject. I mean openly and avowedly; for it muſt be confeſſed, that moſt of our modern Authors, however foreign the Matter which they endeavour to treat may ſeem at their firſt ſetting out, they generally bring the Work to this in the End.

I hope, however, this Attempt will not be imputed to me as an Act of Immodeſty; ſince I am convinced there are many Perſons in this King-

dom, who are perſuaded of my Fitneſs for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a Man's Self is generally ſuſpected to ariſe from Vanity, I ſhall, without any more Excuſe or Preface, proceed to my Eſſay.

SECT. I.

Of the Antiquity of NOTHING.

THERE is nothing falſer than that old Proverb, which (like many other Falſehoods) is in every one's Mouth;

Ex Nihilo nihil Fit.

Thus tranſlated by *Shakeſpeare*, in *Lear*.

Nothing can come of Nothing.

Whereas in Fact, from Nothing proceeds every Thing. And this is a Truth confeſſed by the Philoſophers of all Sects: the only Point in Controverſy between them being, whether Something made the World out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A Matter not much worth debating at preſent, ſince either will equally ſerve our

our Turn. Indeed the Wits of all Ages ſeem to have ranged themſelves on each Side of this Queſtion, as their Genius tended more or leſs to the Spiritual or Material Subſtance. For thoſe of the more ſpiritual Species have inclined to the former, and thoſe whoſe Genius hath partaken more of the chief Properties of Matter, ſuch as Solidity, Thickneſs, *&c.* have embraced the latter.

But whether Nothing was the *Artifex* or *Materies* only, it is plain in either Caſe, it will have a Right to claim to itſelf the Origination of all Things.

And farther, the great Antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being ſo viſible in the Accounts we have of the Beginning of every Nation. This is very plainly to be diſcovered in the firſt Pages, and ſometimes Books of all general Hiſtorians; and indeed, the Study of this important Subject fills up the whole Life of an Antiquary, it being always at the Bottom of his Enquiry, and is commonly at laſt diſcovered by him with infinite Labour and Pains.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Of the Nature of NOTHING.

ANother Falſehood which we muſt detect in the Purſuit of this Eſſay, is an Aſſertion, *That no one can have an Idea of* NOTHING: But Men who thus confidently deny us this Idea, either groſsly deceive themſelves, or would impoſe a downright Cheat on the World: for ſo far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many Ideas of it; though perhaps they may miſtake them for the Idea of ſomething.

For Inſtance; is there any one who hath not an Idea of * immaterial Subſtance? — Now what is immaterial Subſtance, more than *Nothing?* But here we are artfully deceived by the Uſe of Words: For were we to aſk another what Idea he had of immaterial Matter, or unſubſtantial Subſtance, the Abſurdity of affirming it to be Something, would

* The Author would not be here underſtood to ſpeak againſt the Doctrine of Immateriality, to which he is a hearty Well-wiſher; but to point at the Stupidity of thoſe, who inſtead of immaterial *Eſſence*, which would convey a rational Meaning, have ſubſtituted immaterial *Subſtance*, which is a Contradiction in Terms.

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ſhock him, and he would immediately reply, it was *Nothing*.

Some Perſons perhaps will ſay then, we have no Idea of it: but as I can ſupport the contrary by ſuch undoubted Authority, I ſhall, inſtead of trying to confute ſuch idle Opinions, proceed to ſhew, Firſt, what Nothing is; Secondly, I ſhall diſcloſe the various Kinds of Nothing; and laſtly, ſhall prove its great Dignity, and that it is the End of every thing.

It is extremely hard to define Nothing in poſitive Terms, I ſhall therefore do it in Negative. Nothing then is not Something. And here I muſt object to a third Error concerning it, which is, that it is in no Place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its Exiſtence; whereas indeed it poſſeſſes the greateſt and nobleſt Place on this Earth, *viz.* the human Brain. But indeed this Miſtake hath been ſufficiently refuted by many very wiſe Men; who having ſpent their whole Lives in the Contemplation and Purſuit of Nothing, have at laſt gravely concluded — *That there is Nothing in this World.*

Farther;

Farther; as Nothing is not Something, ſo every thing which is not Something, is Nothing; and wherever Something is not, Nothing is: a very large Allowance in its Favour, as muſt appear to Perſons well ſkilled in human Affairs.

For Inſtance; when a Bladder is full of Wind, it is full of Something; but when that is let out, we aptly ſay, there is Nothing in it.

The ſame may be as juſtly aſſerted of a Man as of a Bladder. However well he may be bedawbed with Lace, or with Title, yet if he have not Something in him, we may predicate the ſame of him as of an empty Bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate Knowledge of the true Eſſence of Nothing, no more than we can of Matter, let us, in Imitation of the Experimental Philoſophers, examine ſome of its Properties or Accidents.

And here we ſhall ſee the infinite Advantages which Nothing hath over Something: for while the latter is confined to one Senſe, or two perhaps at the moſt, Nothing is the Object of them all.

For

For First; Nothing may be ſeen, as is plain from the Relation of Perſons who have recovered from high Fevers; and perhaps may be ſuſpected from ſome (at leaſt) of thoſe who have ſeen Apparitions, both on Earth, and in the Clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confeſſed by Men, when aſked what they ſaw at ſuch a Place and Time, that they ſaw Nothing. Admitting then that there are two Sights, *viz.* a firſt and ſecond Sight, according to the firm Belief of ſome, Nothing muſt be allowed to have a very large Share of the firſt; and as to the ſecond, it hath it all entirely to itſelf.

Secondly; Nothing may be heard: of which the ſame Proofs may be given, as of the foregoing. The *Argive*, mentioned by *Horace*, is a ſtrong Inſtance of this.

—— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis
Qui ſe credebat miros acedire Tragædos
In vacuo lætos ſeſſor, Plauſorque Theatro.

That Nothing may be taſted and ſmelt, is not only known to Perſons of delicate Palates and Noſtrils.

ſtrils. How commonly do we hear, that ſuch a Thing ſmells or taſtes of Nothing? The latter I have heard aſſerted of a Diſh compounded of five or ſix ſavory Ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly Gentlewoman who had a great Antipathy to the Smell of Apples; who upon diſcovering that an idle Boy had faſtened ſome mellow Apple to her Tail, contracted a Habit of ſmelling them, whenever that Boy came within her Sight, though there were then none within a Mile of her.

Laſtly, Feeling; and ſure if any Senſe ſeems more particularly the Object of Matter only, which muſt be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it aſſerted (and with a Colour of Truth) of ſeveral Perſons, that they can feel nothing but a Cudgel. Notwithſtanding which, ſome have felt the Motions of the Spirit; and others have felt very bitterly the Misfortunes of their Friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now theſe ſeem two plain Inſtances, that Nothing is an Object of this Senſe. Nay, I have heard a Surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a Patient's Leg, that *he was ſure he felt nothing*.

Nothing

Nothing is as well the Object of our Paſſions as our Senſes. Thus there are many who love Nothing, ſome who hate Nothing, and ſome who fear Nothing, *&c.*

We have already mentioned three of the Properties of a Noun, to belong to Nothing; we ſhall find the fourth likewiſe to be as juſtly claim'd by it: and that Nothing is as often the Object of the Underſtanding, as of the Senſes.

Indeed ſome have imagined, that Knowledge, with the Adjective *human* placed before it, is another Word for Nothing. And one of the wiſeſt Men in the World declared, he knew nothing.

But without carrying it ſo far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at leaſt poſſible for a Man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many Works of our ingenious Moderns, with proper Attention and Emolument, will, I believe, confeſs, that if he underſtands them right, he underſtands *Nothing*.

This

This is a Secret not known to all Readers; and want of this Knowledge hath occaſioned much puzzling; for where a Book, or Chapter, or Paragraph, hath ſeemed to the Reader to contain Nothing, his Modeſty hath ſometimes perſuaded him, that the true Meaning of the Author hath eſcaped him, inſtead of concluding, as in Reality the Fact was, that the Author, in the ſaid Book, *&c.* did truly, and *bonâ Fide*, mean Nothing. I remember once, at the Table of a Perſon of great Eminence, and one no leſs diſtinguiſhed by Superiority of Wit than Fortune, when a very dark Paſſage was read out of a Poet, famous for being ſo ſublime, that he is often out of the Sight of his Reader, ſome Perſons preſent declared they did not underſtand the Meaning. The Gentleman himſelf, caſting his Eyes over the Performance, teſtified a Surprize at the Dulneſs of his Company; ſeeing Nothing could, he ſaid, poſſibly be plainer than the Meaning of the Paſſage which they ſtuck at. This ſet all of us to puzzling again; but with like Succeſs; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and deſired he would explain it.— Explain it! ſaid the Gentleman, why he means NOTHING.

In Fact, this Mistake arises from a too vulgar Error among Persons unacquainted with the Mystery of Writing, who imagine it impossible that a Man should sit down to write without any Meaning at all; whereas in Reality, nothing is more common: for, not to Instance in myself, who have confessedly sat down to write this Essay, with Nothing in my Head, or, which is much the same Thing, to write about Nothing; it may be incontestably proved, *ab Effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the Moderns. The inimitable Author of a Preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young Gentleman, says,—There are Men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third, and a much more numerous Sort, who never think either before they sit down, or afterwards; and who when they produce on Paper what was before in their Heads, are sure to produce Nothing.

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the Nature of Nothing, by shewing First, definitively, *what it is not*; and Secondly, by describing *what*

it is. The next Thing therefore propoſed, is to ſhew its various Kinds.

Now ſome imagine theſe ſeveral Kinds differ in Name only. But without endeavouring to confute ſo abſurd an Opinion, eſpecially as theſe different Kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the beſt Authors, I ſhall content myſelf with ſetting them down, and leave it to the Determination of the diſtinguiſhing Reader, whether it is probable, or indeed poſſible, that they ſhould all convey one and the ſame Meaning.

Theſe are, Nothing *per ſe* Nothing; Nothing at all; Nothing in the leaſt; Nothing in Nature; Nothing in the World; Nothing in the whole World; Nothing in the whole univerſal World. And perhaps many others, of which we ſay — *Nothing.*

SECT. III.

Of the Dignity of NOTHING; *and an Endeavour to prove, that it is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.*

NOTHING contains ſo much Dignity as NOTHING. Aſk an infamous worthleſs Nobleman (if any ſuch be) in what his Dignity conſiſts? It may not be perhaps conſiſtent with his Dignity to give you an Anſwer; but ſuppoſe he ſhould be willing to condeſcend ſo far, what could he in Effect ſay? Should he ſay he had it from his Anceſtors, I apprehend a Lawyer would oblige him to prove, that the Virtues to which this Dignity was annexed, deſcended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the Title, might he not be told, that a Title originally implied Dignity, as it implied the Preſence of thoſe Virtues to which Dignity is inſeparably annexed; but that no Implication will fly in the Face of downright poſitive Proof to the contrary. In ſhort, to examine no farther, ſince his Endeavour to derive it from any other Fountain would be equally impotent, his

Dignity arifes from Nothing, and in Reality is Nothing. Yet, that this Dignity really exifts; that it glares in the Eyes of Men, and produces much Good to the Perfon who wears it, is, I believe, inconteftable.

Perhaps this may appear in the following Syllogifm.

The Refpect paid to Men on account of their Titles, is paid at leaft to the Suppofal of their fuperior Virtues and Abilities, or it is paid to *Nothing*.

But when a Man is a notorious Knave or Fool, it is impoffible there fhould be any fuch Suppofal.

The Conclufion is apparent.

Now that no Man is afhamed of either paying or receiving this Refpect, I wonder not, fince the great Importance of Nothing feems, I think, to be pretty apparent: but that they fhould deny the Deity worfhipped, and endeavour to reprefent Nothing as Something, is more worthy Reprehenfion.

This is a Fallacy extremely common. I have ſeen a Fellow, whom all the World knew to have Nothing in him, not only pretend to Something himſelf; but ſupported in that Pretenſion by others who have been leſs liable to be deceived. Now whence can this proceed, but from their being aſhamed of Nothing? A Modeſty very peculiar to this Age.

But notwithſtanding all ſuch Diſguiſe and Deceit, a Man muſt have very little Diſcernment, who can live long in Courts, or populous Cities, without being convinced of the great Dignity of Nothing; and though he ſhould, through Corruption or Neceſſity, comply with the vulgar Worſhip and Adulation, he will know to what it is paid, namely, to *Nothing*.

