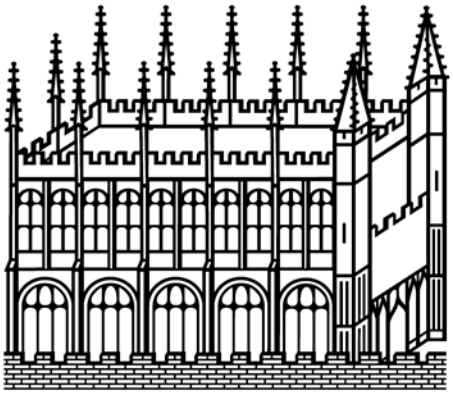

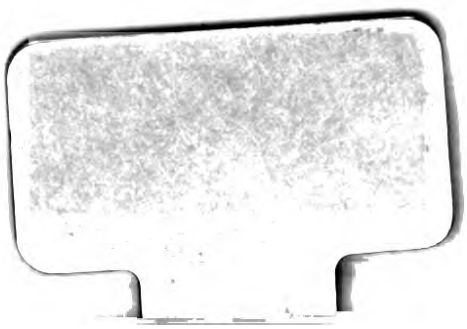

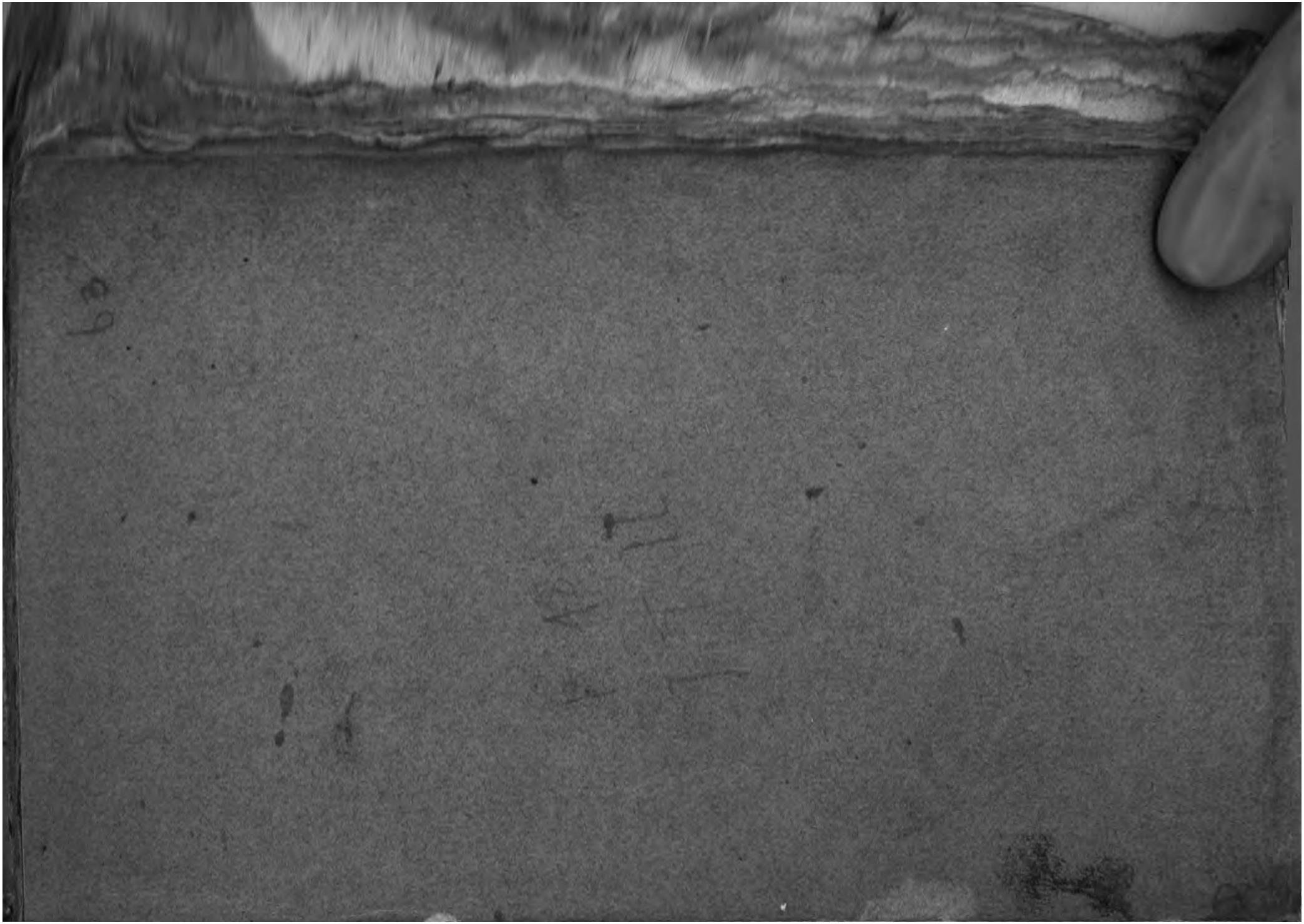

THE

KORAN:

OR,

ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS, CHARACTERS, AND CALLIMACHIES,

OF

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,

M. N. A.

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

Three Volumes complete in one.

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THE KORAN:

OR,

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND SENTIMENTS,

OF

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,

M. N. A.

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

VOL. I.

Vous y verrez du ſerieux,
Entre-melé de badinage;
Des traits un peu facetieux,
Dont la morale, au moins, eſt ſage.

Le philoſophe de Sans-ſouci.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being known to your Lordſhip.—My ſole reaſon, then, for preſenting theſe volumes to you, ariſes from the reſpect and eſteem I have often heard the author of them profeſs towards your Lordſhip's perſon and character.

Upon reading the following pages to me one day, he ſtopped at the end of a particular chapter, and expreſſed himſelf thus: "*Swift* ſaid, That if there were but a dozen

Arbuthnots in the world, he would burn his *Gulliver*. In like manner," added he, "I declare, that if there were only as many *Charlemonts* in theſe kingdoms, I would alſo commit my * *Primmer* to the flames."

So honourable a teſtimony as this, ſufficiently juſtifies the preference with which I ſubſcribe myſelf, on this occaſion, your Lordſhip's

Moſt humble

and obedient ſervant,

THE EDITOR.

* This article will unfold itſelf in due time.

THE

EDITOR

TO THE

READER.

I HERE preſent the public with the remains of an author, who has long entertained and amuſed them, and who has been the ſubject both of applauſe and cenſure—himſelf equally regardleſs of both.—He was a ſecond Democritus, who ſported his opinions freely, juſt as his philoſophy, or his fancy, led the way: and as he inſtilled no profligate principle, nor ſolicited any looſe deſire, the worſt that could poſſibly be ſaid, of the very worſt part of his writings, might be only, that they were as indecent, but as innocent at the

ſame time, as the ſprawling of an infant on the floor.

And I ſhall give you here his own ſentiments about this matter, which I have taken, *ex ore ſuo*, from one of the following pages.—

"And I, who am myſelf a perfect philoſopher of the French ſchool, whoſe motto is *Fide, ſi ſapis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever ſo arch or free, provided they appear to have no other ſcope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodiſtical* a ſeverity—while thoſe, indeed, cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the moſt remote obliquity, againſt any one principle of honour, morals, or religion*."

Theſe notes were deſigned by the author, to frame a larger work from than the preſent, to be publiſhed after he ſhould

* See this Volume chap. XI.

find himſelf—or the public—tired of the ſportive incoherence of his former volumes:—but his untimely and unexpected death prevented him from digeſting and completing this ſcheme.

Theſe ſheets had been put into my hands ſome time before this unhappy event, to correct or cancel, as I ſhould think proper, and he left them with me, on his deathbed, to diſpoſe of after what manner I might chooſe—either to be kept among my miſcellaneous papers, for my own amuſement, or publiſhed to the world, or thrown into the fire.—His expreſſion to me, upon that affecting occaſion, was equally elegant and flattering—

Et dixit moriens—*Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum.*

I imagined, that any tract of this author, eſpecially into which he transfuſes ſo much of his very ſoul, might afford ſome entertainment to the public; and I have, therefore, committed theſe incorrect pieces,

and unfiniſhed ſketches, to the preſs, without attempting to make any manner of addition or alteration in them, except the leaving out of ſome paſſages, that were either *unintelligible*—or *too plain*.

And if there ſhould yet appear to have remained ſome other particulars, which the ſcrupulous reader may think to have needed the farther uſe of the *ſtyle*, I am very certain that he will meet with ſufficient matter, in the reſt of the work, to make the author's apology, and to ſerve alſo as a juſtification of

THE EDITOR.

THE

CONTENTS.

A

PRIVATE LETTER

FROM

THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

TO ONE IN A MILLION.

My very good Friend,

I AM juſt returned from hunting *o'er the hills and far away*; and as my manner has ever been, whether riding, walking, ſkating, ſwimming, or boating — and I dare venture to hold a wager that it would be the ſame if I was flying—to revolve thoſe ſubjects in my mind, which I purpoſe, at any time of my life, to diſcuſs in writing, your requeſt to me lately has occupied my whole thoughts all this morn-

ing. *Experieris non Dianam magis in montibus, quam Minervam inerrare*, as Pliny ſays.

In ſuch a memoiring and *memorable age* as this, why not write my own memoirs? *vexatus toties.* I have gone through a multitude of novels within theſe few years paſt, and have attended, with moſt exemplary patience and perſeverance, chapter after chapter, in hope that the next anecdote might poſſibly make me ſome amends for the dullneſs of the former. In vain! Modern noveliſts ſeem to be deficient, even in invention. We forgive them their total want of language, ſtyle, moral, character or ſentiment.

My ſeries of life has happily ſaved me the entire labour of conception. For the mere literal narrative of my adventures, from the moment I was uncaſed from my firſt *envelope*, till the inſtant I ſhall eſcape from this ſecond *caul*—for the context and complexion of my paſt life will probably

form the weft and hue of my future—— would amuſe and intereſt my readers, though recited in the ſimplicity of my nurſe, the ſtupidity of my pedagogues, or the tedioufneſs of modern memoiriſts; who may be ſaid, according to Ariſtotle's figure, ſtyled *Paronomaſia*, to write more *pour Faim*, than *Fame*. For I take neceſſity to be a muſe that's fairly worth *the Nine*, and literary Fame to be lineally derived from *Fames*.

Largitor ingenii venter.

Pray don't be alarmed at the word *Koran*, which I have choſen to make the title of theſe papers. I am not turned Muſſulman; but I hate *appropriated names*, becauſe they reſtrain the language too much, and are apt to lead to ſuperſtition. And I ſee no reaſon why my viſions and vagaries have not as good a right to be called *Al Koran*, or *The Koran*, as the inven-

tions and impoſitions of Mahomet; which were ſtyled ſo, merely as being *a collection of chapters*—for ſo the word in Arabic ſignifies.

But to proceed—

THE KORAN.

CHAP. I.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY.

AS I am, at length and long-run, ſafely delivered into the world, and fairly entered into life, I think it high time now to give you ſome account of myſelf—ſo often promiſed, and ſo long delayed—which I ſhall do, in as few words as the nature of the ſubject, and the writer of it, will permit. *Hic vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſaepius audis.*

I was *really* born—no doubt on't: for if I had not, I ſhould never have pretended to ſay ſo—But firſt let me account for myſelf, in the character I at preſent ſtand before you, as an author—which I never intended—nor indeed was ever intended—to be. I happened to become one by mere chance.

Chance has ever been my *fate*. My father never deſigned me any manner of education. He was *a brave ſoldier*, and deſpiſed it. What a power of courage he muſt have had! So I learned to read and write, by *chance*. I *miched* once to ſchool, and picked up a little literature, *by chance*. I never meant to marry, and yet it was my *luck* to get a wife. I never had any patron, but was provided for by *fortune*.

Chance, Luck, and Fortune, then, have been my *Clotho*, *Atropos*, and *Lacheſis*—and ſo I have aſſumed the cognomen of *Tria juncta in uno*— —which is another chance alſo; as I never once thought of ſuch a derivation, before this very inſtant.

But how an author by chance, prithee? —I'll tell you, if you'll have but a little patience.

CHAP. II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS method of dividing a ſubject into chapters, is an admirable expedient for your pennyworth wits, and your two-

penny readers. It ſerves as reſting pauſes to both.

Diviſum ſic breve fiet opus.

The Bible itſelf might, perhaps, to ſome, appear tedious, if it was not for the comfortable relief of chapters.

Beſides, the intervals, or *white lines*, as the printers ſtyle them, help to ſwell the volume like a bladder; or may be compared to an article of *potted ſaw-duſt* in *a bill of fare*, which helps to *cover a table*, though it adds nothing to the *feaſt*.

Here now I expect that my old acquaintance *the* UN-*critical Reviewers* will be apt to remark upon this paſſage, that theſe ſpaces are the moſt valuable parts of my books, as a *blank* is better than a *blot* at any time, with other inſipidities of the ſame ſort.

But let them prate; for I have long ſince brought myſelf to be very well able to bear with them, by becoming regardleſs equally of their applauſe or cenſure. True critics, like hawks, hunt for pleaſure; but the Reviewers, like vultures, only *for prey*.

And, for this reaſon, I don't think that one ſhould be too ſevere againſt the poor devils neither. They ought rather to become the object of our pity than reſentment, who, like *hangmen*, are obliged to *execute* for bread. And it ſhould therefore be a conſiderable advantage to a work, to have received their cenſure—for an author may ſet what price he pleaſes on a book that has been condemned to be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman*.

CHAP. III.

THE UNCLE.

I THINK I promiſed in my firſt chapter, to give you my *authority* in literature. Thus it was—

I happened to have an uncle once, who was a miniſter of the goſpel, but his only ſtudy was politics. He had a laudable ambition to riſe in life. Religion is undoubtedly a neceſſary qualification for that purpoſe in the next world—but is not ſufficient to help us forward in this.

He took care, therefore, juſt to get the

thirty-nine articles by heart, to enable him to ſtand an examination of faith on the day of judgment—not attending to the good old ſaying, *Live and learn, die and forget all:* but his maxims were, *not to go, while you ſtay—to live whilſt you live; for at the hour of death, ſufficient to that day will be the evil thereof.*

In proſecution then of his ſcheme of life, he wrote and publiſhed ſeveral party papers, during the *reign* of Sir Robert Walpole, in favour of his miniſtry—but Mammon left him in the lurch. They produced no effect toward his advancement.—They were poorly written.—Parſons generally write ill, even upon their own ſubjects.

He might better have employed himſelf, in ſaying his prayers—for, in this ſervice, whatever is well meant, is well received, though ever ſo ill performed: but, in the other caſe, whatever is well *executed* only, is well accepted of, however *ill intended.*—This mortified our divine.

Juſt at this criſis I happened to return into the country, after having quitted college, and brought home ſome little cha-

racter from the univerſity for parts and learning.

But I am hurrying the reader on too faſt. My ſtock is ſmall, and needs oeconomy. So I think that I have now wrote enough for this chapter—and, in the ſtyle of a ſermon, I ſhall leave you to conſider of what has been ſaid, and defer the remainder to another opportunity.

CHAP. IV.

ON MURDER.

FOR my own part, I have not the leaſt notion how any man—or woman either—can bring themſelves to commit murder—except, indeed, it happened to be on the body of a brother, a friend, a miſtreſs, or ſome other ſuch fond and dear connexion as theſe.

Human nature revolts at the very idea: inſomuch, that I know not what *temptations* can induce any perſon to be guilty of ſuch a crime—for *temptation* comes from *nature*, whoſe ſtrongeſt propenſity is the very *reverſe* of it. This vice then muſt

certainly ariſe from *provocation* only—becauſe provocation proceeds from the devil.

Thus, reader, you may perceive—that is, ſuppoſing you to have been attentive to what I am ſaying all this while, that I have here made a nice diſtinction of it, between the *fleſh and the devil*——Pray now, pleaſe you to obſerve the conſequence.

The *provocation* then muſt be of the higheſt kind. This cannot ariſe from any indifferent perſon. They can never *provoke* us ſufficiently—A man—or woman either—deſerves to be hanged for killing ſuch as theſe. No—A brother, a friend, a child, a wife, or a miſtreſs, muſt therefore become the proper objects of our moſt deadly reſentment. Ergo—

The application of this argument in ſome other chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE MINISTERIAL WRITER.

MY uncle then employed me to write a pamphlet, in defence of the miniſtry—

not of the goſpel. I obeyed his commands, and put the manuſcript into his hands; which he carried forthwith in his own name to Sir Robert.

He approved of it; 'twas ſent to the preſs, and procured the parſon preferment —but prevented his own—for it kept the knight *out of the Houſe of Lords* for the remainder of that ſeptennial.

The method I uſed in that pamphlet was this—I collected together every thing that had been ever objected againſt the miniſter, from his firſt entering into office till that time, and ipſedixited every article of it *point blanc*, in the negative—*from my own certain knowledge and other ſufficient authority*—Affirmed myſelf to be *no courtier*, nor even acquainted with one; but to be *a mere country gentleman*, of an independent fortune, who had never before troubled his head about *party diſputes*, vulgarly ſtyled *politics*—but, ſhocked at the *licentiouſneſs of the times*, had entered a volunteer in the ſervice of my king, my country, and the ſupport of miniſterial virtue and integrity.

