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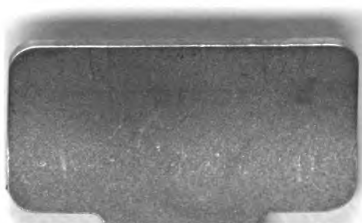
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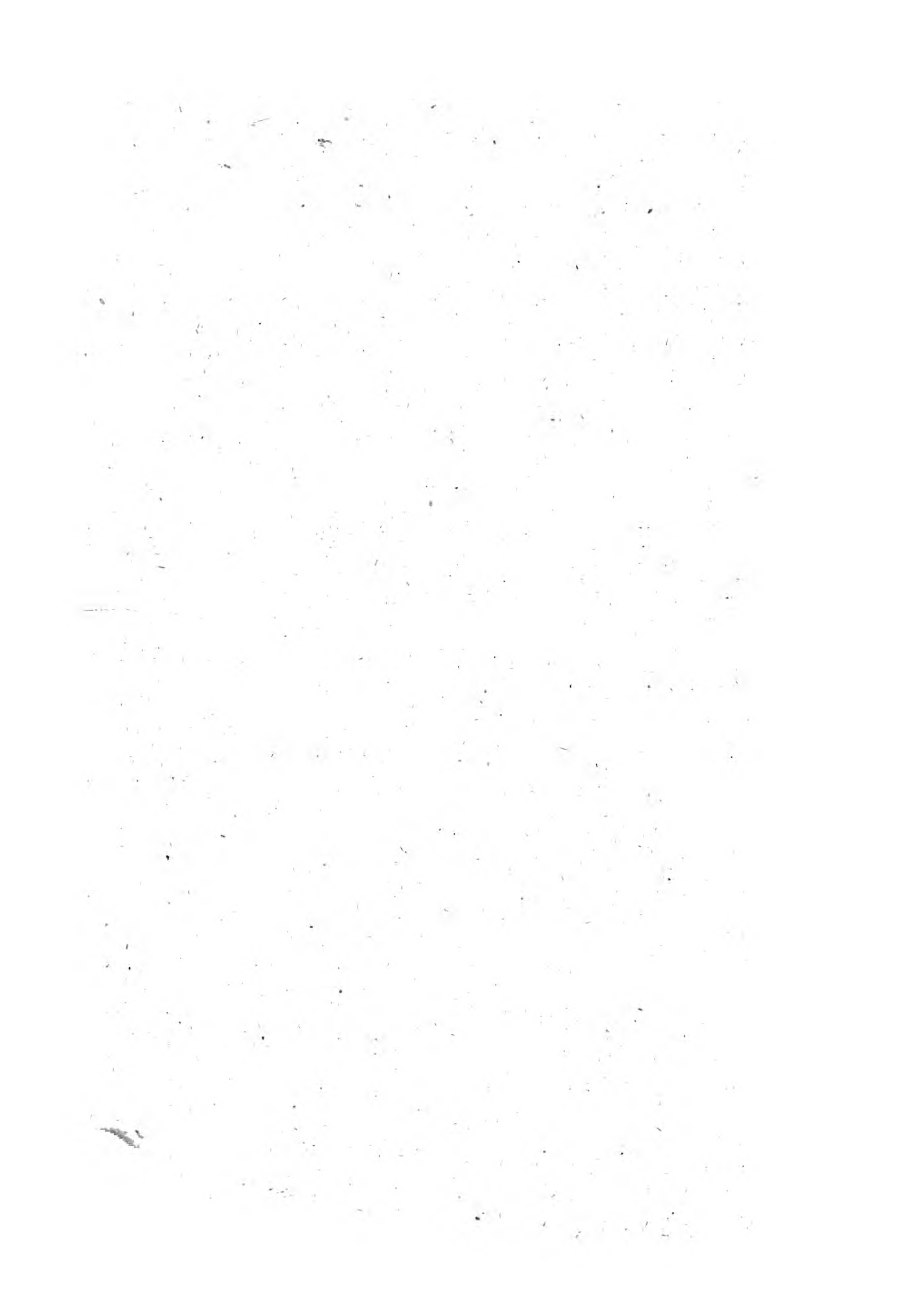
G.P. 804





J. W. Hall

804



T R A C T S,

BY

WARBURTON,

AND A

WARBURTONIAN;

NOT

A D M I T T E D



INTO THE

C O L L E C T I O N S

OF THEIR

RESPECTIVE WORKS,

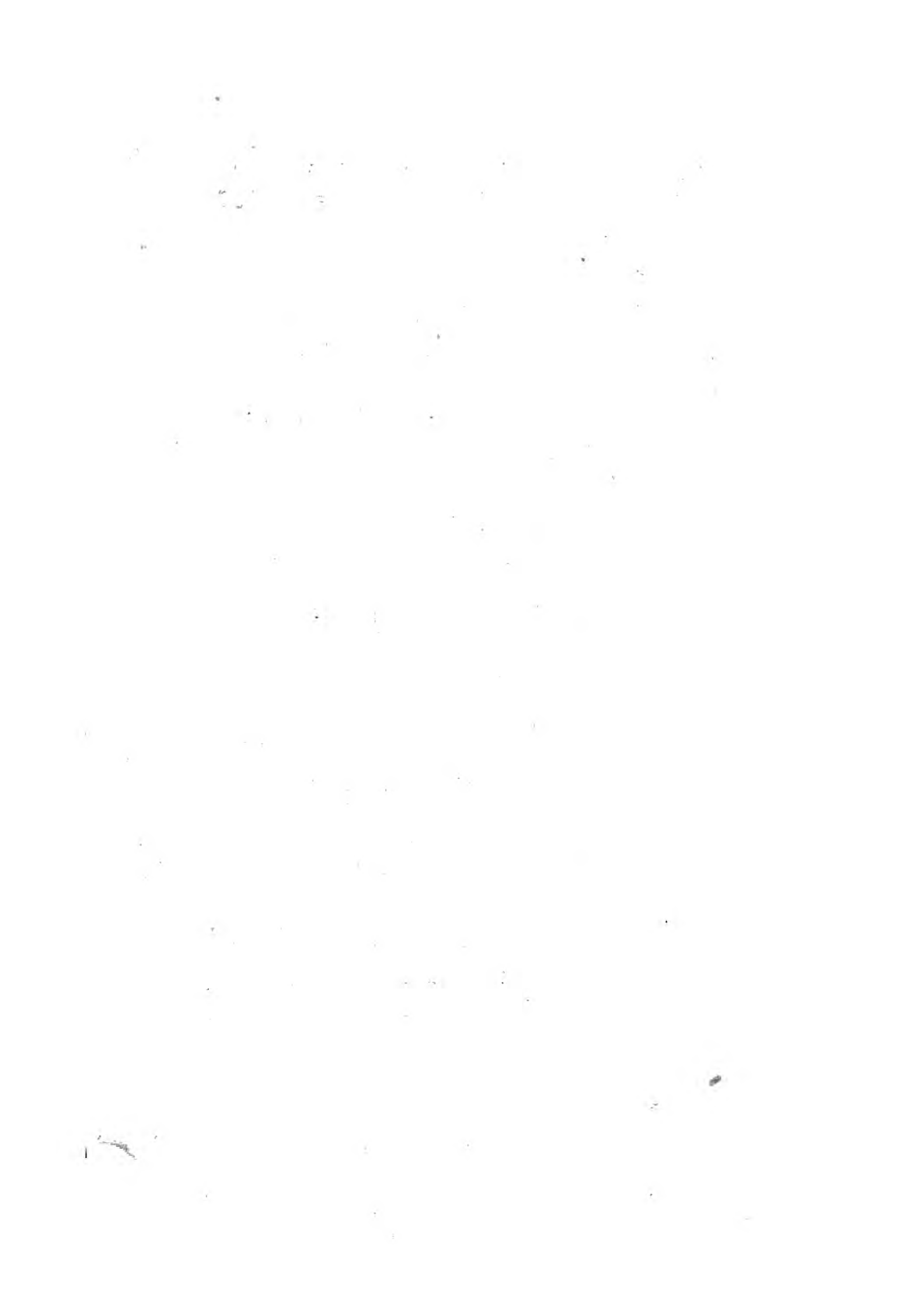
Nescit vox missa reverti.

HOR. DE. ART. POET.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR CHARLES DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

M, DCC, LXXXIX.



MISCELLANEOUS
TRANSLATIONS,

I N

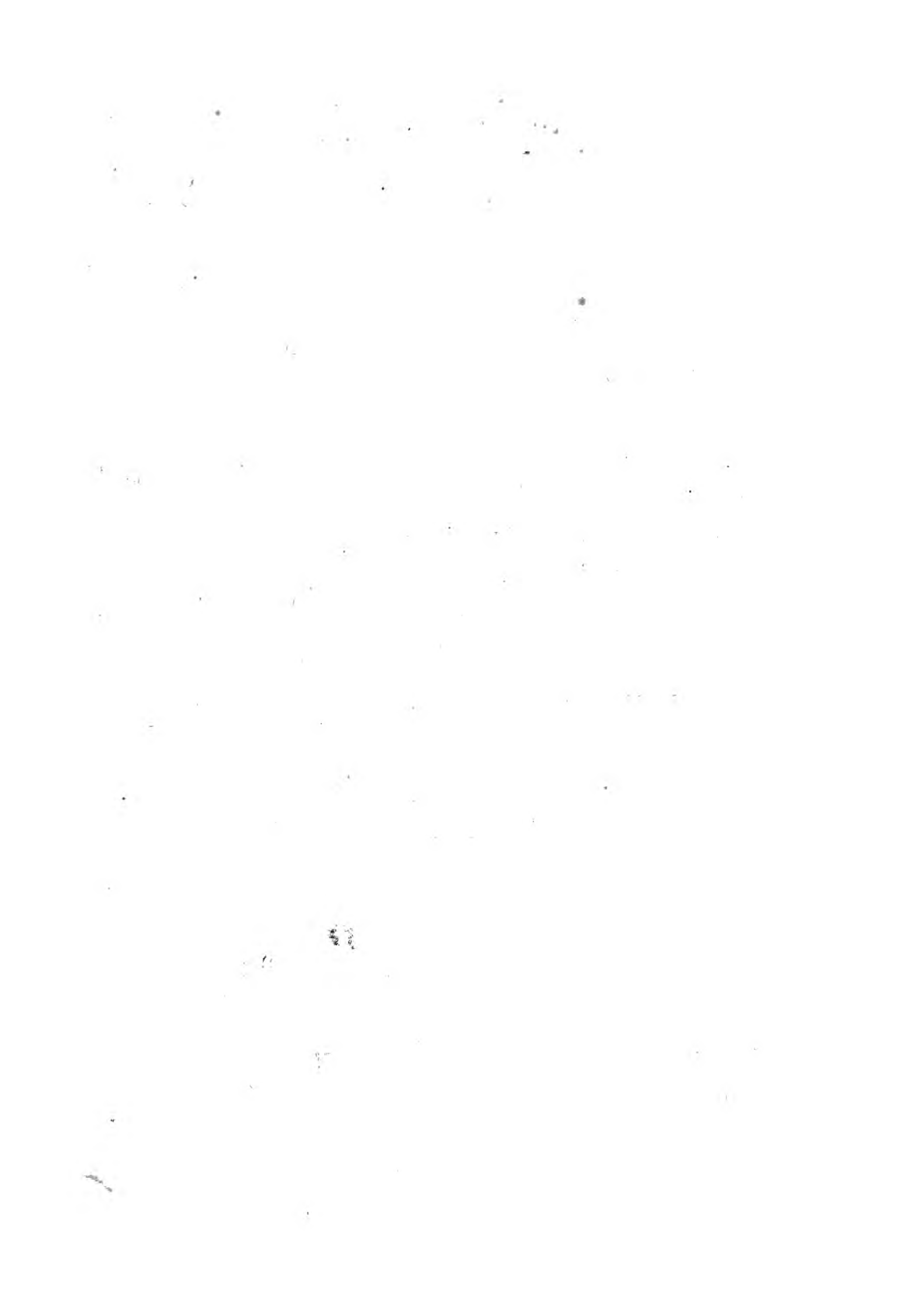
PROSE AND VERSE,

F R O M

ROMAN POETS, ORATORS, AND HISTORIANS.

First Printed

1724.



C O N T E N T S.

PREFACE OF THE EDITOR OF WARBURTON'S TRACTS.

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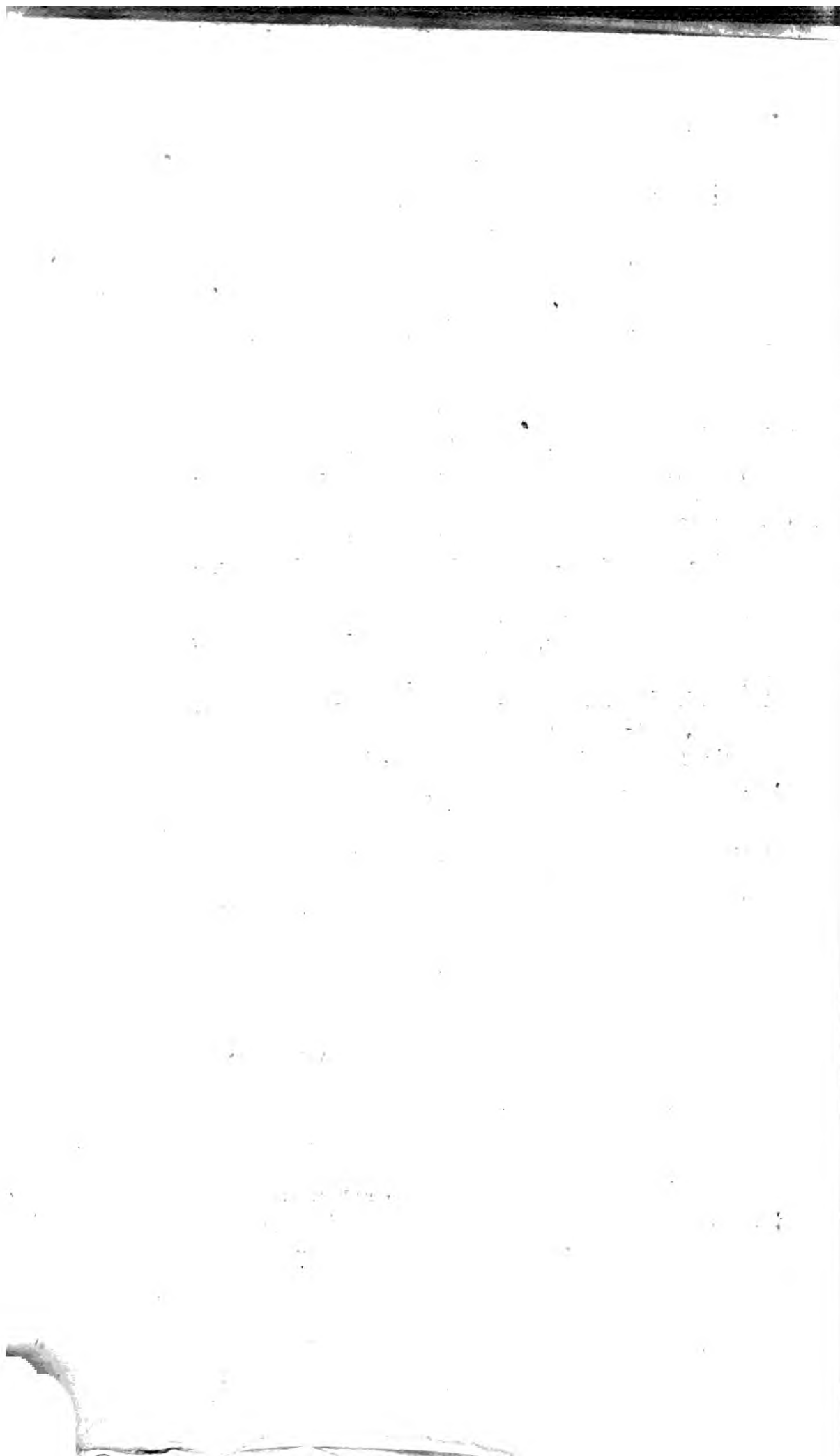
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P R E F A C E
O F T H E E D I T O R

T O

Warburton's TWO TRACTS.

FOR Reasons, which it is by no Means difficult to conjecture, though it might be invidious to state them, the Bp. of Worcester has not deigned to give a Place to the two following Tracts in his late magnificent Edition of Warburton's Works. By republishing them, however, without the Permission of the R. R. Editor, I mean not to arraign his Taste or his Prudence. I am disposed even to bestow some Commendation upon the *Delicacy of his Friendship* in endeavouring to suppress two juvenile Performances, which the Author, from unnecessary Caution, or ill-directed Pride, would, probably, have wished to be forgotten. But among Readers of Candour and Discernment, the Character of Bp. Warburton cannot suffer any Diminution of its Lustre from this Republication. They who are curious in collecting Books, must certainly be anxious to possess *all* the Writings of that eminent Prelate. They who mark with philosophic Precision the Progress of the human Understanding, will look up to Warburton with *greater* Reverence and greater Astonishment, when they compare the better Productions of his Pen with the worse. The Faults of the one are excused by the Imperfections of his earlier Education: But the Excellencies of the other must be ascribed only, to the unwearied Activity, the unshackled Boldness, the uncommon and almost unparalleled Vigour of his native Genius. The Writer of the Divine Legation, might, indeed, with Propriety, have bidden Defiance to those puny and churlish Critics, who would measure his Powers and his Attain-

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ments

ments by the Incorrectness of his ¹ Translations and the Uncouthness of his Verses. He that explored the “² wide and “ trackless Wastes of ancient Times” with so much Sagacity and so much Success, ought to have laughed at every Imputation of Weakness to which he was exposed from his Credulity and Singularity in the Explanation of Prodigies. *Hæc et infinita alia ridebamus, et tamen Warburtonum inter præcipua Literarum et Patriæ ornamenta ponimus. Nam quòd interdum ridenda dixit, non Warburtoni vitium, sed hominis est. Et nemo fuit quantumvis Studii magnus, cui non aliquando ridenda exciderint.* Vide Gronovium de Hadriano Junio in Centes. Ufur. P. 35.

¹ It may be worth while to remind the Reader, that one of Dr. Johnson's first literary Efforts was an English Translation of a French Translation of a Book written originally in the Portuguese Language. I never saw the Work, but refer the Reader to the Character which is given of it by Sir John Hawkins, who found in it no traces of that robust and vigorous Mind, which distinguishes the later and better Publications of the Author of the Rambler. Some Editor less timid or less delicate than the R. R. Editor of Warburton's Works, has lately republished the Marmor Norfolciense of Johnson, though it had lost probably much of its original Value in the Mind of the Author, though it is pronounced a dull Work by his Biographer, and though it was once thought even by the most impartial Readers, seditious in its Tendency. I know not whether Johnson left any Directions with his Executors about the M. N. nor whether Bp. Warburton laid any Injunctions upon his R. R. Friend concerning the two Books now republished. If the Bishop did impose any Prohibition, the R. R. “Editor” has acted an honourable Part in holding them back. But no Obligation of this Sort lies upon those to whom the Bishop's Commands were not communicated. I should add, that the M. N. had been “republished before” in 1775, during the Life of Johnson, by some Person, who approved as little of his Jacobite Politics, as I do of the Sentiments contained in the “anonymous Letters” which were written by some Warburtonian to “Jortin” and to “Leland.”

² Vid. Page 32, of the Preface to Vol. 3d. of the D. L.

EXCELLENTISSIMO

PRÆSTANTISSIMO & HONORATISSIMO VIRO,

D^o *ROBERTO SUTTON*

EQUITI AERATO, AD GALLICUM MONARCAM, DARE MOREM
CATHOLICÆ PACIS, CUM AUTHORITY MAXIMA PROXIME,
MISSE :

IN LEGATIONIBUS,

GLORIÆ BRITANNIÆ & EUROPÆ STABILITATIS ÆQUILIBRIS,
FAUTORI TENACI;

S E N A T U,

COMMUDI PROVINCIÆ & LIBERTATIS PATRIÆ, VINDICI
EGREGIO;

D O M I,

VIRTUTUM HUMANITATIS, RELIGIONISQUE MODERATIONUM,
EXEMPLARI PERILLUSTRI;

H A S N U G A S

IN SUMMI HONORIS, ANIMIQUE DICATISSIMI TESTIMONIUM,

D. D. D. Q:

W. WARBURTON.

CIO MDCC XXIII.

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CÆSAR'S

CÆSAR'S ORATION

TO THE

SENATE,

IN

FAVOUR of the CONSPIRATORS.

FROM

SALLUST.

Malum sub linguâ, non in lingua habet.

DIV. GREG. MORAL.

ALL Men, Conscript Fathers, who sit in Judgment o'er doubtful and important Cases, should be exactly studious to divest themselves of Friendship, Hatred, Pity, or Revenge. A Mind, in which these Passions predominate, is no longer at Liberty to act as Reason dictates; for when was it ever known that Partiality and Justice had a Place together in the same Sentence? So long as she continues free from Prejudice, her Functions are regular and adequate. When Passions usurp the Helm, in Vain do we expect Circumspection and Constancy in her Course. I abound, C. Fathers, with Examples*more than enough, of Kings and People, who, by giving Way to the blind Impulse of Mercy or Cruelty, have committed fatal and irrecoverable Errors. But it is with greater Pleasure I can recount the Behaviour of our wise Forefathers, who, superior to all the Weaknesses of human Nature, by consulting the Honour of their Country, then laid the Foundations of her future Greatness: In the *Macedonian War*, which we waged against King *Perfes*, a populous City of *Rhodes*, grown powerful

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erful

erful by the Indulgence of the *Roman People*, treacherously revolted from their Protectors. But when, after the Conclusion of the War, it was debated in Senate how the *Rhodians* should be treated, our Ancestors, least any one should think we began Hostilities more out of Avarice for their Wealth, than just Resentment of our Injuries, suffered their Perfidiousness to pass unchastised; so in all the *Punic Wars*, when the *Carthaginians*, both in Peace, and under the Obligations of Truces, had so oft violated the sacred Laws of Nations, the *Roman People* never made Reprisals on them, consulting rather what became the Dignity of the Empire to act, than what this unfaithful People deserved to suffer. Be these, C. Fathers, your great Exemplars; let not your Resentments against *Lentulus* and his fellow Traytors, betray you into Indecencies unworthy of your Country; forbear to sacrifice your Honours to Revenge. Can we invent a Punishment adequate to their Misdemeanors? I approve the Severity, how unprecedented soever. But if the Monstrousness of their Crimes exceed even imaginary Ones, let us be contented with the legal Clemency of our Constitution. The generality of those who have spoke before me, have wailed over the Condition of their Country, in all the Strains of Oratory and Flourish. They have summoned up the Evils of a Civil War; exaggerated the Fury of the Victors, and the Misery of the Vanquished; painted Vestals deflowered before the holy Fire; Children torn from the Embraces of their Parents; Matrons violated at the Altar; Palaces and Temples undistinguishingly prophaned, and filled up the dreadful Scene with Slaughters, Plunders, Rapes and Conflagrations. But to what End, in the Name of Heaven! is all this Profusion of Oratory employed? Is it to give us a just Sense of this horrid Conspiracy? That is, the phlegmatick Gentleman, whom the Blackness of this stupendous Villainy can't affect, may be taught his Duty by an oratorical Exaggeration vain and impertinent! few think those Injuries that are levell'd at themselves, insignificant: many revenge them more severely than Equity will warrant. Each Station of Life, C. Fathers, hath a Behaviour peculiar to itself. They, whose low Condition confine them to Obscurity, may indulge

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a vindictive Temper with Impunity; the World is unknowing of the Frailty; their Frame and Fortunes are equally bounded: But they who administer the Affairs of Empire, are set up to the Gaze of Mankind; their every Action passes the Scrutiny of a whole People; so that to the greatest Power must be joined the greatest Circumspection. In them Inclination or Aversion is unbecoming, but Revenge is monstrous. Revenge indeed it is called amongst the little People, but in them 'tis Pride, 'tis Savageness and Tyranny. I own, C. Fathers, all Punishments must fall short of their Demerits. But the Attention of the Many is chiefly fixed on the Conclusion of an Affair: The Malefactor is forgot, as soon as the Miserable is pitied, and he never fails to be so, whenever his Punishment exceeds the prescribed Rules of Justice. *D. Silanus* is undoubtedly a brave and honest Citizen; what he hath said, I know proceeded from Affection to his Country: Partiality or Prejudice could have no Room in his Determinations; for I know the Manners and Moderation of the Person I commend. Yet give me Leave to say, his Opinion appears, I won't think cruel (for what can deserve that Censure when applied to these Delinquents) yet certainly foreign to the Nature of our Constitution. What, *Silanus*, but Fear or Injuries could drive you upon these Innovations? The Pretence of Fear is superseded by the active Diligence of our illustrious Consul, who has so well provided for our Security. Would you revenge your Injuries, let Bonds and Prisons do you Justice. In Death they will escape your Resentments; they will there find a Refuge from their Miseries, a secure Harbour against all the Storms of Fortune; in whose peaceful Bosom nor Hopes nor Fears can find Admittance. But tell me, I adjure you by the immortal Gods, why you made not Scourging Part of the Sentence? Was it because the *Poreian* Law forbids? But then other Laws forbid the Death of a condemn'd Citizen, and commute the Punishment into Exile. Or was it because Stripes are more severe than Death itself? But can any Thing be too severe for such abandoned Wretches? What Mockery is it then to observe the Laws in a smaller Matter, and neglect them in a greater? But who can condemn us, you say, of Severity against the

Parricides of the Republick? Time, Fortune, and concurrent Circumstances, give an Arbitrary Bias to the Opinions of Mankind; the utmost they can suffer, you say, will not exceed their Deserts; however, C. Fathers, be cautious how you treat others. Most ill Precedents have arose from commendable Originals; but when the Reins of Government are delivered into the Hands of the Wicked, or less deserving, those very Rules which Necessity obliged the Wise and Virtuous to act by, will be perversely and undistinguishingly applied by their foolish or designing Successors. The *Lacedemonians*, when they had conquered *Athens*, set over them a Magistracy of Thirty. These entered on their Administration with freeing the City from those Members who were most obnoxious to it, without Regard to the common Forms of Justice. This Proceeding met with universal good Liking and Applause. But they had not been long indulged the Liberty, when the Good and Bad became the equal Objects of their Licentiousness; so that the whole City, which was now fallen a Sacrifice to their wanton Cruelty, too late lamented, in Blood and Tears, the terrible Effects of their stupid Approbation. To come nearer to our own Times; when the victorious *Sulla* cut off *Damasippus*, and other Disturbers of the public Peace, which of us did not applaud his Justice? But what a black Scene of Miseries did that single Precedent produce? For no sooner had an avaricious Soldier fixed his Eye on a Palace, a Villa, nay, if it was only on a Suit of Hangings, or Piece of Plate, but the Owner was immediately found in the Number of the Proscribed. And now those very Men who had been so well satisfied with the Plea of Necessity against *Damasippus*, found the very same renewed to their own Destruction: Nor did the Slaughters cease till *Sulla* had shared the Plunder of *Rome* amongst his rapacious Followers. We have nothing indeed of this Nature to fear, either from the Manners of the Age, or the Moderation of *Marcus Tullius*. But in a large and gross Body there are malignant heterogeneous Humours, whose ill Qualities, while in a State of Rest, are innoxious, but when indiscreetly set on Float, become fatal to the Constitution. At another Time, and under another Consul, how easy would it be to find colourable

able Pretences for an unbounded Exercise of Power. When by a Precedent like this, a Decree of Senate hath unsheathed the Consul's Sword, who shall rebate its Edge or return it to the Scabbard? Our Ancestors, C. Fathers, were neither wanting in the Field, or the Council: They had Modesty enough to improve their own Institutions by such of their Neighbours as appeared worthy of Imitation. Our Arms and military Weapons we borrowed of the *Samnites*; our Ensigns of Magistracy were mostly of *Tuscan* Original: In short, whatever appeared worthy an Imperial City, was it amongst Enemies or Allies, we very wisely made our own; chusing rather to emulate than envy the Advantages of Strangers. At the Time we began to copy after the *Grecian* Manners, we imposed Stripes for the last Punishment of a *Roman* Citizen. As the Republick increased, and the Factions of her Sons kept Pace with her Conquests, the *Porcian* and other Laws were very opportunely made to give a Check to those Evils, and then a Convict was decreed to Banishment. These, Fathers, are my Reasons why I esteem an Innovation in Punishment prejudicial to the Public. Their Wisdom and Virtues, which enlarged the City to its present Extent of Empire, from the most contemptible Beginnings, were surely much greater than ours, which scarce know to preserve it in the Condition transmitted to us. Do you suspect then, I advise their Dismission to reinforce the Army of *Cataline*? Far be such Councils from this Assembly! But this I think, that their Effects should be confiscated, and their Persons detained in the richest of our municipal Cities: That whoever hereafter shall solicit the Senate or People in their Favour, should be esteemed Enemies to their Country, and the common Safety of its Members.

TULLY'S ORATION
FOR
LIGARIUS, BEFORE CÆSAR,
FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Asperitatis & invidiæ, Corrector ET IRÆ.

H O R.

I. **T**HE Treason, *Cæsar*, of which my Kinsman, *Q. Tubero* now accuses *Q. Ligarius*, for being in *Afric*, is of a Species entirely new, and, till this Day, unknown amongst us: This Charge the accomplished *C. Pansa*, perhaps in Confidence of your Friendship, has been bold enough to confess. So that what Part I am now to act, I know not. I came prepared, as you knew nothing of the Fact, nor could, I presumed, get Information of it, to take Advantage of your Ignorance for the Safety of a miserable Citizen. But since the invidious Diligence of his Enemy has divulged what would have otherwise remained a Secret, 'tis adviseable to plead guilty: Especially when we reflect, that my Colleague *Pansa* has made it almost impracticable to do otherwise. To throw up all then, that may relate to a Defence, my whole Oration shall be one Address to your Mercy, where so many have found their Preservation; not only by a Pardon for their Faults, but an Excuse likewise for their Errors. You obtain then, *Tubero*, what an Accuser most desires; a Confession to his Charge; but such a Confession as involves you too, and what is more, your excellent Father, in its Guilt. You ought first then to implore the Mercy of this Tribunal for yourselves, before you take upon you to provoke its Justice against *Ligarius*. But to the Point.

II. *Q. Ligarius*, when yet there was not the least Suspicion of a Rupture, went with the Proconsul *C. Considius*, in Quality of Lieutenant, into *Africa*: In which Station he became so acceptable both to Citizens and Associates, that *Considius* could

could not leave the Province in any tolerable Disposition to himself, without delegating his Command into the Hands of *Ligarius*. Who, after many vain Efforts to withstand their Importunity, with great Reluctance, at length undertook the Charge, which he administered, during the Calm, with such Honour and Integrity, as made him equally dear to Countrymen and Strangers. The War suddenly flamed out; whose Rage they in *Africa* had felt, before Preparations towards it were so much as heard of. In this Tumult, the Commonalty, partly out of their irregular Appetites, and partly on ungrounded Apprehensions, the Result of Interest this, and that of Affection, were clamorous for a Leader: When *Ligarius*, who had now an Eye to *Italy*, and impatiently waited an Opportunity of returning to his Friends, would not suffer himself to be involved in any Affairs that might impede that Resolution. In the Interim comes *P. Accius Varus* to *Utica*, with the Character of the Præturate of *Afric*: A great Concourse immediately assembled to him; and he seized the Government with Circumstances of no great Moderation; if we may call that so, which no Decree of the Constitution, but the Caprice only of a factious Multitude conferred upon him. So that *Ligarius*, who till now had been industrious in avoiding all public Employments, soon after *Varus*'s Arrival, retired into Privacy. And thus far, *Cæsar*, have I conducted *Ligarius*, clear of Contagion: He was so free from Designs of engaging in the War when he left *Rome*, that he had not then the least Suspicion of a Rupture: He went Lieutenant in Peace, and so behaved himself amongst a peaceable People, that he long secured to them the Enjoyment of its Blessings. His Arrival could not then displease you. A much less Reason has his Stay to do so. The Motives of That indeed were nothing scandalous, but This proceeded from the most honourable Necessity. Thus are these two Periods secure from Blame: The one, while in Quality of Lieutenant, the other, when through the Importunity of the Province, he accepted the supreme Authority. There is a third, and that is, his Stay amongst them after the Arrival of *Varus*. But this, if it be a Fault, Necessity, and not Inclination must answer. For can it be supposed, had it been in his

Power to do otherwise, he would have chose *Utica* before *Rome*; *Varus*, before his dearest Brothers, and Strangers before his own Family? When that very Lieutenancy, so immoderate is the Love he bears them, was at first attended with all Anxiety and Solitude. Judge then of his Condition, when torn from them by the Violence of civil Dissentions.

III. You have not yet then, *Cæsar*, the least Proof of *Ligarius's* Aversion to your Service. But see, with what Assurance I defend his Cause, while I betray my own. So wonderful a Clemency shall be a constant Theme in the Mouths, the Writings, and the Monuments of all Posterity. *M. Cicero* defends a Criminal at your Tribunal from being in that Cause, of which he confesses himself a Party; nor dreads your secret Sentiments; nor fears what this Apology for his Friend's Innocence, may call up into your Mind of his own Delinquency. And see the Reason of my Confidence. See, while I am now speaking, how the benignant Rays of his Generosity and Wisdom diffuse themselves upon me. Had I a Voice strong enough to proclaim the Favour, all *Rome* should be a Witness of my Gratitude. When the War, Sir, now raged at the highest, without any Force on my Inclinations, but following the Dictates of my Judgment and Affection, I openly joined myself to the Party then in Arms against you. But to whom do I make this Confession? To him, to him, I say, who knowing all this, yet restored me to my Country, before I could have Time to ask it: who wrote me Word out of *Ægypt*, that he would reinstate me in all my former Dignities: who then sole Leader in the *Roman* Empire, condescended to make me his Partner in Command: Who sent me, by this very *Pansa*, the triumphant Fasces, which I held as long as Modesty would permit: Who only then thought Life worth my Acceptance, when I could receive it unviolated of its Ornaments. What Reason now, *Tubero*, have I to hesitate in confessing of my Friend's Actions, when I have not scrupled so frankly to relate my own. But I have a farther View in it, that when the Course of my Apology shall oblige me to say the same of *Tubero*, he may the more readily forgive the Freedom. The Condition and Reputation of this Gentleman I shall be always studious to advance and improve; whether
from

from the Relation he bears to me, from the Value I set upon his Accomplishments, or from the Interest I myself may be supposed to have in them. But give me Leave to ask, who he is that accuses us of being in *Afric*? Is he not one who attempted to be there himself, who complains that *Ligarius* denied him Entrance, and who actually was in Hostilities against *Cæsar* himself? For how, *Tubero*, was thy Sword employed, when unsheathed on the Plains of *Pharsalia*, in whose Quarrel was its Edge retuned? From which Side did thy Javelin fly? Who then claimed the Service of thy Hand and Heart, thy Prowess and thy Conduct? For what were thy Vows addressed? In what were thy Hopes concentrated?—But I have gone too far.—The generous Youth is in Commotion.—I return to myself.—I also was in the same Engagement. For what did we there, *Tubero*, but struggle to usurp a Power, we now see reposed in the Victor? What Praises, *Cæsar*, can describe a Clemency which pardons even those that would divest you of it? That Prudence, *Tubero*, so conspicuous in thy other Actions, is hardly to be found in this: But how much more defective is thy Father's! Is it not surprising so fine a Genius, so accomplished a Scholar, could not penetrate into the Nature and Consequences of this Accusation? Had he done that, he had advised thee any Method, rather than that thou hast undertaken. But *Ligarius* must be pushed, though he submits: Arraigned, though, in my Opinion, less faulty than thyself, or, by thy own Confession, but equally criminal. These Proceedings, give me Leave to say, are altogether monstrous. Your Charge is directed, by a natural Tendency, to his Destruction, rather than Condemnation: a Proceeding, till now, unpracticed by a Citizen of *Rome*. To pursue a Resentment to the Death, is of Manners altogether exotick; more befitting the Levity of a *Greek*, or the Inhumanity of a Barbarian. But why all this Virulence? Is it to keep him out of *Rome*? To drive him from his Brothers, his Uncle, his Cousin, his Family and his Friends? To banish him from his Country? But is he not already in those Circumstances? Can that Condition be capable of greater Miseries than those he now suffers? It is Death therefore and not Exile that you require. But you shall not find a Charge of
this

this Nature, even under the Usurpation of that Dictator who cut off every Man he hated; the Tyrant was both Judge and Informer, even though he published Rewards for their Encouragement. That scandalous Practice we were some Years ago delivered from, by this very *Cæsar*, whom you would persuade to others equally severe. But you have no such Intent, you say, I can't think you have, *Tubero*. For I am no Stranger to you, your Father, your Name or Family: The Virtues, the Literature, the Humanity of your illustrious Race I am perfectly acquainted with; and can never think you capable of harbouring such bloody Dispositions. But reflect a little, I beseech you. The Thing has an ill Aspect, you act as if you thought his Punishment insufficient. If so, what is there now to inflict but Death? He is already an Exile; what would you farther? Prevent the Possibility of his Return? But that would be exceeding the very Cruelty I charge you with. Will you, while we follow *Cæsar* to his House with Tears and Supplications, while we fall prostrate before him, relying rather on his known Clemency, than our own Innocence? Will you, I say, break in with unbecoming Virulence on our Sorrows, to frustrate our Petitions, and spurn us from the Footstool of our Deliverer?

IV. While we were privately, and we hope, successfully interceding, for the Miserable, should you rudely interrupt us, and clamorously warn *Cæsar* to beware of Mercy, to be cautious how he pardoned, and deaf to our fraternal Supplications, would not the World believe you had thrown off all the Notices of Humanity? How much more shocking is this publick Opposition! And in so general a Calamity, to deprive the Wretched of this only Asylum from their Miseries! Let me speak, *Cæsar*, without Reserve, had not your Lenity, a Virtue you owe solely to yourself, kept Pace with your Conquests (I have Reason for what I say) a very mournful Victory would this have been to *Rome*. For how many were there amongst the Victors who had Inclinations to Cruelty, when some even of the Vanquished are not ashamed to avow those Dispositions? How many, who needing no Pardon for themselves, would have given none to others; when some, who owe their very Beings to it, would deny the Blessings to their Companions in Misfortune? But could

could we have brought *Cæsar* to believe *Ligarius* had never been in *Afric*; could we in Pity to the Miserable, have flurr'd an honest and charitable Fraud upon him? Was it for a Man of Honour in such a Juncture, to detect the Imposture? Admit it, yet certainly not for him who was engaged in the same Cause, and obnoxious to the same Tribunal. But it is one Thing to prevent *Cæsar's* Errors, and another to oppose his Mercy. You had only then said,——Beware, *Cæsar*, how you credit.——*Ligarius* was in *Afric*;——He there bore Arms against you. But the Cry is now,——Beware, *Cæsar*, how you pardon. The Counsel of a Barbarian to his savage Monarch: Which, whoever *Cæsar* gives you, will be in more Danger of losing his own Humanity, than violating your's. *Tubero*, likewise, if I mistake not, on the Entrance to his Charge, promised to speak to the Crimes of *Ligarius*. You cannot surely but admire, that no other Prosecutions of the same Nature should be brought before you, that a Man, so deeply concerned himself in its Consequences, should commence this, or that a Charge of so uncommon a Nature should ever be begun. You call this a Crime, *Tubero*, but why, I pray you? An Adherence to that Cause was never yet branded with so odious an Appellation: Some indeed, have stiled the unfortunate Espousers of it, erroneous; others needlessly apprehensive: Those who bore yet harder on them, partial, obstinate, ambitious or vindictive: Their greatest Enemies, blind and ungovernable: Criminal, no Man, besides yourself, has had the Confidence to call them. Was I required to give a just and proper Name to so epidemical an Evil, doubtless I should call it a calamitous Fatality that had got Possession of our weak, unguarded Minds: An Example to audacious Mortals how easily the wisest humane Councils may be defeated by the fixed Determination of divine Providence. It is Crime enough, indeed, to be miserable; though under such a Victor we cannot be so. I now speak of them only who fell in the Contention.——They were ambitious, they were vindictive, they were obstinate;——but let us not accuse the fallen *Pompey*, and his slaughtered Followers, of Madness, Parricide and Impiety. When, *Cæsar*, did we ever hear this Language from you? When was your Sword otherwise employed than in driving

driving back the Calumnies cast upon you, with a just Chastisement on the Inventors? Or when did your conquering Troops engage, and not in Defence of their own Rights, and the Dignity of their General? What, when you laboured after Peace, did you offer it to Criminals and Parricides, or to honest, tho' mistaken Citizens? Had the magnificent Favours you heaped upon me, been bestowed on a Villain and a Profligate, how greatly had they abated of their Value! Could you have deserved so well of your Country, by restoring only Traytors and Rebels to its Rights and Liberty? From the first, *Cæsar*, you regarded it as the Heat of Party, not the Flames of War; as a civil Dissention, not an hostile Fury. Where all proposed the Service of their Country, though some were led away from its true Interest by Prejudice and Affectation. The Quality of each Leader was very near on a Level, that of their Followers was perhaps, not so: The Right was then doubtful, for a Man might find something to commend in either Party; but the Side Providence hath declared for, doth in Modesty and Justice demand our Approbation, though it is sufficient, only to be acquainted with your Clemency, to acknowledge the Justice of your Conquests; in which no Man met an untimely Fate, but he who tempted it in the Field.

V. But to return from the common Cause to what concerns our Particular. And now, *Tubero*, after all, which think you was the easier, his Departure out of *Afric*, or your Refusal to go thither? Ought we, you'll say, to oppose the Order of the Senate? True indeed, you ought not. But was not *Ligarius* then, who had the same Order, under the same Obligation? with this Difference only, that he submitted to it, at a Time when the Senate could have extorted Obedience from the Refractory: You, when every one, that was so disposed, might condemn it with Safety. Do I blame you therefore? very far from that. A Disregard of its sacred Injunctions would have ill become either your Name, your House, your Character, or Education. But this indeed cannot escape my Censure, that you should condemn that as criminal in others, which you hold laudable in yourselves. *L. Tubero's* Lot came up in his Absence, for a Fit of Illness at that Time kept him from *Rome*;
so

so that he had determined to get himself excused. Our frequent Intercourses let me into this Secret ; for we had been educated under the same Roof, and passed a Campaign under the same Tent, together. An Alliance between the two Families, confirmed our Intimacy for the Remainder of our Lives : and a joint Pursuit of one common Study made the Knot of Friendship indissoluble. Upon the whole then, I know, *Tubero* was desirous to stay at Home, but some among us so carried Matters, and so perversely applied the most sacred Name of the Republic to partial and sinister Purposes, that had he followed his Inclinations, he had been overborne by the Load of Odium and Clamour they still cast upon all who dissented from them. He yielded to that great Man's Authority, or rather obeyed it : He shared the Fortune of the Cause he had espoused ; but not being over expeditious, he found *Afric*, on his Arrival, already taken up. From hence springs his Accusation, or rather his Resentment against *Ligarius*. For can he be less faulty in attempting to seize a mighty Province, formed by Nature for hostile Opposition to this City, than another in struggling to maintain his Possession of it. But in Truth, this other, was not *Ligarius*. *Varus* gave out, himself had the Command ; 'tis certain he assumed the Ensigns of Authority. But be that as it will : What, *Tubero*, are the Fruits of this Accusation ? You was denied Admittance to the Province. But granting it had been given up ; would you have delivered it to *Cæsar*, or held it out against him ? Behold, *Cæsar*, what Licence, or more properly, what Licentiousness, your Indulgence introduces. Should *Tubero* reply, that his Father, who received *Africa* by Lot, and a Decree of Senate, would have declared for you ; I almost suspect, notwithstanding your own Interest in such a Practice, you had sharply reproved him for his Perfidy. For though such a Behaviour might not be disagreeable, it would certainly be disapproved. But to wave all these Suppositions, not so much out of Fear of violating your unconquered Patience, as that *Tubero* should be suspected of Designs he never once yet entertained a Thought of. This was the Province that so long, so obstinately, gave a Check to *Cæsar's* Conquests, where a powerful Monarch, and a rich and numerous People held it
out

out to the last against him. Now give me Leave to ask you what you could propose to do in this Quarter? Though the Question is really needless, when we all saw what you actually did. You was forbid to set Foot upon the Province: And this you say with all the Circumstances of Injustice and Contempt. Well, let us see how you bore this ill Usage, to whom did you remonstrate? To whom, but to him whose Authority you followed, and whose Cause you asserted. Had you received the Repulse in *Cæsar's* Service, you had retired under his Ensigns; but you sought Refuge in the Camp of *Pompey*. Is this then the Place to expect Redresses? *Ligarius* would not suffer you to make War upon *Cæsar*, and you complain to *Cæsar* of the Injury. Will you strain a Point a little, and I have given you a fair Opportunity of magnifying your own Merit; for it is but saying, you would have delivered up the Province to him, in Spight of all *Varo's* Opposition, and the Business is done. Then indeed, who won't condemn *Ligarius* for depriving you of so glorious an Occasion of advancing your Reputation? But behold, *Cæsar*, the Constancy, the Inflexibility of my accomplished Friend *Tubero*: This, though a Virtue, I shall always esteem as it deserves, yet should not think it indecent to celebrate, did I not know how superior a Value you always set upon it; and could mortal Man ever boast a greater? But Constancy is a Word too weak to express so extraordinary a Behaviour, 'twas Patience, 'twas Longanimity. For who ever heard of any before him, in our civil Dissensions, that when rejected by a Party, with all the Provocations of Cruelty, ever returned to it again? What Greatness of Mind then, what Contempt of Fortune, what Conscioufness of Innocence must he have, whose steady Purposes of Soul no Dangers could stagger, no Interests draw, no Injuries provoke to forsake the Cause his Reason must yet approve. Had the Contention between *Varus* and *Tubero* been on an equal Foot as to Name, Distinction, Character and Abilities, which it certainly was not, the latter had, in this, the Advantage, that he acted under the Sanction of a just Authority. When denied Admittance, he went not over to *Cæsar*, least Resentment should seem to have a Share in the Revolt; he returned not to his Family. For that would have exposed him

to

to the Censure of Indolence : He retired not to a Place of Neutrality, for that would be called condemning the Cause he had espoused : Towards *Macedon* he steered, again joined *Pompey's* Forces, again thrust himself into that Party from which he had been so ignominiously repulsed. Well, but since nothing you did or suffered could soften that haughty General, you surely then became more remiss and languid in his Service : We may presume you only sought Refuge in his Garrisons ; he indeed had your Persons, but his great Rival, your Affections. Or, to be serious, was it not with you as it is with All, inflamed with civil Fury, to be possessed with the Spirit of Superiority. I was always an Advocate for Peace ; but it was then with the latest. To interpose between two Armies in the Article of Engagement, was the Mediation of a mad Man. We were all, at that Time, taken up with the busy Thoughts of Death or Victory : You, of all Men, had no Room for others, who chose a Station in the Place where that desperate Alternative was just deciding : Though I doubt not but, as Affairs now stand, you prefer your present Safety to all the Advantages of such a Conquest. I had not gone thus far, *Tubero*, had I thought it possible for you to repent of your Perseverance, or *Cæsar* of his Clemency. Let me now ask you, if you prosecute for a public Injury, or a private ? If you say for a public, what Satisfaction will you give us for your own Delinquencies ? If a private, take Care how you provoke *Cæsar* against those Acts in an Enemy, which he hath pardoned in yourselves. But think not, *Cæsar*, I mean this for a Defence, or that I would thereby insinuate my Client's Innocence. No, whatever I have said, shall be all resolved into this alone, your Humanity, your Clemency, your Mercy. I am now grown old in the Avocations of the Gown ; I have oft pleaded here in Conjunction with you, while your own Affairs engaged you to the Forum. But a Language of this Kind I am yet to learn.—Pardon, dread Judges, he hath erred, he is guilty, he was not aware of the Consequences ; but if ever he repeats it.—Thus we supplicate a Parent. To a Magistrate we say—he is clear, he is innocent ; the Charge is groundless, the Witnesses are suborned. Assert then, *Cæsar*, your Right of Judicature ; we submit to
your

your Authority : Enquire what Places *Ligarius* held out against you. I am silent ; I omit all that might be urged to a Judge in his Defence ; of his going Lieutenant in Peace ; of his Resignation before the War ; of the Force he was under during its Continuance. This might have been of Use before a Magistrate. To a common Parent we thus confess ourselves ; I was rash, I was disobedient, but I repent ; my Safety is your Indulgence. To ask a Favour that has never been bestowed, would be arrogant and presumptuous ; but of a common Blessing let me, O my Father, have a Share.

VI. Hath not then *Ligarius* good Reason to hope the best, when even I am allowed to be his Advocate ? Though he places not his Confidence in this Apology, nor in the more powerful intercession of your Adherents. For I well know what you principally regard in Petitions of this Nature : the simple Merit of the supplicating Enemy, before the pompous Mediation of a presuming Friend. 'Tis true indeed, so magnificent is your Bounty, that a Follower sometimes appears more happy in the Benefit, than even yourself, in the Glory of the Obligation. But I know, as I now said, that Reason, and not Clamour, directs your Clemency ; that the truest Object of Pity claims the largest Share of your Humanity. In pardoning *Ligarius* you do a grateful Thing to many of your Followers : But let that best Guide, your own Prudence, still direct you. I could propose to your Consideration the illustrious House of the *Sabini*, Men, whose Virtues and Affection you have thoroughly experienced, with the whole *Sabine* Country, the Ornament of *Italy*, and the Pillar of the Republick. But you are no Stranger to their Pretensions : Behold their Tears, their Sorrows and Dejection. See the Habit and Behaviour of *J. Brochus* here, and his Son ; I know what favourable Sentiments you entertain of them. What shall I say of his Brothers ? 'Tis sufficient, *Cæsar*, to observe, that more than a single Person will be affected by your Resolves ; the Fates of the *Ligarii* are now to be determined : This Juncture must restore all three to their Country, or ever exclude them from it ; for while one remains unpardoned, Exile is dearer to the other two than *Rome*, Family, or Household Gods. If this proceeds from Sorrow, Piety and Affection,

Affection, let Sorrow, Piety and Affection plead in their Behalf. That wise Maxim which contributed to your Conquests, will contribute likewise to our Success. For how oft have we heard it said, that *Pompey* treated all as Enemies, who declared not for him; *Cæsar* embraced all as Friends, who fought not against him. Regard the Splendor of this Appearance, behold the whole *Brochian* Family; behold here *L. Martius*, *C. Cæsetius*, *L. Corfidius*; behold these *Roman* Knights, not only well known to you, but active, and well approved of in your service. Against these were the Resentments of our Party chiefly levelled; some of them we summoned to the Quarrel, others we threatened for refusing to appear in it. Afford your Friends then the Pleasure of preserving theirs: and as you have made good all other Declarations, confirm our Opinion of your Veracity, by an Observance of this. Was you perfectly acquainted with the harmonious Concord amongst the three *Ligarii*, you would conclude they were all equally in your Interest. At least I doubt not but you readily believe, that could *Ligarius*, have been in *Italy*, he would have followed the Fortunes of his Brothers. For who did not observe their natural, and, I had almost said, inspired Union. All that knew them, did believe any thing might have sooner happened than their falling into different Parties. They were all intentionally in your Service, though one was borne away by the Torrent of sinister Accidents; and did he seem not to resist its Violence, he is but in the Condition of many who have regained your Favour? Did he go to War? It was not only against you, but his Brothers also: And lo! even they are Intercessors for him. As I was always fond and ambitious of interesting myself in your Affairs, I can't but call to Mind how much *T. Ligarius*, when City Quæstor, acted for your Service: But why do I pretend to remind you of it? You, who was never known to forget, (so great is your Genius and Disposition,) any Thing besides your Injuries. This very *Ligarius* then, who as well in all his other Actions, as in that, (without foreseeing this Occasion of urging the Merit of it) hath confirmed himself in your good Opinion, falls your Suppliant for his Brother's Pardon; which obtained, will be restoring the loving, faithful Three, not only

to themselves, their Friends, and their Clients, but also to their expecting Country. As you have so lately bestowed upon the Senate, the noble *M. Marcellus*, give now to the People, whose Favourite you have always been, these pious, honourable Brothers. Then shall this Day be as joyful to *Rome*, as glorious to yourself: Then shall it be an Introduction only to a long Series of succeeding Triumphs; for what so truly popular as the Offices of Humanity? Even in that bright Circle of Virtues that illuminate your God-like Soul, there is none more amiable, none more radiant than your Clemency. Nor can any one approach nearer to the Attributes of Heaven, than by conferring Life and Safety on Mankind. Nor is your great Condition capable of more perfect Happiness than to be able, or your Nature, of higher Excellence than to be willing, to give Liberty and Protection to a whole People. The Occasion does, perhaps, require a longer Apology, but your benignant Disposition would supply a shorter. So thinking the whole better left to your own Wisdom, than pursued farther by me or my Colleague, I will conclude with observing only that the good or ill Fates of all here present, depend on your Resolves about the absent *Ligarius*.

S E L E C T
L E T T E R S
FROM THE YOUNGER
P L I N Y.

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est,

HOR.

PLINY TO ATRIUS CLEMENS.

Lib. I, E. 10.

IF ever the liberal Sciences might be said to flourish in *Rome*, it has certainly the best Claim to that Honour at present. Of this I could give you some illustrious Proofs, but shall now confine myself to speak only of *Euphrates* the Philosopher. When I was very young in the Army in *Syria*, I first got intimately acquainted with him; I made it my Study to secure his Affection, and 'twas without Difficulty I attained it. For he is open, generous, and inviting, and full of the Humanity that he teaches. Would I could say the Improvements he then conceived me capable of making, are in any Degree proportioned to those he has made in himself! At least I now admire him more, because I understand him better; though I still confess myself unable to comprehend his entire Value. For, as you can form no true Judgment of a Picture, a Statue, or a Poem, without some previous Knowledge in each respective Science, so you can have no just Ideas of the good Qualities of the Mind, without a reasonable Share of them in your own Person. Yet the Virtues of *Euphrates* are so conspicuous, that one moderately skilled in Men and Manners, must admire them. His Disputations are acute, delicate and weighty, very much affecting the Platonic Sublimity and Exuberance: His Style is copious and extensive, naturally sweet and gentle, but resistless as a Torrent where it meets with Opposition; add to this a tall comely Personage, with soft flowing Hair, and a long silver

Beard: These Incidents you may, perhaps, think trifling in such a Character, yet do they wonderfully command Respect and veneration. There is nothing shocking or fordid in his Manner; but throughout the whole appears a grateful Severity, which produces Reverence without Fear. He has joined to the most exalted Piety, the most extensive Humanity. He chastises the Vices, and not the Persons of Men; and is always more delighted to reform Errors, than expose the Offenders, His Precepts will engage your most serious Attention; for he gains your Good-will before he forces your Assent. He has now three Children, two of them Sons, on whom he has bestowed the most distinguished Education. His Father-in-law, *Pompeius Julianus*, so illustrious for a long Series of worthy Actions, of which his chusing this Relation is not the least, though Governor of a Province, preferred him to the most considerable Alliances in *Rome*; not for his Superiority in Birth or Fortune, but in Wisdom and Virtue. But why should I dwell upon a Subject that gives me so much Disturbance. In short, I can't enjoy that dear Man's Company as usual. I am now in a Station, which as it advances me to the highest honours, exposes me to all the Inconveniences of a constant Attendance. I preside in the Judicatory, where my Time is spent in trying Causes, and passing Decrees. I write a great deal, but all dull dry Letters of Business. Sometimes, indeed, I steal so much Leisure as to retire to my *Euphrates*, with Complaints of the Fatigue I undergo. He comforts me, by maintaining, that Philosophy is never so well employed as in the Service of one's Country, nor makes so magnificent a Figure as in the Administration of public Justice; but all his Rhetoric can't persuade me, that I am now happier than when I passed whole Days in imbibing the divine Truths of his Philosophy. So that I would advise you, who have Leisure, to haste up to Town, that he may new polish your Manners, and clear them from the Rust that long Ease is too apt to contract. For I am none of those who envy others the Advantages they want themselves: But, on the contrary, am delighted to let my Friends into the Possession of the Good, I myself am incapable of enjoying.

P L I N Y

T O

CALESTRIUS TYRO.

E. 12.

II.

A GREAT Misfortune has lately befallen me, if that Word be't too weak to describe my Sorrows for the Death of a Man so dear to me, as was *Corælius Rufus*. What swells them beyond all Bounds, is, that he voluntarily procured it. This is an Exit truly terrible, which Fate and Nature seem to have no Hand in. When the Rage of a Dis-temper drives us hence, we comfort ourselves, however, with the supposed Impossibility of its being otherwise; but when our own Hands too assist its Fury, the Grief is inconsolable. *Corælius*, indeed, had all the Motives, that wise Men ever hold reasonable, to push him upon that Expedient: Though there were no inconsiderable ones to dissuade him from it; as a conscious Virtue, an established Character, and an exalted Condition; a Daughter, a Wife, a Grandson and Sisters; and amongst so many Pledges of Felicity, not a few real Friends. But so violently was he afflicted, that all these Blessings could not counterbalance the single Misery of an hereditary Gout! for Diseases, as well as other Acquisitions, may be conveyed, in Succession, to Posterity. He had laboured under its Pressures, as he himself told me, for three and thirty Years together. During the Vigour of his Age, his Continency and Temperance had kept it within reasonable Limits, and now, in the Decline of it, he still braved its Fury by his natural Greatness of Temper. In *Domitian's* Reign I visited him in the Suburbs, as he lay under its most disgraceful Tortures; for it was not now confined to one Part, as usual, but it had spread itself through every Member: On my Entrance his People retired, as was their Custom on these Occasions, and with them, his Wife, though a Woman equal to the greatest Secrets; when casting his Eyes around, did you think, says

he, I thus long protracted a miserable Being, from the Fear of Death? No, let me but survive the Tyrant a Day, an hour, and 'tis enough. Had I a Body proportioned to my Mind, I should not doubt to effect it. The Gods consented, he had his Wish; and now he dies both free and happy. He overcame, after this, many, though less violent Returns of the Distemper. But now it gained Ground upon him; He still endeavoured to stem it by Abstinence, but his Constancy failing, it poured in upon him like a Deluge. He had now, for four Days together, refused all Sustenance, when his Wife, *Hispulla*, sent our common Friend, *C. Geminus*, to me, with the sorrowful Message of his fatal Resolution. That neither their Prayers, nor those of his beloved Daughter, could dissuade him from his Purpose. And that, of all those who had any Interest in him, they had only me left to apply to. I ran, I flew, but had scarce crossed the Street, when another Message from *Hispulla* met me, with Word, that now even my Interposition would be too late; that he was more obstinately resolved than ever. When his Physician afterwards offered Food to him, he put it back with only, *I have conquered* An Expression that makes me as much admire the Hero, as regret the Friend. I now discover the Value of the Man I have lost. I know he had passed the sixty-seventh Year of his Age, a Period the most healthy of us might be well contented with. I know he hath escaped the Evils of an inveterate Distemper. I know he hath left his own Affairs, and the Public, which were ever dearer to him than his own, in a good Condition. All this I know, yet such is the Capriciousness of my Grief, that I can't forbear lamenting him, as I would the untimely Fate of a Youth, or the sudden Death of one in perfect Health; though I confess, to my Discredit, my Sorrow is very selfish at the Bottom. For I have lost the Guide, the Witness, the Director of my Actions. Shall I tell you what in the Overflowings of my Grief, I just now said to *Calvisus*, that I was afraid I should live less circumspectly. Afford me, my Friend, what Consolation you are able: But let it not be in this Strain, *He was old, he was infirm*, and so forth; for who knows that better than myself? But give me something new, something weighty,

weighty, something, in short, that I never yet heard or read of; for, as much as this comes to, is all now before me, and all too slender to encounter so violent a Sorrow.

P L I N Y

T O

J U N I U S M A U R I C U S .

E. 14.

III.

I N desiring me to look out an Husband for your Niece, you could not possibly recommend a more grateful Employment to me. For you know how much I love and honour that excellent Man her Father, whose Precepts formed my Youth, and whose Praises were an Earnest of a future Merit. Could you command me a weightier Task, or I obey a more honourable Imposition, than to chuse a Youth worthy to bring Grand-children to the House of *Arulenus Rusticus*? But, in Search of such a one, I should have long remained suspended in my Choice, had not *Munitius Acilianus*, who seems designed by Providence to this Relation, stood ready to determine it: He loves me as his Equal, reveres me as his Senior, and takes the same Delight in my Instructions, as I formerly did in yours. His Country is *Brixia*, a Part of *Italy* that yet retains very much of the old Frugality, Virtue and Simplicity. *Munitius Macrinus* is his Father, Chief of the Equestrian Order, for he was always averse to higher Dignities. Being set out for his Præturate by the divine *Vespasian*, he resolutely preferred an honourable Retirement to what we call Distinction, or, more openly, Ambition. His Grand-mother, on the other Side, is *Serrana Procula*, of *Patavium*. You are no Stranger to the Manners of that Place; and *Serrana* is an exact Pattern of the rigid *Patavinian* Virtue. *P. Acilius* is his Uncle, a Man of singular Honour, Prudence and Discretion. In short, there is nothing in his Family that you would not wish trans-

planted into yours. *Acilianus* himself is a Man of extraordinary Address and Vigour, and of the greatest Modesty. He has passed through the several Offices of Quæstor, Tribune, and Prætor, with Honour and Reputation; so that your Family will be entirely freed from the Trouble of making Interest for him. He has an open ingenuous Front, a florid, sanguine Complexion; his whole Person is well turned, and his genteel Air speaks him a Man of Quality; which are Circumstances, in my Opinion, by no Means to be neglected; as but the reasonable Reward of a young Lady's Chastity. I don't know whether it be necessary to add, that his Father has a large Estate; for when I consider the Family for which I am to provide a Son-in-Law, it seems mercenary to mention his Possessions; but when, on the other Hand, I regard our public Laws and Constitutions, which make the Party's Fortunes their principal Concern, I suspect it ought not to be altogether overlooked; and, indeed, if we reflect how necessary such Provisions are to the Happiness of our latest Posterity, we may very well conclude them to be worth a wise Man's Notice. Perhaps you may suspect my Affection has out-run my Judgment in this Account; but, upon my Honour, you will find I have rather stopped short of the Truth, than exceeded it. I have, indeed, the most cordial Value for the young Gentleman, and he well deserves it: Yet I can't show that better than to forbear loading him with Commendations.

P L I N Y

T O

E U R I T I U S.

E. 16.

IV.

I HAD an uncommon Respect for *Pompeius Saturninus*; he, our Friend I mean; and a great Opinion of his Genius, before I knew the easiness, Compass and Command of it; but now he possesses my Soul without a Rival. I have
heard

heard him plead with all the Accuracy and Fire, joined to a Manner, the most polite and delicate imaginable, whether in extempore or premeditated Orations. The Sentences are frequent and apposite, the Disposition elegant and solemn, and the Style harmonious and pure. When he gives a loose to the Rage, the Torrent of his Oratory, 'tis all wonderfully charming. Nor are his more cool and sedate ones without their Beauties. You will be of my Opinion when you read his Performances, where, with Pleasure, you may trace him through each mighty Ancient, whose Writings he has the Ambition to emulate. His historical Compositions will give you yet better Entertainment, whether you regard the Ease, the Light, the Splendor, or the Majesty of the Narration. For the same Spirit we so much admire in his Orations, animates his History, though in this more collected, concise and close. He has a Genius too for Poetry, and that not inferior to *Calvus* and *Catullus*. How gay, how joyous, how pointed, how gallant are those Compositions! sometimes, indeed, though never but where the Subject will allow, he trifles in little low Humour, with the little affected Harshness or Softness of a Diminutive: And in this you have the very Soul of *Calvus* or *Catullus*. He read to me, the other Day, some Letters, which he said were his Wife's: And I really thought I had heard *Plautus* or *Terence*, freed from the Restraints of Measure. Whether they be his Wife's, or his own, the Credit of the Performance will remain with him; either as the immediate Composer, or the Instructor of a Wife whom he married very young, and has rendered so polite and accomplished. You may be sure then his Writings are seldom out of my Hands; the same are my Pattern, the same my Rule, and the same my Amusement in my softest Hours: But the new and different Beauties I daily discover in them, will hardly permit me to call them the same. I would have you, my Friend, to make this Use of them. Nor can it be any reasonable Objection, that the Author is still living. Had he been born in some former Age, his Works had been, by this Time, not only prized, but even venerated; as it is the whole Possession of so rich a Jewel creates Satiety, and even abates its real Value. But it is the Effect of a base
and

and envious Disposition, not to admire the most worthy Objects of Admiration, merely because we see him, hear him, embrace him, and can't praise without loving him.

P L I N Y

T O

C A T I L I U S S E V E R U S .

E. 22.

V.

I HAVE been detained now in Town longer than usual, and, indeed, upon a very melancholy Occasion. The long malignant Indisposition of *Titus Aristo*, for whom I have the utmost Value and Esteem, very sensibly afflicts me. The Piety, good Sense, and Erudition of this Gentleman, are so distinguishingly eminent, that it is not the Loss of one learned Member only that we fear, but of the whole Body of Science itself, and all polite Literature in him. How great is his Knowledge of the Laws, and of their private and public Obligations? how well skilled in Antiquity, in Men and Things? There is nothing you would esteem worth your knowing, that he is not capable of teaching you. He is, indeed, my Treasury that I always have Recourse to, in an Exigence of this Nature. How sincere is his Converse! How authoritative his Delivery! How becoming, how rational his Diffidence! What is there that he is not Master of at first View? and yet he generally deliberates on the Point; but then his great Fruitfulness of Invention is the Cause. He traces his Reasons to their first Principles, which he then examines, sorts and clears up with the most surprising Accuracy and Penetration; add to this, the utmost Temperance in Diet and Modesty in Dress. His Person, his Bed and Board, are the truest Images of Primitive Simplicity and Frugality. His Greatness of Mind gives a Grace to his Actions, and discovers a virtuous Conscience void of Ostentation; for he places his Reward of well doing,

doing, not in the empty Applause of the Populace ; but the intrinsic Merit of the Thing. In short, the Pretenders to Wisdom, by an affected Severity in Mien and Habit, fall far below the Worth of this great Person. 'Tis true, he frequents not the public Schools, nor indulges his own Leisure nor his Auditors, with long entertaining Disputations, but is a Man of Business, and well versed in the Employments of the Crown. He is serviceable to many in Person, and to more in his Advice; and yet in the private Duties of Continnence, Piety, Justice and Fortitude, he claims the foremost Rank amongst their most eminent Professors. You would be surprized, was you here, to see how patiently he bears his Illness; how heroically his Pains; how unconcernedly his Thirst, and how resigned and regular he is amidst the devouring Fires of a raging Fever. It was but just now that he sent for me, and a few other of his most bosom Friends, to desire us to consult the Physicians on their final Opinion of his Distemper; for that if it was unmanagable by their Art, his own Hand should immediately finish his Life and Malady together; but if they could entertain any reasonable Hopes of his Recovery, he had so much Regard to the Prayers of his Wife, the Tears of his Daughter, and the Entreaty of us his Friends, as to submit to all Means necessary for the Cure. A Behaviour truly gallant, and deserving of our loudest Praises. For to run upon Death in a Flush of Temper, the Effects of a mere mechanical Impulse, is the Behaviour of the Many: But to go about the Affair deliberately, to examine every Circumstance, and to determine of Life and Death as the Weight of Reason shall preponderate, is the highest Indication of an Hero. But the Physicians are propitious to our Enquiries, and would Heaven be so to our Petitions, I should have no more to ask; but in Peace and Satisfaction retire to the charming Shades of *Laurentinus*; that is, to the studious Vacation of Reading and Writing; at present I have not Leisure nor Inclination to do either. And thus I have discovered to you my Hopes, my Fears, and future Prospects. Do you, in your Turn, tho' in a less melancholy Strain, acquaint me with what you are now doing; what you intend to do, and what you have a
Disposition

Disposition for. It will be no small Solace to my Grief, to find you free from every Occasion of the like.