The moſt aſtoniſhing Inſtance of this Reſpect, ſo frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) to Something leſs than Nothing; when the Perſon who receives it is not only void of the Quality for which he is reſpected, but is in Reality notoriouſly guilty of Vices directly oppoſite to the Virtues, whoſe Applauſe he

receives.

receives. This is, indeed, the highest Degree of Nothing, or, (if I may be allowed the Word) the *Nothingest* of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known, that Respect may be aimed at Something, and really light on Nothing. For Instance; when mistaking certain Things called Gravity, Canting, Blustring, Ostentation, Pomp, and such like, for Wisdom, Piety, Magnanimity, Charity, True Greatness, *&c*, we give to the former the Honour and Reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my Subject, as to insinuate that Gravity, Canting, *&c.* are really Nothing; on the contrary, there is much more Reason to suspect, (if we judge from the Practice of the World) that Wisdom, Piety, and other Virtues, have a good Title to that Name. But we do not, in Fact, pay our Respect to the former, but to the latter: In other Words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the Dignity of the Subject on which I am treating. I am now to shew, that Nothing is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.

That every thing is reſolvable, and will be reſolved into its firſt Principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all Philoſophers. As therefore we have ſufficiently proved the World came from Nothing, it follows, that it will likewiſe end in the ſame: but as I am writing to a Nation of Chriſtians, I have no need to be prolix on this Head; ſince every one of my Readers, by his Faith, acknowledges that the World is to have an End, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

And as Nothing is the End of the World, ſo is it of every thing in the World. Ambition, the greateſt, higheſt, nobleſt, fineſt, moſt heroic and godlike of all Paſſions, what doth it end in? — Nothing. What did *Alexander*, *Cæſar*, and all the reſt of that heroic Band, who have plundered, and maſſacred ſo many Millions, obtain by all their Care, Labour, Pain, Fatigue, and Danger? — Could they ſpeak for themſelves, muſt they not own, that the End of all their Purſuit was Nothing? Nor is this the End of private Ambition only. What is become of that proud Miſtreſs of the World, — the *Caput triumphati Orbis?* that *Rome*, of which her own Flatterers ſo liberally

prophe-

prophesied the Immortality, In what hath all her Glory ended? surely in Nothing.

Again, What is the End of Avarice? Not Power, or Pleasure, as some think, for the Miser will part with a Shilling for neither: not Ease or Happiness; for the more he attains of what he desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every Good in this World was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then, he pursues Misery only? that surely would be contradictory to the first Principles of Human Nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the End of all this Bustle and Hurry, this watching and toiling, this Self-Denial, and Self-Constraint!

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead, that his Design is to amass a large Fortune, which he never can nor will use himself, nor would willingly quit to any other Person; unless he can shew us some substantial Good which this Fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding, that his End is the same with that of Ambition.

The

The Great Mr. *Hobbes* ſo plainly ſaw this, that as he was an Enemy to that notable immaterial Subſtance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large Province we have contended for, he advanced a very ſtrange Doctrine, and aſſerted truly, --- That in all theſe grand Purſuits, the Means themſelves were the End propoſed, *viz.* to Ambition, Plotting, Fighting, Danger, Difficulty, and ſuch like: — To Avarice, Cheating, Starving, Watching, and the numberleſs painful Arts by which this Paſſion proceeds.

However eaſy it may be to demonſtrate the Abſurdity of this Opinion, it will be needleſs to my Purpoſe, ſince if we are driven to confeſs that the Means are the only End attained, -- I think we muſt likewiſe confeſs, that the End propoſed is abſolutely Nothing.

As I have here ſhewn the End of our two greateſt and nobleſt Purſuits, one or other of which engages almoſt every Individual of the buſy Part of Mankind, I ſhall not tire the Reader with carrying him through all the reſt, ſince I believe the

the ſame Concluſion may be eaſily drawn from them all.

I ſhall therefore finiſh this Eſſay with an Inference, which aptly enough ſuggeſts itſelf from what hath been ſaid: ſeeing that ſuch is its Dignity and Importance, and that it is really the End of all thoſe Things which are ſupported with ſo much Pomp and Solemnity, and looked on with ſuch Reſpect and Eſteem, ſurely it becomes a wiſe Man to regard Nothing with the utmoſt Awe and Adoration; to purſue it with all his Parts and Pains; and to ſacrifice to it his Eaſe, his Innocence, and his preſent Happineſs. To which noble Purſuit we have this great Incitement, that we may aſſure ourſelves of never being cheated or deceived in the End propoſed. The Virtuous, Wiſe, and Learned may then be unconcerned at all the Changes of Miniſtries and of Government; ſince they may be well ſatisfied, that while Miniſters of State are Rogues themſelves, and have inferior Knaviſh Tools to bribe and reward; true Virtue, Wiſdom, Learning, Wit, and Integrity, will moſt certainly bring their Poſſeſſors —— NOTHING.

SOME

SOME

PAPERS

PROPER to be Read before the

R——L SOCIETY,

Concerning the

Terreſtrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT or GUINEA;

AN

INSECT, or VEGETABLE, reſembling the POLYPUS, which hath this ſurpriſing Property, That being cut into ſeveral Pieces, each Piece becomes a perfect Animal, or Vegetable, as complete as that of which it was originally only a Part.

COLLECTED

By *PETRUS GUALTERUS*,

But not Publiſhed till after His Death.

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

For the YEAR 1742-3.

The CONTENTS.

Abſtract

Abſtract of *Part* of a Letter from the *Heer Rottenſcrach* in *Germany*, communicating Obſervations on the CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,

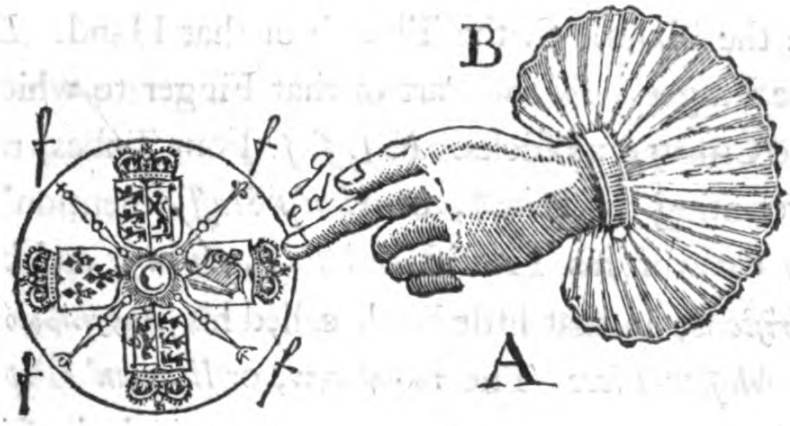
SOME time ſince died here of Old-Age, one Petrus Gualterus, *a Man well known in the Learned World, and famous for nothing ſo much as for an extraordinary Collection which he had made of the* Chryſipi, *an Animal or Vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are* ſtill ſome *to be found in* England: *However, if that ſhould be difficult, it may be eaſy to ſend ſome over to you; as they are at preſent very plentiful in theſe Parts. I can anſwer for the Truth of the Facts contained in the Paper I ſend you, as there is not one of them but what I have ſeen repeated above twenty times; and I wiſh others may be encouraged to try the Ex-*

periments over again, and satisfy themselves of the Truth by their own Eyes. The Accounts of the Chrysipi, *as well as the Collection itself, were found in the Cabinet of the abovementioned* Petrus, *after his Death: for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a Sight of either while alive. I am,*

S I R, &c.

The

The Figure of the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS *sticking to a Finger.*



Obſervations and Experiments upon the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, *or* GUINEA, *by Mynheer* Petrus Gualterus.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH *by* P. H. I. Z. *C. G. S.*

THE Animal in queſtion is a terreſtrial Vegetable or Inſect, of which mention is made in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* for ſeveral Years, as may be ſeen in N°. 000. Art. 0000. and N°. 00. Art. 002. and N°.—— Art. 18.

This Animal or Vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round Form, as represented in the Figure annexed. In which *A.* denotes the Ruffle. *B.* the Hand. *G.* the Thumb of that Hand. *D.* the Finger. *E.* the Part of that Finger to which the CHRYSIPUS sticks. *F. f. f. f.* Four Tubes, representing the Πέος *, or *Man's Staff*, mention'd by *Galen* in his Treatise *de Usu Partium*; and by *Aristotle*, in that little Book called his Ἀρχιβιβλόν, or *Master-Piece* The το θηλυκον, or *Woman's Pipe*, an oblong perforated Substance, to which the said Πεῦ directly tend, is represented by the Letter *C.* *The Mouth of the* Chrysipus *is in this anteriour Middle, it opens into the Stomach, which takes up the whole Length of the Body.* The whole Body forms but one Pipe, a sort of Gut which can be opened but at one End, *i. e.* at Letter *C.*

The Size of the Body of a *Chrysipus* varies according to its different Species.

I know two Species only, differing in Extent almost one half; which, for Distinction sake, I

* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *Arbor Vitæ*, *anno* 1732.

call the *Whole Chryſipus*, and the *Hemi-Chryſipus*. The latter of theſe is by no means ſo valuable as the former. The Length of the Πεῆ differ likewiſe in Proportion to the different Size or Extenſion of theſe two.

The Πεῆ of thoſe of a modern Growth are ſo imperfect and inviſible to the naked Eye, that it is much to be feared the Species will ſoon be entirely loſt among us: And indeed in *England*, they are obſerved of late to be much rarer than formerly, eſpecially in the Country, where at preſent there are very few of them to be found: but at the ſame time it is remarked, that in ſome Places of the Continent, particularly in a certain Part of *Germany*, they are much plentier; being to be found in great Numbers, where formerly there were ſcarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minuteſt Obſervation, been able to ſettle with any degree of Certainty, whether this be really an Animal or a Vegetable, or whether it be not ſtrictly neither, or rather both. For as I have by the Help of my Microſcope diſcovered ſome of its Parts to reſemble thoſe of a Lion; I have at other Times taken Notice of ſomething not unlike the *Flower de Luce*. Not

to repeat thoſe Parts above-mentioned, which bear great Analogy to the Ἄιδοια of the Human Body. On their Extremities (if they are not very old) may be ſeen certain Letters forming the Names of ſeveral of our Kings; whence I have been almoſt inclined to conclude, that theſe are the Flowers mentioned by *Virgil*, and which appear to have been ſo extremely ſcarce in his Time.

Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcuntur flores.

Particularly as he adds,

——*Et Phyllida ſolus habeto.*

Of which we ſhall take Notice hereafter, when we come to ſpeak of its Properties. What hath principally diſſuaded me from an Opinion of its being an Animal, is, that I could never obſerve any Symptoms of voluntary Motion: But indeed the ſame may be ſaid of an Oyſter, which I think is not yet ſettled by the Learned to be *abſolutely* a Vegetable.

But

But though it hath not, or ſeems not to have any progreſſive Motion of its own, yet is it very eaſy to communicate a Motion to it. Indeed ſome Perſons have made them fly all over the Town with great Velocity.

What is ſaid of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent Paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewiſe applicable to the *Chryſipus*.

" They make uſe of their progreſſive Motion, " when communicated to them, to place them- " ſelves conveniently, ſo as to catch their Prey. " They are voracious Animals; their Πεῆ are ſo " many Snares which they ſet for Numbers of " ſmall *Inſects*. As ſoon as any of them touches " one of the Πεῆ, it is caught."

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the Conſequence: for inſtead of making the *Inſect* its Prey, it becomes itſelf a Prey to it; and inſtead of conveying an Inſect twice as large as its own Mouth into it, in Imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chryſipus* is itſelf conveyed into the *Loculus* or Pouch of an *Inſect* a thouſand times as large as

itſelf. Notwithſtanding which, this wretched Animal (for ſo I think we may be allowed to call it) is ſo eager after its Prey, that if the *Inſect* (which ſeldom happens) makes any Reſiſtance, it ſummons other *Chryſipi* to its Aid, which in the End hardly ever fail of ſubduing it, and getting into its Pouch.

The Learned *Gualterus* goes on in theſe Words: "A *Chryſipus*, by the ſimple Contact of my own "Finger, has ſo cloſely attached itſelf to my "Hand, that by the joint and indefatigable La-"bour of ſeveral of my Friends, it could by no "means be ſever'd, or made to quit its Hold.'

As to the Generation of the *Chryſipus*, it differs from all other Animals or Vegetables whatever: for though it ſeems the beſt ſupplied for this natural Function, Nature having provided each Female Part with four Male ones, which one would think ſufficient; yet it may be ſaid, as of the *Polypus*, they have no diſtinguiſhed Place by which they bring forth their Young.