I affirmed, that the high price of pro-

viſions, ſo loudly complained of, aroſe from the riches and affluence flowing daily into the kingdom, under the auſpices of our miniſter—and that the accumulation of taxes, like the riſing of rents, was the ſureſt token of a nation's thriving—that the dearneſs of markets, with theſe new impoſts of government, neceſſarily doubled induſtry—and that an increaſe of this *natural kind of manufacture*, was adding to the capital ſtock of the Commonwealth.

I lamented the fatal effects to be apprehended from all theſe heats, animoſities, and revilings, which, I ſaid, *I had good reaſon* to affirm, were but a method of acting and inſtilling treaſon under cover—for that, whenever *the miniſter was* abuſed, *the king was* attacked.

So, profligate parſons, whenever they fall into deteſtation or contempt, inveigh againſt the impiety of the times, and charge the ſcandal and reproach they have themſelves induced upon their function, to the atheiſm of the laity.

This book of mine has been the *codex*, or *ars politica*, of all the miniſterial ſycophants ever ſince that æra—for I have

ſcarcely met with a paragraph in any of the ſtate-hireling writers, for many years paſt, that I could not trace fairly back to my own *code*.

CHAP. VI.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE TOBY.

THE income of my uncle's new benefice was conſiderable; and I thought that I had ſome claim to part of the emoluments of it. I was amuſed with hope for ſeveral years; during which time he contrived to get ſome other uſeful jobs out of me—But my good uncle was a courtier, as I told you before—He promiſed, and performed, like one.

This diſappointment, this ingratitude, *provoked* my reſentment to the higheſt degree—Here read the penultima chapter over again, and I'll wait for you.

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However, this incident happened afterwards to turn out a good deal to my own advantage.—If I can help others to live by my wits, ſaid I to myſelf, one day that I happened to be in a reaſoning mood, what a fool muſt I be, not to endeavour to manufacture them a little toward my own profit?

I had been juſt then prieſted—I wrote a ſermon, preached and publiſhed it—But I hate to tell a ſtory twice, as much as others do to hear one.

I then formed the deſign of writing my own memoirs—Why not? Every French enſign does the ſame. If we are not of ſufficient conſequence to the world, we certainly are ſo to ourſelves. We feel our own ſelf-importance—and how natural is it to expreſs one's feelings!

In order to embelliſh this work, I drew a ſketch of my uncle's character.—It was bitter enough, to ſay the truth of it—for truth it was—But happening to ſhew this *trait* to ſome of my friends, they reprehended me for it.—Parſons, ſaid they, God knows, have enemies enough already—they need not ſlander one another.

No man brooks chiding better—nor can I long harbour reſentment. I have no inimicality in my nature—my blood is milk, and curdles at another's wo—I had forgiven the man long before; and it was more out of humour, than malice, that I had been *tempted*, not *provoked*, to introduce him on the ſcene.

I immediately changed my purpoſe.—But, as this defalcation had left an *hiatus deflendus* in my *piece*—for they are all but *pieces*—I ſupplied the chaſm of this dramatis perſonae, by an imaginary *uncle Toby*, already ſufficiently known to the world.

Many years before this latter aera, I happened to fall into matrimony—*Sed chartae ſilent*—The modeſt reader, and I deſire no other, will ſurely ſuffer me to *draw the curtain* here.—And ſo finiſhes the ſixth chapter.

CHAP. VII.

LE FEVRE.

AND now it is full time to commence a new one—But I am again precipitating matters and things too haſtily.—I was always giddy.—The reader muſt have time allowed him for digeſtion—let us take up my ſtory a little higher.

My father was an Engliſhman, and had a command in the army. He was ſtationed in Ireland at the time of my birth, which happened—I forget what year—in the city of Clonmel.—I remained in that kingdom till I was about twelve years old—and there I received the firſt rudiments of literature, from the kindneſs and humanity of a lieutenant, who was in the ſame corps with my father—his name was Le Fevre.

But, indeed, I owe infinitely more to him than my Latin grammar. It was he that taught me *the Grammar of Virtue*—It was this moſt excellent perſon who firſt inſtilled into my mind the principles—not of *a Parſon*—but of *a Divine*—It was he who imbued my ſoul with humanity, benevo-

lence, and charity—It was he who inſpired me with that *vibration* for the diſtreſſes of mankind,

"Which, like the needle true,
"Turns at the touch of others wo,
"And, turning, trembles too." *

—It was he who inſtructed me, that temperance is the beſt ſource of charity.—'Tis in this ſenſe only, that it ſhould ever be ſaid *to begin at home*—Readers, throw your gouts, your cholics, your ſcurvies, to the poor.

—It was he who furniſhed me with this admirable hint to charity—that *the more a perſon wants, the leſs will do him good.*

—It was he who ſoftened my nature to that tender ſenſibility, and fond ſympathy, which have created the principal pains and pleaſures of my life; and which will, I truſt in God, inſure the latter, in the next, without its alloy—Amen!

This good man has been long dead; and, in grateful honour of his memory, I have mentioned his name in another place

* Mrs. Greville's Ode.

—'Twas all I could!—I would have *plucked a nettle from his grave*, had I ſeen one ever grow there—For ſurely there was nothing, either in the humours of his body, or the temperament of his mind, that ſuch a *noli me tangere* weed could be nouriſhed by, or emblematic of.—

CHAP. VIII.

A DIGRESSION ON WIT.

WHAT is Wit?—'Tis not a manufacture—it is not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of ſtudy and labour, as ſenſe, reaſon, and ſcience are—Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready cut and dry*, come bounce all complete together into the brain, without the leaſt manner of reflection.

Even I have ſometimes ſaid things without deſign, unconſcious of any kind of wit in them myſelf, till the ſound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter—and ſo it might, for any great harm it would do—I ſhould then have in-

curred the penalty of a ſort of *chance-medley* treaſon. It would have required time and thought to have expreſſed myſelf worſe — or according to law — upon ſuch occaſions.

What is the reaſon, that between two perſons, of equal ſenſe and learning, an imagery ſhall generally ſtrike the one, and never the other?—That upon viewing a green field, ſtocked with new ſhorn ſheep, one man ſhall ſee nothing there but graſs and mutton, and that another ſhall reſemble it to a *tanſey* ſtuck with almonds?

That one perſon ſhall *plainly* ſay, of a fine day in winter, that the ſun ſhines, but does not warm—while another ſhall, at the ſame inſtant, compare it *to a jewel, at once both bright and cold? etc.*

Thus, you ſee, that wit is only a *double entendre.*

—What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double entendres* are not always wit alſo?—

Nay, the prudiſh Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it:

"Much leſs can that have any place,
"At which a virgin hides her face—

"Such droſs the fire muſt purge away.
'Tis juſt
"The writer bluſh, whene'er the reader
muſt."

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER I MYSELF HAVE WIT.

THIS point has been queſtioned by ſome —One *Biographer Triglyph*, calls me an *anomalous*, *heteroclite* writer—words, by the by, that ſignify the ſame thing;—ſays, that *I have more ſauce than pig*, * etc.—They allow me oddneſs, originality, and humour—but deny me *wit*.

If by this expreſſion they mean epigrammatic point, perhaps I may have but little of it.—But, let wit be *ſauce*, according to good Maſter Triglyph—Muſt ſauces always be poignant?—Is not that eſteemed the beſt cookery, where the ingredients are ſo equally blended, that no one particular flavour predominates upon the pa-

* The Triumvirate, the preface.

late?—Decayed appetites only require the ſharper ſeaſonings.

They grant me humour, originality, and deſcription.—What then is wit, if theſe articles do not comprehend it?—And if it is any thing elſe, how little neceſſary muſt it be, where theſe already are?

The ancients ſtyled wit *ingenium*—capacity, invention, powers.—Martial was the firſt perſon who reduced it to *a point*—and too many of the writings, ſince that aera, of the *faux brilliants*, have been ſo very *eager*, that they have almoſt *ſet one's teeth on edge*.

So far I am eaſy on this ſcore, whether they allow me wit, or no.

CHAP. X.

OF WIT, IN MORALS.

I FORMERLY uſed to prefer Pliny's Epiſtles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds—becauſe of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former.—I remember, when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and inſipid—but it was when I admired Martial and Cowley.

Plain meats, ſimply dreſſed, are certainly more wholeſome food, than higher cooked repaſts.—But one who has indulged, or rather depraved, his appetite, with the latter viands, cannot, without difficulty, recover his natural reliſh for the former.—We are juſt in the ſame circumſtances in literature.

The ſport of fancy, and a play of words, may have, perhaps, this effect, to fix the ſentiment more ſtrongly in the mind—but I ſeldom found that they carried their uſes farther—

Play round the head, but enter not the heart.

Strong phraſes, and oppoſition of terms, may ſtore the *common place* of memory with apt ſentiments, which may help a perſon to ſhine in writing, or converſation; but this wants the true *ſplendour* of learning, the *temperato uſu:* while ſound ſenſe and reaſon, more plainly expreſſed, operates upon us in the nature of an *alterative medicine*—ſlow, but ſure.

And though, by degrees, we bound *with vigour not our own;* yet, not being able

directly to impute our ſtrength to any foreign aſſiſtance, we are apt to cheriſh that ſenſe and virtue, which we by this means acquire, as we do *the heirs of our own loins*—while thoſe acquiſitions we make, by the help of *remembered wit* only, are received into the heart as coldly as *an adoption.*

I find myſelf moralizing here, ſomewhat in the very ſtyle I have been reprehending—but I have not ſtrained my pen—for, when we condemn a fault—to carry on the vein—we ſhould endeavour *to make an example of it.*—And it may be applied to me, what was ſaid of Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, "that he was declaiming againſt wit with all the wit he could muſter."

But witty I am henceforth *reſolved* to be for the reſt of my life.—Lord, Sir, reſolution is a powerful thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, and a few women chaſte.—Let us try now, whether this ſame miraculous faculty cannot make one parſon witty—for a wonder.

CHAP. XI.

TRIGLYPH AND TRISTRAM COMPARED.

BUT the author of the *Triumvirate* is ſtill more ſevere on me, on account of ſome free paſſages in my works——Call them not my *works*, but my *ſports* only ——and pleaſe to let Maſter Triglyph know, that I was not writing treatiſes on morals, or lectures on religion, at that time—I wrote entirely for *the benefit of my own health*, and that of my readers alſo.

Bacon, in his *hiſtoria vitae et mortis*, recommends cheerful and light writings to be read, *for life and death*—and I will actually get them inſerted among the *materia medica*, in the next edition of the London Diſpenſatory.—Why ſhould we find fault with the archneſs of any paſſage, that contributes towards ſo ſalutary a purpoſe? what freedoms are not ſurgeons obliged often to uſe, particularly in obſtetrics—for the health or ſafety of the chaſteſt maid or matron?

Some other philoſopher recommends *hae nugae* too for the relief of the mind.

——Luſus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat ſibi.

And I, who am myſelf a perfect philoſopher of the French ſchool, whoſe motto is, *Ride, ſi ſapis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever ſo arch or free, provided they appear to have no other ſcope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodiſtical* a ſeverity—while thoſe indeed cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the moſt remote obliquity, againſt any one principle of honour, morals, or religion.

But prithee, ladies, is not Triglyph full as arch and free as Triſtram?—I ſhall not take the pains to collate the ſeveral paſſages together—nor, like friend Kidgel, *reveal*, while I *expoſe*—But is not his LXXXVIIIth chapter *un chef d'oeuvre* in this way?

He therein mentions the accidental view of a fine woman ſtark-naked——indeed he neither deſcribes her perſon, her limbs,

her complexion, nor makes uſe of any one looſe idea, or indecent expreſſion——Better he had——for then the offence would have ended there—But how is the reader's imagination inflamed, and his paſſions emoved, by ſympathy, with thoſe effects which the ſpectator tells you this object had upon his own ſenſes and ſenſations?

To be able thus to raiſe a ſmile, without a *bluſh*, and to provoke *deſire* without offending *decency*, is an art, good Maſter Triglyph, that is capable of *uncalendering* a ſaint.

Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art, etc.

But I do not deny the man his merits, as he has alſo the candour not to refuſe me mine—for though we are both great rivals, it is in a ſentiment that ought to make us the greater friends—We ſeem equally to wiſh, and moſt fervently pray, for "Glory to God in the higheſt, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." *Amen!*

But to proceed——

CHAP. XII.

THE ABIGAIL.

WHEN I was about twelve years old, as I told you before, my father and mother returned into England, and brought me over with them: I was then placed at a regular ſchool—at my own moſt earneſt inſtance, threatening, if refuſed, to enliſt myſelf among the ſtrolling gypſies, to purchaſe *any knowledge, at any rate*——From whence I was, in due time, transferred to the univerſity.

I need not trouble you here with a particular account of my education—the benefits of it are ſufficiently apparent in my writings——*Let your works, not your words, prove you*, ſays ſomebody——if not, I ſay ſo myſelf. So that my life is all that the reader has any right to call upon me for here.

In that large field, then, I was firſt entered by my mother's maid—This was no *ſlip* of mine—the *back-ſliding* was all her own——Alas! what wit had I?—And for this *faux pas* it is needleſs to make any

manner of apology—Men muſt be initiated in the myſteries of iniquity, in order the more ſafely to purſue the paths of virtue—

And if you will not take my word for it, becauſe I am a Chriſtian, liſten to what Terence, who was a notorious Heathen, ſays upon this ſubject:

Id vero eſt, quod ego mihi puto pal-
marium,
Me reperiſſe quomodo adoleſcentulus
Meretricum ingenia, et mores, poſſet
noſcere,
Maturè ut cum cognôrit, perpetuo
oderit.

EUN.

I happened to marry ſome time after, and communicated my experience to my wife—*ſhe nothing loath, etc.*

It would, I think, be highly improper in me to add one ſentence more to ſuch a chapter as this.

CHAP. XIII.

ON LITERAL MODESTY.

AS the world ſeems not to be charitably enough inclined to give me credit for the merit of the above title, it forces me here to break through the very rules of it, in order to point out thoſe inſtances where I happen to afford any rare ſpecimen of my *bienſeance.*

The cloſe of my laſt chapter is a remarkable example of this kind.——With what becoming decency did I drop the curtain, in that ſcene! According to the rule of Horace,

————Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in ſcenam.

And yet I have read Meurſius, Auſonius, and Martinus Scriblerus, I aſſure you—which I think I may confeſs the more freely, as you may perceive that I am not a bit the worſe for ſuch dangerous precedents.

A word by the by.———Precedents are the band and diſgrace of legiſlature.

—They are not wanted, to juſtify right meaſures,—are abſolutely inſufficient to excuſe wrong ones——They can only be uſeful to heralds, dancing-maſters, and gentlemen-uſhers——becauſe, in theſe departments, neither reaſon, virtue, nor the *ſalus populi*, or *ſuprema lex*, can have any operation.

Another inſtance of my reticence, is, that though I brought Terence upon the carpet, I did not quote that paſſage from him, where he has the impudence to ſay,

Non eſt flagitium, crede mihi, adoleſcentulum
Scortari, neque *potare*.
ADELPH.

Which, though, in reality, not ſpoken in the mere *dictionary ſenſe* of the words, might have, however, been made a ſiniſter uſe of, had I had any of that profligate turn of mind, that has, ſometimes, been ſo unfairly imputed to me.

I love a joke; I don't deny it—and whether 'tis a *black* or a *white* one, I own that I do not always wait to examine. But what does this ſignify? Abler perſons

than I often take things in the lump;—and, provided we are but pleaſed, methinks it is being rather more nice than wiſe, to conſider through what medium. But then, I think it no joke, to debauch or corrupt another perſon's mind or principles.—Charge this upon me who can.

CHAP. XIV.

ON LIBERAL MODESTY.

DO you comprehend the diſtinction of this title? for I am no definitioner.

Αιδως εκ αγαθη, is an expreſſion of Heſiod's. Horace calls it *pudor malus*, and the French ſay *mauvaiſe honte*. By all which terms is meant, that kind of baſhfulneſs which is obſerved in young perſons of the beſt parts and merit, on their firſt entrance into life, or mixing with the world; and which many people are never after able to ſhake off.

This ſort of modeſty is ſaid to be highly commendable, and a token of hopeful preſage in youth. For my part, I cannot ſee why—Is it not an advantage to be in

poſſeſſion of all one's faculties?—can a baſhful perſon be ſo? While a little aſſurance, like the *Tincture of Sage*, gives a man *the perfect poſſeſſion of himſelf.**

Can a man, who has a diffidence of his powers, either write, ſpeak, love, or fight, as well as he who repoſes a confidence in them? When we would caſt a reflection on the character of a ſoldier, need we uſe ſeverer terms than to ſay, *he is baſhful*—he is apt to be *embarraſſed* on the day of battle, etc.

But were we to inveſtigate this ſame *imputed* merit, in the ſchool of philoſophy, we ſhould probably find that it has its foundation, not ſo much in the *modeſty* of others, as in the *vanity* of ourſelves. We naturally accept this *awe before us*, as a deference to our own ſuperiour conſequence, and ſo are firſt *flattered*, before we *praiſe*.

As I am not much given to adulation myſelf, I never remember to have paid "a ſneaking compliment of this ſort to any one in my life." I have ever ſat, walk-

* See Dr. Hill's advertiſement.

ed, or converſed, at perfect eaſe, among perſons of the higheſt rank or genius—and ſhould be as much aſhamed of keeping a reſerve over whatever little wit or parts I am poſſeſſed of, before people of ſuperiour talents, as I ſhould be of ſlinking into "a ſlut's corner" of the room, becauſe there happened to be a taller or an handſomer man in company.