P L I N Y

T O

P R I S C U S.

L. 2, E. 13.

VI.

I AM well satisfied how solicitous you are in seeking all Opportunities to oblige me, and I'll assure you I don't contract Debts of Gratitude so willingly of any Person as yourself. 'Tis for these two Reasons chiefly, I am induced to make the following Request, and must receive no Denial. You command a Royal Army, so have abundant Means of exercising the Generosity of your Temper. As this hath been long in your Power, so hath it been long in your Friend's Expectation. You may guess, by this Time, the Nature of my Petition. I have not many to recommend; though I know the Number would only enhance your Alacrity in their Service; but Modesty will not permit me to patronize above one or two. Nay, I will confine myself to one only, and that shall be *Voconius Romanus*: His Father was a very worthy Gentleman of the Equestrian Order; his Father-in-Law was still more deserving, and, indeed, a real Father, whose Name and Virtues he has transmitted to him. His Mother was of the best Family in the Hither *Spain*. You know how considerable that Province is, and how productive of great Personages. He was lately made *Flamen*. When we studied together, I contracted a close Friendship with him. We were inseparable both in Town and Country, and Sharers with each other, in our serious as well as open Hours: for where could I find a more faithful Friend, or more agreeable Companion. His Conversation is easy and engaging, and so is his very Aspect, enlivened by a sublime and piercing Wit, though sweet and polite, and admirably

rably well turned and improved for Business. His Letters would tempt you to think the Muses spoke *Latin*. My Affection for him, can be equalled by nothing but by his for me. What Service one young Man could do for another, I have already done for him; and lately got him, of our excellent Master, the *jus trium liberorum*; which, though a Favour rarely granted, and but to the most deserving, yet was he pleased to accompany it with all the Grace of a voluntary Obligation. I can't better preserve the Merit of these Services, than by increasing them; for they are so gratefully understood, that the Manner of his receiving the Present, intitles him to succeeding ones. Thus you see the great Value I have for him, and how well he deserves it. Pray then distinguish him agreeably to your generous Temper, and high Command. In the first Place make him your Friend: For though you give him the best Office in your Army, it cannot be more deserving of him than his Friendship is of you; and how capacious it is of the most Bosom Intimacies, you may see by the short Account I have given you of his Studies, Manners and Way of Life. I should now repeat my Request, did I not know your Aversion to this Way of bespeaking Favours, and that my whole Letter hath been but a continued Repetition of it: Though that Man's Petition is certainly the best founded who gives his reasons for preferring it.

P L I N Y

T O

G A V I U S M A X I M U S.

L. 3, E. 2.

VII.

MY Readiness to serve your Friends on any Occasion, gives me now a Sort of Right to demand your Service for mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable Person in *Altinum*: But when I say that, I don't mean he hath the largest

largest Estate there, though he hath a noble Fortune; but that his Continnence, Justice, Sobriety and Prudence, place him in the foremost Rank of the Deserving. I depend very much on his Capacity in Business, as I do on his fine Taste for Literature. For he abounds in Friendship, Fidelity and good Sense. His Affection for me, to say the most I can of it, is equal to your own. He is a perfect Stranger to Ambition, so hath sat down contented with the Equestrian Order, when he might very easily have ascended to the highest. Yet a Friend must not suffer this Temper to prevail to his Disadvantage; so that I think it incumbent on me to get something for him, undesired, unlooked, and, perhaps, unwished for: But a Post of Honour, and free from the Fatigue of Attendance it must be, and beg the first that falls: The Favour will be gratefully acknowledged; and, though unthought, will meet with all the generous Returns you might expect from the closest Attendant on your Levee.

P L I N Y

T O

J U L I U S G E N I T O R .

E. 11.

VIII.

ARTEMIDORUS is of so very grateful a Disposition, that he ever sets an immoderate Value on the Services of his Friends, which makes him blaze those I did for him, in Terms far exceeding that slender Obligation. When the *Philosophers* were banished from the City, I accompanied him in Exile; and the Prætorate, which I then held, made this Testimony of my Affection the more dangerous, as it was remarkable. I likewise gave him a Sum of Money, (which I took up at Interest) to discharge some Debts, that he had contracted on very honourable Occasions, while a great Number of his most wealthy Friends stood by unconcerned at his Necessities: And
all

all this, at a Time, when seven of my best Friends were either slain or banished. So that I appeared, as it were, scorched and confounded by the Thunder, that had laid all about me in Ruins; and might reasonably presage the now impending Bolt was aimed at my Destruction. But these can't deserve the Praises he bestows upon them. It suffices that I kept clear of Ignominy; for I had an affectionate Veneration for his Father-in-Law, *C. Musonius*, as much as our Difference of Years would allow; and the most strict Friendship with himself, which we had contracted when I was Tribune in *Syria*: Where I first gave some Promise of a tolerable Genius, in the Discovery of my Friend's great Wisdom, or something so like Wisdom, as not to be distinguished from it. For in all that Tribe of Men, who now call themselves *Philosophers*, you shall scarce find one indowed with so much Truth and Sincerity. Should I tell you of his Patience, amidst the Inclemencies of Climes and Seasons, his unintermitted Labours, his abstemious Temperance, and unspotted Chastity. Virtues that would set up an ordinary *Philosopher*, but in him are only the Appendages to others more illustrious, which intitled him to the Honour of *Musonius's* Choice in Preference to Competitors of every Order. No Reflection, I confess, can be more agreeable, than the Thoughts of finding myself recommended to you, by so excellent a Person. I am only afraid he will observe no Mien in his Encomiums, for his grateful Temper, as I said before, hurries him beyond all Limits: On this Head alone, on all others, most consummately prudent, he is biased by an honest, though erroneous Motive, to say better of his Friends than they deserve.

PLINY

P L I N Y

T O

M A X I M U S.

L. 7, E. 26.

IX.

THE Indisposition of a certain Friend has taught me to think, that we are generally best behaved while under the Scourge of a Distemper. For who, in those Circumstances ever felt the Pangs of Lust or Avarice? The Gentleman, I now speak of, is an Enemy to Pleasure, indifferent to Honours, negligent of Wealth, as a Trifle he is about to leave, and easy under the smallest Allotment of Fortune. The Imbecility of human Nature teaches him to rely more steadily on the divine. He envys not this Man, admires not that, nor despises the other. He listens not to the Calumny of the Times, nor delights to hear it. His Mind runs mostly upon Baths and Fountains. It is the Sum of his Concern and Wishes, if he gets over the Difficulty, to pass the Remainder of his Days in soft and gentle Pleasures, that is, in such only as fute an innocent and happy Life. Thus can I comprehend in two Words, for your Instruction and my own, what the *Philosophers* in so many Volumes have endeavoured to inculcate. That we ought to live just so in Health, as we should was the Image of Mortality constantly before our Eyes.

P L I N Y

P L I N Y

T O

S E P T I M I U S.

E. 28.

X.

YOU tell me, I have been arraign'd for launching out, on every Occasion into immoderate Commendations of my Friends. I acknowledge the Charge, and glory in the Truth of it; for what more commendable Extravagance, than the Overflowings of Humanity? But who are these, that pretend to know them so much better than myself? Are they so very penetrating, why then do they envy me the Pleasure of this transporting Error? Are these below the Opinion, I have of them, my Mistake is far more delightful than so joyless an Information. The good natured Gentlemen may spare their Animadversions for them, and to their Comfort, they are not a few, who place a Merit in the hitting on a Friend's Foible; for I am not to be persuaded that I think better of mine than they deserve.

D

T H E

T H E F I R S T

B O O K

O F

B O E T I U S ' s C O N S O L A T I O N

O F

P H I L O S O P H Y .

F R O M T H E O R I G I N A L .

AS I lay musing on the Wretchedness of my Condition, and poetically lamenting, in such Strains as my Sorrows dictated, a Woman of a very reverend Aspect, methought stood over me; her Eyes were bright and sparkling, and the Sharpness of her Ken more than humane, her Complexion florid, her Vigour unexhausted, but too full of Years to be thought an Offspring of the present Age. Her Stature I could reduce to no certain Standard, for now she was of common Size; but now she seemed to raise her Head above the Clouds, to penetrate the very Heavens, and deride the dazzled Impotence of gazing Mortals. Her Garments were of the finest Thread, and most artful Contexture, sacred and imperishable; which, as she afterwards told me, were the Work of her own Fingers. Their Gloss and Lustre, as we see in faded Hangings, were very much defiled by the Negligence of Time; on the Border was inwove the Letter II, but near the Breast I observed a ⊕; and between these, in a regular Scale, were certain Characters that artfully connected the two Extreams; yet she appeared of late to have been very roughly handled, and on her tattered Habit might be seen the Violence of contending Ravishers, who had each left the Marks of his boisterous Rage upon it. A Volume graced her right Hand, and an imperial Scepter her left. When she saw the Muses attending round my Couch, and improving

proving my Sorrows into Verse, she made a sudden Stop, and who, says she, with Eyes sparkling with Rage, gave these glaring Strumpets Access to his distemper'd Mind? whose poisonous Applications are so far from contributing to his Recovery, that they inflame the Distemper. These are they who destroy the hopeful Harvest of Reason, by sowing over it the Thorns and Thistles of the Passions; they can only reconcile the Mind to the Disease, they have not Skill enough to banish the Disease from the Mind. Had your Blandishments seduced, as usual, a prophane and vulgar Spirit, I had hardly disturbed you in your Conquests; for my Empire would have suffered little by it, but he before us has been nurtured in the Porch, and the Academy. Then be gone, ye *Sirens*, whose Music leads to as certain Destruction, and leave the Care of his Recovery to the divine *Urania*. Stung with these Reproaches, the whole Choir appeared dejected, their Modesty reddened into Blushes, and they fought the Door in Grief and Confusion. I remained all this while immoveable, Tears had darkened and deformed my Countenance; I could not conceive who this imperious Woman should be, but lay fixed in Contemplation, silently attending on the Issue; when she now approached and sat down upon my Couch, and seeing my Visage clouded with Sorrow, and cast dejectedly on the Ground, she calmed the Distraction of my Mind with Measures adapted to my Condition.

But it is now Time, says she, to apply a Remedy, and leave off lamenting the Disease; then looking steadfastly upon me, are you the Man, she cry'd, who once hung upon these Breasts, and was fashioned by these forming Hands? The Man who was once thought superior to the Injuries of Fortune? Was it for this I graced you with the celestial Panoply of Philosophy? Which had you not cast off like a Coward, would have secured you against the Wretchedness of your Fate. Do you know your Mistress, or have you forgot your Benefactress? Why are you silent? Does Shame or Insensibility restrain you? I could wish it were the first, but can see too plainly 'tis the latter. When she still found me mute and dumb to all her Questions, she raised her Hand gently to my Breast, and said, there is no Danger however; 'tis a Lethargy he suffers, the common Ma-

lady of deluded Minds. He is a little lost to himself at present, but will recover his Understanding, with the Knowledge of his Physician; and to assist him in the Discovery, let us clear his Sight from the dark Clouds of Mortality that overspread it. So saying, she dried my watery Eyes with a Corner of her Garment.

When this Gloominess was dispersed, the Day broke in upon me, and then I first knew the Face of my Deliverer; for on an attentive Survey, I discovered in her all the correspondent Features of my Governess's Philosophy, under whose Roof I spent my Youth-hood. Thou Queen of all Virtues, I thus addressed her, what hath induced thee to elude my Guards, and to visit me in this dreadful Solitude? Or, it may be, a false Crimination hath traduced thy Innocence, and made thee too acquainted with the Miseries of a Prison. Could I, my dear Pupil, replied the Goddess, desert you at this Juncture, and refuse to bear a Share of your Burthen? A Burthen that your Relation to me hath made the heavier. Could I suffer you to groan under its Oppression, and not lend one helping Hand? Far be it from Philosophy to forsake the Care of Innocence, when the Storms of adverse Fortune begin to beat upon it. But pray, where would be the Wonder of an Accusation against me? 'Tis a Prodigy; I suspect not very uncommon. Have you but now discovered, that Wisdom may fall a Sacrifice to Folly and Impiety? Have not I long struggled, long before the Time of my Favourite *Plato*, with the united Madness of Vice and Ignorance? And did not he see his Master *Socrates* triumph, in my Quarrel, over Death and the *Areopagus*? When afterwards the Stoicks, and profane Herd of *Epicurus*, with all the monstrous Spawn of miscreated Science, had rent and tore in Pieces the noble Heritage he left them, they fell foul upon me; each claimed me for his own, and, as it were a Contest for Prey and Rapine, laid violent Hands upon my Person, and left me, as you find by this violated Garment, the Work of my own Hands, in the ragged Condition in which I now appear before you. But it was pleasant enough to see how each Man who had snatched away an handful of it in the Scuffle, retired secretly elated with the Victory, and well persuaded that he had carried me off

off entire. The Vulgar, when they saw them thus triumphing in my Spoils, and decked in the ragged Remnants of my Habit, blindly taking them for my Followers, preposterously fought to wrack their Hate upon me, in these Pretenders to my Favours. But if neither the Flight of *Anaxagoras*, the Poison of *Socrates*, nor the Tortures of *Zeno* have reached your Knowledge, yet the nearer Instances of the *Canii*, the *Seneca's*, the *Sorani*, of no long, nor no inglorious Memory, you can be no Stranger to. These were brought into Judgment for no other Crime than adhering to my Precepts, and deviating from the Manners of the Vulgar. It is nothing strange then, if, in this troubled Ocean of Mortality, Men suffer by the Violence of Storms and Tempests; and that we become most exposed to them who disdain to veer with every Blaft. The Party against us are as contemptible for their Power, as formidable for their Number. A blind, ungoverned, headless Monster, conducted by Error, and lashed on by the Furies. If happily formed into a resistless Confederacy, your Leader retreats into her Citadel, and all their boasted Conquests, at last, end in the Plunder of our forsaken Baggage, the vile Impediments of our Warfare: While we, impregnable to Assaults, look down with Derision on the vain Impotence of these outrageous mad Men; secure from the Storms of popular Fury, and where 'tis Impiety for the Tread of Folly to approach.

Are you disposed, says she, for Consolation? Will you let it freely operate on your Mind? Or is it with you according to the Proverb of *Afinus*, *ad lyram*? Why all these Tears? Why these ridiculous Complaints?

Why grieves my Son? Thy Anguish let me share:

Reveal the Cause, and trust a Parent's Care.

He that expects Assistance of his Physician, must lay open his Case to him without Reserve. Then recollecting my Courage, are you yet, replied I, to be told my Condition? Does not this Storm of Fortune beat too fiercely on me to be unperceived? And the frightful Aspect of this Abode sufficiently proclaim the Misery of its Inhabitant? Hath it the least Resemblance to

the Splendor and Magnificence of my Palace Library, so constantly illuminated by your sacred Presence? Where we so oft have revelled on the unexhausted Stores of divine and humane Knowledge. Was this the Air, this the Habit I appeared in, when we explored together the deepest Secrets of Nature? When you pointed out to me the various Courses of the celestial Planets? When you formed my Manners, when you rectified my Reason by the great Exemplar of Heaven? Are these the Rewards of my Obedience? Did you not affix your Sanction to that Aphorism of *Plato*, "That happy would be that Republick " whose Magistrates were Lovers of Wisdom, or whose Philosophers were Statesmen"? From the same Mouth you shewed us the Necessity of appearing at the Helm, lest the Sword of Justice, when committed to the Hands of a profligate Ruler, should be perverted to the Destruction of the Virtuous. In Devotion to you then, I was fond of practising in the Administration what you taught me in Retirement. Be thou and the Almighty, who disposes the Minds of Men for thy Reception, my Witnesses, that nothing but a generous Ambition to promote the common Happiness engaged me in the Service of the Publick. I still preserved, amidst all the Machinations of Courtiers, and meer Statesmen, a Conscience void of Offence, and regardless of the Frowns of the Mighty; protected distressed Innocence against the Fury of its Oppressors. How oft have I opposed myself to the Rage of *Canigastus*, and snatched the Prey from the Devourer. How oft have I overthrown the Master of the Palace *Triguilla*, when ready to triumph in the Spoils of the Guiltless? How oft have I screened the Miserable, surrounded with Dangers, and opposed my Authority to the licentious Avarice of their barbarous Oppressors? While not the united Powers of Hell and Tyranny could ever force me from the steady Center of Justice. The Misfortunes of the harassed Provinces, laid waste by private Rapine and publick Oppressions, affected me with all the Tendernefs of a Fellow-Sufferer. When an Order for ingrossing Provisions had threatened all *Campania*, then sinking under oppressive Famine, with Destruction, I withstood the Captain of the Guard, in Defence of that devoted Province: The Matter came before the
Emperor,

Emperor, and I obtained a Revocation of the Edict. The Courtiers had now marked out *Paulinus*, that well-fed Consular, for Sacrifice, when I drew the Victim from the very Jaws of those greedy Dogs of *Palatine*. To cover *Albinus*, another Consular, from the Battery of a wicked Prosecution, I drew upon myself the Odium of *Cyprian*, the Informer. It was this Behaviour, you will say, that raised these Enemies against me. I grant it; but ought not this then to have endeared me to the Injured? When this alone, so great my Love of Justice, was all the Stock of Interest I had laid in at Court for my Security; but you will hardly guess the Character of my Prosecutors; as *Basilius*, who having lost his Places at Court, used the Pretence of Indigence for turning Informer for his Bread, and *Opilio* and *Gaudentius*; who, when the Emperor had sentenced them into Banishment for their oft repeated Misdemeanors, had taken Sanctuary at the holy Altar; his Majesty, provoked at their Disobedience, decreed, by Proclamation, that unless they left *Ravenna* by a Day appointed, they should be stigmatized on the Forehead with the publick Brand of common Malefactors. Can I, after this, be capable of greater Misery? For lo! these very Patriots, on that very Day, commence a Prosecution against me. How shall we reconcile all this to the eternal Rules of Just and Right? Must my Reputation be attacked because they have none to defend? Or could their Conviction, because the Court had fore-doomed my Fall, qualify them to procure mine? Fortune herself might blush, if not for the Destruction of the Innocent, at least for the Character of the Destroyers. But you ask, without more Words, the Nature of my Accusation. They charge me with Designs of serving the Senate. Would you know what they mean by it? I discountenanced an Informer, it seems, who was preparing a Charge of High Treason against that venerable Body; and now, my Mistrets, give me your Opinion. Shall I deny the Fact, out of Regard to your Honour? No, I avow my Duty to that august Assembly, and shall ever, surely, have the Courage to avow it. Shall I confess? But so false an Accusation cannot long maintain its Ground. Or shall I own it a Crime in wishing well to that Order? Their late Treatment of

me would, indeed, almost persuade me to think so; but Folly may flatter itself to Destruction, before it can reconcile its own Partiality to Truth and Justice; for *Socrates* was, in my Opinion, never more in the Right than when he pronounced it equally criminal to conceal a Truth and insinuate a Falshood: But be that as it will, which I leave to you and your Followers Consideration; the Matter of Fact, for the Information of Posterity, I have committed to Writing, with all becoming Candour and Disprejudice. As to those fictitious Letters, on whose Credit I am accused of wishing for the *Roman* Liberty, I have little need to speak. The Detection of that Imposture had not been now to make, had I been allowed (the common Right of all under Prosecution) to appeal to the Confessions of my Accusers themselves: A Plea, on all Occasions, of the utmost Weight and Validity. But what farther Liberty can we hope for? O that we had any reasonable Expectation of a greater! I would then say with *Canius*, who when charged by *C. Cæsar*, the Son of *Germanicus*, for being privy to a Conspiracy against him, thus bravely replied, *Was I really in that Secret, you should be the last Man I would make my Confident.* On the whole then, my Misfortunes have not so far defaced my former Experience, as to sink me into weak and womanish Complaints, for Innocence attacked by the confederated Hands of Impiety; but that their Outrage should be crowned with Success, is what awakes my strongest Admiration. A Proneness to Ill is, perhaps, the Infirmary of human Nature; but a Power in the Wicked, to effect it on the Virtuous, and God himself a Spectator of the Villainy, draws after it Conclusions of a very monstrous Aspect. With the same Views, excusably enough, did one of our Acquaintance ask this Question; *If there be a God, how got Evil Footing in the World? If there be none, shew me the Origin of Good.* Now, granting it, no Wonder that these Wretches, who seek the Blood of the Senate, and all honest Citizens, should labour for my Destruction, whom they have always found a faithful Champion for the Safety of both: Yet for that Senate too, that very Senate, to join with them in my Ruin, may surely justify all I have said, or doubted, on this Occasion, You, I presume, remember, for your presiding
Influence

Influence still dictated to my Thoughts, my Words, my Actions; You, I say, remember when the avaritious Monarch, attempting our common Slaughter, would have got the Crime charged on *Albinus*, the Senator, transferred upon the whole Order; how, regardless of my own Safety, I defended the Innocence of the Senate against his impious Attacks. You know this to be strictly true; and more, that it is doing Violence to my Modesty to relate it. For the ostentatious Trifler exchanges the solid Pleasures of a virtuous Consciousness, for the gilded Bawble of an airy Reputation. But see the Rewards my Innocence hath procured me; for the Practice of true Virtue; I receive the Punishment of a false Crimination. Could even the most clear Conviction of the most monstrous Enormities justify a Bench of Judges in combining to make no Allowances for the Errors of human Nature, and the Instability of a mortal Condition? Had I been accused of firing Temples, of butchering their Priests at the Altar, and contriving the common Destruction of the Good and Virtuous, yet the Laws of Nature allow me a personal Defence, and require either Confession or Conviction before Sentence; but see me forced, unheard, almost five Hundred Miles from *Rome*, friendless and defenceless, condemned to Death and Confiscation, and all for my too great Affection for the Senate. May you, the grateful Guardians of the *Roman* Liberties, live safe from the like Prosecutions! Nay, they did not stop here, but to sully even my former Honours, which they regarded with an evil Eye; they most impudently gave out, I had polluted my Conscience by Impiety in obtaining them. But your sacred Influence, the bright Inhabitant of my Bosom, kept out the Lust of Grandure, and the Appetite for terrene Enjoyments. Under your Auspice 'twas impossible for Impiety to enter. You still fortified it against Attempts by that Precept of *Pythagoras*, *Imitate the Almighty*. Nor could I, whom you fashioned with your Hands, whom you featured by the Image of my Maker, repose a Confidence in such vile Securities. My Habitation too was adorned with Innocence, and a fair Society of Illustrious Friends; and could not that brightest Ornament of it, my pious Father-in-Law, *Symmachus*, venerable even as yourself, secure me from Impu-
tations

tations of this Nature? But, O monstrous! my Relation to you adds Credit to my Accusers; for of all my Crimes this is not the least, that I have listened to your Precepts, and imitated the Model you set before me. Nor is it enough that they use me ill on your Account, but yourself must be calumniated on mine. This too is no light Accession to my Miseries, that the stupid Estimate of the Vulgar should be grounded on the Success, and not the Merit of the Cause: For with them the only allowed Reward of Prudence are the Smiles of Fortune, and her Frowns the surest Proof of Indiscretion. And, as the last Addition to my Misfortunes, I may remember the idle Stories, the groundless Rumours, the contradictory Assertions that were bandied amongst the Populace on my Arraignment. Thus banished from the Solace of my Friends, degraded of my Honours, and blackened in my Character, I met with Punishment where I had just Reason to expect Reward. My Enemies are crowned with Honour, Prosperity, and Success, and ready to repeat their Villainies on a like Occasion; while my Friends appear confounded at my Fall, and terrified by my Example. The Impious are encouraged, not only by Impunity, but the Prospect of Rewards, to perpetrate their Wickedness, while the Innocent not only loses the common Security of a good Citizen, but is denied the natural Right of an injured one. Then excuse me for thus soothing my Distraction.

Almighty Maker! thy eternal Throne
 Stands fix'd supreme, unbounded and alone.
 Thy great Behests, the flaming Orbs obey,
 Round the arch'd Azure rolls their rapid Way.
 Now rising *Phebe* fills her gilded Horns,
 And Night in soft Serenity adorns;
 Proud in her adverse Brother's potent Ray,
 Absorbs the Stars, and scatters milder Day:
 But when his near Approach dispels the Shades,
 Her silver Bow, and borrow'd Lustre fades.
 Cold *Hesper*, at thy bidding, leads the Night,
 And gilds the Evening with officious Light:

A fainter

A fainter Orb his languid Beams display
 The early Harbinger of opening Day.
 In leafless Winter, the declining Sun
 Contracts his Course, a shorter Stage to run.
 When fultry *Seirius* burns the Summer's Pride,
 The Night and Day in equal Parts divide.
 Each varying Season owns thy guiding Hands,
 Thy Wisdom tempers, and thy Word commands.
 Now *Boreas* rages with resistless Sway,
 And bears the Honours of the Grove away.
 Soft *Zephyr* follows, on whose healing Wings
 Sits genial Heat, and chearful Verdure springs.
Arcturus shines, its Seed the Glebe requires,
 And yellow Harvests blest the Dog Star's Fires.
 By Laws eternal is the Whole confin'd,
 No Force can break them, and no Art unbind.
 Each in pleas'd Order, at thy *Fiat* moves;
 Man, wretched Man alone excentral roves.
 Outcast from thee, excluded from thy Cares,
 Nor joys thy Guidance, nor thy Blessing shares.
 Or whence do all these monstrous Crimes arise?
 Why fickle Fortune still confounds the Wise?
 Would greatest Evils else the Good pursue?
 Mistake a Vengeance to the Wicked due?
 While the rais'd Traytor sits enthron'd on high,
 And sees beneath him prostrate Justice lye:
 The labouring Virtues hide their radiant Forms.
 Obscur'd in Vapours, and oppress'd with Storms.
 Whoe'er thou art that form'd the mighty Whole,
 Whose Power preserves it, and whose Laws controul,
 Let Us, its noblest Part, Compassion find,
 And pity miserable lost Mankind.
 Betray'd by Fortune, save our sinking State;
 And free us from the Tyranny of Fate.
 To troubled Minds restore their *halcion* Peace;
 Rebuke the Storm, and bid the Tempest cease.
 Grant us the Union of the blest'd above,
 Religious Fear, and sympathetick Love.

When

When I had ended these tedious Complaining, the Goddess, with a benign Air, and perfect Unconcern for all I had uttered, thus made her Reply. When I found you overwhelmed with Sorrows, I immediately, as you may well suppose, knew you to be miserable, and in Banishment; but how far from Home, had you not told me, I confess I had been still ignorant of: But you mistake, you are not an Exile but a Wanderer. Yet if you had rather call it a Force upon you, 'tis a Punishment you owe only to yourself, for no other had a Right to impose it. And if you have not forgot the Place you came from, you must know it is not subjected, as once was *Athens*, to the Rule of the Populace; but

Where one sole Monarch does supremely sway,
His are the Laws, and him they all obey. *Pope.*

Who rejoices in the Entertainment, and not the Expulsion of his Subjects; whose greatest Liberty consists in Freedom from Licentiousness, and Remission from the Rigours of Justice. Have you forgot that antient Law of your Republick, which forbids the Banishment of that Member who chuses to continue in it? For whoever contains himself within those Bounds, can never be presumed to deserve that Punishment; but they who have no longer an Ambition to live there, have no longer a Right to its Privileges: So that I am less surpris'd at this Habitation, than to see you the Tenant of it. Nor is it the Ivory pannelled Library, the glass Doors, the Statues or the Paintings I so much want, as my pleasing Station in your once peaceful Bosom. A Cabinet not adorned with Books, but with what makes Books only valuable, Wisdom and Erudition. The Services you did the Publick, you have very truly, but sparingly mentioned, when compared with the great Number you passed over in Silence. You have remarked upon what is well known to every one, of the Truth and Falshood of your Crimination. With much Discretion, have you but lightly touched upon the Crimes and Perjuries of your Accusers; a Subject better fitted to the Vociferations of the Many. You have vehemently declaimed against the Treatment of a cowardly, cringing

ing Senate. You have lamented the Part I bear in it, and wept over the Wounds of my mangled Reputation. At length you broke out into an Accufation againft Fortune, arraigned Providence, blamed the unequal Distributions of Rewards and Punifhments, and concluded, in the Fury of a poetical Rapture, with this Petition, that the fame Peace and Concord vifible in the celeftial Orders, might regulate thefe fublunary Abodes. Now, fince your heightened Paflions ftill rage and bluffer, and Grief and Refentment drive you at their Pleafure, your unfettled Condition not admitting of more efficacious Medicines, let us ufe Lenitives to foften this fermented Tumor, and prepare it for the Edge of the incifion Knife.

Give me Leave then, in the firft Place, to interrogate you a little, to infpect your Wounds, and probe to the Bottom of them, that I may better know what to adminifter to the Cure. Ask your Pleafure, I replied, you fhall find me all Obedience. Then ſhe ſaid; And do you really think, that the World has no Governor but Chance? Or, that an eternal Mind has ſome Share in the Adminiftration? 'Twas Madnefs, I told her, to believe that the random Whirl of Fortune could ever produce the Regularity we behold in it. That I knew the Almighty Creator prefided over his Workmanfhip: and that the utmoft Malice of Fortune ſhould never force me to renounce ſo fundamental a Truth. It is bravely refolved, replied the Matron, and 'tis true, that though but juft before you mufically lamented Man, as the out-caft of Providence, yet the reft of the Creation you ftill left to his Guidance. But I am wonderfully furprifed to find, while you are Mafter of fuch found Principles, you could fall ſo low under your Misfortunes. We will fearch, by and by, more narrowly into this Buſinefs; for ſure there muſt be ſomething wanting to perfect the Foundation. But tell me, ſince you confeſs the World is governed by a Providence, what Sort of Regiment do you ſuppoſe that to be? I ſcarce apprehend, ſaid I, the Nature of your Queſtion, much lefs am I capable of giving you a juſt Answer to it. Was I deceived then, replied Philoſophy, when I ſuſpected ſome Flaw in your Mind, through which this rankling Diſeaſe has found its Way? But tell me, are you acquainted with final Cauſes,
and

and the Ends that Nature hath in View? I once heard of these Things, I told her, but that Misfortunes had blotted out their Remembrance. Do you know then the Origin of Nature? Can you tell me who set this great Machine agoing? You have heard me, replied I, acknowledge it the Work of the Almighty. Is it then possible that you who know the Principles, should be at a Loss to discover the Tendency of Things? But this is the Nature of unruly Passions, they may shake, disorder, and even destroy the beautiful Oeconomy of the Mind, but cannot totally annihilate it. Now answer me once again: Do you know yourself to be a Man? You can hardly think me ignorant of that; but, perhaps, you would have me give you a Definition of him, as whether I know myself to be a Mortal, reasoning Animal. I do; and confess, that I am subject to all the Infirmities of that Condition. Now she; Do you know no more of yourself than this comes to? Not the least. I have discovered then, says she, another, and more formidable Cause of your Distemper; a Willingness to sit down contented in your Ignorance, and have now found the Whole of your Malady, and so made the first Step to your Recovery. From this Ignorance of yourself it is, that you bemoan your Exile and Confiscation. From your Ignorance of final Causes, that you look upon the Villain as great, powerful and happy; and from your Ignorance of the Ways of Providence, that you believe human Accidents to be the Off-spring of Chance and Fortune, Causes sufficient, not only to produce Disease, but Destruction. Then give Thanks to the great Author of your Recovery, that Reason has not quite forsook you. The only surviving Spark of Life is your Acknowledgment of Providence, which substitutes an eternal Mind, in the Place of fortuitous Accidents. Take Courage then, for from this little Seed of Fire, we may revive and blow up the almost extinguished Flame.

CLAUDIAN'S
PANEGYRICK

ON THE THIRD
CONSULATE OF HONORIUS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Feliciter audet.

NOW in your third *Trabea* you appear,
 And your third *Fasces* glad the opening Year.
 Bless'd shall it be, in luckier Periods roll'd,
 Each smiling Month in quiet Plenty told.
 In loofen'd Folds, the gay *Gabinian* Gown,
 Heavy with orient Gems, flows peaceful down;
 Embroider'd Purple to rough Arms succeed,
 And curule Chariots, to the Warrior Steed;
 Stern Licitors triumph o'er the tented Field,
 And furling Ensigns to their Axes yield.
 Hail Prince! who with your eastern Brother hold,
 With equal Sway, a patrimonial World:
 May Heav'n, propitious on thy Honours, smile,
 Direct thy Rule, and guide thy annual Toil:
Sol on this *Æra* more serenely shine,
 Bright as his Beams, and as his Course benign.
 Hail! Wish and Promise of the longing Earth!
 Thy Sire a King, a Palace gave thee Birth:
 In conqu'ring Camps, amid triumphant Wars,
 And laurell'd Chiefs, he wean'd thy infant Years.
 A subject State thy Childhood never knew,
 But Life and Sov'reignty together grew;
 A Monarch thou to early Empire born,
 Whose sacred Purple thy young Limbs adorn.

Submissive

Submissive Eagles court thy rising Rays,
 And bending Launces round thy Cradle blaze.
 Untam'd *Germania* trembles at thy Birth,
Rhine, frighted back, o'erflows the bord'ring Earth.
 Proud *Caucasus* astonish'd, humbly bows,
 And shakes the shaggy Honours of his Brows :
 A God rever'd, bends quiver'd *Meroe* low ;
 Drops the drawn Arrow from th' enervate Bow.
 Pleas'd with the Camp, you, yet an Infant, play'd,
 Beneath the swelling Ensign's dreadful Shade ;
 Would, in the savage Garb of vanquish'd Kings, delight,
 And sport in all the recent Spoils of Fight :
 Then meet your Sire, fond of the first Embrace,
 Red from the Field, and reeking from the Chace ;
 Oft as the Hero's conquering Arms were turn'd
 From the scourg'd North, that wet with Slaughter mourn'd ;
 Thy little Hands demand the glorious Prize,
 Which now the *Scythian's* well-strung Horn supplies ;
 Now *Suevian* Reins, or Darts by *Dacians* born ;
 Or barb'rous Zones from prostrate Gelons torn.
 Rais'd on his polish'd Shield, we oft beheld
 Thee, graceful smiling, overlook the Field ;
 Fearless thy Father's figured Mail survey,
 And with his beamy Casque, and nodding Plumage play.
 Joy'd with the fav'ring Omen, close he press'd
 The lovely Wanton to his lab'ring Breast.
 Then rapt'rous cry'd ; " O Monarch of the Sky !
 " Thus, from the Fight triumphant bring my Boy :
 " Or, when *Hircania* gives him fresh Alarms,
 " Or haughty *Syria* tempts his thund'ring Arms.
 " Such, and so dreadful, let me see him come,
 " All gay in hostile Blood, and panting Home :
 " Cover'd with Dust, the noblest Drefs of War,
 " To his old Sire the Spoils of Battle bear.
 When first thy forward Foot aspir'd to Man,
 Proud of his Charge, the careful King began
 To point thy ready Steps, the Road to Fame,
 To fire thy Soul, and fan the rising Flame.

Inglorious

Inglorious Luxury, unactive Ease,
 And all the Pleasures of a Court, displeafe.
 He banish'd from thee, ev'ry soft'ning Snare,
 And strung thy Nerves to all the Toils of War;
 Taught thee to bear the Polar Hails and Wind,
 While o'er thy Head the freezing Pleiads shin'd;
 To plunge the rapid Floods, that broadest flow,
 And fill thy whiten'd Helm with *Alpine* Snow:
 All the bleak Night to watch the hostile Field,
 Prop'd on thy Spear, or resting on thy Shield.
 Set in a fierce Extream, he now commands
 To dare the Summer Suns, and *Africk's* Sands:
 To scale the rocky Cliff, to scour the Plain,
 To leap the Trench, to guide the ruling Rein;
 To send the Arrow from the twanging Bow,
 And from Bal'aric Slings the kindling Bullet throw.
 Then sets to view the brightest Charms of Fame,
 Collected in thy Grandfire's mighty Name.
 Draws him on Sun-burnt *Lybia's* barren Shores,
 And where, 'gainst *Thule*, utmost Ocean roars.
 The swift *Numidian* here reveres his Sway,
 Here *Pi&ts*, well call'd so, tremble and obey:
 The *Scot* he follows thro' his tractless Woods,
 With Keels victorious, stems the *British* Floods.
 From Pole to Pole his Arms he stretches wide;
 In both their Seas his conquering Navies ride.
 The princely Pupil firing at the View,
 Demands th' illustrious Labour to renew.
 To less Advantage the Sage *Centaur* taught,
 And slower form'd *Peiides* opening Thought;
 When first he learn'd the Length of Launce to throw,
 To strike the Lyre, each healing Plant to know.
 Now civil Flames each factious Bosom warms,
 And direful Discord sets the Globe in Arms.
 Why shower ye, Gods! your blackest Storms on *Rome*?
 Why heap Dishonours on the Age to come?
 A savage Exile wastes th' *Hesperian* Land;
 Her ravish'd sceptre owns a servile Hand.

E

But

But soon the vengeful Chief returns from far,
 Prepar'd to meet the rising Rage of War.
 A num'rous Host he gathers, as he goes,
 From farthest *Ind'* to where *Euphrates* flows ;
 All that near *Halis'* happy Streams abide ;
 Or rich *Orontes* blesses with his Tide.
 For him, the *Arab* quits his spicy Woods :
 For him, the ready *Medes* their *Caspian* Floods ;
 For him the *Parthian* ; that *Niphates* laves ;
 For him, *Armenia*, *Phasis'* fertiles Waves,
 With gen'rous Heat, how did thy Bosom glow,
 While the shrill Clarion call'd to face the Foe !
 Thy Heart inflamed by all fair Glory's Charms,
 Beat thick, and vigorous ; at the Clang of Arms ;
 Impatient to enjoy the coming Fight,
 And rush to Battle in thy Father's Might.
 Thus by th' imperial Lions convey'd,
 Her unarm'd Off-spring slumbers in the Shade ;
 Safe she regales him with unpurchas'd Prey,
 And hides him from the Dangers of the Day.
 But when his hard'ning Teeth invite a Foe,
 His Claws to shoot, and Mane begins to flow,
 He leaves indignant his inglorious Den,
 And roams, with his *Getulian* Sire, the Plain ;
 Still foremost to oppose the Hunter's Spear,
 Or from a tyrant Bull, the reeking Vitals tear.
 But the wise Prince thy forward Hopes withstands,
 And trusts the Reins of Empire to thy Hands ;
 The regal Round does to thy Head apply,
 The just Reward of such young Piety.
 Whose spreading Fame so far thy Years out-run,
 That the high Honour seems deferr'd too long.
 Her Smiles propitious Victory bestows,
 And from a double Claim her Favour flows.
 There thou draws down the willing Gods to fight,
 And here the Monarch conquers in thy Right.
 For thee on *Alpine* Hills his Plumage flows,
 For thee o'er its bleak Summits drives thy Foes.

In Rocks which Nature meant a sure Retreat,
 Him, vainly shunn'd, the cautious Rebels meet :
 The Mound he forc'd, in whose dark Womb they lay,
 Tore the high Barrier, and let in the Day.
 For thee the North sends forth his win'try Stores,
 His whole Artill'ry in full Fury roars ;
 Back on the Foe, in bloody Whirlwinds ride
 The feather'd Tempests, frustrate turn'd aside :
 Reverted Shafts th' astonish'd Traytor tires,
 In Storms of Steel the blasted Host expires.
 Their best belov'd, the Heav'n and Nature own ;
 Thee warring Elements conspire to crown ;
 Auxiliary Clouds in Thunders fall,
 And Winds confederate hear thy Trumpet's Call.
Alps melted Snows in crimson Currents glide,
 The tinctur'd Stream reeks with the tepid Tide ;
 That with heap'd Carnage stagnating had stood,
 But rapid Gore renew'd the weaken'd Flood.
 At length, the baleful Author of our Woes
 Contrives himself, to give the World Repose :
 His faithless Breast more than one Weapon needs,
 By two concurring Swords the Murderer bleeds ;
 And his own Hand, here useful to Mankind,
 Assists the Fate he well deserv'd to find.
 Freedom restor'd, waits Nature to remove
 The Chief, to all his purchas'd Pow'r above ;
 Opens the starry Portals of the Sky,
 While trembling *Atlas* shews his coming nigh.
 Yet he defers to claim the bright Abode,
 And waves a while his Title to the God,
 'Till you return, his longing Eyes to bless,
 And at his Hands receive the rescu'd World in Peace.
 Sudden you leave behind the *Thracian* Lands,
 Forming your vent'rous Way thro' barb'rous Bands.
 Glitt'ring in Ice, bleak *Rhodope* appears,
 The lasting Habit of inclement Years ;
 Round *Orpheus* once, the stony Audience hung,
 And to sad Pity soften'd as he sung ;

Next under *OETE's* cloudy Height you rode,
 Whence *Hercules*, in Flames, commenc'd a God :
 Then his green Margin ; see *Enipius* lave,
 In smoothest Courses, and the mildest Wave :
 Now, *Pelion* sacred by the *Nereids* made :
 And dark *Dodona's* venerable Shade :
 Inspir'd by your Approach, *Chania's* Oak
 In Praise, its long lamented Silence broke :
 At last *Illyrium's* sandy Shores you gain,
 And see *Timavus* sweep the distant Plain.

Rejoycing *Italy* impatient waits,
 The thronging Nations Issue at her Gates.
 Impetuous *Po* thy sacred Pow'r adores,
 With Waves more gentle gliding to his Shores :
 A-round whose Barks the Sylvan Sisters mourn,
 In trickling Tears rash *Phaeton* o'erthrown ;
 Aw'd by thy Influence now, restrain'd they keep
 The liquid Amber, and neglect to weep.
 'Midst Crowds of Boys, the hoary head appears,
 Attends thy coming, and forgets his Years :
 Her household Cares the Matron lays aside,
 And Veils no longer modest Virgins hide.
 Here thy fond Father met, and clasp'd thee round,
 Thee, pious Prince ! in close Embraces bound.
 One spreading Lawrel shading either Car,
 As to the Royal Palace you repair.
 Who thought he saw not then the Morning Ray,
 With mingled Beams salute the God of Day ?
 Or thund'ring *Jove* in heav'nly Honours ride,
 With rosy *Bacchus* smiling by his Side ?
 Around thy Wheels in burnish'd Armour blaze
 The crested Soldiers, loudest in thy Praise.
 Reflected Lights offend the dazzled Eye,
 That from the Flash of gleamy Helmets fly ;
 While the steel Harvests of the fiery Field,
 With double Day the auspicious Entry gild.
 Part stretch the yielding Bow-string's sinewy Length ;
 Part launch the whirring Dart with artful Strength ;

And

And part select, with brawnier Muscles throw
The beamy Jav'lin at the distant Foe.

Here, to the Sun, ambitious Eagles rise,
And here, aloft, a painted Dragon flies,
That, swell'd by Winds, a living serpent grows,
And born in Clouds, full animated flows ;
Rais'd on his spirey Folds, his Scales increase,
While whistling Wavings counterfeit an Hiss.

Th' applauding People past, at length they come,
To lofty *Palatine*, imperial Dome !
The Crowd withdrawn, the Monarch Silence broke,
And thus his royal Son-in-Law bespoke :

“ Brave *Stilicho*, my sure Defence in Fight,
“ In Peace the loyal Guardian of my Right.
“ For when to battle my bold Troops I led,
“ Thou ; ever near me, Thunders at their Head :
“ When honour'd by a grateful Senate's Voice,
“ Thy zealous Suffrage still prevents their Choice.
“ *Hebrus'* swoln Streams ran sanguine to the Shore,
“ Which we together, warm'd with *Getick* Gore ;
“ Weary we both on *Scythian* Ice have lain,
“ Both trod triumphant *Ister's* frozen Plain :
“ Charged in confederate Arms *Dalmatian* Hosts,
“ And with united Fires despoil'd their Coasts.
“ But now I lay the ruling Sceptre down,
“ Between my Boys divide my parted Crown ;
“ And all, (for see me haste to Realms of Day)
“ The mighty Burthen on thy Shoulders lay.
“ Safe then, thou dear Companion of my Wars,
“ Secure the Purple for my youthful Heirs.
“ By that blest Night, that to thy longing Arms
“ Thy blooming Confort gave in all her Charms,
“ By the chaste Secrets of the genial Bed,
“ Shield them in Tumult, and in Council aid :
“ Supply my Place, thy Care a Parent's prove,
“ Guide as their Leader ; as their Father love.
“ Now, now, I feel my mounting Spirit rise,
“ Born on thy Wings, she seeks her native Skies.

" Should mad *Typhæus* shake the Isles aside,
 " (Dash'd o'er the Deep) that the fell Monster hide ;
 " Or struggling *Tityus* from his Fetters break,
 " And dare the Fury of the Vulture's Beak ;
 " *Ætna's* red Top *Enceladus* o'erthrow,
 " And fiercer vex her tortur'd Fires below,
 " Disarm'd their Rage, their direful Clamours cease,
 " While thy rais'd Thunder frights the World to Peace.
 He said,—and (as Clouds driv'n o'r shaded Plains,
 Swift thro' the *Ether* draw their humid Trains)
 Past to the Moon's pale Orb, then leaves below
 The Realms where *Arcas'* sparkling Splendors glow.
 Next balmy *Venus*, that benignant breaths,
 In milder Majesty, the God receives :
 From hence his rising Rode thro' *Phæbus* lies,
 And the red Flames that fiercer *Mars* supplies :
 With cooler Beams now *Jupiter* prevails,
 Chill *Saturn* now his chearful Influence feels.
 Self-mov'd for him, Heav'ns golden Gates unbar,
 For him, *Arctophilax* refits his Car.
 Ready *Orion* waits the wish'd Command,
 His Rule to render to an abler Hand.
 The spangl'd Galaxie submits obey,
 Confess the God, and kindly court his Stay :
 Seek if he deigns his friendly Fires to join,
 Or in distinguish'd Radiance singly shine :
 All anxious where he claims his starry Care,
 And each ambitious to resign his Sphere.
 O once our Glory ! now the Immortal's Pride,
Hesperian Seas thy setting Honours hide :
 Thy Oceans bathes thee in her softest Waves,
 And wearied, to her kindred Breast receives.
 O happy Parents ! Here your earliest Beam
 Around *Arcadius'* out-stretch'd Empires flames :
 When to the West your languid Fires decline,
 Over his Brother's wide Domain you shine.
 Each Region your auspicious Light surveys,
 Glad Homage to the royal Partners pays.

Serene

Serene in awful Majesty they sit,
 While willing Nations to their Yoke submit ;
 In all the Blessings of soft Peace they reign,
 Pleas'd to begin an Age of Gold again.
 Pale Av'rice to her *Stygian* Sisters flies,
 Refigns the Globe, and frees the labouring Skies :
 His heapy Hoards Ambition vainly told,
 He madly mourns his unavailing Gold :
 Corruption's banish'd from the watchful Throne,
 And Power attendant but on Worth alone.

Hail, happy Brothers ! whose extended Rule
 The Orb's vast Round is destin'd to controul :
 Names by your great Forefathers unexplor'd.
 And where your Sire's bold Eagles never soar'd.
 Kind *Mulciber* his friendly Skill shall yield,
 In heav'nly Arms to set you to the Field.
 For each a dreadful *Ægis* he prepares,
 Which sweating *Brontes* swells with figur'd Wars.
 High on the Helm, sets *Steropes* the Crest,
 With gilded Horse-hair formidably grac'd ;
Pyracmon artful fills the hollow Mold,
 And into Corslets casts the running Gold.
 With the loud Toil the *Æolians* shake around,
 And all *Sicilia* labours with the Sound.
 The Sea-green Horses of the watry God,
 Bred in the dark Recesses of the Flood,
 Now harness'd to the Yoke, obedient stand,
 And hear the Lash, and court your ruling Hand :
 So swift, they would not dash the furling Main,
 Nor print the Sand, nor bruise the bearded Grain ;
 In full Career, unhurt would be the Grass,
 And the top Billow scarce perceive them pass.

Already see proud *Babylon* o'erthrown,
 In real Flights the backward *Parthian* turn.
 Now barb'rous *Bactria* bends beneath thy Force,
 And frighten'd *Ganges* turns aside his Course.
 Sadly he shoves along his captive Tide,
 While humbled *Persia* casts her Gems aside.

Go mighty Monarchs where rough *Tanais* rolls,
 Join in you: Conquest the divided Poles;
 Oppose your Arms to the Sun's brightest Beams,
 And seek the hidden Source of *Nile's* long Streams:
 Let not great *Liber's* Eastern Bounds restrain,
 Nor where *Alcides* marks the setting Main.
 'Tis yours of Right, to subjugate Mankind,
 And round the Globe your regal Fetters bind.
 For you shall give his Pearls the ruddy Sea,
 Submissive *Ind'* her Ivory Tributes pay;
Arabian Groves their sacred Sweets afford,
 And *Seric* Looms supply a Western Lord.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ - ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

OR, THE

B A T T L E

OF THE

C R A N E S A N D P I G M I E S,

From the *Latin* of Mr. ADDISON.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S STYLE.

Lusit amabiliter.

I SING the Crane and Pygmy up in Arms,
 And brandish'd Tucks oppose to pointed Beaks.
 Raise, Muse, the Fury of the feather'd Foe,
 Lead the low Cohorts to the dusty Field,
 And Men and Birds in rude Encounter join.
 Long hath a Race of vulgar Heroes shone

In

In the bright Annals of recording Bards,
 Fit theme for Song Heroic only deem'd.
 In Pomp of Numbers live the Toils of Fight ;
 And endless *Pæons* ecchoe thro' the Lines.
 The Youth of *Greece* fill the wide Mouth of Fame ;
Theseus and stern *Achilles* triumph still ;
 Pious *Æneas* charms the listening Age ;
 And *Boyne* preserves immortal *William's* Name ;
 The *Theban* Brothers, and great *Pompey's* Fall
 Command a mighty Tribute of our Tears.
 I first turn devious, from the beaten Tract
 Averse on higher Argument intent ;
 Standards, not yet unfurl'd in Song, display,
 And tune a shriller Trumpet's mimick Notes :
 Draw little Champions vibrating the Spear,
 And long-wing'd Warriors rushing from the Clouds.
 Where the Sun's genial Rays mature the East,
 And *India* glows with the first blush of Day,
 (Surrounded with inhospitable Rocks)
 In a green Vale, approach'd by few, there stood,
 While Fate propitious smil'd, the growing Empire
 Of the *Pygmean* Race. The Plain then throng'd
 With thick Inhab'tants, a well-order'd State ;
 Each studious to promote the Common weal,
 And cultivate the little Arts of Life.
 If haply now the curious Traveller,
 Over the rocky Mound pursues his Way,
 A dreary desert, waste ; and wild he sees,
 Whiten'd with little Bones of Heroes Slain.
 Half-ruin'd Palaces, and nodding Towers,
 Wide Desolation ! strike the wond'ring Sight.
 A Region dolorous ; Th' obscene Abode
 Of the exulting Crane ; securely now
 She weaves her Nest, and plumes her callow Young.
 Not so, while the small Progeny possess'd
 The Seat of Empire, which long, long gave Laws
 To the remotest Corner of the Plain.
 Then if the vent'rous Foe with Inroads pierc'd,

On Ravages intent ; the little Corps,
 Still upon Guard, rush vig'rous to the Field,
 With hostile Blood revenge their Country's Wrongs,
 And strew the Ground with slaughter'd Carcasses :
 Returning from the Field, each loaded Chief,
 Triumphant drags along the indignant Prey,
 Which roasted, crowns the Victor's genial Board.
 Oft was th' unwary Bird in Ambush slain,
 Oft were their Nests demolish'd ; on their Young
 Was wreak'd the Rage due to the Parent's Crimes.
 For when, with wond'rous Toil and Care, they'd rais'd
 The artful Structure for the future Fowl ;
 Sudden the active Infantry alarm'd
 Rush down upon them in a Storm of War.
 Raced are their Works ; the fatal Sword cuts short
 The springing Life, while yet the half-form'd Foe
 Lies hid in the frail Orb's defenceless Round.

War, fatal War, for these dire Seeds arose ;
 Bands breathing Slaughter, Men and Birds in Arms,
 And grisly Deaths in different Forms confus'd.
 Far less the bloody Fights, which once engag'd
 In mock Sublime, the bold *Mæonian* Bard,
 When noisy War, disturb'd the Marshy Realms.
 (Dreadful to see !) here lay the mangled Trunk
 Of an expiring Mouse, with hostile Rushes gor'd ;
 There a maim'd Frog in hoarser Murmurs croaks,
 With one Leg lopp'd, he creeps along the Field,
 Disabled to essay the active Leap.

O little Mortals, blind in Fate ! alas,
 In an ill Hour, ye fought these hostile Tents.
 Now dawns the Day that ye shall wish untouch'd
 The Eggs and Off-spring of th' offended Fowl.
 For with repeated Wrongs provok'd, the Cranes
 Convent a Council, to consult Revenge.
 The fierce Inhabitants of *Strymon's* Flood,
 Of Lakey *Mareotis*, and the Banks
 Of distant *Caister's* well water'd Meads,
 Throng to the gen'ral Diet : With them came,

In

In league offensive, and defensive join'd,
 The borderers of *Scythia's* frozen Shores,
 And the remotest *Ister's* mighty Stream.
 Slaughters and threaten'd Wounds they meditate ;
 Sharpen their Tallons, and their Pinions plume ;
 And whet the fatal Beak for future Fight.
 So great their Thirst of Blood, so mighty their Revenge.
 The Spring now opens the Campaign ; aloft
 The brave confederated Nations rise.
 O'er distant Tracts of Lands, and Seas disjoin'd,
 Born on expanded Wings, they steer their Course.
 And now they penetrate the Clouds ; thro' Storms,
 And northern Snows now force their desperate Way.
 Air labours with th' unusual waft of Plumes,
 And the loud cackling fills the Concave round.

The Din of War no less disturb'd the Plains.
 For there, their Country's Cause provokes to Arms
 The active Pigmy Troops militia'd out,
 In fronted Brigades, marshal'd to the Charge.
 Two flanking Wings secure th' imbody'd War,
 And thick Battalions scour the hostile Ground.
 Impatient for the Charge they shake the Dart,
 And silent meet the horrid Front of Death.

Full in the centre stalks their haughty Chief,
 Advancing onward ; and above the rest,
 In Shape and Gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a Giant ;—half a Yard in Heighth.
 Most gloomy was his Stare : his honest Face
 Deep Scars of hostile Tallons had intrench'd :
 Nor less his manly Breast, wide spread, declar'd
 True princely Worth, fresh mark'd with cruel Beaks.
 For he was born to wage against the Crane
 Eternal Battles, and immortal Hate.
 And dearly he repaid the Wounds they lent.
 When, Comet like, his dreadful Blade he wav'd,
 Before its Lightning flew the blasted Foe,
 Or in a Moment lost his Power to fly.
 What Heaps of Slaughter has it made ! how oft

Has

Has th' unfetch'd Infant fall'n before it's Edge !
 Alas ; how oft has widow'd *Strymon* mourn'd,
 Her Husband's, and her Sons untimely Fate ;
 And now —
 From a black Cloud, furcharg'd with War and Foes,
 Loud Shouts proceed, frightful to mortal Ears,
 Which still encrease re-echoing from the Field.
 'Till near advanc'd, a mighty Host of Birds
 Appear, whose Front, of hideous Depth and Length,
 Vexes the troubled Air from Pole to Pole ;
 While a dismal'rous Darknefs veils the Camp,
 Now numberless ; but to revisit soon,
 In thinner Ranks, and more contracted Bands,
 Their native Shores ; in an ill Hour forfook.
 Thus brav'd, the Pigmy loud requires the Fight,
 And with Impatience Eyes the hov'ring Storm.
 Long need he not, for soon the vengeful Fowl
 Rush down precipitant, with horrid Shouts
 On the firm Troops, collected in their Might.
 Wild Uproar rages : dire is the Noise
 Of Conflict ; scatter'd Plumes fly all around,
 Spent with long Toil, the bold *Strymonians* rise,
 High soaring on main Wing ; then breath a while,
 And with redoubled Rage the Fight renew.
 Long Time in equal Scale the Battle hung.
 A daring Crane, by the brave Foe transfix'd,
 Here furious raves, and whirls in bloody Orbs ;
 While feebly he attempts the last home Push,
 He falls, he gathers up his Claws, and dies.
 There, a stabb'd Pigmy welt'ring in his Blood,
 With thick and heavy Groans sighs out his Soul,
 Which curses, as it goes, the fatal Beak :
 Thick patters with his little Heels the Ground.
 Noisy Confusion fills the frighted Field ;
 Which blushes with the Blood of prostrate Chiefs,
 Fingers and Claws, dismember'd Arms and Wings,
 And broken Swords, and Beaks, lye scatter'd round the Plain.
 Where the thick Battle rag'd, the Pigmy King
Prodigious

Prodigious Pow'r hath shewn : around him rose,
 A Rampart of the Bodies of the Slain.
 Dauntless 'midst Deaths he stood, like Fate, unmov'd,
 Nor aught avail'd the united Flap of Wings,
 Or ported Beaks ; where e'er he turn'd, they fled.
 And now the Fortune of the Day is lodg'd
 In his right Arm alone : When, sad to tell !
 A formidable Fowl, with out-stretch'd Wing,
 Sudden from all his Conquests, snatch'd the Prince,
 (So will'd the Gods) and bore amid' the Clouds.
 Pendant he hung ; glad Clamours fill the Sky,
 While his sad People helpless mourn below
 Their wrigling captive Monarch doom'd to feast
 The savage Conqueror's insatiate Maw.

Now its most frightful Visage War puts on.
 Th' infernal Crane, still soaring in his Flight,
 Tears with remorseless Claws the wretched Chief ;
 Impatient of the Wound, he flings, he raves,
 And beats the Air, in dying Pangs convuls'd.
 Such was the dreadful Scene, when fell *Briarius*,
Titanian, or Earth-born, raging fierce,
 Threw shaggy *Pelion* to the Throne of Heav'n ;
 And struck th' Almighty Thund'rer from his Seat.
 Rocks thro' mid Air encounter'd fiery Bolts,
 Hurl'd to, and fro, with Jaculation dire.
 Wing'd with fork'd Lightning, the hoarse Thunder flies,
 From *Jove's* red Arm, thick on the Rebel Crew.
 'Till overthrown the Giant Carnage lay
 Involv'd in Smoak, and hot with sulphurous Wounds.
 Their mightiest quell'd, the fainting Battle swerves
 With many an Inroad torn ; o'er-powr'd at length,
 Disorder enters, and foul Rout ensues.
 Part fly out right, Part suppliant fall before
 Th' insulting Victors, pressing on the Rear.
 The vengeful Bird, alas ! No Quarter gives,
 Bent on entire Destruction of the Race.

Thus the *Pygmean* Empire, that had stood
 Triumphant, 'midst innumerable Wars,

So glorious to herself, so fatal to the Crane,
 Now saw her towering Structures laid in Dust,
 Her Throne subverted, and her Name no more.
 For earthly States have all determin'd Periods,
 Beyond whose Date they're not to be prolong'd.
 So ended once proud *Babylon's* Domaine;
 Then *Persia*, next in Pow'r, so next in Fate,
 And *Rome* immortal, last, and greatest fell.
 Now on *Elysian* Plains, the happy Shades
 Dwell undisturb'd. Perspicuous in the Throng,
 Rise the old Heroes more majestick Forms.
 If Credit we may give to ancient Tale,
 Full oft has the belated Peasant seen
 The jocund Elves, by shady Grove, or Fount,
 Or Forest Lawn, their Moon light Revels keep:
 While, safe from dire Alarm of Cranes, and lost
 To former Toil, on Mirth and Dance intent,
 They mark fine Ringlets in distinguish'd Green;
 Now by the Name of Fairies better known.

F R A G M E N T,

F R O M

CLAUDIEN'S First Book against RUFINUS,
IMITATED.

*Adeo tritum thema est, atque ab omnibus jactatum, otium, & secessum
præponere vitæ forensi, & occupatæ, propter securitatem, libertatem,
dulcedinem, dignitatem, aut saltem ab indignitatibus immunitatem,
ut nemo tractet hunc locum quin bene tractet; ita humanis
conceptibus in experiendo, & consensibus in approbando consonat.*
Bacon de Aug. Scient.

OF RUFINUS.

— SLOW dastard Dulness is his native Vice,
But Mischief quickens, and informs the Mass.
From Realm to Realm as the Destroyer flies,
A following Tract of bloody Ruin lies.
Beneath the Line with fiercer Fires he glows,
And adds new Winter to *Rhiphean* Snows.
An horrid Respite Chains and Racks afford,
The cruel Mercies of th' impending Sword :
Worse than th' impending Sword protracted Breath,
A Life prolong'd to 'wail the Woes of Death.
If any, bolder than the rest, deny
When call'd, the Tyrant's Coffers to supply,
Stung with the dire Disgrace, he foams with Ire,
And his red Eye-Balls dart destructive Fire.
So the struck Savage roves *Getulia's* Plain,
Tugs the barb'd Jav'lin, and provokes the Pain ;
Robb'd of her Young, so the mad Tygres roars,
Hangs on the Parth, and Thunders to the Shores ;

So

So hisses fierce, so meditates her Foe
 The trodden Snake, while her big Columes glow;
 But still he thirsts, still pines amidst his Store,
 A Wretch, that's always craving, always poor.
 See great *Fabricius*, great in Indigence,
 Slight the deluding Tribute of a Prince;
 His small paternal Plot *Serranus* plows;
 While Sweat bedews the toiling Consul's Brows.
 Those lowly Cots, the *Curian* Names adorn
 On Cloud-hid *Palatine* look down with Scorn.
 O sacred State! where Wealth or Want ne'er come;
 To serve no Motive, to enslave no *Rome*.
 Let Luxury thy o'er-charg'd Nature load,
 And with phantastick Dainties heap thy Board,
 To her full Breasts, me Mother Earth receives,
 Cheaply I'll riot on the Wealth she gives.
 There, figur'd Walls betray the *Tyrian* Loom,
 Th'imperial *Murix* proudly paints thy Dome.
 Here, blooming Meads their fragrant Sweets dispense;
 Here, living Pleasures court the ravish'd Sense;
 Embroider'd Carpets ev'ry Field adorn,
 Blow in the Grove, and open in the Lawn;
 The flowry Couch, and gently murmur'ing Streams
 Lull to soft Slumbers, and unbroken Dreams.
 There, clam'rous Clients croud long Rooms of State,
 And fawning Leveés, call the Wretched Great.
 Here, in smooth Whispers, balmy Zephyr blows,
 And airy Musick wakes from calm repose.
 " A virtuous Poverty's a Good confess'd.
 " When Nature made us Men, she made us blest'd,
 " So live the Wise, who hear her heav'nly Voice,
 " Who know to make, and know to use their Choice.

ANOTHER

A N O T H E R

F R A G M E N T

IMITATED, FROM THE SAME.

OF T have these Thoughts my anxious Soul oppress'd,
 With fluctuating Fury tore my Breast,
 Whether omniscient Powers, all Good bestow
 Their Care and blessings on Mankind below :
 Or doth sole Arbiters, blind Chance, preside,
 And Things at random drive the giddy Guide.
 When this harmonious Whole I wondering found
 By Laws directed, strictest Union bound ;
 How circling Seasons in their Turns appear,
 To pour their Products, and compleat the Year ;
 How Night and Day in grateful Change move round ;
 How struggling Deeps, unwilling own a Bound :
 The Tumult ceas'd.—Yet tho' repress'd my Fears,
 My Mind still labours with the lessening Cares.
 As when retiring Storms forsake the Deep,
 Pant to the Shore, and o'er the Billows creep,
 While Ocean yet, not all his Peace regains,
 Nor baffled *Boreas* quits the heaving Plains,
 Thick fluttering Blasts die in a distant Roar,
 And fainter Murmurs fall along the Shore.
 But now a conscious Guidance I descry,
 Now see a Mind Almighty, thron'd on high :
 Who points the Planets their unvaried Way ;
 Fills the fair Womb of Earth with Off-spring gay ;
 Gives changing *Phæbe* Splendors not her own,
 And stores with unlent Light the constant Sun ;
 On central Axes hangs the steady Ball,
 Secure in Air, and gives it Laws to roll.
 When lo ! again ———
 My Views no more a certain Prospect boast,
 And all the Promise of the God is lost.
 Black gathering Clouds my ruffled Mind o'er-spread,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life I tread,

F

See

See the successful Villain ride the State,
 The Patriot sinking in the Storms of Fate.
 Sudden Religion's strong Supports Decay,
 And all the tow'ring Fabrick falls away :
 With mournful Eyes the fleeting Form I view,
 And forc'd, unwilling, other Guides pursue.
 That thro' the void teach flooping Atoms rain'd,
 By Chance associate, and by Chance detain'd.
 While lucky Jumbles of a thoughtless Rout
 A World produce, and at an Heat strike out.
 Exists the whole, ungovern'd, self combin'd.
 Nor wants the Stay of an immortal Mind.

But all my Doubts *Rufinus'* Fall remov'd ;
 Absolv'd the Gods, and Providence approv'd.
 Of tardy Vengeance now no more I rave,
 When prostituted Purple courts the Slave ;
 Hoisted aloft, just shewn, then headlong flung,
 To deck the Dunghil whence the Insect sprung.

A N O T H E R

U P O N

FL. MALLIUS THEODORUS.

CECROPIA's Science stores your ample Breaſt
 With ev'ry Treasure of the antique Eaſt :
 Averse in novel Doctrines to engage ;
 The fashionable Jargon of the Age.
 This, a first Cause on Vital Air bestows :
 While That, holds all from circling Water flows ;
 Another that the Whole from purer Fire arose. }
 He that impatient *Ætna's* Womb explor'd,
 Diffuses thro' the Maſs his plaſtick God :
 His God with healing Amity array'd,
 Reforms the Fury jarring Discord made :
 Then back recall'd, gives ev'ry Breaſt the ſame,
 And ev'ry Soul receives an equal Flame.