Gualterus

Gualterus judiciouſly remarks *: "I have (ſays "he) ſome of them, that have greatly *multiplied* "*under my Eyes*, and of which I might almoſt "ſay, that they have produced Young-ones from "all the exterior Parts of their Body."

"I have learned by a *continual Attention* to the "two Species of them, that all the Individuals of "theſe Species produce Young-ones."

"I have for Sixty Years had under my Eye "Thouſands of them; and though I have OB-"SERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with AT-"TENTION, ſo as to watch them Night and Day, "I never obſerved any thing like the common "Animal-Copulation."

"I tried at firſt two of them; but theſe I found "would not produce a compleat *Chryſipus*; at "leaſt I had reaſon to think the Operation would "be ſo ſlow, that I muſt have waited ſome Years "for its Completion. Upon this, I tried a Hun-"dred of them together; by whoſe marvellous

* Vid. Remarks on the *Polypus*, pag. 6.

"Union

"Union (whether it be, that they mix Total, "like those Heavenly Spirits mentioned by *Milton*, "or by any other Process not yet revealed to hu-"man Wit) they were found in the Year's End "to produce three, four, and sometimes five "complete *Chrysipi*. I have indeed often made "them in that Space produce Ten or Twenty; "but this hath been by some held a dangerous "Experiment, not only to the Parent *Chrysipi* "themselves, which have by these means been "utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the Phi-"losopher who hath attempted it: For as some "curious Persons have, by Hermetic Experiments, "endangered the Loss of their Teeth, so we, by "a too intense Application to this *Chrysipean* Phi-"losophy, have been sometimes found to endan-"ger our Ears." He then proceeds thus:

* "Another Fact, which I have observed, has "proved to me, that they have the Faculty of "multiplying, before they are sever'd from their "Parent. I have seen a *Chrysipus*, still adhering, "bring forth Young-ones; and those Young-ones "themselves have also brought forth others. Up-"on Supposition, that perhaps there was some

* Remarks, Pag. 7.

"*Copulation*

" *Copulation between the Parent and Young-ones,* " whilſt they were yet united; or between the " Young-ones coming from the Body of the ſame " Parent: I made divers Experiments, to be ſure " of the Fact; but not one of thoſe Experiments " ever led me to any thing that could give the " Idea of a Copulation."

I now proceed to the Singularities reſulting from the Operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chryſipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one and twenty Subſtances (whether Animal or Vegetable we determine not) every Subſtance being at leaſt as large as the original *Chryſipus*. Theſe may again be ſubdivided, each of them into twenty four; and what is very remarkable, every one of theſe Parts is heavier, and rather larger than the firſt *Chryſipus*. The only Difference in this Change, is that of the Colour; for the firſt Sort are yellow, the ſecond white, and the third reſemble the Complexion and Subſtance of many human Faces.

Theſe ſubdivided Parts are by ſome obſerved to loſe in a great degree their adhereſcent Quality: Notwith-

Notwithſtanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minuteſt Obſervations upon his own Experience, they all adhered with equal Tenacity to his own Fingers.

The Manner of dividing a *Chryſipus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus*; for whereas we are taught in that excellent Treatiſe abovementioned, that

* "If the Body of a *Polypus* is cut into two Parts "tranſverſly, each of thoſe Parts becomes a com- "plete *Polypus:* On the very Day of the Opera- "tion, the firſt Part, or anterior End of the *Po-* "*lypus*, that is, the Head, the Mouth, and the "Arms; this Part, I ſay, lengthens itſelf, it "creeps, and eats."

"The ſecond Part, *which has no Head, gets* "*one*; a Mouth forms itſelf, at the anterior End; "and ſhoots forth Arms. This Re-production "comes about more or leſs quickly, according as "the Weather is more or leſs warm. In Sum- "mer, I have ſeen Arms begin to ſprout out 24 "Hours after the Operation, and *the new Head* "*perfected in every reſpect in a few Days.*"

* See *Polypus*, pag. 8, 9, 10.

"Each

" Each of thoſe Parts, thus become a perfect
" *Polypus*, performs abſolutely all its Functions.
" It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies;
" *and all that*, as much as a *Polypus* which never
" had been cut."

" In whatever Place the Body of a *Polypus* is
" cut, whether in the Middle, or more or leſs
" near the Head, or the poſterior Part, the Ex-
" periment has always the ſame Succeſs."

" If a *Polypus* is cut tranſverſly, at the ſame
" Moment, into three or four Parts, they all
" equally become ſo many complete ones."

" The Animal is too ſmall to be cut at the ſame
" time into a great Number of Parts; *I therefore*
" *did it ſucceſſively*. I firſt cut a *Polypus* into four
" Parts, and let them grow; next, I cut thoſe
" Quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded,
" *till I had made* 50 *out of one ſingle one:* And
" here I ſtopp'd, for there would have been *no*
" *End of the Experiment*."

I have

" I have now actually by me ſeveral Parts of " the ſame *Polypus*, cut into Pieces above a Year " ago; ſince which time, they have produced a " great Number of Young-ones."

" *A Polypus may alſo be cut in two, lengthways.* " *Beginning by the Head, one firſt ſplits the ſaid* " *Head, and afterwards the Stomach:* The *Poly-* " *pus* being in the Form of a Pipe, each Half of " what is thus cut lengthways forms a Half-pipe; " the anterior Extremity of which is terminated " by the half of the Head, the half of the Mouth, " and Part of the Arms. It is not long before " the two Edges of thoſe Half-pipes cloſe, after " the Operation: They generally begin at the " poſterior Part, and cloſe up by degrees to the " anterior Part. *Then, each Half-pipe becomes a* " *Whole-one, complete:* A Stomach is formed, in " which nothing is wanting; and *out of each Half-* " *mouth a Whole-one is formed alſo.*"

" I have ſeen all this done in leſs than an Hour; " and that the *Polypus* produced from each of " thoſe Halves, at the End of that time did not " differ from the Whole-ones, except that it had

" fewer

" fewer Arms; but in a few Days more grew
" out."

" I have cut a *Polypus*, lengthways, between
" Seven and Eight in the Morning; and between
" Two and Three in the Afternoon, *each of the*
" *Parts has been able to eat a Worm as long as*
" *itself.*"

" If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at
" the Head, and the Section is not carried quite
" through; the Result is, a *Polypus* with two
" Bodies, two Heads, and one Tail. Some of
" those Bodies and Heads may again be cut,
" lengthways, soon after. In this manner I have
" *produced a* Polypus *that had several Bodies, as*
" *many Heads, and one Tail.* I afterwards, at
" once, cut off the seven Heads of this new *Hy-*
" *dra:* Seven others grew again; *and the Heads,*
" *that were cut off, became each a complete* Poly-
" pus."

" I cut a *Polypus*, transversly, into two Parts:
" I put these two Parts close to each other again,
" and they re-united where they had been cut.
" The *Polypus*, thus re-united, eat the Day after

" it had undergone this Operation: It is ſince
" grown, and has multiplied."

" *I took the poſterior Part of one* Polypus, *and*
" *the anterior of another, and I have brought them*
" *to re-unite in the ſame manner as the foregoing.*
" Next Day, the *Polypus that reſulted*, eat: It
" has continued well theſe two Months, ſince the
" Operation: It is grown, and has put forth
" Young-ones, from each of the Parts of which
" it was formed. The two foregoing Experi-
" ments do not always ſucceed; it often happens,
" that the two Parts will not join again."

" In order to comprehend the Experiment I
" am now going to ſpeak of, one ſhould recol-
" lect, that the whole Body of a *Polypus* forms
" only one Pipe, a ſort of Gut, or Pouch."

" *I have been able to turn that Pouch, that Body*
" *of the* Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE
" MAY TURN A STOCKING."

" I have ſeveral by me, that have remained
" turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BE-
" COME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUT-

" SIDE

"SIDE THEIR INSIDE: They eat, they grow, "and they multiply, as if they had never been "turned."

Now in the Division and Subdivision of our *Chrysipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the Metabolic or Mutative, not by the Schystic or Divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter Method; but, like that great Philosopher the Elder *Pliny*, they have perished in their Disquisitions, as he did, by Suffocation. Indeed there is a Method called the *Kleptistic*, which hath been preferred to the Metabolic: But this too is dangerous; the ingenious *Gualterus* never carried it farther than the Metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysipus* into twenty two Parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great Art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. *Trembley* will, in the Work he is pleased to promise us, give some Account of the Longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the Age of the *Chrysipus*, it differs extremely; some being of equal Duration with the Life of Man, and some of scarce a Moment's Exist-

ence. The beſt Method of preſerving them, is, I believe, in Bags or Cheſts, in large Numbers; for they ſeldom live long when they are alone. The Great *Gualterus* ſays, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your Pockets ſingly, or in Pairs, as ſome do, they will laſt a very little while, and in ſome Pockets not a Day.

* We are told of the *Polypus*, "That they are "to be look'd for in ſuch Ditches whoſe Water "is ſtock'd with ſmall Inſects. Pieces of Wood, "Leaves, aquatic Plants, in ſhort, every thing "is to be taken out of the Water, that is met "with at the Bottom, or on the Surface of the "Water, on the Edges, and in the Middle of "the Ditches. What is thus taken out, muſt be "put into a Glaſs of clear Water, and theſe In-"ſects, if there are any, will ſoon diſcover them-"ſelves; eſpecially if the Glaſs is let ſtand a little, "without moving it: for thus the Inſects, which "contract themſelves when they are firſt taken "out, will again extend themſelves when they "are at Reſt, and become thereby ſo much the "more remarkable."

* *Polypus*, pag. 1, 2.

The

The *Chryſipus* is to be look'd for in Scrutores, and behind Wainſcotes in old Houſes. In ſearching for them, particular Regard is to be had to the Perſons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the ſame Houſes, by obſerving which Rule, you may often prevent throwing away your Labour. They love to be rather with old than young Perſons, and deteſt Finery ſo much, that they are ſeldom to be found in the Pockets of laced Cloaths, and hardly ever in gilded Palaces. They are ſometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reaſon of *Pieces of Wood*, *Iron*, &c. which muſt be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, ſeveral ſure Methods of procuring them, which are all aſcertained in a Treatiſe on that Subject, compoſed by *Petrus Gualterus*, which, now he is dead, will ſhortly ſee the Light.

I come now, in the laſt Place, to ſpeak of the Virtues of the *Chryſipus:* In theſe it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one ſingle Virtue is recorded, but all other Animals and Vegetables whatever. Indeed I intend here only to ſet down ſome of its chief Qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large Volume.

First, then, A ſingle *Chryſippus* ſtuck on to the Finger, will make a Man talk for a full Hour, nay will make him ſay whatever the Perſon who ſticks it on deſires: And again, if you deſire Silence, it will as effectually ſtop the moſt loquacious Tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not ſufficient; but if you apply the proper Number, they ſeldom or never fail of Succeſs. It will likewiſe make Men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the leaſt Injury to the ſeveral Organs.

Secondly, It hath a moſt miraculous Quality of turning Black into White, or White into Black. Indeed it hath the Powers of the Priſmatic Glaſs, and can, from any Object, reflect what Colour it pleaſes.

Thirdly, It is the ſtrongeſt Love-Powder in the World, and hath ſuch Efficacy on the Female Sex, that it hath often produced Love in the fineſt Women to the moſt worthleſs and ugly, old and decrepit of our Sex.

To give the ſtrongeſt Idea in one Inſtance, of the ſalubrious Quality of the *Chryſipus*: It is a

 Medicine

Medicine which the Phyſicians are ſo fond of taking themſelves, that few of them care to viſit a Patient, without ſwallowing a Doſe of it.

To conclude; *Facts like theſe I have related, to be admitted*, require the moſt convincing Proofs. *I venture to ſay, I am able to produce ſuch Proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious Reader to the Treatiſe I have abovementioned, which is not yet publiſhed, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I compoſed the above Treatiſe, I have been informed, that theſe Animals ſwarm in *England* all over the Country, like the Locuſts, once in SEVEN Years; and like them too, they generally cauſe much Miſchief, and greatly ruin the Country in which they have ſwarmed.

THE FIRST

OLYNTHIAC

OF

DEMOSTHENES.

THE FIRST OLYNTHIAC OF *DEMOSTHENES.*

The ARGUMENT.