CHAP. XV.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WELL, reader—whether you be male or female—methinks I have proved myſelf *man enough* for you now: and what would you have more? You have no right to expect any extraordinary adventures, or critical ſituations, in the life of a ſickly, home-bred, married, country parſon.

I have, indeed, had ſome—ſay many—connexions, with certain anecdotes, or private memoirs, relative to others, that would moſt highly entertain you; and I think I was never in a better humour for telling a ſtory in my life, than I happen

to be at this very inſtant. But my heart fails me. Laugh at me as much as you pleaſe, and welcome—but I ſhall never make you merry "at the expenſe of friends."

With regard to myſelf, I have been ever a thinking—and who would think it?—rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an Errant Knight, but my body only a ſimple Squire—and it has been ſo haraſſed, and chivalried with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its maſter, that it has long wiſhed to quit the ſervice—frequently crying out, with Sancho, "a bleſſing on his heart who firſt invented ſleep."

However, notwithſtanding the natural indolence of this ſame body of me, I have contrived to fulfil, completely, all the characteriſtics of man—which ſome philoſopher ſpecifies to be theſe four--

To build an houſe—
To raiſe a tree—
To write a book—
And
To get a child.—

Theſe four cardinal virtues, then, have

I already moſt religiouſly performed—ſo as to be able, according to the moral of the ſtory of Protogenes and Apelles, told by Prior,

"In life's viſit to leave my name."

Theſe are, all of them, believe me, *verb. ſacer.*—very pleaſant operations: inſomuch that I am really ſurpriſed men do not perform every one of them oftener than they do.—They are all of them, moreover, works, the moſt expreſsly imitative of creation.—'Tis to bring order out of chaos, to elicit light from darkneſs, and to ornament and people the face of the earth.

Go to—go to—ye idle vagabonds of the world—

Build houſes—
Rear trees—
Write books—
And
Get children—

Endeavour to leave ſome relative idea of yourſelves behind ye—ſo that if poſterity ſhould not happen to be ſorry for your

death, let them have ſome reaſon at leaſt to be ſorry that ye had not lived.

CHAP. XVI.

A LETTER.

MADAM,

I CAN eaſily perceive how much you were diſappointed upon the cloſe of my laſt chapter.—You had reaſon, I confeſs, to have expected ſomething more arch from me upon the ſubject, than I have there treated you withal.

"Quid tibi vis, mulier?"

But I never pimp for others—and I happened not to be in humour for a joke "of any colour" myſelf in that ſection. I have laboured under a ſevere fit of cholic and aſthma for ſome time paſt. This is a great reformer of manners.

Nay, ſo far have I carried my literal modeſty in that chapter, that where I ſpeak of the four characteriſtics of mankind, I comprehend them all under the philoſophical term of Creation—without diſtin-

guiſhing the latter article, as I might very fairly have done, by the mechanical technic of Pro-creation. No—in that paſſage you ſee I have kept quite clear both of Pro and Con.

And again—where I come to mention this laſt manoeuvre, I only make uſe of the general word *get*—inſtead of introducing the obſtetrical one of *beget;* which, may it pleaſe your ladyſhip, would have pointed, you know, more directly *ad rem.*

I am, Madam, etc.

T. J. U.

To the counteſs of * * * *.

CHAP. XVII.

THE LAPSUS LINGUAE.

BUT, in general, I am not quite ſo guarded—I mean with reſpect to my expreſſions only:—for words ſometimes eſcape me, without correſponding ideas. I happen unfortunately to be infected with a certain peculiar phraſeology, which, in the hurry of ſpeech, I can rarely command—and this makes me often appear to mean what may be very far from my thoughts at the time.

I have ſometimes ſcolded my ſervants, and rated my wife and children, with all imaginable ſerioufneſs—and when I have been ſhocked at their appearing to tremble too much under the terrours of my wrath, think what a mortification it muſt have been—"to a man in a paſſion"—to perceive that their ſides were only ſhaking with laughter, at ſome odd image, or ridiculous expreſſion I had ſtruck out, *at a heat*, unawares.

The ſame cannon-ball that took off Mareſchal Turenne's head, carried away one of General St. Hilaire's arms.—His ſon ſtanding by, burſt into a paſſion of grief at his father's misfortune; who reproved him, ſaying, "Weep not, my child, for *me*—but for *him*."

The generous concern, and nobleneſs of ſentiment, with which that brave man muſt have been affected at that inſtant, were ſo powerful over my nerves, that it "made my heart move within me like the ſound of a trumpet *."

* So Sir Philip Sidney ſays of himſelf, whenever he heard the ballad of Percy and Douglas.

I happened to repeat this ſtory once in company, and it had its effect—till concluding it with theſe words—"pointing to the nameleſs corſe * with the only hand he had left"—they all fell a-laughing. I thought them brutes—but quickly recollecting myſelf, felt aſhamed.

Explaining the myſtery of the redemption once to a young templar, I happened to make an alluſion, adapted to his own ſcience, of the "levying a fine, and ſuffering a recovery:" this ſimile was repeated afterwards to my diſadvantage; and I was deemed an infidel thenceforward.

And why? merely becauſe I am a merry parſon, I ſuppoſe—for St. Patrick, the Iriſh patron, becauſe he was a grave one, was canonized for illuſtrating the Trinity by the compariſon of a Shamrock **.

* Sine nomine corpus. *Virg.*

** The trefoil, or Trois-feuille.

CHAP. XVIII.

TO THE READER.

YOU complain—that is, I hope you do—of the ſhortneſs of my chapters—but, if you would have them longer, you muſt take up with them duller. There are but few ſubjects that can afford variety enough to entertain you through many pages.

Therefore, in ſteps the good old ſaying, with great propriety, here, that "two heads are better than one"—and my arguments, like thoſe of Hydra, grow out of each other: as faſt as I deſpatch one, another ſprings up in its place.

But never fear, my good readers, for I ſhall make this work as long as I can, though not ſo tedious as I might. I uſe no attorney arts to protract a ſuit; and wiſh that the Frederic-code was to obtain in literature as well as in law.

You ſhall certainly meet with ſubject-matter ſufficient for your money, in theſe volumes—but you will find them all under the head, or chapter, *of ſhort cauſes.*

Few words among friends are beſt, they

turned averſe, his arm ſtretched out, and holding his hat between his thumb, index, and middle finger——as dancing-maſters teach you on a ſalute—over *her Majeſty*—till king Don was ſummoned from council, to reſtore *this ſame Majeſty* to decency again. She might have loſt her life by her miniſterial magna charta of *precedent*.

This adventure of mine was the firſt thing that ever involved me in debt. I was obliged to borrow two hundred pounds beyond my own currency upon this occaſion. I had no ſufficient ſecurity to proffer. But Captain Le Fevre happened luckily, juſt then, to have ſold out of the army—*I mortgaged the ſtory* to him, and he lent me the money.

He was not a man to accept of intereſt, ſo I made him a preſent. He loved reading much. A collection of ingenious and entertaining papers, ſtyled *The World*, happened to be juſt then collected together, and publiſhed in four volumes. I ſent them to him, with the following lines inſcribed. They were the firſt rhimes I have ever attempted to tag in my life.

To Captain Lewis Le Fevre.

For one who raſhly lent me caſh, 'tis fit
That I ſhould make a *venture* too in wit.
In vain I through my pericranium ſought:
But having heard, that *wit is beſt that's bought*,
I ſent to Dodſley's for *theſe preſents few*,
To let all men know I am bound to you.
Great Sawney wept that *one world* was no ſtore—
How happier you, who now may laugh at *four!*

CHAP. XX.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER this cheerful manner have I hitherto paſſed through life, diſappointments, and bad health—but not without ſuffering many ſevere ſtrictures on my diſſipation and unformality. The lightneſs of my manners has been reprehended often, though it ariſes really from the weight of my philoſophy. What is there in life that's worth a ſerious thought? And for the ſame

reaſon, from having conceived a better opinion of Providence than is generally reputed *orthodox*, I have been ſometimes deemed an infidel.

Upon the preſent theological computation, ten ſouls muſt be loſt for one that's ſaved. At which rate of reckoning, heaven can raiſe but its *cohorts**, while hell commands its *legions***. From which ſad account it would appear, that though our Saviour had conquered *death* by the *reſurrection*, he had not yet been able to overcome *ſin* by the *redemption*.

This ſurely muſt be moſt *damnable* arithmetic. No—no—I think, that if we fairly give him all tyrants, uſurers, murderers both of life and fame, your hypocrites, perjured lovers, and every *premier* upon record, except Sully, Walſingham, and Strafford, *who ſigned his own deathwarrant, to ſave his king and country*, we do as much for the devil as he, *in all con-*

* A body of only 500 men.

** A corps of 5000 men.

ſcience, or your reverences for him, can *in juſtice* require *.

I happened to dine once with a friend of mine. Wine was wanting. He ſent me to the cellar. It had been hewed out of a ſolid rock. At my return into the room, I wrote the following extempore card to my hoſt, and threw it acroſs the table:

When Moſes ſtruck the rock with rod divine,
Cold water flow'd——your's yields us gen'rous wine—
So at *the marriage feaſt*, the ſcripture tells us,
That water turn'd to wine rejoic'd good fellows.

* Hic quibus inviſi fratres, dum vita manebat,
Pulſatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti;
Aut qui divitiis ſoli incubuêre repertis,
Nec partem poſuêre ſuis; quae maxima turba eſt:
Quique ob adulterium caeſi, quique arma ſecuti
Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Incluſi paenam expectant.——

Some years after this very harmleſs ſport of fancy, theſe lines were quoted againſt me, by a certain biſhop, as a proof that I neither believed one word of the Old Teſtament, nor of the New. This ſtopped my preferment. I only ſmiled, and *preferred* myſelf—to him.—

CHAP. XXI.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SINCE I am in for it, I'll tell you another *excommunicable thing* I did. Whether before or after, I forget. Is it any matter which?

In the city of———, the church was repairing, and the corporation of that town had accommodated the pariſh with their *Tholſel*, or town-houſe, as a chapel of eaſe, for the time. There happened to have been an election for that city not long before. Upon which *mercantile* occaſion, the worſhipful mayor, aldermen, etc. had notoriouſly---- You know how elections are uſually carried on, and what admirable ſecurities thy are become, of late, for our lives, liberties, and properties!

I was among the congregation one Sunday, when the goſpel for the day happened to be taken out of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke, where our Saviour is ſaid to have driven *the buyers and ſellers* out of the temple. An *impetus* of honeſt indignation ſeized me. I took out my pencil, and wrote the following haſty lines on one of the pannels of the pew I ſat in:

Whoever reads nineteenth of Luke, believes
The *houſe of prayer* was once *a den of thieves*—
Now, by permiſſion of our pious mayor,
A den of thieves is made *an houſe of prayer.*

I was obſerved. I happened to have been admitted a freeman in that corporation ſome time before this incident; and having been detected in the above ſarcaſm, the mayor had my name immediately ſtruck out of the books, *ex officio* merely——without any manner of legal proceſs or pretence.

But here I had no reaſon to complain. I had certainly, in this inſtance, been guilty of an *impiety* againſt the fraternity of this

corporation—and they reſented it *like men* ——I am only ſurpriſed at the infallibility of your *divines*——

Among whom there are many pious ejaculators, who think that I ought to have been excommunicated long ago. However, I am ſure that I am well enough entitled to be received a prieſt, in the Perſian temples at leaſt—as all the initiated were obliged to paſs through a noviciate of reproach and pain, to give proof of their being free from paſſion, reſentment, and impatience.

I am in the ſame predicament with Cato the cenſor——not in the ſeverity of his diſcipline, I confeſs—but in the particular, at leaſt, of his having been *fourſcore* times accuſed. But he had the advantage of a fairer trial than ever I had——for he was as often *acquitted*.

God forgive them! But I forgive them their prayers, in return, on account of an old proverb—Need I repeat it?

CHAP. XXII.

*TOLERATION—*OR *PERSECUTION.*

I WAS ſpeaking of theſe things one day to Voltaire, and he wiſhed me joy of the great happineſs and advantages of living in a country, where ſuch expreſſions and alluſions, which ignorance or malice might be capable of conſtruing into treaſon or blaſphemy againſt church or ſtate, could eſcape the Inquiſition or Baſtile.

He then put into my hand his treatiſe on *Toleration*, which had been but juſt publiſhed. It is written, like all his works, with great ſpirit, wit and learning, to prove, what no fool could ever yet diſpute, that perſecution, *for God's ſake*, is a moſt wicked thing, and contrary to Reaſon, Nature, and Scripture.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that ſince there is ſuch a diabolical ſpirit in the depravity of Human Nature, as perſecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any *inquiſition*, any *auto da fé*, any *cruſade*, among the Pagans.

That during the ages of ignorance and barbarity, while the devil, as divines tell us, governed the Church, equivocated in their oracles, ordained impurities, and commanded human ſacrifices, brethren were not ſet againſt brethren, nor nation againſt nation, in *civil fury* or in *pious war.*

But that, as ſoon as it had pleaſed God, by miraculous interpoſition, to take the church into his own hands, ſo ſhocking and impious an aera ſhould thence commence—that the word of peace ſhould call forth the ſword, and the precepts of love and concord produce hatred and diſſenſion.

The Chriſtian——ſay *un*-chriſtian——prieſt informs me, the reaſon of this remarkable difference was, that the heathens happened to have no one article of *belief* worth the quarrelling about—as they univerſally ſuppoſed the ſoul to periſh with the body—*Poſt mortem nihil eſt*, was their creed. And that even thoſe few, among the philoſophers, who admitted of a poſt-exiſtence, at the ſame time denied an hell. *Non eſt unus*, ſays Cicero, *tam excors, qui credat.*

Thus then, continues the good catholic,

while the whole of human exiſtence was ignorantly ſuppoſed to have been comprehended within the pale of mortal life, peace, friendſhip, and good-will, were, moſt certainly, preferable to war, enmity, and perſecution.

But when the immortal ſoul was once put under the care of Chriſt's Vicar here on earth — how totally unworthy to be ſtyled Prieſts of the Lamb, and Oracles of the Dove, muſt thoſe divines be, who would not caſt the body of an heretic into the flames! *

I cannot help differing in opinion from the orthodoxy of this true catholic tenet; and am more inclined to agree with Cicero, in the paſſage above quoted, though he was but groping in the dark himſelf.—For to believe a ſoul, and damn it, methinks, is not light—but lightning.

* The popiſh text for *broiling* is taken from that paſſage in Scripture, where it is ſaid, hominem haereticum *devita*—which laſt word they conſtrue into *de vita tollere*.

CHAP. XXIII.

MY RELIGION.

WHAT are thy own notions about religion? you aſk me.—I'll tell you.—I am now on my death-bed.

I have both conviction and faith enough in that article to become a methodiſt, and ſpiritual warmth ſufficient to render me an enthuſiaſt that way; but that, I thank God, I have never yet been wicked enough to ruſh into ſuch extravagancies.

Paſſions muſt be combated by paſſion.—Therefore, your grievous ſinners generally turn devotees.—This is the natural conſequence of a ſort of people, who, though a paradox, are common enough in life, "*qui credunt multum, et peccant for-*"*titer.*"

For my own part, I truſt that the gentle breezes of the eſtabliſhed orthodoxy of our church may be ſtrong enough to waft my ſoul to heaven.—I have not ſuch a weight of ſin ſuſpended at the tail of my kite, as to require a ſtorm to raiſe it. And, ſince the ceaſing of the oracles, I think that a

perſon may be inſpired with ſufficient grace, without falling into convulſions.

I am as certain that there is a God above, as that I myſelf am here below.—My certainty is the ſame—for how otherwiſe did I come here?

"Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus? how here?
"Not of myſelf."

He muſt love virtue, and deteſt vice: Conſequently, he muſt both reward and puniſh. If we are not accountable creatures, we are ſurely the moſt unaccountable animals on the face of the earth.

After the ſpirit is fled, and this body periſhed in the grave, does the reſurrection of men combat thy vain philoſophy? Conſult the caterpillar, thou ignorant, and the butterfly ſhall reſolve thee. In its firſt ſtate, ſluggiſh, helpleſs, inert—crawling on the face of the earth, and groſsly feeding on the herbage of the field. After its metamorphoſis, its reſurrection, a winged ſeraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, ſipping aurorean

dew, and extracting nectareous eſſences from aromatic flowers *.

Has not the improbable fable of the Hydra's heads been long ſince verified—nay even exceeded, beyond the bounds of the moſt extravagant fiction, as being abſolutely contrary to the whole courſe of Nature before known—by the polypus, which generates by ſection?—The analogies of Nature ſufficiently point out the ways of Providence.

Muſt every thing be impoſſible, which our inſufficience cannot account for?—Are there not innumerable myſteries in Nature, which accident reveals, or experimental philoſophy demonſtrates to us, every day? And ſhall we yet preſume to limit the powers of the Great Author of that very Nature?

What was it that created matter? What was it that gave that matter motion? What was it that to matter and motion added ſenſation? What was it that ſuperadded to theſe, conſciouſneſs, intelligence, and

* Pſyche, in the Greek language, ſignifies both a butterfly, and the ſoul.

reflection?—What was it—Great God, what was it? Reſolve me, ye infidels, what it was. Till then, be dumb. O ſaddeſt folly!