This

This says the Sight its imag'd Frauds supplies
 Opposes Certainty, and Sense decries.
 That, in a swift Rotation, saves the Ball,
 Arrests its Ruin, and refrains its Fall :
 Wild Systems forming, holds the solar Ray
 Shoots from a Stone to luminate the Day.
 A third more daring Wings his forward Flight
 Thro' tractless Chaos, and the Realms of Night.
 One Heaven cannot th' ambitious Wretch restrain,
 Pass'd beyond Matter to the vast Inane,
 Affects all Bounds corporeal to despise,
 While in his narrow Breast unnumber'd Worlds arise.
 One in unconscious Atoms kindles Life,
 Gives Form and Union to disorder'd Strife.
 Another bids his Guardian Gods advance,
 And far from Prescience drives th' Effects of Chance.
 New Light, to Arts obscure, great *Mallius* yields,
 The *Grecian* Gloom with *Roman* Radiance gilds :
 In artful Di'logue forms unfinish'd Minds,
 And captiv'd Truth in Ties alternate binds.
 Whate'er stern *Zeno* and the Porches teach,
 Or *Plato's* more exalted Flights can reach ;
 Whate'er *Chrysisippus* from thy Schools arose,
 Whate'er thy Logick, and Retreat disclose,
 Whate'er *Democritus's* Mirth provok'd,
 Or close *Pythagoras* by Silence spoke,
 Lodg'd in his Breast, and fashion'd by his Fire,
 Receive fresh Lustre, and fresh Weight acquire.
 In *Greece* no more, th' *Athenian* Bays shall bloom,
 More fam'd Academies shall rise in *Rome*.
 See while her Lawrels wither, that she gain'd,
 New Science open'd, and the old explain'd :
 See in the West, a wiser Sage indite
 The *Summum Bonum*, and the Rules of Right ;
 How Good and Gainful differ but in Name,
 How Happiness and Honour are the same :
 Against what Vice, what Virtue to provide ;
 What, when Injustice tempts to draw aside :

What, when a slavish Fear's to be expell'd,
 Or, (mighty Task!) when tyrant Love must yield:
 Or else dispos'd to treat of Nature's Laws,
 Of flowing Matter, and its primal Cause:
 What Fire ethereal animates the Spheres;
 How roll'd, unvaried, thro' the Length of Years.
 Why seven orb'd Stars, in brighter Lustre rise,
 Fly from the Poles, and keep the middle Skies.
 Does one sole Mind this Harmony bestow,
 Or motion'd Matter from two Causes flow.
 * Is Colour real, and distinct from Sight,
 Or the gay Phantom of refracted Light.
 Why tiding Deeps pale *Phebe's* Influence own?
 Why louder Thunder bellows from a Storm?
 What Ballances in Air the gather'd Rains?
 What, into harden'd Orbs, condensing Vapours Chains.

Whence

* I shall not wonder, if my Reader be surprized to see me just shewing my self in Person, at my going off, between the two last Pages of the Performance; when I have not address'd myself to him in the Ceremonial of *explanatory Notes*, nor bespoke his Favour so much as in a *Preface*. I won't concern myself to apologize for these, or other Disadvantages, and Neglects obvious enough; but shall tell him, without more Ambage, the plain Matter of Fact. That as I went along in these Amusements, the casual Relaxations from severer Studies, I wrote Observations upon them, not of that Kind which makes up the dead Weight of Books among the common Translators and Editors; but such as might contribute to illustrate the substantial Beauties of my Authors, and afford a rational Entertainment to my Readers. And particularly upon this Poem, the finest in that Writer, and an entertaining Proof of the Justness of that trite Observation, *That there is nothing so absurd, but what one Philosopher or other hath maintained*. But I could not prevail with myself to bestow so much Time upon them, as was necessary to put them in a Condition to appear with the Translations. However, a Note upon this Place lying before me, I thought fit to send it with the Poem.

Is Colour real, &c.

*Sitne Color proprius rerum, lucis ne repulsus,
 Eludant aciem.*

As the atomical Phytology, of which this Doctrine of Colours is so considerable a Part, is not only the most rational, but likewise the most ancient of all the Systems of Nature; it may be no unacceptable Present to my Reader, to give him a succinct History of the Rise, Corruption, and Revival of this venerable Body of Philosophy. What then is called the

atomical

Whence comes the Winter of the fleecy Snow ?
 Whence round the Sky's red Coruscations glow ?
 Or Flash terrifick in devouring Rays,
 Or fright the Nations with a bearded Blaze ?

While thus the Paths of Nature you pursue,
 The whole Creation opens to your View ;
 Thro' ev'ry winding Secret you explore ;
 To all impervious, and unknown before :
 Below you, see, involv'd in Guilt and Strife,
 The vulgar Herd tug the gall'd Load of Life ;
 While you on Nature's highest Summit sit,
 Unmov'd, regardless of the Force of Fate.

Olympus

atomical Physiology, had, as, *Plato* tell us, for its Founder *Protagoras* ; *Aristotle* says, they were *Leucippus* and *Democritus* jointly ; according to *Laertius*, it was *Leucippus* only ; but others deduce its Original still higher and pretend to say, the Inventor of it was *Mofchus* or *Mofes*. It had for its Support the following Principles, that *Body* is διασπαιόν ἀντίστονον *extended Bulk*, which includes only the Ideas of Magnitude, greater or less, Divisibility into Parts, Figure and Position, Rest and passive Motion only ; that Vision must be solved by corporeal Effluvia, or, according to our more refined modern Atomists, by the Medium of Light ; and lastly, that the sensible Ideas of Light and Colours, Heat and Cold, Sweet and Bitter, are but mere Fancies and Sensations of the Mind, caused by the Repulse of Light, and not real Qualities in the Objects themselves, which is certainly a noble Instance of the Wisdom and Sagacity of the Ancients, or would rather tempt one to think, as the most ancient Opinions in Physiology are the purest, that they were derived from other Sources besides human Reason. For it is very remarkable, that this System, tho, followed by several profets'd Atheists. or, as some will have it, as you see above, founded by them ; yet none, when rightly understood, corrects this Madness better ; for from it is naturally deduced the Proof of an immaterial Being, because if nothing belongs to Body (as it affirms) but passive Motion, which can never begin itself, but must receive its Original from some exterior Agent, it follows there must be something in the World besides Body, otherwise there could have been no Motion in it. But to pursue the Discourse ; this System, doubtless the most genuine, perfect and compleat of all Antiquity, did not long preserve its Virginity ; it soon became miserably mangled and dismember'd, some laying hold of one Part, and some another ; some admitted it, to the Exclusion of the Doctrine of Immateriality, its inseparable Consequence, as *Democritus*, *Leucippus* and *Protagoras*, and so commenced Atheists. Some again, as *Plato* and *Aristotle*, took indeed the better Part, the Consideration of Immateriality, but stripp'd it of its Vehicle, the Body, and so run

Olympus thus the Rage of Heav'n derides,
 While forky Lightning plays around his Sides ;
 Eternally serene, no Winter fees,
 Nor Storms, nor Tempests, interrupt his Ease ;
 Insults the Wreck, and higher rears his Head,
 'Midst foaming Deluges around him spread ;
 Hears, undisturb'd, descending Torrents flow ;
 And ~~the~~ spurns the Thunder as it lags below.

into contrary Errors. The System so evaporated and spiritualized in passing thro' the Hands of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, triumphed for many Ages, even to these latter Times ; and then nothing was heard in the Schools but the unintelligible Doctrine of substantial Forms, &c. till of late it was discovered, that the atomical Physiology most rationally solved the corporeal Phenomena ; but the Atomists and Idealists having divided the Truth between them, that modern Restorer of Truth, the great *Des Cartes*, took so much of the Democratic as related to corporeal Phenomena ; and so much of the Aristotalic as concerned Incorporeality with its Dependances, and, to his immortal Honour, joined again what had been so violently and unnaturally separated, and once more gave Credit to the old Doctrines of secondary Qualities ; which have been since espoused by our no less famous Countrymen *Locke* and *Newton*. The remaining Errors of the Aristotalic and Democratic Systems being thus left naked and defenceless, *White* and *Digby* espoused the first, and, *Mr. Hobbs*, by a singular Piece of Knight Errantry, undertook the Protection of the latter. But here let us do Justice to that great Man's Memory, at a Time his Writings seem to be entirely neglected, who, with all his Errors, and those of the most dangerous Natures, we must allow to be one of the first Men of his Age for a bright Wit, a deep Penetration, and a cultivated Understanding. Several of whose uncommon Speculations while they remain'd with him, lay unregarded ; but when taken up by others, of whom we deservedly have a better Opinion, received their due Applause and Approbation. The learned Reader sees I have *Mr. Locke* principally in my Eye, and indeed, that incomparable Man received no small Assistance from *Mr. Hobbs's* Notions. I could name several, upon which *Mr. Locke* values himself, as Discoveries and Improvements in Knowledge, but which he really borrowed from the other, tho' admirably improved, and carried to a greater Length : For that other haughty Man was concise and dogmatical, and breathed the exact Spirit of his Master *Lucretius*, but to mention one only, and that *Mr. Locke's* Assertion, *That Liberty belongs not to the Will* ; the finest, and (as he confesses in a Letter to *P. Limborch*) the most intricate Dissertation of any in his Essay. This his Predecessor had before asserted in his *Leviathan*. But I have insensibly deviated into a new Subject, which can't be too hastily broke off.

A CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL
E N Q U I R Y

INTO THE
CAUSES of PRODIGIES and MIRACLES,
AS RELATED BY HISTORIANS.

WITH
An ESSAY towards restoring a METHOD and
PURITY in HISTORY.

IN WHICH,
The *Characters* of the most celebrated WRITERS of every
Age, and of the several *Stages* and *Species* of *History*, are
occasionally criticized and explained.

IN TWO PARTS.

*Disce, sed Ira cadat Naso, rugosaq; Sanna,
Dum veteres Avias tibi de Pulmone revello.*

PERS.

FIRST PRINTED in 1727.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR ROBERT SUTTON,
KNIGHT OF THE BATH;

AND ONE OF HIS

MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

S I R,

THE wife and learned *Bacon* assures us, that *the putting a Stop to Dedications*, may be justly placed amongst the *Advancements of Learning*. And, against this general Practice, opposes the Example of the mighty Ancients, who bravely stood their Ground alone, or only chose a *Second* from amongst their Friends and Equals. The most effectual Atonement to dishonoured Letters, being, in his Opinion, to wipe out the very Memory of a Composition, so long defiled by the grossest Adulation. But whatever Advantages of Reputation this Expedient might procure to Learning, its Interests, I am afraid, as Things now stand, wou'd be injuriously affected by it. For the ancient Writers, whose Practice is here recommended to us, were in Circumstances so widely different from ours, that we cannot justly be accused of Presumption, or Weakness, for striking out into a new and commodious Road, which our great Masters neither saw nor wanted. Their Learning flourish'd only in Republics; and by Reason of the Expence of Manuscripts, then the only Conveyance of it,
was

was engrossed by the principal Citizens: Dedications therefore, when used, must run necessarily on a Level. At the new Birth of Learning, in our Western World, the Nobility indeed became fond and ambitious of it, as a Novelty and *sounding Distinction*. But this ill-grounded Ardour abating, they soon grew weary of the familiarized Stranger. Whether or no their ordinary Caprice, in Matters of Mode, prevailed here, and when they cou'd not keep it to themselves, they dropt it, like a spread Fashion; for now the Invention of Printing had made it a Purchase for the Vulgar; or whatever else was the Reason, Learning was soon forced upon her new Acquaintance, *Poverty*; and at length became the lean Inheritance of a distress'd and ruinous Fraternity; which, like the younger Branches of a noble Stock, wou'd naturally incline towards the Great, as to the Elder House, for Protection and Support.

Their Pretensions at first, as befitted, were modest enough; and while they fairly pleaded a literary Descent from the same common Ancestors, these thought the Honour of the Family somewhat concerned in the Fortunes of the unhappy Suppliants. And had the *Genius of Learning* been then so watchful o'er its Charge, as to convert their dying Ardour for the Profession of Letters, into a fresh and more lasting Flame, for the Protection of them, perhaps, the World had been no Loser by the Change.

But,

But, alas! a fatal Depravation of Manners came on apace. The Patron grew ashamed of Virtue, and so, indifferent to Praise; and the Client, now hopeless of Independence, was easily reconciled to Slavery. He forgot the dignity of his Descent. He prophaned his Incense, sacred to the Wise and Virtuous, by offering it to any upstart Idol of the Streets: And at length fell so low into Misery and Wretchedness, as not to be allowed the Honour of a *Public Prostitution*, till he had got the previous Indulgence for his Shame *in private*.

For now certain Impostors had mixed themselves amongst the Learned. These were a kind of *Parasites*, who, like their Ancestor in *Terence*, were for refining upon their Profession; and from Nature's Designation of *simple Buffoons*, had improved themselves into *Dedicators*: Yet this Coalition was not thought altogether monstrous. The *Parasite* having as noble an Original, and suffering as base a Degeneracy, as the *Dedicator*. For the *Parasite*, as the *Dedicator*, was, at first, a *Name of Honour*. He was, as *Athenæus* informs us, of the Chief of the City. He presided in the Sacrifices of the *Demi-gods*, and sung the Praises of the *Heroes*. For Lucre too, he prostituted his Office; and being now despised and poor, turned Sycophant and Flatterer for a Dinner.

But I forget, that however deformed Panegyric may have grown of late in *Dedications*, yet to find Satire there, will be esteemed altogether monstrous.

monstrous. Besides Sir, you will easily believe that it is not my Design to decry their Use, but to restore their Reputation; which can be only done by joining again, what has been so long and unhappily separated; true Virtue and honest Praise. And though I be so rigid to myself, as to be content only with a *Character like yours*, yet I would not be thought to condemn in another, the Choice of one, *less exact*. Let but it arise from the solid Foundation of true Greatness, and we have no Reason to be displeas'd at the Frontispiece, though embellish'd with the Luxury of Art and Fancy. But to raise an enchanted Palace out of a sick Brain, or stinking Vapour, must create our Pity or Detestation. For as in optical Amusements we call the Glass that enlarges, a good one, because it helps us to survey the Beauty of the Object *with more Exactness*: So in describing the Virtues of a great Mind, and tracing out the benign Influences of a moral Constellation, 'tis allow'd to display and heighten the bright Side of each glowing Virtue; and strive to reconcile any cross Appearance of an eccentric Motion. But if by a pitiful Flaw in the grinding, this Glass pretends to discover Stars and Galaxys, in the *unenlighten'd* Part of Heaven, we laugh at the Artist, and throw aside the lying Intelligence. For Example, the *Roman* that had call'd *Catiline's* factious Popularity, public Spirit; or *Anthony's* beastly Luxury, Munificence, had fin'd against his Country Virtues; while the candid

and humane *Atticus* had been excused, when speaking of *Cæsar*, who had Ambition, without Pride or Vanity; of *Cato*, who had Pride, without Vanity or Ambition; of *Cicero*, who had Vanity, without Ambition or Pride; he had called the *First's* Ambition, the Love of Glory, because joined with Clemency; the *Second's* Pride, an honest Scorn, because arising from the Enmity of Vice; and the *Third's* Vanity, a conscious Merit, because never spareing in another's Praise.

But be not, Sir, apprehensive, that now I have got these *great Names* at this Advantage, that I intend to make the *common Use* of them, and raise you *needless Trophies* upon their Dishonour. My Devotions are less superstitiously directed; and I know you detest so *blind and barbarous a Sacrifice*. They were brave Citizens, whom all the *Roman Virtues* conspired to adorn. As to revive the *Old-English Manners*, is your Glory; of which your ancient and noble House has not only produced great Examples, but, (what is its highest Felicity) has conveyed down to you, with undiminished Vigour, the same virtuous Spirit that produced them. Nor are the *British Manners* of so suspicious an *Alloy*, as to need any foreign *Standard* to ascertain their Value. Nor have you so faintly or imperfectly transcribed them, that there shou'd want a Gloss or Comment to make them understood. For genuine Virtue, like pure Light, is seen through no Medium, but its own. To describe it to the
clear-

clear-fighted, is needles; to weak Eyes, *offensive*; and to the blind Many, impossible,

All that I can do, is recalling your indebted Country to the fresh Memory of your public Services. Where revered by your Fellow-Citizens, admired by Foreigners, and beloved by mighty Princes, you purchased the most glorious of all civil Titles, even that of A TRUE ENGLISHMAN. We saw you from afar, by the most refined Dexterity, subdue the mutual Rage of warring Empires. Then shaken *Europe* demanded your Assistance. You heard, you went, Commerce revived, scandalized Religion raised her Head, and the Blessings of Nations bore you on your Way; but the Enemies of Peace declined the *Congress*. They were enough sensible that the shifting Arts of State craft, and separate Interest, were too unequal a Match for the steady Councils of a determined Breast; where so much Love, joined to so much Knowledge of Mankind, gave no Hopes of subduing or evading. Hence greater Toils await you. Your Country hails the Omen; and will now believe that to your filial Piety is reserved, a Share in the last Effort of Civil Wisdom, the Union of discordant Parties.

But the *merited Honours* of Life, are what you have in common with your *illustrious Compatriots*. The perfect, the sincere Enjoyment of it, is a Felicity in which you have a few Sharers; except those whom you have made your *Friends*. A fine Writer of the lower Empire, celebrates the
greatest

greatest Character of his Age, a PHILOSOPHIC STATESMAN, for still *wearing the Countenance of a private Person*, amidst the Glories of his public Offices. This, perhaps, was as high as *Rome*, in her last Decays, cou'd advance her worthiest Sons. Had the Poet known *Scipio* or *You*, he had said, that after you had gained, in your *public Offices*, the Love and Reverence of remotest Nations, *with the COUNTENANCES, you still preserved the MINDS of private Citizens*. This, Sir, is your last Effort of Virtue, and becomes its *Reward*. It fits you for the full Enjoyment of past Actions, and present Honours. It preserves your Glories ever fresh and springing, and leads you to Pleasures that are lively, constant, and sincere.

'Tis true, there are some, who not pretending to enter into the exalted Sentiments of Heroic Minds, concerning private Life, wou'd ascribe your Indifference for public Power, to something more interested; the Charms of *your illustrious Consort*. They hold it impossible, that the Conversation of that most *accomplished Lady*, shou'd suffer it self to be disturbed by the most splendid Avocations. But if it must be owned, that here *Inclination* draws on the Results of Reason; it must likewise be allowed that they are the Virtues of the COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND, that draw the Biass; nor can so divine an Union impede the vigorous Progress of the Soul inspired with Glory. For a *Female Breast* of so chaste
and

and bright a Polish, is the truest *Mirrou* wherein to dress up Heroism. There *wild Ambition* is frighted at its own Deformity; and *Cunning* betrays the insipid Mein of Folly; while *sober Greatness* wears a brighter Splendour; and *reflected Wisdom* a more powerful Address.

But you begin to frown.—I have, perhaps, too bluntly told you what the World says of you. But you must merit less, if you wou'd not be the public Talk; and be cooler in your Favours, if you expect I shou'd not take a Pleasure in repeating their Discourse. Besides, Sir, you are safe from *the Caprice of those common Accidents*, to which hair-brain'd Dedicators so unworthily expose their noble Patrons. For when I speak of your Wisdom, I can never be accessary, (a rare Felicity! to a Charge against your Conduct; when of your Integrity, to a Recollection of any past Corruption; nor will your Candour be construed a Propensity to censure the Actions you had no Share of; or the Love of your Country a blind Adherence to a Party.

In Truth, the Writer, happy in a generous Patron, and unable to discharge his Obligations; by publishing them to the World, gives a Kind of Security for the *Debt*, at the same Time that he makes a Boast of his *Credit*.

Tho' now shou'd any malicious Reader enquire into my Pretensions to your Favours, I must ingenuously own, all I know of the Matter is, that *it is the Character of great Minds rather*

to countenance and esteem those whom they oblige, than those, whom in likelihood, they might be obliged by.

I shou'd now, Sir, *according to form*, implore your Protection for the following Sheets, against the *Attacks of Criticism*. But, alas! those are ill-grounded Expectations; which sure, by this Time, we might begin to distrust, was it in *Authors* to grow wise at so cheap a Rate, as by a Brother's Experience.

Your great Name can but lift me up to be the more exposed; while, like *young Euryalus* in the shining Helmet of the *divine Messapus*, my bright Defence but makes me the more obnoxious to Danger; safe had I been contented in my native Obscurity. *I am,*

S I R,

Your Most Obliged, and

Most Faithful Servant.—

A
CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL
E N Q U I R Y
I N T O T H E C A U S E S O F
P R O D I G I E S A N D M I R A C L E S,
A S R E L A T E D B Y
H I S T O R I A N S.

P A R T I.

PRODIGES and PORTENTS have infected the best Writings of Antiquity; and have so blotted and deformed our modern Annals, that (with greater Justice than *Polybius* has observ'd it, of the former) they may be rather called TRAGEDIES than HISTORY. How it comes to pass that, while the *other Sciences* are daily Purging and Refining themselves from the Pollutions of superstitious Error, that had been collecting throughout a long Winter of Ignorance and Barbarism; *History*, still the longer it runs, contracts the more Filth, and retains in it the additional Ordure of every Soil through which it passes: How this happens, I say, is somewhat of difficult Disquisition. If one may be allowed to guess, this seems to be the Reason: In other Sciences, superstitious Errors, having only the Patronage of single Philosophers, or Sects, Men take full Liberty to examine them, and, unrestrained by any Authority that can claim a Sanction from Nature or Religion, take a Pleasure in laying open the

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Weakness and Folly of unreasonable Opinions. But in *History*, these things being deliver'd as the Sentiments of whole Nations; or, perhaps, as the Belief of our own brave Ancestors, whose Benefits to Posterity have advanced them to the Rank of Demi-Gods and Heroes; this sanctifies Superstition, keeps us at an awful Distance, restrains our Enquiries, and gives Error the Eldership of Reason. The only Cause hitherto assigned, for this strange Attachment of Historians to the *Wonderful*, has been SUPERSTITION, and so unquestioned is this Opinion, that just as the Work is more or less free from that Contagion, the Author, without more ado, is stiled Superstitious, or otherwise.

BUT *Superstition*, though one may allow it a very extended Influence towards this Effect; and might give up the whole Mob of monkish Writers to its Tyranny, won't, I presume, account for so universal a Practice in Men of all Religions, Times, and Temperatures. See TITUS LIVIUS: What discordant Judgments amongst the Criticks concerning him! while one Side pronounces him a *Superstitious*, from his delight in Monsters and Prodigies; the ¹ other proves him a *Free thinker* from the Depth and Extent of his Reflections. But while each reckons *Superstition* the only Source of this *pestilent Humour*, with what Difficulties are they both beset! For was he *Superstitious*, cou'd he write with that Liberty of Nature and Religion? Was he a *Free-thinker*, wou'd he immortalize the Dotages of the Priests and Rabble?

No, we must go deeper to reach the Bottom of this Evil; and in exploring the dark Recesses of the *human Mind*, we shall discover these peculiar WEAKNESSES and KNAVERIES that are of themselves sufficient to produce the Effect; and which do, in reality, often share between them this Usurpation over the reasonable Faculties.

I. AND first of its *Weakness*. There is a Flaw, which was certainly in the original Formation of the Mind, that all its Reason could never folder. But it will ever be an Inlet, and most hospitable Harbour of *Imposture*; of which nothing is a more

¹ See Toland's *Adeisidamon*, *sive* T. Livius a *superstitione vindicatus*.

clear and Melancholly Proof, than our great Facility in deceiving ourselves, and our Complaisancy and Constancy in the *Cheat*. To this it is, that an often-vanquished *Error* so resolutely keeps its Ground, and even gains Strength by its Defeat. Compare the Tales of the elder *Pliny* with the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of Dr. *Brown*, and you will be surprized to find with what Zeal the sacred Depositum of *Error* has been transmitted from Age to Age, for Two thousand Years together, through all the Changes and Subversions of Religion, Customs and Civil Government: When *Truth*, both Sacred and Profane, had submitted to the wide-wasting Ravages of Time, still *Error* maintain'd her Empire in her unchang'd antique Garb and Porte: And if haply, by Length of Time, some less considerable *Errors* have been lost, yet have their *imperfect Footsteps* still kept up a Kind of Adoration. ² Survey the general *History of Truth and Falshood*, and see if one has not Reason to question that boasted Prerogative of the former, that *she only receives Strength from Age, while Error dissolves at its Approach*; ³ at least, if we must confess, with the Mythologists, that *Truth is the Daughter of Time*, they can't but agree with us, That TIME IS THE SLAVE OF ERROR. Thus is *Deceit* the Darling of the Mind. For was it but *Falshood's* Mask of Veri-Similitude that we doated after, and

² Witness that mysterious Title our Quacks often give themselves of the *Unborn Doctor*; which, I believe, has puzzled many to unriddle. I confess, for my own Part, I was very much at a Loss, till I recollected the extraordinary Birth of *Æsculapius*, the great Patron of Physic, who, as Story says, was cut from his Mother's Womb. Now, while he was worshipp'd as a God, and his Providence univerfally acknowledged, it is very natural to suppose, that the *Empiricks* of Antiquity would claim what Relation to him they could; and what carried greater *Circumstance* along with it, than proclaiming a *Similitude of Birth*. But when poor *Æsculapius* began to be discredited, and his *Inspiration* denied, the *Craftsmen* came, indeed, to be ashamed of professed Relation to him; yet this Silver Shrine was worth Money; and a Veneration was accordingly preserved for it; so that tho' now both *Quack* and *Patient* have forgot the *Religion* of it, they still keep up the old Fondness, for its *Obscurity*, and, as I said above, adore the *Footsteps* of the departed Tradition.

³ *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.* Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 2.

not some way-ward Charms in her proper Person, could we possibly shew so much Backwardness to an Examination; or treat the officious UNDECEIVER with such Hatred and Outrage?

POSSESSED with this fatal Passion, see the *Multitude* in Crowds falling down before a ⁴ *Juggler's Box*; and assuredly, did not Modesty restrain them, we should have as open Declarations in Favour of *Church* and *State* Legerdemain; for the Delight we feel when the Artist converts his Cork Balls into Apples; and the Admiration, on the Padlock's being invisibly clapt on the Mouth of the heedless Bystander, ⁵ will, I dare say, be found to be the self-same Passions, stript of their Formalities, that engage us in the Cause of *Transubstantiation*, and the divine Right of *Tyranny and Slavery*. This Weakness of the Mind, being, as we observed, an *original Flaw*, we may account it the *most extended Cause of this Historic Timpany*; but the Passion (in reality different) yet, by reason of its Affinity, should be carefully distinguished from *Superstition*. The *original Weakness* I speak of, is the common ground to this Passion, and, as Lord *Bacon* well notes, of *Superstition*, also ⁶. But *Superstition* is of a later Growth; ⁷ so though *Superstition*

⁴ Or, if you will, the now fashionable Hocus Pocus Tricks of the Theatres.

⁵ Two usual Tricks shewn to the People.

⁶ *De Augm. Scient. l. 2. c. 13. NATURA RERUM omnibus viventibus indidit metum & formidinem, vitæ atque essentiaæ suæ conservatricem, ac mala ingruentia vitantem & depellentem. veruntamen EADEM NATURA MODUM TENERE NESCIA EST, sed timoribus salutaribus, semper vanos & inanes admiscet; adeo ut omnia (si intus conspici darentur) Panicis Terroribus plenissima sint; præsertim humana; & maxime omnium, apud vulgum, qui SUPERSTITIONE, (quæ vero nihil aliud quam panicus terror est) in immensum laboret & agitur.* My Reader may observe thus much; that this Part of my Hypothesis, concerning an *original Weakness in human Nature*, and how, it is the Cause of *Superstition*, is here confirmed: To examine the Particulars in which we differ, would keep me longer than my Time will permit.—Here the Note might have ended, had not some terrible Remarks on this Passage engaged my Attention: For if they be just, I am deprived of all the Benefit of the great *Bacon's* Testimony. Then so it is: He is charged by Lord *Shaftsbury*, and by the

stition is never without that, that is oft without Superstition. Might I have leave to be a little Speculative, I believe I could entertain my Reader, in shewing him *how* this *Weakness* begets the *Love of Falshood*; and at the same Time instruct him more fully in my *Hypothesis*.

ADMIRA-

the Author of the *Discourse of Free-thinking*, who is but the *Ape* of that ingenious Nobleman, with broaching a bold Impiety in the above Quotation. See the 3d Vol. of the *Charact.* p. 69. and the *Discourse*, &c. p. 169. Lord *Shaftsbury* speaks: " This celebrated Author (*viz. Bacon*) " here quoted, by his *Natura rerum* can mean nothing less than the " *universal dispensing Nature*, erring, blindly, in the very first Design, " Contrivance, or original Frame of Things, according to the Opinion " of *Epicurus* himself, whom this Author (*viz. Bacon*) immediately af- " terwards cites with Praise." To the same Purpose his *Admirer*: For after so glaring an Instance of foul-dealing, in a learned, witty and virtuous young Nobleman, it is no wonder that Christianity should receive any Outrage from Men who can imitate him in nothing but in that unhappy Prejudice he had entertained against our holy Religion; as of the later *Sophists* who affected to be thought followers of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, some of them could arrive at no higher a Conformity than the Imitation of the *Stammering* of the one, and the *round Shoulders* of the other. As, I believe, it has not been yet done; I hope my Reader will excuse me from endeavouring to vindicate the Great and Religious *Bacon* from the Suspicion of Impiety, in the Place above quoted. 'Tis to be premised then that the Antients, besides using the Words *Natura* and *Natura rerum*, ambiguously, and obscurely, in a Sense, of which they had no certain, clear, determined Ideas, which commonly happened; they principally understood by them these two Things: I *Communis hominum parens*; *Deus ipse*. II. *Quædam vis ingenita; vel Causa intima, in rebus universis insita*; something like the *Plastic nature* of Dr. *Cudworth*. This admits no Doubt. 'Tis plain, then, that *Bacon* was authorized by good *Latin* Writers, to use the Words *Natura rerum*, in the latter Sense. But was this not so, yet 'tis allowed to Writers, Philosophers especially, to use a philosophical Word, in their own peculiar Sense, so they give open Notice of it; and this *Bacon* has done: For being on the Advancement of the several Branches of Science, when he comes to the Mythologic (which was his favourite Contemplation, and in which he has succeeded to Admiration) he explains the Fable of *PAN*, by *NATURE*. *Pan*, says *Bacon*, is *Nature* *Pan* was begot by *Mercury*, according to the Fable & *NATURA RERUM* (says *Bacon*) *EX VERBO DIVINO, ORTUM HABET*. See now what a Figure Lord *Shaftsbury* makes with his Assertion, That *Bacon* can mean nothing less than the *universal dispensing Nature*, erring blindly, &c. according to the Opinion of *Epicurus*.

ADMIRATION, we experience to be one of the most bewitching, enthusiastic Passions of the Mind; and every common Moralist knows, that it arises from NOVELTY and SURPRIZE, the inseparable Attendants of IMPOSTURE: That *Falshood* should be the great Store-house of *Novelty*, won't appear strange to those who consider, that all *Lyes* are of equivocal heterogeneous Birth; no one has its Antitype, but each is a kind of chimerical SPECIES, of itself alone. As to *Surprize* (the other Concomitant of *Falshood*) the Monstrousness arising from those strange capricious Combinations of Ideas, afford sufficient Matter for it: For *Lyes* having no Antitypes in Nature, but put together at the Pleasure of the Inventor, must needs have all the various Discordancy that a crazy Imagination, or a crafty Understanding is capable of conceiving. Add to this, the consequential Quality of a dark, mysterious, impenetrable Obscurity; and you see why this Admiration is as durable as it is violent.

Epicurus. But he cites *Epicurus* with Praise it seems: Agreed; and for a Sentence very deserving of it; yet how little favourable he was to his Character in general, we may see in this very Discourse concerning *Pan* or Nature, where he says, *Non solum profanum instituere (Epicurum scilicet) sermonem, sed etiam desipere videtur.* I have only this to observe; there is a strange Propensity in Writers, to give the ATHEIST to one another. *Hippocrates* has been accused of Atheism by some Modern, for speaking magnificently of *Nature*; (see the Treatise, intitled, *Hippocrates Atheismi falso accusatus contra Gundlingium*) and our great Countryman for speaking disadvantageously of it; perhaps, with equal Justice. For the World, as we said, is very flippant of its Accusations of this Kind: And what, between a narrow Suspicion of the BIGOT, on the one Hand, and the Cunning and Ambition of the LIBERTINE, to countenance his Impieties by great Names, on the other, 'tis seldom that a very considerable Writer escapes scot-free.

7 See this Observation admirably illustrated by *Tacitus*, where he speaks of Prodigies in the declining Reign of *Otho*.—He concludes the Account with *& plura alia, [prodigia scilicet] rudibus seculis, etiam in pace observata, quæ nunc tantum in metu audiuntur;* In the rude Ages of Rome, the Love of *Falshood* begot by Admiration, drew them to propagate the Belief of Prodigies: But now *Superstition* was the Cause, which arose from the Distraction of the unsettled State, agreeably to Lord *Bacon's* Observation in the foregoing Remark, who says, The Vulgar labour with *Superstition, Præcipue temporibus duris, & trepidis & adversis.*

BUT

BUT TRUTH, (even of a new Discovery) is of much cooler Contemplation; as paying its Court to the Understanding only, by affording a regular View of its simple univocal Original, with the universal Relation, Dependance and Harmony of its Parts. So calm a Prospect often raises no Emotion, or but that of the lowest kind, which we call *Approbation*. Thus the *wondering Egyptian*, after having survey'd the pregnant Globe, on this Side cover'd with springing Harvests, which promise Wealth and Plenty to the near and distant Continent; and on *That*, disclosing a monstrous Brood of Crocodiles to lay waste the Fields and Villages; passes over the *Blessing* with a serene Acknowledgment; but follows the *Course*, with Transport, Worship and Adoration.

BUT not to be over-fond of an Hypothesis, I shan't scruple to confess, that *Truth*, in some Cases, may beget Admiration.

FIRST, *Mathematical Truths*, especially of new invented Theorems, will raise it to a very extraordinary Degree. Witness, that known Story of the old Mathematician, who hit upon a considerable Discovery as he was Bathing, and in an Ecstasy and Transport of Mind, ran Home Naked through the publick Streets. But how observable is it here, that even in a *Truth*, it is *its seeming Conformity to Error*, that produces this Admiration, by the common Way of *Novelty* and *Surprize*: As when we find the *Ratio* between two Things, (whose Distance makes an exact Comparison appear impossible) by a Medium that seem'd beyond the Reach of human Wit to discover or apply.

SECONDLY, a clear and comprehensive View of that amiable Existence, we call VIRTUE, will, for a Time, keep it up to an uncommon Ardour; and here, and in the foregoing Case, (because fixed on *Truth*) *Admiration* has, perhaps, its Use; the Novice may be hurried by it into the Cause of *Virtue*: But if it so happens, that this Admiration be called off, or disturbed; or, that it falls of itself, before *Virtue* has thoroughly made her *Acquaintance*, we soon shift her off, and return back again to our old *Strangeness*.

A REMARKABLE Instance of the first Case, we have in the great Historian *Sallust*. Why I use him here, as well as hereafter, may be seen towards the End of this *Discourse*.

THOSE Criticks who have not sufficiently measured the Obliquities of *human Nature*, are much scandalized at what they call an outrageous Affectation in his Behaviour. That a Man of his dissolute Character shou'd have nothing in his Mouth but *Virtus, Virtus*. 'Tis true, that both before and after his thus espousing the Cause of Virtue in his Histories, he ran into violent Excesses, yet was his Conduct at that Juncture very natural.

CONSIDER *Sallust* just expell'd the Senate, and settled in his first Retreat: He had before his Eyes that inexorable Magistracy, which while it remained Supreme, could not relax its Justice in favour of his gross Enormities: This gave him no Prospect of ever returning with Honour to a public Employment; what could he do, but cast about to make the best Use of his Disgrace. He flatter'd himself to have emerged out of a general Corruption; and having now got firm footing in his Recess; and leisure to breathe and survey the surrounding Dangers; his long neglected Philosophy comes to his Assistance, and discovers to him the Deformity of *Vice*.

*Apparent diræ facies inimicæ; Trojæ.*⁸

AND, assisted by the Liveliness of his Genius, employs his *Admiration* on the lovely View of *Virtue*. What Wonder, then, to hear him speak with Passion and Transport of what he was just become enamoured of, and with Harshness and Obloquy of *Vice*, which had so fatally traversed his Pretensions to the Possession of its Rival. But now consider *Sallust* invited by the fortunate ⁹ *Usurper*, to share with him in his Robberies.

— *Rursus labefacta cadebat*

Virtus ———

No sooner did the warm Aspect of good Fortune shine out again, but all those exalted Ideas of *Virtue* and *Honour*, raised, like a beautiful kind of *Frost work*, in the *cold Season* of Adversity, dissolved and disappeared.

BUT, Secondly, *this Admiration* soon drops itself, and if *Virtue* has not in the mean time secured her Game, she will be quite thrown out: Yet observe, so unhappy is the Condition

⁸ *Virgil.*

⁹ *Caesar.*

of *Humanity*, that we oft find when the *Heat of Admiration* has thoroughly warmed the Fancy, the Impressions remain a long Time after; and though Virtue and we have been long *Strangers*, yet is the disorder'd Imagination perpetually representing what it felt while that Heat was at the highest; like the Men of *Abdera*, *Lucian* speaks of ¹ who, on seeing the *Andromeda* of *Archelaus*, represented in a hot Day, in full Theatre, contracted a feverish Frenzy, with so odd a Crisis, that every one set up for the Deliverer of the distressed *Damofel*, and nothing was seen or heard all Summer long, but buskin'd Hero's roaring out their Jambics from one End of the Town to the other. *This* could not be a more pleasant Sight, than to see one of our *moral Lunaticks* in his *hot Fit*. He cries out upon the Prevalence of *Vice*; invokes Reputation, Honour, Religion to assert his Cause, and mourn with him the Evils he suffers from a base, degenerate World: He thunders on his brave Breast, as much as to tell you, that there frighted *Virtue*, there poor *Astræa*, just on the Wing for Heaven, has taken up her last Stage; and if he dies of Grief, do but open his noble Heart, and you may there trace the fresh Marks of her departing Footsteps.

THUS we see the untenable precarious Post of *Virtue*, when she enters by *Admiration*; which would almost persuade one that this is not the natural Way of getting into our Acquaintance: And I am confirmed in this Opinion, by observing the different Reception she met with in *Greece* and *Rome*, where she came differently recommended. The latter brave People were long *Strangers* to all the Refinements of Fancy; and by their Genius and Circumstances, averse to all Theoretic Speculations. *Simple Nature* was their *Goddeffs*, and *unsophisticated Reason*, their *Religion*. Here *Virtue* enter'd by the *Understanding*; and mighty was her Progress amongst her rude unletter'd *Pupils*. They embraced her as part of their *Essence*, not as a gay *Ornament*, to be wore for Ostentation: So that her still Voice was silently obey'd; and no more Notice taken of her Operations, than of the natural Functions of the Mind

¹ *De scribenda Historia.*

or Body: But in the Words of their great Historian, *Sallust*, “*Optimus quisque facere quam dicere malebat.*” Now in *Greece* things went on at a different rate; in *Greece*, where *Plato* himself confesses² that Philosophy (the Word by which they would express the Science of *Virtue*) actually owed its Birth to *Admiration*. The Understanding wander’d in Search of ideal Excellence, through all the Windings of metaphysical Speculations; and *Virtue* entering (as *Plato* confessed) by *Admiration*, became but the fondling Toy of Fancy: Their reverend Teachers made a Science of it; they methodized it; they were always talking of it, and yet, amidst all this Ostentation of Concern for its Interests, they suffer’d it to evaporate under their very BEARDS in Noise and Smoke. In a Word, the *Greeks* could never rise higher than *justa facere*, the Fruits of *Virtue* unnaturally forc’d by the Warmth of *Admiration*; while the *Romans* arrived to the full Perfection of *justum esse*, the mature Product of *Virtue* concocted in the Understanding.

To conclude, it was, no doubt, from the Discovery of these Evils arising from excessive *Admiration*, that made the more cautious of the *Greek* Philosophers restrain their Pupils in the too forward Use of it; and the wisest of all the *Romans* totally forbid it in these oracular Lines;

*Nil ADMIRARI, prope res est, una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere, & servare beatum.*³

AND now to come about again.

II. A second Cause of this Deluge of Prodigies, in historic Compositions, is another *Weakness* too natural likewise to the human Mind; which one may call a *national Pride*: Through this we appear considerable enough to Challenge the Regard of Providence in the most frequent Interpositions; whether these be in our Favour, or for our Punishment, this national Passion is equally gratified: *And here we see what it was that most strongly drew the Roman Writers to transgress in the Prodigious*; and amongst the rest *LIVY* himself; who, though a Master⁴ in every Part of *Nature*, yet engaging in the Con-

² In his *Theætetus*. ³ *Hor. Ep. 6. l. 1.* ⁴ *Vid. Seneca fil. Ep. 100.*
temptation

templation of that surprizing Series of good Fortune, that advanced *Rome* to the Dominion of Mankind, and unable to explore the Causes that lay hid in the *Penetralia* of Providence; inflam'd with the Love of his Country, that Roman Virtue; he could not chuse but revere her as the first Favourite of Heaven; and so gave into every thing that might advance the Credit of her Divinity. Thus is the *Dilemma*, in the beginning of this Discourse, easily evaded. *Livy* is a Believer of Prodigies, yet no Superstitious; a Philosopher, and here no Free-thinker. But if you would see this *Roman Spirit* at its full Height, consult what remains of *Julius Obsequens de 5 Prodigis*; in which Work he was at the Pains to collect all the Prodigies recorded by his Countrymen, *ab U. C. ad An. 742*. Punishments or Favours, 'twas all a Case; all was for the Honour of *Old Rome*; ⁶ but have we not as zealous Partisans for the Honour of *Old England*, who, not contented to glory in the Scourges she has formerly received from Heaven, are so great Asserters of impending Judgments for old national Crimes, that you would believe the Credit of the Kingdom depended on the Truth of their Predictions. Judgments on the Posterity of principal Agents, are another thing: But to think national Punishments due, after national Satisfaction made, and national Reformation established, so as the Repetition of the

⁵ This Work appears to have been wrote in Defence of expiring *Paganism*, and so has met with the common Fate of all Books of the same Times and Character: But its mutilated Parts have been looked upon with such Compassion and Charity by that honest German, *Conrade Lycosthenes*, that he has given a Supplement to the zealous and devout Performance.

⁶ Even *Tacitus*, as affectedly Sceptical as he is, speaking of the Misfortunes of the Empire in his first Book of Histories, cannot disguise the *ROMAN*; and when Affairs had so wry a Look, that Men of cooler Complexions, or less Lovers of their Country, would have seen, or thought they saw, all the Marks of the total Neglect and Reprobation of Heaven; this national Pride still buoys him up, and if he must acknowledge that the Gods had no longer any Care for their Safeties, it could not be denied that they were still most rigorous Avengers of their Injuries. “*Nec enim unquam atrocioribus populi Rom. cluditus, magisque justis judiciis approbatum est, non esse curæ deis securitatem nostram, esse ultionem*” And observe, he had just before been speaking of the several Prodigies that happened at that Time.

Crime

Crime is become impossible; must proceed only from that odd Kind of *Pride* we speak of. *Horace*, indeed, a much better Divine in this *Case*, speaking of the same Thing, argues upon right Grounds.

*Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, DONEC Templâ refeceris
Aedesque labentes Deorum, et
Foeda nigro simulacra fumo.* ⁷

Now as *Superstition* is sometimes found mixed with the former Weakness, viz. *the Love of Falshood*; so *Enthusiasm*, we see, has frequently its Share in *this*: But it must be confessed, that *here* the *Evil* has the noblest Cause in the World, the Love of one's Country.

Great is its Fault, but glorious is its Flame. ⁸

AND I do not know whether we should not be Losers by it, if in succeeding to root it out of Minds so enthusiastically borne away, we should diminish the least Spark of that *Cœlestial Fire*.

BUT there is a Sect of Anti Moralists, who have *our Hobbes*, and the *French Duke de la Rochefoucault* for their Leaders, that, give it but Encouragement, would soon rid our Hands of this Inconvenience, and most effectually prevent all Return from that Quarter: For whereas it was the Business of ancient Philosophy, to give us a due Veneration for the Dignity of *human Nature*; they described it as it really was, beneficent, brave, and a *Lover of its Species*; a Principle, become Sacred since our divine Master made it the Foundation of his Religion: These Men, for what Ends we shall see presently, endeavouring to create a Contempt and Horror for it, have *painted* it base, cowardly, envious, and a *Lover of its self*. A *View* so senseless and shocking to the common Notices of Humanity, that I affirm him no honest Man, and incapable of discharging the Offices of a Son, a Subject, or a Father, that in the sudden, and even involuntary Workings of the Affections, does not perceive the *Fucus*. Now between the ancient Doctrine of the Dignity of human Nature and public Liberty, there is so strict and natural an Union, that it is impossible to separate them,

⁷ *Garm. l. 6. Od. 3.* ⁸ Waller.

without destroying both: So that whatever Zeal this new Sect may pretend for public Good, they must be, in spite of all their Pretences, the most fatal Enemies to that, which only can procure it, public Liberty. Publick Liberty, which is the Balm of human Misery, the Quintessence of human Felicity, and the best Recompence for the Loss of a Terrestrial Paradise.

FOR while the *Love of the Species* is thought to be implanted in the Mind by Nature; Instinct is assisted by a Sense of Duty, to seek the Happiness of *it*; and our Enquiry, at length, discovers that nothing can produce this Happiness, but *public Liberty*: Then to procure *this*, being the Means of gratifying the noblest of its innate Passions, we see what it was that drew heroic Minds, through all Ages, from MOSES to WILLIAM THE THIRD, to declare themselves such unwearied Advocates for the common Rights of Mankind.

BUT when once we can be brought to persuade ourselves, that this *Love of the Species* is Chimerical; that the Notion was invented by crafty *Knaves*, to make *Dupes* of the Young, the Vain, and the Ambitious; that Nature has confined us to the narrow *Sphere of Self-love*, and that our most pompous Boasts of a generous Disinterestedness, are but the artful Disguises of that Passion; we become, like *Ixion*, ashamed of our Fondness for a *mistaken Juno*, and leave the *gaudy Exhalation* to be dispers'd by the *Storms of popular Tumults*, or the *Sunshine of Court-flattery*: Or if, haply, the Memory of it yet remains, the *little People* employ it to countenance Licentiousness, and the *Great*, to monopolize Oppression.

THESE are unavoidable Consequences. And indeed, the jolly Philosopher of *Malmesbury*, in a drunken Fit, spoke out: For intoxicated with his new brew'd *Hypothesis* of *human Baseness*, he fell dotingly fond of an *absolute Master*: And, *O rem ridiculam CATO, & jocosam!* to discredit *public Liberty*, translated *Thucydides*. 'Tis true, he never meddled with *Antiquity*, but to abuse it; witness again, his Translation of *Homer*: But the Cause of his Spight was no Mystery; for the far best Part of it contains little else than Precepts or Examples of this *innate Honesty of the Mind*: Yet to prosecute *it* with more Decency, Antiquity was to be all *proscribed* for the Sake of his
Levia-

Leviathan; and 'tis certain *he* was equally concerned; for how could those *Twin-Brothers*, *human Baseness* and *public Slavery* keep their Credit, while there remained in Being, so many unexceptionable Testimonies of their Shame and Confusion?

BUT we must not forget the *French Nobleman*, who, to accommodate his Work to the Taste and Capacity of the Courtiers, propagated, at the same Time with *Hobbes*, the same Doctrine in loose, independent *Maxims*. Those of his own Quality may be free with him. Lord *Shaftsbury* calls him "a petty Retailer of Wit, who has run Changes and Divisions without End, on this *Article of Self-love*." ⁹ His *Fancies* spread wonderfully among the *Noblesse*; and I am very much of Opinion, that to *that* as much as any one Cause, we may ascribe the Triumphs of the two *Cardinals* in the Minority of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, over the then remaining Liberties of the State; for neither is the Connection nor Congruity between *Baseness* and *Slavery* to be questioned. What Thoughts, then, must we entertain of a late Writer, who, in a *Country of perfect Liberty*, has undertaken to revive this expiring Doctrine? For the *Fable of the Bees* is but the *Tap-droppings* of *Hobbes* and *Rochfoucault's* unnatural *Beverage*.

BUT *human Nature* and *Civil Government* deserve, it seems, no longer to be treated with Decency, their weak Side is now discover'd, and their Authority openly attacked. The Assault has been carried on at all Quarters, and Philosophy and Buffoonry equally in their Turns, employed in relieving one another. But *Scaramouch* is to have the Honour of the Day, and now marches to the Engagement on the Shoulders of the Philosopher. A thorough Banter upon these two Topics, is become the modish *Jeu d'Esprit* of our generous and hopeful Youth, who sure, if ever, are now in the Way of being *Merry and Wise*. The rare Felicity of the Age, that can afford to carry on such important Works with so much good Humour! But thou, Reader, who hast unhappily imbibed too largely of the *sour Spirit* of Antiquity, must pretend to no Share in the Honour. Thy Pride, perhaps, won't suffer thee to *degrade thy*

⁹ *Charact.* Vol. I. p. 20.

Species; nor thy Partiality to thy Country, to abuse thy Govern-
ors. Your Masters, *the Ancients*, said it, and you, alas! believed
it, that Mankind was more free from Malignity than Weakness;
and less able, than dispos'd to mend: But hearken to better
Instructors, and learn to efface those silly Prejudices.

THE *religious Author of the Tale of a Tub* will tell you,
Religion is but a Reservoir of Fools and Madmen; and *the vir-
tuous Lemuel Gulliver* will answer for the *State*, that it is a Den
of Savages and Cut-throats. What think you, Reader; is not
the System round and great? And now the Fig-leaf is so clean-
ly plucked off, what remains, but bravely to strike away the
rotten Staff, that yet keeps our old doting Parents on their last
Legs?

SERIOUSLY let it be as they say, that Ridicule and Satire
are the Supplement of public Laws; should not then, the Ends
of both be the same; the Benefit of Mankind! But where is the
Sense of a general Satire, if the whole Species be degenerated?
And where is the Justice of it, if it be not? The Punishment of
Lunatics is as wise as the one; and a general Execution as
honest as the other. In short, a general Satire, the Work only
of ill Men or little Genius's, was proscribed of Old, both by the
Critic and the *Magistrate*, as an Offence equally against Justice
and common Sense.

THE Immortal *Socrates* employed his Wit to better Purpose.
His Vein was rich, but frugal. He thought the Laugh too
dear, when bought at the Expence of Probity: And therefore
laid it all out in the Improvement and Reform of Manners.
But not to be partial to Antiquity, it must be owned, that even
then, for one *Socrates* to Reform, it had a *Democritus* to Sneer,
a *Diogenes* to Snarl, nay, even an *Heraclitus* to Weep at hu-
man Obliquity. So much easier has it always been, to invent
a false Philosophy on the Credit of a prevailing Passion, than to
use even the first Principles of Reason, to curb and restrain it.
And here 'tis well worth observing, that he, of all these, whom
the World treated most severely, was the *Reformer*: As he who
most grossly abused his Reason, even to the arguing against geo-
metrical Demonstrations, was the *Scoffer*. The first Part of
the Remark, these gamester Gentlemen, by their *present Con-
duct*,

duct, seem to have been no Strangers to; and the latter they would do well to reflect on for the Regulation of the *future*. Again, at the Revival of Letters, a *second Socrates* arose in *Erasmus*, a *Democritus* in *Rablais*; and a *Diogenes* in *Peter Aretin*: And again, the well directed Railery of the *great Reformer*, drew down against its Author more Enemies, than did all the Filth, Scurrility, and Impieties of the *Buffoon* and *Cynick*.

'Tis our Glory, and I wish it may prove our Happiness, to give the Enemies of Religion and Liberty, the most uninterrupted Freedom in carrying on their Attacks. But as we justly pride ourselves in imitating the free Manners, and elegant Humanity of *Greece* and *Rome*; rather than the barbarous Inquisitorial Spirit of a *Spanish* or *Italic Hierarchy*; it would be shameful in us to be ignorant of, or not to imitate the nice and equitable Bounds, those wise Republics put to a perfect Toleration. These, if I mistake not, are exactly marked out, in the famed Case of the Philosopher *Protagoras*. And I must ask Pardon of the Learned, for thinking that the *Areopagitæ* regarded his Behaviour in a different Light from what *Tully*, who mentions the Story, seems to say they did. *Protagoras* published a Treatise, with these strange Words in the beginning of it, *Whether there be Gods, or whether there be none, I shan't trouble myself about the Matter,* ¹ for which he was banished, and his Book publicly burnt; certainly not from the *Athenians* Impatience, in suffering that Matter to be made a Problem of; but for the extravagant Way of treating so momentous a Question, an Air of Levity and vicious Indifference, unbecoming a Philosopher or an honest Man. 'Tis a small Matter that Truth requires Sobriety, and a State, Decency and good Manners, to qualify you for the Noble Employment of thinking freely, and thinking justly. In vain you tell us, that Men, by Right of Nature, claim full Liberty of Philosophising. The *Buffoon* and *Sneerer* are still on the wrong Side the Charter. Thus we may presume, did those discerning Judges argue. Their Indulgence to *Epicurus* very much countenances our Conjecture; for that

¹ *De Diis neque ut sint, eque ut non sint, habeo dicere, apud Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 1.*

Philosopher even adventured to determine on the Question, and founded his whole Doctrine upon the Destruction of Providence and Religion; yet his Retirement, his Temperance, his Justice, his Friendship, all bore Testimony of Error only in the Judgment. And the Solitude of the *Garden* was undisturbed, while Modesty and Sobriety resided there.

BUT it is now high Time to ask my Reader's Pardon in Form, for my Digression on *Virtue* in the foregoing Head, and for this of *Public Liberty* just ended.—If they are to be adjudged Digressions. For the *Knight Errant* in his Way to Court, to break a Lance for Fame and Reputation, while he steps aside to redress an *injured Virgin*, the proper Office of his *Order*, may be said to be more truly in his Way, than before he left the Road.

III. Now as *Folly* begets *Knavery*, by the most natural Generation; *The Free-thinking Historian*, though above the Reach of these two *Weaknesses*, so largely descanted on, in the preceding Heads, yet experiencing how subject the Mind is to be tainted by them, is prompted by a strong *Desire of Popularity*, to take Advantage of this prevailing Propensity for *lying Wonders*; and to fit his Treat to the Palate of his Readers. See here the Source of one of those *Knaveries of the Writer*, which, in the beginning of this *Discourse*, I assigned as a *Cause of portentous Relations*. Of this, the *Greek Historians*, were first and principally guilty; and the great Father of Falshood, *Herodotus*, above Measure: For all those *monstrous Stories*, to some of which he throws in a Salvo for his own Credit, were but Traps, laid at an Olympic Entertainment, for the Applause of a proud and lazy People: For what a Sacred Writer delivers of the *Athenians* in his Days, was always true of the *Greeks* in general; that they spent their Time in nothing else; but either to TELL or HEAR some NEW THING. *

BUT these Historians have not stopped here, they have found their Account in giving in to every Branch of this popular Delusion: So that not only the Prodigious and Supernatural, but likewise mere *human Actions* are dress'd up by them, in strange fancied Ornaments of Affright and Terror; and thus

* Acts xvii. 21.

delivered over to the *secular Arm*, as it were, in a SAN-BENIT. See here a remarkable Instance. *Sallust* in his *Bel. Catil.* having given us the Conspirators in Council, with the Result of their Debates, goes on in this Manner, “*Fuere ea* “*tempestate, qui dicerent, Catilinam, oratione habita, cum ad* “*jusjurandum populares sceleris sui adigeret, humani corporis* “*sanguinem vino permixtum in pateris circumtulisse, &c. —* “*Non nulli fœta & hæc, & multa præterea existimabant ab iis,* “*qui Ciceronis invidiam, quæ postea orta est, leniri credebant,* “*atrocitate sceleris eorum, qui pœnas dederant. Nobis ea res* “*pro magnitudine parum comperta est”* Now that this Story was false, we need not doubt: For had it been otherwise, could *Fulvia* be ignorant of it, who had so entire an Ascendant over the most dissolute of the Gang, that was under no more Restraints of Modesty, than he was of Policy, to hinder his indulging a Woman’s Curiosity in the minutest Particulars? Would not such a Circumstance have fixed the greatest Impressions of Horror in that Sex? and would not those Impressions have been uppermost, while she was making her voluntary Discovery to *Cicero*? Could *Cicero* have been silent on this Head; that *Cicero*, I say, who, in his *Invectives* against the Conspirators, loads them with all the Guilt they were but imagined capable of committing? and to strengthen all this, *Sallust* confesses, after the most exact Enquiry, he could find little to countenance the Rumour; and so acquiesces in that very probable Account of its Original; that it was broached *afterwards*, to allay the Odium again *Tully’s* Administration. But all this fair Dealing and Circumspection could not restrain the *Greek Writers* that copy’d after him, from deserting *Truth* to serve themselves of the Weaknesses above-mentioned. *Plutarch* ³ and *Dio Cassius* ⁴ have both wrote of the *Catiline Conspiracy*, and given the Tale of this horrid Sanction, not only as a most unquestioned Fact, but have heightened it with all the Improvements of a *true Grecian Spirit*: For whereas *Sallust* says, it was reported that the Conspirators drank human Blood mixed with Wine; these Compilers affirm it was the Blood of a Man or Boy (for in that Particular only. they differ) whose

³ *In vita Cic.*

⁴ *Lib. Hist. 36.*

Throat they cut for the very Purpose. This round Way of doing Things, by our two *Greeks*, I must confess, appear'd to me at first Sight, unaccountable. To see these *Copyists* of After-times so carefully gather up an old senseless Story, to Engraff upon, that had been long ago rooted up, and thrown aside by a great *Original Writer* of the very Age in which it first sprung up. But our Way of considering it, clears all; and lays them so very open, that we see their Drift as clearly as if they had cried out in the very Words of the old *Roman Mob-drivers*, *Appellamus ad Populum*.

BUT though this at first, was no more in the *Greek Writers*, than *winking* at their Reader's *blind Side*; yet by a long Habit of keeping their *Eyes* shut, like *Geta* in *Appian* ⁵ they become at last, *stark blind*. In this Condition was the *gross Body* of them in the Time of *Juvenal*; and agreeably to it must we understand his

— *Quidquid Græcia mendax*
AUDET in Historia.—— ⁶

For intellectual Blindness gives the greatest *Relievo* to the Spirits, as the seal'd Pigeon has the most adventurous Flights.

IT would be endless to recount the several Engines, Historians of all Ages have invented to catch the Applause of the People, though at the Expence of Truth, and just Composition. But, for the Honour of the *Moderns*, I shall examine one lately fitted up by the *French* Historians, and set a going with uncommon Success. It is an entirely new Species of historic Writing, that meddles only with the *Revolutions of a Country*, to which the ingenious *Abbot de Vertot* has given the highest Reputation; ⁷ But never, sure, was any Attempt in History, productive of more or greater Evils: The present Fondness for this *Cheat*, and its yet unsuspected *Imposture*, will excuse my Pains, in proving how irregular, false and imperfect the Composition is in itself. Secondly, how injurious it is to the Country it so dismembers; and, Thirdly, how destructive to all just History.

⁵ *Hist. Rom. de bell. civil.*

⁶ *Sat. 10.*

⁷ By his *Histoire des Revolutions dans la Rep. Romaine.*

THAT this *Form* should wonderfully allure common Readers, is no way strange. The busy, active Catastrophe of *Revolutions* gives a tumultuous Kind of Pleasure to those vulgar Minds, that remain unaffected with the calm Scenes, that the still and steady Advances of a well ballanced State, to secure its Peace, Power and Durability, present before them: * Add to this, that the *Revolution* Part, is the great Repository of all the Stores for *Admiration*, whose Power and Fascination on the Fancy, we have at large examined: Whereas the *Steady* Part affords Entertainment only for the Understanding, by its sober Lessons on public Utility. This Advantage then, let these *French Charlatans* make their best of; but let them at the same Time confess, that Truth, and just Composition is another Thing: This is to be measured by the Nature and End of Civil History; its very Name, and the Practice of all Antiquity teaches us to define it a *Relation of public Action, in a continued chronological Series between any two proposed Periods*: Not a capricious Jumping from one distant Fact to another, as Fancy, or a fair Mark, directs their Course. The End of it is general Utility; by drawing Uses from Examples; let us see, then, which contributes most to this End, the turbid, or the calm Season. The History of the Revolutions and Subversions of Government can never afford Examples of great Use: The Rareness of the Phœnomenon, and the dark and confused *Faces* of it, afford only *new* Evidence to the *old* Truth of the *Instability of human Things*; or at best is Physick to a People going to run mad of the same Distemper; besides, on seeing nothing but Battles and Devastations, Revolts of Towns and Provinces, the Struggles of Factions, and the Violation of Faith and Treaties, we are apt to be disgusted at Society; to think irre-

* Perhaps my learned Reader may urge me with the Authority of Lord Bacon, who, in the Dedication of his History of *Hen. VII* seems to countenance the *Revolution Writers* in that famous Passage where he says, that peaceable Times are the best to live in; but unsettled Times the best to write of: The *Latin* is, *Quorum alterum genus temporum viventibus commodius, alterum, scribentibus gratius*. Now he apparently uses the word *gratius*, from the Experience he had as an Historian, how much that Part of History allured the Generality of Readers, which to a Writer fond of Applause, would always carry the Recommendation of *gratius* along with it,

verently

verently of it, and in Time to drop all Concern for its Interests : But the History of the Arts of Peace and Commerce, in which we find the Amendments of Laws, the Refinements of Manners, the Advancement of Knowledge, the Improvements of public Conveniences, and the Establishment of Liberty and Power ; this is the Work of Use, and constant and universal Concernment : And what Man in his Senses won't think that the History of GEORGE THE FIRST, will be esteemed, to the latest Posterity, as infinitely more subservient to all the Purposes of wise Policy and civil Prudence, than those of an *Alexander*, a *Tamerlain*, or a *Lewis* ?

SECONDLY ; The Injury to the State so handled, is intolerable : Let us consider only how *Rome*, the immortal City, is treated in the *Histoire des Rev. dans la Rep. Romaine* ; in which the Writer professes but to describe its Imperfections. A noble Task : Near a kin to his, who first gave a Map of the Spots of the Sun. To succeed in this, was no great Difficulty ; but, perhaps, the Historian might have been as much puzzled as the Astronomer, had he been obliged to have delineated the dazzling Glories of it. *But this kind of History best discovers the Nature and Genius of a People, and teaches to form the truest Judgment of a Constitution.* Ridiculous ! As if one should measure the Benefits of the *Trent*, the *Severn*, or the *Thames*, by the casual Overflowing of a Summer Inundation : But Men are apt to run into hasty Conclusions. I have met, amongst my ingenious Friends, with some, who would not give themselves the Pains to learn the *Roman* Constitution from its own Writers ; or perhaps might think, according to the Proverb, that it would be seeking *Rome in Rome* ; but took their Notions of it from this famed History, which I understood were so frightful, as to make them conceive, that *Rome*, amidst her Conquests, differed no more from *Rome*, the *Asylum* of Cut-throats and Ruffians, than as her Power furnished her with Arms and Passions to be more universally destructive to Mankind. ⁹ But our own hard Case in this Regard, will shew

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us,

⁹ The Partisans of this *French* Writer have another Quarrel with the *Roman* Republic. What, say they, can give us a more contemptible Idea of a large State, than to find it mostly govern'd by *Custom*, to have few
written

us, Theirs: For while, by the Unhappinefs of an Ill-ballanced Constitution, we were frequently neceffitated in behalf of Liberty

written Laws, and not fo much as *Magna Charta* to mark and ascertain the Boundaries of *Jurisdiction* between *Senate* and *People*? This, indeed, was the Cafe. *Custom*, or the traditional Obfervance of the Practice of their Fore-fathers, was what directed them in their public as well as private Determinations. This was appealed to in pronouncing Sentence againft a Criminal, where Part of the *Formulary* was MORE MAJORUM. So *Saluft*, fpeaking of the Expulfion of *Tarquin*, fays, *Mutato MORE*, inftead of *LEGE mutata*; and *Virgil*, *Pacifque imponere MOREM*. But that this was a Defect in civil Policy, will not be fo eafily made out. Let us compare *Custom* and *written Laws* together in a few Inftances. But as the getting the Ancients of one's Side, is accounted Half a Victory, it won't be amifs, firft to fortify ourfelves with a noble Obfervation of *Dio Chryfoftom's*. *That the Enflaved are the fitteft to be governed by Laws, and free Men by Custom*. This Paradox, ill underftood by *M. Cafaubon*, in whom I found it quoted, I fhall endeavour to defend. *Dio's* Politicks were here directed principally upon *Rome* and her Provinces. That at leaft it was a Republic, and Conquefts made by it, he had his Eye upon, is evident from hence; Conquered Countries under a Monarchy, could, with no Propriety, be faid to be governed by Laws; for the Will of the Monarch, by the Mouth of the Lieutenant or *Bafhaw*, is the Terms of Obedience; but in a free State, the regular debated Decrees of the Legislature, afford them the Benefit of fixed and eftablifhed Laws. So much for the Fact. The Reason on which *Dio* founds his Obfervation, may be gather'd from hence.—*Custom* being of the Nature of paternal Injunctions, traditionally delivered from Father to Son, the Obfervance of it by a State, muft needs be a Mark of Freedom; and coming originally from the revered Founders of their Liberty, will be an Encouragement and Affiftance to them in Defence of that Bleffing, as being the Prerogative intailed upon it: But a conquered People muft pretend to none of this Difftinction: Having, by their Degeneracy, loft all Right to their brave Fore-fathers free Inftitutions, their Mafters will, in Policy, take the Forfeiture; and the fixing a Conqueft, muft be done by giving Laws, that every Moment put them in Mind of the Power of the Victor; nothing being more dangerous than to truft a late fubdued People with *old Customs*, that perpetually upbraid their Basenefs, and provoke them to revolt.

But now to the Point. The Wifdom of the *Roman Republic*, in their Veneration for *Custom*, and Backwardnefs to introduce *new written Laws*, may be feen by the following Comparifon.

1. The Benefits of *new written Laws* are merely confined to the Confequences of their Obfervance: *Customary Laws* keeping up, as we obferved above, a Veneration for the Founders, engage Men in the Imitation of

Liberty to take the Field, or implore the Aid of a generous Protector; we know who they are amongst our Neighbours, that for these old Diseases of State long since remedied, continue to this Day, to traduce the best-natured People upon

of their *Virtues* as well as *Policy*. To this was owing the religious Regard, the *Romans* paid to their Fore-fathers Memory; and, consequently, their adhering for so many Ages to the Practice of the same *Virtues* which nothing contributed more to deface, than the Introduction of a voluminous Body of new Laws over the Neck of venerable *Custom*. And this their factious and ambitious *Demagogues* always made their first Care to promote.

2. The Simplicity, Conciseness and Antiquity of *Custom*, give an Air of Majesty and Immutability, that inspires Awe and Veneration: But *new Laws* are too apt to be *Voluminous*, and so perplexed and mutable; from whence proceeds Neglect, Contempt and Ignorance.

3. As every Thing of human Institution is subject to gross Imperfections; those, in *new Laws*, which have such, are easily discovered; and so for the Weakness of one Part, all the other Parts, though sound, are brought into Contempt: But such Weaknesses in a *Custom*, for very obvious Reasons, evade an Examination; besides, a friendly Prejudice, as we shall see by what follows, always stands up in their Defence.

4. But in Case a *new Law* be perfectly equitable and necessary, yet if the Procurers of it have betrayed a Conduct that confesses, By-Ends and private Motives, the Disgust to the Circumstances dispose us, unreasonably indeed, to an Irreverence of the Law itself. But we are indulgently blind to the most visible Imperfections of an *old Custom*. If we can't satisfy a malicious Objector in the *Cui bono*, we can persuade ourselves, that our wise Fore-fathers had good Reasons for what they enjoined; and if they be now lost, the Benefit will still go along with the Observance, though we don't know how. 'Tis in this Manner the *Roman Lawyers* speak in the *Digests*, Tit. *De ratione legis non inquirenda*.

“ *Non omnium quæ a MAJORIBUS constituta sunt, RATIO reddi potest; & ideo rationes eorum, quæ constituuntur, inquiri non oportet: alioquin multa ex his quæ certa sunt subvertuntur.*” L. 1. Tit. 3. L. 20 & 21.

5. Those Laws that keep up for themselves the greatest Love and Observance, must needs be best; but it is the most notorious Truth, for which above you see the Reasons, that the People have ever had a strong Attachment to *old Custom*, and an equal Neglect of *new written Laws*.