Olynthus *was a powerful free City of* Thrace, *on the Confines of* Macedonia. *By certain alluring Offers,* Philip *had tempted them into an Alliance with him, the Terms of which were a joint War against the* Athenians, *and if a Peace, a joint Peace. The* Olynthians, *some time after, becoming jealous of his growing Power, detach themselves from his Alliance, and make a separate Peace with the* Athenians. Philip, *exclaiming against this,*

this, as a Breach of their former Treaty, and glad of an Opportunity, which he had long been ſeeking, immediately declares War againſt them, and beſieges their City. Upon this, they diſpatch an Embaſſy to Athens, *for Succour. The Subject of this Embaſſy coming to be debated among the* Athenians, Demoſthenes *gives his Sentiments in the following Oration.*

NO Treaſures, O *Athenians*, can, I am confident, be ſo deſirable in your Eyes, as to diſcover what is moſt advantageous to be done for this City, in the Affair now before you. And ſince it is of ſo important a Nature, the ſtricteſt Attention ſhould be given to all thoſe who are willing to deliver their Opinions: for not only the ſalutary Councils which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received; but I conſider it as peculiar to your Fortune and good Genius, that many Things, highly expedient, may ſuggeſt themſelves to the Speakers, even extemporarily, and without Premeditation; and then you may eaſily, from the whole, collect the moſt uſeful Reſolutions. The preſent Occaſion wants only a Tongue to declare, that the Poſture of theſe Affairs requires your immediate Application,

if

if you have any Regard for your Preſervation. I know not what Diſpoſition we all entertain; but my own Opinion is, that we vote a Supply of Men to the *Olynthians*, and that we ſend them immediately; and thus by lending them our Aſſiſtance now, we ſhall prevent the Accidents which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an Embaſſy be diſpatched, not only to declare theſe our Intentions, but to ſee them executed. For my greateſt Apprehenſion is, that the artful *Philip*, who well knows to improve every Opportunity, by Conceſſions, where they are moſt convenient, and by Threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the ſame time objecting our Abſence to our Allies, may draw from the whole ſome conſiderable Advantage to himſelf. This however, O *Athenians*, will give ſome Comfort, that the very particular Circumſtance which adds the greateſt Strength to *Philip*, is likewiſe favourable to us. In his own Perſon he unites the ſeveral Powers of General, of King, and of Treaſurer; he preſides abſolutely in all Councils, and is conſtantly at the Head of his Army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his Succeſſes in the Field, but will have a contrary Effect, with Regard to that Truce which he is ſo deſirous to make

with the *Olynthians*; who will find their Contention not to be for Glory, nor for the Enlargement of Dominion: the Subverſion or Slavery of their Country is what they fight againſt. They have ſeen in what Manner he hath treated thoſe *Amphipolitans*, who ſurrendered their City to him; and thoſe *Pydnæans*, who received him into theirs: and indeed, univerſally, a Kingly State is, in my Opinion, a Thing in which Republics will never truſt; and above all, if their Territories border on each other. Theſe Things therefore, O *Athenians*, being well known to you, when you enter on this Debate, your Reſolutions muſt be for War, and to proſecute it with as much Vigour as you have formerly ſhewn on any Occaſion. You muſt reſolve to raiſe Supplies with the utmoſt Alacrity; to muſter yourſelves; to omit nothing: for no longer can a Reaſon be aſſigned, or Excuſe alledged, why you ſhould decline what the preſent Exigency requires. For the *Olynthians*, whom with ſuch univerſal Clamours you have formerly inſiſted on our fomenting againſt *Philip*, are now embroiled with him by meer Accident; and this moſt advantageouſly for you; ſince had they undertaken the War at your Requeſt, their Alliance

might

might have been leſs ſtable, and only to ſerve a preſent Turn: but ſince their Animoſity ariſes from Injuries offered to themſelves, their Hoſtility will be firm; as well on Account of their Fears, as of their Reſentment. The Opportunity which now offers is not, O *Athenians*, to be loſt, nor ſhould you ſuffer what you have already often ſuffered. For had we, when we returned from ſuccouring the *Eubæans*; when *Hierax* and *Stratrocles* from the *Amphipolitans*, in this very Place, beſought you to ſail to their Aſſiſtance, and to receive their City into your Protection; had we then conſulted our own Intereſt with the ſame Zeal with which we provided for the Safety of the *Eubæans*, we had then poſſeſſed ourſelves of *Amphipolis*, and eſcaped the Troubles which have ſince perplexed us. Again, when we were firſt acquainted with the Sieges of *Pydna*, *Potidæa*, *Methone*, *Pagaſæ*, and others, (for I will not waſte Time in enumerating all) had we then aſſiſted only one of theſe with proper Vigour, we ſhould have found *Philip* much humbler, and eaſier to be dealt with: whereas now, by conſtantly pretermitting the Opportunities when they preſented themſelves, and truſting in Fortune for the good Succeſs of future Events, we have encreaſed the Power, O *Athenians*, of

Philip

Philip ourſelves, and have raiſed him higher than any King of *Macedonia* ever was. Now then an Opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the *Olynthians* have of their own Accord offered to this City; nor is it inferior to any of thoſe we have formerly loſt. To me, O *Athenians*, it appears, that if we ſettle a juſt Account with the Gods, notwithſtanding all Things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal Thankſgivings. For as to our Loſſes in War, they are juſtly to be ſet down to our own Neglect: but that we formerly ſuffered not theſe Misfortunes, and that an Alliance now appears to ballance theſe Evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my Opinion, muſt be referred to the Benevolence of the Gods. But it happens as in the Affair of Riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially ſaid, that if a Man preſerves the Wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to Fortune; but if he inſenſibly conſumes it, his Gratitude to Fortune is conſumed at the ſame Time. So in public Affairs: if we make not a right Improvement of Opportunities, we forget the Good offered us by the Gods: for from the final Event, we generally form our Judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly neceſſary, O *Athenians*, to take effectual Care, that

that by making a right Uſe of the Occaſion now offered us, we wipe off the Stains contracted by our former Conduct: for ſhould we, O *Athenians*, deſert theſe People likewiſe, and *Philip* be enabled to deſtroy *Olynthus*, will any Man tell me what afterwards ſhall ſtop his future Progreſs, wherever he deſires to extend it? But conſider, O *Athenians*, and ſee, by what Means this *Philip*, once ſo inconſiderable, is now become ſo great. He firſt became Maſter of *Amphipolis*, ſecondly of *Pydna*, next of *Potidea*, and then of *Methone*. After theſe Conqueſts, he turned his Arms towards *Theſſaly*, where having reduced *Phera*, *Pagaſæ*, *Magneſia*, he marched on to *Thrace*. Here, after he had dethroned ſome Kings, and given Crowns to others, he fill ſick. On a ſmall Amendment of Health, inſtead of refreſhing himſelf with Repoſe, he fell preſently on the *Olynthians*. His Expeditions againſt the *Illyrians*, the *Pæonians* againſt *Arymba*, and who can recount all the other Nations, I omit. But ſhould any Man ſay, Why therefore do you commemorate theſe Things to us now? my Anſwer is, That you may know, O *Athenians*, and ſenſibly perceive theſe two Things. Firſt, how pernicious it is to neglect the leaſt Article of what ought to be done; and, ſecondly,

ſecondly, that you may diſcern the reſtleſs Diſpoſition of *Philip* to undertake, and his Alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himſelf in Eaſe. If then his Diſpoſition be to aim ſtill at greater and greater Conqueſts, and ours to neglect every brave Meaſure for our Defence; conſider, in what Event we can hope theſe Things ſhould terminate! Good Gods! is there any of you ſo infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the War will come home to us, if we neglect it? And if this ſhould happen, I fear, O *Athenians*, that we ſhall imitate thoſe who borrow Money at great Uſury, who for a ſhort Affluence of preſent Wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original Patrimony. So we ſhall be found to pay dearly for our Sloth, and by giving our Minds entirely up to Pleaſure, ſhall bring on ourſelves many and grievous Calamities, againſt our Will ſhall be at laſt reduced to a Neceſſity of Action, and to contend even for our own Country. Perhaps ſome one may object, that to find Fault is eaſy, and within any Man's Capacity; but to adviſe proper Meaſures to be taken in the preſent Exigency, is the Part of a Counſellor. I am not ignorant, O *Athenians*, that not thoſe who have been the firſt Cauſes

of

of the Misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their Opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe Displeasure, when the Success doth not answer their Expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own Safety, that from any Regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your Welfare.

The Measures you are to take are, in my Opinion, two: First, to preserve the *Olynthian* Cities, by sending a Supply of Men to their Assistance; Secondly, to ravage the Country of the Enemy; and this by attacking it both by Sea and Land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the Success of your Expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his Territories, by submitting to suffer this, take *Olynthus*; he will be easily able to return Home, and defend his own. On the other Hand, if you only send Succours to the *Olynthians*; when *Philip* perceives himself safe at Home, he will sit down before *Olynthus*, and employing every Artifice against the Town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the *Olynthians* with numerous Forces, and in two several Places. This is my Advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the Sup-

ply of Money to be raiſed; you have a Treaſury, O *Athenians*, you have a Treaſury fuller of Money, ſet apart for Military Uſes, than any other City of *Greece:* this Fund you may apply according to your Pleaſure, on this Occaſion: if the Army be ſupplied this Way, you will want no Tax: If not, you will hardly find any Tax ſufficient. What? ſays ſome one, Do you move to have this Fund applied to the Army? Not I truly; I only ſuggeſt that an Army ſhould be levied; that this Fund ſhould be applied to it; that thoſe who do their Duty to the Public, ſhould receive their Reward from it; whereas in celebrating the public Feſtivals, much is received by thoſe who do nothing for it.

As to the reſt, I think, all ſhould contribute, largely if much wanted, leſs if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is neceſſary to be done can be performed. Others propoſe other Means of raiſing it; of which do you fix on that which ſeems moſt advantageous, and apply yourſelves to your Preſervation, while you have an Opportunity: for you ought to conſider and weigh well the Poſture in which *Philip*'s Affairs now ſtand: for it appears to me, that no Man,

 even

even though he hath not examined them with much Accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest Situation. He would never have entered into this War, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped, at his very Entrance, to have carried all Things before him, which Expectation hath deceived him. This therefore, by falling out contrary to his Opinion, hath given him the first Shock, and much dejected him. Then the Commotions in *Thessaly:* for these are by Nature the most perfidious of Mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand *Pagasæ* of him, and to forbid the fortifying *Magnesia.* I have moreover heard it said, that the *Thessalians* would no longer open their Ports to him, nor suffer his Fleets to be victualled in their Markets; for that these should go to the Support of the Republics of *Thessaly*, and not to the Use of *Philip.* But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great Streights to provide for his Auxiliaries. And further; Can we suppose that *Pæonia* and *Illyria*, and all the other Cities, will chuse rather to be Slaves than free, and their own Masters? They are not inured to Bondage, and the Man is,

as they ſay, prone to Inſolence; which is indeed very credible; for unmerited Succeſs entirely perverts the Underſtanding in weaker Minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain Advantages, than it was to gain them. It is our Parts then, O *Athenians*, to take Advantage of this Diſtreſs of *Philip*, to undertake the Buſineſs with the utmoſt Expedition; not only to diſpatch the neceſſary Embaſſies, but to follow them with an Army, and to ſtir up all his other Enemies againſt him: for we may be aſſured of this, that had *Philip* the ſame Opportunity, and the War was near our Borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then aſhamed through Fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an Opportunity, which he, had he that Opportunity, would ſurely bring on you? Beſides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your Option, whether you ſhall attack him Abroad, or be attacked by him at Home: for if the *Olynthians*, by your Aſſiſtance, are preſerved, the Kingdom of *Philip* will be by your Forces invaded, and you may then retain your own Dominions, your own City in Safety; but ſhould *Philip* once Maſter the *Olynthians*, who would oppoſe his March hither? The *Thebans*? Let me not be thought too

bitter,

bitter, if I ſay, they would be ready to aſſiſt him againſt us. The *Phocians?* they are not able to ſave themſelves, unleſs you, or ſome one elſe, will aſſiſt them. But my Friend, ſays one, *Philip* will have no Deſire to invade us —— I anſwer, it would ſurely be moſt abſurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the Difference, whether the War be here or there, there is, I think no need of Argument: for if it was neceſſary for you to be thirty Days in the Field within your own Territories, and to ſuſtain your Army with your own Product, ſuppoſing no Enemy there at the ſame Time; I ſay, the Loſſes of your Huſbandmen, who ſupply thoſe Proviſions, would be greater than the whole Expence of the preceding War. But if an actual War ſhould come to our Doors, what Loſſes muſt we then expect? Add to this, the Inſults of the Enemy, and that which to generous Minds is not inferior to any Loſs, the Diſgrace of ſuch an Incident. It becomes us all therefore, when we conſider all theſe Things, to apply our utmoſt Endeavours to expel this War from our Borders: the Rich, that for the many Things they poſſeſs, parting with a little, they may ſecure the quiet Poſſeſſion of the

reſt: the young Men, that having learnt Experience in the Art of War, at *Philip*'s Expence, in his Country, they may become formidable Defenders of their own: the Orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the Advice they have given to the Republick; ſince according to the Succeſs of the Meaſures taken in Conſequence of their Opinions, ſo you will judge of the Adviſers themſelves. May this Succeſs be happy, for the Sake of every one.