1. Lewenhoeck, by the help of his glaſſes, ſhews you certain fibres in the body of a full grown man, ſo very fine, that ſix hundred of them, combined together, but compoſe the thickneſs of a ſingle hair of his head.

2. He alſo demonſtrates to you, through the ſame medium, that a grain of ſand is large enough to cover one hundred and twenty-five thouſand of the orifices through which we daily tranſpire.

3. Water can be made to freeze in the middle of ſummer, provided that 'tis brought cloſe to the fire.

4. A lens of ice may be uſed as a burning-glaſs.

5. A line of but an inch long, is capable of being divided into as many parts as one of a mile in length.

6. The ſun is ſome millions of miles nearer to us in winter than in ſummer.

7. When a perſon travels round the

earth, his head goes many thouſand miles farther than his heels.

8. There are two lines, in mathematic certainty, which may continue to approximate, *ad infinitum*, without even a poſſibility of ever coming into contact with each other *.

Prithee, now, my good infidels, is there any one article of faith, in the whole Chriſtian creed, which appears to be more contrary to reaſon or probability, than theſe eight foregoing propoſitions? And yet they are all of them capable, either of experimental proof, or mathematical demonſtration.

Can any perſon, who is capable of making ſuch reflections as theſe, be ever ſuppoſed an infidel to either natural or revealed religion? They muſt have a faith of incredulity, who could give credit to ſuch a ſuppoſition. "*Qui ſtudet orat*," is a juſt expreſſion.

* The aſſymptotes of an hyperbola—See Comic Sections.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONVERT.

I HAPPENED to have an intimacy once with a man of ſenſe and virtue; but who had, at the ſame time, a certain indolence of mind, that ſuffered him to acquieſce in the opinions of others, without ever taking the trouble to examine them. He had more wit than wiſdom; and a jeſt was an argument to him, as well as it was with Shafteſbury *.

I loved and pitied him—to have virtue enough to act rightly, and yet not ſenſe ſufficient to judge ſo. We have had frequent converſations on this ſubject.—He ſaid often, that he would give the world to be able to think as I did, and begged my aſſiſtance.

I ſoon made him a deiſt, without any other help than my own poor philoſophy. —I then put Duncan Forbes's "Thoughts upon Religion," into his hands **. He read

* Who makes Ridicule the teſt of Truth.

** The argument he urges, is, That expia-

the book carefully through, and returned it to me, with this reflection, written at the foot of the laſt page, "Thou almoſt "perſuadeſt me to be a Chriſtian."

I then preſented him with Paſchal's Thoughts on the ſame ſubject*. He returned them to me ſoon after, with this indorſement on the cover, "I am not only almoſt, but altogether ſuch as thou art—except in the abſurd and unphiloſophical notion of tranſubſtantiation."

Make a perſon but a ſound moraliſt firſt, and it muſt be then owing to indolence or

tion, by the means of blood and ſacrifice, which runs through all the Jewiſh and Pagan rites, was ſo irrational an idea, that nothing but an original revelation of the method of redemption, which was thereafter to obtain in the Chriſtian ſyſtem of Providence, could poſſibly have ever induced the belief and practice of it.

*In his Provincial Letters, one of the ſtrongeſt proofs he offers for the truth of Chriſtianity, ariſes from the very obſtinacy of a whole race of people,—ſtyles the Jews a ſtanding miracle, becauſe they have ever ſince remained under the remarkable deſcription of the prophetic curſe.

ignorance, rather than to impiety or infidelity, if you cannot afterwards make him become a Chriſtian. I have had the ſatisfaction, ever ſince, to ſee this worthy man add faith to good works, and live an orthodox and exemplary life, both in belief and practice.

Which, that we may all do, etc.

CHAP. XXV.

CHEERFULNESS.

IT is this true ſenſe of religion that has rendered my whole life ſo cheerful as it has ever ſo remarkably been—to the great offence of your religioniſts. Though why, prithee, ſhould prieſts be always grave? Is it ſo ſad a thing to be a parſon?

"Be ye as one of theſe," ſaid the Lord—that is, as merry as little children. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver"—and why not a cheerful taker alſo? The thirty-nine articles are incomplete, without a fortieth precept, enjoining cheerfulneſs. Or, you may let the number ſtand as it does at preſent, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place this heavenly maxim in the room of it.

Might not the Archbiſhop of Caſhel—I don't mean this man by any means—have been a ſound divine, though he added the arch ſtanza about Broglio to the old Iriſh ballad*? Did the biſhop—not the Earl—of Rocheſter's poems, on the manlike properties of a lady's fan, ever impeach his orthodoxy in the leaſt?

Heliodorus, biſhop of— —I forget where —was deprived of his ſee, becauſe he wrote Theagenes and Chariclea. This was doubly abſurd in the pope. Here, his Holineſs's infallibility happened to overſhoot the mark. In the firſt place, there was nothing either arch or heterodox in the whole novel. In the next, was not the circumſtance of a white child being generated from black parents, by the impreſſion of an European portrait hanging at the foot of a bridal couch, a corroboration —if it wanted one—of the ſcripture philoſophy about the ſtreaked goats?—I begin to ſuſpect, that your popes are like other men, after all.

Plato and Seneca—and ſurely they were

* In praiſe of Moll Roe.

both grave and wiſe enough to have been conſecrated—thought that a ſenſe of cheerfulneſs and joy ſhould ever be encouraged in children, from their infancy—not only on account of their healths, but as productive of true virtue; which is the literal tranſlation of their very words—as far as I am able to conſtrue Greek or Latin.

Cheerfulneſs, even to gaiety, is conſonant with every ſpecies of virtue, and practice of religion.—I think it inconſiſtent only with impiety or vice.—"The ways of Heaven are pleaſantneſs." We adore, we praiſe, we thank the Almighty, in hymns, in ſongs, in anthems—and thoſe ſet to muſic too. Let "O be joyful," be the Chriſtian's pſalm—and leave the ſad Indian to incant the devil, with tears and ſcreeches.

When the Athenians picture an owl, as the bird of wiſdom, they never meant the ſcreech-owl ſurely. But, indeed, I think, with their leave, that the ſparrow would have been a fitter emblem of true wiſdom, as being the merrieſt and moſt loving bird of the air.

There have been ſome popes who would

have excommunicated me for ſuch an alluſion as this.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SAD REFLECTION.

THAT there ſhould ever be ſo much irreligion in the world! that thoſe—for this renders the evil irremediable—whoſe greateſt intereſt it muſt certainly be to ſtrengthen and ſupport this great, this only bulwark of our lives and properties, ſhould become the greateſt examples, and principal encouragers, of infidelity!—

I mean thoſe, whom the world, by a ſtrange abuſe of terms, ſtyles the Great. Theſe have certainly an higher ſtake, at the hazard of vice, immorality, and impiety, than perſons in the middle ranks of life—who happily ſtand a phalanx between them and the vulgar.

And yet—other knaves but ſacrifice their ſpiritual to their temporal intereſt. Theſe moſt eſpecial worthies, at once both knaves and fools, equally ſquander both. Good lack! good lack!—But men are worſe than

they need be, though there were neither hell nor gibbet in the queſtion.

Such thoughts and reflections as theſe might well become a ſermon. But novels are more read at preſent than ſerious diſcourſes. I muſt, therefore, uſe the moſt convenient vehicle for inſtruction—imitating Doctor Young, who wrote a play, for the propagation of the goſpel *. And I ſhall ever take care, for the reſt of my life, that all my writings ſhall be, if not ſermonic, *ſermoni propriora* at leaſt.

But enough, for the preſent, of my ſentiments and opinions; and let us go on a little farther with the ſeries of ſmall adventures in my deſultory life.

CHAP. XXVII.

MELANCHOLY.

BUT, as my whole ſcheme of life is pleaſure, I ſometimes indulge myſelf in the

* The Brothers—the profits of which he conſecrated to the ſociety for propagating the goſpel in foreign parts.

dear and heart-felt enjoyments of melancholy. I weep gladly, I give my tears, not grudgingly, nor of neceſſity, but, like my alms, with cheerfulneſs.

Were I to be anatomized anew, I do moſt ſolemnly declare, that I would ſooner part with my riſible than my flebilile muſcles. Sympathy is the great magnet——the cement of life. And my concord is ſtronger with the wretched than the happy—for philanthropy is my *primum mobile*, and pity is an augment to paſſion.

I can treat myſelf, whenever I pleaſe. I have loſt ſome friends! I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep—ſtrike at my breaſt, and find them there—Poor Le Fevre! unhappy Maria! my loſt, my ever dear Eliza!

Or, I can read Samſon Agoniſtes. He muſt have either a weak head, or ſtrong eyes, who can peruſe the firſt ſpeech of that poem without tears—particularly the latter part of it, where he laments his loſs of ſight. Milton wrote it from his own feelings—and his blindneſs has often dimmed my ſight.

But whenever I have a mind for a tho-

rough feaſt of weeping, I need only turn over to the hiſtory of Sir Thomas More's life, and read that paſſage in it, where his daughter, Mrs. Roper, meets him in the ſtreet, returning to the Tower immediately after his condemnation——My father! Oh! my father!

Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!

The mere title of a book, long ſince loſt, ſtyled "*Lamentatio glorioſi Regis Edvardi de Karnarvan, quam edidit tempore ſuae incarcerationis*"—The lamentation of the glorious King Edward of Karnarvan, which he compoſed during his impriſonment—ſunk my ſpirits for a whole day. The oppoſition between the two firſt words (in the Latin), and then again between the third and laſt, affected me greatly. And though it was a very old ſtory, I could not help feeling, for ſome time, as if I had heard ſome bad news.

But ſuch things as theſe have not their effect upon every one. The many read only with their eyes, and hear only with their ears. The few peruſe with their whole ſoul, and liſten with all their feelings. In-

tuition and ſenſibility are the only organs of genius or of virtue.

The general hardneſs of heart one meets with among mankind, might tempt us to give credit to the old fable of Deucalion, and ſuppoſe men to be generated from ſtones. Or, one might fancy the world to be grown ſo corrupt of late, that the ſacred perſon who had taken the ſalvation of mankind upon himſelf, has thought fit to entruſt only a few, now-a-days, with the keeping of their own ſouls; and has kindly taken out thoſe of the many, and locked them up ſafe, *in limbo patrum*, out of harm's way, till the day of judgment.

However, I dare not long, nor often, rejoice in this luxury of wo. My nerves are weak. I can command my mirth, but not reſtrain my melancholy.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SENSIBILITY.

WHEN I have been reading tragedy, or affecting paſſages in hiſtory, poetry, or even in romance, aloud before others, my

eyes have filled, and my voice has faltered. I attended for the ſame effect in my auditors—but, inſtead of tears at my recital, have frequently found them laughing at my emotion.

I have retired aſhamed—not at them, but at myſelf. I have ſuſpected my own weakneſs, rather than theirs—and the vanity of imagining I had ſympathized with angels, has been ſunk into the humiliating idea of my being ſuſceptible of a greater foible than mortals—I have begun to doubt the ſtrength of my own intellects, and, for ſome time, kept a jealous guard over all my words and actions.

But the countenance and ſentiment of a few ſuperiour ſpirits have, for a while, given me confidence once more. Again I have attempted the ſame experiment, and have again been baniſhed to the ſame mortifying reflections—endeavouring ſtill to ſteel my heart againſt another's wo—in vain.

Fine feelings are laughed at by the world, and ridiculed by the ſtoical philoſophy, as a weakneſs. This is too apt to put delicate minds out of countenance; who, in

order to appear wiſe, conceal their ſenſibility, and affect a character above human nature, from the example of thoſe only who are below it.

CHAP. XXIX.

A REFLECTION ON MYSELF.

WHAT an hard fate is mine! with all the ſpirit, the frolic, the cheerfulneſs, the tender affections of youth, not to have nerves reſponſible to my feelings!—I want them not for my own enjoyments—but would have activity and vigour for the ſole purpoſes of others.

I look wiſtfully often at young women. This is one of the things that has been miſconſtrued in me. The world are but bad grammarians of my principles or character. 'Tis not their beauty I covet, but their youth I envy. I look as fondly at men too—yet am no pathic. I kiſs little children as I meet them in the ſtreets—but am no kidnapper: I would live among

them, like old Hermippus *, if I could—not for the ſake of life—but love.

'Twould ſound like blaſphemy, to ſay what I would do or ſuffer for the ſake of mankind.

CHAP. XXX.

Continuation of Chapter XXVII.

THE MAD LOVER.

—OR I can recollect ſome ſcenes of madneſs I have—not purpoſely—been a witneſs of—particularly one, of a Cambridge ſcholar, who had unhappily fallen in love with his own ſiſter. His paſſion and deſpair had proved too ſtrong for his virtue or his reaſon.

"Was not Juno both wife and ſiſter of Jove? Adam and Eve were ſurely nearer relations than we are. Their children, at leaſt, were brothers and ſiſters—and yet

* He is ſaid to have attained to an extreme age, by playing conſtantly with boys and girls—nouriſhing his old lungs with the balſamic effluvia of their young breaths.

were wedded to each other. Were not Amnon and Thamar married—or as good? ſuch marriages as it was thought proper to permit in thoſe times. The mode, indeed, is changed now-a-days. And why? 'Twere impious to ſay, that Omnipotence was under a neceſſity of diſpenſing with neceſſary forms in the beginning. He could have created a parſon, ſooner than he would have permitted a crime. If Sarah was not Abraham's ſiſter, he certainly told a moſt damnable lie to Abimelech."

When they told him, in order to quiet his impatience, that his ſiſter was dead, he ſwore it was impoſſible, becauſe that he himſelf continued ſtill alive. "We are already one fleſh," ſaid he, "and the ſympathy is ſo ſtrong between us, that I know when ſhe is hungry, wakes, ſneezes, or——.She had a diabetes about half a year ago, and it had like to have killed me; but I drank plentifully of marſhmallows tea, and it effectually cured her. She ſleeps ill a-nights, and it breaks my reſt. She has foul dreams ſometimes—I am angry with her for that. I have done all in my power," continued he, "by faſting

and prayer, to cure this wickedneſs in myſelf; but her wantonneſs is too ſtrong for me."

Moſt of thoſe who were preſent laughed much at all this extravagance. I wept. One of the company obſerving my emotion, ſaid, I preſume, Sir, that you know this poor gentleman. Yes, I replied, recollecting myſelf, better than he does himſelf.

I walked immediately out of the room. I am ſenſible of a ſympathy in my own nature, even ſtronger than his. I feel for all the ills and ails of thoſe who are neither my brothers nor my ſiſters, except in the ſcripture ſenſe.

The Mahometans have a veneration for lunatics—ſaying, "That God hath favourably deprived them of their ſenſes, in order to render them guiltleſs to ſin." I am a Muſſulman.

CHAP. XXXI.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

'TIS natural to ſpeak of a thing, when one thinks of it. In truth, unleſs one is

apt to ſpeak without any thought at all, how is it poſſible to do it at any other time?

But the ſubject of my laſt chapter has brought the biography of Doctor Swift into my mind. It is worthy to be remarked, that this extraordinary perſon, in his voyage to Laputa, ſpeaking of people who had loſt their ſenſes, adds, "which is a ſcene that never fails to render me melancholy."

In another place, he imagines a ſet of men, whom he ſtyles Struldbrugs, who had outlived their reaſon and every enjoyment of life.

And, in his will, he bequeaths his whole fortune to found an hoſpital for idiots and lunatics. He becomes himſelf a Struldbrug, before the years of dotage *, and dies the firſt tenant to his own endowment.

If theſe events had happened to have been a matter of any great conſequence to the world, an hiſtorian would not have

* There is no ſuch ſtage in life. *Senilis ſtultitia, quae deliratio appellari ſolet, ſenum levium eſt, non omnium.*

CICERO.

failed to have made a large comment upon ſuch extraordinary and concurring circumſtances—inſiſting ſtrongly on his prophetical ſympathy.

The Lord preſerve us all in our ſenſes to the laſt—and after the laſt too. For I truſt in God, that I never ſhall be wicked enough to compound for being rendered guiltleſs to ſin, upon the Mahometan ſuperſtition.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PAYMENT.

THE method I contrived, in order to liquidate my pecuniary obligations to Le Fevre, was this:

I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a ſtationer in York. He had juſt then finiſhed his time, come to ſet up in London, and had rented a window in one of the flagged alleys in the city.

I hired one of the panes of glaſs from my friend, and ſtuck up the following advertiſement on it with a wafer:

"Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronograms, monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertiſements, letters, petitions, memorials, on every occaſion. Eſſays on all ſubjects. Pamphlets, for or againſt the miniſtry. With ſermons, upon any text, or for any ſect—to be written here on reaſonable terms."—

"By A—B—Philologer."

"N. B. The greateſt honour and ſecrecy may be depended on."

The uncommonneſs of ſeveral of the above titles raiſed the curioſity of the public extremely. So that, beſides the applications made to me for the uſeful ſpecies of literature, ſuch as advertiſements, petitions and memorials, many more were made for the chronograms, monograms, etc. merely to ſee the nature of them.

At night——or to expreſs myſelf more poetically—when the evening had aſſumed its duſk-gown, I uſed privately to glide into my office, to digeſt the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earneſts, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums.

The writing to be paid for on the delivery; according to the nature, extent, or importance of the ſubjects. A bit of French, to be an additional ſixpence—a ſcrap of Latin, price a ſhilling—and a ſentence of Greek, which I uſed to pick up now-and-then, when I happened to drink a diſh of tea with Miſs Carter, was always charged at half a crown.