All that I would conclude from hence, is this; That the *Romans* might have found enough to reply to the Enemies of their Constitution; and we, enough to explain an ill-understood Observation, That *numerous Laws are a Sign of a degenerate Community*; which is generally thought to mean, That numerous Laws are the Consequence of debauched Manners, when in Truth, *They are very often the Cause*.

Earth, with the Title of Savage, restless, turbulent *Revolutionists*. But I won't answer for the Abbot that he was not paying his Devotions, while he thus sacrificed the most divine State that ever was. This is a stale Trick ⁶; if not here plaid over again; why such frequent and tragical Exclamations against the Divisions between Senate and People? A much better *Connoisseur* in these Matters, even the great *Machiavel* assures us, that these very Divisions were the Foundation and Security of their Greatness.

—*Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ Mœnia Romæ.*

As I trust only to my Memory, that I have read such an Observation in the Beginning of *Machiavel's Discorsi sopra T. Livio*, I have forgot whether he gives his Reasons for it: But there was no need; for those that are the least acquainted with Civil History, must know, that the Equilibrium of Power, so essential to a free State, was kept steady by these Divisions: And when ambitious Men had once found the Art of ending them, by cajoling the People, and forming Parties within the Walls of the Senate, Liberty was no more.

THIRDLY, The Danger to true History from this false Species, is very imminent. We have observed above, that this kind of Composition has a great *Eclat*, and by the Bustle and Activity of the Scenes, must become the darling Entertainment of the People. This then, adorned with all the Art that the best modern Historians, for such I esteem the *French*, are Masters of, must needs take off the Regard to *general History* of the *genuine Composition*; and so hinder the Production of those we want, and cause the Loss of those we have: For a great Genius will scarce employ his Time on an out-of-fashioned Labour; and that Neglect brings on Destruction, we are sufficiently informed, by the irreparable Damage *Antiquity* has sustained by that insipid, senseless Composition called *Abridgement*. What then must we expect from this *spirituous Imposture*; which persuades the credulous Reader that the *Soul of History* is here disengaged from the unweildy, lumpish *Carcasses of Chronicle*

⁶ See what I say of *Hobbes* above.

and

and *Annal*; where it informs a more convenient *Body*, and better adapted to the Briskness of its Operations?

IV. A SECOND *knavisb* Trick to get off this *false Ware* (and the last of the four general Causes which I assign for the Historians Attachment to Prodigies, &c.) is, when the Writer happens not to be enough acquainted with *human Nature*, or not sufficiently instructed in his Story: When he wants either Dexterity or Information to unravel the Perplexity of concurrent Causes, and to discern the Clew that is to guide him through all the oblique and dark Recesses of the Mind. Then, when a struggling *State* receives, like *Antæus*, fresh Vigour from every Overthrow; or a swift *Revolution* strikes the astonished *Nations* as a Fire from Heaven; then, I say, has he recourse to *Prodigies* and *Portents*; divine Declarations, that the Establishment or Ruin of a *Polity* was fatally accelerated or retarded. Thus, with the License of the ancient Poets, when a Difficulty becomes inexplicable, he brings in his *God* to conclude gracefully, and solve Appearances.

Now here, the Cause being Ignorance of *human Nature*, and in the Subject Story, *the Moderns are properly concerned*; how they come to be so scandalously defective as they are, in these two fundamental Qualities of a Writer, would be enquired into. It is remarkable, that anciently, the Science of History was confined to Republics; while the vast despotic Monarchies, contemporary with those free States, were so barren of all Writers of this Kind, that at this Day the very Names of several of them had been unknown to us, had not the Republican Historians let us into so much of their Affairs as concerned themselves: And indeed, this latter seems to be the just and natural Abode of Civil History: A Tyranny, not allowing sufficient Materials for the Composition; or affording only the most Vile and Adulterate; while it keeps the Springs of Action, which only can give Life and Vigour to the Relation, concealed in the *Cabinet*. But in free States, every principal Citizen has the Trust of the *Secret*. *Tacitus* confesses something like this,⁷ and the Rabble of *Augustan Writers* confirm it.⁸

⁷ In the beginning of his first Book of Histories, where, observing that their Historians had degenerated since their Loss of Liberty, he gives

BUT now the Fortune of History is quite reversed; She has changed her Stork, like Nature, and the best modern Performers are all HISTORIOGRAPHERS ROYAL: The Inconveniences consequent on this Change, are evidently seen in the *French* Writers, though the most *adroit* of all their Rivals; for being ashamed to have recourse to a *supernatural Lift* every time they *stick fast*; they do all they can to procure a real Supply of Strength. From hence it is, that that Nation so much abounds in *Anecdotes* and *private Memoirs*; where, frequently, to unveil one single Secret, a Man must hunt through a whole Treatise.

THE other great Defect of the modern Historians, is their Ignorance of *human Nature*.—— 'Tis incredible to conceive what Pains the Ancients took to make themselves Masters of this Knowledge, when once they had formed the grand Design of writing Civil History. They underwent a Series of more than *Herculean* Labour. The making themselves Masters of Languages, Logic, Rhetoric, Morals, Law, and Philosophy, were but the first Stage of these ancient Adventures; and when Years had thoroughly matured the Judgment, and Experience, gained by Travel, had disengaged and enlarged the Mind, they then applied themselves to the Study of the best Models in the *Art*; till by constant Reading and Meditation, they had formed a solid and sober System of Civil Policy: And thus qualified, they began the arduous Task.

BUT the World is grown wiser, and our brave Countrymen more expeditious. We have *Writers for Eternity*, that have never learnt their *Elements*: Whose noble Preparations of Eloquence and Policy are a *modern News-Paper*, and all their Materials of Information, an *old Chronicle*. To such Accomplishments no Labour can be untried: And whether it be a *last Year's Annal*; a *general History of England*; or the *present State of*

gives this as one Reason for it.—*Primum inscitia Reip. ut alienæ*. I believe he was so very sensible of this Want of sufficient Information, even in himself, that I take that flaunting Dress of refined political Speculation, which he was the Inventor of, to be only a pompous Cover of real Indigence.

³ *Spartianus: Capitolinus, &c.*

all Mankind; it is undertaken with equal Confidence, and finish'd with equal Success. But the *Sallusts* and the *Livys* were not the *Spawn* of such compendious Studies.

*Non his Juventus orta Parentibus
Infecit Æquor sanguine Punico;
Pyrrhumque & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum.*

NEITHER did a *Raleigh* or a *Hyde* grow thus cheaply up to Immortality; the only two, our Nation has yet produced of a true historic Genius. The first excelling in Grandeur and Majesty of Thought, equal to the Subject he undertook⁹ and the latter, for his comprehensive Knowledge of Mankind, will for ever bear the unrivall'd Title of the *Chancellor of human Nature*¹. Almost all the rest of our Histories want Life, Soul, Shape,

⁹ Observe his great Manner of ending the *first Part of the History of the World*. "By this which we have already set down, is seen the Beginning and End of the Three first Monarchies of the World; whereof the Founders and Erectors thought that they could never have ended: That of *Rome*, which made the Fourth, was also at this Time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the Field; having rooted up, or cut down, all that kept it from the Eyes and Admiration of the World; but after some Continuance, it shall begin to lose the Beauty it had; the Storms of Ambition shall beat her great Boughs and Branches one against another; her Leaves shall fall off, her Limbs wither, and a Rabble of barbarous Nations enter the Field, and cut her down." What Strength of Colouring! What Grace, what Nobleness of Expression! With what a Majesty does he close his immortal Labour! It puts one in Mind of the so much admired Exit of the late famed *Italian Singer*.

¹ IF I should affirm our own Country Writers have made further Advances in the Study of human Nature than any other People, it would be, perhaps, at the worst, but a partial Truth. And yet our Philosophers, tho' in their proper Province, can by no Means dispute the Post of Pre-eminence with the *Historian of the Grand Rebellion*. *Herbert* and *Hobbes*, two great Names in the Beginning and Middle of the last Century; both applied themselves with vast Labour to this Study. But the first with all his Strength, Dexterity, and enterprizing Genius, cou'd never get clear of the spiny Desarts of Scholastic Philosophy. The other, indeed, at once, broke through the entangling Darknes, but dazzled with the sudden Effusion of too much Light, in a little Time became stark blind. *Locke* went more cautiously to work; but his Time was chiefly

Shape, and Body: A mere Hodge-podge of abortive Embryos; and rotten Carcasses, kept in an unnatural Ferment, (which the Vulgar mistake for real Life) by the Rank *Leven* of *Prodigies and Portents*. Which can't but afford good Diversion to the Critic, while he observes how naturally one of their own Fables is here mythologized and explained, *Of a Church-yard Carcass raised and set a brutting by the Inflation of some hellish Succubus within*.

AND now I am upon the State of *English* History, I can't forbear observing another Instance of the Grossness of our Taste, and the depressed Condition of our Genius, discoverable in an unnatural Fondness for any abortive Manuscript, that pretends but to relate to *English* Affairs; it is bought up at a great Expence, and reprinted with greater. *Stow*, and *Holinshed*, the Jest and Contempt of their learned and witty Contemporaries, for their long dull Stories of *Shews* and *Sheriffs*, are become the serious Amusement of our present Virtuosi. Any uninformed senseless Heap of Rubbish, under the Name of a History of a Town, Society, College or Province, ² have long since taken

chiefly taken up in opening and clearing the *Portal to this Study*; but in that so nobly adorned *Structure*, he has raised himself a *Triumphal Arch* of eternal Duration. Mr. *Addison* and Lord *Shaftsbury* now give Laws to Politeness, and their Decrees are the Standard of a fine Taste. The former in *these Researches* is sometimes superficial, but always beautiful and sober; the latter is more profound, but frequently whimsical and monstrous. But it is the great *Hyde*, and he alone, that in the Knowledge of Mankind is always clear, deep, easy and perfect.— I make no Scruple to confess that in the *History of the Grand Rebellion* there are more Offences against the Truth of Composition than in all the *best Greek* and *Roman* Historians put together: And think it no Difficulty to prove, that in that single Work there are more and far greater Excellencies, than in the whole Body of antient History—It is, indeed, the only one of *English* History we can glory in. While the *French* boast a great Number of considerable Writers of their own History: But to them we may answer as the Lions in the Fable did to an ignoble Beast, who set an unreasonable Value on the Fruitfulness of her Womb: *'Tis true, I bear but one, and that one is a Lion*.

² I would recommend the Gentlemen of this Taste to the *Edict of Apollo*, given us by *Boccalini*, in his *Ragguagli di Parnaso. Cent. pr. Raggu. 54* the most ingenious, and justest Piece of Critic on the Manner of writing History

taken from us the very Idea of a genuine Composition. Every Monkish Tale, and Lye, and Miracle, and Ballad, are rescued from their Dust and Worms, to proclaim the Poverty of our Forefathers; whose Nakedness, it seems, their pious Posterity take great Pleasure to pry into: For of all those Writings given us by the *Learned Oxford Antiquary*, there is not one that is not a Disgrace to Letters; most of them are so to common Sense, and some even to human Nature. Yet how set out! how trick'd! how adorned! how extolled!

— *Non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
Laudant convivæ. Nunc non a manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo, fortunataq; favilla,
Nascentur violæ?*

PERHAPS, my Reader, in his Turn, takes up the Satirist, and going on where I left off,

— *Rides, ait, & nimis uncis
Naribus indulges.*

BUT who can forbear, when he is told, that *these Labours* now come from the Printing House erected with the Profits of CLARENDON's History, under the Care of the same Editor who has given us a very valuable Edition of LIVY's? Wonder not, Reader, at the View of these Extravagancies. The historic *Muse*, after much vain longing for a *vigorous Adorer*, is now fallen under that *Indisposition* of her Sex, so well known by a deprav'd Appetite for *Trash* and *Cinders*.

THUS you see the constant Need the *Moderns* have of the Aid and Support of Prodigies. 'Tis a *Crouch* they can't stir one Step without. The *Ancients* indeed limped with it, out of *Wantonness*, *Conceit*, or an *Ill-habit*; and sometimes, like our lazy Beggars, to *get an Alms*. But these real Objects of Compassion want *Nerves* and *native Vigour*, as being, in Truth, *Cripples* from the very Womb.

History that ever was wrote. Amongst other Things *Apollo* expressly forbids those ridiculous Histories of obscure Towns, with their Mayors and Burgomasters. *Di più sotto la pena della perpetua infamia, espressamente proibiamo il potersi per l'auvenire scrivere historie particolari di città alcuna, se ella non sarà metropoli d' Imperio, di Regno, ò di Provincia grande.*

I HAVE

I HAVE now ended the first Part of this Treatise, which shews the several Ends and Motives Historians of all Ages and Nations have had for their Attachment to *false* Miracles and Wonders.

BUT tho' I have taken so little Notice of that commonly assigned Cause, *Superstition*, I wou'd not have my Reader conclude that I discard it from any considerable Share in the Movement of this *Machine*. On the contrary, I know too well its Capacity for universal Sway, throughout the *large Wastes* of History. It runs thro' every Order of Historians, from the visionary Midnight *Monk*, to the sharp-sighted, exalted *Statesman*, long *hackneyed in the Ways of Men*.

A CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

E N Q U I R Y

I N T O T H E

Causes of PRODIGES and MIRACLES,
as related by Historians.

P A R T II.

HITHERTO we have been employed in tracing out the Causes of *an Evil*, whose Malignity was not perceived while *those* lay undiscovered: But shou'd we stop here, and, amidst so many Examples of Unsoundness and a sick Fancy, not produce one perfect Pattern of a right and healthful Judgment, our Work wou'd be defective. We have shewn the great Propensity of Historians of every Age to forsake the bright and
lightsom^e

lightfome Paths of Nature, for the Pleasure of wandering through the gloomy Regions of Prodigies and Portents.

“ *Ibant obscuro sola sub nocte per umbram,*

“ *Perq; domos Ditis vacuas, & inania regna.*”

THE first that broke this Enchantment, and dispersed the shadowy Terrors, was the great Historian *Sallustius Crispus*; whose Merit will appear the more extraordinary, if we take a View of the State of History in *Rome* at the Time he began to adorn it with his Compositions; nor can I suspect that a short Account of the Rise and Progress of it, in that City, will be unacceptable to a Reader, who loves the History of the Arts.

HISTORY, of all the Writings of Humanity, made the slowest Advances in its Progress from *Greece* to *Italy*; and the most hasty Return back again to the Bosom of her antient Masters³. *Rome* had given a *Plautus* and a *Terence*, a *Crassus* and *Antonius*, long before *History* had made the Promise of a Visit; and had gloriously opposed prevailing Barbarity in a *Claudian* and *Boetius*, long after her very Memory had been lost amongst them. And yet notwithstanding the backward Growth of this *Art*, it wanted neither *Genius* nor *Materials* to quicken its Maturity: For we are informed that *Scipio Africanus* employed his leisure Hours upon *Xenophon*; and *Marcus Brutus*, even amidst the busy Thoughts of Death and Victory, gave Attention to his Favourite *Polybius*⁴. But those haughty Masters of Mankind studied the *Grecian* Writings, not to learn the *Historian's* Art, but the *Hero's*; and valued only how a Battle

³ The best Accounts we have of the later Emperors, are from the *Greek* Writers.

⁴ *Viz.* The Night before the Battle of *Pharsalia*; every Body knows he epitomized that Historian. *Jf. Casaubon* took the Abridgment of all those Books of *Polybius* between the 5th and the 18th in his Edition, for that very Epitome which *Brutus* left unfinish'd. This he speaks with Confidence, in his Dedication to *Hen. IV. of France*. His Reasons for so extraordinary a Conjecture he reserves, he says, for another Place; meaning, without doubt, the famous Commentary upon this Writer; which we find by his Letters he had long laboured in, and had brought to great Forwardness. It had raised mighty Expectations in the Republic of Letters; but why it never appear'd, is well known to the Learned.

was *won*, not how it was *described*. So *L. Lucullus*, who had pass'd his Youth in the peaceful Employments of the Gown, by constant Application to those great *Originals*, had so well qualified himself in all the Functions of a great General⁵, that when sent by the *Senate* against *Mithridates* and *Tigranes*, the Two most formidable Monarchs of the Earth, he managed the long War with such Conduct and Success, as effectually to break their Power, and give them up an easy Conquest to his Successor in Command. While the Care of recording their immortal Actions was left to the *Pontifex Maximus*, part of whose Office it was to do this Justice to them⁶. For from the most early Times of the Republic, it had been the Custom of that holy Magistrate to make a *yearly Register* of the Civil Transactions. A simple unanimated Narrative, without Ornament or Connexion: for Truth alone was supposed to give the utmost Perfection to historical Compositions. These, from their Manner, were called *Annals*. And so great was the Veneration for them, that when some of the more forward Genius's began to enrich their Country with Labours of this kind, the Form and Name was still preserved; though they saw attend it all the Inconveniences of an excessive Length. To this, the best Remedy they applied, was a curt concise Expression. And so, *Brevity*, the most attractive Grace of *History*, was casually added to it; not as itself a *Beauty*, but only as the decent Cover of a *Deformity*. Thus far was *History* brought on its Way by⁷ *Pictor*, *Cato* and *Piso*⁸. The next of Consequence that took it up, was⁹ *Cælius Antipater*,¹ and he adorned the naked Thoughts, with Ornaments of Sublimity and Majesty; but wanting the Arts of Politeness, he cou'd only design Nobly, and left the Delicacies of Colouring to more advanced Masters. On this Account the Ancients esteemed him the Fore-runner of *SALLUST*, as *Cato* was of *Tully*, and *Ennius* of *Virgil*. But his greatest Honour arises from the Pains the divine *Brutus* bestowed in abridging him². And now *History*, bating the

⁵ *Plutarch in Lucul.*

⁶ *Tully libro secundo de Oratore.*

⁷ *U. C. 480, to 550.*

⁸ *Idem in Bruto.*

⁹ 620.

¹ *Idem primo de legibus; secundo de Oratore; & in Bruto.*

² *Idem ad Attic. lib. 13. Ep. 8.*

Rubs it met with in ³ *Clodius* and *Afello*, ⁴ who instead of rising on the last noble Plan, fell back again into the insipid Languor of their Nerveless Forefathers ; excepting these, I say, *History* made constant Advances. And soon after ⁵ *Q. Catullus*, ⁶ who was Colleague to *Marius* in his fourth Consulate, added somewhat of Purity and Politeness to what *Antipater* had only given Strength and Vigour. Then *Hortensius*, *Atticus*, and *Varro*, the Three great Luminaries of the Seventh Age, all tried their Talents this Way ; and yet left *History* so far short of Perfection, that their common Friend *Cicero* ingenuously confesses, *Abest Historia litteris nostris—Quamquam alius, alio, plus habet virium, tamen quid tam exile quam isti omnes.* ⁷ In this Condition was the *Roman* *Annal*, when *SALLUST* arose to give it the last Finishings of Art and Genius. And tho' *Tully*, *Cæsar*, and *Lucejus*, his Contemporaries, were perhaps all able to contend the Glory with him ; yet are they now disqualified to come into Competition. Of the two First, the one did no more than give good Rules ; and the other only furnished Materials, (excellent as they are) for *History* : And of the Third, the Ravages of Time and Ignorance have left us nothing but the Name : So that in every Sense it may be said,

“ *Crispus Romana primus in Historia.*”

He was in full Vigour at his first setting out ; and like another *Hercules* subdued *Monsters* (*i. e.* *Prodigies*) in his Cradle ; ⁸

I

as

³ 630.

⁴ *Idem primo de legibus.*

⁵ *Idem in Bruto.*

⁶ 650.

⁷ *De legibus, lib. 1.*

⁸ That this *History* was his first Essay in the kind, I think, may be pretty clearly proved. *Sallust* was born *U. C.* 668.—Expelled the Senate, 703.—Restored by *Cæsar*, 706.—Second Retirement on *Cæsar's* Death, 709.—Died 716.—So that he was 33 Years of Age when expelled.—His first Retreat was of 3 Years.—His second of 7, and he died at 48. Now he tells us, his Retirement put him first upon writing *History*. And nothing is more certain than that the *Catiline* and *Jugurthine* Wars were the Product of his first Retreat ; the whole Tenour of those two *Histories* won't permit us to doubt it. All that can be made a Question is, which of these two was wrote first ? I conceive the *Catiline*, for the following Reasons. 1. The Lateness of the Attempt, and the Simplicity of the Subject, made it the fittest for an Author's first Essay.

as the Story of the *Catiline Conspiracy* may testify. And a nobler Proof of consummate Skill was never given.

HERE

Essay. 2. He seems here to write as *Tacitus* says, *Recentibus odiis*, his Choler is not yet subfided; 'tis like *Claudian's* Sea, *impacata quies*. 3. In his Introduction to the *Catiline War*, he declares he was but just entered into this new Way of Life, and after what Manner he intended to proceed in writing of the *Roman Affairs*; and in the Introduction to the *Jugurthine*, he speaks like one thoroughly engaged in a Course of Life; and complains of Detractors that set light by his Labours. 4. Nothing but a traditional Belief of what I contend for, cou'd have produced such an Agreement in the Manuscripts, and printed Books of this Author, to place the *Bell. Cat.* always first, when the *Bell. Jugur.* was ended 48 Years before the other broke out.

From these Proofs may be deduced a Corollary or Two worth observing.

The first is a Vindication of the Proem to the *Catiline War*, from the Censure of the whole Tribe of Critics, from *Quintilian* to his last Editor. It is condemned, first for having no Relation to the History, and secondly, for being, out of all Proportion, too long for it.

As to the first, if this History was, as I think it can't be denied, the first Fruits of his Retirement, nothing cou'd be more natural, nor even necessary, than an Apology for his Conduct, and new espoused Resolution; and as such this Introduction must be allowed to be a compleat one. As for the Length, we are to consider *Sallust's* Manner of writing History; and this was, he tells us,—*Res gestas Populi Romani CARPTIM, ut quæq; memoriæ digna videbantur perferibere*. To cull out the noblest Portions of the *Roman Story*, as the *Catiline*, the *Jugurthine*, the *Cimbrian War*, and set these Jewels in a Coronet to adorn the *Genius* of immortal *Rome*. So that this Proem is to be esteemed an Introduction to the whole Collection, rather than to the single History of the *Catiline Conspiracy*. And in this extended View, we see it admirably correspond to the Dignity and Compass of his Undertaking.

The other Corollary is a Detection of a vulgar Error, hitherto unquestioned. We hinted in the former Part of this Discourse, that it was the Custom for the ancient Historians to travel for thorough Information. So *Polybius* crossed the *Alps* to view the Rout of *Hannibal* in his famous March to *Rome*. From such Stories as these, I suppose, rose the Report that *Sallust* took a Voyage into *Africa*, the better to describe the Marches, Counter-marches, and Encampments of *Marius* and *Jugurtha*. I confess, I always suspected this fine Tale, for Reasons by-and-by; and tracing up the Author, I found it to be the famous *Petrarch*, a Writer-but of the 14th Century, who produces no Authority for it. The later Critics take his Word for it, and speak of it without the least Hesitation. This per-

HERE was a Crisis of such Importance as allowed full Scope for *Miracle* and *Prodigy*. Here, a *Roman* might have been well excus'd for believing all Heaven shou'd sympathize with falling *Rome*; even though the *Sacred College*, the *Senate-House*, and the *Forum*, had not concurred, as they did, to cherish the Disposition.

Now, what a fine Opportunity was here of introducing his Story, in all the Blaze and Terror of anxious and disordered Nature? With what a Sublime might that Flash of Lightning have been brought in, to grace the approaching Ruin, which, in the Consulate of *Cotta* and *Torquatus* struck off the Spires of the *Capitol*, overthrew the Images of the Gods and Heroes, melted down the brazen Tablets of the Laws, and the gilded Statue of the Founder of their City; especially when the whole College of the *Haruspices* had agreed, that it should signify the Ravages of Fire and Sword in a Civil and Domestic War? Then after the Conspiracy broke out, Did not the Gods partake, as it were, in the Astonishment? Illuminations were seen every Night in the West; the Earth trembled, and Heaven appeared on Fire.

perfectly confirmed my Suspicion which I had entertained for the following Reason: By what has been said above it appears that the two Histories now remaining were the Product of his first Retirement of 3 Years. I ask then, Whether it can be supposed, that when you have subtracted the necessary Time for composing his Mind after his Expulsion, and that for collecting his Materials, the Remainder be sufficient for Two such Histories, and a Voyage into *Africa*? If *Petrarch* in reality had this Story from any older Author, the Mistake (for such I don't doubt it was) might have been occasioned by *Sallust's* being afterwards in *Africa* in a Public Employment under *Cæsar* the Usurper. But I rather believe it to be an *Italian* Invention: For those Writers, who, indeed, affect a greater Knowledge of Antiquity than the *Tramontanes*, don't stick at such Trifles. What, for Example, so common as that Story of *John Chrysostom's* delighting in the Study of *Aristophanes*; and yet Mr. *Menage* in the Preface to the second Part of his *Observations sur la Langue Francois*, tells us, That the most ancient Author of it is *Aldus Manucius*, in his Dedication of the *Greek Comique* to *Daniel Clarius*. Indeed, the Improbability of the Thing made Mr. *Le Fevre* suspect it before.

THUS has *Tully* described this Scene of Wonders, in all the Pomp of Vanity and Eloquence ⁹.

BUT see our Author: Instead of taking Advantage of all this Havock in the *Capitol*, he introduces his Story with a cool Philosophical Lecture on the Dignity of Human Nature. The *Interpretation of the Haruspices* is only taken Notice of as it was Evidence against *Lentulus*; and all the rest is phlegmatically passed over with a “*Simul, id quod in tali re solet, alii portenta atq; prodigia nuntiabant;*” as only the Mormos and Bugbears of a frightened Rabble.

NO, he needed none of these Expedients; he cou'd do his Work without them: For having so exquisitely painted the Degeneracy of *Virtuous Rome*, in a luxurious and oppressive *Nobles*; in a poor and debauched People; in a *Catiline* and his lewd Companions, encouraged by a *Lethargic Senate*, the far Absence of the *Arms* of the State, and the inviting Example of late successful Attempts against it; we see the surprizing Story reconciled at once to Faith and Probability.

BUT this is no more than we might expect from our Author's Character and Accomplishments; he had a Nobleness of Mind that made him incapable of imposing on his Reader; and an extent of Judgment that wou'd not suffer a Cheat to pass upon itself. Thus was he, by the Happiness of a natural Genius, secure from the Irregularities mentioned in the Three first general Causes, I above assigned of *this Evil*. That his profound *Skill in his Profession* set him above the Reach of the Fourth and Last, I shall now endeavour to prove at large; My Reader may, perhaps, remember that this fourth Cause was *Ignorance of human Nature, and of human Actions*, in which the Historian is both the *Bubble*, and the *Cheat*; in the first Case he is apt to deceive himself; in the second, his Reader; and in both, to have Recourse to one common Expedient; for be assured, you hear an Oracle in the following Sentence, PLACET, HUMANITATIS EXPERTES, HABERE DIVINITATIS AUCTORES ¹.

I. THE Instance I am about to give of *Sallust's Knowledge of human Nature*, is no inconsiderable one; you will find in it

⁹ *Orat. ter. in Catilinam.*—¹ *de Divin. lib. 1.* * *Tully de Divin. l. 2.*

something

something superior to the nicest Dissection of complicated Passions, ² or even the more comprehensive Skill of analyzing the Constitution of a collective Body or People. So that if we trace Notions and Opinions thro' the largest Periods of Time, we may, I hope, after this Notice be well excused.

THE *Vicissitudes* of humane Grandeur, the *Translations and Revolutions* of States and Empires, the *perpetual Fluctuations* of Powers and Dignities, are a *Phenomenon* that caught the earliest Observation of Mankind. Experience of what passed under their own Eyes, in a Life moderately extended, without regarding *general History*, which is nothing but a ceaseless Round of Advancement and Abasement, was sufficient to persuade them of some strange *Affection* in the Universe, that seem'd to oppose Stability, and human Prudence. These Surmises, favouring our natural Disposition, for the *Wonderful* soon grew up into an established Opinion, that all this Confusion and Turmoil was caused by a certain *Deity*, who envied the Prosperity of Mankind; who, for his Pastime, scatter'd Empires, over-turned Thrones, and kick'd Crowns and Scepters from one Side of the Globe to the other; while Constancy, Duration, and a pure unmixed Felicity, were the hated Objects of his Resentment. To this *Deity* they gave the several Names of *Nemesis*, *Fortune*, the Evil Genius, or *Demon*. *Herodotus*, who is always at Hand to supply us with Examples of an industriously propagated Error ³, is the first and most express Reporter of this strange Opinion, ⁴ in a Letter from *Amasis* King of *Egypt*, to *Polycrates* Tyrant of *Samos*, inserted in his History, this latter is congratulated with, on his good Fortune; but withal told, that his unmixed Prosperity made him very obnoxious to the Resentment of the *envious Deity*; and therefore to avoid a total Destruction, he was advised to submit to some voluntary Misfortune. But *Herodotus* went so far into this impious Opinion, as to insinuate, in Three or Four several Places, that *all* the Gods were of an envious Nature; for which *Plutarch*, justly accuses him of Malignity ⁵. *Plutarch*, who, not-

² See the latter Part of this Head.

³ See the third Head of the foregoing Chapter

⁴ *Lib. 3. Histor.* ⁵ Περὶ τῆς Ἡρόδοτου κακῆς θείας.

withstanding, has twice⁶ avowed the Notion of an *envious Demon*. To this we must impute the Concern which *Isidore*, an ancient *Father*, tells us, was observed in the Behaviour of the famous *Epaminondas*, after a long Train of high and uninterrupted successes; as likewise the fantastic Annual *Mumping* of *Augustus Cæsar*, when Master of the World⁷. A Subject so fruitful of tragical Exclamations, cou'd not escape the Poets: Accordingly you may see it touched upon by *Virgil* in the following Lines:

*Vos quoque Pergameæ jam fas est parcere genti,
Dique Deæq; omnes quibus OBSTITIT Ilium, & ingens
GLORIA Dardaniæ.*⁸

Nay what is indeed surprizing, even the Atomist *Lucretius*, whose cold Philosophy had formally excluded all Intendency of a *superior Mind*, struck with the perpetual shifting Prospect of human Dignities, betrays his Cause, and breaks out into this unexpected Confession,

*Usque adeo res humanas VIS ABDITA QUÆDAM
OBTERIT, & pulchros Fasces sævasque securis.*⁹

But to go through with Quotations of this Kind, wou'd be to transcribe from every Writer of Antiquity; in all of which you may discover frequent Traces of this Opinion. This only let me observe in general, that where you find a Writer contemplating on his own Felicity, and immediately correcting himself with a *venia sit dicto*, an *impune dixisse liceat*, or some such Humiliation, there the Terrors of this *malicious Deity*, you may believe, gave his Conscience a cruel Twitch.

THUS deeply rooted was the *Opinion*, when *Philosophy* suffer'd that grand Revolution¹ under the Christian System.
On

⁶ *In vita Æmilij.* ⁷ *Suetonius in vita Aug. Cæsaris.*

⁸ *Æn. l. 6.* ⁹ *Lib. 5.*

¹ Amongst the Changes in Manners, consequent on this Revolution, there is one that more forcibly attracts the Moralists Observation; which, because its unaccountable Appearances receive Light only from the present Subject, we shall adventure here to mention. *Aristotle*, in that Part of his *Rhetorics*, where he treats of *Characters*, remarks that the Men he calls εὐτυχῆς; or the *Fortunate*, amidst several bad Qualities, had one that made amends for all, they being generally φιλοδία, lovers
of

On the Introduction of which so great Accessions were made, to the Empire of Truth. Of which, this was not the least Part, that *this Opinion* lost all its Credit; for acquiring just Ideas of the Deity that monstrous Error presently vanished.

of God. And that Misfortunes made all the Atheists, even amongst the Philosophers, in the Pagan World, will be allowed by the Knowing in Antiquity: witness the Extravagance of the famous *Diagoras*: Now nothing is more certain than that the Case, generally speaking, is the direct Reverse in *Christendom*. An undisturbed Affluence is at present the rankest Soil of Impiety; and Affliction the hopefullest Season for casting in the Seeds of Religion. This Riddle can only be explained by what is observed above of the prevailing Notion of an envious Deity, and the Overthrow of it by Christianity. While that Opinion was held orthodox, who so apt to cherish it; as the Man in Adversity? The *ill Principle* was soon believed *the prevailing one*. And the Transition from a *bad Deity*, to none at all, was very easy; especially with Men so apt to call the Administration of Providence to account, on every cross Look in the Moral World. A Pick-pocket cou'd not escape by a resolute Denial, but the Sufferer was presently at his

————— *Audis*

*Juppiter hæc, nec labra moves, cum mittere vocem
Deberas, vel marmoreus, vel æneus? aut cur
In Carbone tuo charta pia tura soluta
Ponimus.*—————

But the Man at ease in his Condition, with a Temper smooth and unruffled, wou'd naturally be on the excusing Side. He wou'd still be inventing something, like *Eliphaz*, the *Temonite* in *Job*, right or wrong to soften untoward Appearances, and strive to persuade himself that every Thing in the main was right, and pretty much as it should be: Besides, his Interest was concerned that Things shou'd go on as they had done; his Pride was flatter'd in believing they had proceeded with the utmost Wisdom, and his Gratitude engaged to love and venerate his Benefactor; but now we are altogether in another Management. Christianity, as we say above, has given us juster Notions of the *Deity*; and assured us, that Misfortunes are the kind and tender Corrections of a Father, to wean us from Passions inconsistent with our Profession, and to exercise us in the Practice of the most heroic Virtues. Again, our Religion enjoins a Behaviour to Men in Prosperity, so opposite to their carnal Appetites and Passions, that it is no Wonder that the Thoughtless and Corrupt amongst the Rich shou'd struggle to withdraw themselves from those Obligations, which, in their debauch'd Sense of Things, wou'd debarr them of Pleasures which both Wealth and Nature designed for them. This, I presume, may tolerably account for these different Characters of the World in these two distant Periods.

BUT the Defeat of a false *Hypothesis*, was but a small Part of our Advantages; we were greatly assisted in erecting the true, by unfolding that grand Mystery of the Corruption of our Nature; which, if soberly attended to, would have led to the Discovery, that *Humanity is the only Cause of human Vicissitudes*.

LET us see then what Advances some Christian Philosophers have made under this *holy Discipline*. Why, *true to that Love of Falshood*, so particularly explained in the first Part of this Discourse, instead of embracing Truth that now came open and unveiled to meet them, they fell back into a more enormous Error, than that they had been forced to forsake.

THEY picked up, out of the Dotages of Astrology, an Opinion that all sublunary Affairs were at the Mercy of the various Conjunctions and Revolutions of the Stars and Planets; and according to their benign or malignant Aspects, States and civil Dignities, Religions and general Opinions, were propagated or overthrown. This Notion spread greatly at the *Restoration* of Learning in the *West*, and was much befriended by the ablest Philosophers and Physicians of that Time; but since, it has been very much on the Decline, and has itself felt the Rage of some of those adverse Constellations. The last Man of Consequence befottered with it was Mr. *Bayle*, if we credit the Author *De la vie & les sentimens de Lucilio Vanini* ². Thus we see it was a DEMON that possessed Men on this Subject, before Christianity; but disappearing at the Dawn of that new Light, and the Mind *new swept and garnished*, like the Man's in the Parable, soon admitted *seven other Spirits* ³ *more wicked than the former, and its last State was worse than the first* ⁴.

BUT to return to the Age of *Sallust*, in which the demoniac Hypothesis was generally received and acknowledged. This did not satisfy our Historian; he suspected they made a Mystery where there was none; that they rambled abroad for what was only to be found within: And therefore he refused to acquiesce in the general Determination; but wou'd examine the Cause anew. And surely the good Historian is the fittest for an En-

² *Pag.* 174.

³ The Seven Planets.

⁴ *Mat.* xii. 43.
quiry

quiry of this Kind. The *Philosopher* and he both profess to investigate human Nature, but which uses the most probable Means of Success, may be easily understood by reflecting on their different Attachments. The Historian, having no espoused Hypothesis, or Party Opinions to bias him, forms his Judgment of Nature only from the simple Contemplation of her Actions; follows where-ever she leads; and is bounded only within the Limits of her Operations: While the Philosopher busies himself in accommodating all her Appearances to the Principles of a School of which he was sworn himself a *Señator*; and can consider her in no other, nor different Capacity, than what his Master has assigned to her. In short, the Historian has here the very same Advantages over the moral Philosopher, that the *Experimental Naturalist* has over the *Aristotelian*, in *Physic*. And our Author's Success fully proves it; for he soon found the current Philosophy on this Head, groundless, and far beside the Mark; which the Ignorance of our Domestick State set a Rambling after Foreign Causes, while both the Evil and the Remedy were in our own Hands: So that he scruples not to affirm. " That in this fantastic
 " Farce of Life, in which the Scene is ever changing and in-
 " constant, the whole Machinery is of *human* Direction; and
 " the *Mind* the only *Choragus* of the Entertainment; that the
 " Abuse of the rational Faculty leads up this Confusion more
 " irremediable than *Bays's Dance*; and that a Reform in it,
 " to a constant regular Tenour, wou'd reduce every Thing
 " again into a steady Posture of Harmony and Order. That to
 " say the Mind is the Slave of Chance or Destiny is false; that
 " she herself is the sole Director and Disposer of human Affairs;
 " and that to draw in a superior Agent to bear the Blame, is
 " only a Cover for our Levities, our Vices, or our Ignorance.
 " That *Virtue* in public Concerns, is omnipotent, and that
 " *Vice* is the *evil Genius*, or *Demon*, that throws the World
 " off the Hinges ⁵." This is one of those Discoveries (taking
 along

⁵ *Quod si regum atque imperatorum animi virtus in pace ita ut in bello valeret, equabilius atque constantius sese res humanæ haberent Neque aliud alio ferri, neque mutari ac misceri omnia cerneret.—Ita imperium semper*

along with it the Circumstances of Time and Prejudice when our Author made it) that none but the most consummate Genius cou'd hit upon; and yet when divulged, every Man thinks himself equal to; but I chose this Instance of our Author's *Knowledge of Nature*, not so much for its Greatness, as for its Appositeness to our Subject. For my judicious Reader will observe, that this Opinion of an *Envious Deity* was an inexhaustible Reservoir of Prodigies and Portents. Was an unweildy Empire tottering into Ruins! the *evil Genius* lay hard upon it. Did a debauch'd People sell their Liberty for a Song? The *Envious Deity* made the Bargain. Was an insolent over-grown *Minister* kicked back to his original Dunghill? O the malicious Demon! and all this, by an Opinion, that not only pleased the Mob, but satisfied the Philosopher,

AFTER this, and such other Instances of our Author's profound Knowledge of our Nature, that might be given, one wou'd wonder to see a Writer of so great Reputation, as is Mr. *de St. Evremond*, searching for something extraordinary in this Way, in that celebrated Stricture in the Character of *Catiline*, *alieni appetens, sui profusus*. "Here, (says that Critic) "is discovered a Contrariety in human Nature, that escapes "the ordinary Rank of Historians. Had *Plutarch* described " *Catiline*, he had either drawn him covetous or profuse; "that *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, was above his Reach; he "could never have reconciled those Contrarieties which *Sallust* has so well explained⁶." But after all where's the Uncommonness or seeming Contradiction in this Character, that it

semper ad optimum quemq; a minus bono transfertur. Introd. in bell. Cat. Falso queritur de natura sua, genus humanum, quod imbecilla—Forte potius quam virtute regatur. Dux atq; imperator vitæ mortalium animus est: qui ubi ad gloriam virtutis via grassatur abunde pollens potensque—neque fortuna eget—ubi per socordiam vires, tempus, ingenium defluxere, naturæ infirmitas accusatur. Quod si hominibus bonarum rerum tanta cura esset quanto studio aliena, ac nihil profutura, multumque etiam periculosa petunt; neq; regerentur magis quam regerent casus—animus—rektor humani generis, agit atque habet cuncta, neque ipse habetur. Intr. in Bell. Jug.

⁶ Vid. *Oeuvres mêlées. Tom. 2. Jugment sur Seneque, Plutarque & Pétrone.*

should

should escape the Notice of all but refined Thinkers, or be reserved for their Explanation? A plain Moralift wou'd tell you the Thing could scarce be otherwise. A lasting *Prodigality* must have proportion'd Supplies. To keep in Motion the *Machine of Luxury*, the Wheels that work *inward* must have as constant and strong a Course, as those, whose Turn and Efficacy are *outwardly* directed. Which may be well enough compared to one of those horrid *Eruptions* in the Northern Seas, which Voyagers tell us is perpetually disgorging its Entrails, and is always attended at a small Distance, by a fatal *Vertex* that with equal Celerity swallows down every thing within its Reach, But *Sallust*, consummate Master, understood the Passions at another Rate. He is so far from thinking this a Rarity of Temper, that required an uncommon Reach to explain, that a few Paragraphs after, he makes it the general Character of the whole *Roman Nobility*, *Sua parvi pendere, aliena cupere*. Indeed had the Character been inverted to that of *Galba*'s in *Tacitus*, *7 Pecuniæ aliæ NON appetens, suæ parcus*, *St. Evremond* wou'd have had Reason. And we might have admired in it an Uncommonness, not a little surprising.

BUT this *Frenchman*'s Manner of criticising, puts me in Mind of a very just Remark of one of his Countrymen⁸, as I found it in *Baillet*'s first Vol. of the *Jugemens de Scavans*, which I here translate. "The Critics on other Men's Writings may be divided into two different Classes: The one apply themselves to Things only, the other to the Manner; and so are both subject to contrary Defects. The first attain a thorough Knowledge of Things, but have a very gross Taste of the Manner; the other indeed judge with Refinement and Delicacy of the Manner, but have a very superficial Discernment of Things. The former Defect is common to Writers in Retirement, and the latter to those who live in the World, as being more concerned to please than instruct." My intelligent Reader will easily see to which Class *St. Evremond* belongs.

⁷ *Lib. 1. Histor.*

⁸ *M. Nicole, de l' Education du Prince, prim. par.*

BUT

BUT to proceed——

II. WE come now to the Instance I promised to give of our Author's *Knowledge of Facts*; the other grand Security against supernatural Relations. In this is seen the Perfection of *Historic Art*; which consists as well in the *Method of telling*, as in the Knowledge of what is fit and necessary to be told. The true Secret of this Skill *Sallust* discovers in the following Passage of his Introduction to the *Catiline Conspiracy* ^o. *Imprimis Arduum videtur res gestas scribere: primum, quod factis dicta sunt exæquanda: dehinc, quia plerique, quæ delicta reprehenderis malevolentia & invidia dicta putant: ubi de magna virtute atque gloria bonorum memores, quæ sibi quisque facilia factu putat, æquo animo accipit: supra ea, veluti ficta pro falsis ducit.* Here he gives two Reasons for the Difficulty of writing History; the first relates to the *Manner of telling*, and is not immediately to our Subject: But as it is a fine Instance of our Author's Skill, and contains a Precept not well understood, I shall adventure in a few Words to explain it.

WE are to understand then by the *Diction's equalling the Story*, not only that in general, History requires a peculiar Majesty and Gravity of Stile, suitable to the Relation of public Transactions; but likewise that to each different Part of History there is a proportioned Language adapted. So the Rise and first Progress of an Infant State shou'd be described in Language as simple and unadorned, as are its Manners; while the large Accessions of Arts and Empire must be painted in all the Elegance and Sublimity that accompanies those flourishing Periods. Again, the Consultations of the Cabinet, the Amendment of Laws, the Security of Traffick would be explained with the utmost Weight and Gravity; while in the Motions of Armies, the Insurrections of Provinces, and the Torrent of

^o I take it to be a Matter of the greatest Difficulty to write History. First, because the Stile is to equal the Subject; and secondly because it happens for the most Part, that when you condemn criminal Actions, you are suspected of Malevolence and Ill-will; and when you celebrate a great and virtuous Character, so much of it as your Reader thinks within his own Sphere, may pass, but down goes all the rest for Hyperbole and Fable.

Invasions,

Invasions, the *Stile* must be *reversed*, and the sharper End applied to provoke and animate the Narration with all the Pomp, Vivacity, and Fire, necessary to bring up the swelling Scene before the Eyes of the Reader. But amidst all this Variety of *Stile*, there is an Unity still to be preserved. The historic *Stile* for all that, has its proper Genius and peculiar Character; and when a Critic can easily discover this, in the Ground-work, through all the various and distinct Species, which we above mentioned, then it is that the *Stile* has attained Perfection. For instance we have observed that History, as the Subject differs, requires a *Stile* more or less Figurative; this makes the *Variety*; but then there is in general a certain appropriated Temperature in the Figures, which must always reign throughout the Historic Diction, and this makes its Note or Character of Unity. So much by the Bye, in Explanation of the first Reason.

THE second Reason concerns *the Matter of the Story*, and consequently is the Subject of our Enquiry, concerning our Author's *true Knowledge of Facts*. But, unhappily for the Critics, it is not easy to get at the true Sense of it. You shall hear what *A. Gellius*, the most renowned of the ancient Grammarians, who has wrote a professed Critic on it, thinks of the Matter. And the rather, because the Dissertation is, for ought I know, the Sum of every thing yet advanced in Explanation and Defence of it. *Noctes Atticæ*, l. 4. c. 15.

“Elegantia orationis Sallustii verborumque facundia & novan-
 “di studium cum multa profus invidia fuit: multique non
 “mediocri ingenio viri conati sunt reprehendere pleraque &
 “obtrectare. In quibus plura inscitè aut malignè vellicant:
 “nonnulla tamen videri possunt non indigna reprehensione.
 “Quale illud in Catilinæ historia repertum est; quod habeat
 “eam speciem, quasi parum attentè dictum. Verba Sallustii
 “hæc sunt.” *Ac mihi quidem, tametsi haudquaquam par gloria sequatur scriptorem & auctorem rerum, tamen imprimis ARDUUM videtur res gestas scribere. Primum, quod facta dictis exæquanda sunt: dein, quòd plerique, quæ delicta reprehenderis malivolentia & invidia dicta putant. Ubi de magna virtute atque gloria bonorum memores; quæ sibi quisque facilia factu*
putat,

putat, æquo animo accipit: supra veluti fœta pro falsis ducit.

“ Proposuit, inquit, dictorum causas, quamobrem videatur esse ARDUUM res gestas scribere: atque ibi non primum causam, sed querelas dicit. Non enim causa videri debet, cur historiæ opus Arduum sit, quod ii, qui legunt, aut iniquè interpretantur quæ scripta sunt, aut vera esse non credunt. Obnoxiam quippe & objectam falsis existimationibus eam rem dicendam magis aiunt quam Arduam. Quia, quod ARDUUM est, sui operis difficultate, est ARDUUM, non opinionis alienæ erroribus. Hæc illi malivoli reprehensores dicunt. Sed, Arduum, Sallustius non pro difficili tantum; sed pro eo quoque ponit, quod Græci ΔΥΣΧΕΡΕ'Σ aut ΧΑΛΕΠΟ'Ν appellant: quod est tum difficile, tum molestum quoque & incommodum & intrectabile. Quorum verborum significatio a sententia Sallustii supra scripta non abhorret.” Hear him in *English*.——“ In this Place, (say the Censurers) *Sallust* proposes to speak of the *Causes* that make writing History difficult. And instead of a *Cause*, he puts us off with a *Complaint*. For how can that be a *Cause*, that the writing History is difficult, that those who read it pass a perverse Judgment on it? Surely (say they) *Sallust* should rather have said, that History, when wrote, was obnoxious to the Censure of unequal Judges, than that there was a Difficulty in writing it. For the Difficulty of writing proceeds from the Nature of the Work itself, not from the false Taste of its Readers. Thus do these malevolous Cavillers object to the Accuracy of the second Part of this Period; but, by their leave, *Sallust* does not use the Word *Arduum* in the mere Sense of *Difficult*, but wou'd have it signify what the *Greeks* understand by their δυσχερὲς or χαλεπὸν, which do not so properly signify *difficult*, as *troublesome*, *vexatious*, &c. which is to the Purpose.” This is the Sum of the Accuser's Charge, and *A. Gellius's* Defence. You see, he hopes to set all right, without going out of his own Way, by the mere Force of a *Greek* Word. But his Solution is by no means satisfactory.

1. It is contrary to all the Rules of Logic, and good writing, where a single Proposition, is supported by two Reasons,
for

for the Attribute of that Proposition, to bear one Sense when joined to the first Reason, and another, when joined to the second. And yet this is what *A. Gellius* wou'd have. For 'tis agreed on all Hands, that the Attribute *Arduum* when taken along with the first Reason, *quod factis dicta sunt exæquanda*, signifies difficult to be performed; and yet wou'd he have the same Attribute when applied to the other Reason, *dehinc quia*, &c. signify *something that gives Uneasiness in the Performance*.

2. IT is contrary to the true Use, and Genius of Language, for the same Word in the same Sentence to bear above one precise Signification. Indeed it became necessary for the avoiding an inconvenient multiplying of Words, frequently to assign to one Term two or more Sets of Ideas; but then it never was to bear above one of those Combinations at a Time, as occasional Use required; and the *Tour* of the Period, for the most Part, easily led to the Signification; tho' sometimes even with all the Circumspection that the Regard to this Rule exacts, the Inconveniencies of Ambiguity cannot be avoided. What then cou'd be the Consequences, if a single Word was allowed to bear above one Signification in the same Sentence?

3. BUT the Word *Arduus* in the best *Latin* Writers is, I think, always used to express the Idea of *something hard to be performed*, [*difficilis*]; and not of *what gives Pain and Vexation to the Performer*, [*molestus incommodus*] as *A. Gellius* wou'd have it *Sallust's* second Reason to signify; tho' 'tis true *δυσχερής* and *χαλεπός* are commonly used in both Senses. But admitting that *Arduus* may be found by chance in a *Classic* Writer to bear the latter Signification, yet it certainly being extremely rare, *Sallust*, we may be confident, wou'd never admit that Use of the Word; 1st, Because, by the Confession of *A. Gellius* himself, he was *Proprietatum in verbis retinentissimus*; ¹ and therefore had he intended *A. Gellius* his Sense, he wou'd have explained himself by *importunus*, the proper Word that marks that Idea; as where he says, *Vi quidem regere patriam — importunum est* ². 2^{dly}, Because none knew better than

¹ *Noct. Att. l. 10. c. 20.* ² *Bell. Jugur. in introd.*

he, that the historic Stile requires (as the younger *Pliny* expresses it) *Vox ex medio petita* ³. By which is not to be understood, as *Pliny's* Commentators imagine, the *Language of the Mob*; but only *Words of the most determinate Signification*, as those in common Use generally are. For History being, of all Writings, of the most universal Concernment, shou'd, most of all, labour at Perspicuity. So that, besides its Clearness, it had nothing in common with the vulgar Stile. This the polite *Pliny* well knew; for complimenting a Friend who had undertaken to write of the *Dacic War*, he has almost transcribed from *Sallust* the first Part of this famous Passage,—" *Una sed maxima difficultas, quod hæc [gesta] æquare dicendo Arduum.*" ⁴.

HITHERTO we see these *malevolous* Critics keep their Ground, and notwithstanding the Attacks of our Grammarian, poor *Sallust* still lies at their Mercy. The Truth is, his Case is beyond the Remedy of Etymologies and Lexicons. We must have Recourse to the Funds of good Sense to disembarass our Historian ⁵. And the Accusation against him is not trivial: For if where he professes (as he does here) to give two Causes of the Difficulty of writing History, he gives but one, and, for the other, flurs us off with a bare Complaint, this is certainly being guilty, in a very high Degree, of Inaccuracy and Impropriety; but sure on a nearer Inspection we shall find our Author above Faults of so common an Alloy. We see him then complaining of the Difficulty of composing a just History, and assigning the two chief Reasons of it. But what has made his second Reason appear none, and has given so much Trouble and Perplexity to the Critics, I humbly presume is this; *Sallust*, by a very usual Way of writing, has put the Effect for

³ *Lib. 5. Ep. 8.* ⁴ *Idem l. 8. Ep. 4.*

⁵ Reasoning was not *A. Gellius's* Fort. This is not the only Place where he attempts Things beyond his Reach. Witness the Defence of *Epicurus* against *Plutarch*; from which it appears he did not understand the State of the Question. See *Noct. Att. l. 2. c. 6.* and *Muretus's Var. Lect. l. 11. c. 16.* Besides how unreasonably fond he is, of forced and strained Interpretations of Words, (as here) we have an Instance in his Defence of *Virgil, l. 2. c. 6.*

the *Cause*. Give me leave to explain myself.—If we enquire into the *Cause* of the People's wrong Judgment, or Misinterpretation of the Writer, here complained of, we shall find it to arise from the Imperfection of the Writing. For it is evident from the Turn of our Author's Observation on their running into the two different Extremes, by accusing of Malevolence or Flattery, that their Judgment was *erroneous* merely, and not perverse. We shall find it, I say, to arise from the Defects of the Composition. Either when the Historian knows not how to give a just Form to the Narration; to connect concurrent Circumstances; to shew the Dependence of the Parts on each other, and in what Order they ought to stand: Or when being ignorant of the Character of the Passions, he cannot penetrate into the true Character of the Actors; when he wants the Dexterity to unravel the casual Entanglements of perplexed Interests; and sees not how contrary Tempers operate on each other, and what Consequences they produce. These are the *Indices* that direct us in our Way, meet our Enquiries, and make our Travels in History pleasant and expeditious. But these being wanting or misplaced, we are presently involved in Error, we grope our Way in the Dark, we quarrel with our *Guide*, and at length terminate our Ramblings in a Bog.

To the Purpose. When I read in *Suetonius* the monstrous Debaucheries of *Tiberius*, the infernal Cruelty of *Nero*, and the brutish Supineness of *Claudius*, ranged under the distinct Heads of Chapter and common Place, without Order of Time, Probability of Circumstance, or the apposite Marks of growing Degeneracy; nothing appears more averse to our natural Conceptions, to Truth or Likelihood. And yet these very miscreated Passions, when dissected by the skilful Hand of *Tacitus*, and the various Humours and Sources of the purulent Matter traced out and described, stand free of all Suspicion, and easily reconcile themselves to our Belief.

OUR Author's Reasoning then when disinvolved, and drawn out into Syllogism, discovers all the Justness of Proportion, and stands thus.

K

I. WHERE

1. WHERE the Readers make a wrong Judgment, the Historian misses his End. (Which is Information).

BUT they will make a wrong Judgment (as we have proved above) where the Story is not wrote up in the Manner we described.

THEREFORE where it is not so wrote up, the Historian misses his End.

2. To miss his End argues the grossest Imperfection.

BUT (in the above Instance) this End is missed.

THEREFORE such a Work is grossly imperfect.

3. IT is necessary for a Writer to remove gross Imperfections.

BUT this is a gross Imperfection.

THEREFORE it is necessary to remove this.

4. TO remove it is very difficult, (as we sufficiently prove where we describe above, the Manner of forming the Narration.)

But it is necessary to remove it.

THEREFORE to write as History necessarily requires without this Imperfection (from whence arises the Readers perverse Judgment) is difficult.——The Thing to be proved.

HERE you see the Argument in full Force; but our Author's professed Brevity wou'd not permit him to stay and unfold it. He contents himself with asserting the Proposition, just touches upon the Minor of the first Syllogism, and leaves it to his Readers to find out his intermediate Proofs, and supply his imperfect Ratiocination. If this proves a true Solution of the Difficulty, I shan't be much disturbed at the Charge of Pedantry, in the Conclusion. On the whole then these Two Things may be observed. *First*, that *Sallust* has not only really and truly given *Two* Reasons for the Difficulty of writing History, but has been so exact and methodical as to chuse the two principal general ones, of *Stile* and *Matter*, under which all the other Difficulties, like Species under their Genus, are comprised. An Instance of our Author's correct Judgement hitherto unobserved. *Secondly*, that a Writer who saw so well the Necessity of an artful Disposition of his Work, who knew so well how to perform it, who was above stealing the Applause of his Reader, and therefore used all his Endeavours fairly to obtain

obtain it, wou'd never run into the beggarly Relief of *supernatural Relations*; which was the Thing I promised to demonstrate.

BUT the Obscurity of this Passage, which has cost us so much Time to break through, was occasioned, as we said, by his affected Brevity; which will sometimes unavoidably occasion it; though for the most Part it must be owned his Brevity is attended with the greatest Perspicuity. Where, by-the-bye, we may observe the injudicious Choice *Tacitus* made in imitating the *Sallustian* Brevity. *Sallust* indeed being sententious, and resolving every Thing into the Effects of natural Temper and Disposition, as copying from the ancient *Greek* Philosophers, especially *Isocrates*, Brevity admirably becomes him; but *Tacitus* is of a very different Genius, speculative and abstracted, and for refining upon every Thing, and consequently that Brevity, which in the first is natural and easy, in him must be obscure and unintelligible. And yet we have *here* an Instance of this Fault in *Sallust* himself. Another remarkable one, is worthy our Notice, and the rather because the Commentators, as usual in a Case of real Difficulty, pass it over in most profound Silence. In describing the corrupted State of *Rome*,^{*} he says, *Igitur primo pecuniæ, dein imperii cupido crevit*; and yet not above half a dozen Lines after we read, *Sed primo magis ambitio, quam avaritia, animos hominum exercebat*. Was there ever a more express Contradiction? Is it not so in Terms? But on the other Hand, can we believe any Thing so gross cou'd have escaped *Sallust*? This wou'd require Examination. I have considered it, and perhaps have not been unhappy in my Endeavours to reconcile it. *Sallust*, in the first Sentence, must be understood as speaking of the Vices of *Avarice* and *Ambition* in single Persons, independant of national Manners or Corruptions; and in the latter Sentence, of these Vices in the collective Body of the State. What I am going to observe, will both confirm and explain this Interpretation. In *Rome* we find there was no Attempt made at a Power inconsistent with the Freedom of the State, till immense Wealth, in the Hands of private Persons, made the Way to it.

^{*} *Introd. in Bell. Catil.*

BUT the *Asian* Riches soon corrupted their Allegiance. Witness *Crassus*, one of the first Triumvirate. But consider *Rome* collectively, and we shall find, in the Nature of Things, *Ambition* must have the Start. For that Vice having something brave, and not unlike Virtue in its Composition, a single Example wou'd make it fashionable; while *Avarice*, bearing its own Ignominy in Front, cou'd not in a small Time become infectious. She cou'd but serve in the Rear of Ambition, and provide for the other's Expences; as we see in *Sylla* and *Catiline*.

BUT though in this last Instance we have shewn that Brevity has caused Obscurity in our Author, I must be so ingenuous to confess, that is not the only Cause of it in the above Passage, concerning the *People's Judgment*. There is another, and it is this. *Sallust* very studiously followed the *Greek* Writers, as we observed above, even to the translating their moral Sentences, and political Maxims. The Reflections here on the *People's Judgment*, are literally transcribed from *Thucydides*². But the two Historians being upon very different Subjects, that Thought, which in the *Greek* was natural and intelligible, is forced and obscure in the *Roman*, who has taken it into a very foreign Combination. This we know is one of the most general Causes of Obscurity in Writers, and happens more frequently than we are aware of. 'Tis certain our Author, with all his great Ability, is sometimes not the most happy in managing these Materials; which I cou'd shew at large, wou'd it not call me too far away from my main Purpose. However, I can't finish my Dissertation on this Passage, without considering one Part of it in a different View from what we have yet done. *Qua delicta reprehenderis malevolentia & invidia dicta putant*, says *Sallust* of the People. But on the same Occasion *Tacitus* observes the direct contrary, *Obtrectatio & livor proni auribus accipiuntur*³. Whence arose this Change of Judgment? whence, but from the Change of civil Policy? The first wrote under the Consular, and the other under the Monarchic State. In the Consular Times, the most unbounded Liberty of Speech against Particulars, was indulged and encouraged: it was esteemed a

² In *fun. orat. Periclis*, l. 2. ³ *Lib. 1. Hist. init.*

good Barrier against the Incroachments of the Great ; and so inseparable from a free People, that *Tacitus* makes the Recovery of this Right under *Trajan* the Proof of their Felicity ⁴. Now, where Indulgence of Speech was so liberally allowed, a malign Disposition wou'd be enough encouraged ; and when an Historian was seen to make the utmost Use of his Power, no wonder if the *People* were inclined to put it to the Score of a base and envious Insult. But when with Extinction of Liberty, Freedom of Speech, the brightest of its Emanations, was no more ; to dare then to assert the old Republican Privilege, and bring great Offenders back to the Judgment of the People, looked brave and gallant, and carried in it, as *Tacitus* admirably expresses it, *Falsa species Libertatis* ; which in Times that cou'd neither bear a thorough Slavery, nor perfect Liberty, wonderfully recommended to Acceptance and Esteem.

BUT by this Time, I know my Reader will grow impatient to question me on the whole, and bring me back again to the Point, by such like Demands,

I. *Are we then to condemn, as fabulous and chimerical, all we meet with in prophane History of Prodigies and Miracles?* By no Means. The interposition of *Providence* in human Affairs has all the Marks of Truth, that such a Thing is capable of. As, 1st, *Universal Consent* in Testimony, and Opinion ; and however sceptical and idle Wits may have laboured to render doubtful *general attested Facts*, by I know not what sophistical Distinctions and Dilemmas ; and to perplex the plain and easy Proof of *universal Consent* by speculative Niceties : I am persuaded all sober Enquirers after Truth, and unprejudiced Thinkers, will stand firm upon this old beaten Ground of Certainty. 2^{dly}, We may collect from Reason another Proof of this momentous Truth. The ordinary Dispensations of Providence are dark and perplexing, and have ever wore a double Face ; from which, with equal Force, may be drawn contrary Conclusions, according to the Humour or Interest of the Contemplator. For if on the one Hand the *Sanguine* sees in it the smiling Promises of a future Recompence, by an exact Adjustment of a long unbal-

⁴ *Ibid.*

lanced Account; to the *Timorous* appears nothing but the repeated Frowns of a total Neglect and Disregard. Now a miraculous Interposition in Favour of the common Principles of Morality and Religion, (and on no less Account ought we to presume of that Favour; this, I say,) fixes the *Features*, and leaves no Room for an ambiguous Meaning. This is one of the great moral Instructions held out to us in the Book of *Job*. After the busy Wit of Man had spent all its Stock, in raising Objections, and removing them, in accusing and absolving, and was now become deeper and deeper intangled in inextricable Difficulties; at length the Voice of God was heard in the *Whirlwind*, which immediately set all to rights. But how? Exactly to this Reasoning. He vindicates his Providence, by the sole Display of his Power; the proper Work of Miracles. But some, who have not the utmost Reverence for Religion, have given Miracles the derogating Definition of *an Arrest and Disturbance to the Laws of Nature*. According to these Men there is Harmony, Concord and Proportion in the Ordinary Dispensation of Providence; and nothing but Irregularity and Confusion in the Extraordinary. Whereas, in Truth, this latter is the giving new Laws to those Portions of Matter within the Sphere of the Miracle, which carry with them the equal Marks of stupendous Wisdom and Power. But 3dly, from the Miracles related in sacred Story, we may draw a more certain Inference than from either of the two former Heads: and when joined to them, the three add Strength to one another. For *this* last confirms a Believer in the two preceding; and *those* will help to remove an Infidel's Prejudices against the latter.

II. ARE *then true Miracles to have no Place in Civil History?* Surely the most honourable: But here the Historian will have Occasion for all his Art. First to separate Truth from Falshood, and then to distinguish between one Kind of Truth and another; unless he has this discerning Spirit, his Conduct here will be weak and extravagant. First he is to take Care the Miracles he relates be true ones; where he is to begin his Disquisition, by considering the *End* for which a Miracle is reported to be wrote. If, on Examination, he finds nothing but a private Interest,

Interest, a religious Sect, or civil Party concerned in its Truth; he may here drop his Enquiry, and rest satisfied, that it is only the Game of Craft or Bigottry. But if he finds the End to be the Defence of the common Principles of Morality and Religion, let him go on; he has sufficient Reason to pursue his Enquiry, and whether he finds it Fact or no, he has the Satisfaction to reflect, that this is an End *worthy*, at least, of divine Interposition. But if undoubted Testimony proves some extraordinary Event, he is then carefully to examine, whether it was truly Miraculous; If, for Instance, human Affairs take some great and unexpected Turn, regularly conducted, and without the adequate Assistance of human Means; or if there be a real Change in a Catholic Law of Nature, in which he is to take special Heed that the one does not prove such a Matter as is usually called a *Judgment*, or the other, *merely an unusual Phenomenon*: For if so, here he takes his Leave, and consigns one over to the *Old Women*, and the other to the *Virtuosi*; otherwise he betrays his Presumption, and his Ignorance. So far is necessary for the Separation of Truth from Falshood: but this is not enough; he is to consider next, whether it be such a Truth as the Public is concerned in. Let a Miracle have all the other Conditions of a true one, yet if it have not this, that the Community is interested, either when it is a Denunciation of impending Judgments, for national Immoralities; or an espousal of the Right, against Injustice, Usurpation, or Tyranny: it belongs properly to the Divine, and is out of the Cognizance of the Historian. These are the two Conditions, upon which only, these Relations can be admitted into History.

III. BUT Lastly, *Are false Miracles never to be admitted into just Compositions?* Yes, even for these, there is a Time when the Laws of History can find a Place. And that is, when the Belief of them so influences public Actions as to alter or determine the Councils of a Leader, or a People. Then the *Miraculous*, not for its own Sake, but as it contributes to illustrate the Story, must, according to the Laws of History, which require a compleat Enumeration of all the Springs and Motives of Action, be distinctly told in every of its Circumstances. Here

Plutarch and *Dio Cassius*, who are never out upon the hot Scent of *Prodigies*, furnish us with a proper Example of this Precept. They relate, ⁵ that while *Cicero*, drawn one Way by his Timidity and Clemency, and another, by his Love of Glory and his Country, was under all the Anxiety of Irresolution, about the Fate of *Lentulus*, and his Companions; there came a Message from his Wife *Terentia* (who had all along instigated him against the Conspirators) to acquaint him, that while she and her Women were assisting at an annual Sacrifice to the Goddess *Bona*. there issued from the extinguished Ashes, that lay upon the Altar, a bright and mighty Flame, which the Vestal Virgins, there present, assured her, portended a Length of Glory and Security to the Consul. This at once turned the Scales, and Justice preponderated. Now was it true that *Tully* was actuated by these Impressions, so momentous in their Consequences, nothing can excuse *Sallust*, (in his Omission of this Story) from the Neglect of a principal Law of History. And if we consider *Terentia's* Spirit, which was daring and subtle, and her Husband's, vain and superstitious (from the Conjunction of which Tempers, most of the bastard Miracles, father'd upon abused Nature, have proceeded) we have no Reason to suspect its Truth. Must not we say then that *Sallust* has here given an Instance of that common Weakness of our Nature, that betrays us into an unsuspected Fault, while we endeavour to avoid its Opposite?