OF THE
REMEDY
OF
AFFLICTION
For the LOSS of our
FRIENDS.

OF THE REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

For the LOSS of our

FRIENDS.

IT would be a ſtrange Conſideration (ſaith *Cicero*) that while ſo many excellent Remedies have been diſcovered for the ſeveral Diſeaſes of the human Body, the Mind ſhould be left without any Aſſiſtance to alleviate and repel the Diſorders which befal it. The contrary of this he aſſerts to be true, and preſcribes Philoſophy to us, as a certain and infallible Method to aſſwage and remove all thoſe Perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler Part of Man.

Of

Of the ſame Opinion were all thoſe wiſe and illuſtrious Antients, whoſe Writings and Sayings on this Subject have been tranſmitted to us. And when *Seneca* tells us, that *Virtue*, is ſufficient to ſubdue all our Paſſions, he means no other (as he explains it in many Parts of his Works) than *that exalted divine Philoſophy*, which conſiſted not in vain Pomp, or uſeleſs Curioſity, nor even in the Search of more profitable Knowledge, but in acquiring ſolid laſting Habits of Virtue, and ingrafting them into our Character. It was not the bare knowing the right Way, but the conſtant and ſteady walking in it, which thoſe glorious Writers recommended and dignified by the auguſt Names of *Philoſophy* and *Virtue*; which two Words, if they did not always uſe in a ſynonimous Senſe, yet they all agreed in this, that Virtue was the Conſummation of true Philoſophy.

Now that this Supreme Philoſophy, this Habit of Virtue, which ſtrengthened the Mind of a *Socrates*, or a *Brutus*, is really ſuperior to every Evil which can attack us, I make no doubt: but in Truth, this is to have a ſound, not a ſickly Conſtitution. With all proper Deference therefore to

ſuch

ſuch great Authorities, they ſeem to me to aſſert no more, than that Health is a Remedy againſt Diſeaſe: for a Soul once poſſeſſed of that Degree of Virtue, which can without Emotion look on Poverty, Pain, Diſgrace, and Death, as Things indifferent: A Soul, as *Horace* expreſſes it,

Totus teres atque rotundus.

or, according to *Seneca*, *which derives all its Comfort from* WITHIN, *not from* WITHOUT: which can look down on all the ruffling Billows of Fortune, as from a Rock on Shore, we ſurvey a tempeſtuous Sea, with Unconcern; ſuch a Soul is ſurely in a State of Health, which no Vigour of Bodily Conſtitution can reſemble.

And as this Health of the Mind exceeds that of the Body in Degree, ſo doth it in Conſtancy or Duration. In the latter, the Tranſition from perfect Health to Sickneſs is eaſy, and often ſudden; whereas the former being once firmly eſtabliſhed in the robuſt State above deſcribed, is never afterwards liable to be ſhocked by any Accident, or Impulſe of Fortune.

It

It muſt be confeſſed indeed, that thoſe great Maſters have pointed out the Way to this Philoſophy, and have endeavoured to allure and perſwade others into it: but as it is certain, that few of their Diſciples have been able to arrive at its Perfection; nay, as ſeveral of the Maſters themſelves have done little Honour to their Precepts, by their Examples, there ſeems ſtill great Occaſion for a mental Phyſician, who ſhould conſider the human Mind (as is often the Caſe of the Body) in too weak and depraved a Situation to be reſtored to firm Vigour and Sanity, and ſhould propoſe rather to palliate and leſſen its Diſorders, than abſolutely to cure them.

To conſider the whole Catalogue of Diſeaſes, to which our Minds are liable, and to preſcribe proper Remedies for them all, would require a much longer Treatiſe than what I now intend; I ſhall confine myſelf therefore to one only, and to a particular Species of that one, *viz.* to *Affliction for the Death of our Friends.*

This is a Malady to which the beſt and worthieſt of Men are chiefly liable. It is, like a Fever, the

the Diſtemper of a rich and generous Conſtitution. Indeed we may ſay of thoſe baſe Tempers, which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty Phyſician of the laſt Age ſaid of a ſhattered and rotten Carcaſe, that they are not worth preſerving.

For this Reaſon the calm Demeanor of *Stilpo* the Philoſopher, who, when he had loſt his Children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had loſt nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no Charms for me. I am more apt to impute ſuch ſudden Tranquility, at ſo great a Loſs, to Oſtentation or Obduracy, than to conſummate Virtue. It is rather wanting the Affection, than conquering it. To overcome the Affliction ariſing from the Loſs of our Friends, is great and praiſe-worthy; but it requires ſome Reaſon and Time. This ſudden unruffled Compoſure is owing to meer Inſenſibility; to a Depravity of the Heart, not Goodneſs of the Underſtanding.

But in a Mind of a different Caſt, in one ſuſceptible of a tender Affection, Fortune can make no other Ravage equal to ſuch a Loſs. It is tear-

ing

ing the Heart, the Soul from the Body; not by a momentary Operation, like that by which the moſt cruel Tormentors of the Body ſoon deſtroy the Subject of their Cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent Agitation: the Soul having this double unfortunate Superiority to the Body; that its Agonies, as they are more exquiſite, ſo they are more laſting.

If however this Calamity be not in a more humane Diſpoſition to be preſently or totally removed, an Attempt to leſſen it is, however, worth our Attention. He who could reduce the Torments of the Gout to one Half or a Third of the Pain, would, I apprehend, be a Phyſician in much Vogue and Requeſt; and ſurely, ſome palliative Remedies are as much worth our ſeeking in the mental Diſorder; eſpecially if this latter ſhould (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its Anguiſh a hundred fold.

I will proceed therefore, without further Apology, to preſent my Reader with the beſt Preſcriptions I am capable of furniſhing; many of which have this uncommon Recommendation, that I have tried them upon myſelf with ſome Succeſs.

And

And if *Montagne* be right in his Choice of a Physician, who had himſelf had the Diſeaſe which he undertook to cure, I ſhall at leaſt have that Pretenſion to ſome Confidence and Regard.

And firſt, by way of Preparative: while we yet enjoy our Friends, and no immediate Danger threatens us of loſing them, nothing can be wholſomer than frequent Reflections on the Certainty of this Loſs, however diſtant it may then appear to us: for if it be worth our while to prepare the Body for Diſeaſes which may poſſibly (or at moſt probably) attack us; how much more neceſſary muſt it ſeem to furniſh the Mind with every Aſſiſtance to encounter a Calamity, which our own Death only, or the previous Determination of our Friendſhip, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the firſt Ingredients of a *wiſe* Man, that nothing befals him entirely unforeſeen, and unexpected. And this is ſurely the principal Means of taking his Happineſs or Miſery out of the Hands of Fortune. Pleaſure or Pain, which ſieze us unprepared, and by Surprize, have a double Force, and are both more capable of ſubduing the Mind, than when they

they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That Pleasure is heighten'd by long Expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar Error. The Mind, by constant Premeditation on either, lessens the Sweetness of the one, and Bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of Lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their Happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual Enjoyment: this is as true in the more ungrateful Article of Affliction. The Objects of our Passions, as well as of our Appetites, may be, in great measure, devoured by Imagination; and Grief, like Hunger, may be so palled and abated by Expectation, that it may retain no Sharpness when its Food is set before it.

The Thoughts which are to engage our Consideration on this Head, are too various, and many of them too obvious to be enumerated: the principal are surely, First, the Certainty of the Dissolution of this Alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the Knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme Shortness of its Duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many Accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an End.

Had

Had not the wiſe Man frequently meditated on theſe Subjects, he would not have cooly anſwered the Perſon who acquainted him with the Death of his Son—I KNEW *I had begot a Mortal.* Whereas by the Behaviour of ſome on theſe Occaſions, we might be almoſt induced to ſuſpect they were diſappointed in their Hopes of their Friend's Immortality; that ſomething uncommon, and beyond the general Fate of Men, had happened to them. In a Word, that they had flattered their Fondneſs for their Children and Friends as enthuſiaſtically as the Poets have their Works, which

—— nec Jovis Ira nec Ignis,
Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

Nor is there any Diſſuaſive from ſuch Contemplation: It is no Breach of Friendſhip, nor Violence of Paternal Fondneſs; for the Event we dread and deteſt, is not by theſe Means forwarded, as ſimple Perſons think their own Death would be by making a Will. On the contrary, the ſweeteſt and moſt rapturous Enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for what can be a

more delightful Thought than to aſſure ourſelves, after ſuch Reflections, that the Evil we apprehend, and which might ſo probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately eſcaped. If it be true, that the Loſs of a Bleſſing teaches us its true Value, will not theſe Ruminations on the Certainty of loſing our Friends, and the Incertainty of our Enjoyment of them, add a Reliſh to the preſent Poſſeſſion? Shall we not, in a Word, return to their Converſation, after ſuch Reflections, with the ſame Eagerneſs and Extaſy, with which we receive thoſe we love into our Arms, when we firſt wake from a Dream which hath terrified us with their Deaths?

Thus then we have a double Incentive to theſe Meditations; as they ſerve as well to heighten our preſent Enjoyment, as to leſſen our future Loſs, and to fortify us againſt it. I ſhall now proceed to give my Reader ſome Inſtructions for his Conduct, when this dreadful Cataſtrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I addreſs myſelf to common Men, and who partake of the more amiable Weakneſſes

of

of Human Nature; not to thoſe elevated Souls whom the Conſummation of Virtue and Philoſophy hath raiſed to a divine Pitch of Excellence, and placed beyond the Reach of human Calamity: for which Reaſon I do not expect this Loſs ſhall be received with the Compoſure of *Stilpo*. Nay, I ſhall not regard Tears, Lamentations, or any other Indulgence to the firſt Agonies of our Grief on ſo dreadful an Occaſion, as Marks of Effeminacy; but ſhall rather eſteem them as the Symptoms of a laudable Tenderneſs, than of a contemptible Imbecility of Heart.

However, though I admit the firſt Emotions of our Grief to be ſo far irreſiſtible, that they are not to be inſtantly and abſolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other Side, totally to abandon ourſelves to them. Wiſdom is our Shield againſt all Calamity, and This we are not cowardly to throw away, though ſome of the ſharper Darts of Fortune may have pierced us through it. The Mind of a wiſe Man may be ruffled and diſordered, but cannot be ſubdued: in the former it differs from the Perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject Condition of a Fool.

With whatever Violence our Paſſions at firſt attack us, they will in Time ſubſide. It is then that Reaſon is to be called to our Aſſiſtance, and we ſhould uſe every Suggeſtion which it can lend to our Relief; our utmoſt Force being to be exerted to repel and ſubdue an Enemy when he begins to retreat: This indeed, one would imagine, ſhould want little or no Perſuaſion to recommend it; inaſmuch as we all naturally purſue Happineſs and avoid Miſery.

There are, however, two Cauſes of our Unwillingneſs to hearken to the Voice of Reaſon on this Occaſion. The firſt is, a fooliſh Opinion, that Friendſhip requires an exorbitant Affliction of us; that we are thus diſcharging our Duty to the Dead, and offering (according to the Superſtition of the Ancients) an agreeable Sacrifice to their Manes: the other, and perhaps the commoner Motive is, the immediate Satisfaction we ourſelves feel in this Indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful Conſequences, gives the ſame preſent Relief to a tender Diſpoſition, that Air or Water brings to one in a high Fever.

Now

Now what can poſſibly, on the leaſt Examination, appear more abſurd than the former of theſe? When the Grave, beyond which we can enter into no Engagement with one another, hath diſſolved all Bonds of Friendſhip between us, and removed the Object of our Affection far from the Reach of any of our Offices; Can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nouriſh an Affliction to our own Miſery, by which we can convey neither Profit nor Pleaſure to our Friend! But I ſhall not dwell on an Abſurdity ſo monſtrous in itſelf, that the bare firſt Mention throws it in a Light, which no Illuſtration nor Argument can heighten.