All improper applications, immoral ſubjects, ſimonical propoſals, or libertine overtures, were with ſcorn and deteſtation rejected. I held no office oppoſite to St. Peter. The notes of theſe kinds were thrown into the fire,—but the earneſts retained, as the fines of iniquity.

The ocean of vice and folly, that opened itſelf to my view, during the period I continued in this odd department of life, ſhocked and diſguſted me ſo much, that the very moment I had realized Le Fevre's ſum, and diſcharged the rent of my pane, I cloſed the horrid ſcene—or, to expreſs myſelf more properly in this caſe—ſtopped up the common ſewer.

CHAP. XXIII.

NURSING.

THE reaſon why our anceſtors, in the higher ranks of life, were more remarkable for bravery and chaſtity than we are, was, becauſe the mothers, in thoſe days, uſed to nurſe their own children. They were therefore alimented with the ſame juices and humours they brought into the world with them; and bred up, even from their infant notices, entire ſtrangers to vice, meanneſs, or folly.

If our preſent race of mammas be indifferent about the blood and humours of the infant, which the ſuffering it to be nurtured by an alien argues her to be, what needs ſhe trouble herſelf about the leſs precious parts of fleſh and bones? Then any other perſon's child might ſerve her as well as her own—and ſhe may have the advantage, beſides, of choice, both with regard to beauty and gender. I think that ladies may as well get others to bear, as to nurſe children for them.

Pray, would it not be but common

charity, in all tender huſbands, to have ſuch wives, on the firſt alarm, amazoned of both their breaſts, in order to prevent the fatal conſequences of cancers, milk fevers, and other diſorders, incident, alas! to all unnatural or unnurſing mothers?

And if our papas alſo be equally careleſs about this matter—as, by their preſent ſupineneſs and acquieſcence, with regard to ſo material a point, they would incline us to ſuſpect—prithee, might not

"Some beggar's brat, on bulk begot,
Or offspring of a pedlar Scot—
Some boy bred up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell, or the Stews,
Or vagrant race, the ſpurious pledges
Of gypſies littering under hedges," *

be as reſponſible heirs to their names and fortunes, as theſe ſad outcaſts of their own loins?

A foal of blood may be ſuckled into a garran. I have myſelf tried the inſtance; and do here recommend it to be added to the courſe of experimental philoſophy,

* Swift's Rhapſody.

which Bacon, Boyle, and Derham, have ſo properly hinted to the adepts in ſcience.

For my own part, I have great reaſon to reſent this ſcandalous neglect in parents —having ſo ſeverely ſuffered for it myſelf —both in character and preferment. For, though I am a moſt rigid moraliſt in my principles, and, bating me but about one thouſand ſeven hundred and I forget how many years, a primitive Chriſtian alſo— completely armed at all the cardinal points ——yet I don't know how it is, but I actually do not feel myſelf always ſufficiently poſſeſſed of that virtuous uncharitability againſt women of remiſs chaſtity, that becomes true modern piety to expreſs or exerciſe.

Now, this natural imbecility, this moral frailty, this ſame laxity of virtue in me, call it what you will——I confeſs the weakneſs, and am not nice, about the phraſe——I do moſt philoſophically impute wholly to the milkineſs of my nurſe —who happened, unluckily for me, to be ſervant-maid to the parſon of the pariſh —and her name was Dorothy.

No, no——the influence of certain

names upon the future fortunes of children, that my poor anxious father uſed to make ſuch a pother about, believe me, is not by half ſo material a point as the other. Whether I had been aſperſed by the name of Triſtram, Triglyph, or Tria, were, in all probability, a matter wholly indifferent to my future advancement in life. No—it was, alas! the milk of Dorothy that limited the bounds of my preferment.

You ſhall hear.

CHAP. XXXIV.

A HITCH IN PREFERMENT.

THE tenderneſs of my expreſſions, with regard to all ſyncopes of this ſort—with the humanity, charity, and forgiveneſs, I have frequently procured to be ſhewn by others, towards ſome unfortunates in this claſs, have induced reflections on my own character, that have been a conſiderable diſadvantage to my canonical progreſs in life.

A certain biſhop, who would allow none but Chriſt to ſit with publicans and ſinners, replied to a friend of mine, who was ſo-

liciting a benifice for me,—"I can never think of preferring Triſtram—not ſo much on account of the freedom of his writings, as the latitude of his life." "But Yorick—Yorick, my Lord." "Nay, the utmoſt that I ſhould think even Yorick entitled to, taking that article into the context with his works, would be, to be appointed chaplain to a regiment of dragoons."

And a certain lady, who is what the French ſtyle *un diſeur de bons mots*, when I was aſking her for ſome ſubſcriptional aid once towards ſending an unhappy young woman home to her friends, who had been inveigled from Bath, ſome years ago, on pretence of marriage, and then caſt off upon the public, refuſed her charity, and called me, in alluſion to my ſpectral figure, and abſolving prieſthood, the ghaſtly father of the chapels of eaſe in the pariſh of Covent-Garden.

Thus did the exceſs of my charity leſſen that of others.

CHAP. XXXV.

PRUDES.

WHEN I hear women inveigh too vehemently againſt the objects of this misfortune, I am apt to ſuſpect their hearts to be a good deal inflamed with a certain envious jealouſy—According to the poet,

"Prudes rather envy, than abhor the crime,"

—which, in revenge for thoſe pleaſures that they themſelves remain perhaps untempted to, provokes them to denounce the penalties of the world, the fleſh and the devil, againſt ſuch interlopers.

"The ſelf-ſufficient prudes embattled ſtood,
Near-hand; but none t' aſſiſt the vanquiſh'd flies;
Their neighbours' ranks they ſaw with joy ſubdu'd,
With ſpiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes—
With ſcoffs, and wiſe reproaches, they upbraid

Thoſe that, o'erpower'd, for help or pity
call.
And can they yield to——? in rage they
ſaid:
Unaided, helpleſs, let the wretches fall.
Themſelves were now attack'd, the reſt
o'erthrown,
And weakneſs, ſcorn'd ſo late, too ſoon
became their own."

BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

In truth, I have ſeldom heard a woman ſpeak with violence upon this ſubject, who was either of an eſtabliſhed or an unſuſpicious character. Prior deſcribes theſe kind of virtuoſoes moſt admirably, in his Paulo Purganti:

"She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted,
And chuckled when a bawd was carted.
But, in an honeſt way, the dame"——etc.

And Pope,

"A fool to pleaſure, but a ſlave to fame."

And yet ſtronger ſtill in another place,

"A very heathen in her carnal part,
But ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian, at her heart."

If what I have ſaid, and theſe poets have ſung, be not the natural reaſon of the fact, prithee, why ſuch partial diſtinction between the undoer and the undone? Why, ladies, dutcheſſes, and counteſſes, is the latter——below a certain rank——branded with infamy; while the former,

"Whoſe harden'd front, unbluſhing, unappall'd,
Laughs at reproaches, and enjoys diſgrace,"

is ſo favourably accepted of in the aſſemblies of the fair?

If what I have hinted be not the real ſtate of the caſe, why ſhould theſe obdurate females, whom Will Honeycomb ſtyles the outrageouſly virtuous, be more ſevere againſt—— than againſt thieves? For ſurely, in ethics, it muſt be a leſs crime to give "what is one's own," than to take "what belongs to another."

A failure in chaſtity may be a breach of duty toward one's ſelf; but a want of charity is certainly ſo againſt one's neighbour.

In fine, I fancy that your chaſte ladies ſeem to conſider love as their peculiar

merchandiſe, and look upon courteſans as ſmugglers, who underſell the fair trader.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE BREECHES-MAKER.

BESIDES, really——as I hope there are none but philoſophers by—there are ſo many ways for a woman to be undone, without the imputation either of vice or wantonneſs—ſuch accidents, incidents, contingencies, and ſynchroniſms, may happen in her way through life, that unleſs every circumſtance can be fairly ſtated, and candidly weighed—which muſt be the great uſe of the day of judgment—it is morally impoſſible for any man, *hors d'elle*, to determine, whether the fair delinquent may have been moſt deſerving of infamy or compaſſion.

I have known ſeveral of theſe equivocal caſes myſelf;—two of which I think proper to indulge the curioſity of my reader with in this place, by way of ſpecifying my argument merely—

The firſt inſtance was a very pretty modeſt young woman, that was the only daughter to the clerk of the firſt pariſh I ever officiated in. She had been moſt carefully brought up, went conſtantly to church with her father, morning and evening; ſat upon a little ſtool in the aiſle, juſt under the deſk; and having a moſt tuneable voice, uſed generally to help him to raiſe the pſalm.

There had never appeared the leaſt turn of lightneſs, forwardneſs, or flirtation, in any part of this good girl's behaviour, as ſhe grew up. There are uſually certain patterns pointed out in every country village; and Miſs Amen was the paragon of our pariſh—till about the age of ſeventeen, ſhe happened ſuddenly to diſappear——becauſe, it ſeems, ſhe found herſelf, as we were ſoon after informed, to be "too big to be ſeen."

The place of her concealment was kept a profound ſecret from us all, for ſome months, till after the fair eloper had become the ſorrowful mother of a child; when I received a private billet from her, intreating me to grant her an interview

the next day, at a little cottage about five miles from the town I lived in; and begging that I would come alone.

My humanity, with a little mixture of femality, namely curiosity, induced me to obey the ſummons moſt punctually. I went. She threw herſelf on her knees before me, covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly—but not alone.

After I had ſpoken comfort to her ſoul, by preaching to her the great efficacy of repentance, and calmed her mind, by promiſing to mediate a reconciliation between her and her unhappy parents, the ſecond part of my errand operated ſo ſtrongly on me, that I began to queſtion her, in the ſtyle of a confeſſor, about the whole proceſs, the commencement, progreſs, and arts which had led to, or were laid for, her undoing.

She anſwered me with a frankneſs and a candour that fully perſuaded me of her truth and ingenuouſneſs. She declared to me, that her failure had not proceeded in the leaſt either from paſſion, or from vice;--that ſhe had never in her life been ſenſible of any warm deſire, prompting her from within, nor had even ſuſtained

any ſtrong ſolicitation, urging her from without.

No, reverend Sir, exclaimed the fair penitent, with an heavy ſigh, it was nothing of all this, that I am to be cruelly reproached with upon this ſad occaſion.—

It was—It was, alas! my father's trade alone that thus hath wrought my overthrow.

Your father's trade!—his trade! I replied, with ſurpriſe, the cauſe of your ruin!—But ſo indeed the fact was, without peradventure.—

Beſides the vocation of pariſh-clerk, old Amen had, it ſeems, followed the occupation of breeches-making alſo. He had bred up his daughter to the myſteries of the ſame manufacture, from the time that ſhe had begun to enter into her teens;—and, as ill luck would have it, they happened to be leathern breeches too that he dealt in.

The unfortunate girl—now a woman—aſſured me, that this kind of employment uſed, by degrees, to occaſion certain involuntary wanderings to ſtray in her mind, which, without ever tainting her chaſtity in the leaſt, had inſenſibly, however, ſul-

lied the purity of her thoughts;—that ſhe had done every thing in her power to reſtrain her reflections from running into ſuch reveries; and had ſung pſalms for whole evenings together, to divert her attention to fitter ſubjects of contemplation.—In vain, alas! for while ſhe ſung, breeches were ſtill the burden of her ſong.

This unlucky image haunted poor Mademoiſelle Culotte continually.—When ſhe lay down to reſt, ſhe imagined ſhe ſaw them taken off, and laid under the pillow;—and when ſhe aroſe, ſhe fancied ſtill ſhe ſaw them take up, and put on again before her eyes.

The familiarity of ſuch ideas, though it had not in the leaſt ſtaggered her virtue—and I believe it—yet had pretty nearly produced the ſame effect, by diſcomfiting her modeſty—ſo far, as to prevent a proper alarm, reſentment, and reſiſtance from taking place, and coming quick enough to her aid, when ſhe was aſſailed by the young ſquire of the manor, for whom ſhe had juſt finiſhed a neat pair of leathern breeches, which he happened to call on her for, one evening about twilight, when

the reſt of the family were attending a funeral in the pariſh.

The poor girl! happy had it been for her, if men had never worn any breeches at all, or that they had even worn them as the Chiriguanes are reported to do theirs —as fops wear their hats—under their arms. We are not yet informed how the women wear their petticoats in that country; but we may ſuppoſe, at leaſt, that the *retort courteous* * is properly returned among thoſe people, as well as in all the other nations of the earth. The world, 'tis thought, would ſoon be at an end, if it was not for ſuch exchange of courteſies.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE MAN-MIDWIFE.

WITH regard to my ſecond inſtance, I ſhall be but ſhort. She was daughter to a man-midwife;—and all that has been urged upon the former caſe, is equally referable to this one alſo.

* An expreſſion in *As you like it.*

Her father uſed to be frequently called up a-nights, with "*a Juno Lucina, fer opem.*" This would diſturb her repoſe. She uſed often to lie ſtretching and yawning in her bed, and communing with herſelf about the matters and things which could occaſion all this buſtle and ſtir.

She had a vaſt turn to philoſophy. She would get at her father's books--ſhe would ſometimes read more than ſhe underſtood —but happened often to underſtand more than ſhe was the better for. It made her wiſer, forſooth—but, alack! how dearly have we ſince paid for the firſt inſtance of female wiſdom! 'Twas in this very ſcience, they ſay, that the firſt curioſity was exerciſed.—"The knowing ones are ſometimes taken in."

Her father told me, one day, ſoon after her accident, ſhe had declared to him, that, without labouring under the power or influence of any other inordinate paſſion or propenſity in nature, her curioſity was ſo predominant in her, that ſhe would, at any time of her life, have ſtood a ſhot to have been made a free-maſon.

O philoſophia! dux vitæ!—The deuce

it is!—But pray, Sir, is there not ſuch a theorem, in this ſame philoſophy, as that "action and re-action are equal—and in oppoſite directions too?" And is not the natural philoſophy ever ſtill at fifty-cuffs with the moral one?—In ſuch conflicts as theſe, the fair Obſtetrica fell!

But the philoſophy, of all others, that finally tript up poor Miſs Midwife's heels, was the Platonic one! How beautiful a ſyſtem is there diſplayed! To have two fond and faithful hearts mutually attracting each other, their ſyſtole and diaſtole the ſame, tide for tide, and by a ſweet compulſion drawing nearer and nearer together, for life is like the aſſymptotes of an hyperbola, without ever coinciding, or ruſhing into the point of contact *.

How enviable and truly ſeraphic a ſtate is this! How like to Heaven itſelf, where they are ſaid "neither to marry, nor to be given in marriage!" What pity is it that it is not real! and that thoſe who would reſt upon this inchanted iſland, as on *terra firma*, would ſoon have their feet ſlip from under them!

* Vide the Conic Sections.

This ſame contingency—this ſynchroniſm—is the devil. Ye breeches-makers, and ye men- or women-midwives alſo, ſend out your daughters from underneath your roofs, I ſay. They are, alas! too dangerous ſeminaries for young women to be educated in.

But enough on ſuch ſubjects as theſe—I cannot bear to dwell upon melancholy ſtories.—

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ORIGIN of TRISTRAM SHANDY.

UPON turning over this manuſcript juſt now, I find that I had mentioned a deſign of writing my own memoirs once upon a time.

I did really ſit down to this work formerly, with the moſt ſerious and ſtupid intention poſſible. But the *brutum fulmen*, or Will of the wiſp of imagination, glared full before me, and led me a ſcamper, over hedge and ditch, through briers, through quagmires, and quick-ſands, for nine entire volumes, before I attempted

to introduce myſelf into life. In truth, great part of that work was ſpent before I even pretended to have been born. I knew the world, alas! too well, to be in any manner of hurry to ſtep into it.

The oddneſs and novelty of the firſt volumes, caught hold of the capricious taſte of the public. I was applauded, abuſed, cenſured, and defended, through many a page.—However, as there were more readers than judges, the edition had ſufficient vogue for a ſale. This encouraged me—I went on ſtill with the ſame kind of no meaning; ſinging, at the end of every chapter, this line from Midas, to my aſs-eared audience,

"Round about the may-pole how they trot:"

with a parody on the text; where, inſtead of brown ale, you are to read only ſmall beer.

But what entertained me the moſt, was, to find a number of my moſt penetrating readers had conceived ſome deep-laid ſcheme or deſign to be couched under theſe vagrancies or vagaries, which they fancied

and affirmed would unfold itſelf toward the concluſion of the work.

Nay, ſome more riddle-witted than the reſt, have pretended to be able to trace my clue, through every volume, without loſing once ſight of the connexion. A fine ſpirit of enthuſiaſm this! With what intelligence and profit muſt ſuch perſons read the apocalypſe! A millennium muſt certainly be a very clear caſe with them.

However, I muſt have the modeſty to admit, that there were, here and there, ſome ſtriking paſſages interſperſed throughout theſe volumes. "*In ſterquilinio margaritam reperit.*" There are many foibles ridiculed, and much charity and benevolence inſtilled and recommended. One ſaunters out, ſometimes, into the fields and highways, without any other purpoſe than to take the benefit of a little air and exerciſe;—an object of diſtreſs occurs, and draws forth our charity and compaſſion.