⁶ Thus have I given an enlarged SPECIMEN of a SET of DISCOURSES I have now by me, on this great Historian. Perhaps, those few who know how to make a right Use of History, and the wise Reflections of the Ancients, may find their Account

⁵ *Plutarch. in vita Cic. & D. Cassius. Hist l. 37.*

⁶ Indeed to have completed this *Specimen* of my Thoughts on the Advancement of this Part of Literature, I shou'd have thrown together some Thoughts upon Translation, into the modern Languages; one of the best Means of making those Ancients more generally useful, as it is my Project in the preceding Discourses to make them more rationally so. But I leave that to some abler Hand. Only this I can't but observe, that our *French* Neighbours have evinced their superior Taste in elegant and numerous Translations of the best Part of *Classical* Antiquity: While we,
the

Account in what I now present to them. For the *rest*, I won't disturb their Satisfaction in those borrowed Scraps and Rhapsodies that bear the specious Titles of REFLECTIONS, DISSERTATIONS, INTRODUCTIONS, &c. TO and ON THE CLASSICKS ; which, after all, amount to little more than a Book-feller's

the servile Copiers of their Follies, have patiently suffer'd this useful Part of Learning to be prophaned by ignorant and mercenary Undertakers. But the different Genius's of the two People are here seen very remarkably. The *Frenchman*, vigorous and enterprizing, is ambitious of Possession ; while we with a false Modesty and Coldness, natural from our Climate, content ourselves with a distant Admiration. This Neglect is the more inexcusable, as our Claim to this Province is juster, our Advantages greater, and our Invitations stronger than those of our polite Rivals. For to whom do those great Originals of Freedom and Virtue so justly belong, as to *Great Britain*, the Protector of Liberty and Light of Religion ? Nor want we a Language that is brief, comprehensive, nervous and majestic. For Languages always take their Characters from the Genius of a People. So that two the most distant States, thinking and acting with the same generous Love for Mankind, must needs have very near the same Combinations of Ideas. Now the Want of this Conformity in two Languages makes the great Difficulty of fine Translation. And it is our Boast, that in this Conformity we approach the nearest to ancient *Greece* and *Italy*. Nor let any one wonder that our heterogeneous Language shou'd have these Advantages in translating from the *Latin*, which the *French* and *Italian* want, tho' the direct Descendants from that ancient Tongue : For if the Words *Virtu*, for Instance, and *Patrie*, raise commonly far different Ideas in the Minds of those two People, from what *Virtus* and *Patria* did in a *Roman*, as I am sure they do ; what signifies the Conformity of Syllables and Letters ?

But there are a Set of Men who value less the refined Speculations of *Greece*, and the haughty Virtue of *Rome*, than the *Pallium* of the one, and the *Toga* of the other. These are possessed with a Kind of specific Avarice for Words. They tell us that

“ Their Stores are stamp'd, and in their Metal bear

“ The Antique Shapes of Kings and Kefars strange and rare.

Spencer.

And it is their Care to preserve them from being melted down for common and vulgar Uses : For we are told that Words, tho' they be but the Counters of the Wise, are the Money of Fools. And so come the several Arts of weighing, washing, clipping, coining, or, in other Words, of various Readings, Glosses, Corrections, and Emendations, that waste the anxious Hours of these *Greek* and *Roman* Mint-masters. When, give the

feller's Advertisement, that such *good* Books are to be purchased. These are a beggarly Kind of small Craft, that know no certain Course, but run about from Coast to Coast, just touch as they pass by, but take their Accounts of what is up Land, from those who pretend to have ventured further. These are the only Adventurers we have in *English* Criticism, and suit our vain and lazy Humour most exactly; which would know every Thing, and yet be at the Pains to examine nothing. But to expect great Discoveries from these, is the same as to hope new Worlds from the Sailor without Chart or Compass. Such are reserved for those who dare launch boldly out, and can skilfully conduct themselves, thro' the Immensity of general Knowledge.

As for these Home-spun Thoughts, all I have to say in their Recommendation is, that they are so. I had no Ambition for the Employment of pilfering Indexes, and common Places, to furnish out a taudry glaring Patch-work. The Republic of Letters is already overstocked with the Retailers of its Commodities, as well as the Civil; which under the best Regulations, can never make any real Increase of the Stock. Their present Use is, that our Rulers may raise a Tax from the itinerant Pedlar; and the Bookfeller, like the Receiver of stoll'n Goods, knows how to improve his Mystery, by the choice Pack of the sharpening *Garreteer*. But their great Increase always predicts the certain Decay of Trade and Learning.

BUT the late *Royal Institution for the Study of Modern History*, has given a new *Æra* to the Reign of the Muses.

the Man of Sense his *Counters* methodically ranged, that, by their Place and Disposition, he may regulate their Value, and he is not sollicitous about the Metal or Impress; well knowing that the largest Sum may be as exactly calculated with Pieces of Wood or Copper, as of Ivory or Silver.

But the *Grammarians*, that they may still amuse themselves in the barren Pleasure of *Greek* and *Roman* Sounds, care not, tho' the World want Blessings given to the Service of every Age and People, by the Beneficence of those great Originals. Whose Fate is not unlike that of some Islands which Travellers speak of in the new World, that produce the most delicious Groves of Orange and Lemon-Trees, only to afford a shade to the *Monkeys* and *Crocodiles* beneath.

UNDER

UNDER the Auspices of another AUGUSTUS they shall regain their old Honours, and be once again the Favourites of Courts. Their Ill-habits shall be reform'd, their Manners polished, and a Right Taste lastingly established. For our *invincible Monarch*, after his accomplished Toils of Empire, has now got Time to respire, and to cast his Eye upon the literary World; where the subject Condition of *British History*, (which we have described above) caught his first Regard, and determined him to this most effectual Method to raise and enoble it. 'Tis surely then the Office of every one, that bears a Relation to Letters, and is zealous, as he ought, in any Capacity, to distinguish his Duty to *the Father of his Country*, to second his gracious Intentions. It is my utmost Ambition to have it believed, that this engaged me in my present Labour. I imagined a better Foundation could not be laid for the Advancement of *Modern History*, than in a right Intelligence of the *Ancient*. And it is Honour enough for me to be employed as an Under-Labourer, in clearing the Ground, and removing the Rubbish. This noble *Institution* must produce the Master-Builders, to give us that finished Body of *English History* so long wanted, and till now despaired of.

AT least I have Reason to expect, that as the Successes of the *British Arms*, if we be provoked to employ them, will, without doubt, raise up amongst us a plentiful Harvest of Journalists and Historians, the foregoing Remarks may, perhaps, be of seasonable Use to direct them in the most nice Detours of the Story; *the true Causes of Things*. That they no longer make such bungling Work of it, as was scarce excusable in their monkish Ancestors, and ramble Abroad to the very Limits of the Universe, for Causes which are to be found much nearer Home, in the wise and steady Councils of our victorious Sovereign, the Effects of which now opening to the World, will be a better Proof than any given in the preceding Discourse, of what great Things the human Mind alone is capable to perform; which, misunderstood by the admiring Many, has made Men fly to PRODIGES for Explanation, and give a *Guardian Deity* to accompany the *Hero*.

SUCH

SUCH a Work alone wou'd be worth a *Royal Foundation*; but this has already procured far more important Advantages. THE UNIVERSITY, conquered by repeated Acts of Sovereign Favour, is become *ambitious* of receiving them; and with unfeigned Love and Gratitude *repeats* her numerous Obligations.

METHINKS I see her, like the mighty Eagle, renewing her *immortal Youth*, and purging her opening Sight, at the unobstructed Beams of our benign Meridian *SUN*; which some pretend to say had been dazzled and abused by an inglorious pestilential METEOR; while the ill-affected Birds of Night wou'd, with their envious Hootings, prognosticate a Length of Darknefs and Decay.

The END;

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F I N I S.

DEDICATION

O F T H E

Two Tracts of a *Warburtonian*,

ADDRESSED BY THE EDITOR

TO A LEARNED CRITIC.

M Y L O R D,

IN the Fate of the two Tracts, which I have now the Honour of dedicating to your Lordship, there are some Circumstances peculiarly interesting to the Curiosity of Scholars, and to your own distinguished Humanity. Like ¹ Children, whom their Parents were afraid or ashamed to acknowledge, they have long been condemned to wander about the World, unsheltered by the Authority of a great Name, and depending only upon the Force of their own inherent Merits, either to attract the Inquisitive, or to propitiate the Cenforious. Their Titles, indeed, sometimes crept into the Corner of a Catalogue, and sometimes were caught skulking upon the Shelf of a Collector. Throug the Want, however, of that eager and open Support, which Authors generally give to their own Works, the Pamphlets themselves are now become extremely scarce; and that Scarcity ² has been shrewdly, or, if you please, my Lord,

L

perverſely

¹ Ἐπεὶ δὲ τὸ ὅμοιον καὶ τὸ συγγενὲς ἡδὺ ἐκείῳ ἔπει, μέλιτι δ' ἀλλοῖς πρὸς ἐαυτὸν ἕκαστος, τῷ πείσῳθεν, ἀνάγκη πάντες φιλάδελφος εἶναι· ἐπεὶ δὲ φίλοι πάντες, καὶ τὰ ἀλλῶν ἀνάγκη ἡδέα εἶναι πᾶσιν, εἶσι ἔργα, λόγος, διὰ φιλοδόλαιας ὡς ἐπιβολῶν καὶ φιλοτιμῶν καὶ φιλότεκνοι· ἀλλῶν γὰρ ἔργα τὰ τέκνα. Vide Aristotelis Rhetoricam. Lib. 1. Cap. 11.

² In the Year 1765, when the Letter to Dr. Tho. Leland was become very scarce in England, it was republished in Ireland, and placed between Leland

perverfely imputed, not fo much to the Avidity of the Purchafers, as to the Management of the Writer. But, whatever may have been the Caufe, the Fact is notorious, and therefore, in bringing them back to a Tribunal, from which they are fuppofed to fhink, I fhall endeavour to refcue them from that Oblivion, which fometimes overtakes the beft Publications, even at the Hazard of expofing them to that Infamy, which is never inflicted but on the worft.

The Predilection which your Lordfhip is known to entertain for Allegory, induces me to refume the Simile upon which I had glanced in the preceding Paragraph. It were unnecelfary, I am fure, to remind you, either, that, from *Peculiarities* in the Features and Difpofitions of Children, we often recognize their Parent: or, that, by the Similitude to himfelf, whether it be, of Excellence or Deformity, which the one difcovers in the other, he is fometimes inclined to cherish them with greater Affection. If, then, your Lordfhip fhould deign to employ your critical Abilities upon the *Sophiftry* and the *Virulence*, as well as upon the Ingenuity and Elegance, of thefe fingular, but anonymous Compositions, you may have it in your Power to add to the Obligations which your ftupendous Discoveries have already conferred upon the learned World, by favouring it with fome fatisfactory Conjecture about the Perfon by whom they were written. The Succels which you can *always* command in the Developement of complex Beauties, and the Detection of latent Faults—the occasional and even involuntary Exercife of congenial Qualities, or congenial Talents—the Subverfion of fome eftablifhed Opinion, or the Degradation of fome elevated Character—any, or all, of thefe Caufes, my Lord, may entice the Writer from the Obscurity in which he has fo long

Leland's Differtation upon Eloquence and the Defence. The Book is called, "Leland upon Eloquence", fo that the Letter is not noticed in the Title Page. I fhould fuppofe, that Leland republished the whole Difpute, to give the reasoning of his Antagonift all the advantage of a more extenfive Circulation, and to prevent the renown of his Wit from fading too foon. I had the honour of receiving four Copies from Dr. Leland in the Year 1777: but the Book, I believe, has not often found it's way to England, as I never faw any Copies of it, except my own.

and

and so securely lurked—may act irresistibly upon his secret Partialities and his secret Aversions—may draw from him an ingenuous and direct Confession, or, what is equally decisive, a faint and awkward Denial. From your Sagacity, therefore, as well as, from your Compassion, I now ask for that Protection, which is said to have been hitherto refused by your *Prudence* and your *Delicacy*, to the deserted Offspring of controversial Zeal.

Of the Reputation, my Lord, which you have so long, and *they*³ say, so deservedly enjoyed, a large part is to be ascribed to your insatiable Love of Novelty: And a yet larger, it may be, to your matchless Dexterity in the Defence of ⁴ Theories, at once, fantastic and methodical—fantastic, I mean, without the Brilliancy of Invention, and methodical, without the Solidity of Logic. I am not, however, apprehensive of any Contradiction, even from your Lordship, when I venture to pronounce these Tracts to have been produced by the same Understanding, to be marked by the same Spirit, and to have been directed to the same End. That Understanding, doubtless, was acute; that Spirit professes, at least, to be candid; and that End probably, according to your Lordship's Estimation, was in the highest Degree, honourable. It was to deliver two illustrious, but whimsical Hypotheses, from the impertinent and tyrannical Intrusions of common Sense. It was to unmask the Hypocrisy, and to subdue the Insolence, of two impotent Sciolists, one of whom had *presumed* to commend your Patron without Adulation, and the other, to confute him without Asperity. It was to convince an undiscerning and incredulous Public, that Warburton was an infallible Reasoner, Leland a superficial Trifler,

³ I have borrowed this *qualifying* Phrase from the Letter-writer to Dr. Leland, and I do not suspect him of knowing, that Dr. Bentley, in his Controversy upon Phalaris (Vide pag. 66 Edit. Lennep) has shewn the strong affirmative Power of the word *λέγεται*.

⁴ "If we ask the Reason, it would seem to be owing to that ambitious Spirit of Subtlety and Refinement which, as Quintilian observes, puts Men upon teaching not what they believe to be true, but what, from the Falseness, or apparent Strangeness of the Matter, they expect the Praise of Ingenuity from being able to defend". Vide Hurd's Note on the 410th Line of Horace's Art of Poetry.

and Jortin, a most dastardly, a most insidious, and a most malignant Calumniator.

Readers of illiterate and groveling Minds will, I am aware, startle at these strange and harsh Positions. In an Agony of Amazement and Indignation, they will exclaim, like your Lordship and D'orville, *En cor Zenodoti, en jecur Cratetis*. But, by Men of more enlarged and more exalted Views—by Men of a *truly classical Taste*, who spurn aside the coarse Beverage to be found in Greek Scholiasts, in order to revel on the luxurious Dainties prepared by French Commentators—by Men of truly philosophical Penetration, who are ambitious to understand their Virgil from Warburton, and their Horace from your Lordship—by all such enterprising Critics, and all such fastidious Hypercritics, the Tribute of Admiration will be cheerfully paid, both to the Magnificence of the Design, and the Felicity of the Execution.

Now, my Lord, it is not *quite* forgotten by Men of Letters, nor, probably, by your Lordship, that, in the earlier Stages of your literary and ecclesiastical Career, *you* did not disdain to wield your Pen, whether offensively or defensively, in Favour of Bishop Warburton. While Bigots were pouring forth their Complaints, and Witlings were levelling their Pleasantry, against this formidable Innovator: While answerers trembled, and Readers stared: While Dunces were lost in the mazes of his Arguments, and Scholars were confounded at the Hardiness of his Assertions: You, my Lord, stood forth with an avowed Determination to share alike his Danger and his Disgrace. You affected to despise, even while you were endeavouring to repress, the Clamours of the unenlightened Herd, who saw, or pretended to see, Absurdity in his Criticisms, Heterodoxy in his Tenets, and Brutality in his Invectives. You made great Paradoxes less incredible, by exciting our Wonder at the *greater*, which were started by yourself. You taught us to set a just Value upon the Eccentricities of impetuous and untutored Genius, by giving us an Opportunity

⁵ Vide D'orville Animadversiones in Charit p. 399, and Hurd's Note on Line 97th of the Epistle to Augustus.

to compare them with the *Trickeries* of cold and systematic Refinement. You tempted us almost to forget and to forgive, whatever was offensive in noisy and boisterous Reproaches, by turning aside our Attention to the more grating Sounds of quaint and sarcastic Sneers.

Recollecting, therefore, the repeated Displays of your Ardour and your Prowess, I cannot, my Lord, feel the smallest Reluctance in calling upon you for new and more undisguised Exertions in an *old and a favourite* Cause. I think it even impossible for you to tarnish the well earned Reputation, either of your Abilities as a Writer, or your Virtues as a Friend, by a deliberate and invincible Indifference to the future Celebrity of two Works, which, like these, are intimately connected with the Preservation of Dr. Warburton's *true* Character, and, *perhaps*, of your own.

If suspending, for the present, our Examination of the Spirit, which pervades your Writings, we proceed to consider their Pretensions as Compositions, wide is the Difference that appears between them, both in their ⁶ Excellencies and in their Faults.

He blundered against Grammar, and you refined against Idiom. He, from Defect of Taste, contaminated English by Gallicism, and you, from Excess of Affectation, sometimes disgraced what would have risen to ornamental, and dignified Writing, by a profuse Mixture of vulgar or antiquated Phraseology. He soared into Sublimity *without* Effort, and you, *by* Effort, sunk into a Kind of Familiarity, which, without leading to Perspicuity, borders upon Meanness. He was great by the Energies of Nature, and you were little by the Misapplication of Art. He, to shew his Strength, piled up huge and rugged Masses of Learning, and you, to shew your Skill, split and shivered them into what your Brother Critic calls ⁷ ψήγματα

⁶ The words which Longinus uses in describing the Character of Timæus, may, with a very little Change, be applied to Warburton, Ἄριστ' τὰ μὲν πολλὰ ἰκενός, καὶ πρὸς λόγων ἐνίστη μέγεθος ἐν ἀφορᾷ· πολυλίτῳ, ἐπισημικός, πλὴν ἀλλότριων μὲν ἐλεγκτικώτερος ἀμαρτημάτων, ἀνεπισσώπλιος δὲ ἰδίων· ὑπὸ δὲ ἔρωτος τῆ ξήνης νοήσεις αἰὲ κινεῖν πολλὰ μὲν ἐκπίπτων εἰς τὸ παιδαγωγείσθαι. Longin. Sect. 4.

⁷ Vide Longin. Sect. 10.

καὶ ἀραιώματα. He sometimes reached the Force of ³ Longinus, but without his Elegance, and you exhibited the Intricacies of Aristotle, but without his Exactness.

The Language of Warburton is, I believe, generally allowed to be abrupt, inartificial, and undisciplined; irregular as the Mind of the Writer, and tinged with many diversified Hues, from the rapid and uncertain Course of his extensive and miscellaneous Reading. As to your Lordship, whatever Likeness some prying and morose Observers may have traced between you and Vertumnus in the Versatility of your Principles, the Comparison must not be extended to the Features of your Style, concerning which, if we should grant the *Mille Ornatus* to belong to it, we cannot add, without the grossest Hypocrisy, or the most vitiated Taste, *Mille decenter habet*. Let me, however, commend both you and the Bishop of Gloucester, where

³When a celebrated Commentary upon Horace was first published, Malone, Reed Farmer, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, the two Warton, Burke, and in his critical Capacity, Dr. Johnson, had not come forward as the Guides of the Public Taste. This is some sort of Plea for setting Warburton at the Head of English Critics. I cannot so readily account for the Superiority assigned him over Longinus and Aristotle, unless the Commentator had read their Works, as Warburton was now and then suspected of reading them, in a French Translation. Our critic knew, "that it was *not every Wood, that will make a Mercury*", and yet he compliments Warburton, "as if Nobody would dispute the Fitness of that, which was growing so near the Altar." See Note on Line 15 of the Epistle to Augustus.

The Commentator, it seems, was offended with Lipsius for "exalting an Archbishop of Mecklin, with Pagan Complaisance into the Order of Deities". I wish to know, whether, if he had written the Dedication to Horace in Latin, he would have found it consistent with his own Christian Complaisance, to have called Warburton a *Deus* in Criticism, just as Scævola calls *Crassus in dicendo Deum*, and as Catulus calls Antonius *in dispositione Argumentorum Deum* (Vid. Lib. 1 and 2 de Orat.) and as Cicero, in addressing the Senate after his Return from Exile, says of Lentulus, that he was the *Parens et Deus nostræ vitæ, fortunæ, memoriæ, nominis, &c.* I am far from wishing to apologize for the shocking Adulation of Lipsius, or to recommend the abovementioned Use of *Deus* to a Modern Writer of Latin. But, I suspect that no Man, who understands the Latin Language, will find more of the *Spirit of Flattery* in the Word *Deus* restrained and limited by its Subject, than in the pompous Pageantry of Praise spread by the Commentator over the Revd. Mr. Warburton, when the latter was advancing fast towards a Bishoprick.

Commend-

Commendation is due : and let me bestow it, not with the thrifty and penurious Measure of a Critic by Profession, nor yet, with the coldness and Languor of an envious Antagonist, but, with the ardent Gratitude of a Man, whom, after many a painful Feeling of Weariness and Disgust, you have refreshed unexpectedly, and whom, as if by some secret Touch of Magic, you have charmed and overpowered with the most exquisite Sense of Delight. Yes, my Lord, in a few lucky and lucid Intervals between the Paroxysms of your polemical Frenzy, all the laughable and all the loathsome Singularities which floated upon the Surface of your Diction, have in a Moment vanished, while, in their Stead, Beauties equally striking from their Suddenness, their Originality, and their Splendour, have burst in a "Flood of Glory" upon the astonished and enraptured Reader. Often has my Mind hung with Fondness and with Admiration over the crowded, yet clear and luminous Galaxies of Imagery diffused through the Works of Bp. Taylor, the mild and un sullied Lustre of Addison, the variegated and expanded Eloquence of Burke, the Exuberance and dignified Ease of Middleton, the gorgeous Declamation of Bolingbroke, and the majestic Energy of Johnson. But if I were to do Justice, my Lord, to the more excellent Parts of your own Writings and of Warburton's, I should say that the English Language, even in its widest Extent, can not furnish Passages more strongly marked, either, by Grandeur in the Thought, by ^o Felicity in the Expression, by Pauses varied and harmonious, or by full and sonorous Periods.

I must beg your Lordship's Pardon for a little seeming Irregularity in the Order of my Remarks. To separate the Character of your speculative Writings, whether in Criticism, or Theology, from the Merits of those which are more purely and professedly controversial, is no easy Task. Warburton, in his rapid Marches and Counter-marches from profane Learning to sacred, and from sacred to profane, always found or created Opportunities, for skirmishing with some rival Novelty, or combating with gladiatorial Fierceness some inveterate, and

^o See the Character of Bayle Sect 4th B. 1st of the D. L. Description of the Inspectors general over clerical Faith, P. 26. Vol. 3d. The different Characters of Eloquence P. 53 and 54 in the Doctrine of Grace, and above all, the Representation of the Christian Church in the Introduction to Julian Edit. 1751.

Instead of referring particularly to beautiful Passages in Warburton's Friend, I shall only say, that some may be gleaned, here and there, even in his critical Writings, that many are to be found in those which treat of Politics, and more, when he ascends to Subjects of Morality and Religion.

therefore obnoxious ¹ Opinion. In many, also, of the Publications ascribed to your Lordship, as well as in those of your Patron, it may be observed, that you seldom dispute without an Itch for Criticism, and seldom criticise without a Rage for Dispute. Pardon me, however, if, summoning the whole Force of my Mind, I thus balance you and the Bp. of G. as your Admirers, if they had dipped into Persius, would exclaim, *In rasis antithetis*.

To grapple with the unwieldy, was among the Frolics of Warburton, whilst your Lordship toiled in chasing the subtle. He often darkened the Subject, and you perplexed it. He, by the Boldness and Magnitude of his Conceptions, overwhelmed our Minds with Astonishment, and you, by the Singularity and Nicety of your Quibbles, *benumbed* them with Surprise. In him, we find our intellectual Powers expanded and invigorated by the full and vivid Representation which he *sometimes* holds up, both of common and uncommon Objects, while you, my Lord, contrive to cramp and to cripple them by all the tedious Formalities of minute and scrupulous Analysis. He scorned every Appearance of soothing the Reader into Attention, and you failed in almost every Attempt to *decoy* him into Conviction. He instructed, even where he did not persuade, and you, by your petulant and contemptuous Gibes, disgusted every Man of Sense, whom you might otherwise have amused by your curious and shewy Conceits.

Conversant as I may be in the most celebrated Writings of the Warburtonian Sect, I confess myself unable to expatiate after your Lordship's Manner, upon their romantic Freaks of Affectation or Spleen in the Choice of their Subjects—upon the stately Array, or the grotesque Machinery of their Arguments—upon the wanton Coruscations of their Metaphors, and the “baseless Fabrics of their Visions” in *Allegories* and *double Senses*—upon the rambling Digressions into which we are diverted, and the intricate Labyrinths in which we are bewildered by their Notes—upon the luxuriant and vicious, as well as upon the more chaste and more happy Embellishments of their Style. I leave therefore this Land of Phantoms and Wonders to be explored by some dainty Commentator, who, like Launcelot ², “hath planted in his Memory an Army of good Words” and who, like your Lordship, “would for a tricky Phrase defy the Matter.” Let me, however, drop a few Remarks upon those unsparing and undistinguishing Sallies of Ridicule which

¹ The Bishop would have said Prejudice. The Authorities of Fletcher and Bacon protect the Word *inveterate* from the Charge of Latinism.

² See Merchant of Venice.

have

have been employed, sometimes to adorn, and sometimes to *enforce* both the “* light and the solid Whimsies,” both the Critical Chimeras, and the Theological Dogmas of the Warburtonian School.

Wit was in Warburton the spontaneous Growth of Nature, while, in your Lordship, it seemed to be the forced and un-mellowed Fruit of Study. He, in these lighter Exertions, still preserved his Vigour, as you, in your greater, seldom laid aside your Flippancy. He, perhaps with better Success than Demosthenes, seized the *famam Dicacis*, and you, with Success not quite equal, aimed at the Praise of † Urbanity. He flamed upon his Readers with the Brilliancy of a Meteor, and you scattered around them the Scintillations³ of a Firebrand.

But in the Treatment of your respective, or, I should rather say, your common Antagonists, the Similarity of your Prejudices was a little obscured by the Inequality of your Talents.

Some of the Disputants, whom Warburton would have scared with ferocious Defiance, you, my Lord, condescended only to insult with cool Derision. Others, whom he would have crushed by dogmatical Contradiction, you were content to tease by captious Misrepresentation. He, from his towering and distant Heights, rushed down upon his Prey, and, disdain- ing the ostentatious Prodigalities of Cruelty, destroyed it at a Blow. But you, my Lord, contracting, as it were, and distorting the nobler Shape which Nature had really bestowed upon you, took, what to some may appear a perverse and abject Pleasure, in crawling upon the Earth. Yet, in this very Choice of Situation, Artifice was blended with Whim: For, you entered upon it as a Sort of Vantage-Ground well adapted to your Purpose, that you might spring upon an Enemy more suddenly, and pierce him more surely: That you might protract or shorten his Torments, at your own capricious Will: That you might sharpen them to try the Sensibility of the Sufferer, or allay them, when your Justice, shall I say? or your Anger, was fatiated.

And here, my Lord, instead of pushing any farther the Contrast between you, in Points where you appear unlike

* See Prier's Alma. Book 2d.

† Vide Quintil. Lib. 6. Cap. 3.

³ Having risked two Metaphors in this Paragraph, I was prevented by my Fear of his Lordship's critical Artillery from borrowing a third, to insert in the Text. But I am ready to give up either or both of them to my Readers, if, adopting the much stronger Phraseology of a much greater Writer than I am, they will say, that “in his Lordship we are provoked at the Venom of the Shaft, but in Warburton are terrified at the Strength of the Bow”. See Johnson's Character of Junius in his Political Tracts.

or unequal, I shall, for a Moment, look back to some particulars in which the Resemblance between you was most conspicuous. Those Particulars are to be found, in your eager Propensity to start aside from the regular and common orbit of Opinion upon every plain, every abstruse, every trifling, and every important Subject—in your arbitrary and abrupt Deviations from the established and common Forms of Language—in your unbounded Admiration of each other, and in your unrelenting Scorn of every contemporary Writer, by whom you seemed to be less admired, than you were by yourselves. Surely my Opinion does not clash with any critical Canons promulgated by your Lordship, when I call *such* Resemblance a clear and unequivocal Proof of Imitation.

The Claims of Warburton to Originality, in some of his Remarks upon the Philosophers of Antiquity, some of his Emendations upon our great Tragedian, and some of his boasted Discoveries in the Science of ⁴ Theology have, as your Lordship knows, not been indiscriminately and implicitly admitted. I appeal to your Candour, my Lord, and, if that should fail me, to your Recollection, for the Accuracy of my Assertion, when I add, that several of those Claims have not only been disputed by the malignant Officiousness of Envy, but invalidated and sometimes overthrown by the Rigours of impartial Criticism. For my Part, however, I am disposed to pardon

⁴ The Letter-writer to Leland says, that “ the unpopular Cry against Warburton is in this Country silenced, that Men of Sense and Judgment, now consider his Paradoxes as very harmless, nay as very sober and certain Truths, and even vie with each other in building upon them the most just and rational Vindication of our Religion”. This he represents “ as the present State of Things with us, and especially they say in the two Universities of this Kingdom”. Now I resided in one of the Universities soon after the Time, at which this Letter was published: I have since visited many learned and inquisitive Friends in the Sister University: I have had the Honour of conversing pretty much at large with Men of Letters in the World: I have often been present when the Paradoxes of Warburton were discussed in Conversation, and yet, I never heard the slightest Whisper about that complete Revolution in the publick Opinion, which our Letter-writer so peremptorily asserts and so triumphantly describes. After all, Men of Candour will only smile at these *honestæ et misericordiæ mendaciæ*, when employed to prop up a tottering Cause; and perhaps Men of Refinement may consider them as “ a true Rhetorical Payment,” very fit to be accepted by a Dublin Professor of Oratory. Our Letter-writer “ was called upon for his Reckoning, “ and he discharged it,” not with Argument or Fact, but with Rhetorical Hyperbole. What was the Consequence? “ He who had not spared “ the Bishop, demolished” the Letter-writer—See D. L. vol. 5. P. 420.

and

and even to applaud the ruffian Plunders of an ⁵ Adventurer, who from the Stores of his own capacious and active Mind was able to enrich and dignify his Spoils—to mould them into various and striking Forms—to deck them with new and becoming Ornaments, and apply them to Purposes, at once, the most unexpected and the most splendid. But, upon the petty Larcenies of his “⁶ Servile Imitators,” upon the ⁷ Plagiarisms

⁵ I have adopted this Expression from Bishop Hallifax, who, in the same Passage, styles Warburton “the most illustrious Author of the Age.” What Bishop Hallifax really is in the Republic of Learning, it can be no Disgrace for any other Scholar to be, and therefore I shall, without Hesitation, apply “to the most illustrious Author of the Age,” the Name of an “Adventurer”. Bishop Warburton in the Dedication of the 3d Vol. of the Divine Legation, represents himself, as “seized with that Epidemical Malady of idle visionary Men, “the projecting to instruct and inform the Public”. See Preface to the last Edition of three Sermons published at Cambridge, by Dr. Hallifax, and the Dedication of Vol. 3d. of the D. L.

⁶ Vid. Remarks on Hume’s Essay, P. 13.

⁷ My Meaning will be explained by the following Quotation which I give at length, as the Book, from which it is taken, has become scarce.

‘ While the Bishop is puffing and celebrating himself without Grace or Modesty for this wonderful Achievement on Virgil; which he has accomplished with the aid of Meursius, he vouchsafes to drop some little Dew of Praise on a certain Zany of his; and draws that little from Mr. Addison, on whose Ruin this puny (I mean able) Critic’s Glory is to be reared; as the said Zany had reared the great Mountebank’s on having totally eclipsed Aristotle and Longinus. “It was not thus (says Quintus Flestrin; that is, not as Mr. Addison has done;) that an able Critic lately explained Virgil’s noble Allegory in “the beginning of the Third Georgic”, &c. “It was not indeed; for Mr. Addison looked into himself and his own Ideas only; the able Critic (forgetting Perſius’s Rule, *ne te quaesiveris extra*) looked into F. Catrou: In whom he found all that his Master so applauds, and exalts, only not quite so fine-drawn and wire-drawn. Pox take those Rascals who lived before us; said a pleasant Fellow: They have stolen and run away with all the good Things I should have said. ’Tis all the Meursius’s and Catrou’s are good for. When the late D. of R. kept wild Beasts, it was a common Diversion to make two of his Bears drunk (not metaphorically with Flattery; but literally with strong Ale) and then daub them over with Honey. It was excellent Sport to see how, lovingly (like a couple of Critics) they would lick and claw one another’. Vide. Confusion worse confounded. P. 74.

of

of those, who pilfered, because they could not invent, and disguised, because they could not improve; upon Poverty screened by Ostentation, and Arrogance leagued with Fraud, every intelligent Reader must look down with Emotions of just and poignant Contempt.

There is one advantageous Point of View, my Lord, in which some distinguishing Characteristics of Warburton press themselves upon my Notice, and, in Respect to which, I must leave some abler Writer to draw the Parallel between you and your supposed Archetype, *so far* as such a Parallel may be consistent with Decorum and with Truth.

The Bishop of Gloucester, amidst all his Fooleries in Criticism and all his Outrages in Controversy, certainly united a most vigorous and comprehensive Intellect with an open and a generous Heart. As a Friend, he was, what your Lordship experienced, zealous and constant: And as an Enemy, he properly describes himself to have been ⁸ choleric, but not implacable. He, my Lord, threw a Cloud over no Man's brighter Prospects of Prosperity or Honour, by dark and portentous Whispers in the Ears of the Powerful. He, in private Company, blasted no Man's good Name, by shedding over it the cold and deadly Mildews of Insinuation. He was too magnanimous to undermine, when his Duty or his Humour prompted him to overthrow. He was too sincere to disguise the natural Haughtiness and Irritability of his Temper under a specious Veil of Humility and Meekness. He never thought it expedient to save Appearances by shaking off the "⁹ Shackles of Consistency" --- to soften the hideous Aspect of certain uncourtly ¹ Opinions by a calm and progressive Apostacy--- to expiate the artless and animated Effusions of his Youth, by the Example of a temporizing and obsequious old Age. He began not his Course, as others have done, with speculative Republicanism, nor did he end

⁸ See the Conclusion of Dr. Warburton's Letter to Dr. Lowth dated Winchester, Sept. 17, 1756.

⁹ See Page 100 of the Remarks on Hume.

¹ I am told by one, whom I esteem the best Greek Scholar in this Kingdom, and to whom the Hat of Bentley would have "vailed", that many notable Discoveries might be made by comparing the *variæ Lectiones*, the Clippings and the Filings, the Softenings and the Varnishings, of sundry constitutional Doctrines, as they crept by little and little into the different successive Editions of certain Political Dialogues.

it, as the same Persons are now doing, with practical Toryism. He was a Churchman without Bigotry---He was a Politician without Duplicity---He was a Loyalist without Servility.

Such, my Lord, on the brighter Side of his Character, was the Champion under whose Banners you enlisted: And if, in the eager Pursuit of Glory, you, sometimes, appeared to swerve a little from the Precepts of a benevolent Religion: If you trampled, inadvertently no doubt, upon the established Decorums of civilized Life: Nay, if you rushed, somewhat, beyond the licensed Violences of critical and theological War, yet, my Lord, it is in the Power of Observers, dispassionate and impartial as I am, to urge in your behalf some Pleas, the *Truth* of which will not hastily be disputed.

The distinguishing Virtues even of the best Men, may, for a Time, be eclipsed by particular Situation. While, therefore, we allow your Lordship all the Praise, which is due to habitual Discretion and constitutional Gentleness, we are by no means surpris'd, that, in the Service of such a Leader, you were now and then hurried into Rashness, sharpened into Acrimony, or betrayed into Illiberality. We rather lament, that the better Propensities of your Mind were suspended, and, indeed, overborne, by the Fascination of Warburton's Example, the Sternness of his Commands, and, with all due Reverence let me add, the tremendous Severity of his Threats. We mourn over the common Infirmities of human Nature itself, when we recollect, that, with a Temper, which effectually preserved you from the tumultuous Fervours of Enthusiasm, and with Talents, which might have procured you Success in the regular and ordinary course of controversial Hostilities, you were disposed, or, I would rather say, *destined* to become the Herald of the sturdiest Knight Errant, that ever sallied out in Quest of literary Crusades.—To become the Apologist, nay, the Avenger of a staunch Polemic, who attacked with blind and headstrong Fury, the most unexplored Fastnesses of Impiety, and the most venerable Citadels of Truth.—To become the Drudge of an imperious task Maker, who finding himself accompanied by a Train of feeble and officious Dwarfs, summoned them by his fierce Mandates to plunge with him into every Difficulty—to triumph with him in every Victory—to make a display of their

their Fidelity or their Zeal in every wild and desperate Achievement, which he was himself emboldened to undertake, by the Consciousness of his own gigantic Strength. " The Staff " of his Spear was like a Weavers Beam, and one bearing a " Shield " always " went before him. " From this Paragraph, my Lord, you may perceive, that, however fearful I may be of offending you by coarse and extravagant Flattery, yet, I can, upon a proper Occasion, step forth to shelter you from excessive and undistinguishing Reproach ; that I can *palliate* the Failings, which it were shameless to deny : And that I can at least *explain* those Peculiarities, which, in Terms of direct and unqualified Approbation, it might stagger even your Lordship's Resolution to defend.

The Success, indeed, with which I have just now assumed the Language of an Advocate, induces me to venture upon the more arduous, but more pleasing Task of an Encomiast. With your Lordship's Permission, then, I will contrast the sullen Obstinacy, or, if you please, the delicate reserve of our Letter-Writer, with the Frankness and Magnanimity of the Bishop of Litchfield.

This Prelate, it seems, had formerly published some anonymous Remarks upon Mr. David Hume's Natural History of Religion. Our Letter-Writer, also, professes to " have his Reasons for addressing Dr. Leland in a public Manner ", without informing him explicitly, ² *who* he was. Thus far then each of these Combatants acted with prudence, in beginning their " Deeds without a Name. " But in the Sequel of their History, we shall have Reason to consider, the one as a Hero, and the other as a Coward.

Hume, in some Materials that he had prepared for the History of his own Life, ventured to speak peevishly and slightly of the above mentioned Remarks, as breathing forth ! the spi-

² Whatever the Practice of the Warburtonians may be, Warburton gives this Account of himself. " I am a plain Man, and on my first Appearance in this way, I told my Name, and who I belonged to ". Preface to the Defence of the D. L.

rit of the Warburtonian ³ School, and as written by Dr. Hurd. What was the Consequence? Why—the Dr. (now Bp. of L. and C.) graciously permitted his Bookfeller to republish those Remarks, boldly acknowledged the justness of Hume's conjectures as to the Writer, and *wisely* reserved the Privilege of “⁴ explaining himself, if he should think it worth his while, more particularly on the Subject.”

³ Among the numerous Peculiarities of the Warburtonian School, none are more striking or more offensive, than the extravagant applause which the Disciples bestow upon their great Master. I have now and then met with sober-minded and impartial Critics, by whom the Bp. of L. himself is thought not quite exempt from the Sin of Flattery, especially in his Dedication to the second Volume of Horace, where he represents Criticism, as advanced under the Auspices of Warburton to that “full Share of Glory”, which it had not reached by the Labours of a Longinus and an Aristotle. Now to soften a little the Impression, which such violent Language may make upon the Mind of the Reader, I would refer him to the Introduction to the Remarks on David Hume, where, (as in Pages 9 and 10) the Writer arrogates to himself the Merit of “judging more freely and more severely of Warburton than perhaps his Enemies themselves”, declares himself the “last Man in the World, who out of a Fondness for Warburton's *Notions* would neglect or betray any useful Truth”, and in short, represents himself as “one who weighs his Arguments without considering his Authority, or even the disgrace he might be thought to incur from the Confutation of them”. After perusing the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Pages, the Reader, if he has taste enough to be a Commentator, will be charmed at the *Address* of this complimentary Introduction, and, if he happens to be a Scholar, he may be tempted to apply to a certain modern Character, what “Experience reaching to something like prophetic Strain”, suggested to the Mind of two ancient Writers.

“Ο δὲ πάντων ἐστὶν αὐτῷ πανηγύρεσσι, αἰσθανόμενος τὴν παρρησίαν ἢ λεγομένη ἢ δοκῶσαν ἰδὲν εἶναι φωνὴν ὡς περὶ τινος ζῆλον τῆς φιλίας, τὸ δὲ ἀπαρρησίωσιν, ἀφιλον ἢ ἀγενῆς, ἀλλὰ ταύτην ἀμίμητον ἀποστέλλουσι, ἀλλ’ ὥσπερ οἱ δεινοὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν τοῖς μικροῖς χυμῶς ἢ αὐστηροῖς θόρυβοις χρώσθαι, τῶν γλυκύν ἀφαιρῶσι; τὸ πλῆσιμον, ὅπως, οἱ κόλακες, ἐν ἀληθινῇ ἢ ἀφελμοῖ, ἀλλ’ ὡς ἐπιπλοῦπιον ἐξ ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ γαργαλιζοσάν ἀσχετῶς παρρησίαν προστρέψιν. Plutarch. de adul. & amic. Discrim. p. 51. Edit. Xyland.

Aperte adulantem nemo non videt, nisi qui admodum est excors. Callidus ille et occultus ne se insinuet, studiose cavendum est: nec enim facillime agnoscitur, quippe qui etiam adversando sæpe assentetur; et litigare se simulans blandiatur atque ad extremum det manus, vincique se patiatur, ut is qui illusus fit, plus vidisse videatur. Cicero de Amicitia Par. 26.

⁴ See Mr. Cadell's Preface.

In a ⁵ Note replete with Vivacity and Erudition, Jörtin chastized the Impertinence of the anonymous Letter-writer on the Delicacy of Friendship. Leland, also, in a Tone of manly Indignation, laid bare the Cavils, and baffled the Invectives, of the same pert and spiteful Pamphleteer, after he had pretended to “reduce the Rhetorick of his Antagonist to Reason, and to pick up the loose Ends of his Arguments as he found them any where come up in the Chapters of his Book.” But the Efforts of these injured Men, to do themselves Justice, were not followed by the same Effects, which Mr. Hume’s Complaint had produced on the nobler Mind of his Answerer. The Zeal of Dr. Hurd had not cooled by Time: His Fidelity was not diminished by Change of Station: His Courage was yet unshaken and worthy of his Cause. For, upon the first Tidings of the obnoxious Sentence in Mr. Hume’s Life, he despised it as a Calumny; he braved it as a Challenge; and then, he, without Hesitation, dropped his Mask; he threw aside the ⁶ ἄσημα ὄπλα which he had before carried into the Field, and buckling on his trustiest Armour, he renewed the Battle.

⁷ Ζεὺς πᾶσι δὲ ἐπ’ ἀσπίδος

Σπλαδαῖος ἦσαν διὰ χερῶν βέλος φλέγων.

Our ⁸ Letter-writer, on the contrary, seems to have been intimidated at the first Approach of the Foes, whom he had

⁵ This Note is printed among the Testimonia Auctorum, and exemplifies the Justness of Quintilian’s Observation. “Acutior est illa atque velocior in urbanitate brevitatis, cujus quidem duplex est forma dicendi ac respondendi. Sed ratio communis in parte; nihil enim in laceffendo dici potest, quod non etiam in reperiendo.” Vide Quintil. de Rifu Lib. 6. Cap. 3.

⁶ Vid. Eurip. Phoeniss. Vers. 1129.

⁷ Vid. Æschyl. Sep. Con. Theb. vers. 518.

⁸ I have assumed, that the Letter to Dr. Leland and the Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship were the Coinage of the same Mint, for they bear the same Impression of Petulance and Cavil. As the Dissertation is addressed to Dr. Jortin in an epistolary Form, I call the Author of it the “Letter-writer.” But the Reader is desired not to be precipitate in confounding this anonymous Letter-writer with the Remarker on Mr. Hume whose Name is known. I have myself so distinguished them, as to give no Encouragement to the invidious Surmise, that the Letters, and the Remarks were not written by *different* Persons.

wantonly

Wantonly provoked--He retreated from the Contest with a Caution not less inglorious than the Precipitation with which he had engaged in it--He did not condescend to republish his Railings--He did not attempt to vindicate his Misrepresentations--He did not dare to discover his Name. When Leland opposed him with Arguments, and Jortin harassed him with Wit, he had neither the Spirit to reply, nor the Honesty to retract.

Now, my Lord, it seems to me a Task of no great Difficulty to explain this Difference of Conduct, in the Prelate, and the Letter-writer. David Hume, we are told, and upon the Authority of one, whose Productions are *notoriously* exempt from the same Charges--David Hume, was a "captious versatile" and evasive Writer. He was a puny Dialectician from the North, who came to the attack with a beggarly Troop of routed Sophisms. He was the philosophic Head of a philosophic Gang, who dealt in mere 'Pedlars Wares of Matter and Motion." He, it should seem, was not worthy of "elaborate Animadversions adapted to the Instruction or Entertainment of learned Readers," though his Answerer, doubtless, was capable of writing such Animadversions, whensoever the Dignity of the Subject, or the Talents of his Adversary, should require it. But an Hour, even a "vacant Hour" when employed by Dr. Richard Hurd "was fully sufficient to expose to the Laughter of every Man that could read, the Futility, Licence and Vanity of Mr. David Hume." All this had been said *once*, and therefore *might* be said *again* with equal Effect. It was said justly the first Time, for David Hume was an Infidel: and it was said most properly a second Time, for Dr. Hurd was now a Bishop. But our Letter-

M

writer

§ The Reader will find these choice Expressions in the seventh, the eleventh, and fourteenth and twenty-first Pages of the Remarks on Hume's Essay. Indeed, "the whole Thing is full of Curiosities." Page. 15.

¶ "Ask the Critic in what Cases tropical and figurative Expressions are Faults in Composition. He answers, when they are gross and indelicate; puerile or frigid: or when they are disproportioned and utterly unsuitable to the Subject. He tells you, for Instance, that
" if

writer "² had to do" (as Warburton says) with Antagonists of a different Class. The Biographer of Philip of Macedon, and the Author of Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History had a Right to expect, from their clerical Opponent, a milder and more respectful ³ Treatment, than that, which the Bp. of L. had given to a Sceptic, who scoffed at all the Principles of Religion, and who had endeavoured to loosen the strongest Obligations of Morality. Even the atrocious Guilt of dissenting from Bp. Warburton had not entirely effaced the Remembrance of their Attainments as Scholars, or of their Virtues as Christians. By the general Suffrage of the Public, and, I suspect, my Lord, in the *secret* Estimation of the Letter-writer, these two excellent Men were not to be annoyed *again and again* by the poisonous Arrows of Slander, and bereaved of the sacred Rights of Reputation, with *perpetual* Impunity to an unseen, unblushing, unfeeling Accuser.

To the ⁴ Remarker, who eloquently talks of borrowing his Sword from Warburton, because Warburton had "⁵ borrowed it from the Sanctuary," I would not uncharitably impute any lurking Bias towards the base and perilous Maxim, that "Means are sanctified by Ends." But, if the venial Prejudices of the Public present him with Advantages of another Kind, why should he not avail himself of them? The Glare of an

"if DEMOSTHENES really used such Metaphors as those, which his Adversary objects to him, "*The State is packed up and matted.*" They "*thread us like Needles &c.*" He justly incurs the Censure of adopting "gross and illiberal Similitudes on an Occasion, which required Decency and Gravity". Cap. 5. p. 31. Edit. Quart. Leland on the Principles of Human Eloquence.

² See Preface to the Divine Legation, published 1740.

³ If the Letter-writer be as well versed in Quintilian, as the Commentator upon Horace is supposed to be, he might remember, though late, this instructive Passage. *Quidam sunt ita receptæ Auctoritatis et notæ verecundiæ, ut nocitura sit in eos dicendi petulantia.* Quintilian. Lib. 6. Cap. 3.

⁴ I am not quite satisfied with this Word, though Johnson in his Dictionary, affixes to it the Authority of Watts. I use it from Necessity, or at least, for the Sake of avoiding the tiresome Periphrasis of saying, "the Writer of the Remarks."

⁵ Page seven of the Remarks on Hume.

Author's

Author's Situation is apt to dazzle common Readers, and to hide from their View the Deformities of his Writings. When the "discordant Din and Clamour of Ignorance and Prepossession have been raised against a Writer, they prepare the "Way for the divine and ⁶ consentient Harmony of Praise" in Favour of every Assailant, who supplies the Want of Strength by Agility or Venom. Amidst these, or similar Circumstances, a skilful Disputant will find it easy to exercise his Craftiness, and even to glut his Ill-nature, without ~~his~~ appearing, in the Eyes of superficial Observers, to sacrifice his Impartiality or his Candour. And if the Cause which he defends, should happen to be just, as well as popular, he need not be very scrupulous about the *Manner* of defending it. Thus, my Lord, the foulest ⁷ Scurrilities, when hurled by the Hand

M 2 of

⁶ See Hurd's Note on line 63 of the Epistle to Augustus.

⁷ Let me assure the Reader, that I have examined Mr. Hume's Essays with too much Attention, either to be seduced by their fallacious Reasonings, or to be indifferent about their destructive Consequences to the sacred Interests of Morality and Religion. But, while I enter this sincere and solemn Protest against the philosophical Tenets of a most able, but most dangerous Writer, I cannot indiscriminately approve of the Temper in which our Remarker had been pleased to "maintain the "most awful Truths, and exemplify the Impression made upon the Writer's own Heart." Vid. Pag. 12 of the Remarks.

I do not justify in all Instances, the real or affected Moderation of those, who would "Combat flagitious Tenets with Serenity." But I have my doubts, how far, upon such momentous and awful Topics, the *multæ et cum gravitate facetiæ* can be employed with Propriety, and those Doubts are certainly not at all removed by the Experiment of the Right Reverend Remarker upon Mr. Hume's Essay. The Religionist, as well as the Orator, ne dicet quidem false, quoties poterit, et dictum potius aliquando perdet, quam minuet auctoritatem. Vitabit ne petulans, ne superbum, ne loco, ne tempori alienum videatur. Vid. Quintil. Lib. 6. Cap. 3. But, to pass over from the Remarker to our Letter-writer, the latter I believe, will not give *me* a place in his Catalogue of "soft Divines and courtly Controversialists." Instead, however, of retorting the Compliment, I shall "take leave" to quote in my Behalf, the Answer of a Spartan, which Plutarch has recorded, and which the Rt. Reverend Remarker, if he had stumbled upon it, might have deigned, perhaps, to place in the front of his Strictures upon Hume's Essay.

ἐπιταγομένη χάρις τῷ βασιλεῦς, πῶς ἔλεος, ἔφη, χρῆσθαι; ὁ δὲ ἀπὸ τῶν ποιητῶν κικέρης ἐστίν.
Plutarch.

of a Bishop against a reputed Atheist, would be received with the loudest Bursts of Applause. But, surely, the loudest Storms of public Odium would beat around the Head of the satyrical Sophist, if he should, a second Time, venture to let loose his Petulance and his Virulence against two Characters *less* injurious than the Atheist to the Interests of Society, and *less* offensive to the Feelings of the Wise and Good. In vain would the Offender exclaim, that he was "only in Sport"—that he had "put forth only half his Might"—that he meant only to pelt his Adversaries with trim Urbanity, with oblique Insinuation, and all the lighter missive Weapons of the controversial Armoury.

While, therefore, we commend the Modesty of Bp. Hurd, when, by the Mouth of his *Bookfeller*, he "3 declares himself "sorry, that he could not take upon himself the whole Infamy "of the Charge brought against him by Mr. Hume," we are at no Loss to account for the Caution of the Letter-writer, when he forbears to plead guilty by *his own* Mouth to the weightier Charges, which had been alledged against him by a Leland and a Jortin. And, in Truth, my Lord, the Charge of having calumniated *such Men in such a Manner*, is so very formidable, that, even among the bigotted Admirers of Warburton, *not more than one* can be found, with sufficient Effrontery to defy the whole Infamy, or sufficient Ingenuoufness to confess, that he deserved *only* a Part.

Your Lordship will anticipate me in observing such Particulars as belong in common to the Essay and the Letters of which I have been speaking. They had equally the Merit of being written in professed Defence of Warburton's "Notions," or in professed Imitation of his "Style. They had equally the

Plutarch. de adulat. & amic. Discrim. P. 55. In a moral Treatise, De virtutibus et vitiis, ascribed, I believe, erroneously to Aristotle, *μισοπομπία* is considered as a part of Justice.

3 See Mr. Cadell's Address to the Reader.

9 I take this upon the Authority of the Remarker, who says it of himself. As to the Style of the Letter-writer, where it is formed upon no Models, either good or bad, the Particularities of it may, in many Instances, be

the Honour of being censured by the Persons, against whom they were severally pointed. They had equally the Misfortune to be, at first, condemned, and, afterwards, forgotten by the Public. The chief, though not the only Point, in which they differ, is, that the Essay *has*, and the Letters have *not*, been avowed and republished by their respective Authors. This Defect, however, on the Part of the Letters, I shall myself, in some Degree, supply, by undertaking voluntarily the Office of Republication; and I, at the same Time, shall leave the Author to complete, as far as he can, the Similitude between the Bp. of Litchfield and himself, by making, "when he shall think fit", an Avowal of his Name. Should such an Event, indeed, *ever* happen, the Example of the Bishop in declaring *his* Name may be productive of more Advantages, than were originally *intended*, or, as I suspect, *even* desired, by the R. R. Prelate himself. The immediate, and, doubtless, the most important Consequence of that Declaration, was to procure the full Measure of Fame to a learned Theologue, who had "earthed Mr. Hume in the obscure Regions of Philosophy where he lay rolled up in the 'Scoria of Dogmatist and Sceptic, run down together." It's secondary, but not inconsiderable Praise, will be, to bring down upon our sophistical Letter-writer all that open and all that heavy Disgrace, which he has long deserved to suffer for his most unprovoked and unfounded Invectives against two illustrious Ornaments of Learning and Religion. To a Compensation of some Kind or other, they are certainly entitled: and your Lordship, I trust, will concur with me in thinking, that the Republication of the Books written against them will more effectually answer this honourable and necessary Purpose, than be thus accounted for. "When a Writer determines at any Rate to be original, nothing can be expected but an awkward straining in every thing. Improper Method, forced Conceits and affected Expression are the certain Issue of such Obstinacy. The Business is to be unlike; and this he may very possibly be, but at the Expence of graceful Ease and true Beauty. For he puts himself at best into a convulsed, unnatural State; and it is well, if he be not forced beside his Purpose, to leave common Sense, as well as his Model behind him". See the Discourse on Poetical Imitation, Sect. 2.

* See Remarks on Hume's Essay, P. 99.

a direct argumentative Defence, which, as the Subjects are not exhausted in Jortin's Note, or Leland's Pamphlet, I once intended to prepare for the Prefs. It will shew by the brightest Proofs, that Leland and Jortin scarcely need any elaborate Justification: And that their Antagonist, however plausible in his Objections, or smart in his Raillery, cannot, without the greatest difficulty, be justified by himself, or his Admirers.

I will not apologize to your Lordship for this *seeming* Digression. It may recall to your Memory the Rapidity with which some Readers will carry on their Conclusions from *specific* to *personal* Identity; and it may, also, exercise your Sagacity in tracing all the finer Ties, by which the Contrast between the Bp. of L. and the Letter-writer is connected with the general and more obvious Purpose of this Dedication.

Pardon me, however, my Lord, if, as I advance towards the Close, "I² get on that seducing Subject, the Importance which every Writer is of to himself, and which " makes me imagine, that perhaps you may be tempted " to push your Enquiries concerning me, somewhat farther."

Your critical Writings, my Lord, have, by few Scholars, been more frequently read, or more carefully studied, than by myself. I have " ³ paced it" like ⁴ Homer's Mules, with many a weary Step, through the ⁵ Heights and the Depths; the Obliquities and the Asperities; the Archaisms and the Modernisms; the strained Analogies and the crooked Anomalies; the rhetorical Flourishes and the logical Quaintnesses; the colloquial Familiarities and the oracular Solemnities, of your most elaborate and peerless Style. To snatch so many varied Graces, was not beyond the Reach of your Lordship's Art. But I had learnt from the highest Authority, that " the more generally " the best Models are understood, the greater Danger there is " of running into that worst of literary Faults, 'Affectation.'"

² Page 8 of the Remarks on Hume.

³ See Letter to Leland.

⁴ Πολλὰ δ' ἄνωστα, κέσσειται, πέραν δέ τε δόχμου τ' ἦλθον. Iliad. 23.

⁵ These are the *general* Characters of his Lordship's Style. But of the particular *Exceptions* I have before spoken, in Terms, not merely of Praise, but of Admiration.

⁶ Vide Hurd's Note on Line 404. of Horace's Art of Poetry.

This,

This, my Lord, is one of the Reasons which deterred me from every presumptuous Attempt to imitate your Diction: another was, the conscious Disparity of my intellectual Powers: and a third, not less efficacious than the rest, I shall, with the most painful Reluctance, now reveal. Let my Sincerity atone for my Insensibility, when I confess to you, that, often as I have read, and much as I may admire your learned Researches, I seldom felt myself glow with that enthusiastic Fondness for my Original, which is indispensably necessary to successful Imitation. Despairing, therefore, of my Ability to accommodate the *Manner* of this Address to your Lordship's refined Taste, I console myself with reflecting, that, in the *Matter* of it, there is little, which can give Offence to your tenderest Sensibilities. Yet, without aiming at " ⁷ those master Strokes, " which make the sovereign Charm of your Lordship's Writings," I have, in one or two Instances, endeavoured, at least, to avail myself of a Practice, in the Illustration of which you have been the ablest, if not the first, Critic in " setting the " Judgment of the Public right."

Thus, my Lord, in the essential Qualities, whether of close Relation to the Subjects of the Pamphlets now republished, or of *indirect* and skilful Panegyric (whensoever *I meant* to be a Panegyrist) upon the eminent Personage to whom they are inscribed, this Dedication, I hope, will not be found deficient. One of those Qualities is, indeed, so obvious, as to require no Elucidation *from a Commentary*: And the other, if it be less prominent and less glaring, may yet be traced in the Conformity of this Address to the Example of Horace, where he compliments the Emperor, not, with vague and unappropriate Praise, but, with such as springs up unexpectedly, and yet naturally, from the Topics ~~on~~ which he was treating.

I know not, my Lord, to what Extent you agree with the Author of the seventh Dissertation, where he ⁸ enumerates the

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most

⁷ See the Conclusion of the Discourse on Poetical Imitation.

⁸ See the Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship towards the Conclusion.

The

most effectual Methods of "doing Honour to a Writer." But, for your Satisfaction, as well as for my own Vindication, I will state the Instances in which I *have*, and those in which I have *not*, complied with the Rules, which this supercilious Dictator prescribes. "I *have* glanced at you." "I have spared your Arguments." "I have called you learned." Perhaps, my Lord, I have, by *Accident*, "quoted you." Thus far, as you will easily believe, it has been my Fate, or my Endeavour, to do you Honour. But, lest I should give Offence by doing you too much, I have *not* "adopted your Subject." I have not written against you." I have not "lent you any of my own Arguments." I have not "called your Conjectures ingenious or learned." I have not "called you my Friend." Shall I then congratulate my good Fortune, or commend my Judgment, in thus erring on the safer Side? And may I hope to escape the Severities of your Lordship's Displeasure, when I have committed less than Half of the Offences imputed to Dr. Jortin? The last of those Offences will, indeed, under no Change of Circumstances, and thro' no Length of Time, be laid to my Charge. I am too humble, my Lord, to accept what I do not merit, and too proud to claim for myself what I have never envied, when possessed by other Men. Your Lordship, therefore, will, I am confident, give me Credit, when I assure you, that I never have been, and never shall be an *Aspirant* to that particular Sort of Distinction, which is conferred by your Friendship. Exempted as I thus am, by my own Habits and Principles, by my *esoteric* and *exoteric* Tenets, from one of these Crimes, it rests with your Lordship to guard me in future from four others, which I have hitherto escaped. Let me, however, confess to your Lordship, that my Innocence is not entirely safe, and that, in Consequence of such Provocations as a Man of your Disposition may throw in my way, I may slide imperceptibly, or resolutely plunge, into a post of greater Danger than that upon which I have

The Letter-writer and I differ a little in our numerical, as well as moral Calculations. He has set down eight Articles, where, according to my way of counting, are nine. Thus, in the last, he lumps together the Acts of "calling a Man learned," and calling him your Friend, under one Article. I think it more accurate to represent them as two, and certainly it is more to my Purpose to consider them apart.

now entered. In some Moments, which I do not reckon among the weakest of my Life, I have felt a pretty strong Inclination to "adopt your Subjects," to "write against you," to "lend you some of my own Arguments," and "to call" a very few of "your conjectures ingenious, nay elegant." Should this Inclination hereafter return, and should your Lordship compel me to indulge it, by sneering at what you will call, the miserable Trash,⁹ and carping at what I shall myself call, the wholesome Truths, contained in this Address, I shall again "glance at you," I shall again "quote you." I shall again "call you learned", and, to make Amends for the repetition of these heinous Faults, I am resolved *not* again to "spare your

⁹ This emphatical, but indelicate Name is, I am told, given by our Aristarchus to some of Dr. Priestley's Writings, which, together with the Writings, probably, of some other Doctors, he turns over to Dr. B——y, who, it should seem, is a Spendthrift of Time, and a Reader of all *such* Trash. Now, I by no means assent to the Opinions, which Dr. Priestley has endeavoured to establish in his History of the Corruptions of Christianity. I reverence the Talents, and applaud the Exertions, of his great Antagonists, Mr. Badcock, Bp. Horsley, and Mr. Howes. But, it it be really a Waste of Time for any dignified Theologian to peruse that History, what shall be said for the Waste of Strength in three such learned Men, as have been employed in confuting it? My Readers will pardon a few grave and trite, but pertinent and salutary Reflections, which the Subject of this Note has extorted from me. Men of high Station in the Church, and of high Reputation for Knowledge, should be cautious, in what Terms, and before what Hearers, they pass Sentence upon Books, which they professedly do not deign to read. A specious Criticism, begotten, it may be, by Rashness upon Prejudice, and fostered by Vanity or Ill nature, as soon as it was produced—A random conjecture, suddenly struck out in the Conflicts of literary Conversation—A sprightly Effusion of Wit, forgotten, perhaps, by the Speaker, the Moment after it was uttered—A sly and impertinent *Sneer*, intended to convey more, than *was* expressed, and more than *could* be proved, may have very injurious Effects upon the Reputation of a Writer. I suspect, too, that these Effects are sometimes *designedly* produced by Critics, who, finding the easy Reception given to their own Opinions, prefer the Pride of Decision to the Toil of Enquiry. The Remarks of such Men are eagerly caught up by Hearers, who are incapable of forming for themselves a right Judgment, or desirous of supporting *an unfavourable* Judgment by the Sanction of a great Name. They are triumphantly repeated in promiscuous, and sometimes, I fear, even in literary Assemblies, and, like other Calumnies, during a long and irregular Course, they swell in Bulk, without losing any Portion of their original Malignity.

" Arguments."

“ Arguments.” In this last and worst Stage of Degeneracy, which it is possible for me to reach, I shall have the Satisfaction of knowing, that, in my Conduct towards your Lordship, I must, in two Instances, stand acquitted of that Guilt, which Dr. Jortin is said to have incurred by his Treatment of Bp. Warburton. As a Disputant, I shall not insult you with a Disavowal of Hostilities. As a Critic, I shall not alarm you with a Menace of Friendship.

Whatever “ nonsensical Scepticism,” some Men may affect, as to the Writer of these Letters, it is not the Jargon of “ nonsensical Dogmatism,” to affirm, that, if he be really a *different* Person from the Remarker on Mr. Hume, he could not address them to any other Prelate with *so much Propriety*, as to yourself. Similarity of Studies, Interests, and Temper, must be ranked among the most powerful Ingredients of Friendship; and Friendship, my Lord, as you *experimentally* know, performs its best and proudest Services in the Form of *Dedication*. Yet there are Occasions, like the present, on which Truth may be spoken by a Dedicator, though he do not aspire to the more honourable Appellation of a Friend. I have already hinted to you, my Lord, that, neither in my Estimation of Books, nor in my Attachments and Aversions to Men, I am happy enough to boast of such Qualifications, as might expose me to your Lordship’s Regard in the latter Character. But in discharging the Duties of the former, my Failure, if I should fail, is quite involuntary, and proceeds from the Want of Power, rather than the Want of Inclination, to *perpetuate the Remembrance of your Exertions in Defence of Bp. Warburton*.

Knowing, my Lord, the rooted Antipathy which you bear, to long epistolary Introductions in classical Writers, to long vernacular Sermons from Dr. Parr, and to long Latin Annotations from Philip D’Orville, I will take Care, in the Language of the Warburtonian School, not to stray beyond the Limits of a just and *legitimate* Dedication. The Time of a christian Bishop is, I am aware, not less precious than that of a heathen Emperor, and therefore I shall be cautious, like the Roman

* See the Remarks on Hume’s Essay. P. 99.

Poet, not to waste it upon a ² *longior Sermo*, than the Subject indispensably requires.

Suffer me, however, before I enter upon my Conclusion, to recommend to your perusal a Greek Quotation, which, I am persuaded, will not be less acceptable to *you*, than it would have been to Dr. Jortin, because it has been "*little blown upon.*" My Reasons for introducing it are plain, but weighty. If, with a becoming Mixture of Courage and Tendernefs, your Lordship should vouchsafe to grant the Patronage, which I now ask, in Behalf of these friendless, these nameless, I will not say, these graceless Babes, you may, *without any Imputation of Arrogance*, apply the first Sentence to yourself. On the contrary, if from Motives which some Men may impute to Timidity, and others may charge with Ingratitude, you should refuse that Patronage, *then*, my Lord, every Reader, who remembers your Connections with Ep. Warburton, your Encomiums upon him, and your Obligations to him, will find himself compelled to make a very invidious Application of the second. Καθάπερ τὲς ἐξ αὐτῶν γενήθεντας, οἱ γενήσαντες τῶν ὑποβαλλομένων μᾶλλον φιλήσιν, ἔτω καὶ εἰ ἐυρόντες τι τῶν μετεχόντων ὡσπερ γὰρ ὑπὲρ τέκνων τέττω τῶν λόγων ὑπεραποτεθνήκασιν. Ὅι μὲν γὰρ Πάριοι λεγόμενοι σοφισταί, διὰ τὸ μὴ τεκεῖν αὐτοί, ἔσέργασιν, ἀλλὰ χρήματα λαβόντες, ἀποκηρύττῃσι.

² The Commentator explains *longo Sermone*, "a long Introduction", and in the Close of his Note, he interweaves into the Word *Sermone*, the additional Meaning of "familiar Conversation." But to me, I confess, the Word as used here, suggests neither the one, nor the other Sense: and even with the Aid of the learned Commentator, I am unable to see, how in one and the same Place, it holds two Meanings so very remote from each other. As to *longo*, the proper Measure of it seems to me, not, as is commonly supposed, the Length of any other Epistle compared with the Length of this, nor yet, as the Commentator supposes, the Length of the Proem compared with the Length of the Epistle, but, the Length of the Epistle itself compared with the Extent and Magnitude of the Subject. *Sermo* is used here in the same Sense, which it bears in Line 5. Carmen. 8. Lib. 3. of the Odes, where the Close of Bentley's Note may illustrate this disputed Passage in the Epistle to Augustus.

" But

“³ But to declare my Intentions at parting”. When the Author of the seventh Dissertation, and the Letter to Dr. Leland, shall come forward into the View of the Public, be assured, my Lord, that the Writer of this Dedication will no longer stand upon the smallest Reserve with your Lordship and your Admirers.

He is not an “⁴ Answerer by Profession” and, except in the Vindication of the truly good, or truly great, he never was an Assailant by Choice. He knows, my Lord, and knowing he despises, the sordid Tribe of Parasites, who would bask in the Sunshine of your Favour. He equally knows, and equally despises, all the shallow Pretenders to Criticism, who implicitly repose on the Authority of your Decisions. Against these Jackalls of Literature, whose Impertinence is of a Piece with their Impotence, he will not condescend to wage a puny and inglorious War.

Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.