And as to the Second, it is, as I have ſaid, like thoſe Indulgencies, which however pleaſant they may be to the Diſtemper, ſerve only to encreaſe it, and for which we are ſure to pay the bitterest Agonies in the End. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childiſh Temper of Mind than this Conduct; by which, like Infants, we reject a Remedy, if it be the leaſt diſtaſteful; and are ready to receive any grateful Food, with-

out regarding the Nourifhment which at the fame Time we contribute to the Difeafe.

Without ftaying therefore longer to argue with fuch, I fhall firft recommend to my Difciple or Patient, of another Complexion, carefully to avoid all Circumftances which may revive the Memory of the Deceafed, whom it is now his Bufinefs to forget as faft, and as much as poffible; whereas, fuch is the Perverfenefs of our Natures, we are conftantly endeavouring, at every Opportunity, to recal to our Remembrance the Words, Looks, Geftures, and other Particularities of a Friend. One carries about with him the Picture; a fecond the Hair; and others, fome little Gift or Token of the Dead, as a Memorial of their Lofs. What is all this lefs than being Self-Tormentors, and playing with Affliction? Indeed Time is the trueft and beft Phyfician on thefe Occafions; and our wifeft Part is to lend him the utmoft Affiftance we can: whereas by purfuing the Methods I have here objected to, we withftand with all our Might the Aid and Comfort which that great Reliever of human Mifery fo kindly offers us.

Diverfions

Diverſions of the lighteſt Kind have been recommended as a Remedy for Affliction: but for my Part, I rather conceive they will encreaſe than diminiſh it; eſpecially where Muſic is to make up any Part of the Entertainment: for the Nature of this is to ſoothe or inflame, not to alter our Paſſions. Indeed I ſhould rather propoſe ſuch Diverſions by way of Trial than of Cure: for when they can be purſued with any good Effect, our Affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To ſay the Truth, the Phyſic for this, as well as every other mental Diſorder, is to be diſpenſed to us by Philoſophy and Religion. The former of theſe Words (however unhappily it hath contracted the Contempt of the pretty Gentlemen and fine Ladies) doth ſurely convey to thoſe who underſtand it, no very ridiculous Idea. Philoſophy, in its purer and ſtricter Senſe, means no more than the Love of Wiſdom; but in its common and vulgar Acceptation it ſignifies, the Search after Wiſdom; or often, Wiſdom itſelf: For to

diſtinguiſh between Wiſdom and Philoſophy (ſays a great Writer) is rather Matter of vain Curioſity, than of real Utility.

Now from this Fountain (call it by which of the Names we pleaſe) may be drawn the following Conſiderations.

Firſt, the Injuſtice of our Complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the Condition on which we firſt received the Good, whoſe Loſs we deplore, *viz.* that of parting with it again. We are Tenants at Will to Fortune, and as we have advanced no Conſideration on our Side, can have no Right to accuſe her Caprice in determining our Eſtate. However ſhort-lived our Poſſeſſion hath been, it was ſtill more than ſhe promiſed, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful Perſons, with whom one Denial effaces the Remembrance of an Hundred Benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, becauſe ſhe is not pleaſed to continue thoſe Favours, which of her own Free-Will ſhe hath ſo long beſtowed on us.

Again,

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the Condition of our Tenure long before, ſo, ſooner or later, of Neceſſity we muſt have done it. The longeſt Term we could hope for is extremely ſhort, and compared by *Solomon* himſelf to the Length of a Span. Of what Duration is this Life of Man computed? A Scrivener who ſells his Annuity at fourteen Years and a half, rejoices in his Cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you, at leaſt half a Year in the Bargain.

But who will inſure theſe fourteen Years? No Man. On the contrary, how great is the Premium for inſuring you one? And great as it is, he who accepts it is often a Loſer.

I ſhall not go into the hackneyed Common-place of the numberleſs Avenues to Death: a Road almoſt as much beaten by Writers, as thoſe Avenues to Death are by Mankind: *Tibullus* ſums 'em up in half a Verſe.

——*Leti mille repente viæ.*

Surely

Surely no Accident can befal our Friend which ſhould ſo little ſurprize us; for there is no other which he may not eſcape. In Poverty, Pain, or other Inſtances, his Lot may be harder than his Neighbours. In this the happieſt and moſt miſerable, the greateſt and loweſt, richeſt and poorest of Mankind ſhare all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be Death itſelf (which is a Part of Life) that we lament ſhould happen to our Friend, but it is the Time of his dying. We deſire not a Pardon, we deſire a Reprieve only. A Reprieve, for how long? *Sine Die.* But if he could eſcape this Fever, this Small-Pox, this Inflammation of the Bowels, he may live twenty Years. He may ſo: but it is more probable he will not live ten: it is very poſſible, not one. But ſuppoſe he ſhould have twenty, nay thirty Years to come. In Proſpect, it is true, the Term ſeems to have ſome Duration; but caſt your Eyes backwards, and how contemptible the Span appears: for it happens in Life (however pleaſant the Journey may be) as to a weary Traveller,

veller, the Plain he is yet to paſs extends itſelf much larger to his Eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And ſuppoſe Fortune ſhould be ſo generous to indulge us in the Poſſeſſion of our Wiſh, and give us this twenty Years longer Poſſeſſion of our Friend, ſhould we be then contented to reſign? Or ſhall we not, in Imitation of a Child who deſires its Mamma to ſtay five Minutes, and it will take the Potion, be ſtill as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the Caſe; ſeeing that neither our Calamity, nor the Child's Phyſic becomes leſs nauſeous by the Delay.

But admitting this Condition to be never ſo hard, will not Philoſophy ſhew us the Folly of immoderate Affliction? Can all our Sorrow mend our Caſe? Can we waſh back our Friend with our Tears, or waft him back with our Sighs and Lamentations? It is a fooliſh Mean-ſpiritedneſs in a Criminal, to blubber to his Judge when he knows he ſhall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire thoſe more who meet their Fate with a decent Conſtancy and Reſignation. Were the Sentences

of

of Fate capable of Remiſſion; could our Sorrows or Sufferings reſtore our Friends to us, I would commend him who out-did the fabled *Niobe* in weeping: but ſince no ſuch Event is to be expected; ſince *from that Bourne no Traveller returns*, ſurely it is the Part of a wiſe Man, to bring himſelf to be content in a Situation which no Wit or Wiſdom, Labour or Art, Trouble or Pain, can alter.

And let us ſeriouſly examine our Hearts, whether it is for the Sake of our Friends, or ourſelves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated *French* Writer; that *the Lamentation expreſſed for the Loſs of our deareſt Friends, is often, in Reality, for ourſelves; that we are concerned at being leſs happy, leſs eaſy, and of leſs Conſequence than we were before; and thus the Dead enjoy the Honour of thoſe Tears which are truly ſhed on Account of the Living:* concluding, — that *in theſe Afflictions Men impoſe on themſelves.* Now if on the Enquiry this ſhould be found to be our Caſe, I ſhall leave the Patient to ſeek his Remedy elſewhere; having firſt recommended to him, an Aſſembly, a Ball, an Opera, a Play, an Amour, or, if he pleaſe, all of them, which will very ſpeedily produce his Cure. But, on the contrary, if after the

the ſtricteſt Examination, it ſhould appear (as I make no doubt is ſometimes the Caſe) that our Sorrow ariſes from that pure and diſintereſted Affection which many Minds are ſo far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no Idea of it: in a Word, if it be manifeſt that our Fears are juſtly to be imputed to our Friend's Account, it may be then worth our while to conſider the Nature and Degree of this Misfortune which hath happened to him: and if, on duly conſidering it, we ſhould be able to demonſtrate to ourſelves, that this ſuppoſed dreadful Calamity ſhould exiſt only in Opinion, and all its Horrors vaniſh, on being cloſely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very Foundation of our Grief will be removed, and it muſt, of neceſſary Conſequence, immediately ceaſe.

I ſhall not attempt to make an Eſtimate of Human Life, which to do in the moſt conciſe Manner, would fill more Pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be neceſſary for me, ſince admitting there was more real Happineſs in Life than the wiſeſt Men have allowed; as the weakeſt and ſimpleſt will be ready to confeſs that there is much Evil in it likewiſe; and as I conceive every impartial

impartial Man will, on caſting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a Ballance for the former, I apprehend it will appear ſufficiently for my Purpoſe, that Death is not that King of Terrors, as he is repreſented to be.

Death is nothing more than the Negation of Life. If therefore Life be no general Good, Death is no general Evil. Now if this be a Point in Judgment, who ſhall decide it? Shall we prefer the Judgment of Women and Children, or of wiſe Men? If of the latter, ſhall I not have all their Suffrages with me? *Thales*, the chief of the Sages, held Life and Death as Things indifferent. *Socrates*, the greateſt of all the Philoſophers, ſpeaks of Death as of a Deliverance. *Solomon*, who had taſted all the Sweets of Life, condemns the whole as Vanity and Vexation: and *Cicero* (to name no more) whoſe Life had been a very fortunate one, aſſures us in his Old Age, that *if any of the Gods would frankly offer him to renew his Infancy, and live his Life over again, he would ſtrenuouſly refuſe it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the Face of theſe and numberleſs other ſuch Authorities;

ties; if we will ſtill maintain that the Pleaſures of Life have in them ſomething truly ſolid, and worthy our Regard and Deſire, we ſhall not, however, be bold enough to ſay, that theſe Pleaſures are laſting, certain, or the Portion of many among us. We ſhall not, I apprehend, inſure the Poſſeſſion of them to our Friend, nor ſecure him from all thoſe Evils, which, as I have before ſaid, none have ever denied the real Exiſtence of: nor ſhall we ſurely contend, that he may not more likely have eſcaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the moſt excellent of Women, and tendereſt of Mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous Delivery, ſhe was told ſhe had a Daughter, anſwering; *Good God! have I produced a Creature who is to undergo what I have ſuffered!* Some Years afterwards, I heard the ſame Woman, on the Death of that very Child, then one of the loveliest Creatures ever ſeen, comforting herſelf with reflecting, that *her Child could never know what it was to feel ſuch a Loſs as ſhe then lamented.*

In Reality, ſhe was right in both Inſtances: and however Inſtinct, Youth, a Flow of Spirits,

violent Attachments, and above all, Folly may blind us, the Day of Death is (to moſt People at leaſt) a Day of more Happineſs than that of our Birth, as it puts an End to all thoſe Evils which the other gave a Beginning to. So juſt is that Sentiment of *Solon*, which *Cræſus* afterwards experienced the Truth of, and which is couched in theſe Lines.

——— ultima Semper
Expectanda Dies Homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, poſttremaque funera debet.

If therefore Death be no Evil, there is certainly no Reaſon why we ſhould lament its having happened to our Friend: but if there be any whom neither his own Obſervation, nor what *Plato* hath advanced in his Apology for *Socrates*, in his *Crito*, and his *Phædon*; or *Cicero*, in the firſt and third Books of his *Tuſculan* Queſtions; or *Montagne*, (if he hath a Contempt for the Ancients) can convince, that Death is not an Evil worthy our Lamentation, let ſuch a Man comfort himſelf, that the Evil which his Friend hath ſuffered, he ſhall himſelf ſhortly have his Share in. As nothing can be a greater Conſolation to a delicate Friend-

ſhip

ſhip than this, ſo there is nothing we may ſo ſurely depend on. A few Days may, and a few Years moſt infallibly will bring this about, and we ſhall then reap one Benefit from the Cauſe of our preſent Affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the Perſon we love.

Theſe are, I think, the chief Comforts which the Voice of human Philoſophy can adminiſter to us on this Occaſion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a moſt delightful Aſſurance, that our Friend is not barely no Loſer, but a Gainer by his Diſſolution; that thoſe Virtues and good Qualities which were the Objects of our Affection on Earth, are now become the Foundation of his Happineſs and Reward in a better World.