After this careleſs manner did I ramble through my pages, in mere idleneſs and ſport—till ſome occurrence of humanity laid hold of me by the breaſt, and pulled me aſide. Here lies my only fort. What

we ſtrongeſt feel, we can beſt expreſs. And upon ſuch ſubjects as theſe, one muſt be capable of a double energy, who, while he is pleading for others, is alſo relieving himſelf.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE FEMALE CONFUCIUS.

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I happened to be very ill at the time, and ſitting by the fire-ſide one morning in my lodgings, when I received a very polite card, in a female hand, unknown, acquainting me, that having been ſtruck with that rich vein of philanthropy, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, which flowed like milk and honey through all my writings, Mrs.——would be much obliged, and flattered, if I would afford her an opportu-

nity of a perſonal acquaintance with the author, by doing her the favour of drinking tea with her that evening.

I was too weak to venture abroad. I wrote her word ſo—aſſured her that I longed equally for the pleaſure of an acquaintance with any perſon, whoſe heart and mind ſeemed to ſympathize with thoſe affections ſhe was ſo kind to compliment me upon, and entreated the honour of a *ſans ceremonie* viſit from her, upon this occaſion, that very evening.

She condeſcended to accept my invitation, and came accordingly. She viſited me every day, while I continued confined;—which kindneſs I returned moſt punctually, as ſoon as I was able to go abroad.

She was a woman of ſenſe and virtue——not lively, but poſſeſſed of that charming ſort of even cheerfulneſs, which naturally flows from goodneſs. "*Mens conſcia recti.*" She was reſerved, and, like a ghoſt, would rarely ſpeak till ſpoken to. She had, like a lute, all the paſſive powers of muſic in her, but wanted the maſter's hand to bring them forth.

She had quitted England very young—before her tender affections had been rendered callous by the collisions of the world. She had been carried into India, where she continued, till those sentiments had been ripened into principle, and were inspired with all the sublime enthusiasm of eastern morality.

She seemed to be unhappy. This added a tenderness to my esteem for her. I guessed, but inquired not her private history, and she communicated nothing. She would repine, but not resent. She had no gall to boil over—her overflowings were of the pancreatic juices only *.

From that time, we held on a constant and refined intercourse, while she remained in the kingdom, and a friendly correspondence succeeded our parting — to meet no more—in this world—I prophecy!—She happened to be another man's wife too.

But the charity that had attracted, with the virtue that united us, were not able to screen us from the censure of base minds.

* The Sweet-bread.

Neither her own fair character, nor the memento of my ghaſtly appearance, were ſufficient bars to ſlander.

The improbability of a malicious ſtory, ſerves but to help forward the currency of it—becauſe it increaſes the ſcandal. So that, in ſuch inſtances, the world, like Romiſh prieſts, are induſtrious to propagate a belief in things they have not the leaſt faith themſelves in; or, like the pious St. Auſtin, who ſaid he believed ſome things, becauſe they were abſurd and impoſſible.

CHAP. XL.

Continuation of Chapter XXXVIII.

THE PRIMMER.

I CONTINUED this rodomontade through nine volumes, upon fools-cap paper*;—but had reaſon to find at laſt, that the

* That is the name which printers give to a certain ſized paper, upon which all the author's works have been publiſhed in England.

nine days wonder had ſown its gape-ſeed long before. The novelty grew ſtale, and the oddneſs began to loſe its ſingularity. This, I ſay, I confeſs to have perceived a conſiderable time before. But one who has run down a hill for any way, cannot well ſtop his ſpeed, till he has got to the bottom of it.

I then thought proper to ceaſe titupping my hobby-horſe about—to alight and perform my promiſe to the public, in a more ingenuous and ſyſtematical manner. Upon which occaſion, I began to frame theſe notes—but could never ſince find time to glaze them. So many other themes and ſchemes ſhot acroſs my fancy, and puzzled my purpoſe, that I could not ſtick to any one ſubject long enough to make a volume of it—or acquit myſelf as an author.

One of my moſt favourite deſigns was, to compoſe a little book, to be ſtyled the Primmer——for the uſe and benefit of grown nobility, gentry and others——to inſtruct them what to ſay, and how to act, upon all the general occaſions of life *.

* Here read the dedication over again.

I know of no work ſo ſhamefully wanted at preſent, as ſome code of this kind. There is, I confeſs, a certain connate liberality of nature in ſome perſons I have met with, that inſpires them to think, ſpeak, and act, with a ſpirit and virtue which ſuperſedes, in a great meaſure, the neceſſity of education. Theſe inſtances, though, are rare—may be ſtyled moral comets.

The *many* are born with a ſort of original meanneſs in their minds, which reſolves every action, every idea into *ſelf*—and which the longeſt line in heraldry, with the poſſeſſion of the largeſt fortune, are not ſufficient to countervail, without the aſſiſtance of an academical tuition.

But the generality of the *curled darlings* of our nation, *tandem cuſtode remoto*, ſhake off a load from their ſhoulders when they are emancipated from college: for ſuch is their ſenſe, or nonſenſe, of this matter.——They are then apt to claſs Tully's Offices, with Burgerſdicius, among the pedantry of the ſchools, and become ſoon poſſeſſed of juſt Chriſtianity enough to ſet them above all Pagan moral—or the ſhin-

ing ſins of the heathen world, as our orthodoxy affects to ſtyle them. They then begin to look upon their own feelings to be the ſure way of judging, and the uſages of the world their only rule of acting.

From hence many liberal notions are ſuffered to obtain, and many ignoble deeds are practiſed.—From hence ariſe, among the great, New-market jockies, Change-alley brokers, and corporation caſuiſts. From hence the dignitaries of the law degenerate into attornies, and prieſts in lawn dwindle into tythe-proctors.

The ſcope then of my ritual, was to ſet forth the *verum, atque decens*, of morals, the truth and beauty of human actions—which it is incumbent, at leaſt on perſons of a certain rank in life, either to practiſe or pretend. They would then be taught to perceive, that neither their own feelings, nor the uſages of the world, were of authority ſufficient to ſupport vice, meanneſs, or indecorum. This would be putting them to ſchool again —Thoſe who want hearts, ſhould be taught to get by heart.

Princes and nobles, ſo titled, however they might be tempted to wallow in their own ſties, would not then, perhaps, dare to emblazon their ſtrumpets to the public view. *Turf-miniſters* alſo might then be informed, that they had miſtaken the metaphor, when they let go the helm to take up the reins.

The Marchioneſs of Taviſtock had not then lived the reproof and died the reproach, of ſo many matrons on the firſt benches at court. Thou hadſt, moſt ſpotleſs Epheſian relict, devoted thyſelf to the grave with thy dead lord! They would ſacrifice their living ones. "*Et faciles nymphae riſere.*" And ſuch is the accommodating ſpirit of our modern laws, that divorces, now-a-days, like the ſection of the polypus, are ſuffered to generate new numbers from each part of the ſeparation.

I am not ſuch a viſionary as to expect that any thing of this kind would render perſons virtuous, in ſpite of "the whole courſe of modern education." "*Et quae fuerunt vitia, mores ſunt.*" But I think that it might poſſibly ſhame your "grown nobility, gentry, and others," into the

diſguiſing, or concealing their vices at leaſt;—which is, perhaps, no inconſiderable point gained in morals.

Eſt quadam prodire tenus—si non datur ultra.

The appearing or pretending to have more virtue than one has, is hypocriſy;—but the not expoſing all the vices we are really guilty of, is certainly ſome merit—to the public at leaſt.

So ſhall diſembling once be virtuous in you.

A rich lawyer might, perhaps, notwithſtanding, be tempted to purchaſe an eſtate for half its value, becauſe the perſon who ſold it, did ſo in haſte, to extricate himſelf from a goal.—But after he had peruſed my little book, he would never have boaſted of the action—My ears would not then be ſo much ſhocked and offended as they are too frequently now every day.

A profligate might ſtill delude a ſimple maiden, or purchaſe the innocency of beauty from a needy parent; but he would

not make a confidant of ſuch amours. He would not caſt the victim off to want, as well as infamy; nor dare to proclaim his villany to the world. My enmity, my abhorrence, my reſentment, with all the tribe of the uncomfortable, the uncharitable, and unhealthy paſſions, would not then haraſs my poor ſhattered frame.

CHAP. XLI.

THE NATURAL EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER viſion of mine, was, to open an exhibition for fine children, male and female, remarkable for their beauty, ſymmetry, or athletic frame. In order to which, I had prepared a new and copious edition of the *Callipaedia*—or, Art of Getting pretty Children; illuſtrated with notes of my own, and enlarged with ſeveral philoſophic hints, which had occurred to my mind whilſt this pleaſant fancy was running in my head.

There have been many ſchools opened, for the exhibition of all the arts and ſciences; but none, O ſhame! for Nature,

and her originals. He who copies the human face-divine, receives a premium, and applauſe—while he that preſents you with the maſter-piece, or prototype, of the mimic work, has but his labour for his pains—or, at beſt, is referred, like virtue, to its own reward.

This might encourage the good old moral and political work of propagation. It would be reviving ſomething ſimilar to the uſeful Roman law, the *jus trium liberorum*—and be a reſtraint on promiſcuous intercourſes, which terminate in barrenneſs. Profligacy is a monſter, and never generates.

I can conceive no other reaſon for ſuch a ſcheme as this not having yet become an object of the royal foundation, except that his preſent Majeſty might not have ſo juſtly thought that his own family would be beſt entitled to the greateſt emoluments of it, both from excellence and number.

I have amuſed myſelf ſometimes in one of my philoſophic moods, with ſuppoſing an handſome, well-made young couple, ſetting out on ſuch a project as this. I will not indulge the freedom of imagination on

this ſubject—though well aſſured I am, that the author of beauty, harmony, and order, cannot be diſpleaſed with a diſquiſition into it.

Can the origin of nature be jealous at our inveſtigation of the very inmoſt receſſes of its ſecrets? Philoſophy would become impiety at ſuch a thought.

Many other projects of theſe kinds, ſufficient *loquacem delaſſare Fabium* to relate, and which would require the age of a patriarch to execute—beſides ten thouſand freaks that died in thinking—have preſented themſelves to my active imagination, even in the midſt of pain, ſorrow, and ſickneſs; but I never was able to carry them farther than minutes.

For my mind has ever repreſented the jargon of the ſchools, with regard to matter, which is defined to poſſeſs a *conatus ad motum*, with a *vis inertiae*, or perfect acquieſcence *ad requiem*, at the ſame time. You may ſee what a fine thing this ſame learning is.

CHAP. XLII.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I FIND myſelf labouring, this inſtant, under an irreſiſtible impulſe to mention one particular deſign of mine—becauſe 'tis of a ſingular nature—which was, to write an hiſtorical and philoſophical account and deſcription of all the ſeveral great epochas of the world, from the creation to the conflagration—from the beginning of time, when God ſaid, "Let there be light, and there was light;" till the end of it, when he ſhall ſay, "Let there be fire, and there ſhall be fire."

As there is but one notable event to be expected, between the preſent aera and the final conſummation of all things—namely, "the gathering in of all nations, ſo as that all may become one faith"—when Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Heretics—Papiſts, Preſbyterians, Janſeniſts, Methodiſts, Moravians, Quietiſts, Arians, Hugonots, Socinians, Anabaptiſts, Muggletonians, Swadlers, and Quakers—are

there any more of them?—ſhall all become good proteſtants of the church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed.

This might, I ſay, at firſt appear a difficulty upon me. But on conſidering the train that has been already laid, both in church and ſtate, to bring that matter to paſs, I fancy that the intelligent reader will be of opinion with me, that it requires but a competent knowledge in politics and theology, to be able to predict the time *when*, and the manner *how*, this great criſis muſt be brought to paſs.

I gave my ſentiments on this ſubject, ſome years ago, in a private letter to Frederic the Third, his preſent majeſty of Pruſſia. Pray, now I think of it, do you know what became of that paper? It was put into the hands of the Pruſſian miniſter here, to be preſented to his maſter, and we have heard no more of the matter ſince.

But to conclude—

As the firſt thing in intention is generally the laſt in execution, I have proceeded in this work accordingly, by writing backwards, or Hebrew-wiſe, and ſhall here preſent you with the laſt chapter firſt.

THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE EPOCHAS.

ARGUMENT.

THE LAST DAY.

The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble.

MILT.

NOX, Erebus, and Chaos, now renewed their reign. All nature was convulſed.—The panther, lion, and the leopard, fled affrighted from their dens, and, tamed by terrour, grew the friends of man. The world became an ark, and adverſe beaſts forgot their wonted ſtrife, and ſought alliance in each other's fierceneſs. The howling wolf now bleated like the lamb. The hawk, the vulture and the eagle, became pigeon-livered, and lacked gall. The birds of rapine forſook their prey, and trembled for themſelves. The ſhark, the dolphin, and leviathan, merged from the boiling deep, and ſought the fervid ſhore. The elements themſelves were changed in na-

ture's wreck. The rivers were dried up, and liquid ore ſupplied their burning channels. The clouds were turned to fire, and ſhot their meteors through the aſtoniſhed ſky. The air was flame, and breathing was no more. The firmament was melted down, and rained its ſulphur o'er the proſtrate globe. The earth's foundations to the centre ſhook. Even charity was dumb—and virtue's ſelf ſtood ſcarcely unappalled!

FINIS
MUNDI.

CHAP. XLIII.

MYSELF.

AND here, perhaps, ſince I have got into a train of deſcribing myſelf, it may amuſe you—or myſelf—which makes very little difference, in the mood I am in at preſent—to give you the character and peculiarities of *Tria juncta in uno*:—to which purpoſe I ſhall appropriate the whole of this chapter.

The firſt and principal characteriſtic of

my indoles—not indolence—for it is as active as paſſionate, is philanthropy. This is the *ſine qua non* of my compoſition. This is my divinity, in which I live, and move, and have my being.

The *momentum* of my affections towards mankind, is in a reciprocal *ratio* between heaven and earth. I place myſelf as a medium—and love others with that warmth and indulgence I would have my Creator manifeſt towards myſelf—forgiving their errors, palliating their infirmities, and willing both their temporal and eternal felicity. Amen.

This turn of mind is the firſt thing that awakens with me, and the laſt I part with when I take leave of my ſenſes. I have frequently ſuppoſed myſelf a ſovereign prince, and ſpent many an entire day in ſettling my houſehold, with all the other offices and departments of my kingdom.

Nay, I do actually aver, that I ſat down gravely one morning to a ſheet of paper, and entered the names of all my friends and acquaintance for employs; claſſing them according to their reſpective merits

and capacities; preferring ſtill, as becomes a king to do, ſuperiour talents and virtue, to my fondeſt connexions.

Pray, was not this a ſcene for Moorfields? And would not ſuch a manuſcript as this, found in my poſſeſſion, appear to have been copied from charcoal on the walls of a cell? I do confeſs, that I did once ſeriouſly think myſelf mad, for a conſiderable portion of my life, on account of ſuch reveries and extravagancies as theſe—till I happily found out, that my ſuſpicion aroſe chiefly from my having kept company, during that ſad interval, with a parcel of LUKE-warm fools.

At other times, I have abſolutely refuſed being a king. I burned my liſt, and cried out, *Nolo coronari.* This ſtation did not ſufficiently ſatisfy my thirſt of power and dominion. It extended only to the temporal welfare of mankind, and was reſtricted to that ſcanty portion of them which was comprehended within the narrow limits of my own empire—and could bear an inſurance only during my own life.

I prefer Socrates to Solon, and would rather preſide in the moral than the po-

litical government of mankind. This is the only true ambition, to aſſume to one's ſelf that department in life which extends equally to all nations, to all ages, and reaches even to eternity itſelf.

I am, perhaps, one of the greateſt philoſophers you know in the world. Men of ſenſe admire, and fools envy this ſuppoſed ſuperiority of talent in me. They think it muſt have been achieved by dint of ſtudy, labour, and reſolution, with the natural advantages of a gifted capacity, and great ſtrength of mind.

I would not have them think ſo:—in the firſt place, becauſe it is not true;—and in the next, ſuch a notion as this might deter others from ever attempting to arrive at ſuch an happy, but eaſy excellence of character. Let me undeceive them.

I was as other men are, till about the age of two-and-twenty. I reſented pain, ſickneſs, diſappointment, and diſtreſs, as naturally as I did heat and cold, hunger and thirſt. I had ever a turn for reflection. I lay tumbling and toſſing one morning in bed, my mind labouring juſt then

under the preſſure of ſome one or more of the above catalogue of ills; and contemplating the infinite ſuperiority of the ancient philoſophy, upon all ſuch trials as theſe.

I envied, I admired this happy poſſeſſion of one's own mind. I took heart of grace, on the inſtant, and filliping my fingers, cried out, "I will myſelf be a philoſopher." I immediately aroſe—reſolving not to fall aſleep again and forget it. I put on the breeches of a philoſopher—poſſibly, at that time, of an heathen one——and ſo commenced philoſopher for life:——and I alſo am a painter.

This, be aſſured of it, gentlemen, was the only leſſon or degree I ever took in truly noble ſcience of defence—and found it to be all-ſufficient.

The difficulties we apprehend, more than thoſe we find, in an attempt of this kind, as well as in the ſtrife with all our paſſions, is the only thing that prevents philoſophy and virtue from being commonly attainable in general life.

What makes the difference between a chaſte woman, and a frail one? The one

had ſtruggled, and the other not. Between a brave man, and a coward? The one had ſtruggled, and the other not. An honeſt man, and a knave? One had ſtruggled, the other not.