But to your Lordship, when you are pleased to summon him, “he will think it worth his while to explain himself more particularly”, on the Rectitude of his Intentions, and the “Justness of his Assertions.” Prepared as he is to defend them against so unprejudiced and so powerful an Antagonist, he anxiously wishes for an early Opportunity of throwing off a Disguise, from which, even now, while he stoops to the Necessity of wearing it, he scorns to seek Protection. But the immediate Addition of his Name, however it might flatter his own Vanity, would neither conciliate your Lordship’s Favour, nor gratify, to any useful Purpose, the Reader’s Curiosity. Suffice it, then, to say, that he, as a Scholar, has always surveyed your Lordship’s Character, without the Partiality of the Remarker, and without the Malignity of the Letter-writer—That, as a Philosopher, he has often found “⁵ Occasion to

³ See Note on Line 417. of the Art of Poetry.

⁴ Vid. Page 4 of the Second Part of the Defence of the D. L.

⁵ Vid. Remarks on Hume’s Essay. P. 10.

“censure,

“censure, where others admire”—That, as a Man, he long has thought, and ever will think of you, with a Respect which falls somewhat short of Idolatry, and with Love, the “more perfect, because it casteth out all Fear.”

I am, my Lord, your

Obedient Servant,

Oct. 25th,
1788.

The EDITOR.

T H E
E D I T O R ' S P R E F A C E

T O T H E

Two Tracts of a *Warburtonian*.

THE two following Tracts are supposed to be the Productions of a great Author: They are professedly drawn up in the Defence of a *greater*; and they have, from their own intrinsic Qualities, many strong Claims to the Notice of Scholars. The Letter to Dr. Leland is distinguished by a Sort of sparkling Vivacity and specious Acuteness, which may, for a Time, reconcile the Reader to the Want of Solidity: And who will refuse the Praise, at least of Ingenuity, to the Dissertation upon the Delicacy of Friendship? Perhaps it is difficult to name a Book, where the Defects of the Cause are so abundantly supplied by the Skill of the Advocate, or, where the Barrenness of the Subject is more successfully fertilized by the Fancy of the Writer. But these literary Excellencies, however extraordinary, and however indisputable, are not sufficient to atone for the moral Imperfections which accompany them.

If the Reader should hastily take Offence at the sudden Re-appearance of two Tracts, upon which the Author himself ought to look back with some faint Emotions of Shame, let him seriously weigh the Reasons, for which they are, a second time, committed to the Press.

By the Writer of these Pamphlets, the Characters of two very learned and worthy Men were attacked with most unprovoked and unprecedented¹ Virulence. The Attempt to stifle them is, however, a very obscure and equivocal Mark of Repentance in the Offender. *Public* and *deliberate* was the² Insult, which

¹ The Spirit of these two Letters reminds me of a Passage in Warburton's Dedication to the Free-thinkers, where he speaks of "their Buffooneries, which like chewed Bullets, are against the Law of Arms;" "and of their Scurrilities," which he calls "the Stinkpots of their Offensive War."

² For every Animadversion, which I have made upon the Letter-writer, I have taken Care to bring my Vouchers with me in the Letters themselves, which are set before the Reader with their original Stock of Merit and

which he offered to the Feelings of those whom he assailed, and therefore *no* Compensation ought to be accepted; which falls short of a direct and explicit Retraction.

The Letter to Dr. Jortin might, indeed, by an excess of Candour, have been considered as the Result of ³ youthful Ardour, when the Judgment of the Writer was not matured; when his Opinions of Books and Men were not settled; when his Imagination was strongly impressed by the imposing Splendour of Warburton's Talents, and his Vanity gratified by the flattering Hope of Warburton's Protection.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici.

But the Interval between the two Pamphlets—an interval of nearly ten Years—left, one would have imagined, room enough for the Author to correct his Partialities, to soften his Aversions, and to reflect, again and again, upon all that might be blameable in the Motives, and all that had been injurious in the Consequences, of his first intemperate and indecorous Publication.

Had his ⁴ “noble Passion for Mischief been content with” the seventh Dissertation addressed to Dr. Jortin, I should have given him all due Praise for the Glitter of his Wit and the Gauziness of his Eloquence; and, at the same Time, I should have laughed “at the Pretensions of the Book to Reasoning and fact as ⁵ a mere Flam, and not containing one Word of “Truth from the Beginning to the End.” But when the and Demerit. To them I appeal for the Justness of my Indignation and the Propriety of my Censures. I have not forgotten the Sage Remark, which Warburton quotes from a great Ancient. *ἄλλως τις περὶ ἀδελφείας λέγει, ἢ ἀδελφεία ἐαυτῶν ἐρημονέουα.* See the Dedication Vol. 1. of the D. L. P. 24. With this Caution before me, I have not intentionally misrepresented the Letter writer's Motives, Opinions, or Words; and at all Events, I have left Truth to speak for itself.

³ I distrust the Solidity of this Excuse, even while I am writing it; for, if the Author of the Dissertation upon the Delicacy of Friendship, had reached his fortieth Year, my Plea is much weakened, and the Word *youthful* can scarcely be justified, unless by a Reference to the Roman Lawyers, who sometimes extended the Application of Juventa to the forty-fifth, and even fiftieth Year. Vide Taylor's Civil Law under the Article “Age.” P. 294.

⁴ Vide Remarks on Hume's Essay. P. 72.

⁵ Vide Remarks on Hume's Essay. P. 64.

fame

same offensive Spirit of Contempt is, for the same unwarrantable Purpose of Degradation, transferred from the Writings of Dr. Jortin to those of Dr. Leland, I “see⁶ what the Man “would be at through all his Disguises.” I see a very decisive Proof, that the Temper of the Writer was not meliorated by Time, by Experience, by self-Examination, or self-Respect. I feel, at the same Time, the most just and cogent Reasons for laying him open to that Ignominy, from which, Cowardice, indeed, may have tempted him to fly, but which he has not hitherto endeavoured to avert by Apology or Reformation. The Indelicacies of Enmity are not always justified by the Zeal of Friendship. The “⁷ Immunities (as Johnson calls them) of “Invisibilty” cannot, in all Cases, be employed to stifle the Curiosity of the Learned, or to avert the Decision of the Impartial. They may, indeed, screen the Name of an Author from the Detection which he dreads; but they must not be permitted to shelter his Publications from the Reproach which they deserve.

Jortin and Leland now repose in the Sanctuary of the Grave, and are placed beyond the reach of human Praise and human Censure. Be it so. But there *was* a Time, when

⁶ Vide Remarks on Hume's Essay. P. 61.

⁷ See Johnson's Political Tracts. P. 121.

⁸ This is not mere Conjecture. I have heard the seventh Dissertation commended by Persons, who differed, as many other excellent Men do, from the Opinions which Dr. Jortin was suspected of holding upon some controverted Points of Religion. The Learning and the Judgment of those Persons were not a Match for their Prejudices. They neither had, nor profess to have, any Partiality for Warburton. But their Dislike of Jortin was so strong, that they were pleased with *any* Attack, which, according to their Estimation, tended in *any* Degree, to expose his possible failings, and to lessen his growing Reputation. The Number of such Admirers is, however, not very considerable, and I am sure that the Persons to whom I allude, would have been unwilling to write against Dr. Jortin with the Bitterness of which they seemed to approve in his *supposed* Antagonist, who was then beginning to climb fast to Fame, Riches, and Honour—to Fame, let me acknowledge, which, by several of his Writings, he has acquired deservedly—to Riches, which he is said to dispense with elegant Munificence—and to Honours, which he, in some Respects, is qualified to support with great Dignity. My present Concern with him takes its rise from Faults, to which his Reputation and his Rank must unavoidably give more permanent, more extensive, and more *dangerous* Effect.

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Enemies,

Enemies, such as the unfettered Opinions of one, and the shining Talents of both, were sure to provoke, found a momentary Gratification even from such Charges, as the Letter-Writer ventured to alledge. There was a Time, when those Charges might have clogged their professional Interests, and certainly *did* disturb the Tranquillity of their Minds. Yet, while they were Living, no Balm was poured into their wounded Spirits by the Hand that pierced them; and, if their Characters after Death remain unimpaired, by the rude Shocks of Controversy, and the secret Mines of Slander, their Triumph is to be ascribed partly to their own Strength, and partly to the conscious Weakness of their Antagonist, rather than to his Love of Justice, or his Love of Peace. That Antagonist, too, is perhaps, still alive, and still finds his Admirers among those, who themselves panting after Greatness, are careful to utter only *smooth* Things concerning the Faults of the Great. But his Silence has not yet been represented even by his Friends, as the Effect of Contrition. His Pen has not been employed in any subsequent Publication to commend two Writers, against whom he had formerly brandished such Censures, as according to *his own* Estimation and his own Wishes, were⁹ “ aculeate and pro-
“ per.” His Example, and this is the worst of all—his Example, I say, is at hand to encourage any future Adventurer, who may first be disposed to attack the best Books and the best Men; and afterwards, when the real Merits of the Dispute, or the real Character of his Opponents, are known, may contrive to let his mischievous Cavils quietly sink into Oblivion, to skulk, as softly as he can, from Detection and Disgrace, nay, to set up serious Pretensions to Candour as a Writer,¹ to Decency as an Ecclesiastic, and to Meekness as a Christian.

As

⁹ See Bacon's Essay fifty seventh.

¹ I shall not be surprized at any Offence, which the seeming Severity of this Passage may give to the very same Persons, who would pardon and even commend the Letter-writer to Dr. Jortin, for his Endeavours to be far more severe. To such Objectors, it were vain to oppose Argument, or Fact. But, for the Satisfaction of more intelligent and impartial Readers, I shall produce part of a Passage from Erasmus, in which he defends the avowed Severity of Laurentius Valla, against the treacherous

As some of the Parties are Dead, and as the Controversies in which they were engaged, have ceased to agitate the Passions of Men, this Republication has not the smallest Tendency to " sow ² strife" among Scholars. But it *may* prevent, and certainly it is *intended* to prevent them, from scattering the Seeds of Discord with wanton Cruelty. It may deter, and certainly it is intended to deter them, from indulging any mean Expectation, that a Calumniator can derive Security from the *very failure* of his Calumnies, or, that what he has repeatedly and deliberately done in secret, will not, sooner or later, be punished openly. It may lessen, and certainly it is intended to " lessen, ³ the Number of those," who speak too well of a Man, by whom Warburton was most extravagantly flattered, Leland most petulantly insulted, and Jortin most inhumanly vilified. And here I cannot hesitate to break in upon my English Text with a Quotation, which may properly be transferred from the general Duties of Society, to the Obligations which lie upon Men of Letters to support each other under unmerited Attacks, and to preserve their common Rights against the most provoking Mockeries of Contempt, the most paltry Tricks of Encroachment, and the most outrageous Violencies of Invasion.

"Εἰπερὶ τὸν ἀδικῶντ' ἀσμένως ἡμύνετο

"Ἐκαστος ἡμῶν, καὶ συνηγωνίζετο,

"Ἰσως νομίζων ἴδιον εἶναι τὸ γεγονὸς

"Ἀδίκημα, καὶ συνέπραττον ἀλλήλοις πικρῶς"

"Οὐκ ἂν ἐπὶ πλείον τὸ κακὸν ἡμῖν ἤυξετο

Τὸ τῶν ποιητῶν, ἀλλὰ παρατηρούμενοι,

treacherous Candour and galling Obloquy of Poggius. Videbat L. V. tam inveteratum morbum non posse sanari, nisi tribus pharmacis, usturis ac festionibus, idque magno cum dolore plurimorum. Neque vir acutus nesciebat, adeo delicatas esse mortalium aures, ut vix etiam inter bonos viros invenias, qui verum libenter audiat, foreque, ut non ii tantum exclamarent, quorum ulcera tetigisset, verum etiam illi, qui ex alieno malo sibi metum fingerent. *Tum post interposita pauca:* Poggius, ut homo candidus scilicet, sine invidia passim habetur in manibus, lætitatur. Laurentius laborat invidia mordacitatis. Erasmus in Epist: ad Christoph: Fischerum præfixa Vallæ libris de collatione N. T. I met the foregoing Passage in Page 74 of Peter Wesseling's *Dissertatio Herodotea*, and have omitted what was foreign to my Purpose.

² See Lowth's Letter quoted among the Testimonia Auctorum.

³ See the above mentioned Letter.

Καὶ τυγχάνουτες ἥς ἔδει τιμωρίας,
 ἥτοι σπάνιοι σφόδρ' αὐ ἦσαν, ἢ πεπαιγμένοι.

Menander in Fratibus ex emendat. Bentl.

Animated by the strong indignation which throbs within my Bosom, at the foul Arts of Detraction so often practised by Men of Letters, I disdain either to crouch under the Mandates, or to shrink from the Frowns, of the Letter-writer on the Delicacy of Friendship. Yet, I should be sorry to find my Opinions of Warburton *misconceived* by those, who are incapable of *misrepresenting* them deliberately; and I am aware too, that they lie open to *some* Misconception, from the comparative View which I have taken of that very able Prelate and his celebrated Adherent, ⁴ in the foregoing Dedication. ⁵ For these Reasons, I shall

⁴ Though my Doubts were not always vanquished by the Bishop's Arguments, though I sometimes smiled at his whimsical Theories, and sometimes ventured to scowl at his violent Invectives, yet I have often applied to the D. L. the candid and judicious Language which Aristotle uses in the very Book, where he confutes some of the Opinions imputed to Socrates by Plato τὸ μὲν εἰ περιττὸν ἔχουσι πάντες οἱ τῷ Σωκράτει λόγοι, καὶ τὸ κομμὸν, καὶ τὸ καινόμοιον, καὶ τὸ ζήτητικόν. καλῶς δὲ πάντα ἴσως χαλεπὸν. Repub. Lib. 2. Cap. 6.

⁵ Upon the Dignity of Dedication-writing, I do not expect to hear any saucy Reflections from the Warburtonians, because Warburton himself is *known* to have written Dedications often, and to have written them well. If they think Preface-writing a degrading Employment in him, who has not written the Book which accompanies it, let me refer them to Johnson's Preface to the Preceptor—to the Prefaces written by Casaubon, Burman, Ernestus, Rhunkenius, and other Scholars; and, if the Practice of the *ὁ πάνυ* will not rescue Preface-writing from the Contempt of the Warburtonians, I must take the farther Liberty to *remind* them of Bp Warburton's Preface to the first Edition of Richardson's Clarissa—of *Do's* Preface to Shakspear's Plays—of *Do's* Preface to Mrs. Cockburn's Confutation of Rutherford's Essay on Virtue—of *Do's* Preface to the candid Examination of Bp. Sherlock's Sermons—of *Do's* Preface to Town's critical "Enquiry into the Opinions of the antient Philosophers, concerning the Nature of the Soul, and a future State; and their Method of the double Doctrine." I have myself read an ingenious Preface to some select Poems of Cowley: I have heard of a Pedantic Thing called a Preface to one Bellenden; and indeed, it is no less usual for Prefaces, or "Discourses to that Effect," to be prepared by Editors, than by Authors, whether the Authors themselves be living or dead—whether they be
 modern

shall endeavour to explain myself in such a Manner, as to remove every Scruple, and obviate every Objection.

What I have written about Warburton, was suggested to me by a frequent, but unprejudiced Perusal, and by a fond, though not undistinguishing Approbation, of his Works. I read them in the earliest and the happiest Stages of my literary Pursuits. They captivated my Imagination: They exercised my Reason: They directed my Attention towards the most important Topics, and they sent out my Curiosity in Quest of the most useful Knowledge. The Impressions made upon my Mind by such a Writer were strong and deep. After committing my Thoughts lately to Paper, I looked back to the Description which Dr. Johnson had given of Dr. Warburton, in his elaborate Preface to Shakespeare, and in his masterly Life of Pope. With Satisfaction, and indeed, with Triumph, I found many of my Opinions anticipated, and many confirmed. Johnson saw, as well as I do, his acute Penetration, his various Erudition, the inexhaustible Fertility of his Fancy, and the invincible Fortitude of his Spirit. He also saw, what I have myself without Reserve and without Apology condemned, the Coarseness of his Invectives, the Wildness of his Theories, and the Defects of his Style.

The Indignation of all Scholars has, I know, been long and justly armed against that contemptuous and domineering Spirit which breaks out in Warburton's controversial Writings, and which his Admirers, instead of deploring, have been eager to defend and to imitate. Be it however remembered, that in pleading the Cause of kindred Genius, he sometimes pours out his Commendations with a Frankness, Ardour, and Authority which even his bitterest Enemies cannot but acknowledge and admire. Of this Kind

modern or ancient—whether their Works be of a sombrous or airy Cast—whether (if we may argue from the Example of Warburton) they be ranked in the Class of sentimental Novels, of dramatic Writings, of ethical Disquisitions, of theological Controversies, or metaphysical Investigations. Thus much I have said concerning the Art itself. The Merits of those who cultivate it, are, it is true, very different. But even as a voluntary and disinterested Act of Drudgery performed by me, it may find a Pittance of Praise, not more scanty than that which has been earned by certain Acts of Vassalage, upon which some Followers of Warburton have rested the Tenure of their Controversial Fame.

are, his generous Apology for the Paradoxes of Bayle, his eloquent Encomiums on the Sagacity and Learning of Cudworth, and his noble tribute of affection to the memory of a most dear and illustrious Friend, Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester. He that can read such Passages without Rapture, should suspect the sincerity of his own Benevolence—He that speaks of them without Approbation, must renounce his Pretensions to Impartiality or Taste, to Exactness of Discrimination or Delicacy of Feeling.

If learned Men wish to judge of Warburton, either with the Accuracy which is due to the “ Amplitude of his Mind” and the Dignity of his Character, or with the Candour which cannot surely be refused to so many Failings when accompanied by so many Perfections, they would do well to examine the Portrait which Warburton has virtually drawn of himself in his own Writings, where, it is well known that his Head was never employed, either to controul or to disguise the violent Emotions of his Heart. In the Opinion of such Enquirers, Warburton will stand, or fall, upon the most fair and honourable Conditions. He will not be exalted, perhaps, by the exuberant and courtly Compliments of the Author of the Estimate, nor by the more stately and solemn Decisions of the Commentator upon Horace: But he certainly will not be degraded by the keen Railery of Mr. Edwards, nor the rough Reproaches of a far more powerful and far more respectable Writer, whom I wish to remember under every other Name, than as the *popular*, for I cannot add, the victorious, Adversary of Bp. Warburton.

Few Men have made a more conspicuous Figure than Warburton, upon the great Theatre of Learning. Few have been engaged in more butting and splendid Scenes. Few have sustained more difficult or more interesting Characters. It is therefore to be lamented, that the Public have not *yet* been favoured with a regular and impartial ⁷ Account of his Progress
in

⁷ “ I believe (to adopt the Words of Milton in his Treatise on Education,) that the Life of Warburton is not a Bow, in which every Man can shoot, who counts himself a Biographer, but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses: Yet I am withal persuaded, that” in *certain Hands*, “ it may prove much more easy in the Affay, that is now seen at Distance, and much more illustrious.”

in Knowledge: Of his Advancement in the Church: Of the Embarrassments with which he struggled, and over which he triumphed: Of the Connections which he formed: of the Provocations by which he was harrassed; and, *especially*, of the Opinions which in the cooler and more serious Reflections of his old Age, he really entertained of all his own hardier Exertions made in the Vigour of his youth. But, whatever Materials for the History of his Life may be in the Hands of his Executors, and whatever may be the Abilities of those, who shall have the *Courage* to use them, his Character will never be drawn with more Justness of Design, or more Strength of Colouring, than have already been employed by the great Biographer of the English Poets.

The Dawn of Warburton's Fame was overspread with many Clouds, which the native Force of his Mind quickly dispelled. Soon after his Emergence from them, he was honoured by the Friendship of Pope, and the Enmity of Bolingbroke. In the Fulness of his Meridian Glory, he was caressed by Lord Hardwick and Lord Mansfield; and his setting Lustre was viewed with nobler Feelings than those of mere Forgiveness, by the amiable and venerable Dr. Lowth. Halifax revered him, Balguy loved him, and, in two immortal Works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost Rank of his Admirers. By the Testimony of such a Man, Impertinence must be abashed, and Malignity itself must be softened. Of literary Merit, Johnson, as

No Man living is, in my Opinion, more able than Dr. Balguy to unfold with Precision the Character of Bp. Warburton, or to state with Impartiality, the Merits of those Controversies in which he was engaged. But bodily Infirmities have already deprived the English Church of this great and good Man's Protection as a Prelate, who would have been vigilant without Officiousness, firm without Obstinacy, and pious without Superstition. The same unhappy and unalterable Cause will, I fear, deprive Posterity, also, of that Instruction, which as a Biographer of Warburton, he was qualified to convey, by solid Learning, by an erect and Manly Spirit, by Habits of the most exact and enlarged Thinking, and by a Style, which is equally pure, elegant, and nervous. The History of those who defended, and those who opposed Warburton, would, in the Hands of so consummate an Artist, have been a most instructive and interesting Work, not unworthy of being called in Cicero's Language a *περιλα- γαφία* Varronis. Vid. Ep. ad Att. Lib. 16. ep. 11.

we all know, was a sagacious, but a most severe Judge. Such was his Discernment, that he pierced into the most secret Springs of human Actions, and such was his Integrity, that he always weighed the moral Characters of his fellow Creatures in the "Balance of the Sanctuary." He was too courageous to propitiate a Rival, and too proud to truckle to a Superior. Warburton he knew, as I know him, and as every Man of Sense and Virtue would wish to be known—I mean, both from his own Writings, and from the Writings of those who dissented from his Principles, or who envied his Reputation. But as to Favours, he had never received or asked any from the Bishop of Gloucester; and, if my Memory fails me not, he had seen him only once, when they met almost without Design, conversed without much Effort, and parted without any lasting Impressions of Hatred or Affection. Yet, with all the Ardour of sympathetic Genius, Johnson has done that spontaneously and ably, which, by some Writers, had been before attempted injudiciously, and which, by others, from whom more successful Attempts might have been expected, has not *hitherto* been done at all. He spoke well of Warburton, without insulting those whom Warburton despised. He suppressed not the Imperfections of this extraordinary Man, while he endeavoured to do Justice to his numerous and transcendental Excellencies. He defended him when living amidst the Clamours of his Enemies, and praised him when dead, amidst the *Silence of his Friends*.³

I have

³ The only exception (if it be one) to the Silence of Warburton's Friends, is the Inscription upon his Monument, erected in Gloucester Cathedral. That Inscription does not aim at the Simplicity of an Ancient, or the Splendour of a modern Epitaph. It is neither energetic from Conciseness, nor dignified from Amplification. It is tamely correct, coldly complimentary, and at the same Time, totally destitute of those marked and appropriate Commendations, for which the peculiar Opinions and most wonderful Talents of Dr. W. might have supplied very copious Materials to his *once* zealous Panegyrists.

In that excellent Repository of various and useful Knowledge the Gentleman's Magazine, there is a just and elegant Critique on the Writings

I have stated these Facts, not from any abject View of palliating the Censures which I may have passed upon Warburton's Failings, nor yet, from any vain Confidence in my Abilities to exalt

tings of Warburton in Page 340, of the Volume for the Year 1779. Some curious and interesting Memoirs of his Life, are to be found in Page 357, and 474, in the Volume for 1780.

The Reader will thank me for producing the following Passage, which does Honour to the Judgment and Sensibility of the Writer.

“ His Publications were numerous, and from the Applause they obtained, they seem to promise a Celebrity of greater Length of Time, than they have experienced. But his Renown vanished, as soon as his Infirmities secluded him from the World, and it would be difficult to point out a single Compliment paid to him, or his Writings, since the Time that he ceased to write. He even wanted a Friend to pay a decent Tribute to his Memory in the fugitive Publications of the Day, the literary Portrait excepted, which was in our Magazine for 1779.” But the Editor candidly subjoins in a Note the following acknowledgment.

“ Amongst other Channels of Information it would be illiberal not to mention that we are very materially indebted to the Anecdotes of Bp. Warburton, which have appeared in the Westminster Magazine.”

In the Westminster Magazine for October, November, December, 1779, and in the Appendix for the same Year, I have myself lately met with some Biographical and Literary Anecdotes of Dr. Warburton, which for Accuracy of Detail, and Justness of Observation, deserve the Attention and the Thanks of every Scholar. I need not make any Apology for the following Quotations.

“ A Relaxation of Mind so far pervades the whole Body of the People, that the great Writers of this Nation, who used to be studied with the utmost Diligence, are now totally disregarded.”

* * * * *

“ In this general Neglect, it will not be surprizing to find, that a Writer of great Renown in this Day should live to see himself only on the level with common Men, and his Writings mouldering in the Warehouses of his Bookseller. Though the Object of fulsome Adulation while his Faculties were unimpaired, he lived several Years longer than his Fame; and when he died, though many of his Flatterers remained, and some, who were under great Obligations to him, yet not one of them had gratitude enough to pay the slightest Tribute to his Memory. To the Disgrace of his literary Connection, he sunk silently into the Grave, unnoticed and unlamented.” See W. M. for 1779. Page 500.

“ In his Works, he exhibited great Strokes of an original and powerful Genius, much Reading, with a nervous, but not a polished Style. At his outset in Life, he was suspected of being inclined to Infidelity,
and

exalt his Character, but, in Obedience to the warm and honest Dictates of my own Mind—of a Mind, which he has often enlightened, often enchanted, and, in some Degree, I would hope, improved.

*His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani
Munere.*

From what Johnson and I have said in Favour of Warburton, there is an easy and natural Transition to what his professed Biographers may intend to say. A costly and splendid Edition of

“and it was not until many Years had elapsed, that the Orthodoxy of his Opinions was generally assented to. His Publications from the present Accounts will appear to have been very numerous, and from the Flatteries of his Friends they seemed to promise a Celebrity of greater Length of Time, than they have experienced. If it was not for his Connection with Mr. Pope, he would be in Danger of being lost as a Writer in a few Years. His Renown vanished, as soon as his Infirmities secluded him from the World; and with his Abilities, the Sycophants who surrounded him, also, took their Flight. It would be difficult to point out a single Compliment paid to him, or his Writings, since the Time that he ceased to write: A plain Proof, that he held those, who professed themselves to be his Friends, not by the Ties of Affection or Esteem, but by Fear.” See D^b. for 1779. 663.

Why Dr. Warburton was *ever* suspected even of secret Infidelity, I know not. But I am persuaded, that his Writings were sincerely intended to establish the Truth of Christianity, and that many of them are worthy of the great and good Cause in which they were honourably employed. What he was *inclined* to think upon Subjects of Religion, before, perhaps, he had either Leisure or Ability to examine them, depends only upon obscure Surmise, or vague Report. But we have the stubborn Evidence of Facts to ascertain what he really *did* think, after he had searched and believed. As to the Charge of Heterodoxy, I shall leave his R. R. Biographer to admit, or to confute it, as he may find himself able. But the Accusation of Deism, which has more than once been brought against his Writings, is too wicked to escape without some Mark of Reprobation, and too weak to deserve a serious and formal Reply. It was malignantly broached at first by an English Dunce, whose Blunders and Calumnies are now happily forgotten. It afterwards was petulantly repeated by a French Buffoon, whose Morality is not commensurate with his Wit, and many of whose Assertions in History and Biography, every Man of Sense reads with Distrust, and sometimes, with Contempt.

Warburton's

Warburton's Works was published in the Spring of 1788, and prefixed to it, is an Advertisement, which cannot, I think, be quite satisfactory to his Admirers, and which must be alarming to such of his Opponents as may now be living. It runs thus—"The Reader will expect some Account of the Life, Writings and Character of the Author to be prefixed to this complete Edition of his Works: he is therefore informed, that a Discourse to that Effect hath been prepared, and will be published, but not now, for Reasons that will be seen hereafter." We are then told, that "Purchasers, upon producing Tickets which are to be delivered to them by the Bookseller, will be furnished with the Life." To this consolatory Promise is subjoined a very accurate but jejune Account of the Works inserted in the present Edition, and "for the rest the Reader is referred to the Author's Life at large."

Now, I confess, there is something very mysterious to my Mind, both in the small ⁹ Number of Copies lately published, and in the temporary Delay of the Life—A Number, which seems to insinuate, either, that Warburton's Writings were too excellent for the gross Taste of the Public, or, that the Public had shewn some inauspicious Symptoms of Indifference about Warburton's Writings—A Delay, which not only thwarts the acknowledged Expectation of the Reader, but which the Editor, it should seem, assumes a Right of extending to as long a Time, as he shall think proper. From the cautious and enigmatical Manner, too, in which the Advertisement is drawn up, it may be rather difficult to determine *positively*, by *whom* that "Discourse hath been prepared." The Editor certainly has seen it. He, probably, is in Possession of it. He has Reasons for holding it back now—And he promises to publish, or, to let it be published, hereafter. But whether it be

⁹ I am told that only 250 Copies were printed: I ought however to add, that for the Sake of those who had purchased the former Editions of Warburton's Works, a separate Volume has been published containing the additional Matter. But if a new and expensive Edition of the whole was at all necessary, I think it difficult to account for the Choice of so small a Number, as that above-mentioned.

written,

written, as Aristotle would say, by a Socrates or a ¹ Callias, is left in some Uncertainty. A fore and captious Objector might here say, that, if it be tainted with the genuine Spirit of the Warburtonian School, the Publication of it may very properly be deferred *ad Græcas Calendas*. He might insinuate, that the Editor knows best, how far the Reputation of the Biographer himself may be staked in the Account which he has given of Warburton, and that, possibly, he for many Reasons, thinks it safer to disappoint, for a Time, the Curiosity of his Readers, than to appeal precipitately to their Justice, or to encounter their Indignation. He might add, that a Discourse, which professes to convey a fair, exact, and enlarged View of the Life, Writings, and Character of Warburton, is a most arduous and a most perilous Undertaking: That it requires not merely the ordinary Decorations of Learning, or the ordinary Arts of Reasoning, but a Judgment *most* impartial, and a Spirit most collected and most intrepid; and that in feeble or treacherous Hands, it will conciliate few Friends, and provoke many enemies.

—*incedit per ignes*
Suppositos cineri doloso.

In me, however, who have not been initiated either into the greater or the lesser Mysteries of the Warburtonians, it might be thought presumptuous to draw aside one Corner of the Veil from those subjects which our great Hierophant has, for the present, so industriously and skillfully muffled up in Secrecy. I will not therefore profess, like some Critics, to ² reveal what
I never

¹ The learned Reader need not be informed of the Manner in which Aristotle sometimes uses the Names of Socrates, Callias, Coriscus and Cleon. Vide Arist. Rhet. Lib. 2. Cap. 4. Eudem. lib. 2. Cap. 2. Metaphysic. Lib. 1. Cap. 1, & 7. Lib. 5. Cap. 6. Lib. 7. Cap. 8. 11. 15. Lib. 14. Cap. 3. Sophist, Elench. Cap. 5. 14. 17. 22. 32.

² The Bishop's Representation of the greater and lesser Mysteries was examined with great Accuracy, and opposed with great Candour, by the learned Dr. John Leland in the eight and ninth Chapters, Part the first, of his Work, upon the Advantage and Necessity of the Christian Revelation. I have read with much pleasure, and very little Conviction,

I never knew, nor will I ³ filch, or even borrow, any solid Ingots of Erudition from other Writers, to spread them in a thin and glittering Surface over my own Ignorance. I will forbear, with a Kind of religious Horror, from attempting to conjecture what the Reasons of the Editor *are*. But, for the Honour of a Man, whose Delicacies both in Friendship and Enmity are *equally well known*, I will take the Liberty of informing the Readers of Warburton, what those reasons are *not*—They are not Reasons of Fear in the R. R. Editor, either from the Cavils of the illiterate and prejudiced, whom a Writer of his great Abilities, great Reputation, and great Rank, may with Impunity despise, or from the Objections of the Wise and Good, whom, (as the Race of them, I hope, will not speedily be extinct,) the Discourse, which is not *unlikely* to displease them now, cannot be *very likely* to satisfy hereafter—They are not Reasons of uncommon Candour, or common Justice, to the surviving Opponents of Bp. Warburton: For, as the Discourse, let it contain what it will, must be produced at last, they would rather, doubtless, meet an Attack which they may hope to repel while they are living, than be exposed, after their Death, to Representations of Facts and Opinions which, if they were *quite* fair and quite inoffensive,

viction, “a Dissertation on the Mysteries, wherein the Opinions of Bp. Warburton and Dr. Leland are particularly considered.” It was published without a Name in 1766; it was intended as an Answer to Leland, the first Edition of whose Work came out in 1764; and it has been ascribed, not improbably, to the candid Examiner of Sherlock’s Discourses. συνέσει μὲν γὰρ καὶ αἰγχινοῖα, καὶ δριμύτητι, πάμπολυ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν ἀπὸ Βαρβυρτώνου διέφερε. Vide Lucian. op. Tom. 2. P. 210. Edit. Reitz.

³ The greater Part of Warburton’s Quotations about the Mysteries may be found in Meursius’s Eleusis. I forget whether the Bishop makes a direct Acknowledgement of his Obligations to this diligent, learned, and judicious Collector. I say *learned and judicious*, as well as diligent, in Opposition to that Spirit of the Warburtonians, which induces one of them to call the Author of the Credibility of the Gospel History, “*the la- borious Dr. Lardner*”; and another, to nick-name Mr. Hume’s History of England the “*most readable History we have*.” The Disciples of this School generally dispense their Praise with a Discretion which prevents it’s being exhausted by their occasional Prodigality. To the profane, σπείρμις χυμῶν, but, to the initiated, ἔλω τῶν θολόων.

would,

would, probably, not for a Moment, be suppressed—They are not Reasons of Tendernefs to the Biographer himself: for the ⁴ Editor, undoubtedly, will never publish, or be concerned in publishing, what, after long Delay and much Correction, he does not approve; and as to the Biographer, he, I should hope, has not ventured, like the Author of the seventh Dissertation, to “prepare a Discourse,” which he is unwilling to avow, or unable to defend. Παθὼν δὲ τὴν ἰστορίαν ἔγραυε.

When the Work of a great Writer is long kept back from the Eye of the Public, we are to conclude, not, that his whole Time is laid out upon it, but, that he at Intervals retrenches, or adds to the Matter, and corrects or polishes the Style, as different Opportunities may arise, different Circumstances may require, or different States of his own Mind may dictate Amendment, or Alteration. We may, therefore, expect to see the Life of Warburton wrought up to the highest Degree of Perfection, which the united force of Taste, Diligence, and *Discretion* in the Biographer, can attain.

Warburton paid the last awful Debt of Nature in June 1779. If then we suppose some rude Out-lines of his Character to have been sketched out soon after the Event, when the Thoughts of his Friends mult naturally have been turned towards his Attainments, his Virtues, and his Death, the Time expended upon this Piece of Biographical Painting, *already* includes the nine Years employed upon a less important Work to which Horace pertinently alludes, and which Catullus expressly names.⁵

Should the Artist detain a little longer his favourite Pic-

⁴ I suspect that the Editor is not a different Person from the Biographer. But I will not hazard any Assertion upon the Subject, lest I should be caught in the Toils which some Men may spread for a Conclusion not directly warranted by their own Premises. I have sometimes thought, that in weightier matters the Warburtonians are too much addicted to a Practice which their Master condemns in Bayle and in Plurarch. They “leave their Propositions in that convenient State of Ambiguity, which is necessary to give a Paradox the Air and Reputation of an Oracle.” See Book 3, Sect. 6, of the D. L.

⁵ Vid. Horat. de Ar. Poet. l. 388. & Catull. de Smyrna Cinnæ Poetæ lin. 1 & 2.

ture,⁶ that it may receive fresh Touches, and Retouches, as either his Judgment, or his Hopes, or his Fears may suggest; that in one Place the Light may be heightened, and the Shade darkened in another; that some Characters may be brought more conspicuously into the Fore-ground, and others thrown back so as to be less distinctly seen, the Life of Warburton will furnish the English Language with a proverbial Expression not less emphatical, than the Latin Poem of Cinna, and the Greek Panegyric of Isocrates.

It may be worth while to observe, that this last Edition of Warburton's Works is called *complete*, tho' neither the Enquiry into Prodigies, nor the Translations, are contained in it. No Reason is assigned by the R. R. Editor for omitting them—No Notice is taken, that they ever were published by Warburton—No Intimation is given, that his Editor intends to publish them hereafter. But this unexpected, and, I hope, not unwelcome Republication will, perhaps,⁷ induce him to "prepare a Dis-course to that Effect."

From the ingenuous Editor and the wary Biographer, I gladly return to Warburton himself and his Critics.

As to the particular Points which are discussed in the Letters addressed to Dr. Jortin and Dr. Leland, I shall take this Opportunity of delivering my Opinion about them, plainly and concisely. Upon the Subject of Eloquence I accede to Leland's very judicious Objections against the chimerical Position of Warburton, and I also must add in Leland's emphatical Words,
that

⁶ I would recommend it to the Biographer to consider what Eunapius says of the Life of Alypius written by Iamblichus. Εοικεν ο θαυμάσιος Ιάμβλιχος παλιν πεποιθέναι τοῖς γραφικοῖς, οἱ τὸς ἐν ἑρμὶ γράφοντες, ὅταν χαρισασθῆναι τι πᾶσι ἑαυτῶν εἰς τὴν γραφὴν βουλῶσιν, τὸ πᾶν εἶδος τῆς ὁμοίσεως διαφθέρσιν, ὥστε ἕμῳσι τὰ παραδείγματός ἡμαρτηκέναι καὶ τὸ κάλλος.

Eunap. in Vit. Iamblich. p. 31. Edit. Antwerp.

⁷ Lowth, in his Letter to Warburton, enumerates the different Kinds of Correction, which he inflicted, or caused to be inflicted, upon his Answerers. Now, the worst that can be done in this way by the "Beadle" of a Beadle, is below Contempt. But as the present Editor, and in Truth, Restorer of the Bishops two neglected Tracts cannot aspire, like Bishop Lowth, to the Solemnities of a regular Execution upon a Scaffold, he will be
doomed,

that “ the Bishop has conveyed his Argument in all the most striking Forms of Eloquence, and with the Spirit and Energy of an ancient Orator.”

In Regard to the sixth Book of the *Æneid*, I have always admired the Ingenuity of Warburton’s Hypothesis. I have, in the Course of my own Reading, frequently examined his Quotations. I have never assented to his Conclusions. I applaud Dr. Jortin for speaking of Warburton’s Interpretation in Terms of *measured* Praise; and I consider it as completely refuted in a most clear, elegant, and decisive Work of Criticism, which could not, indeed, derive Authority from the greatest Name, but to which the ⁹ greatest Name might, with Propriety, have been affixed.

From Warburton, whom I have here commended without Adulation, as I had before censured him without Acrimony, I now proceed to speak more at large of Leland and Jortin. For them too, I have a Blessing, which if it be less efficacious than that of the Patriarch, is, however, not less sincere. Virtually, and by Implication, they were defended in the preceding Dedication. But they have a Title to more direct and explicit Praise, and I have chosen this Part of the Preface, as a proper Place for bestowing it.

doomed, probably, to be thrust down into some Dungeon of a Note, and to be stretched upon the Rack of Cavil and Misrepresentation by his ingenious Tormentor. Be it so. He knows (as Cicero says of Hortensius in *Divinat : cont : Cæcil :*) all the Modes of Attack, which are most successfully practised by his Antagonists; and he hopes to meet the Blow, not wholly unprepared both to encounter Argument, and to repel Accusation. But if the aid of *Sneers* be once called in, either to reinforce a clumsy and languid Witticism, or to cover the Retreat of a crippled and feeble Argument, he will consider the Use of such Auxiliaries as a Declaration that no Quarter is to be given, and as a Signal for carrying on what Thucydides calls, *πόλεμον ἀκρίστον ἢ ἀσπονδον*.

⁸ Leland on Eloquence Cap. 4.

⁹ This Book is ascribed, and I think with great Probability, to the very learned and ingenious Author, to whom the Public is indebted for the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Be the Writer who he will, the Reader will say with me, that the Work is, *πιδαιος ἐξ ἱερῆς ἀρίστης λέξας*.

Of Leland my Opinion is not, like the Letter-writer's, founded upon ¹ hear-say Evidence, nor is it determined solely by the great Authority of Dr. Johnson, who always mentioned Dr. Leland with cordial Regard and with marked Respect. It might, perhaps, be invidious for me to hazard a favourable Decision upon his History of Ireland, because the Merits of that Work have been disputed by Critics, some of whom, are, I think, warped in their Judgments, by literary, others, by national, and more, I have Reason to believe, by personal Prejudices. But I may with Confidence appeal to Writings, which have long contributed to public Amusement, and have often been honoured by public Approbation—to the Life of Philip, and to the Translation of Demosthenes, which the Letter-writer professes to have *not* read—to the judicious Dissertation upon Eloquence, which the Letter-writer *did* vouchsafe to read, before he answered it—to the spirited Defence of that Dissertation, which the Letter-writer, *probably*, has read, but never *attempted* to answer. The Life of Philip contains many curious Researches into the Principles of Government established among the leading States of Greece: many sagacious Remarks on their intestine Disorders: many exact Descriptions of their most celebrated Characters, together with an extensive and correct View of those subtle Intrigues, and those ambitious Projects, by which Philip, ² at a favourable Crisis, gradually obtained an unexampled and fatal Mastery over the Grecian Republicks. In the Translation of Demosthenes, Leland unites the Man of Taste with the Man of Learning, and shews himself to have possessed, not only a competent Knowledge of the Greek Language, but that Clearness in his own Conceptions, and that Animation in his Feelings, which enabled him to catch the real Meaning, and to preserve the genuine Spirit, of the most perfect Orator that Athens ever produced. Through the Dissertation upon Eloquence, and the Defence of it, we see great Accuracy of

¹ See the Letter to Leland in the Conclusion.

² Upon this Subject Valckenaer has written a very learned and judicious Diatribe, which was delivered at Franequer, 1760, and published (with the Speeches of Hemsterhuis) at Leyden in 1784

Erudition, great Perspicuity and Strength of Style, and, above all, a stoutness of Judgment, which, in traversing the open and spacious Walks of Literature, disdained to be led Captive, either by the Sorceries of a self-deluded Visionary, or the Decrees of a self-created Despot.

As to Jortin, whether I look back to his Verse, to his Prose, to his critical, or to his theological Works, there are few Authors to whom I am so much indebted for rational Entertainment, or for solid Instruction. Learned he was, without Pedantry. He was ingenious without the Affectation of Singularity. He was a Lover of Truth, without hovering over the gloomy Abyss of Scepticism, and a Friend to Free-Enquiry, without roving into the dreary and pathless Wilds of Latitudinarianism. He had a Heart, which never disgraced the Powers of his Understanding. With a lively Imagination, an elegant Taste, and a Judgment most masculine and most correct, he united the artless and amiable Negligence of a School Boy. Wit³ without ill Nature, and Sense without Effort, he could, at will, scatter upon every Subject; and in every Book, the Writer presents us with a near and distinct View of the real Man.

—ut omnis

Votiva pateat tanquam descripta tabella

Vita Senis.——Hor. Sat. 1. Lib. 2.

³ Let me not be charged with Pedantry, if, for the Want of English Words equally correspondent with my Ideas, I say, that, in the lighter Parts of Jortin's Writings may be found that *ἑστραπέλεια* which is defined by Aristotle *πεπαιδευμένη ὕβρις*, and that, in the more serious, is preserved that *σημνότης*, which the same Philosopher most accurately and beautifully explains, *μαλακὴ ἢ εὐσχημῶν βαρῆς*. Rhetoric. Lib. 2. Cap. 12. & 17.

Knowing that Greek is thought by some nicer Readers to deform an English Page, and being, perhaps, in the Habit of remembering rather more Passages than I dare produce, I have often driven down my Quotations into a Note for Refuge. This Apology I make once for all, and I trust that it will satisfy all Readers, except those who may wish to see Quotations purified from the Dregs of Antiquity through the Strainers of an English Translation.

Per sum non legere curo; Decium Lælium volo.

His

His Style, though inartificial, is sometimes elevated : though familiar, it is never mean ; and though employed upon various Topics of Theology, Ethics, and Criticism, it is not arrayed in any delusive resemblance, either, of Solemnity, from fanatical Cant, of Profoundness, from scholastic Jargon, of Precision, from the crabbed Formalities of cloudy Philologists, or of Refinement, from the technical Babble of frivolous Connoisseurs.

At the shadowy and fleeting Reputation which is sometimes gained by the petty Frolics of literary Vanity, or the mischievous Struggles of controversial Rage, Jortin never grasped. Truth, which some Men are ambitious of seizing by Surprise in the trackless and dark recesses, he was content to overtake in the broad and beaten Path : And in the Pursuit of it, if he does not excite our Astonishment by the Rapidity of his Strides, he, at least, secures our Confidence by the Firmness of his Step. To the Examination of Positions advanced by other Men, he always brought a Mind, which neither Prepossession had seduced, nor Malevolence polluted. He imposed not his own Conjectures as infallible and irresistible Truths, nor endeavoured to give an Air of Importance to Trifles, by dogmatical Vehemence. He could support his more serious Opinions, without the Versatility of a Sophist, the Fierceness of a Disputant, or the Impertinence of a Buffoon—more than this—he could *relinquish or correct* them with the calm and steady Dignity of a Writer, who, while he yielded something to the Arguments of his Antagonists, was conscious of retaining enough to command their Respect. He had too much Discernment to confound difference of Opinion with Malignity or Dullness, and too much Candour to insult, where he could not persuade. Though his Sensibilities were neither Coarse nor Sluggish, he yet was exempt from those fickle Humours, those rankling Jealousies, and that restless Waywardness, which Men of the brightest Talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him, into every Station in which he was placed, and every Subject which he explored, a solid Greatness of Soul, which could spare an Inferior, though in the offensive Form of an Adversary, and endure an Equal with, or without, the sacred Name of Friend. The Importance of Commendation, as well to him who bestows, as to him who claims it, he estimated not only with Justice, but with Delicacy,

licacy, and therefore, he neither wantonly lavished it, nor withheld it austerely. But Invective he neither provoked nor feared; and, as to the Severities of Contempt, he reserved them for Occasions where alone they *could* be employed with Propriety, and where, by *himself*, they always *were* employed with Effect—for the Chastisement of arrogant Dunces, of censorious Sciologists, of intolerant Bigots in every Sect, and unprincipled Impostors in every Profession. Distinguished in various Forms of literary Composition, engaged in various Duties of his ecclesiastical Profession, and blessed with a long and honourable Life, he nobly exemplified that rare and illustrious Virtue of Charity, which Leland, in his Reply to the Letter-writer, thus eloquently describes. “ CHARITY never misrepresents; never ascribes
 “ obnoxious Principles or mistaken Opinions to an Opponent,
 “ which he himself disavows; is not so earnest in refuting, as
 “ to fancy Positions never asserted, and to extend its Censure to
 “ Opinions, which *will perhaps* be delivered. CHARITY is
 “ utterly averse to SNEERING, the most despicable Species of
 “ Ridicule, that most despicable Subterfuge of an impotent
 “ Objector. CHARITY never supposes, that all Sense and
 “ Knowledge are confined to a particular Circle, to a District, or
 “ to a COUNTRY: CHARITY never condemns and embraces
 “ Principles in the same Breath; never *professes* to confute,
 “ what it *acknowledges* to be just, never presumes to bear down
 “ an Adversary with confident Assertions; CHARITY does
 “ not call Dissent Insolence, or the Want of implicit Submission
 “ a Want of common ⁴ Respect.”

This, I cannot help exclaiming in the Words of the R. R. Remarker—“ This is the Solution of a Philosopher indeed;
 “ clear, simple, manly, rational, and striking Conviction in
 “ every Word, unlike the refined and fantastic Nonsense of a
 “ Writer of ⁵ Paradoxes.”

The Esteem, the Affection, the Reverence, which I feel for so profound a Scholar, and so honest a Man, as Dr. Jortin, make me wholly indifferent to the Praise and Censure of those, who vilify, without reading, his Writings, or read them, without finding some Incentive to Study, some Proficiency in Knowledge, or some Improvement in Virtue.

⁴ Page 51 of the Quarto Edition of Dr. Leland's Answer, printed at London, 1765. Vide Remarks on Hume, P. 93.

TESTIMONIA AUCTORUM.

SOON after Warburton first began his Courtship to Fame, he followed the Example of the God Vertumnus in his Addresses to Pomona; *assimilavit anum*, as we see by this Commentary; and he succeeded; the Character was a venerable Character and well supported.

Omnis Aristippum decuit status et color et res.

Others imagine, he took the old Woman upon him to get rid of the Green Sickness; the Symptoms of which were threatenng, at the same Time he published his Book of Translations; (which died of that Distemper) at the same Time that the historic Muse was so very ill of it; an Account of which we find in his next Book, the *critical* and *philosophical* Enquiry into the Cause of Prodigies, &c. P. 65. The Words are these. "The historic Muse, after much vain Longing for a vigorous Adorer, is fallen under that Indisposition of her Sex so well known by a depraved Appetite for Trash and Cinders." However, his Lordship's critical Muse had a stronger Constitution; and got over it, as I tell you, by taking the old Woman. And the yellow Hue, that now spreads so widely among his Friends and tinges every Page in the *Delicacy of Friendship*, and many other Pamphlets, is entirely owing to a very different Cause.

Vide "Confusion Worse Confounded." P. 56.

I beg the Continuance of that Regard and Esteem, which you have been so kind as to express towards me: I will now tell you how highly I shall prize it. Your Friend above-mentioned, the Author of the Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship, has stopped my Mouth, and makes me very cautious about saying any Thing that may be construed into Flattery, or Fear of you. I call him your Friend, because I suppose he pretends to be so. What your Opinion of him is, I cannot tell; but I think you owe him little Thanks for his Pains. He has at least shewn more Zeal than Discretion in the Undertaking, and more malevolent Wit than good Sense or honest Intention in the Performance;

Performance; the manifest Tendency of which is to sow Strife, and to foment Discord, and its natural Effects, if it has any, must be to lessen the Numbers of those, who wish well to you and your Designs: And I say so much of it in Order to assure you, that it will not have that Effect with me.

“Lowth’s Letter to Warburton, dated
Winchester Sept. 9, 1756.”

You speak your Sentiments of the Author and Pamphlet on the *Delicacy of Friendship*: Allow me to tell you mine. You make it a Kind of Question, whether he be my Friend. This is natural. Your Notion of the Commerce amongst learned Men, in Letters, may make you a little dazzled with such a Friendship in the Commerce of Life. The Author (if I know who was the Author, for the Pamphlet was published before I had so much as heard of its Contents) is a Man of very superior Talents, of Genius, Learning, and Virtue, indeed a principal Ornament of the Age he lives in: So that was I to wish a Blessing to a Man, I was most obliged to, I could not wish him a greater than the Friendship of such a Person. And I not only hold myself highly honoured, and obliged to him for this Mark of his good Will towards me, but think the Discourse very serviceable to Men of Letters, if they would condescend to make a proper Use of it. He tries in the finest Irony in the World, to shame them out of that detestable Turn of Mind, which either out of low Envy, or out of mean and base Apprehensions dare not do it, for Fear of its being unacceptable to their Superiors. The only Thing blameable, and which by the Way, is the only real Ground of Offence, is his extravagant Commendation of me. And if the Generosity, and *immoderate* Warmth of a friendly Heart will not excuse him, (as it would be a Wonder if so unexperienced a Thing should) I know myself so well, as to be conscious that he has nothing better to urge.

“Dr. Warburton’s Letter to Dr. Lowth, dated
Prior Park, Sept. 17, 1756.”

I remember

I remember to have met with a Passage in a certain Writer which is not at all favourable to the Grammarians. ἐμοὶ πρὸς φιλοσόφους ἐστὶ Φιλία· πρὸς μὲν τοὶ σοφιστὰς ἢ γραμματιστὰς ἢ τοῖσιν γένος ἕτερον ἀνθρώπων κακοδαμόνων, ἕτερον νῦν ἐστὶ Φιλία, μήτε ὑπερόν ποτε γένοιτο.

“ My Friendship I bestow upon Philosophers : As to Sophists, little Grammarians, and such Sort of Scoundrels and Cacodæmons, I neither have, nor ever will have any Regard for them.”

The Man abhors Grammarians ; and Grammars, I suppose. But who is the Author of this Bit of Greek ? An extraordinary Person, I assure you ; a Projector, a Visionnaire, a Linguist by Inspiration, a Crack, a Conjuror—in short, Apollonius Tyanensis. He is the Man ; and the Grammarians account it no Disgrace to be vilified by a Mountebank.

Jortin's Life of Erasmus, Note, P. 604.

Vid. Apollon : Epist: prim. P. 385. Philostrat. Edit. Olear.

Extracts from “ A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Lowth, occasioned by his late Letter to the Right Revd. Author of the Divine Legation of Moses. By the Author of Essays on the Characteristics. 8vo. 1766.

“ The three following Letters contain a particular Proof that I have been unreserved in declaring my Opinion of other Men's Writings, though in Opposition to the known Sentiments of Dr. Warburton. The Copy which I have of them is without Date, but this is sufficiently fixed by the Time when the Pamphlet “ *On the Delicacy of Friendship* ” was published ; for they were written a few Weeks after that Publication.

“ The first was written, in Substance, I believe, to two or three different Friends. As it contains nothing but my Opinion of a Book, it is needless to give their Names : It is only introduced, as being explanatory of the two which follow. It runs thus” :

Dear

Dear Sir,

**** Here is a Pamphlet lately published intituled "*On the Delicacy of Friendship*", which has alarmed me not a little: The more, because it is by some attributed to me: By others to ****, or ****. The Composition would certainly do Honour to any of us: **** Whoever he (*the Author*) be, though I honour his Zeal for his Friend, yet had I been of the Council before it was published, I would have whispered this one Criticism in his Ear. "I think my Friend, you are in Danger of hurting Dr. W. as well as yourself by the Intemperance of your Zeal. For though **** has certainly offended, yet you so far over-rate his Offence, and your consequential Accusations rise so far beyond it; that the Offence which if more gently touched would have seemed considerable in the Eyes of the World, will, by these Aggravations, apparently groundless, sink into nothing in the Opinion of Mankind." If you should ever come to the Knowledge of the Author, pray let him read what I have written.

I am, &c.

J. B.

The two following were written by me to the Author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*. They were occasioned by this Pamphlet "*On the Delicacy of Friendship*." Concerning which I frankly communicated my Opinion, as above to Dr. Warburton: Our Sentiments were different on this Subject. The Debate was maintained with some Warmth on both Sides; but I must here do his Lordship the Justice to say, that far from expecting any mean Compliance on my Part, our Friendship and Correspondence continued unbroken as before. Whatever hath any essential Tendency to my present Vindication is as follows; and is now published with the Consent of the Bishop of Gloucester:

**** I was, indeed, alarmed at being told **** of this Pamphlet and of my being its supposed Author. The Reason why I was thus alarmed was, because the Account I had
of

of it * * * * would have alarmed the most sanguine of your Friends, who were as ignorant of it as I was. I am sure it would only give you Pain, should I tell you the Particulars of this Account; and therefore I forbear it. I do not think of this Pamphlet as the World does: I think more favourably. I told you what I think, and I protest it is not in my Power to think otherwise.

I am conscious to myself of meaning disinterestedly towards you. I dare to sacrifice any Interest in your Behalf: I know I *dare* do it, because I know I *have* done it: But I confess I dare not sacrifice my Reason. I am persuaded this is not the Price at which you would have me buy your Friendship; I am sure you are of too noble a Mind to attempt to enslave me; I believe you are as incapable of attempting, as I am of submitting to it. If so, then certainly there must many Incidents occur, in which Allowance must be made for Variety of Judgments.

I am, Dear Sir, &c.

J. B.

The following was written by me to the same Person, about the same Time.

* * * * * I am glad, upon the whole, that I have had this Opportunity of speaking my free Thoughts to you upon this Matter; and from what I know of the Openness and Generosity of your Temper, am persuaded you cannot take it amiss, though I should be mistaken in some Particulars. My Esteem for you, and my Obligations to you I am proud to take all Opportunities of declaring, and shall to the last Hour of my Life. At the same Time, I must act the Part of a Man, and vindicate myself from every Thing that may have the least Tendency to debase my Character. In doing this, I reflect Honour to, at least I prevent Discredit from falling upon those who have distinguished me by their Regard. I would rise with the same Warmth in my Friend's Vindication as my own, upon an adequate Occasion; yet still, I would do it with Calmness, being persuaded that the blind Zeal of a well-meaning

meaning Friend may hurt a Man far more than the Hypocrisy of an Enemy.

I am, &c.

J. B.

MONTHLY REVIEW, for Oct. 1764, Page 305.

A Letter to the Revd. Dr. Thomas Leland, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in which his late Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence is criticized; and the Bishop of Gloucester's Idea of the Nature and Character of an inspired Language, as delivered in his Lordship's Doctrine of Grace, is vindicated from all the Objections of the learned Author of the Dissertation. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

This Letter-writer sets out thus ' I have read your Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence, and shall very readily, I dare say, be indulged in the Liberty I am going to take, of giving you my free Thoughts upon it. I shall do it with all the Regard that is due from one Scholar to another ; and even with all the Civility which may be required of ONE who hath his Reasons for addressing you in this public Manner, without a Name.'

Upon reading this, we were naturally led to expect a liberal, candid, and polite Letter, such as becomes one Gentleman to write to another ; but we soon found that this Letter-writer is either entirely ignorant of what is *due from one Scholar to another*, or never intended to keep his Promise. A Spirit of Insolence breaths through the whole Letter, with an academical Pertness, unworthy of a polite Scholar, and in an anonymous Writer, extremely mean and cowardly.

Whatever Advantage this Author, or his Admirers, may imagine he has over Dr. Leland in Point of Argument and critical *Acumen*, he is certainly much inferior to him in good Breeding. In Regard to the Merit of his Defence of the Bishop of Gloucester, we shall only say, that it is specious and plausible, but far from being solid and satisfactory. It would be to no Purpose to detain our Readers with a particular Account of what

what he has advanced ; such of them as have read the learned Prelate's Work, and are Judges of the Subject, must have formed their Opinion of it long before now.

It is incumbent on us, however, to give a Specimen of our Author's Manner of Writing, in Order to vindicate the Character we have given of it. We shall therefore lay before our Readers the Conclusion of this Letter, leaving them to determine whether it is or is not agreeable to the Beginning of it.

'I will not deny, says he, that the mere Justice due to a great Character, whom I found somewhat freely, not to say injuriously treated by you, was one Motive with me to hazard this Address to you. If I add another, it is such as I need not disown, and which you, of all Men, will be the last to object to, I mean a Motive of Charity towards yourself.

'I am much a Stranger to your Person, and, what it may perhaps be scarce decent for me to profess to you, even to your Writings. All I know of yourself is, what your Book tells me, that you are distinguished by an honourable Place and Office in the University of Dublin: And what I have heard of your Writings, makes me think favourably of a private Scholar, who, they say, employs himself in such Works of Learning and Taste, as are proper to instill a Reverence into young Minds for the best Models of ancient Eloquence. While you are thus creditably stationed, and thus usefully employed, I could not but feel some Concern for the Hurt you were likely to do yourself, by engaging in so warm and so unnecessary an Opposition to a Writer, as you characterize him, *of distinguished Eminence*. Time was, when even with us, on this Side the Water, the Novelty of this Writer's Positions, and the Envy, which ever attends superior Merit, disposed some warm Persons to open and prosecute, with many hard Words, the unpopular Cry against him, of his being a bold and *paradoxical* Writer. But Reflexion and Experience have quieted this Alarm. Men of Sense and Judgment have considered his Paradoxes as very harmless, nay as very sober and certain Truths; and even vie with each other in their Zeal for building upon them, as the surest Basis on which a just and rational Vindication of our common Religion can be raised. This is
the

the present State of Things with us, and especially, they say, in the Universities of this Kingdom.'

'It was, therefore, not without some Surprize, I found a Gentleman of Learning and Education revive, at such a Juncture, that stale and worn-out Topic, and disgrace himself by propagating this Clamour, of I know not what *paradoxical Boldness*, now long out of Date, in the much approved Writings of this great Prelate. Nor was the Dishonour to yourself the only Circumstance to be lamented. You were striving with all your Might to infuse Prejudices into the Minds of many ingenious and virtuous young Men, whom you would surely be sorry to mislead; and, who would owe you but little Thanks for prepossessing them with unfavourable Sentiments of such a Man and Writer as the Bishop of Gloucester, they will find, is generally esteemed to be.

'These, then, were the Considerations which induced me to employ an Hour or two of Leisure in giving your Book a free Examination. I have done it in as few Words as possible, and in a Manner which no reasonable and candid Man, I persuade myself, will disapprove. I know what Apologies may be requisite to the learned Bishop for a Stranger's engaging in this officious Task. But to you, Sir, I make none: It is enough if any Benefits to yourself or others may be derived from it.'

Such is the Regard which this Writer thinks is due from one Scholar to another. In what School he has learned his good Breeding few of our Readers need be told: That he is an apt Scholar, and zealous for the Honour of his Master, is abundantly evident.—We can by no Means, however, see the Justice of treating poor Dr. Leland in this unmerciful Manner. It is very possible, or rather, highly probable, he never heard that all Men of Sense and Judgment on this Side the Water, had acknowledged the Bishop of Gloucester as their only rightful literary Sovereign, 'and vied with each other in their Zeal of building upon his Paradoxes, as the surest Basis on which a just and rational Vindication of our common Religion can be raised.' Nay, supposing the Doctor to have heard this, and even supposing it to be true, we cannot see any Obligation the University of Dublin, or the Gentlemen of Ireland, are under

to acknowledge the learned Prelate's Authority; they deserve rather, it should seem, to be highly commended for their noble independent Spirit, in refusing to call any Man on Earth, MASTER.

But we shall conclude this Article with a fair Challenge to this Letter-Writer, as the only Way of answering his arrogant and presumptuous Assertions: If he will condescend to produce a List of those Men of Sense and Judgment, who vye with each other in Building upon the Bishop's Paradoxes, we will engage to produce a List of Men of Sense and Judgment, who are in very different Sentiments; and appeal to the impartial Public, which of the two Lists is most respectable.

CRITICAL REVIEW for April, 1765, Page 279,
An Answer to a Letter to the Reverend Dr. Thomas Leland, containing, An Examination of the Criticism on a late Dissertation on the Principles of Eloquence. In which is particularly shewn, that the Lord Bishop of Gloucester's Idea of the Character of an inspired Language, as delivered in his Doctrine of Grace, is acknowledged to be indefensible by the learned Vindicator. By Dr. Thomas Leland, D. D. 4to, Price 2s. 6d.

This Controversy gives us a lively Idea of a Preferment-hunting *toad eater*. A great Prelate who has many literary Qualifications; but, in that Part of Knowledge which regards Genius, is not perhaps the best Critic in England, happens to go out of his Depth, and while he is sinking, his *toad eater* tells him that he is treading good Ground; but, at the same Time offers him the Use of a Cork Jacket to keep him above Water.

We have already (see Vol. * 18.—P. 328) declared our Opinion, that Dr. Leland, in the Dispute between him and the officious Letter-writer who *pitted* himself as the Champion for the R. R. Prelate, has greatly the Advantage in this Controversy.

* The Reader will do well to read the masterly Pieces of Criticism upon Leland's Dissertation in the C. R. for July 1764, and upon the Letter to Dr. Leland in the same Review for November 1764. Edit.

ERRATA.

- P. 145. Note. for φιλόμοι read φιλόμοιοι, and transfer this quotation from Aristotle to the word *Similitude*, line 14. p. 146.
- P. 157. Text. Line 36. for *task Maker* read *Task-Master*
- P. 161. Line 6. for *barassed* read *barrassed*
- P. 163. Note. Line 6. for *bad* read *bas*
- P. 166. Line 11. for *personal* read *numerical*
- P. 171. Line 19. for τὰς read τῶς
- Ditto. Line ib. for γενηθέντας & γενήσαντες read γενηθέντας & γενήσαντες
- Ditto. Line 21. for ὡσπερ read ὅσπερ
- P. 177. Note. Line 6. for *profess* read *professed*
- P. 185. Line 3. for *abilities* read *ability*
- Ditto. Note. Line 28. for *this day* read *his day*
- Ditto. Note. Line 35. for *Connection*, read *Connections*
- P. 189. Note. Lines 7 & 8. for ἀπὸ Βαρβαρίων, read ἀμφὶ Βαρβαρίων.
- P. 192. Note. Line 5. for *antagonists* read *antagonist*.

ON THE
D E L I C A C Y
O F
F R I E N D S H I P.
A
SEVENTH DISSERTATION,

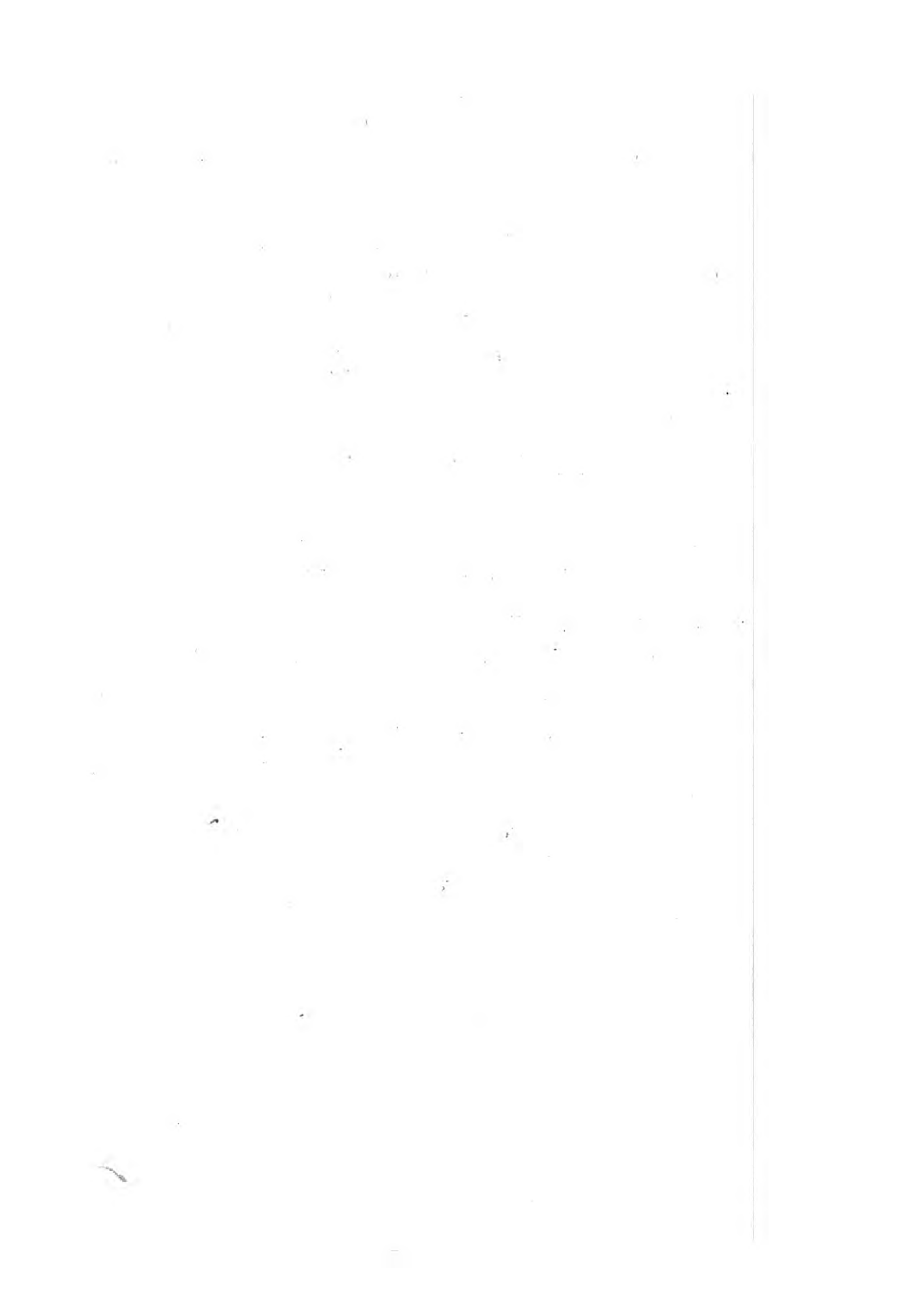
ADDRESSED TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE SIXTH.