Laſtly; It gives a Hope, the ſweeteſt, moſt endearing, and raviſhing, which can enter into a Mind capable of, and inflamed with, Friendſhip. The Hope of again meeting the beloved Perſon, of renewing and cementing the dear Union in Bliſs everlaſting. This is a Rapture which leaves the warmeſt Imagination at a Diſtance. *Who can conceive* (ſays *Sherlock*, in his Diſcourſe on Death)

the melting Careſſes of two Souls in Paradice? What are all the Traſh and Trifles, the Bubbles, Bawbles and Gewgaws of this Life, to ſuch a Meeting? This is a Hope which no Reaſoning ſhall ever argue me out of, nor Millions of ſuch Worlds as this ſhould purchaſe: nor can any Man ſhew me its abſolute Impoſſibility, 'till he can demonſtrate that it is not in the Power of the Almighty to beſtow it on me.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

WHAT Fellow art thou, who dareſt thus to lie at thy Eaſe in our Preſence, when all others, as thou ſeeſt, riſe to do us Homage? Doſt thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot ſay I do: But by the Number of thy Attendants, by the Splendor of thy Habit; but,

above all, by the Vanity of thy Appearance, and the Arrogance of thy Speech, I conceive thou mayſt be *Alexander* the Son of *Philip*.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more juſtly challenge thy Reſpect, than *Alexander*, at the Head of that victorious Army, who hath performed ſuch wonderful Exploits *, and under his Conduct hath ſubdued the World?

DIOGENES.

Who? why the Taylor who made me this old Cloak.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd Fellow, and I have a Curioſity to know thy Name.

DIOGENES.

I am not aſhamed of it: I am called *Diogenes*; a Name compoſed of as many and as well ſounding Syllables as *Alexander*.

ALEX-

* This is an Anachroniſm: For *Diogenes* was of *Sinope*, and the Meeting between him and *Alexander* fell out while the latter was confederating the *Grecian* States in the *Peloponneſe* before his *Aſiatic* Expedition: But that Seaſon would not have furniſhed ſufficient Matter for this Dialogue; we have therefore fixed the Time of it at the Conqueror's Return from *India*.

ALEXANDER.

Diogenes, I rejoyce at this Encounter. I have heard of thy Name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which Wish, since Fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy Conversation a-while: And that thou likewise may'st be pleased with our Meeting, ask me some Favour; and as thou knowest my Power, so shalt thou experience my Will to oblige thee.

DIOGENES.

Why then, *Alexander the Great*, I desire thee to stand from between me and the Sun; whose Beams thou hast with-held from me some Time, a Blessing which it is not in thy Power to recompence the Loss of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou hast a very shallow Opinion of my Power indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many Nations, to a fine Purpose truly.

DIOGENES.

That is not my Fault.

ALEXANDER.

Doſt thou not know that I am able to give thee a Kingdom?

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I ſhall never place any Value on that which ſuch as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou doſt ſpeak vainly in Contempt of a Power which no other Man ever yet arrived at. Hath the *Granicus* yet recovered the bloody Colour with which I contaminated its Waves? Are not the Fields of *Iſſus* and *Artela* ſtill white with human Bones? Will *Suſa* ſhew no Monuments of my Victory? Are *Darius* and *Porus* Names unknown to thee? Have not the Groans of thoſe Millions reached thy Ears, who but for the Valour of this Heart, and the Strength of this Arm, had ſtill enjoyed Life and Tranquillity. Hath then this Son of *Jupiter*, this Conqueror of the World, adored by his Followers, dreaded by his Foes, and worſhipped by All, lived to hear his Power contemned, and the Offer of his Favour ſlighted, by a poor Philoſopher,

loſopher, a wretched Cynic, whoſe Cloak appears to be his only Poſſeſſion!

DIOGENES.

I retort the Charge of Vanity on thyſelf, proud *Alexander*; for how vainly doſt thou endeavour to raiſe thyſelf on the Monuments of thy Diſgrace! I acknowledge, indeed, all the Exploits thou haſt recounted, and the Millions thou haſt to thy eternal Shame deſtroyed. But is it hence thou wouldſt claim *Jupiter* for thy Father? Hath not then every Plague or peſtilential Vapour the ſame Title? If thou art the Dread of Wretches to whom Death appears the greateſt of Evils, is not every mortal Diſeaſe the ſame? And if thou haſt the Adoration of thy ſervile Followers, do they offer thee more, than they are ready to pay to every Tinſel Ornament, or empty Title? Is then the Fear or Worſhip of Slaves of ſo great Honour, when at the ſame time thou art the Contempt of every brave honeſt Man, tho', like me, an old Cloak ſhould be his only Poſſeſſion?

ALEXANDER.

Thou ſeemeſt, to my Apprehenſion, to be ignorant, that in profeſſing this Diſregard for the Glory

Glory I have ſo painfully atchieved, thou art undermining the Foundation of all that Honour, which is the Encouragement to, and Reward of, every thing truly great and noble: For in what doth all Honour, Glory, and Fame conſiſt, but in the Breath of that Multitude, whoſe Eſtimation with ſuch ill-grounded Scorn thou doſt affect to deſpiſe. A Reward which hath ever appeared ſufficient to inflame the Ambition of high and exalted Souls; tho' from their Meanneſs, low Minds may be incapable of taſting, or rather, for which Pride from the Deſpair of attaining it may inſpire thee to feign a falſe and counterfeit Diſdain. What other Reward than this have all thoſe Heroes propoſed to themſelves, who rejecting the Enjoyments which Eaſe, Riches, Pleaſure, and Power, have held forth to them in their native Country, have deſerted their Homes, and all thoſe Things which to vulgar Mortals appear lovely or deſirable, and in Defiance of Difficulty and Danger, invaded and ſpoiled the Cities and Territories of others; when their Anger hath been provoked by no Injury, nor their Hope inſpired by the Proſpect of any other Good than of this very Glory and Honour, this Adoration of Slaves, which thou, from having never

never tafted its Sweets, haft treated with Contempt.

DIOGENES.

Thy own Words have convinced me, (ftand a little more out of the Sun, if you pleafe) that thou haft not the leaft Idea of true Honour. Was it to depend on the Suffrages of fuch Wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible Thing which you reprefent it to be eftimated in my Opinion: But true Honour is of a different Nature; it refults from the fecret Satisfaction of our own Minds, and is decreed us by Wife Men and the Gods; it is the Shadow of Wifdom and Virtue, and is infeparable from them: Nor is it either in thy Power to deferve, nor in that of thy Followers to beftow. As for fuch Heroes as thou haft named, who, like thyfelf, were born the Curfes of Mankind, I readily agree they purfue another kind of Glory, even that which thou haft mentioned, the Applaufe of their Slaves and Sycophants; in this Inftance indeed their Mafters, fince they beftow on them the Reward, fuch as it is, of all their Labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would perfuade me you have fo clear a Notion of my Honour, I would be

glad to be on a Par with you, by conceiving ſome Idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the Shadow, till I have ſome clearer Knowledge of the Subſtance, and underſtand in what your Wiſdom and Virtue conſiſt.

DIOGENES.

Not in ravaging Countries, burning Cities, plundering and maſſacring Mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and ſnarling at them.

DIOGENES.

I ſnarl at them becauſe of their Vice and Folly; in a word, becauſe there are among them many ſuch as Thee and thy Followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldſt confeſs the Truth, Envy is the true Source of all thy Bitterneſs; it is that which begets thy Hatred, and from Hatred comes thy Railing: Whereas the Thirſt of Glory only is my Motive. I hate not thoſe whom I attack, as plainly appears by the Clemency I ſhew to them when they are conquered.

DIO-

DIOGENES.

Thy Clemency is Cruelty. Thou giveſt to one what thou haſt by Violence and Plunder taken from another: And in ſo doing, thou only raiſeſt him to be again the Mark of Fortune's Caprice, and to be tumbled down a ſecond Time by thyſelf, or by ſome other like thee. My Snarling is the Effect of my Love; in order, by my Invectives againſt Vice, to frighten Men from it, and drive them into the Road of Virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which Purpoſe thou haſt forſworn Society, and art retired to preach to Trees and Stones.

DIOGENES.

I have left Society, becauſe I cannot endure the Evils I ſee and deteſt in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather becauſe thou canſt not enjoy the Good thou doſt covet in it. For the ſame Reaſon I have left my own Country, which afforded not ſufficient Food for my Ambition.

DIOGENES.

But I come not, like thee, abroad to rob and plunder others. Thy Ambition hath deſtroyed a Million,

Million, whereas I have never occaſioned the Death of a ſingle Man.

ALEXANDER.

Becauſe thou haſt not been able: but thou haſt done all within thy Power, by curſing and devoting to Deſtruction almoſt as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-ſpirited Fellow thou wouldſt appear. There is more Greatneſs of Soul in thee than at preſent ſhines forth. Poor Circumſtances are Clouds which often conceal and obſcure the brighteſt Minds. Pride will not ſuffer thee to confeſs Paſſions which Fortune hath not put it in thy Power to gratify. It is therefore that thou denieſt Ambition: for hadſt thou a Soul as capacious as mine, I ſee no better Way which thy humble Fortune would allow thee of feeding its Ambition, than what thou haſt choſen: for when alone in this Retreat which thou haſt choſen, thou may'ſt contemplate thy own Greatneſs. Here no ſtronger Rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful Objects of ſuperior Power, Riches, or Happineſs, invade thy Sight. But, be honeſt and confeſs, had Fortune placed thee at the Head of a *Macedonian* Army.——

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

Had Fortune placed me at the Head of the World, it could not have raiſed me in my own Opinion. And is this mighty Soul, which is, it ſeems, ſo much more capacious than mine, obliged at laſt to ſupport its Superiority on the Backs of a Multitude of armed Slaves? And who in Reality have gained theſe Conqueſts, and gathered all theſe Lawrels, of which thou art ſo vain? Hadſt thou alone paſt into *Aſia*, the Empire of *Darius* had ſtill ſtood unſhaken. But tho' *Alexander* had never been born, who will ſay the ſame Troops might not, under ſome other General, have done as great, or perhaps greater Miſchiefs? The Honour therefore, ſuch as it is, is by no means juſtly thy own. Thou uſurpeſt the whole, when thou art, at moſt, entitled to an equal Share only. It is not then *Alexander*, but *Alexander* and his Army are ſuperior to *Diogenes*. And in what are they his Superiors? In brutal Strength — in which they would be again excelled by an equal Number of Lions, or Wolves, or Tygers. An Army which would be able to do as much more Miſchief than themſelves, as they are than *Diogenes*.

ALEX-

ALEXANDER.

Then thy Grief broke forth. Thou hateſt us becauſe we can do more Miſchief than thyſelf. And in this I ſee thou claimeſt the Precedence over me; that I make uſe of others as the Inſtruments of my Conqueſts, whereas all thy Railery and Curſes againſt Mankind, proceed only out of thy own Mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the World, thou alone art able to curſe it.

DIOGENES.

If I deſired to curſe it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wiſh thee long Life and Proſperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou muſt wiſh well to an Individual, which is contrary to thy Nature, who hateſt all.

DIOGENES.

Thou art miſtaken. Long Life, to ſuch as thee, is the greateſt of Curſes: for, to mortify thy Pride effectually, know there is not in thy whole Army, no, nor among all the Objects of thy Triumph, one equally miſerable with thyſelf: For if the Satisfaction of violent Deſires be Happineſs, and a total Failure of Succeſs in moſt

eager Purſuits, Miſery, (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted) what can be more miſerable, than to entertain Deſires which we know never can be ſatisfied? And this a little Reflection will teach thee is thy own Caſe: For what are thy Deſires? not Pleaſure; with that *Macedonia* would have furniſhed thee. Not Riches; for capacious as thy Soul is, if it had been all filled with Avarice, the Wealth of *Darius* would have contented it. Not Power; for then the Conqueſt of *Porus*, and the extending thy Arms to the fartheſt Limits of the World †, muſt have ſatisfied thy Ambition. Thy Deſire conſiſts in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as reſtleſs as Fire, which ſtill conſumes whatever comes in its Way, without determining where to ſtop. How contemptible muſt thy own Power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the Poſſeſſion of thy Wiſh; but how much more contemptible thy Underſtanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that Wiſh is?

ALEXANDER.

I can at leaſt comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy Humour, and will deſerve thy Friend-

† Which was then known to the *Greeks*.

ſhip. I know the *Athenians* have affronted thee, have contemned thy Philoſophy, and ſuſpected thy Morals. I will revenge thy Cauſe on them. I will lead my Army back, and puniſh their ill Uſage of thee. Thou thyſelf ſhalt accompany us; and when thou beholdeſt their City in Flames, ſhalt have the Triumph of proclaiming, that thy juſt Reſentment hath brought this Calamity on them.

DIOGENES.

They do indeed deſerve it at my Hands; and tho' Revenge is not what I profeſs, yet the Puniſhment of ſuch Dogs may be of good Example. I therefore embrace thy Offer: but let us not be particular, let *Corinth* and *Lacedæmon* ſhare the ſame Fate. They are both the Neſts of Vermin only, and Fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a Delight it will be to ſee the Raſcals, who have ſo only in Deriſion call'd me a ſnarling Cur, roaſting in their own Houſes.