I am generally cheerful——but more remarkably lively under pain, ſickneſs, or misfortunes—provided the misfortune be all my own—than at any other time of my life. Viſiting the ſick ceaſes to be a ſcripture duty, when referred to me. Folks crowd to my couch, not to bemoan, but be merry at, my ſufferings—to hear me confeſs wit on the rack, and refine my ore in the crucible.

A friend of mine, thinking me expiring once under the ſevere diſorder of a bilious cholic——and I ſhould certainly have popped at that very inſtant, if I had not, moſt luckily, been given over by the phyſicians and conſequently no longer plied with medicine. My friend, I ſay, expreſſed himſelf extremely ſhocked at the indecent merriment, as he ſtyled it, with which I was going out of the world. The reply I made him, was pretty nearly in theſe words:

"Your lazy or indolent Chriſtian is too

apt to cheriſh in his mind a dangerous opinion of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance—I was never mad enough to truſt to it. When Socrates was aſked, juſt before his trial, why he did not prepare himſelf for his defence, he nobly anſwered, *I have been doing nothing elſe all my life.*"

"He who defers the great work of ſalvation till his laſt moments, hath loitered away his time, till the night cometh, in which no man can work.—A death-bed attrition*—and what is it more, when it comes to that? may be compared to Vanini's laſt exclamation—who, though an atheiſt all his life, called upon God in the flames."

"Shall an apoplexy deprive us of ſalvation? If not, then what but fear need render us ſo diſmal on our exit? Life is itſelf a jeſt——Then ſurely death muſt be the very cream of it. The longeſt life is as ſhort as an epigram, and our end is but the point of it."

My ſober friend walked away into a corner of the bed-chamber, and ejaculated.

* Repentance through fear of puniſhment, not ſorrow for ſin; which latter is called *contrition.*

CHAP. XLIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

WHAT a chapter was the laſt! There will be no end of it, if I once get into an habit of writing ſuch long ones. But whenever ſelf happens to become the ſubject, one ſeldom knows when to have done. This is the only theme upon which I was ever tempted to expatiate——which, in other words, is to be tedious.

For, in general, my writings do not ſmell much of the lamp. They ſeem moſt of them rather to have been written when I had natural light enough—even at the very full of the moon. Can the Critical Reviewers themſelves ſay any thing worſe of them?

CHAP. XLV.

A SHORTER.

BUT even theſe ſhort chapters appear too prolix to me——I hope not to you ——though they contain each of them

only one head a-piece. So that I am reſolved here to put an end to them all, and write nothing but ſentences, throughout the ſecond volume.

I am not ſo vain as to think that my proverbs will be as good as Solomon's—or Sancho's either—but this I will venture to ſay, that they ſhall beat them all to nothing in number.

END OF PART I.

WHICH CONCLUDES VOL. FIRST.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE PRINTER.

PLEASE, Sir, to ſend your *devil*, with my compliments to Meſſieurs the Miniſtry, aſſuring them, that it was not, by any means, in derogation to the *golden age* of the preſent adminiſtration, but merely from the caſualty of my ſubject matter, that the chapters of this book happen ſo exactly to complete the number *Forty-five*.

THE EDITOR.

THE
KORAN:
OR,
ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS, CHARACTERS, AND CALLIMACHIES,
OF
TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,
M. N. A.
OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

VOL. II.

Nescio quid meditans.

HORAT.

THE

AUTHOR

TO THE

READER.

WHETHER any of the following thoughts or remarks have been conceived by others, before me, or no, I cannot pretend to ſay; for, as they ſpontaneouſly occurred to my mind, I minuted them down, without ever taking the trouble of inquiring into their origin or derivation.

And in truth, a labour of this kind would have been infinite and uncertain—for it is almoſt impoſſible, after all, for any perſon who reads much, and reflects a good deal, to be able, upon every occaſion, to determine whether a thought was

another's, or his own. Nay, I declare, that I have ſeveral times quoted ſentences out of my own writings, in aid of my own arguments in converſation; thinking that I was ſupporting them by ſome better authority.

For my own part, I do affirm, that it would afford me a moſt flattering pleaſure to find them all imputed—For, as I can truly acquit my conſcience of the leaſt manner of plagiariſm, this very coincidence of ſentiment and opinions, would ſerve to prove the juſtneſs of them, pretty nearly— —as two clocks which chime together, very probably mark the right hour of the day—for the degrees of error are ſo numerous and various, while the point of truth is but *ſimplex duntaxat, et unum*, that the odds muſt be manifold, that no two irregular agents ſhall exactly hit upon the ſame falſe meaſure.

But that nothing is new under the ſun,

was declared by Solomon ſome years ago: and it is impoſſible to provide againſt evils that have already come to paſs. So that I am ſure I have reaſon to cry out, with Donatus, apud Jerom—

Pereant, qui, ante nos, noſtra dixerunt.

For I have ever wrote without ſtudy, books, or example, and yet have been charged with having borrowed this hint from Rabelais, that from Montaigne, another from Martinus Scriblerus, etc. without having ever read the firſt, or remembered a word of the latter.

So that, all we can poſſibly ſay of the moſt original authors, now-a-days, is not, that they ſay any thing new, but only that they are capable of ſaying ſuch and ſuch things themſelves, "if they had never been ſaid before them."

But as monarchs have a right to call in the ſpecie of a ſtate, and raiſe its value,

by their own impreſſion; ſo are there certain prerogative geniuſes, who are above plagiaries—who cannot be ſaid to ſteal, but, from their improvement of a thought, rather to borrow it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with intereſt again; and may more properly be ſaid to adopt, than to kidnap, a ſentiment, by leaving it heir to their own fame.

I do not pretend to claſs myſelf among ſuch privileged wits—I never borrow, leſt I ſhould not be able to pay—but have only made the above remark, to ſhew the candour of my own criticiſm upon all ſuch occurrences as theſe.

It may, perhaps, be requiſite here to explain a new term I have made uſe of in the title-page of this part of my work. The word Callimachies I have framed from Callimachus, the name of a Greek poet, of whom it is ſaid, that he had written above eight hundred elegant poems, which

were all comprehended in about five hundred pages.

I was pleaſed with this character of his works.—I hate your *ſcriptus et in tergo* authors—and have therefore taken the liberty of denominating all conciſe or ſententious writings Callimachies, after his name. I thought it adviſeable to give this definition of the word, leſt the Critical Reviewers ſhould derive it from the French phraſe Gallimatias.—

I like this manner of writing extremely.—It is really being too hard upon the public, "to turn over a new leaf with them," upon an old ſcore, continually.—And whenever my bookſeller, who buys by the bulk—and ſuch works deſerve to remain on it—obliges me to augment my pages, I generally contrive to give the reader ſome new ſubject—or none at all—which does as well, as it ſerves equally for amuſement to find one out.

But, indeed, if the editor of theſe *looſe ſheets*—I don't mean immodeſt ones—would take my advice, for his own profit, he would by no means publiſh them at all—but ſell them privately, to ſome of the wit-leſs authors of the preſent age, who have attained to a certain knack of writing, both in proſe and verſe, without matter, fancy, or invention—

Without one thought to interrupt the ſong.

This collection, then, might, perhaps, ſerve to embelliſh their works, and help them off the bulk a little.

Farewell, neighbour.—

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

CALLIMACHIES, etc.

1. A PERSON may not merit favour, as that is only the claim of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.

2. In Sophocles, Jocaſta prays to the Lycian Apollo, and ſays, "That ſhe came to his temple, becauſe it was the neareſt." This was but a ſorry compliment to his godſhip.—It is the ſame, however, that people generally pay to religion; who abide by the doctrines and faith they have been bred up in, merely to ſave themſelves the trouble of ſeeking farther.

3. *Inveni portum—Spes et fortuna valete——*
Sat me luſiſiis—Ludite nunc alios.

There is a bad moral expreſſed here, in the word *Ludite*.—I would have ſaid

rather *parcite*.—The writer did not deſerve *invenire portum*.

4. There is a great ſtiffneſs in the ſtyle and manner of Pliny's Epiſtles. This was his character throughout; for he profeſſes himſelf an admirer of evergreens, clipt into the ſhapes of men and other animals. I think, that Orrery was a fitter tranſlator for him than Melmoth, for that reaſon.

5. Political and natural connexions are different ideas. I look upon all ties of affinity, or conſanguinity merely, to be of the firſt kind. Love and friendſhip form the only natural alliances.

6. There is no ſuch thing as an impartial repreſentation. A looking-glaſs, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this propoſition; and yet we never ſee our own faces juſtly in one. It gives us nothing but the tranſlations of them. A mirror even reverſes our features, and preſents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all perſonal reflections.

7. I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

8. The confinement of the unity of time,

in the drama, forces the poet often to violate nature, in compliment merely to the appearance of truth. For he muſt be obliged to compreſs actions within the compaſs of three hours, which, in the ordinary courſe of things, would require the leiſure of as many days, perhaps years, to bring to paſs.

A play is but an acted novel, of about three hours reading, and ſhould not be reſtrained within the limits of any given time, in the ſtory, though the repreſentation ought not to exceed the uſual one.

9. Impatience is the principal cauſe of moſt of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would ſometimes have paid a guinea to be at ſome particular ball or aſſembly, and ſomething has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a ſhilling to have been there.

I would pay a crown at any time for a veniſon ordinary. But, after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it veniſon.

Think frequently on this reflection, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

10. There is ſuch a torture, happily un-

known to ancient tyranny, as talking a man to death. Marcus Aurelius adviſes to aſſent readily to great talkers—in hopes, I ſuppoſe, to put an end to the argument.

An epitaph on the unlamented death of a talkative old maid. By myſelf.

Here lieth the body of M. B. ſpinſter, aged forty-three, who on the 10th day of Auguſt 1764, became ſilent.

11. A tragic writer can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep, and reanimate the dead.

12. Mr. Guthrie, in his Eſſay on Tragedy, diſtinguiſhes between a poet and a genius. He muſt have meant only rhymers, verſifiers, or poetaſters; for I will not admit a perſon to be a poet without a genius.

13. One does not require nor think of a fire, often, in ſpring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to paſs near one, the ſenſation it communicates is ſo pleaſant, that we feel ourſelves rather inclined to indulge it.

This is analogous to temptation—and the moral is, "keep away from the fire."

——Who venture in,
Have half acquieſced in the ſin.

This is the ſentiment of ſome poet; but I can not make out the diſtich. Nor is it at all material; for that ſentence muſt be poor, indeed, that owes its merit to its metre.—Weight, not meaſure, is the proper ſtandard of true ſterling.

14. Cuſtom is too apt to obtain a ſanction, by becoming a ſecond nature. This ſhould be admitted only in indifferent matters; for, in others, uſe only renders abuſe familiar, and makes cuſtom the more reprehenſible.

15. Perſons of ſenſe foreſee a criſis, and temporize with occaſion. Short-ſighted people never comply, till occaſion becomes neceſſity—and then it is often too late.

16. Some folk think it ſufficient to be good Chriſtians without being good men—ſo ſpend their lives in whoring, drinking, cheating—and praying.

17. Some people paſs through life ſoberly and religiouſly enough, without knowing why, or reaſoning about it—but, from force of habit merely, go to heaven like fools.

18. Mechanical Chriſtians make an office of their pews, for the diſpatch of buſineſs.

19. Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undreſs.—

There is a great deal of ſpecies of wit, in many admired writings, where the ſimile falls ſhort of the compariſon.

20. Religion was too abſtracted before the coming of our Saviour. But the clothing the Divinity with matter, hath preſented us with a ſenſible object of our adoration—which was abſolutely neceſſary to attract the devotion of the many.—For a philoſophic religion is a religion—for a philoſopher only.

21. Marcus Aurelius ſays, that he had learned from Apollinus, "not to be impatient when his arguments happen not to be apprehended."—

I think there is a reaſon, beſides the philoſophic one, for this—A perſon ought rather to triumph upon the advantages of ſuperiour knowledge or underſtanding; which ſhould incline him more to pity than reſentment.

22. People who are always taking care

of their health, are like miſers, who are hoarding up a treaſure which they have never ſpirit enough to enjoy.

23. When I ſee good men dying often, while worthleſs fellows are ſuffered to live, I feel the force of that paſſage in the Pſalms moſt emphatically—"The Lord wiſhes not the death of a ſinner."

24. The nibbling of critics, like the mites in cheeſe, depreciate a work to ſome, but enrich it to others. Quere?

25. Men tire themſelves in purſuit of reſt. The reply of Calliſthenes to Alexander, may be here applied—Was it Calliſthenes, or—? Not material—though ſome literary blockheads would, perhaps, make a buſtle about it.

26. It is an impious proſtitution of the ſacrament, to adminiſter it to the adulterer, the oppreſſor, or as a teſt, merely by way of qualification for ſome temporal office. Thoſe only ſhould be admitted to the communion, who qualify themſelves for the next world—not thoſe who receive it ſolely for this.

27. Titles of honour are like the impreſſions on coins—which add no value

to gold and ſilver, but only render braſs current.

28. There is no ſuch thing as real happineſs in life. The juſteſt definition that was ever given of it, was, "A tranquil acquieſcence under an agreeable deluſion." —I forget where.

29. I have known many men who have worn out what little ſenſe had been born with them, long before their deaths—but yet, having been trained up in office buſineſs, or ſome mechanical trade—as the army, or the church—continued to paſs through them ſtill, like children in a go-cart, without either ſuſpecting themſelves, or being detected by others.

If you ſlice off the head of a turkey-cock after it has been once ſet a running, it will continue to keep ſtriding on, in the ſame ſtalking gait, for ſeveral yards, before it drops.

I have known ſeveral people paſs through life, plauſibly enough, with as little brains as an headleſs turkey-cock.

30. It was an apt ſaying of Epicurus, "*Stultus ſemper incipit vivere.*"

31. Swift's love-ſong, in the modern taſte, beginning,

"Fluttering, ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions—
Nature muſt give way to art,"

was not a whit too *outré*, upon the prettily worded nonſenſe of our lyrics and ſunneteers.

I happened to be looking over my daughter's muſic-book this morning, and met with ſeveral celebrated ſongs, performed with vaſt applauſe at Ranelaugh and Vauxhall, which have been penned ſince that cautionary ode had appeared in the world—where the authors not having the fear of Swift before their eyes—and in utter contempt of our ſovereign lord the poet-laureat—ſuch horrid murders as theſe have been wilfully perpetrated, *viz.*

One lover begins, in open defiance of the laws, thus—

"Have you *not* ſeen the ſun,
When ſunk beneath the hills?
Then have you ſeen my Molly fair," etc.

which, being interpreted, is exactly this — —"Provided that you have never happened *to ſee the ſun*, when it had *become inviſible*, then I will admit that you might have ſeen my *Molly fair*, who beats the ſun—*out of ſight*."

Another poet bewitched, too ſublime for groveling nonſenſe, elevates his paſſion at once into a crime.—For, concluding a verſe with this poſition, that

"Friendſhip with woman is *ſiſter* to love,"

he commits *a poetical inceſt* at once—ſlapdaſh.

But the genius that pleaſed and puzzled me the moſt, was the author of the following ſtanza:

"Come, take your *glaſs*,
The northern laſs
So *prettily* adviſed—
I took *my glaſs*,
And really was
Agreeably *ſurpriſed*."

Upon which ariſe two queſtions, equally intereſting, to be reſolved here——name-

ly. What was the glaſs? and what the ſurpriſe?

The latter, indeed, he lets us into the ſecret of, in the next verſe——which happens to be the laſs's beauty—and we are to ſuppoſe this to have been the very firſt time he had ever ſeen it——by his being ſo much ſurpriſed at the ſight.—But then, why, not ſurpriſed before he had taken his glaſs, as well as after?——Which leads us to the ſolution of the firſt queſtion, What manner of glaſs this was?

Here the commentators differ extremely—one ſect affirming it to have been a magnifying glaſs—which had ſurprifingly increaſed the dimenſions of thoſe charms, which had appeared nothing remarkable to the naked eye before.

Another opinion, and to which, I confeſs, I more incline, as being the moſt orthodox, is, that it muſt have been a drinking glaſs.——That the northern laſs, being ſomewhat chilly, had challenged our poet to take *a bout* with her,—and had bumpered him into a ſort of Scotch—or ſecond ſight—or, in other words, had plied him up to that pitch of potation,

when men are ſaid to ſee double—by which means it became a multiplying glaſs—which muſt have increaſed the number of her charms to ſo agreeably ſurpriſing a degree, as the lover appears to have been ſo enraptured at.

And what ſerves, in my opinion, to render this the more natural interpretation of the difficulty, is, that philoſophy has obſerved, in proportion as men grow warm with wine, their penchant towards the act of multiplication grows ſtronger and ſtronger.

32. Zed led a ſort of zig-zag life, gaining his points by indirect courſes, as a ſhip makes her voyage, by tacks, in an adverſe wind.

33. *Varium et mutabile ſemper foemina.*
VIRG.

Theſe epithets are ſaid to be ſynonymous.——I think not ——The firſt expreſſion alludes to the temper, and the ſecond regards the affections.

34. A reflection on the ſhortneſs and vanity of human life:

I never ſee a man cock his hat, but I

think of my poor father, who has been long dead; and am apt to cry out, as becomes a philoſopher——"What ſignifies cocking one's hat?"