*Si bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis speciem præbere professus Amicum.*

HOR.

First printed

1755.



A N
A D D R E S S

T O T H E

R E V E R E N D D R. J O R T I N.

R E V. S I R,

AS great an Admirer as I must profess myself of your Writings, I little expected that any of them would give me the Pleasure, that I have just now received from the last of your SIX DISSERTATIONS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

The other five have doubtless their distinct Merits But in this, methinks, I see an assemblage, a very Constellation, as it were, of all your Virtues, all that can recommend the Scholar or endear the Friend. This last, give me Leave to say, is so unusual a Part of a learned Man's Character, and appears with so peculiar a Lustre in this Discourse, that the Public will not be displeas'd to have it set before them in full View, and recommended to general Imitation, with a Frankness, which tho' it may somewhat disgust your own Delicacy, seems but very necessary on such an Occasion and in such Times.

I leave it to others therefore to celebrate the Happiness of your Invention, the Urbanity of your Wit, the Regularity of your Plan, the Address with which you conceal the Point you aim at in this Dissertation, and yet the Pains you take in seeming obliquely to make your Way to it. These and many other Beauties which your long Study of the Antients hath enabled you to bring into modern Composition, have been generally taken Notice of in your other Writings, and will find Encomiasts enough among the common Herd of your Readers. The Honour, I propose to do you by this Address is of another Kind; and as it lies a little remote from vulgar Apprehension, I shall have some Merit with you for displaying it as it deserves.

P

To

To come to a Point then, next to the total Want of Friendship, which one has too much Reason to observe and lament, in the great Scholars of every Age, nothing hath at any time disgusted me so much as the gross Indelicacy, with which they are usually seen to conduct themselves in their Expression of this Virtue.

I have by me a large Collection of the civil Things, which these lettered Friends have been pleased to say of one another, and it would amaze you to see with what an Energy and Force of Language they are delivered. One Thing I thought very remarkable, that the greater the Parts, and the more unquestioned the Learning and the Abilities of the Encomiast, just so much the stronger, that is to say, according to the usual Acceptation, just so much the more friendly are his Encomiums.

I have a great Example in my Eye. A Man for Instance hath a bosom FRIEND, whom he takes for a Person of the purest and most benevolent Virtue, presently he sets him down for such, and publisheth him to all the World.—Or he hath an Intimacy with an eminent POET: And no Regard to Decency, restrains him from calling him a great Genius, as Horace, you know, did his friend Virgil, almost to his Face. Or he is loved and honoured by a great LAWYER or two; and then before all the fine Things that have been said of your CICEROS, your SCÆVOLAS, or your HYDES are squandered away upon them. Or he hath perchance the Honour of being well with a great CHURCHMAN, much famed for his Political and Religious Services; down he goes at once for a Lover of his Country, and the Scourge of Infidels and Free-thinkers, with as little Reserve as if he had a JEROM or a Father PAUL to celebrate. Or once or twice in his Life it hath been his Fortune to be distinguished by great Ministers. Such Occasions are rare. And therefore a little Gratitude, we will say is allowable. But can any Thing be said for abominable formal *Dedications*? Or lastly, he thinks he sees some sparks of Virtue, even in his ordinary Acquaintance, and these, as fast as he observes them he gathers up, and sticks, on the first Occasion, in some or other of his immortal Volumes.

O DOCTOR

O DOCTOR JORTIN! if you did but see half the Extravagances, I have collected of this Sort in the single Instance of one Man, you would stand aghast at this Degree of Corruption in the learned World, and would begin to apprehend something of your great Merit in this seasonable Endeavour to put a Stop to its Progress.

And what above all grieves me is, that this is no novel Invention; for then it might well have ranked with the other Arguments of Degeneracy so justly chargeable on the present Times; but the all-accomplished Ancients themselves have, to own the Truth, set the Example.

I took Notice just now, of the *INGENIUM INGENS* of Horace. The other Poets of that Time abound in these fulsome Encomiums. But I am even shocked to think that such Men as *CICERO* and *PLINY*, Men so perfect as they were in the Commerce of the World, and from their Station, so practised in all the Decencies of Conversation, were far gone in this Folly. And yet there are, in Truth, more Instances of this Weakness in their Writings, than in those of any modern I can readily call to Mind.

Something I know hath been said in Excuse of this illiberal Manner, from the *VIEWS* and *CHARACTERS* and *NECESSITIES* of those that use it. And my unfeigned Regard for the Professors of Learning, makes me willing that any Thing they have to offer for themselves should be fairly heard.

They say then, and with some Appearance of Truth, that as all the Benefit they propose to themselves by their Labours, is for the most Part nothing more than a little Fame (which, whether good or bad, as the Poet observes,

———begins and ends

In the small Circle of our Foes, or Friends.)

They think it hard to be denied this slender Recompence, which each expects in his Turn, and should therefore be not unwilling to pay to others.

They further alledge, that as they are generally *plain Men*, much given to speak their Minds, and quite unpractised in the Arts of that chaste Reserve and delicate Self-denial, to which some few of their Order have happily habituated themselves, they hope to be forgiven so natural an Infirmary, to

which the Circumstances of their Situation and Character fatally expose them.

But lastly they say, this Practice is in a Manner forced upon them by the *Malignity of the Times*. Let a learned Man, deserve ever so well of the Public, none but those who are known to be of his Acquaintance think themselves at all concerned to take Notice of his Services. Especially this is observed to be the constant Humour of our Country Men, who rarely speak well of any but their Friends, as our Polite Neighbours rarely speak ill of any but their Enemies. Now this malevolent Disposition of the Learned makes it necessary, they pretend, that such of them as are connected by any Bond of Friendship should be indulged the greater Liberty of commending one another. Unless you will utterly exclude all Intercourse of Praise and Panegyric from human Society, which they humbly conceive may be attended with some few Inconveniences. To strengthen this last Observation they even add that the Public is usually more shy in bestowing its Praises, on Writers of eminent and superior Merit than on Others. As well knowing I suppose, that Posterity will make them ample Amends for any Mortification they may meet with at present, and that in the mean Time they are more than sufficiently honoured by the constant Railings and Invectives of the Dunces. Lastly they observe that in the more frivolous and easy Kinds of Learning such for Instance as are conversant about the Collation of M.S.S. the Rectification of POINTS, and the Correction of LETTERS, the general and approved Custom is for all Professors of this Class, whether Friends or Enemies, to cry up each other as much as they please, and that it is even reckoned a Piece of Incivility not to preface a Citation from ever so insignificant a Dealer, in verbal Criticism with some superlative Appellation. And why, say they, should these Nibblers of old Books “*these Word-catchers that live on Syllables*” be indulged in this Amplitude of Expression to one another, when they who furnish the Materials on which the Spawn of these Vermin are to feed in after Ages, are denied the little Satisfaction of a more sizeable, as well as a more deserved Praise?

I have

I have not been afraid, you see, to set the Arguments of these unhappy Advocates for themselves in as strong a Light as they will bear, because I can easily trust your Sagacity to find out a full and decisive Answer to them.

In the *first* Place, you will refer these Idolaters of FAME, for their better Information, to that curious Discourse on this Subject, which makes the *fourth* of the present Collection. Next, you will tell them that you by no Means intend to deprive them of their just Praise, but that they must not set up for Judges in their own Case, and presume to think how much of it they have Reason to look for from their Friends. You will further signify to them, that the truest Office of Friendship is to be sparing of Commendation, lest it awaken the Envy of a malicious World; that there is a Kind of Fascination in Praise, which wise Men have been justly suspicious of in all Ages; and that a Grain or two from those who are not used to be prodigal of this Incense, is an Offering of no small Value. But chiefly and lastly, you will give them to understand, that true Honour is seated not in the Mouths but Hearts of Men; and that for any Thing they know, one may be forced to entertain the highest possible Esteem of their Virtues, though for their Sakes, and for other wise Reasons, one has that virtuous Command of one's Tongue and Pen, as not to acquaint them with it.

Then, as to the *Plainness* and *Openness* of Mind, which is said to make a Part in the Composition of a Man of Letters, you will tell them that this is the very Foible you most lament, and most wish them to correct: That it exposes them to much Censure, and many other Inconveniencies; that this Frankness of Disposition makes them bestow their Praises on those whom the World has no such Esteem for, or whom it would rather see left in Obscurity and Oblivion; that they often disgust their Betters by this Proceeding, who have their Reasons for desiring that a Cloud may remain on the Characters of certain obnoxious and dangerous Writers; that by such warm and unmanaged Commendations they become Partners, as it were, of their ill Deserts; that they even make themselves answerable for their future Conduct; which is a Matter of so very nice a Consideration, that the great Master of Life, though he

had not the Virtue always to act up to his own Maxim, delivers it for a Precept of special Use in the Commerce of the World,

QUALEM COMMENDES ETIAM ATQUE ETIAM ADSPICE.

For it signifieth nothing in the Case before us, whether the Recommendation be to a Patron or the Public.

For all these Reasons you will assure them that this ill Habit of speaking their Mind on all Occasions, just as Nature and blind Friendship dictate, is that which more than any Thing else exposes them to the Contempt of knowing and considerate Men.

Lastly, with Regard to that other frivolous Plea taken from the Malignity of Mankind, and even those of their own Family and Profession, you will convince them that this is totally a Mistake, that the World is ready enough to take Notice of superior Eminence in Letters, that it is even apt to grow extravagant in its Admiration, and that this Humour of the Public is itself a Reason for that Reserve with which their Friends, if they truly merit that Name, ought to conduct themselves towards them: that this Splendour of Reputation, which is so generally the Consequence of distinguishing Learning, requires to be allayed and softened by the discreet Management of those who wish them well, lest it not only grow offensive to weak Eyes, but dazzle their own with too fond an Imagination of their own Importance, and so relax the Ardour of their Pursuits, or betray them into some unseemly Ostentation of their just Merits. You will further suggest, that great Atchievements in Letters, are sufficiently recompenced by the silent Complacency of self Esteem and of a good Conscience; while lesser Services demand to be brought out and magnified to the public Eye for the due Encouragement and Consolation of those, who would otherwise have but small Reason to be satisfied with themselves. You might even observe, that Silence itself is often a full Acknowledgement of superior Desert, especially when personal Obligations, as well as other Reasons, might provoke them to break through it. In such Cases it is

to be understood, that if a Friend be sparing of his good Word, it is in Violence to his Inclination, and that nothing but the tender Apprehension of pushing an acknowledged Merit too far, witholds him from giving a public Testimony to it. But in Conclusion, you will not omit to set them right with Regard to one Material mistake in this Matter; that whereas they complain of the superior Estimation in which the Professors of verbal Criticism are held amongst us, whom with a strange Malignity they affect to represent as the very lowest Retainers to Science; you, and all true Scholars, on the other hand, maintain that the study of Words is the most useful and creditable of all others, and that this genuine class of learned Men, have Reason to pride themselves in their objected, but truly glorious Character of VERBAL CRITICS.

And now Sir, having seen how little can be said in Justification of that offensive Custom which the learned have some how taken up of directly applauding one another, I come to the more immediate Purpose of this Address, which was to shew how singularly happy you have been in avoiding this great Vice, and to take Occasion from the Example you have now set us, to recommend the contrary Virtue to the Imitation of others.

I am sensible there are some Difficulties to be encountered at setting out. A generous Mind will probably feel some Reluctance, at first, to the Scheme of suppressing his natural Feelings, and of with-holding from his Friend that just tribute of Praise which many others perhaps are but too willing should be with-held from him. But all Scruples of this Sort will be got over when the full Merit of your Example hath been considered; I mean when the Inducements you had to give into the common Weakness on this occasion come to be fairly drawn out; by which it will be clearly seen that you have the Glory of setting a Precedent of the most heroic Magnanimity and self Denial, and that nothing can possibly be urged in the case of any other, which you have not triumphantly gotten the better of in your own.

I observe it to your Honour, Sir, you have ventured on the same ground in this famous Dissertation, which hath been trodden by the most noted, at least, of our present Writers. But

this is not enough. It will be of moment to consider a little more particularly the *Character* of the Person whom you chuse to follow or rather nobly emulate in this Route. And lest you should think I have any Design to lessen the Merit of your Conduct towards him by giving it in my cool Way, take it from one of those warm Friends who never balk their Humour in this Sort of Commendations. Upon asking him what he thought of the learned Person's Character, and telling him the Use I might perhaps make of his Opinion in this Address to you, he began in a very solemn Way.

“ The Author of the D. L. says he is a Writer whose Genius
 “ and Learning have so far subdued Envy itself, (though it ne-
 “ ver rose fiercer against any Man, or in more various and gro-
 “ tesque Shapes) that every Man of Sense now esteems him the
 “ Ornament, and every good Man the blessing of these Times.”

Hold, said I, my good Friend, I did not mean to put your Eloquence to the Stretch for this Panegyric on his *intellectual* Endowments, which I am very ready to take upon Trust, and, to say the Truth, have never heard violently run down by any but very prejudiced or very dull Men. His moral Qualities are those I am most concerned for.

“ His *moral*, resumed he hastily, shine forth as strongly
 “ from all his *Writings* as the other, and are those which I
 “ have ever revered most. Of these his Love of Letters and
 “ of Virtue; his Veneration of great and good Men; his Deli-
 “ cacy of Honour in not assuming to himself or depressing the
 “ Merit of others; his Readiness to give their Due to all Men of
 “ real Desert whose Principles he opposes, even to the fastidious
 “ scoffing Lord SHAFTESBURY, and the licentious BAYLE;
 “ but above all, his Zeal for Religion and for Truth, these are
 “ Qualities, which, as often as I look into his Volumes, attract
 “ my Admiration and Esteem. Nor is this Enumeration, tho'
 “ it be far from complete, made at Random. I could illustrate
 “ each of these Virtues by various Instances, taken from his
 “ Works, were it not that the person you mean to Address is
 “ more conversant in them, and more ready, I may presume,
 “ to do him Justice on any fitting Occasion than myself. The
 “ Liberty indeed he takes of dissenting from many great Names
 “ is

“ is considerable, as well as of Speaking his free Thoughts of
 “ the Writers for whom he hath no Esteem. But the *one* he
 “ doth with that Respect and Deference, and the *other* with
 “ that Reason and Justice, and *both* with that ingenuous Open-
 “ nefs and Candour, the Characteristics of a truly great Mind,
 “ that they whom he opposes cannot be angry, and they whom
 “ he censures, are not misused. I mention this the rather on ac-
 “ count of the Clamor which has so frequently been raised
 “ against the Freedom and Severity of his Pen. But there is no
 “ Mystery in the Case. No dead Writer is so bad but he has
 “ some Advocates, and no living one so contemptible but he has
 “ some Friends. And the Misfortune is, that while the present
 “ Generation is too much prejudiced to do him right, Posterity,
 “ to whom the Appeal of Course lies, are not likely to have it
 “ in their Power to rejudge the Cause; the Names and Wri-
 “ tings, he most undervalues, being such as are hastening, it
 “ seems, to that Oblivion which is prepared for such Things.”

“ These continued he, are some of the obvious Qualities of
 “ the WRITER, and for the personal Virtues of the MAN.—But
 “ here I may well refer you to DR. JORTIN himself, who will take
 “ a Pleasure to assure you, that his private Character is not less
 “ respectable than his public; or rather, if the one demands our
 “ Veneration, that the other must secure our Love. And yet
 “ why rest the Matter on the Credit of one, when all his Ac-
 “ quaintance agree in this, that he is the easiest in his Conver-
 “ sation, the frankest and most communicative, the readiest to
 “ do all good Offices; in short the friendliest and most generous
 “ of Men.”

Thus far our zealous Friend. And though I know how much
 you agree with him in your Sentiments, I dare say you cannot
 but smile at so egregious a Specimen of the high *complimentary*
Manner. But though one is not to expect an Encomiast of this
 Class will be very sensible of any Defects in the Person, he cele-
 brates, yet it cannot be disowned that this magnified Man hath
 his Foibles as well as another. I will be so fair as to enumerate
 some of them.

As he is conscious of *intending* well, and even greatly in his
 learned Labors, he is rather disposed to think himself injured
 by

by malicious Slanders and gross Misrepresentations. And then as he hath abundantly too much Wit, especially for a great Divine, he is apt to say such Things, as tho' dull Men do not well comprehend, they see Reason enough to take Offence at. Besides, he doth not sufficiently consult his Ease or his Interest by the Observance of those Forms and Practices which are in Use amongst the prudent Part of his own Order. This no Doubt begets a reasonable Disgust. And even his Friends, I observe, can hardly restrain their Censure of so great a Singularity.

“ He is so much in his Study, they say, that he hardly allows himself Time to make his Appearance at a Levee. Not considering that *illud unum ad laudem cum labore directum iter qui probaverunt prope jam soli in Scholis sunt relictum.*” These Infirmities it must be owned, are very notorious in him; to which it might be added that he is very indiscreet, sometimes, in the Topics and Turn of his Conversation. His Zeal for his FRIEND is so immoderate, that he takes fire even at the most distant Reflection that he hears cast upon him. And I doubt no Consideration could withhold him from contradicting any Man, let his Quality and Station be what it would, that should hazard a Joke, or an Argument, in his Company, against RELIGION.

I thought it but just to take Notice of these Weaknesses. And there may perhaps be some others, which I do not now recollect. Yet on the whole, I will not deny that he may fairly pass for an able, a friendly, and even amiable Man.

This Person then, such as he is, such at least as the Zealots represent and you esteem him, you have the Pleasure to call your FRIEND: Report says too, that he has more than a common Right to this Title: That he has won it by many real Services done to yourself. How doth the Consciousness of all this fire you! and what Pains do I see you take to restrain that impatient Gratitude which would relieve itself by breaking forth in the Praises of such a Friend!

And yet—in Spite of all these Incitements from *Esteem*, from *Friendship*, and from *Gratitude*, which might prompt you to some Extravagance of Commendation, such is the Command

mand you have of yourself, and so nicely do you understand what belongs to this Intercourse of learned Friends, that in the Instance before us you do not, I think, appear to have exceeded the modest Proportion even of a temperate and chaste Praise.

I assure you, Sir, I am so charmed with the Beauty of this Conduct, that tho' it may give your Modesty some Pain, I cannot help uniting the several Parts of it, and presenting the entire Image to you in one Piece.

I meddle not with the Argument of your elaborate Dissertation. It is enough that your Readers know it to be the same with that of another famous one in the D. L. They will know then that among the various Parts of that Work none was so likely, as this, to extort your Applause. For it is universally, I suppose, agreed that, for a point in classical Criticism, there is not the Man living who hath a keener Relish for it than yourself. And the general Opinion is, that your honoured Friend hath a Sort of Talent for this Kind of Writing. Some Persons, I know have talked at a strange Rate. One or two I once met with, were for setting him much above the modern, and on a level, at least, with the best of the old Critics. But this was going too far, as may appear to any one that hath but attentively read and understood what the judicious Mr. UPTON, and the learned Mr. EDWARDS have, in their various Books and Pamphlets, well and solidly, and with great Delight to many discerning persons, written on this subject. Yet still I must needs think him considerably above MINELLIUS and FARNABY; and almost equal to old SERVIUS himself, that perhaps one doth not find in him the singular *Ingenuity*¹ you admire in the last of these Critics.

But be this as it will, it seems pretty well agreed that the learned Person, tho' so great a Divine, is a very competent Judge, and no mean Proficient in classical Criticism. There are many Specimens and Talents in this Way dispersed thro' the large and miscellaneous Work of the D. L. But the greatest Effort of his Genius, they say, is seen in the Explanation of

¹ Disc. VI. p. 259.

the 6th Book of the *Ænëis*. And with all its Defects, I can easily perceive you were so struck with it, that it was with the utmost Reluctance you found yourself obliged by the Regard, which every honest Critic owes to Truth, and by the superior Delicacy of your purpose, to censure and expose it.

Another Man, I can easily imagine, would have said to himself before he had entered on this Task, “ This fine Commentary, which sets the most finished Part of the *Ænëis*, and indeed the whole Poem in so new, and so advantageous a Light, tho’ not an Essential in it, is yet a considerable Ornament of a justly admired Work. The Author too is my particular Friend; a Man the farthest of all others, from any Disposition to lessen the Reputation of those he loves; the subject hath been well nigh exhausted by him; and the Remarks I have to offer on his Scheme, are not, in Truth, of that Consequence as to make it a Point of Duty, for me to lay aside the usual Regards of Friendship on their Account. And though HE hath Greatness of Mind enough not to resent this Liberty, his impatient and ill-judging Friends will be likely to take Offence at it. The Public itself, as little biaſſed as it seems to be in his Favor, may be even scandalized at an Attempt of this Nature, to which no important Interests of Religion or Learning seem to oblige me.

After this Manner I say would a common Man have been apt to Reason with himself. But you, Sir, understand the *Rights* of literary Freedom, and the *Offices* of sacred Friendship at another Rate. The *one* authorize us to deliver our Sentiments on any Point of Literature without Reserve. And the *other* will not suffer you to dishonour the Man you Love, or require you to sully the Purity of your own Virtue, by a vicious and vulgar Complaisance.

Or to give the Account of the whole Matter in your own memorable Words.

The 6th Book of the *Ænëis*, you observe, tho’ the most finished Part of the XII. is certainly obscure. “ Here then is a Field open for Criticism, and all of us, who attempt to explain and illustrate Virgil, have Reason to HOPE that we
“ may

“ may make some *Discoveries*, and to fear that we may fall
 “ into some *Mistakes*; and this should induce us to conjecture
 “ with *Freedom*, to propose with *Diffidence*, and to dissent
 “ with *Civility*. ’Αγαθὴ δ’ ἐπίς ἠδὲ βροτοῖσι,” quoth old He-
 fiod. ²

Which shall I most admire, the Dignity, the Candour, or
 the Prudence that shine forth in this curious Paragraph,
 which stands as a Sort of Preface to the Refutation, as no Doubt
 you designed it, of your Friend’s Work? “ *You have Reason*
 “ *to hope* that, after the unsuccessful Efforts of the Author of
 the D. L. *You may make some Discoveries.*” In this Declara-
 tion some may esteem you too sanguine. But I see nothing in
 it but a Confidence very becoming a Man of your Talent at
 a *Discovery*, and of your Importance in the literary World.
 You add indeed, as it were to temper this Boldness, that
 “ *You have Reason to fear too that you may fall into some Mis-*
 “ *takes.*” This was rather too modest; only it would serve,
 at the same Time to intimate to your Friend what he had
 to expect from the following Detection of his Errors. But
 you lead us to the Consequence of these Principles. “ *They*
 “ *should induce us, you say, TO CONJECTURE WITH FREE-*
 “ *DOM.*” Doubtless. And the Dignity of your Character
 is seen in taking it. For shall the Authority or Friendship of
 any Man stand in the Way of my Conjectures?

———*scilicet, ut non*

Sit mihi prima fides; et verè quod placet ut non
Acrius elatrem!

———“ TO PROPOSE WITH DIFFIDENCE.”

Certainly very *prudent*, especially for one Sort of *free Con-*
jecturers; and, by the Way, no bad Hint to the Person you
 glance at, whose Vice it is thought to be, above that of most
 other Writers, never to trouble himself with composing a Book
 on any Question, of whose Truth he is not previously and
 firmly convinced—“ AND TO DISSENT WITH CIVILITY.”

² Dif. VI. P. 251.

A *candid* Insinuation which amounts to this, "That when a
 " Writer hath done his best to shew his Learning and his Wit,
 " the Man at whose Expence it is, especially if he be a Friend,
 " is in Consideration of such Services, not to take it amiss."

I have been the freer to open the Meaning of this introductory Paragraph, because it lets us into the Spirit with which you mean to carry yourself in this learned Contention. For a *Contention* it is to be, and to good Purpose too, if old Hesiod be any Authority. Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἠδὲ βροτοῖσι, quoth old Hesiod. Though to make the Application quite pat, the Maxim should have run thus Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἠδὲ Φιλοῖσι, which I do not find in old Hesiod.

However the Reason of the Thing extends to both. And as *Friends* after all are but Men, and sometimes none of the best neither, what need for standing on this Distinction?

Yet still the Question returns "Why so cool in the Entrance of this friendly Debate? Where had been the Hurt of a little amicable Parlying before Daggers drawing? If a Man in the true Spirit of ancient Chivalry, will needs break a Lance with his Friend, he might give him good Words at least, and shake Hands with him before the Onset. Something of this Sort might have been expected, were it only to save the Reputation of "*dissenting with Civility.*"

Now in Answer to this Question, which comes indeed to the Point, and which I hear asked in all Companies, I reply with much Confidence, *first*, that the very Foundation of it is laid in certain high fantastic Notions about the Duties of Friendship, and in that vicious Habit of Civility that hath so long been prevalent among learned Friends, both which Props and Pillars of the Cause I may presume with great Modesty to have entirely overturned.

But *secondly*, and chiefly I say, that the whole is an arrant Misrepresentation; for that you have indeed proceeded in this Affair, with all that Civility and even Friendliness that could in Reason be expected from you: I mean so far as the Sobriety and *Retenüe*, as the French term it (it is plain the Virtue hath not been very common amongst us from our having no Name to call it by) of a true critical Friendship will allow.

Now

Now there are several Ways by which a Writer's Civility to his Friend may appear without giving into the formal Way of Address: Just as there are several Ways of expressing his Devotion to his Patron, without observing the ordinary Forms of Dedication; of which to note it by the Way, the latest and best Instances I have met with, are "A certain Thing prefatory to a learned Work, entitled, *The Elements of Civil Law*" and "Those curious two little Paragraphs prefixed to *The six Dissertations on Different Subjects*."

You see the Delicacy of the Learned is improving in our Days in more Respects than one. And take my Word for it, you have contributed your Share to this good Work. For as you began, so you conclude your Volume with a Master-stroke of Address, which will deserve the Acknowledgment and Imitation of all your Brethren, as I now proceed distinctly and with great Exactness of Method to unfold.

The FIRST Way of distinguishing a learned Friend without incurring the Guilt of downright Compliment, is *by writing on the same Subject with him*. This is an obvious Method of paying one's Court to a great Writer. For it is in Effect telling him that the public Attention is raised to the Argument he hath been debating; and that his Credit hath even brought it into such Vogue, that any Prate on the same Subject is sure of a favourable Reception. This I can readily suppose to have been your first Motive for engaging in this Controversy. And the Practice is very frequent. So when a certain Edition of SHAKESPEARE appeared, though it had been but the Amusement of the learned Editor, every Body went to Work, in good Earnest on the great Poet, and the Public was presently over-run with Editions, and Criticisms, and Illustrations of him. Thus too it fared with the several Subjects treated in the D. L. Few were competent Judges of the main Argument, or disposed to give it a candid Interpretation. But every Smatterer had something to say to this or that occasional Disquisition. Thus SYKES and STEBBING grew immortal, and as the Poet says truly, *in their own Despite*. And what but some faint Glimmering of this *bright Reverfon*, which we will charitably hope may be still kept in Reserve for them, could

could put it into the Heads of such Men as WORTHINGTON, H. G. C. and PETERS, to turn Critics and Commentators on the Book of JOB ?

SECONDLY, Though I acknowledge the full Merit of this Way of treating a learned Friend, I am rather more taken with another, which is that of *writing against him*. For this demonstrates the Esteem one hath of the Author's Work, not only as it may seem to imply a little generous Rivalry, or, indeed, Envy, from which Infirmary a truly learned Spirit is seldom quite free, but as it shews the Answerer thought it worth *writing against*; which, let me assure you, is no vulgar Compliment, as many living Writers can testify, who to this Hour are sadly lamenting that their Ill-fortune hath never permitted them to rise to this Distinction. Now, in this View of the Matter, I must take Leave to think that you have done a very substantial Honour to the Author of the famous *Discourse on the VIth Book of Virgil*, in levelling so long and so elaborate a Disputation against him. And he of all other Men ought to be of my Mind, who to my certain Knowledge hath never done thus much for one in a Hundred of those learned Persons whose principal End in commencing Writers against him was to provoke him to this Civility.

But then, THIRDLY, this Compliment of *writing against* a great Author may be conveyed with that Address, that he shall not appear, I mean to any but the more Sagacious and Discerning, to be *written against* at all. This curious Feat of *Leger-de-main* is performed by *glancing at his Arguments without so much as naming the Person or referring to him*. This I account the most delicate and flattering of all the Arts of literary Address, as it expresseth all the Respect, I have taken Notice of under the preceding Article, heightened with a certain Awe and Fear of Offence, which to a liberal Mind, I should think must be perfectly irresistible. It is with much Pleasure I observe many Examples of this Kind in your truly candid Dissertation, where without the least Reference, or under the slight Cover of—*some Friends of Virgil say*³—*some Commen-*

³ P. 296.

tators have thought, ⁴—*Virgil's Friends suppose* ⁵—and the like, you have dextrously and happily slid in a Censure of some of your Friend's principal Reasonings. But to be impartial, though you manage this Matter with admirable Grace, the Secret is in many Hands. And whatever be the Cause, hath been more frequently employed in the Case of the Author of the D. L. than any other. I could mention at least a Dozen famous Writers, who, like the Flatterers of Augustus, don't chuse to look him full in the Face, but artfully intimate their Reverence of him by indiscreet Glances. If I single out one of these from all the rest, it is only to gratify the Admirers of a certain eminent PROFESSOR, who, as an Oxford Friend writes me Word, hath many delightful Instances of this Sort in his very edifying Discourses on the HEBREW POETRY.

FOURTHLY, Another Contrivance of near Affinity to this, is, when you oppose his Principles indeed, but *let his Arguments quite alone*. Of this Management a wary Reader will discover many Traces in your obliging Discourse. And can any Thing be more generous than to ease a Man of the Shame of seeing his own Reasonings confuted, or even produced when the Writer's Purpose requires him to pay no Regard to them? Such Tenderness I think, though it is pretended to by others, can of Right belong only to the true Friend. But your Kindness knows no Bounds. For,

FIFTHLY, Though you find yourself sometimes obliged to produce and confute his Reasonings, *you take Care to furnish him with better of your own*. The Delicacy of this Conduct lies in the good Opinion which is insinuated of the Writer's Conclusion, and in the Readiness which you show to support it even in Spite of himself. There is a choice Instance in that Part of your Discourse, where agreeing with your Friend that the Punishments of *Tartarus* are properly *eternal*, you reject his Reason for that Conclusion, but supply him with many others in its Stead.

“ This alone will not prove the Eternity of Punishments, “ for, &c.—But if to this you add the Platonic Doctrine,

⁴ P. 255.

⁵ P. 296.

“ that

“ that very wicked Spirits were never released from *Tartarus*. AND the Silence of *Virgil* as to any Dismission from that Jail, and the Censure of the *Epicureans*, who objected to religious Systems the Eternity of Punishments,

“ *Æternas quoniam pœnas in morte timendum;*

“ AND the general Doctrine of the Mythologists, AND the Opinion of *Servius*, that *Virgil* was to be taken in this Sense, we may conclude that the Punishments in his *Tartarus* were probably eternal⁶.”

Never let Men talk after this of the Niggardliness of your Friendship, when, though you take from him with one Hand, you restore him five-fold with the other.

After such an overflow of Goodness, nothing I can now Advance will seem incredible. I take upon me to affirm therefore,

SIXTHLY, That it is a mere Calumny to say that you have contented yourself, though you very well might with mere *negative* Encomiums. You can venture on occasion to quote, from your *Friend in Form*, and as it should seem with some *apparent* *Approbation*. An Instance is now before me. You cite what the Author of the *D. L.* says of “ *the Transformation of the Ships into Sea Deities*, by which says he *Virgil* would insinuate, I suppose, the great Advantage of cultivating a Naval Power, such as extended Commerce and the Dominion of the Ocean : Which in Poetical Language is becoming *Deities of the Sea.*”

To which you add “ in *Favour* of this Opinion it may be observed, that *Augustus* owed his Empire in a great Measure to his Naval Victories.”⁷

Now can any thing be civiler than this, or more expressive of that amiable Turn of Mind, which disposes a Man to help forward a lame Argument of his Friend, and give it the needful Support of his Authority ? For it hath been delivered as a Maxim by the nice Observers of Decorum, that wherever you would compliment another on his Opinion, you should always endeavour to add something of your own that may insinuate at

⁶ P. 261.

⁷ P. 253.

least some little Defect in it. This Management takes off the Appearance of *Flattery*, a Vice which the Latin Writers, alluding to this Frequency of unqualified Assent, have properly enough expressed by the word *ASSENTATIO*. But catch you tripping in this Way if one can. It is plain you went on this just Principle in the Instance before us, which otherwise let me tell you, I should have taken for something like an Attempt towards downright Adulation. As here qualified, I set it down for another Instance of just Compliment, more direct indeed than the other five, yet still with that graceful Obliquity which they who know the World, expect in this Sort of Commerce. And I may further observe, that you are not singular in the Use of this Mode of Celebration. Many, even of the Enemies of this Author, have obligingly enough employed it when they wanted to confirm their own Notions by his, or rather to shew their Parts in first catching a Hint from him, and then as they believe, improving upon it—Still I have greater Things in view. For,

SEVENTHLY, you not only with the highest Address, insinuate a Compliment in the Way of Irritation, but you once or twice *express it in full Form*, and with all the Circumstance of Panegyric Approbation. Having mentioned the Case of the Infants in Virgil's Purgatory, which hath so much perplexed his learned Commentators, you rise at once into the following Encomium. "It is an *ingenious* conjecture proposed in the D. L. that the Poet might design to discountenance the cursed Practice of exposing and murdering Infants."

This was very liberal, and I began to think you had forgotten yourself a little in so explicit a Declaration. But the next Paragraph relieved me. "It might be added, that Virgil had perhaps *also* in View to please Augustus, who was desirous of encouraging Matrimony, and the Education of Children, and extremely intent upon repeopling Italy which had been exhausted by the civil Wars."⁸ It is plain you have still in your Eye that sage Rule which the Men of Manners lay down, of *qualifying* your Civilities. So that I let this pass without farther Observation. Only I take Leave to warn you against the too frequent Use of this Artifice, which but barely sa-

⁸ P. 269.

tisfies for calling your Friend's Notion "*an ingenious Con-
"jecture."*

Not but there are others who see this Contrivance in another Light, and treat it as an *Art of damning with faint Praise*; a Censure which one of the zealot Friends presumes to cast, with much Injustice and little Knowledge of the World, on the very Leader and Pride of our Party. Whereas I deliver it for a most certain Truth, that the fainter and feebler our Praise of any Man is, just so much the better will it be received by all Companies, even by the Generality of those who call themselves his best Friends. And so apprehensive indeed am I of this nice Humour in Mankind, that I am not sure of the very slight Things I am forced to say of yourself, though merely to carry on the Purpose of this Address, will not by certain Persons inwardly at least, be ill taken. And with this needful Apology for myself I proceed to celebrate,

EIGHTHLY, The last and highest Instance of your Civilities to your admired Friend, which yet I hope to vindicate from any reasonable Suspicion of Flattery; I presumed to say in the foregoing Article that you had *once or twice* hazarded even a direct Compliment on the Person whose System you oppose. I expressed myself with Accuracy. There is *one other* place in your Dissertation, where you make this Sacrifice to Friendship or to Custom. The Passage is even wrought up into a Resemblance of that unqualified Adulation, which I condemn so much, and from which, in general your Writings are perfectly free. I could almost wish for your Credit, to suppress this one obnoxious Paragraph. But it runs thus.

"That the subterraneous Adventures of *Æneas* were intended by Virgil to represent the *Initiation* of his Heroe, is
"an *elegant* Conjecture, which hath been laid before the Public,
"and set forth to the best Advantage *by a learned Friend.*"⁹

I confess to you I did not know at first Sight what to do with the two high flown Epithets, *elegant* and *learned*, which stand so near together in one Sentence. Such accumulated Praises, had well nigh overset my System. And I began with much

⁹ P. 293.

Solicitude to consider how I should be able to reconcile this escape of your Pen with your general Practice. But taking a little Time to look about me, I presently spied a Way of extricating both of us from this Difficulty. For hang it, thought I, if this Notion of the Heroe's Adventures in the infernal Regions be *elegant*, it is but a Conjecture; and so poor a Matter as this were hardly worth pursuing, as the Author of the *D. L.* hath done through almost a fourth Part, of a very sizeable Volume.

And then as to the Term *elegant*, to be sure it hath a good Sound; but more than a *third* Part of this choice Volume of yours, I observed is employed in making appear that the Conjecture, whatever it be, hath not the least Feature of *Truth* in it. And *Elegance* altogether devoid of *Truth* was, I concluded a very pitiful Thing, and indeed no very intelligible *Eucomium*. Well, but let there be as little *Truth* as you will, in this Conjecture, still it *hath been set forth to the best Advantage*, and to crown all by a *learned Friend*. Here a swarm of fresh Difficulties attacked me. *Sed nil desperandum te duce*. For why talk of *Advantage*, when the Conjecture after all would not bear the Handling? It was but mighty little (your Friendship would not let you do more) which you had brought against it. And the Conjecture I saw, was shrunk to nothing, and is never likely to rise again into any Shape or Substance. So that when you added by a *learned Friend*, I could not for my Life help laughing. Surely, thought I, the Reverend Person intends on this Occasion to be pleasant.—Indeed you often are so with a very good Grace, but I happened not to expect it just at this Moment.—For what *Learning*, worth speaking of, could there be in the Support of a Notion, which was so easily overturned without any?

You may be sure I mean no Reflection in these Words. Nobody questions your Erudition. But it was not your Fortune or your Choice to make a shew of it in this Discourse. The Propriety of the Epithet *learned*, then did not evidently and immediately appear.

However, as I knew there was in *Truth*, no small Quantity of *Learning* in the Piece referred to, and that the Author of the *D. L.* whatever BATE, and PETERS and JACKSON may say or

insinuate, is unquestionably, and to a very competent Degree learned, I began to take the Matter a little more seriously. And upon looking attentively at the Words a second Time, I thought a very natural Account might be given of them upon other Principles. For as to the Substantive *Friend*, why might not that for once be put in for your own Sake as well as his? the Advantages of Friendship are Reciprocal. And though it be very clear to other People which is the gainer by this Intercourse, who knows but Dr. JORTIN, in his great Modesty might suppose the Odds to lie on his own Side.

And then for *learned*, which had embarrassed me so much I bethought myself at last there was not much in that, this Attribute having been long prostituted on every Man who pretends in any Degree, to the Profession of Letters.

So that on the Whole, though I must still reckon this for an Instance, amongst others, of that due Measure of Respect with which your Politeness teaches you to treat your Friends, yet I see no Reason for charging it with any Excess of Civility.

And now, Sir, having been at all this Pains to justify you from the two contrary Censures of having done *too little*, and *too much*, let us see how the Account stands. Malice itself, I think, must confess that you have not been lavish of your Encomiums. You have even dispensed them with a Reserve, which, though I admire extremely, will almost expose You to the Imputation of *Parsimony*. And, yet, on the other Hand, when we compute the Number, and estimate the Value of your Applauses, we shall see Cause to correct this Censure. For, from the EIGHT Articles I have so carefully set down, and considered, it appears, at length, that you have done all due Honour to your Friend, and in Ways the most adapted to do him Honour. That is to say, *You have adopted his Subject—You have written against him—You have glanced at him—You have spared his Arguments—You have lent him some of your own—You have quoted him—You have called his Conjecture ingenious—Nay, elegant—And you have called himself learned, and what is more, your Friend.*

And.

And if all this will not satisfy him, or rather his Friends, (for I hope, and partly believe, he himself thinks nothing of this whole Matter) I know not, for my Part, what will. I am sure (and that should be your Satisfaction as it is mine) that you have gone as far as was consistent with *Delicacy* of Friendship (which may reasonably imply in it a little Jealousy) and with the virtuous Consciousness of that Importance which Writers of your Class ought to be of to themselves. And I hope never to see the Day when you shall be induced by any Considerations to compliment any Man breathing at the Expence of these two Virtues.

And here, on a View of this whole Matter, let me profess the Pleasure I take in observing that you (and I have remarked it in some others) who have so constantly those soft Words of *Candour*, *Goodness*, and *Charity* in your Mouth, and whose Soul, one would think, was ready to melt itself into all the Weaknesses of this Character, should yet have Force enough not to relent at the warmest Influences of *Friendship*. Men may see by this Instance that *Charity* is not that unmanly enfeebling Virtue which some would represent it; when, though ready, on fit Occasions, to resolve and open itself to a *general* Candor, it shuts up the Heart close and compact, and impregnable to any *particular* and personal Attachment.

I take much Delight in this pleasing Contemplation. Yet, as our best Virtues, when pushed to a certain Degree, are on the very Point of becoming Vices, you are not to wonder that every one hath not the Discernment or the Justice to do you Right. And, to see in Truth, the Malignity of human Nature, and the Necessity there was for you to inculcate in your *third* Discourse, *The Duty of judging candidly and favourably of others*, I will not conceal from you, at parting what hath been suggested to me by many Persons to whom I communicated the Design of this Address. "They said, besides other Things, which I have occasionally obviated in the Course of this Letter" That the excellent Person whom you have allowed yourself to treat with so much Indignity and Disrespect (I need not take Notice that I use the very Terms of the Objectors) in this poor and disingenuous Criticism upon
 Q 4 him,

him, had set you an Example of a very different Sort, which you ought in common Equity, and even Decency, to have followed." They observe that his own Pen never expatiates more freely, and with more Pleasure, than when it finds or takes the Occasion to celebrate the Virtues of some deserving Friend. They own, the natural Warmth and Benevolence of his Temper is even liable to some Excess on these inviting Occasions. And, for Instance, they referred me to, a Paragraph in the Notes on *Julian*, which, though I know you do not forget, I shall here set down as it stands in the last Edition. He had just been touching a Piece of ecclesiastical History. " But this, says he, I leave with Julian's Adventurers to my learned Friend, MR. JORTIN, who, I hope, will soon oblige the Public with his curious Dissertations on ecclesiastical Antiquity, composed, like his Life, not in the Spirit of *Controversy*, nor, what is worse, of *Party*, but of *Truth* and *Candour*."

Here, said they insultingly, is a Specimen of that truly liberal Spirit, with which one learned Friend should exert himself when he would do Honour to another. Will all the Volumes which the profound ecclesiastical Remarker hath published, or ever will publish, do him half the Credit with Posterity, as this single Stroke, by which his Name and Virtues are here adorned and ushered into the Acquaintance of the Public? And will you still pretend to vindicate him from the Scorn which every honest Man must have for him, after seeing how unworthily he requites this Service by his famous SIXTH DISSERTATION in this new Volume?

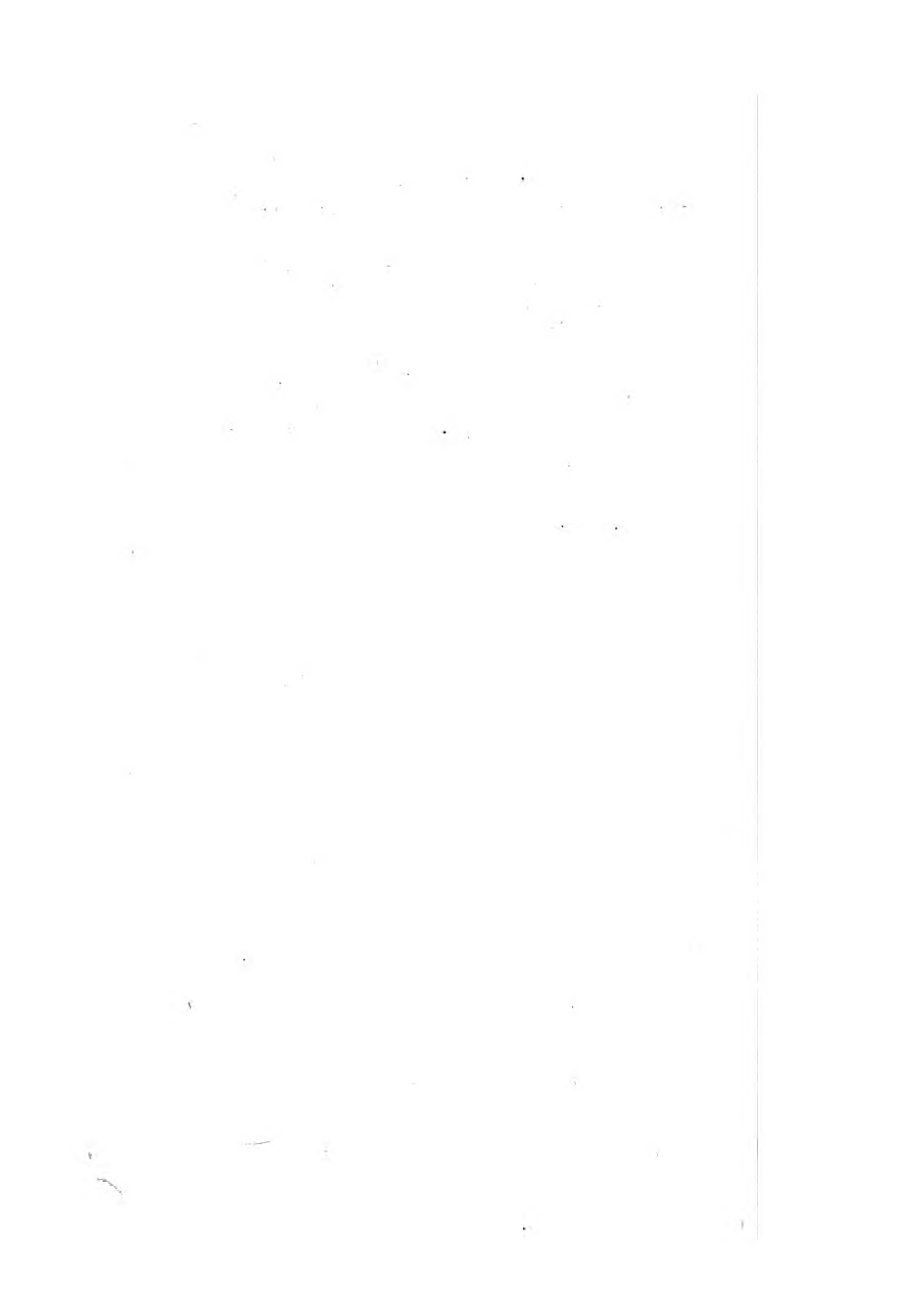
This, and a great deal more to the same Purpose, was said by them in their tragical Way. I need not hint to you after the clear Exposition I have given of my own Sentiments, how little Weight their Rhetoric had on me, and how easily I turned aside this impotent, though invenomed Invective, from falling on your Fame and Memory. For the *Compliment* they affect to magnify so much, let every candid Reader judge of it for himself. But as much had been said, in this

* *Julian*, P. 316.

Debate, concerning FRIENDSHIP, and the Persons with whom it was most proper to contract it, I found myself something struck with the concluding Observation of one of these rhetorical Declaimers. As it was delivered in a Language you love, and is, besides, a Passage not much blown upon by the Dealers in such Scraps, I have thought it might perhaps afford you some Amusement. He did not say where he found it, and you would not like it the better, if he had, but as I remember, it was delivered in these Words,

Εμοὶ πρὸς φιλοσόφους ἐστὶ φιλία· πρὸς μὲν τοὶ ΣΟΦΙΣΤΑΙΣ ἢ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΣΤΑΙΣ, ἢ τοιοῦτο γένος ἕτερον ΑΝΘΡΩΠΩΝ ΚΑΚΟΔΑΙΜΟΝΩΝ, ἕτερον ΝΥΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΦΙΛΙΑ ΜΗΤΕ ΤΥΤΕΡΟΝ ΠΟΤΕ ΓΕΝΟΙΤΟ.

Lincoln's Inn,
Nov. 25, 1755.



A
L E T T E R

T O T H E

Rev. Dr. THOMAS LELAND,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN:

I N W H I C H

His late DISSERTATION *on the Principles of Human Eloquence*
is criticized;

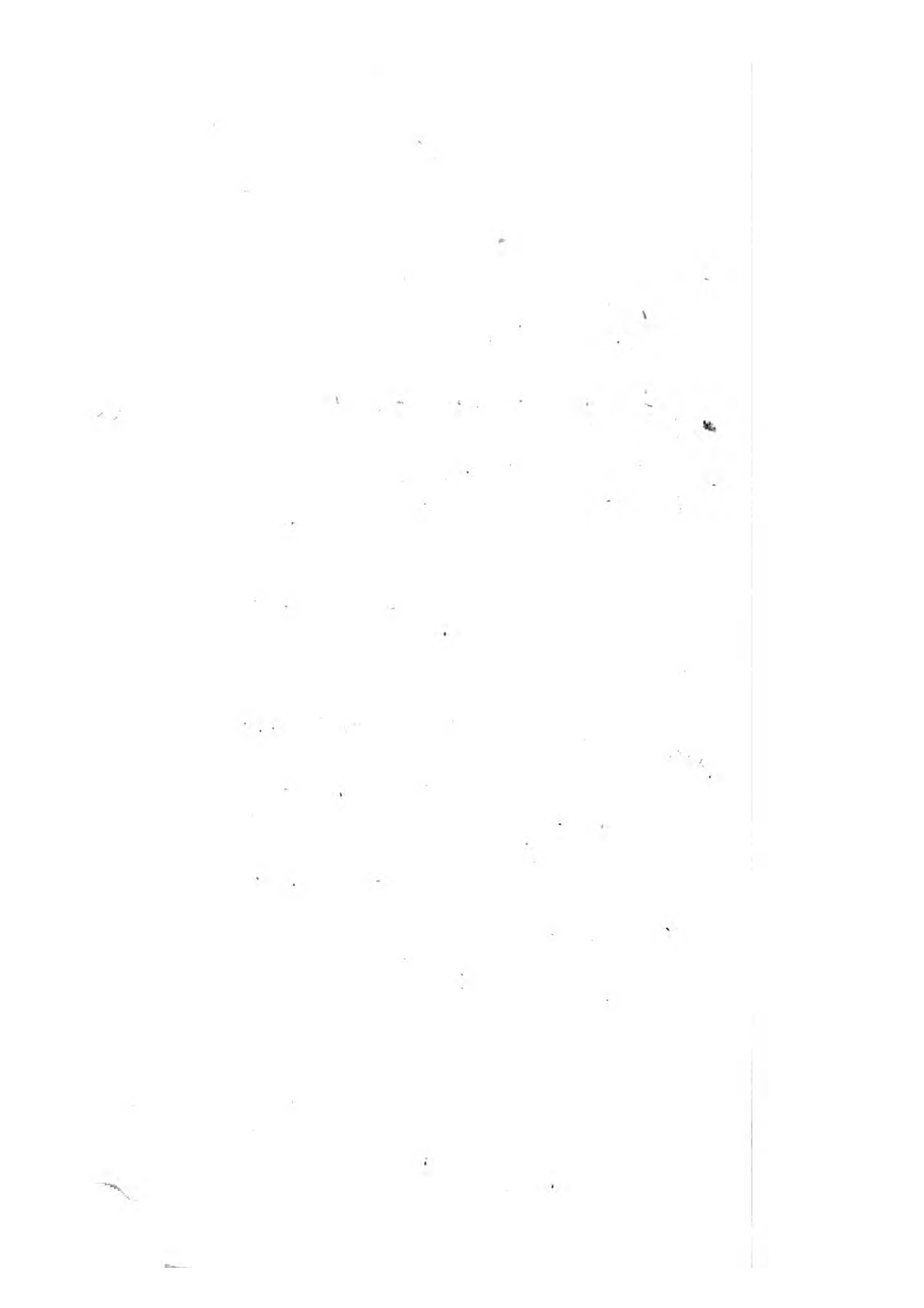
A N D

The Bishop of GLOUCESTER's *Idea of the Nature and
Character of an inspired Language*, as delivered in his Lordship's
Doctrine of Grace,

I S V I N D I C A T E D

From ALL the Objections of the learned Author of the
DISSERTATION.

First printed
1764.



A
L E T T E R

T O

The Rev. Dr. L E L A N D.

Rev. SIR,

I HAVE read your DISSERTATION *on the Principles of human Eloquence*, and shall very readily, I dare say, be indulged in the Liberty, I am going to take, of giving you my free Thoughts upon it. I shall do it, with all the Regard that is due from one Scholar to another; and even with all the Civility which may be required of ONE, who hath his Reasons for addressing you, in this public Manner, without a Name.

You entitle your Work *A Dissertation on the Principles of Eloquence*: But the real Subject of it, is an *Opinion*, or *Paradox*, as you chuse to term it, delivered by the Bishop of Gloucester in his late Discourse *on Grace*. This Opinion, indeed, concerns, or rather, in your Ideas, subverts, *the very Principles* of Eloquence, which your Office, it seems, in a learned Society obliged you to maintain: So that you cannot be blamed for giving some Attention to the ingenious Prelate's Paradox, which so incommodiouly came in your Way. Only the more Intelligent of your Hearers might possibly think it strange that, in a Set of rhetorical Lectures, addressed to them, the *controversial* Part should so much take the lead of the *Didactic*; or rather, that the *Didactic* Part should stand quite still, while the *Controversial* keeps pacing it, with much Alacrity, from one End of your Dissertation to the other.

Yet neither, on second Thoughts, can you be blamed for this Conduct, which one way or other might serve to the Instruction of your young Auditory; if not in *the Principles of Rhetoric*, yet in a better thing, *the Principles of Logic*. It
might,

might, further, serve to another Purpose, not unworthy the Regard of a Rhetoric-Lecturer. The Subject of Eloquence has been so exhausted in the fine Writings of Antiquity, and, what is worse, has been so hackneyed in modern Compilations from them, that your Discourse wanted to be enlivened by the poignant controversial Air you have given to it, and to be made important, by bringing an illustrious Character into the Scene.

All this I am ready to say in your Vindication, if your Conduct may be thought to require any. Having, therefore, nothing to object to the *general Design*, or *Mode* of your Dissertation, I shall confine myself entirely to the MATTER of it, after acquainting the Reader, in few Words, with the Occasion and Subject of this Debate.

The Bp. of Gloucester, in a late Theological Treatise *on the Doctrine of Grace*, which required him to speak fully to the Subject of *Inspiration*, found it necessary to obviate an Objection to what he conceived to be the right Notion of *inspired Scripture*, which had been supported by some ingenious Men, and very lately by Dr. MIDDLETON. The Objection is delivered by the learned Doctor, in these Words.

“ If we allow the gift [of inspired Languages] to be lasting,
 “ we must conclude that some at least of the Books of Scrip-
 “ ture were in this inspired Greek. But we should naturally
 “ expect to find an inspired Language to be such as is worthy
 “ of God; that is, pure, clear, noble and affecting, even
 “ beyond the Force of common Speech; since nothing can
 “ come from God but what is perfect in its Kind. In short,
 “ the Purity of PLATO, and the Eloquence of CICERO. Now,
 “ if we try the Apostolic Language by this Rule, we shall be so
 “ far from ascribing it to God, that we shall scarcely think it
 “ worthy of Man, that is, of the Liberal and Polite; it being
 “ utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding with every
 “ Fault that can possibly deform a Language. And though
 “ some Writers, prompted by a false Zeal, have attempted to
 “ defend the Purity of the Scripture-Greek, their La-
 “ bour has been idly employed ”. Thus far, the learned
 DOCTOR.

* *Essay on the Gift of Tongues*, Works, vol. ii. p. 91.

‘ These triumphant Observations, says the Bishop, are founded on two Propositions, both of which he takes for granted, and yet neither of them is true :

‘ The one, That an inspired Language must needs be a Language of perfect Eloquence ;

‘ The other, That Eloquence is something congenial and essential to human Speech ².’

The BISHOP then undertakes to shew the Falshood of these two Propositions. You, Sir, contend for the Truth of them. That the Reader may be enabled to judge for himself between you, I shall quote his Lordship’s own Words, Paragraph by Paragraph, so far as any thing said by him is controverted by you ; and shall then endeavour, with all Care, to pick up the loose Ends of your Argument, as I find them any where *come up* in the several Chapters of your Dissertation ; intermixing, as I go along, such Reflections of my own, as the Occasion may suggest.

‘ With regard to the FIRST Proposition (resumes the Bishop) I will be bold to affirm, that were the STYLE of the New Testament exactly such as his [Dr. MIDDLETON’S] very exaggerated Account of it would persuade us to believe, namely, that it is *utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding with every Fault that can possibly deform a Language*, this is so far from proving such Language not divinely inspired, that it is one certain Mark of this Original ³.

By the Manner, in which the learned Bishop introduces this *Affirmation*, one sees that he foresaw very clearly it would be esteemed a *bold* one. Nay, in another Place⁴, he even takes to himself the Shame, with which some Readers, he well knew, would be forward enough to cover him, and in one Word confesses his general Notion of Eloquence to be a PARADOX : *Which yet, says he, like so many others, I have had the odd Fortune to advance, will be seen to be only another Name, for TRUTH.* After this Concession, it had been more generous in you to have omitted some invidious Passages ; such as

² Doctrine of Grace, b. 1. c. VIII. p. 41.

³ *ib.*

⁴ D. G. p. 51. 2d. Ed. 8vo.

that

that where you say, *the Bishop in his Reply to this Objection* [of Dr. MIDDLETON] *seems to have displayed that BOLD OPPOSITION TO THE GENERAL OPINIONS OF MANKIND, by which his learned Labours are distinguished*; Intr. p. ii. And again in p. vii. where you speak of his Principles as *Paradoxical*, and implying AN HARDY OPPOSITION TO THE GENERAL SENSE OF MANKIND.

But let the *Boldness* of the Bishop's Principles be what it will, there is small Hurt done, provided they turn out, what he seems persuaded they will, only *Truths*. Let us attend his Lordship, then, in the Proof of his FIRST Paradox.

' I will not pretend, says he, to point out which Books of the N. T. were, or were not, composed by those who had the Greek Tongue thus miraculously infused into them; but this I will venture to say, that the Style of a Writer so inspired, who had not (as these Writers had not) afterwards cultivated his Knowledge of the Language on the Principles of Grecian Eloquence, would be precisely such as we find it in the Books of the New Testament.

' For, if this only be allowed, which no one, I think, will contest with me, that a strange Language, acquired by illiterate Men, in the ordinary Way, would be full of the Idioms of their native Tongue, just as the Scripture-Greek is observed to be full of Syriacisms, and Hebraisms; how can it be pretended by those who reflect upon the Nature of Language, that a strange Tongue divinely infused into illiterate Men, like that at the Day of Pentecost, could have any other Properties and Conditions.²

Here, the Features of this bold Paradox begin to soften a little. We are something reconciled to it, 1. by being told, what the *Rudeness and Barbarity* is, which is affirmed to be one certain Mark of an inspired Language, namely, *its being full of the Idioms* of the inspired Writer: And 2. by being told, that these Idioms are equally to be expected, whether the new Language be infused by divine Inspiration, or acquired by illiterate Men in the ordinary Way. In the latter Case, it is presumed,

² P. 41, 42.

and surely with Reason enough (because Experience uniformly attests the Fact), that a strange Language, so learnt, would abound in the native Idioms of the Learner : All that remains is to shew that the Event would be the same, in the *former*. The Bishop then applies himself, in order, to this Task.

‘ Let us weigh these Cases impartially. Every Language consists of two distinct Parts ; the single Terms, and the Phrases and Idioms. The first, as far as concerns Appellatives especially, is of mere arbitrary Imposition, though on artificial Principles common to all Men : The second arises insensibly but constantly, from the Manners, Customs, and Tempers of those to whom the Language is vernacular ; and so becomes, though much less arbitrary (as what the Gram- marians call *Congruity* is more concerned in this Part than in the other), yet various and different as the several Tribes and Nations of Mankind. The first therefore is unrelated to every thing but to the Genius of Language in general ; the second hath an intimate Connexion with the Fashions, Notions, and Opinions of that People only, to whom the Language is native.

‘ Let us consider then the constant Way which illiterate Men take to acquire the Knowledge of a foreign Tongue. Do they not make it their principal, and, at first, their only Study, to treasure up in their Memory the Signification of the Terms ? Hence, when they come to talk or write in the Speech thus acquired, their Language is found to be full of their own native Idioms. And thus it will continue, till by long use of the strange Tongue, and especially by long Acquaintance with the Owners of it, they have imbibed the particular Genius of the Language.

‘ Suppose then this foreign Tongue, instead of being thus gradually introduced into the Minds of these illiterate Men, was instantaneously infused into them ; the Operation (though not the very Mode of operating) being the same, must not the Effect be the same, let the Cause be never so different ? Without question. The divine Impression must be made either by fixing the Terms, or single Words only, and their

‘ Signification in the Memory ; as for Instance, Greek Terms
 ‘ corresponding to the Syriac or Hebrew ; or else, together
 ‘ with that simple Impression, another must be made, to in-
 ‘ rich the Mind with all the Ideas which go towards the com-
 ‘ posing the Phrases and Idioms of the Language so inspired :
 ‘ But this latter Impression seems to require, or rather indeed
 ‘ implies, a previous one of the Tempers, Fashions, and Opi-
 ‘ nions of the People to whom the Language is native, upon
 ‘ the Minds of them to whom the Language is thus imparted ;
 ‘ because the Phrase and Idiom arises from, and is dependent
 ‘ on, those Manners : And therefore the Force of Expression can
 ‘ be understood only in Proportion to the Knowledge of the
 ‘ Manners : And understood they were to be the Recipients of
 ‘ this spiritual Gift, being not organical Canals, but rational
 ‘ Dispensers. So that this would be a Waste of Miracles with-
 ‘ out a sufficient Cause ; the Syriac or Hebrew Idiom, to
 ‘ which the Disciples were enabled of themselves to adapt the
 ‘ Words of the Greek, or any other Language, abundantly
 ‘ serving every useful Purpose, all which centered in giving
 ‘ CLEAR INTELLIGENCE. We conclude, therefore, that
 ‘ what was thus inspired was the TERMS, together with that
 ‘ grammatic Congruity, which is dependant thereon. In a
 ‘ Word, to suppose such kind of inspired Knowledge of *strange*
 ‘ *Tongues* as includes all the native Peculiarities, which, if you
 ‘ will, you may call their *Elegancies* ; (for the more a Lan-
 ‘ guage is coloured by the Character and Manners of the na-
 ‘ tive Users, the more elegant it is esteemed) to suppose this, is,
 ‘ as I have said, an ignorant Fancy, and repugnant to Reason
 ‘ and Experience.

‘ Now, from what has been observed, it follows, that if
 ‘ the Style of the N. T. were indeed derived from a Lan-
 ‘ guage divinely infused as on the Day of Pentecost, it must
 ‘ be just such with Regard to its Style, as in fact, we find it
 ‘ to be ; that is to say, Greek Words very frequently Syriac
 ‘ and Hebrew Idiom.

‘ The Conclusion from the whole is this, that a *nominal* or
 ‘ *local* Barbarity of Style (for that this Attribute, when appli-
 ‘ ed

‘ ed to Style, is no more than nominal or local, will be clearly shewn under our next Head) is so far from being an Objection to its miraculous Acquisition, that it is one Mark of such extraordinary original.⁶

I have given this long Quotation together, that the Reader may comprehend at one view, the Drift and Coherence of the Bishop’s Argument; which is so clearly explained, that what Force it hath can receive no Addition from any Comment of mine upon it.

It is true, this Force appears to you no mighty Matter—
 “ We are told, you say, that, in order to convey clear Intelligence to a Foreigner, nothing more is necessary, than the Use of the *Words* of his Language adapted to the *Idiom* of our own. But shall we always find correspondent Words in his Language ?”

Shall *we always find correspondent Words* ?——Not always, perfectly correspondent. Where does the Bishop say, we shall ? Or, how was it to his Purpose to say it ? He does indeed speak of *such a Correspondency of Terms*, and chiefly of *such an Adaption of the Terms of one Language to the Idiom of another*, as shall abundantly serve to give *clear Intelligence*. And this is all he had Occasion to say.

Well, but an exact Correspondency of Terms is material. To what ? To give *clear Intelligence* ? But if this be true, no clear Intelligence can possibly be given in any Translation from one Language into another ; for, in all Translations whatever, it is necessary to render some Words by others, that are not perfectly correspondent. You will scarcely deny that our English Translation of the Gospels conveys, in general, *clear Intelligence* to the English Reader, though many Terms are used in it, and were of Necessity to be used, that do not perfectly and adequately correspond to the Greek Terms, employed by the sacred Writers. Without Doubt it was your Purpose to convey *clear Intelligence* to your English Reader in the elegant Translations, they say, you have made of DEMOSTHENES :

⁶ From p. 44. to p. 45.

⁷ Dissertation, p. 82.

and yet doubtless you will acknowledge that many Words of the Athenian Orator are not perfectly correspondent to those employed by you in your Version of them.

What follows from this? Why, either that all Translations must be exploded and set aside as insufficient to give clear Intelligence, or that we must accept them, with all their unavoidable Imperfections, as, in general, sufficiently representative of the Sense of their Originals, though in some Particulars that Sense be inadequately conveyed to us.

But how then, you will say, shall we gain a clear and perfect Intelligence of such Particulars? Why in the Way, which common Sense suggests; by inquiring, if we are able, what the precise Meaning is of those Terms of the original Language, to which the translated Terms are thus imperfectly correspondent. And if this be an Inconvenience, 'tis an Inconvenience necessarily attending every Translation in the World, in which a Writer would express the mixed Modes denoted by the Words of any other. For supposing the Greek Tongue, infused by divine Inspiration into the sacred Writers, to have been that of PLATO or DEMOSTHENES himself, you will hardly pretend that it could have furnished them with Greek Terms perfectly expressive of such compound Ideas as certain Syriac or Hebrew Terms expressed, and of which their Subject obliged them to give, as far as the Nature of the Case would permit, *clear Intelligence*. So that I cannot for my Life comprehend the Drift of that short Question, *Shall we always find correspondent Terms in a Foreign Language?* or, the Pertinence of your learned Comment on the Text of CICERO's Letter to SERVIUS.

I am sensible indeed, that if the *Terms* only of the new Language were divinely infused, *these*, whether perfectly correspondent or not, would be insufficient of themselves to give clear Intelligence. But the Bishop supposes more than this to be infused; for *what was inspired*, he tell us, *was the Terms, TOGETHER with that Grammatic Congruity, which is dependent thereon*. Now this Knowledge of the *Grammatic Congruity* of any Tongue, superadded to a Knowledge of its *Terms*, would,

would, methinks, enable a Writer to express himself in it, for the most Part, *intelligibly*.

I confess, the Bishop speaks—*of fixing the Terms or single Words ONLY and their Signification in the Memory*—But then he does not mean to exclude the *Grammatic Congruity* in the Use of them, which, as we have seen, he expressly requires in the very same Paragraph, but merely to expose the Notion of the *Phrases and Idioms* being required, too. His Lordship speaks of the *Terms, or single Words ONLY*, in Opposition to *Phrases and Idioms* : You seem to speak of *Terms or single Words ONLY*, in Opposition to *Systematic Congruity*.