ALEXANDER.

Yet, on a ſecond Conſideration, would it not be wiſer to preſerve the Cities, eſpecially *Corinth*, which is ſo full of Wealth, and only maſſacre the Inhabitants?

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

D——n their Wealth, I deſpiſe it.

ALEXANDER.

Well then, let it be given to the Soldiers; as the Demolition of it will not encreaſe the Puniſhment of the Citizens, when we have cut their Throats.

DIOGENES.

True —— Then you may give ſome of it to the Soldiers: but as the Dogs have formerly inſulted me with their Riches, I will, if you pleaſe, retain a little—perhaps a Moiety, or not much more, to my own Uſe. It will give me at leaſt an Opportunity of ſhewing the World, I can deſpiſe Riches when I poſſeſs them, as much as I did before in my Poverty.

ALEXANDER.

Art not thou a true Dog? Is this thy Contempt of Wealth? This thy Abhorrence of the Vices of Mankind? To ſacrifice three of the nobleſt Cities of the World to thy Wrath and Revenge! And haſt thou the Impudence to diſpute any longer the Superiority with me, who have it in my Power to puniſh my Enemies with Death, while thou only canſt perſecute with evil Wiſhes.

DIOGENES.

I have ſtill the ſame Superiority over thee, which thou doſt challenge over thy Soldiers. I would have made thee the Tool of my Purpoſe. But I will diſcourſe no longer with thee; for I now deſpiſe and curſe thee more than I do all the World beſides. And may Perdition ſeize thee, and all thy Followers.

Here ſome of the Army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander *interpoſed.*

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone. I admire his Obſtinacy; nay, I almoſt envy it.—— Farewell, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy Pride, be aſſured, I eſteem thee ſo much, that *was I not* Alexander, *I could deſire to be* Diogenes.

DIOGENES.

Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a Mortification; that *was I not* Diogenes, *I could almoſt content myſelf with being* Alexander.

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and *Mercury.*

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION to a COMEDY,

CALLED,

JUPITER's *Descent on Earth.*

AN INTERLUDE BETWEEN JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, AND MERCURY.

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUPITER.

PRAY be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my Dear.

Juno. Good Mr. *Jupiter*, leave off that odious Word: You know I detest it. Use it to the Trollop *Venus*, and the rest of your Sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their Ears, but it is nauseous to a Goddess of strict Virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your Virtue.

Juno. You don't? That is, I ſuppoſe, humbly inſinuating that others do: But who are their Divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither *Diana*, nor *Minerva*, I am well aſſured; both of whom pity me; for they know your Tricks; they can neither of them keep a Maid of Honour for you. I deſire you will treat me with Good-Manners at leaſt. I ſhould have had that, if I had married a Mortal, tho' he had ſpent my Fortune, and lain with my Chamber-Maids, as you ſuffer Men to do with Impunity, highly to your Honour be it ſpoken.

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one Way to prevent them, which is, by annihilating Mankind; and I fancy your Friends below, the Ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that Favour at my Hands.

Juno. I deſire you would not reflect on my Friends below; it is very well known, I never ſhewed any Favour, but to thoſe of the pureſt, unſpotted Characters. And all my Acquaintance, when I have been on the Earth, have been of that Kind: for I never return a Viſit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no Inclination to find Fault with the Women of the Earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno.

Juno. Yes, the Trollops of the Earth, ſuch as *Venus* converſes with. You never ſhew any Civility to my Favourites, nor make the Men do it.

Jup. My Dear, give me Leave to ſay, your Favourites are ſuch, that Man muſt be new made before he can be brought to give them the Preference: For when I moulded up the Clay of Man, I put not one Ingredient in to make him in Love with Uglineſs, which is one of the moſt glaring Qualities in all your Favourites, whom I have ever ſeen; and you muſt not wonder, while you have ſuch Favourites, that the Men ſlight them.

Juno. The Men ſlight them! I'd have you know, Sir, they ſlight the Men; and I can, at this Moment, hear not leſs than a Thouſand railing at Mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this Inſtant ſeveral grave black Gentlemen railing at Riches, and enjoying them, or at leaſt coveting them, at the ſame Time.

Juno. Very fine! very civil! I underſtand your Compariſon.——Well, Sir, you may go on giving an Example of a bad Huſband, but I will not give the Example of a tame Wife; and if you will not make Men better, I will go down to the Earth, and make Women worſe; that every

Houſe may be too hot for a Huſband, as I will ſhortly make Heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will — but if you begin your Project of making Women worſe, I will take *Hymen*, and hang him; for I will take ſome Care of my Votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter Apollo.

Apol. Mr. *Jupiter*, Good-morrow to you.

Jup. *Apollo*, how doſt thou? — You are a wiſe Deity, *Apollo*; prithee will you anſwer me one Queſtion?

Apol. To my beſt Ability.

Jup. You have been much converſant with the Affairs of Men, What doſt thou think the fooliſheſt Thing a Man can do?

Apol. Turn Poet.

Jup. That is honeſt enough, as it comes from the God of Poets: But you have miſs'd the Mark; for certainly, the fooliſheſt Thing a Man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a God? who, beſides that he ought to be wiſer than Man, is tied for ever by his Immortality, and has not the Chance which you have given to Man, of getting rid of his Wife.

Jup. *Apollo*, thy Reproof is juſt; but let us talk of ſomething elſe: for when I am out of the hearing

hearing my Wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of thoſe Books I brought you, juſt ſent me by my Votaries upon Earth?

Jup. I have read them all.—The Poem is extremely fine, and the Similes moſt beautiful.—There is indeed one little Fault in the Similes.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the leaſt Reſemblance between the Things compared together.

Apol. One Half of the Simile is good, however.

Jup. The Dedications pleaſe me extremely, and I am glad to find there are ſuch excellent Men upon Earth.—There is one whom I find two or three Authors agree to be much better than any of us in Heaven are. This Diſcovery, together with my Wife's Tongue, has determined me to make a Trip to the Earth, and ſpend ſome Time in ſuch God-like Company. *Apollo*, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I ſhall be of Diſſervice to you; for when I was laſt on Earth, tho' I heard of theſe People, I could not get Admiſſion to any of them; you had better take *Plutus* with you, he is acquainted with them all.

Jup.

Jup. Hang him, proud Rascal, of all the Deities he is my Aversion; I would have kick'd him out of Heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his Residence entirely upon the Earth, he would foment a Rebellion against me.

Apol. Your Fear has too just a Ground, for the God of Riches has more Interest there, than all the other Gods put together: Nay, he has supplanted us in all our Provinces; he gives Wit to Men I never heard of, and Beauty to Women *Venus* never saw—Nay, he ventures to make free with *Mars* himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts Men at the Head of Military Affairs, who never saw an Enemy, nor of whom an Enemy ever could see any other than the Back.

Jup. Faith! it is surprizing, that a God whom I sent down to Earth when I was angry with Mankind, and who has done them more Hurt than all the other Deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their Favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made Man wiser if you would.

Jup. What, to laugh at? No, *Apollo*, believe me, Man far outdoes my Intention; and when I read in those little Histories called Dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager

to

to be with him, that I may make another Promotion to the Stars; and here comes my Son of Fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY *kneels.*]

Merc. Pray, Father *Jupiter*, be pleaſed to bleſs me.

Jup. I do, my Boy. What Part of Heaven, pray, have you been ſpending your Time in?

Merc. With ſome Ladies of your Acquaintance, *Apollo*. I have been at Blind-man's-buff with the Nine Muſes: But before we began to play, we had charming Sport between Miſs *Thally* and one of the Poets: Such a Scene of Courtſhip or Invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia*, cries the Bard; and then he ſcratches his Head: And then, *Say, O Thalia*, again; and repeated it an hundred times over; but the devil a Word would ſhe ſay.

Apol. She's a humourſome little Jade, and if ſhe takes it into her Head to hold her Tongue, not all the Poets on Earth can open her Lips.

Jup.

Jup. I wiſh *Juno* had ſome of her Frolicks, with all my Heart.

Merc. No, my Mother-in-law is of a Humour quite contrary—

Jup. Ay; for which Reaſon I intend to make an Elopement from her, and pay a ſhort Viſit to our Friends on Earth. Son *Mercury*, you ſhall along with me.

Merc. Sir, I am at your Diſpoſal: But pray, what is the Reaſon of this Viſit?

Jup. Partly my Wife's Temper, and partly ſome Informations I have lately received, of the prodigious Virtue of Mankind; which if I find as great as repreſented, I believe I ſhall leave Madam *Juno* for Good-and-all, and live entirely amongſt Men.

Merc. I ſhall be glad to be introduced by you into the Company of theſe virtuous Men; for I am quite weary of the little Rogues you put me at the Head of. The laſt time I was on the Earth, I believe I had three Sets of my Acquaintance hang'd in one Year's Revolution, and not one Man of any reputable Condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honeſt at laſt. And I muſt tell you, Sir, I will be God of Rogues no longer, if you ſuffer it to be

be an eſtabliſh'd Maxim, that no Rich Man can be a Rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling Cloaths, order my Charge, and be ready for you in half an Hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true Reaſon of this Expedition?

Apol. The great Virtue of Mankind, he tells us.

Merc. The little Virtue of Womankind rather—Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a Step after human Virtue: Beſides, Where the devil ſhould he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late Dedications of my Votaries.

Merc. Of my Votaries, you mean: I hope you will not diſpute my Title to the Dedications, as the God of Thieves. You make no Diſtinction, I hope, between robbing with a Piſtol and with a Pen.

Apol. My Votaries Robbers, Mr. *Mercury?*

Merc. Yes, Mr. *Apollo*; did not my Lord Chancellor *Midos* decree me the Lawyers for the ſame Reaſon. Would not he be a Rogue who ſhould take a Man's Money for perſuading him he was a Lord or a Baronet, when he knew he was no ſuch Thing? Is not he equally ſuch, who picks his Pocket by heaping Virtues on him which he knows he has no Title to? Theſe Fellows prevent the very Uſe of Praiſe, which while only the Reward of Virtue, will always invite Men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be deſpiſed by the True Deſerving, equally with a Ribbon or a Feather, which may be bought by any one in a Milliner's or a Miniſter's Shop.

Apol. Very well! At this Rate you will rob me of all my Panegyrical Writers.

Merc. Ay, and of your Satirical Writers too, at leaſt a great many of 'em; for unjuſt Satire is as bad as unjuſt Panegyrick.

Apol. If it is unjuſt indeed—But, Sir, I hope you have no Claim to my Writers of Plays, Poems, which have neither Satire nor Panegyrick in 'em.

Merc. Yes, Sir, to all who are Thieves and ſteal from one another.

Apol-

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you ſhould not reflect thus on Wits to me, who am the God of Wit.

Merc. Hey-day, Sir, nor you on Thieves, to me who am the God of Thieves. We have no ſuch Reaſon to quarrel about our Votaries, they are much of the ſame Kind: For as it is a Proverb, That all Poets are poor; ſo is it a Maxim, That all poor Men are Rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have Men of Quality that write.

Merc. Yes, Sir, and I have Men of Quality that rob; but neither are the one Poets, or the other Rogues: For as the one can write without Wit, ſo can the other rob without Roguery. They call it Privilege, I think; *Jupiter* I ſuppoſe gave it them; and inſtead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiſer in us to unite in a Petition to my Father that he would revoke it, and put them on a Footing with our other Votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing againſt Mankind at preſent, he is in ſuch Good-humour with them; if they ſhould ſour his Temper, at his Return perhaps he may be willing to do us Juſtice.

Merc. It ſhall be my Fault if he is not in a worſe Humour with them; at leaſt, I will take

care he ſhall not be deceived: And that might happen; for Men are ſuch Hypocrites, that the greateſt Part deceive even themſelves, and are much worſe than they think themſelves to be.

Apol. And *Jupiter* you know, tho' he is the greateſt, is far from being the wiſeſt of the Gods.

Merc. His own Honeſty makes him the leſs ſuſpicious of others; for, except in regard to Women, he is as honeſt a Fellow as any Deity in all the *Elyſian Fields:* But I ſhall make him wait for me—Dear Mr. *Apollo*, I am your humble Servant.

Apol. My dear *Mercury*, a good Journey to you; at your Return, I ſhall be glad to drink a Bottle of Nectar with you.

Merc. I ſhall be proud to kiſs your Hands.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.