I say, you *seem* so to speak : For otherwise I know not what to make of all you say concerning the Insufficiency of the *Terms only* of any Language to give Intelligence. And yet, in what follows, you *seem* to do Justice to the Bishop, and to admit that, besides the *Terms*, a *Grammatic Congruity in the Use of them* was divinely inspired. For you go on to observe, “ That
“ the real Purport of almost every Sentence in every Lan-
“ guage, is not to be learned from the Significations of de-
“ tached Words, *and their Grammatical Congruity*, even
“ where there Signification may be expressed by correspondent
“ Words in another Language.⁸”

And here, Sir, your Learning expatiates through several Pages : the Purpose of all which is to shew, that, if the *Terms* of one Language, though *congruously used*, be strictly adapted to the *Idiom* of another, still they will give no Intelligence, or at least a very obscure one ; as you endeavour to prove by a *decent* Instance taken from your Countryman, SWIFT, in his *Dotages* ; and another, given by yourself in a literal Version of a long Passage of a sacred Writer. It is true, in this last Instance, you do not confine yourself to the strict Observance of *Grammatic Congruity*. If you had done this, it would have appeared, from your own Instance, that *Intelligence* might have been given, and with tolerable *Clearness* too, even in a literal Version.

But be it allowed, that, if the *Terms* of one Language,

⁸ Differt. p. 84.

even though a congruous Construction be observed, be constantly and strictly adapted to the *Idioms* of another, the Expression will still, many Times, be very dark and obscure: How is this *Obscurity* to be prevented? Take what Language you will for the Conveyance of Instruction, it will be necessary for the Reader or Hearer to gain a competent Knowledge of its Idioms and Phraseology, before he can receive the full Benefit of it. So that, unless there had been a Language in the World, native to all Nations, and in the strictest Sense of the Word, *universal*, I see not how Inspiration itself could Remedy this Inconvenience. Suppose, as I said before, that the inspired Language, in which the Apostles wrote, had been the purest Greek, still its *idiomatic Phraseology* had been as strange and obscure to all such to whom that Language was not native, as the Syriac or Hebrew Idioms, by which the Apostolic Greek is now supposed to be so much darkened.

I conclude upon the whole, that nothing you have said, overturns, or so much as affects, the learned Prelate's Notion of divine Inspiration, *as conveying only the Terms and single Words of one Language, corresponding to those of another, together with that Grammatical Congruity in the Use of them, which is dependant thereon.* This *first and grand Principle*, as you call it, of the Bishop's new Theory, *is such, you say, as no Critic or Grammarian can admit* ⁹. On the contrary, I must presume to think, because I have now shewn, that no Critic or Grammarian, who deserves the Name, can reasonably object to this *Principle*, as it allows all that is necessary to be supposed of an inspired Language, its Sufficiency to give clear Intelligence: So *clear*, that, had the Idioms of the new Language been inspired too, it could not, in the general View of Providence, who intended this Intelligence for the Use of all People and Languages, have been clearer.

But your unfavourable Sentiment of the Bishop's Principle arises from your Misconception of the *Circumstances, Abilities, and Qualifications* of the Apostles, when they addressed them-

⁹ Differt. p. 36.

elves to the Work of their Ministry, and especially to the Work of composing Books for the Instruction of the Faithful in this originally inspired Language.

When the Greek Language was first infused, it would, no doubt, be full of their native Phrases, or rather it would be wholly and entirely adapted to the Hebrew or Syriac Idioms. This would render their Expression somewhat dark and obscure to their Grecian Hearers.

But then it would be intelligible enough to those, to whom they first and principally addressed themselves, the *Hellenistic Jews*, who, though they understood Greek best, were generally no Strangers to the Hebrew Idiom.

Further still, though this Hebrew-Greek Language was all that was originally infused into the Apostles, nothing hinders but that they might, in the ordinary Way, improve themselves in the Greek Tongue, and superadd to their inspired Knowledge whatever they could acquire, besides, by their Conversation with the native Greeks; and the Study of their Language. For, though it can hardly be imagined, as the Bishop says, *that the inspired Writers had cultivated their Knowledge of the Language on the Principles of the Grecian Eloquence*¹, that is, had formed and perfected their Style by an anxious and critical Attention to the Rules and Practice of the Greek Rhetors, yet we need not conclude that they wholly neglected to improve themselves in the Knowledge and Use of this new Language. So that by the Time they turned themselves to the Gentiles, and still more by the Time they applied themselves to pen the Books of the N. T. they might be tolerable Masters even of the peculiar Phraseology of the Greek Tongue, and might be able to adapt it, in a good Measure, to the Greek Idioms.

All this, I say, is very *supposable*; because their turning to the Gentiles was not till near TEN Years, after the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles; and the Date of their earliest Writings, penned for the Edification of the Church, was not till near TWENTY Years after that Period: In all which Time, they had full Leisure and Opportunity to acquire a competent Knowledge of the native Idiomatic Greek, abun-

¹ Doct. of Grace, p. 41.

dantly sufficient to answer all Ends of Clearness and Instruction.

But I go further and say, it is not only very *supposable*, and perfectly consistent with all the Bishop has advanced on the Subject of Inspiration, that the sacred Writers *might* thus improve themselves, but it is, likewise, very *clear* and *certain*, that they DID. How else are we to account for that Difference of Style, observable in the sacred Writers, whose Expression is more or less coloured by their native Hebrew Idioms, according as their Acquaintance with the Greek Tongue was more or less perfect? There were still, no Doubt, very many of their own native Idioms, interspersed in their most improved Greek: As must ever be the Case of Writers who compose in a foreign Tongue, whether acquired in the ordinary Way, or supernaturally infused into them: But these Barbarisms, as they are called, I mean these Syriacisms or Hebraisms, are not so constant and perpetual as to prevent their Writings from giving *clear Intelligence*. In short, the Style of the inspired Writers is just that which we should naturally expect it to be, on this Supposition of its being somewhat improved by Use and Exercise, and which the learned Bishop *accurately* (and in perfect *Consistency* with his main Principle, *of the Terms only being inspired, with the congruous Use of them*) defines it to be, "Greek Words VERY FREQUENTLY delivered in Syriac or Hebrew Idioms."²

Thus, in every View, the Bishop's *grand Principle* may be safely admitted. All that we *need* suppose, and therefore all that is *reasonable* to be supposed, is, *That the Terms of the Greek Language, and a Grammatical Congruity in the Use of them*, was miraculously infused: The Rest would be competently and sufficiently obtained by the Application of ordinary Means, without a Miracle.

After saying so little, or rather after saying indeed *nothing*, that affects the Bishop's Principle, I cannot but think it is with an ill Grace you turn yourself to cavil at the *following in-*

² Doct. of Grace, p. 45.

cidental Observation of his Lordship, which yet will be found as true and as just as any other he has made on this Subject.

To those, who might expect, *that, besides the simple Impression of the Greek Terms only, and their Signification on the Minds of the inspired Linguists, another should have been made to enrich the Mind with all the Ideas which go towards the Composing the Phrases and Idioms of the Language so inspired* (all which had been necessary, if the inspired Language had been intended for a perfect Model of Grecian Eloquence) the Bishop replies—‘ This latter Impression seems to require, or rather indeed implies, a previous one, of the Tempers, Fashions, and Opinions of the People to whom the Language is native, upon the Minds of them to whom the Language is thus imparted; because the Phrase and Idiom arises from and is dependent on those Manners³. But such an Impression, as this, he goes on to shew, was not to be expected.

It is clear from this Passage, that the Bishop is speaking of *an Impression*, necessary to be made on the Minds of the Apostles, if the inspired Language had been so complete as to extend to all its native Phrases and Idioms. If the Apostles were instantly to possess the inspired Greek in this Perfection, it is necessary to suppose that this *last* Impression must, as well as that of the Terms, be made upon them. Can any Thing be more certain and undeniable, than this *Affirmation*? Yet, in p. 86. of your Book, you have this strange Passage.

After having shewn, as you suppose, that the Bishop’s grand Principle, of the Inspiration of the TERMS only, stands on a very insecure Foundation, “ Perhaps, you say, it is no less HAZARDOUS to affirm, that a Knowledge of the Idiom or Phraseology of any Language, *always* implies a previous Knowledge of the Customs and Manners of those to whom it is vernacular .”

You intended, no Doubt, in your Censure of this hazardous Position, to oppose something which the Bishop had affirmed. Be pleased now to cast your Eye on the Passage you criticize, and tell me where the Bishop asserts, *that a KNOWLEDGE of the Idiom or Phraseology of any Language ALWAYS implies a pre-*

³ Doct. of Grace, p. 43.

vious Knowledge of the Customs and Manners of those to whom it is vernacular. What the Bishop asserts is, *That an IMPRESSION of the Phrases and Idioms of an inspired Language implies a previous IMPRESSION of the Tempers, Fashions, and Opinions of the People to whom the Language is native, upon the Minds of them to whom the Language is THUS imparted:* That is, if a Knowledge of the Idioms had been *impressed*, a Knowledge of the Customs and Manners, from which those Idioms arise, and without a Knowledge of which they could not be understood (as they were to be, by the Recipients of this spiritual Gift) must have been *impressed*, likewise. No, you say; a Knowledge of the Idiom of a Language does not *always* imply a previous Knowledge of the Manners. Who says it does? We may come to *know* the Idioms of Language, without a *divine Impression*: and without such Impression, for any Thing appears to the contrary, the Bishop might suppose the sacred Writers came by their Knowledge, so far as they possessed it, of the Greek Idioms. But the *Impression* of such Idioms could only come from another and *previous Impression* of the Customs and Manners: because in this Case, without a previous Impression of the *Customs and Manners*, the *Idioms* themselves, when *impressed*, could not have been understood, nor consequently put to Use, by the Persons, on whom this Impression was made. They had no Time to recur to Lexicons, Grammars, and Commentaries to know the Meaning of the *impressed Idioms*. How then were they, on the Instant, to know their Meaning at all, but by a *previous Impression* of the Manners, from which they arose, and which would put them into a Capacity of Understanding these *impressed Idioms*?

In a Word, the Bishop is speaking of SUPERNATURAL IMPRESSION: you, of NATURAL KNOWLEDGE. No wonder, then, your Reasoning and your Learning, in the concluding Pages of this Chapter, should look entirely *beside* the Matter in Hand, or, at best, should look so *askew* on the Bishop's *hazardous* Position. It is certain, you are far enough out of all Danger of encountering it, when you entrench yourself, at Length, behind this distant and secure Conclusion—
 “ that

“ that the Knowledge of Idiom is so far from requiring, or
 “ implying a previous one of Tempers, Manners, &c. that
 “ the very CONVERSE of this seems to be the safer Principle;
 “ and that Tempers and Manners are not to be learned, with-
 “ out some Degree of previous Acquaintance with the Peculi-
 “ arities of a Language⁴:” a Proposition, which, though excep-
 tionable enough, as you put it, and even suggesting some plea-
 sant Ideas, I am in no Humour, at present, to contest with you.

This, Sir, IS THE WHOLE of what I find advanced by you, that hath any Shew or Appearance of being intended as a Con-
 futation of the Argument by which the Bishop supports his
 FIRST PARADOX; in Opposition to Dr. MIDDLETON’s Opi-
 nion, *That an inspired Language must needs be a Language of
 perfect Eloquence.* The Bishop has told us in very accurate
 Terms what he conceives the Character of an inspired Language
 must needs be: and I have at least shewn, that the Charac-
 ter he gives of it may be a just one, notwithstanding any
 Thing you have objected to it in your learned Dissertation.

I now proceed to the Bishop’s SECOND PARADOX; which
 opposes Dr. MIDDLETON’s *second Proposition, That Eloquence
 is something congenial and essential to human Speech, and in-
 herent in the Constitution of Things.*

‘ This supposes, says the Bishop, that there is some certain
 ‘ ARCHETYPE in Nature, to which that Quality refers, and
 ‘ on which it is to be formed and modelled. And, indeed,
 ‘ admitting this to be the Case, one should be apt enough to
 ‘ conclude, that when the Author of Nature condescended to
 ‘ inspire one of these plastic Performances of human Art, he
 ‘ would make it by the exactest Pattern of the *Archetype.*

‘ But the Proposition is fanciful and false. Eloquence is
 ‘ not congenial or essential to human Speech, nor is there any
 ‘ Archetype in Nature to which that Quality refers. It is
 ‘ accidental and arbitrary, and depends on Custom and Fa-
 ‘ shion: It is a Mode of human Communication which

⁴ Dissert. p. 88.

‘ changes

‘ changes with the changing Climates of the Earth; and is as
 ‘ various and unstable as the Genius, Temper, and Manners
 ‘ of its diversified Inhabitants. For what is PURITY but the
 ‘ Use of such Terms, with their multiplied Combinations, as
 ‘ the Interest, the Complexion, or the Caprice of a Writer or
 ‘ Speaker of Authority hath preferred to its Equals: What is
 ‘ ELEGANCE but such a Turn of Idiom as a fashionable Fancy
 ‘ hath brought into Repute? And what is SUBLIMITY but
 ‘ the Application of such Images, as arbitrary or casual Con-
 ‘ nexions, rather than their own native Grandeur, have dig-
 ‘ nified and ennobled? Now ELOQUENCE is a Compound of
 ‘ these three Qualities of Speech, and consequently must be
 ‘ as nominal and unsubstantial as its constituent Parts. So that,
 ‘ that Mode of Composition, which is a Model of *perfect Elo-*
 ‘ *quence* to one Nation or People, must appear extravagant or
 ‘ mean to another. And thus in Fact it was. Indian and
 ‘ Asiatic Eloquence were esteemed hyperbolic, unnatural, ab-
 ‘ rupt and puerile to the more phlegmatic Inhabitants of *Rome*
 ‘ and *Athens*. And the western Eloquence, in its Turn, ap-
 ‘ peared nerveless and effeminate, frigid or insipid, to the har-
 ‘ dy and inflamed Imaginations of the East. Nay, what is
 ‘ more, each Species, even of the most approved Genus,
 ‘ changed its Nature with the change of Clime and Language;
 ‘ and the same Expression, which, in one Place, had the
 ‘ utmost *Simplicity*, had, in another, the utmost *sublime*.³

The Bishop then proceeds to illustrate this last Observation
 by a famous Instance, taken from the first Chapter of *Genesis*,
 and then recapitulates and enforces his general Argument in the
 following Manner.

‘ Apply all this to the Books of the N. T. an authorized
 ‘ Collection, professedly designed for the Rule and Direction
 ‘ of Mankind. Now such a Rule demanded that it should be in-
 ‘ spired of God. But inspired Writing, the Objectors say,
 ‘ implies the most *perfect Eloquence*. What human Model then
 ‘ was the Holy Ghost to follow? And a human Model, of ar-
 ‘ bitrary Construction, it must needs be, because there was no

³ *Dost of Grace*, p. 52, 53.

other :

‘ other : Or, if there were another, it would never suit the
 ‘ Purpose, which was to make an Impression on the Minds and
 ‘ Affections ; and this Impression, such an Eloquence only as
 ‘ that which had gained the popular ear, could effect. Should
 ‘ therefore the *eastern* Eloquence be employed ? But this would
 ‘ be too inflated and gigantic for the *West*. Should it be the
 ‘ *western* ? But this would be too cold and torpid for the *East*.
 ‘ Or, suppose the *generic* Eloquence of the more polished Nati-
 ‘ ons was to be preferred, which *Species* of it was to be employed ?
 ‘ The rich Exuberance of the Asiatic Greeks, or the dry Con-
 ‘ ciseness of the Spartans ? The pure and poignant Ease and
 ‘ flowing Sweetness of the Attic Modulation, or the Strength
 ‘ and grave Severity of the Roman Tone ? Or should all give
 ‘ Way to that African Torrent, which arose from the fermented
 ‘ Mixture of the Dregs of *Greece* and *Italy*, and soon after over-
 ‘ flowed the Church with theological Conceits, in a sparkling
 ‘ Luxuriancy of Thought, and a sombrous Rankness of Ex-
 ‘ pression ? Thus various were the Species ! all as much de-
 ‘ cried by a different Genus, and each as much disliked by a
 ‘ different Species, as the Eloquence of the remotest East and
 ‘ West, by one another ⁶.’

Thus far the learned Bishop, *with the Spirit and Energy, as*
you will observe, of an ancient Orator ⁷ ; and, let me add,
 with a Justness and Force of Reasoning, which would have
 done Honour to the best ancient Philosopher. But here we se-
 parate again. You maintain, with Dr. MIDDLETON, *that*
Eloquence is something congenial and essential to human Speech :
 While I, convinced by the Bishop’s Reasoning in these Para-
 graphs, maintain that it assuredly is not.

The Subject, indeed, affords great Scope to your rhetorical
 Faculties ; and the Cause, you maintain, being that, as you
 conceive, of the ancient Orators, and even of Eloquence itself,
 you suffer your Enthusiasm to bear you away, without controul ;
 and, as is the natural Effect of Enthusiasm, with so little Me-
 thod and Precision of Argument, that a cool Examiner of your

⁶ Doct. of Grace, p. 55, 56.

⁷ Dissert. p. 19.

Work hardly knows how to follow you, or where to take Aim at you, in your aery and uncertain Flight. However, I shall do my best to reduce your Rhetoric to Reason; I mean, to represent the Substance of what you seem to intend by Way of Argument against the Bishop's Principle, leaving your Eloquence to make what Impression on the gentle Reader it may.

And FIRST, in Opposition, as you suppose, to the Bishop's Tenet, *That Eloquence is NOT something congenial and essential "to human Speech,"* you apply yourself to shew, through several Chapters, that Tropes, Metaphors, Allegories, and universally what are called by Rhetoricians *Figures of Speech,* are natural and necessary Expressions of the Passions, and have their Birth in the very Reason and Constitution of Things. To make out this important Point is the sole Drift of your I, II, III, and IVth Chapters; in which you seem to me to be contending for that which nobody denies, and to be disputing without an Opponent. At least, you can hardly believe that the Bishop of *Gloucester* is to be told, that Metaphors, Allegories, and Similitudes are the Offspring of Nature and Necessity, HE, who has, *with the utmost Justness and Elegance of reasoning,* as you well observe^s, explained this very Point, himself, in the DIVINE LEGATION.

WHAT then are we to conclude from these elaborate Chapters? Why, that by some unlucky Mistake or other, let us call it only by the softer Name, of *Inattention,* you have entirely misrepresented the Scope and Purpose of all the Bishop has said on the Subject of Eloquence. And that this is no hasty or groundless Charge, but the very Truth of the Case, will clearly be seen from a brief Examination of the Bishop's Theory, compared with your Reasonings upon it.

The Position, *that Eloquence is something congenial and essential to human Speech,* supposes, says the Bishop, *that there is some certain Archetype in Nature, to which that Quality refers, and on which it is to be formed and modelled.*

The Bishop, you see, requires an *Archetype* to be pointed out to him of that consummate Eloquence, which is said to be con-

^s Dissert. p. 4.

genial and essential to human Speech. The Demand is surely reasonable; and not difficult to be complied with, if such an Archetype do, in Fact, subsist. But do you know of any such? Do you refer him to any such? Do you specify that *Composition*? Or do you so much as delineate that *sort* of Composition, which will pass upon all Men under the Idea of an Archetype? Nothing of all this. Permit us then to attend to the Bishop's Reasoning, by which he undertakes to prove that no such Archetype does, or can exist.

' The Proposition (that asserts, there is such an Archetype) ' is fanciful and false. Eloquence is not congenial or essential ' to human Speech, nor is there any Archetype in Nature to ' which that Quality refers. It is accidental and arbitrary, and ' depends on Custom and Fashion: It is a Mode of human ' Communication which changes with the changing Climates of ' the Earth; and is as various and unstable as the Genius, Tem- ' per, and Manners of its diversified Inhabitants. 9'

The Bishop asserts *there is no Archetype*, because Eloquence is a variable Thing, depending on Custom and Fashion; is nothing absolute in itself, but relative to the Fancies and Prejudices of Men, and changeable, as the different Climes they inhabit. This *general* Reason seems convincing; it appeals to Fact, to Experience, to the Evidence of Sense. But the learned Prelate goes further. He analyzes the complex Idea of Eloquence: He examines the Qualities of Speech, of which it is made up; and he shews that they are nominal and unsubstantial. Hence it follows, again, That there is no Archetype in Nature of perfect Eloquence; its very constituent Parts, as they are deemed, having no Substance or Reality in them.

But why should the Bishop condescend to this Analysis, when his *general Argument* seemed decisive of the Question? For a good Reason. When the Bishop asked for an ARCHETYPE, though you are shy of producing any, he well knew that the Masters of Eloquence, those I mean who are accounted such in these Parts of the World, had pretended to give one. He knew the Authority of these Masters of human Speech with the

Sort of Men he had to deal with : he therefore takes the Archetype, they have given, and shews, upon their own Ideas of Eloquence, it is a mere Phantom.

It is not to be supposed that the Bishop, in touching incidentally the Question of Eloquence in a theological Treatise, should follow the Greek and Latin Rhetors through all the Niceties and Distinctions of their Art, or should amuse himself or us with a minute Detail of all the Particulars which go to the making up of this mighty Compound, their ARCHETYPAL IDEA of human Eloquence. If he had been so pleased, and had had no better Business on his Hands, it is likely he could have told us *News*, as you have done, out of ARISTOTLE, LONGINUS, and CICERO. But his Manner is to say no more on a Subject, than the Occasion makes necessary ; which, in the present Case, was no more than to acquaint his Reader, in very general Terms, with the constituent Parts of Eloquence which he resolves into these three, PURITY, ELEGANCE and SUBLIMITY.

But this you call *a most illogical Division of Eloquence ; for that the Bishop hath not only enumerated the constituent Parts imperfectly ; but, of the three Qualities which he hath exhibited, the first is included in the second, and the third is not necessarily and universally a Part of Eloquence* ¹.

The Enumeration, you say, is imperfect. Yet Purity, I think, denotes whatever comes under the Idea of PROPRIETY, that is, of approved Custom, as well as grammatical Use, in any Language: *Elegance*, expresses all those Embellishments of Composition, which are the Effect of ART: and I know no fitter Term than *Sublimity*, to stand for those Qualities of Eloquence, which are derived from the Efforts of Genius, or, NATURAL PARTS. Now what else can be required to complete the Idea of Eloquence, and what Defect of Logic can there be in comprehending the various Properties of human Speech under these three generic Names? The Division is surely so natural and so intelligible, that few Readers, I believe, will be disposed to object with you, *that the first of the*

¹ Dissert. p. 41.

three Qualities is included in the second, and that the third is not necessarily and universally a Part of Eloquence.

But let the Bishop's Enumeration be ever so *logical*, you further quarrel with his *Idea* of these three constituent Parts of Eloquence, and his reasoning upon them.

'What, says his Lordship, is PURITY but the Use of such Terms with their multiplied Combinations, as the Interest, the Complexion, or the Caprice of a Writer or Speaker of Authority hath preferred to its equals?'

This Idea of Purity in Language you think strange; and yet in the very Chapter in which you set yourself to contemplate and to reprobate this *strange Idea*, you cannot help resolving Purity into Usage and Custom, that is, with QUINCTILIAN, into *Consensum Eruditorum*; which surely is but saying in other Words with the Bishop, that it consists in the Use of such Terms, with their multiplied Combinations, as the Interest, the Complexion, or the Caprice of a Writer or Speaker of Authority hath referred to its Equals—for Equals they undoubtedly were, till that Usage or Custom took Place. When this Consent of the Learned is once established, every Writer or Speaker, who pretends to Purity of Expression, must doubtless conform to it: But previously to such Consent, Purity is a Thing arbitrary enough to justify the Bishop's Conclusion, that this Quality is *not congenial and essential to human Speech*.

Next, the Bishop asks, 'What is ELEGANCE but such a Turn of Idiom as a fashionable Fancy hath brought into Repute?'

Here, again, you grow very nice in your Inquiries into the Idea of *Fancy*, the Idea of *Fashion*, and I know not what of that Sort. In a Word, you go on *defining*, and *distinguishing* to the End of the Chapter, in a Way that without Doubt would be very edifying to your young Scholars in *Trinity College*, but, as levelled against the Bishop, is certainly unseasonable and out of Place. For, define *Elegance* as you will, it finally resolves into something that is *not of the Essence of human Speech*, but factitious and arbitrary; as depending much on the Taste, the Fancy, the Caprice (call it what you please) of such Writers or Speakers, as have obtained the popular

pular Vogue for this Species of Eloquence, and so had the Fortune to bring the Turn of Idiom and Expression, which they preferred and cultivated, into general Repute.

‘ Lastly,’ the Bishop asks, ‘ What is SUBLIMITY but the Application of such Images, as arbitrary or casual Connections, rather than their own native Grandeur, have dignified and enobled?’

To this Question you reply by asking another, *Whether Sublimity doth necessarily consist in the Application of Images?* But, *first*, if what is called Sublimity, generally consists in the Application of Images, it is abundantly sufficient to the Bishop’s Purpose: *Next*, I presume to say, that the sublime of Eloquence, or the Impression which a Genius makes upon us by his Expression, consists necessarily and universally in the Application of *Images*, that is, of bright and vivid Ideas, which is the true, that is, the received Sense of the Word, *Images*, (however Rhetoricians may have distinguished different Kinds of them, and expressed them by different Names) in all rhetorical and critical Works. *Lastly*, I maintain that these bright and vivid Ideas are rendered *interesting* to the Reader or Hearer from the Influence of ASSOCIATION, rather than *of their own native Dignity and Grandeur*: of which I could give so many Instances, that, for this Reason, I will only give your *own*, which you lay so much Strefs upon, of *the famous Oath by the Souls of those who fought at Marathon and Plataea*²: where the peculiar Ideas of *Interest, Glory, and Veneration*, associated to the *Image* or Idea of the Battle of *Marathon* and *Plataea*, gave a sublime and Energy to this Oath of DEMOSTHENES, *by the Souls of those that fought there*, in the Conceptions of his Countrymen, which no other People could have felt from it, and of which you, Sir, with all your Admiration of it, have certainly a very faint Conception at this Time.

I should here have dispatched this Article of *Sublimity*, but that you will expect me to take some Notice of your Objection to what the Bishop observes, ‘ That this Species of Eloquence changed its Nature, with the Change of Clime and Lan-

² Differt. p. 45.

‘ guage; and that the same Expression, which in one Place
 ‘ had the utmost *Simplicity*, had, in the other, the utmost
 ‘ *sublime* ³.’ An Observation, which he illustrates and con-
 firms by the various Fortune of the famous Passage in *Genesis*,
God said let there be Light, and there was Light; so *sublime*, in
 the Apprehension of LONGINUS and BOILEAU, and so *simple*,
 in that of HUETIUS and LE CLERC.

To this pertinent Illustration, most ingeniously explained
 and enforced by the learned Prelate, you reply with much Ease,
 “ That this might well be, and even in the same Place,” and
 then proceed to *inform* him of I know not what Union between
Simplicity and *Sublimity*; though you *civilly* add, “ That it is
 “ a Point known to every SMATTERER in Criticism, that
 “ these two Qualities are so far from being inconsistent with
 “ each other, that they are frequently united by a natural and
 “ inseparable Union ⁴.”

“ *Simplicity* and *Sublimity* may be found together.” I think
 the Proposition false, in your Sense of it, at least. But be it
 true, that these Qualities in Expression may be found together.
 What then? The Question is of a Passage, where these Qua-
 lities, in the Apprehension of great Critics, are found sepa-
 rately; the one Side maintaining that it is merely *simple*, the
 other that it is merely *sublime*. *Simplicity* is, here, plainly
 opposed to *Sublimity*, and implies the Absence of it: BOILEAU,
 after LONGINUS, affirming that the Expression *is*, and his Ad-
 versaries affirming that it is *not, sublime*. Can any Thing shew
 more clearly, that the *sublime* of eloquent Expression depends
 on *casual associations*, and not on the Nature of Things?

But the Bishop goes further and tells us, what the *Associa-
 tions* were that occasioned these different Judgments of the
 Passage in Question. The Ideas suggested in it were *familiar*,
 to the sacred Writer: They were *new* and admirable to the
 Pagan Critic. Hence the Expression would be of the greatest
Simplicity in MOSES, though it would be naturally esteemed by
 LONGINUS, infinitely *sublime*.

³ Doct. of Grace, p. 53. ⁴ Differt. p. 58.

Here you cavil a little about the Effect of *Familiarity*: But, as conscious of the Weakness of this Part of your Answer, *Not to insist*, you say, upon this, *How comes it then that BOILEAU and many other Christian Readers, to whom the Ideas of Creation were as familiar as to MOSES himself, were yet affected by the Sublime of this Passage?* You ask, *How this comes to pass?* How? Why in the Way, in which so many other strange Things come to pass, by *the Influence of Authority*. LONGINUS had said, the Expression of this Passage was *sublime*. And when he had said this, the Wonder is to find two Men, such as HUETIUS and LE CLERC, who durst, after that, honestly declare their own Feelings, and profess that, to them, the Expression was *not sublime*.

But more on this Head of *Authority*, presently.

You see, Sir, I pass over these Chapters *on the Qualities of Eloquence*, though they make so large a Part of your *Dissertation*, very rapidly: and I do it, not to escape from any Force I apprehend there to be in your Argument or Observations, but because I am persuaded that every Man, who knows what Language is, and how it is formed, is so convinced that those Qualities of it by which it comes to be denominated *pure*, and *elegant*, and *interesting*, are the Effects of *Custom, Fashion, and Association*, that he would not thank me for employing many Words on so plain a Point. Only, as you conclude this Part of your Work with an *Appeal*, which you think sufficiently warranted, against the most positive Decisions of *Fashion, Custom, or Prejudice, to certain general and established Principles of rational Criticism*, subversive, as you think, of the Bishop's whole Theory, I shall be bold to tell you, as I just now promised, what my Opinion is of *these established Rules of RATIONAL CRITICISM*: by which you will understand how little I conceive the Bishop's System to be affected by this confident Appeal to such Principles.

I hold then, that what you solemnly call *the established Principles of rational Criticism* are only such Principles as Criticism hath seen good to establish on the *Practice of the Greek and Roman Speakers and Writers*; the European Eloquence being ultimately the mere Product and Result of such Practice; and

European

European Criticism being no further *rational* than as it accords to it. This is the Way, in which ancient and modern Critics have gone to Work in forming their Systems; and their Systems deserve to be called *rational*, because they deliver such Rules as Experience has found most conducive to attain the Ends of Eloquence in these Parts of the World. Had you attended to this obvious Consideration, it is impossible you should have alarmed yourself so much, as you seem to have done, at the Bishop's bold Paradox, as if it threatened the Downfall of Eloquence itself; which, you now see, stands exactly as it did, and is just as secure in all its established Rights and Privileges on the Bishop's System of *there being no Archetype of Eloquence in Nature*, as upon your's, *that there is one*. The Rules of Criticism are just the same on either Supposition, and will continue the same so long as we take the Greek and Roman Writers for our Masters and Models; nay, so long as the Influence of their Authority, now confirmed and strengthened by the Practice of Ages, and struck deep into the European Notions and Manners, shall subsist.

You need, therefore, be in no Pain for the Interests of Eloquence, which are so dear to you; nor for the Dignity of your *Rhetorical Office* in the University of *Dublin*; which is surely of Importance enough, if you teach your *young Hearers* how to become eloquent in that Scene where their Employment of it is likely to fall; without pretending to engage them in certain chimerical Projects how they may attain an essential universal Eloquence, or such as will pass for Eloquence in all Ages and Countries of the World.

You see, Sir, if this Opinion of mine be a Truth, that it overturns at once the whole Structure of your Book. We, no Doubt, who have been lectured in Greek and Roman Eloquence, think it preferable to any other; and we think so, because it conforms to certain Rules which our Criticism has established, without considering that those Rules are only established on the successful Practice of European Writers and Speakers, and are therefore no Rules at all in such Times and Places where a different, perhaps a contrary Practice is followed with the same Success. Let a Spartan, an Asiatic, an

African, a Chinese System of Rhetoric be given: Each of these shall differ from other, yet each shall be best and most *rational*, as relative to the People for whom it is formed. Nay, to see how groundless all your Fancies of a *rational essential Eloquence are*, do but reflect that even the European Eloquence, though founded on the same general Principles, is yet different in different Places, in many Respects. I could tell you of a Country, and that at no great Distance, where that which is thought supremely *elegant*, passes in another Country, not less conversant in the *established Principles of rational Criticism*, for FINICAL; while what, in this Country, is accepted under the Idea of *Sublimity*, is derided, in that other, as no better than BOMBAST.

What follows, now, from this Appeal to *Experience*, against your Appeal to the *established Rules of Criticism*? Plainly this: That all the Rhetors of Antiquity put together are no Authority against what the Bishop of *Gloucester* asserts concerning the Nature of Eloquence; since THEY only tell us (and we will take their Word for it) what will *please or affect* under *certain* Circumstances, while the BISHOP only questions, whether the same Rules, under ALL Circumstances, will enable a Writer or Speaker to *please and affect*. Strange! that you should not see the Inconsequence of your own Reasoning. The Bishop says, The Rules of Eloquence are for the most Part local and arbitrary: No, you say, The Rules are not local and arbitrary, FOR they are held reasonable ones at *Athens* and *Rome*. Your very Answer shews, that they were local and arbitrary. You see, then, why I make so slight, on this Occasion, of all your multiplied Citations from the ancient Writers, which, how respectable soever, are no decisive Authority, indeed no Authority at all, in the present Case.

Hitherto, the Bishop had been considering Eloquence ONLY SO FAR as it is founded in arbitrary Principles and local Prejudices. For though his Expression had been general, he knew very well that his Thesis admitted some Limitation; having directly affirmed of *the various Modes of Eloquence*, not that they were altogether and in all Respects, but MOSTLY *fantastical*, p. 67. which, though you are pleased to charge it upon

upon him as an *Inconsistency*⁵, the Reader sees it only a necessary Qualification of his general Thesis, such as might be expected in so exact a Writer, as the learned Bishop. He now then attends to this Limitation, and considers what Effect it would have on his main Theory.

‘ It will be said, *are there not some more substantial Principles of Eloquence, common to all the various Species that have obtained in the World?*—Without Doubt, there are.—Why then should not these have been employed, to do Credit to the Apostolic Inspiration? For good Reasons: respecting both the Speaker and the Hearers. For what *is* Eloquence but a persuasive Turn given to the Elocution to supply that inward, that conscious Persuasion of the Speaker, so necessary to gain a fair Hearing? But the first Preachers of the Gospel did not need a Succedaneum to that inward conscious Persuasion. And what is the *End* of Eloquence, even when it extends no farther than to those more general Principles, but to stifle Reason, and inflame the Passions? But the Propagation of Christian Truths indispensably requires the Aid of Reason, and requires no other human Aid⁶.’

Here, again, you are quite scandalized at the Bishop’s paradoxical Assertions concerning the *Nature* and *End* of Eloquence; and you differ as widely from him now he argues on the Supposition of there being *some more substantial Principles of Eloquence*, as you did before, when he contended that *most* of those, we call Principles, were arbitrary and capricious Things. You even go so far as to insult him with a String of Questions, addressed *ad Hominem*: for, having quoted some Passages from his Book, truly eloquent and rhetorical, you think you have him at Advantage, and can now confute him out of his own Mouth.

“ Can any Thing, you ask, be more brilliant, more enlivened, more truly rhetorical, than these Passages? What then are we to think of the Writer and his Intentions? Is he really sincere in his Reasonings? Or are these eloquent Forms of Speech so many Marks of Falshood? Were they

⁵ Dissert. p. 80. n.

⁶ Doct. of Grace, p 56, 57.

“ assumed as a *Succedaneum* to *conscious Persuasion*? And is
 “ the End and Design of them to *stifle Reason* and *inflame the*
 “ *Passions*’?”

To blunt the Edge of these sharp and pressing Interrogatories, give me leave to observe that the main Question, agitated by the Bishop, is, whether Divine Inspiration can be reasonably expected to extend so far as to infuse a perfect Model of Eloquence, and to over-rule the inspired Apostles in such Sort as that all they write or speak should be according to the Rules of the most consummate Rhetoric. He resolves this Question, in the *negative*: *First*, by shewing that there is no such Thing as what would be deemed a perfect Model of Eloquence subsisting in Nature, a great Part of what is called Eloquence in all Nations, being arbitrary and chimerical; and, *secondly*, by shewing that even those Principles, which may be justly thought more substantial, were, for certain Reasons, not deserving the solicitous and over-ruling Care of a divine Inspirer. His Reasons are these: *First*, that Eloquence, when most genuine, is but a *persuasive Turn* given to the *Elocution* to supply that inward, that *conscious Persuasion* of the Speaker, so necessary to gain a fair Hearing, and which the first Preachers of the Gospel had already by the Influence and Impression of the Holy Spirit upon their Minds: And, *next*, that the End of Eloquence even when it extends no further than to those more general Principles, is but to *stifle Reason*, and *inflame the Passions*; an End of a suspicious Sort, and which the Propagation of Christian Truths, the proper Business of the sacred Writers or Speakers, did not require.

You see these *Reasons*, in whatever defective, are both of them founded in *one common Principle*, which the Bishop every where goes upon, and the best Philosophy warrants. That, when the Deity interposes in human Affairs, he interposes no further than is *necessary* to the End in View, and leaves every Thing else to the Intervention and Operation of second Causes. The Apostles wanted no *Succedaneum* to an inward *conscious Persuasion*, which the Observance of the general Principles of

Eloquence supplies: they were not, therefore supernaturally instructed in them. They wanted NO Assistance from a Power, that tends to *stifle Reason and inflame the Passion*: It was not therefore, miraculously imparted to them. Every Thing here, is rational and closely argued. What was not necessary, was not done. Not a Word about the Inconvenience and Inutility, in all Cases, of recurring to the Rules and Practice of a chaste Eloquence: Not a Word to shew, that, where Eloquence is employed, there is nothing but Fraud and *Falschhood*, no inward Persuasion, no Consciousness of Truth: Not a Word to insinuate, that either you or the Bishop should be restrained from being as eloquent, on Occasion, as you might have it in your Power to be, or might think fit: Nay, not a Word, against the Apostles themselves having Recourse to the Aids of human Eloquence, if they had Access to them, and found them expedient; only these Aids were not REQUIRED, that is, were not to be claimed or expected from divine Inspiration.

Thus stands the Bishop's reasoning, perfectly clear and just. The only Room for Debate, is, whether his Ideas of the *Nature* and *End* of Eloquence be just, too. *Eloquence*, he says, *is but a persuasive Turn given to the Elocution to supply that inward, that conscious Persuasion of the Speaker, so necessary to gain a fair Hearing*. The general Affirmation you do not, indeed cannot, reject or controvert; for the great Master of Eloquence himself confirms it in express Words—*Tum optimè dicit Orator, cum VIDETUR vera dicere. QUINCTIL. l. iv. c. 2.* And, again, *Semper ita dicat, TANQUAM de causâ optimè sentiat. l. v. c. 13.* that is, an inward conscious Persuasion is to be supplied by the Speaker's Art. The Bishop's Idea then of the *Nature* of Eloquence is, as far as I can see, the very same Idea, which QUINCTILIAN had of it. Both agree that Eloquence is *such a Turn of the Elocution as supplies that inward conscious Persuasion, so necessary to the Speaker's Success*. The Bishop adds, that this *Supply* the inspired Writers did not want. But you will say, perhaps, that merely human Writers may have this *inward conscious Persuasion*, as well as the inspired. What then? If human Writers can do without this *Succedaneum*, which human Eloquence supplies to inward Persuasion,

who

who obliges them to have Recourse to it? Yes, but they cannot do *so well* without it. Who then forbids them to have Recourse to it? For neither are the inspired Writers barred of this Privilege: Only, as being simply UNNECESSARY, it was nor præternaturally supplied. Your Perplexity on this Subject arises from not distinguishing between what is *absolutely necessary*, and what is *sometimes expedient*: Divine Inspiration provides only for the *first*; the *latter* Consideration belongs to human Prudence.

But it is, further, a Mistake to say, *that merely human Writers have their inward conscious Persuasion as well as the divine*. They may have it, indeed, from the Conclusions of their own Reason, but have they it in the same Degree of Strength and Vivacity, have they the same *full Assurance of Faith*, as those who have Truth immediately impressed upon them by the Hand of GOD? I suppose not.

But the Bishop's Idea of the END of Eloquence, revolts you as much as his Idea, of its *Nature*. *What*, says he, *is the END of Eloquence, even when it extends no further than to those more general Principles, but to stifle Reason and inflame the Passions?* And what other End, I pray you, can it have? You will say, To adorn, recommend, and enforce Truth. It may be so, sometimes: This, we will say, is its more legitimate End. But even this End is not accomplished but by *stifling Reason and inflaming the Passions*: that is, Eloquence prevents Reason from adverting *simply* to the Truth of Things, and to the Force of Evidence; and it does this by agitating and disturbing the natural and calm state of the Mind with rhetorical *Diminutions or Amplifications*. *VIS oratoris OMNIS, says QUINCTILIAN, in AUGENDO MINUENDOQUE consistit.* [l. viii. c. 3. sub fin.] Now what is this but *stifling Reason?* But it goes further: It *inflames the Passions*, the ultimate End it has in View from *stifling Reason*, or putting it off its Guard. And for this, again, we have the Authority of QUINCTILIAN, *affectibus perturbandus et ab intentione auferendus orator. Non enim solum oratoris est docere, sed plus Eloquentia CIRCA MOVENDUM valet.* l. iv. c. 5. Or, would you see a Passage from the great Master of Rhetoric, where his *Idea* of this double
End

End of Eloquence is given at once? It follows in these Words—*Ubi ANIMIS judicium VIS afferenda est, et AB IPSA VERI CONTEMPLATIONE abducenda mens, IBI PROPRIUM ORATORIS OPUS EST, l. vi. c. 2.* That is, where the *Passions* are to be inflamed and Reason stifled, there is the proper Use and Employment of the rhetorical Art. So exactly has the Bishop traced the Footsteps of the great Master, when he gave us his Idea of the END of Eloquence!

Well, but this *End*, you say, is IMMORAL: So much the worse for your System, for such is the undoubted End of Eloquence, even by the Confession of its greatest Patrons and Advocates themselves. But what? Is this End immoral in all Cases? And have you never heard, *that the Passions, as wicked Things as they are, may be set on the Side of Truth?* In short, Eloquence, like Ridicule, which is, indeed, no mean Part of it, may be either well or ill employed; and though it cannot be truly said, that the end of either is simply *immoral*, yet it cannot be denied, that what these *Modes of Address* propose to themselves in ALL Cases, is, *to stifle Reason and inflame the Passions.*

The Bishop's Idea, then, of the End of Eloquence, I presume, is fairly and fully justified. But your Complaint now is, that the Bishop does not himself abide by this Idea. For you find a Contradiction between what his Lordship says here—*that the End of Eloquence, even when it extends no further than to those more general Principles, is but to stifle Reason and inflame the Passions,* and what he says elsewhere—*that the principal End of Eloquence, as it is employed in human Affairs, is to mislead Reason, and to cajole the Fancy and Affections*^s. But these Propositions are perfectly consistent, nor was the latter introduced so much as for the Purpose of *qualifying and palliating* any Thing that might be deemed offensive in the former. For though Eloquence, chastely employed, goes no further than to *stifle Reason and inflame the Passions* (and the chastest Eloquence, if it deserves the Name, goes thus far), yet *the principal End of Eloquence, as it is employed in human Affairs, is to*

^s Dissert. p. 80. n.

mislead Reason, which is something more than *stifling* it; and to *cajole*, which is much worse than to *inflame*, the Passions. Reason may be STIFLED, and the Passions INFLAMED, when the Speaker's Purpose is to inculcate *Right and Truth*; Reason is only in Danger of being MISLED, and the Fancy and Affections of being CAJOLED, when Wrong and Error are enforced by him. So very inaccurate was your Conception of the Bishop's Expression! which I should not have explained so minutely, but to shew you that, when you undertook to expose such a Writer, as the Bishop, you should have studied his Expression with more Care, and should have understood the Force of Words at another Rate, than you seem to have done in this Instance.

Still you will ask, if the *End* be so legitimate, why should not the inspired Writers be trusted with this powerful Engine of human Eloquence? The Bishop gives several Reasons: It is a *suspicious Instrument*, p. 57. It was an *improper Instrument* for heaven-directed Men, whose Strength was not to be derived from *the Wisdom of Men*, but from *the Power of God*, p. 59. But the direct and immediate Answer it contained, as I observed, in these Words—*The Propagation of Christian Truths indispensably requires the Aid of Reason, and requires no other Aid.* 1. Christianity, which is a *reasonable Service*, was of Necessity to be propagated by Force of Reason; in the Bishop's better Expression, IT INDISPENSABLY REQUIRED THE AID OF REASON; but *Reason*, he tells us in the next Words, *can never be fairly and vigorously exerted but in that favourable Interval which precedes the Appeal to the Passions.* 2. The Propagation of Christianity, which indispensably required the Aid of Reason, REQUIRED NO OTHER HUMAN AID: That is, no other human Means were simply REQUISITE OR NECESSARY. God, therefore, was pleased to leave his inspired Servants to the prudential Use and Exercise of their own natural or acquired Talents; but would not supernaturally endow them with this *unnecessary* Power of eloquent Words. The inspired Writers, even the most learned, and by Nature the most eloquent of them, made a very sparing Use of such Talents, *proudly sacrificing them*, as the Bishop nobly
and

and eloquently says, *to the Glory of the everlasting Gospel*. But as the *End* was not, so neither was the *Use* of Eloquence, simply immoral or evil in itself. They were Considerations of *Propriety, Prudence, and Piety*, which restrained the Apostles generally, but not always, in the *Use* of Eloquence; which was less *decent* in their Case, and which they could very well do without. When the same Considerations prompt other Men, under other Circumstances, to affect the Way of Eloquence, it may safely, and even commendably, for any Thing the Bishop has said on this Subject as it concerns divine Inspiration, be employed.

Admitting then the Bishop's Ideas both of the *Nature* and *End* of Eloquence, the *Want* of this Character in the sacred Writings is only vindicated, not *the Thing itself* interdicted or disgraced.

The Conclusion from the whole of what the Bishop has advanced on this Argument, follows in these Words :

‘ What, therefore, do our Ideas of Fit and Right tell us is
 ‘ required in the *Style* of an universal Law? Certainly no more
 ‘ than this—To employ those Aids which are common to *all*
 ‘ Language as such; and to reject what is peculiar to *each*, as
 ‘ they are casually circumstanced. And what are these Aids
 ‘ but CLEARNESS and PRECISION? By these, the Mind and
 ‘ Sentiments of the Composer are intelligibly conveyed to the
 ‘ Reader. These Qualities are essential to Language, as it
 ‘ is distinguished from Jargon: They are eternally the same,
 ‘ and independent on Custom or Fashion. To give a Lan-
 ‘ guage *Clearness* was the Office of Philosophy; to give it
 ‘ *Precision* was the Office of Grammar. Definition performs
 ‘ the first Service by a Resolution of the Ideas which make
 ‘ up the Terms: Syntaxis performs the second by a Combina-
 ‘ tion of the several Parts of Speech into a systematic Congru-
 ‘ ity: These are the very Things in Language which are least
 ‘ positive, as being conducted on the Principles of Metaphy-
 ‘ sics and logic. Whereas, all besides, from the very Power
 ‘ of the Elements, and Signification of the Terms, to the
 ‘ Tropes and Figures of Composition, are arbitrary; and,
 ‘ what is more, as these are a Deviation from those Principles
 ‘ of

‘ of Metaphysics and Logic, they are frequently vicious.
 ‘ This, the great Master quoted above (QUINCTILIAN) freely
 ‘ confesseth, where speaking of that ornamented Speech, which
 ‘ he calls σχήματα λέξεως, he makes the following Confession
 ‘ and Apology—esset enim omne schema VITIUM, si non pe-
 ‘ teretur, sed accideret. Verum auctoritate, vetustate, con-
 ‘ suetudine, plerumque defenditur, sæpe etiam RATIONE QU-
 ‘ dam. Ideoque cum sit a simplici rectoque loquendi genere
 ‘ deflecta, virtus est, si habet PROBABILE ALIQUID quod
 ‘ sequatur. ’

There is no Part of your Book in which you exult more than in the Confutation of this obnoxious Paragraph. It is to be hoped, you do it on good Grounds—but let us see what those Grounds are.

The Bishop, in the Paragraph you criticise in your vth Chapter, had said that *Tropes and Figures in Composition*, under certain Circumstances, there exprested, are frequently *vicious*. You make a Difficulty of understanding this Term, and doubt whether his Lordship means *Vice* in a *critical* or *moral* Sense. I take upon me to answer roundly for the Bishop, that he meant *Vice*, in the *critical* Sense: For he pronounces, such Tropes and Figures *vicious*, ONLY as they are a *Deviation from the Principles of METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC*; and therefore I presume he could not mean *Vice* in the other Sense, which is a *Deviation from the Principles of ETHICS*. All you say on this Subject, then, might have been well spared.

This incidental Question, or Doubt of your’s, being cleared up, let us now attend to the *more substantial Grounds* you go upon, in your Censure of the learned Bishop.

He had been speaking of *Clearness* and *Precision*, as the *Things in Language, which are least positive*. Whereas all besides, from the very Power of the Elements and Signification of the Terms, to the Tropes and Figures of Composition, are arbitrary; and, what is more, as these are a *Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic*, are frequently *vicious*.

In the first Place, you say, it were to be wished that his Lordship had been pleased to express himself with a little more Precision—Want of Precision is not, I think, a Fault with which the Bishop's Writings are commonly charged; and I wish it may not appear in this Instance, as it did lately in another, that your Misapprehension of his Argument arises from the very Precision of his Expression. But in what does this supposed Want of Precision consist? Why, in not qualifying this Sentence, passed on the Tropes and Figures of Composition, which, from the general Terms, in which it is delivered, falls indiscriminately upon ALL Writers and Speakers; for that “ALL Men, who have ever written and spoken, have frequently used this Mode of Elocution, which is said to be “frequently vicious¹.” Well, but from the Word, frequently, which you make yourself so pleasant with, it appears that the Bishop had qualified this bold and dangerous Position.—Yes, but this makes the Position still more bold. Indeed! The Bishop is then singularly unhappy, to have his Position, first, declared bold for Want of being qualified, and, then, bolder still, for being so. But your Reason follows.

“What makes this Position still more hardy is, that, however the Conclusion seems confined and restrained by the Addition of that qualifying Word (frequently), yet the Premises are general and unlimited. It is asserted without any Restriction, that figurative Composition is a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic. If then it be vicious as it is, i. e. because (quatenus) it is such a Deviation, it must be not only frequently but always vicious; a very severe Censure denounced against almost every Speaker, and every Writer, both sacred and profane, that ever appeared in the World².”

Here your Criticism grows very logical; and notwithstanding the Confidence I owned myself to have in the Precision of the Bishop's Style, I begin to be in Pain how I shall disengage him from so exact and philosophical an Objector. Yet, as the Occasion calls upon me, I shall try what may be done. As

¹ Dissert. p. 24.

² Dissert. p. 25.

these (Tropes and Figures of Composition) are a *Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic*, they are frequently VICIOUS. Since the *Attribute* of this Proposition is so peculiarly offensive to you, your first Care, methinks, should have been to gain precise and exact Ideas of the *Subject*; without which it is not possible to judge whether what is affirmed of it be exceptionable, or no.

By *Tropes and Figures of Composition*, you seem to understand *Metaphors, Allegories, Similitudes*, and whatever else is vulgarly known under the Name of *Figures of Speech*. For in p. 29, you speak of *Allegories, Metaphors, and OTHER Tropes and Figures, which, you say, are no more than Comparisons and Similitudes expressed in another Form*: And your Concern, throughout this whole Chapter, is for the Vindication of *such Tropes and Figures* from the supposed Charge of their being a *Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic*. But now, on the other Hand, I dare be confident that the Bishop meant these Terms, not in this *specific*, but in their *generic* Sense, as expressing any Kind of Change, Deflexion, or Deviation from the plain and common Forms of Language. I say, I am confident of this, 1. because the precise Sense of the Words is such as I represent it to be; and I have observed, though, it seems, you have not, that the Bishop is of all others the most *precise* in his Expression. 2. Because QUINCTILIAN authorizes this Use of those Terms, who tells us that—*per tropos verti formas non verborum modo sed et sensuum, et compositionis*, l. viii. c. 6. And as to *figuram*, he defines it to be (as the Word itself, he says, imports) *conformatio quædam orationis, remota à communi et primum se offerente ratione*, l. ix. c. 1. Words large enough to take in every possible Change and Alteration of common Language. So that *all Manners and Forms* of Language, different from the common ones, may, according to QUINCTILIAN, be fitly denominated *Tropes and Figures of Composition*. 3. I conclude this to be the Bishop's Meaning, because the *specific Sense* of these Words was not sufficient to his Purpose, which was to speak of ALL kinds of tropical and figured Speech. Now though *Allegories, Metaphors, and other Tropes and Figures which are no more than*

than Comparisons and Similitudes, expressed in another Form, belong indeed to the Genus of figured Language, they are by no Means the whole of it, as so great a Master of Rhetoric, as yourself, very well knows. 4. I conclude this, from the peculiar Mode of his Expression: If the Bishop had said simply tropes and Figures of Speech, I might perhaps (if nothing else had hindered) have taken him to mean, as you seem to have done, only Metaphors, Allegories, and other Tropes and Figures, expressing, in another Form, Comparisons and Similitudes, which, in vulgar Use, come under the Name of Tropes and Figures of Speech: But when he departs from the common Form of Expression and puts it, Tropes and Figures of COMPOSITION, I infer that so exact a Writer, as the Bishop, had his Reasons for this Change, and that he intended by it to express more than Tropes or Figures of Speech usually convey, indeed ALL that can any Way relate to tropical and figurative Use of Words in literary Composition.

It is now seen what the SUBJECT of this bold Proposition is: namely, tropical or figured Language, in general. This figured Language, as it is a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic, is frequently vicious; i. e. is an acknowledged Vice or Fault in Composition, as such. We now then see the Force of the PREDICATE.

Well; but if this figured Language “ be vicious as it is, “ i. e. because, quatenus, it is such a Deviation, it must not “ only be frequently, but always vicious.” The Premises are general and unlimited: So must, likewise, be the Conclusion. What Sense, then, is there in the Word frequently? Or what Room, for that Qualification?

See, what it is to be a great Proficient in Logic, before one has well learnt one's Grammar! As, i. e. because, quatenus, say you. How exactly and critically the English Language may be studied in Dublin, I pretend not to say: But we in England understand the Particle as, not only in the Sense of because, quatenus, but also, and, I think more frequently, in the Sense of in Proportion as, according as, or, if you will needs have a Latin Term to explain an English Term, prout, perinde ac. So that the Proposition stands thus: These Tropes and Figures, AC-

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CORDING

CORDING AS *they are a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysic and Logic, are frequently vicious.* The Premises, you now see, are qualified, as well as the Conclusion. Figured Language, WHEN it deviates from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic, becomes vicious. Figured Language is then—what? *always* vicious? But the Bishop did not say, that figured Language is *always* a Deviation from those Principles. He only says, *when* it so deviates, it is vicious. It is implied in the Expression, that figured Language at least *sometimes* deviates from those Principles, and the Bishop, as appears, is of Opinion that it *frequently* deviates: He therefore says, consistently with his Premises, and with his usual Accuracy, It is *frequently* vicious.

In short, the Bishop's Argument, about which you make such a Stir, if drawn out in Mood and Figure, would, I suppose, stand thus—"Tropical and figured Language, WHEN it deviates from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic, is vicious—Tropical and figured Language FREQUENTLY deviates from those Principles—Therefore tropical and figured Language is FREQUENTLY vicious." And where is the Defect of Sense or Logic, I want to know, in this Argumentation? But you impatiently ask, Are *Metaphors, Allegories, and Comparisons* then included in this *figured Language*, which is pronounced *vicious*? To this Question, I can only reply, That I know not whether *Metaphors, Allegories, and Comparisons*, are, in the Bishop's Opinion, *Deviations* from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic; for I cannot find that he says any Thing, in *particular*, of this Kind of Tropes and Figures. But if you, or any one for you, will shew clearly, that *Metaphors, Allegories, and Comparisons* are such *Deviations*, the Bishop, for any Thing I know, might affirm, and might be justified in affirming that they were in themselves *vicious*. But be not too much alarmed for your Favourites, if he should. They would certainly keep their Ground, though convicted of such *Vice*; at least unless the Rhetoricians of our Time should be so dull as not to be able to find out what QUINCTILIAN calls *probabile aliquid*, some probable Pretext to justify or excuse them.

But,

But, instead of troubling ourselves to guess what the Bishop *might* say on a Subject on which he has said nothing, it is to better Purpose to attend to what he *has* said on the Subject in Question. The Bishop *has* said, *That tropical and figured Language is frequently vicious.* You ask when? He replies, *When it deviates from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic.* But in what particular Instance doth this appear? He tells you this too. He gives you Instances enough, to justify his Affirmation, that tropical and figured Language is *frequently* vicious; for he exemplifies his Affirmation in ONE WHOLE Class of such figured Speech, as deviates from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic, and is therefore vicious, namely, *in the Class of verbal Figures.* ‘ This, (*i. e.* the Truth of the Affirmation, That figured Language, according as it is found to be a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic, is frequently vicious) the great Master, QUINCTILIAN, freely confesseth, where, speaking of that ornamented Speech, which he calls σχήματα λέξεως, he makes the following Confession and Apology—*esset enim omne schema vitium, si non peteretur, sed accideret. Verum auctoritate, vetustate, consuetudine, plerumque defenditur, sæpe etiam RATIONE QUADAM. Ideoque cum sit a simplici rectoque loquendi genere deflexa, virtus est, si habet, PROBABILE ALIQUID quod sequatur.*’

The Difficulty, I trust, now begins to clear up. Figured Language, is frequently vicious. Of this we have an Instance given in one entire Species of figured or ornamented Speech, namely σχήματα λέξεως, or *verbal Figures.* Can any Thing be clearer, and plainer? Yet, because you have taken it into your Head that by *Tropes and Figures of Composition* the Bishop understood, nay could only understand, *Metaphors, Allegories, and Comparisons,* you dreamt of nothing, here, but the same fine Things. And though QUINCTILIAN lay before the Bishop, when he quoted these Words, though the Bishop’s own express Words shew the contrary, for he speaks not of Tropes and Figures in general, much less of such Tropes and Figures as you speak of, but solely of *that ornamented Speech,* called σχή-

Quintil. l. ix. c. 3.

μαῖα λέξεως, you will needs have him quote QUINCTILIAN in this Place as speaking of *Rhetorical Figures*. But let us attend to QUINCTILIAN'S Words. *Esset omne schema vitium, si non peteretur, sed accideret.* What! Shall we think that the Bishop could mean to affirm of *rhetorical Figures*, that they would *always be vicious*, if they were not sought for, but occurred of themselves? For that, I think, is the Translation of—*si non peterentur, sed acciderent.* Surely one Way, and that the chief, in which *rhetorical Figures, Metaphors, Allegories, and Comparisons*, become vicious, is, when they ARE sought for, solicitously hunted after, and affectedly brought in. The very contrary happens with Regard to these verbal figures; they are vicious, when they are NOT sought for and purposely affected. I conclude then, that his Lordship, who surely does not want common Sense, and, I think, understands Latin, did not, and could not intend to exemplify his Observation in the Case of *rhetorical Figures*.

Still you are something puzzled and perplexed by the Bishop's Observation. Admitting him to mean, as his Author does, *verbal Figures*, how can these be considered as a *Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic*? How? Why, has not the Bishop told us, or, if he had not, is it not certain in itself, that *to give a Language Clearness is the Office of Philosophy; and that Definition, a Part of Logic, performs that Service by a Resolution of the Ideas, which make up the Terms*? But these verbal Figures are often a Deviation from, nay a willful Defiance of, *all logical Definition*. Witness the very Instance you and QUINCTILIAN give us, in VIRGIL'S *timidi damæ*. Logic defines *damæ* to be the *Females* of that Species of Animals, called *Deer*. The figurative VIRGIL confounds this Distinction by using this Term for the *Males*, as well as *Females*. But, universally; *Grammar* itself, whose peculiar Office is to *give Precision to Language*, is a Part of *Logic*: The Bishop says, *its Rules are conducted on the Principles of Logic*. But *verbal Figures*, even when they do not offend against the Strictness of Definition, are universally Violations, in some Degree or other, of *Grammar*, i. e. of *Logic*. Yet these Violations of *Logical Grammar*, QUINCTILIAN tells us, may be allowed, *si habent probabile*

probabile aliquid quod sequantur; that is, for some fantastical Reason or other, by which the Masters of Rhetoric are pleased to recommend them to us.

And now, Sir, let me ask, what becomes of your fine Comment on QUINCTILIAN's Chapter concerning *verbal Figures*, and, particularly, of your nice Distinction between these, and *rhetorical Figures*, which the Bishop, no Doubt, wanted to be informed of? The Issue of your Exploits in Logic and Criticism is now seen to be this, That you have grossly misrepresented the Bishop; and needlessly, at least, explained QUINCTILIAN. *First*, you make the Bishop talk of *rhetorical Figures ONLY*, in the *specific* Sense of the Terms, when his Lordship was all the while speaking of *figured Language, in general*. *Next*, you make him deliver a bold Position concerning rhetorical Figures, as being *frequently* vicious, because *always* Deviations from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic; when all he maintains, is, That figured Language is **FREQUENTLY** vicious according as it deviates from those Principles; and, in particular, that *that* Part of figured Speech, called grammatical or verbal Figures, is **ALWAYS** vicious.

To conclude, if you had shewn any Compunction, or even common Respect in exposing what you took to be the Bishop's Absurdities on this Subject, I should have made a Conscience of laying you open on this Head of *Rhetorical and Grammatical Figures*. As it is, your unmerciful Triumph over the poor Bishop, makes it allowable for me to lay your Dealing with him before the Reader in all its Nakedness; and after what has been said, I cannot do it better than by letting him see how the Bishop's Argumentation is represented by you, as drawn out in your own Words, and that in full Mood and Figure.

“ I should by no Means, say you, willingly misrepresent the argument of my Lord Bishop; but upon repeated Examination of the Passage here quoted, I must state it thus :

“ QUINCTILIAN declares, that what are called grammatical Figures are really no more than faulty Violations of grammatical Rules, unless when purposely introduced upon some reasonable or plausible Grounds.”

THERE-

THEREFORE,

“ He confesses that Tropes and Figures of Composition, as they are a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic, are frequently vicious.”

You add, “ If this be a fair Representation, it were to be wished that the learned Author *had so far condescended to Men of confined Abilities*, as to explain the Connection between these two Propositions ².”

As the *learned Author*, I guess, may be better employed than in this unnecessary Task, which you *wish* to impose upon him, I have taken upon me to discharge that Office, with less able Hands; and yet, have *explained the Connections between these two Propositions* in such Sort, that, if I mistake not, we shall never hear more from you, of any Inconsistency between them.

I have now, Sir, gone through the several Particulars of your Dissertation, and have shewn, I think, clearly and invincibly, that all your Objections to the Bishop's paradoxical Sentiments on the Subject of Eloquence are mistaken and wholly groundless.

The two Propositions, his Lordship took upon him to confute. 1. *That an inspired Language must needs be a Language of perfect Eloquence*; and 2. *That Eloquence is something congenial and essential to human Speech, and inherent in the Constitution of Things*: These two Propositions, I say, are so thoroughly confuted by the Bishop, that not one Word of all you say in any Degree affects his reasoning, or supports those two Propositions against the Force of it. I am even candid enough to believe that, on further Thoughts, you will not yourself be displeas'd with this ill Success of your Attack on the learned Prelate's *Principles*; which are manifestly calculated for the Service of Religion and the Honour of inspired Scripture. For, though you attempt to shew us in your two last Chapters, how the Honour of inspired Scripture may be sav'd on *other Principles*, yet allow me to say that, for certain Reasons, I much question the Validity of those Principles; at least, that

* Dissert. p. 34.

the Persons, most concerned in this Controversy, will by no Means subscribe to them. If there be an Archetype of Eloquence in Nature, 'one should be apt enough, as the Bishop says, to conclude, that when the Author of Nature condescended to inspire one of these plastic Performances of human Art, he would make it by the exactest Pattern of the Archetype³.' Or, whatever you and I and the Bishop might conclude, assure yourself that the Objectors to inspired Scripture will infallibly draw that Conclusion. And, when they do so, and fortify themselves, besides, with the Authority of so great a Master of Eloquence, as yourself, it will be in vain, I doubt, to oppose to them your ingenious Harangues and Encomiums on the eloquent Composition of the sacred Scriptures. Nay, it would give you, no Doubt, some Pain to find that, though they should accept your Authority for the Truth of their favourite Principle of there being *an Archetype in Nature of perfect Eloquence*, they would yet reject your *Harangues and Encomiums* with the Disdain which is so natural to them. The Honour of sacred Scripture will then hang on a Question of *Taste*: and unluckily the Objectors are of such an Authority in that Respect, that there is no Appeal from their Decisions of it.

The Contemplation of these *Inconveniencies*, together with the *Love of Truth*, determined me to hazard this Address to you. I will not deny, besides, that the mere *Justice* due to a great Character, whom I found somewhat freely, not to say injuriously treated by you, was, also, *one* Motive with me. If I add still *another*, it is such as I need not disown, and which you, of all Men, will be the last to object to, I mean a Motive of *Charity* towards yourself.

I am much a Stranger to your Person, and, what it may perhaps be scarce decent for me to profess to you, even to your Writings. All I know of YOURSELF, is, what your Book tells me, that you are distinguished by an honourable Place and Office in the University of *Dublin*: and what I have heard of your WRITINGS, makes me think favourably of a private Scholar, who, they say, employs himself in such Works of

³ Doct. of Grace, p. 52.

Learning and Taste, as are proper to instill a Reverence into young Minds for the best Models of Antient Eloquence. While you are thus creditably stationed, and thus usefully employed, I could not but feel some Concern for the Hurt you were likely to do yourself by engaging in so warm and so unnecessary an Opposition to a *Writer*, as you characterize him, of *distinguished Eminence* †. Time was, when even with us on this side the Water, the Novelty of this Writer's Positions, and the Envy, which ever attends superior Merit, disposed some warm Persons to open, and prosecute with many hard Words, the unpopular Cry against him, of his being a bold and PARADOXICAL Writer. But Reflexion and Experience have quieted this Alarm. Men of Sense and Judgement now consider his Paradoxes as very harmless, nay, as very sober and certain Truths; and even vie with each other in their Zeal of Building upon them, as the surest Basis, on which a just and rational Vindication of our common Religion can be raised. This is the present State of things with us, and especially, they say, in the Universities of this Kingdom.

It was, therefore, not without some Surprize, and, as I said, with much real Concern, that I found a Gentleman of Learning and Education revive, at such a Juncture, that stale and worn-out Topic, and disgrace himself by propagating this Clamour of I know not what *paradoxical Boldness*, now long out of Date, in the much-approved Writings of this great Prelate. Nor was the Dishonour to yourself, the only Circumstance to be lamented. You were striving with all your Might, to infuse Prejudices into the Minds of many ingenious and virtuous young Men; whom you would surely be sorry to mislead; and who would owe you little Thanks for prepossessing them with unfavourable Sentiments of such a Man and Writer, as the Bishop of *Gloucester*, they will find, is generally esteemed to be.

These, then, were the Considerations, which induced me to employ an Hour or two of Leisure in giving your Book a free Examination. I have done it in as few Words as possible, and

† Adv. to the Dissert.

in a *Manner* which no reasonable and candid Man, I persuade myself, will disapprove. I know what Apologies may be requisite to the learned Bishop for a Stranger's engaging in this officious Task. But to you, Sir, I make none: It is enough if any Benefits to yourself or others may be derived from it.

I am with Respect, &c.

F I N I S.