35. I never knew but one perſon who interfered between man and wife, either with ſafety or ſucceſs. Upon a domeſtic *pro* and *con* once between the parties, that was riſing even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the huſband a ſtroke with his right hand, crying, "Be quiet, you brute;" and ſtruck the woman at the ſame time with his left, ſaying, "Hold your tongue, you vixen." Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets, with a "Peace, you monſter—Have done, you termagant—Hands off, you coward—Retire, you virago"—a fit of ſhame and laughing ſeized them both at the ſame time, at ſuch extraordinary and impartial an umpiriſm: they ſhook hands immediately, and became good friends for the reſt of their lives.

36. Poets ſhould turn philoſophers in age, as Pope did. We are apt to grow chilly, when we ſit out our fire.

37. A certain perſon expreſſed himſelf

once very happily (in making an apology for his epicuriſm), by ſaying, that "he had unfortunately contracted an ill habit of living well."

38. The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worſe your chance. And it is the ſame of virtues, in the lottery of life.

39. "*Tot homines, tot ſententiae.*"—It cannot then be deemed partiality or prejudice, to prefer one's own opinion to that of others.—If you can pleaſe but one perſon in the world, why ſhould you not give the preference to yourſelf?

So much for the ſport of fancy. But I ſhould rather give the preference to another. It is impoſſible for faith to conceive, without having felt it, the ſuperiour pleaſure of loving another perſon better than one's ſelf.

40. Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to phyſicians—only that they do not deal in *ſcruples*.

41. Writings of wit or genius, in the preſent times, is but lighting a candle to the blind.—It ſupplies them only with a glare, but affords them no view.

42. The definition of the Godhead is,

"That his intelligence requires no reaſoning—Neither propoſitions, premiſes, nor deductions, are neceſſary to him. He is purely intuitive. Sees equally what every thing is poſſible to be.—All truths are but one idea only. All ſpace but a ſingle point, and eternity itſelf but an inſtant."

This is a truly philoſophic idea of the Godhead, and is ſuited to it alone, in one very peculiar ſenſe—that any being leſs than infinite, would be rendered miſerable by ſuch endowments. Reaſoning, inveſtigation, progreſſive knowledge, hopes, completions, variety, ſociety, etc. would be at an end.

The ſole pleaſures of ſuch a being, if not God, muſt be thoſe of a brute—reduced to ſenſuality alone. This muſt have been the ſtate of your demigods, if ever there had been any ſuch—your bull and ſwan Jupiters—your ſwine-wallowing Bacchuſes—your B-lt-m-e Plutoes—etc.

43. A clever fellow.—The word clever is an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient.—There is no expreſſion in any of them, which conveys the comprehenſive idea of this epithet.

May we not from hence ſuppoſe, that the character here intended, as well as the expreſſion, is peculiar to theſe kingdoms?—And, indeed, it is in a land of liberty only that a man can be completely clever.

44. How ſhocking to humanity, to ſee the picture of religion beſmeared with ſuperſtition, juſtice blooded with cruelty, and love ſtained with luſt!

45. A tree is to be judged by its fruit, not its bloſſoms—Quere——

46. There was a book lately publiſhed, ſtyled, "Of the future lives of brutes," which gave great offence to your divines. I cannot ſee why. The only fault I found with it was, that it was but poorly written.

Is there only ſuch a proportion of ſalvation in the gift of Providence, that parſons need be jealous of the participation? To ſuppoſe the inferiour animals of the creation to be endowed with ſouls, muſt preſuppoſe our own to be out of all diſpute.

There is certainly a remarkable difference in the morals of all the domeſtic animals, even of the ſame ſpecies. The beaſts

of the deſert we will ſuppoſe to be uniformly vicious. We will ſuppoſe alſo, that theſe are to be the devils of brutes in the four-footed Tartarus.

47. *O navis! referent te*, etc.

The comparing a commonwealth to a ſhip, is one of the juſteſt alluſions in politics that can be imagined.——But this ſimile is more peculiarly adapted to Great Britain, than to any other ſtate in the world; as it has a double right to it, both as an iſland, and the firſt maritime power, both in naval ſtrength and commerce.

Whenever, therefore, I hear of our entering into a Continental war, I think I ſee the brave tars dragging their ſhips through the ſtreets of London, and begging their bread, like the Thames boatmen in the time of a froſt; or drawn up from the ſea-coaſts, through Flanders, to be uſed as ſcaling-ladders, or battering rams, againſt the walls of Fontenoy, Ghent, or Bruges.

48. I had a patron once, who uſed to publiſh his kind intentions towards me to the world, and ſo paid himſelf beforehand, without waiting for a reverſion from gratitude.

A generous mind may be compared to the Latin dative, which has no preceding article, and does not declare its caſe, till it comes to the termination.

Is there not ſuch a proverb a "working for a dead horſe?" This was the caſe. As he had already paid himſelf, the work went ſlowly on—and is not finiſhed yet.

49. I have ſuch averſion to ill temper, that I could ſooner forgive my wife adultery, than croſſneſs. I cannot taſte Caſſio's kiſs on her lips; but I can ſee a lour on her brow.

50. I have ſo great a contempt and deteſtation for meanneſs, that I could ſooner make a friend of one who had committed murder, than of a perſon who could be capable, in any inſtance, of the former vice.

Under meanneſs, I comprehend diſhoneſty——under diſhoneſty, ingratitude—under ingratitude, irreligion—and under this latter, every ſpecies of vice and immorality in human nature.

51. There are many ways of inducing ſleep—The thinking of purling rills, or waving woods—Reckoning of numbers—Droppings from a wet ſponge, fixed over

a braſs pan, etc.—But temperance and exerciſe anſwer much better than any of theſe ſuccedaneums.

52. Live to learn, and learn to live—Quaint.

53. I have an higher opinion of the ſenſe and virtue of women—and ever had—than men, or even women themſelves, generally have.

54. Death is only terrible to us, as a change of ſtate.—Let us then live ſo, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence and religion, which are to be the exerciſes of the next life—unleſs we are to be as idle and worthleſs there, as the gods of Lucretius.

55. I would rather go barefoot, than do a diſhoneſt thing.—Better to have one's feet dirty, than their hands.—Whoſe ſtyle is this?

56. Some peers of my acquaintance put me in mind of a perſon I once knew, whoſe name, names, or *nomen multitudinis*, was, Caeſar Auguſtus, Guſtavus Adolphus, Mark Anthony, Timothy Keeling—dancing-maſter.

57. It ſhocks me to think how much miſchief almoſt every man may do, who will but reſolve to do all he can.

58. To frame a *corps de reſerve* of the uglieſt and moſt miſhapen men, and a body of Amazons too, of the ſame ſtamp, trained to war, to be ſent upon the ſervice of the forlorn hope, would, methinks, be a vaſt improvement in tactics.

Perſons under ſuch deſcriptions muſt be more prodigal of life than others—and would, beſides, be a leſs loſs to the community. The *Feri faciem* won Pharſalia, becauſe poor Pompey's troops happened, unfortunately, to have been handſome fellows.—But if his legions had been formed, or deformed, out of the above corps, Caeſar might, perhaps, have had reaſon to be ſorry that he had ever paſſed the Rubicon.

There is alſo ſomething terrifying in the uglineſs of an enemy. One is apt to expect leſs humanity, mercy, or quarter, from ſuch phyſiognomies. "*Novitate aſpectus, milites perculſi*," ſays Tacitus. Kill, or be killed, ſeems, in this caſe, the only word of action.

From hence ſuch perſons are ſtyled frightful—that is, apt to create fears in others. The King of Pruſſia ſeemed to have conceived ſuch a philoſophic notion as this, when he framed the regiment of death in the laſt war.

59. Our doctors ſay, that the dead ſhall riſe again with bodies. This notion appears to be an article of faith, agreeable rather to the doctrine of a Mahometan prieſt, than a Chriſtian divine.

It would be unphiloſophic to ſuppoſe, that fleſh and blood ſhall loſe their properties after reſurrection—nor, indeed, to do them juſtice, is it pretended.—And if ſo, I'll anſwer for it, that the Turkiſh ſcheme of paradiſe will be the practice, though all the metaphyſics of a Chriſtian ſhould be the faith.

60. Phyſicians ought never to drink.—Whenever any diſtemper affects themſelves, they always call in foreign aid—thinking, very juſtly, that the ſlighteſt diſorder might impair the judgment. And yet, methinks, a man may be able to preſerve his ſenſes much better, in the firſt ſtages of a fever, than after a bottle of wine.

61. The preachers abroad, uſe ſo much geſture and action in their delivery, that the congregation becomes an audience, the moment the text is given out——for they imagine themſelves to be preſent at Aeſchylus's theatre, where the ſpeeches were all ſpoken, with correſpondent geſticulation, from a pulpit.

62. We may imitate the deity in all his attributes; but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal him. We cannot, indeed, give like God—but ſurely we may forgive like him.—This is the ſtyle in which South and Taylor quibble your ſouls to heaven.

63. The different judgments we are apt to frame upon the deaf and blind, with regard to their reſpective misfortunes, is owing to our ſeeing the blind generally in his beſt ſituation, and the deaf in his worſt—namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

64. An epicure deſires but one diſh; a glutton would have two.

65. An atheiſt is more reclaimable than a papiſt——as ignorance is ſooner cured than ſuperſtition.

66. A ſober man, when drunk, has the ſame kind of ſtupidity about him, that a drunken man has when he is ſober.

67. The chaſte mind, like a poliſhed plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

68. Shakeſpear may be ſtyled the oracle of nature. He ſpeaks ſcience without learning, and writes the language of the preſent times.

69. It is a great error in the political conſtitution of England, that the peerage is not limited.—The body itſelf would derive greater honour, reſpect and conſequence, from ſuch a reſtriction. At preſent, lords are as plenty in theſe kingdoms, as German counts and French marquiſſes abroad; or as the Poliſh nobility, who are reported to be two hundred thouſand *ſtrong*——read *throng*——and as little diſtinguiſhed from the commonalty.

But this is not the particular that I moſt reſent.——I ſpeak not as a lord, but as a commonwealth-man.—The increaſe of the peerage muſt ſoon deſtroy the great bulwark of the ſtate, by over-balancing the weight of the commons. Men of the

largeſt fortunes obtain titles, and leave none but middling ones in the lower houſe. This reduces their importance and dignity.

And thoſe who ſucceed theſe peers in parliament, are generally their brothers, their ſons, or other dependents——This increaſes the influence and ſway of the upper houſe.——So that the rule of *omne majus*, may, poſſibly, ſoon be as true in politics, as it is in philoſophy.

The conſtituents are a reſtraint on their repreſentatives, once, at leaſt, in ſeven years.——Too ſeldom! and if the crown ſhould refuſe its aſſent to wholeſome laws, the commons can, in turn, withhold its revenues.

But the lords are independent of control.——They may prevent the paſſing of any bill they pleaſe, and the community has no manner of redreſs againſt them. The king cannot unlord, nor the people unchooſe them.

In ancient ſtates, perſons were honoured with a crown, for ſaving a nation. Coronets were not then conferred for deſtroying one. Nor are they now. I allude only to the twelve peers.

70. A certain perſon had once done me a ſignal piece of ſervice, but had afterwards behaved himſelf very unworthily towards me. An occaſion ſoon occurred, which put it into my power to requite his ill offices; and I was urged to take advantage of it by a friend of mine—or rather, an enemy of his.

I objected, That this man had formerly obliged and ſerved me. True, he replied; but ſurely his ill-behaviour ſince that time, has ſufficiently cancelled both the ſervice and the obligation.

By no means. Merchants accompts are never to be admitted into the higher and more liberal commerce of friendſhip. A perſon who has once obliged, has put it out of his power ever after to diſoblige us. The ſcripture has inculcated a precept, to forgive our enemies. How much ſtronger, then, muſt the text imply the forgiveneſs of our friends?

The diſobligation, therefore, being thus cancelled by religion, leaves the obligation without abatement, in moral. A kindneſs can never be cancelled—not even by repaying it.

71. The advantages of academical learning, as far as it relates to the ſtudy of languages, is only this——that the time and labour required to underſtand an author in the original, fixes the matter and reaſoning ſtronger in our minds, than a curſory reading in their own language can be ſuppoſed to do. By which means, knowledge may be ſaid to be inculcated into us.

Converſation, too, has the ſame effect. We remember the perſon, his figure, his very dreſs, the circumſtances of time, place, etc. which all concur to fix the ideas in our minds. This would be a ſhorter and a pleaſanter method of inſtruction; and why not practiſe it?

If the chief, which ought, in this caſe, to be the ſole end of learning, be to teach us knowledge, ſcience, and virtue, how are the dead languages neceſſary to that acquirement? *Ars longa, vita brevis*, is an old complaint. But the general method of education, which the ſuperſtition of our European univerſities keeps us ſtill incumbered with, increaſes this evil, even beyond the natural ſtate of it, by, in effect, lengthening art, and ſhortening life.

72. What perſons are by ſtarts, they are by nature. You ſee them, at ſuch times, off their guard. Habit may reſtrain vice, and virtue may be obſcured by paſſion——but intervals beſt diſcover the man.

One muſt live intimately with people, to know them——and it is not much for the honour of human nature, to ſay, that friendſhip ſubſiſts longer than love——becauſe the intercourſe is not ſo frequent.

73. That virtue is its own reward, may be underſtood, not only in a moral, but an orthodox ſenſe of the words alſo. For, according to our divines, that virtue which proceeds from a mere natural good diſpoſition, or a regard to ethic beauty only, is ſo far from having any merit with God, that it is made a doubt, by the thirteenth article of our faith, whether it does not partake of the nature of ſin.

So that mere ſimple virtue, according to this opinion, muſt take up with its concomitant pleaſure for its reward——as no action, which does not ſpring wholly from a religious principle, and is not dictated, either by our love or obedience to God ——and does not direct itſelf, either ac-

tually or virtually, immediately, to his glory, can be, in the leaſt degree, entitled to the promiſes of the goſpel.

And thoſe miſerable ſinners, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, while they ignorantly meant to have heaped benefits upon mankind, were, it ſeems, according to this ſame thirteenth article, but heaping coals of fire upon their own heads.

So that, were a biſhop, now-a-days, to take the trouble of converting one of ſuch fellows as theſe, he ought to begin by ſtripping him ſtark-naked of all charity, benevolence and virtue, and after he had been left for ſome time to cool in that ſituation, then put him out to ſchool, to ſome clerk of a pariſh, to be taught them all over again anew.

I hope that the right reverend fathers of the church will now think me ſufficiently orthodox, in this paſſage, to entitle me to a deanry at leaſt.

74. Socrates, in the Phedon, makes a great difference between virtue and habit, with regard to the allotments hereafter. He ſays, That a perſon who behaves well,

from a moral principle, ſhall be entitled to an infinitely higher reward, than one who fills up the ſame meaſure of duty, merely from uſe or exerciſe.

This is a fine reflection in a Pagan. The Chriſtian divines carry their diſtinction much farther, by giving the ſame advantage to religion over morals, that Socrates does to morals over habit.

75. When the different ſpecies of animals are not diſtinguiſhable throughout, as, the aſs, the mule, from the horſe—the monkey, the baboon, from the man—they are apt to ſhock and diſguſt our ſight.

The different ſexes, too, in human nature, ſhould be as ſtrongly marked as poſſible, for the ſame reaſon. An effeminate man, or a maſculine woman, are ſtill more offenſive than the former inſtances—becauſe they hurt a moral too. *Hic mulier* and *haec vir*, are unnatural concords.

76. I take the errors and abſurdities of the Roman catholic tenets and doctrines to have ariſen merely from this—That as ſoon as the Chriſtian religion came to make its way in the world, to be eſtab-

liſhed in governments, and endowed with lands, benefices, juriſdictions, and other temporal emoluments, certain deiſts, or moral heathens, began to attack the church, as a mere political inſtitution, framed to overturn ſtates and kingdoms—urging, that there appeared to have been no ſort of neceſſity for a revelation, which had advanced nothing new, or unknown to mankind before, from the pure light of nature and philoſophy.

Thus, then, the beſt evidence of its divine origin—its being but a more rational, compact, and refined ſyſtem of ethics, introduced with humility, recommended with meekneſs, and practiſed with mortification and ſelf-denial——neither enforced with worldly power, nor ſubverſive of any laws, natural, moral, or political—was pleaded againſt it.

Upon which the councils of prieſts, in thoſe days, alarmed for their temporal eſtates, power, and dominion, began together, in the devil's name, and put every text of ſcripture on the rack, to confeſs articles of faith and practice, of ſuch extraordinary natures as the light of reaſon

could never have dictated, and which were directly contrary to whatever its logic could ever have ſubmitted to——ſuch as, infallibility, tranſubſtantiation, ſupererogation, abſolution, indulgence, diſſolving of allegiance, temporal juriſdiction, inquiſition, corporal penances, and propagating the goſpel of peace and mercy by the arguments of fire and ſword. The infidels were nonſuited upon this.

77. Algebra is the metaphyſics of arithmetic.

78. The ſtumbling-block of the Jews, was their miſtaking the ſecond coming of the Meſſiah in glory, for his firſt appearance in obſcurity. They had conceived ſuch a vain notion of their deliverer, that they ſcorned to ſubmit their faith to a private perſon, when they expected an earthly king.

They may, perhaps, plead ſome excuſe for this miſtake at firſt——but they appear really to have been a perverſe and ſtiff-necked generation of infidels, who did not ſubmit themſelves to the church of Rome, when the Popes had eſtabliſhed

their temporal kingdom, their abſolute dominion over all the powers of Europe, and ſhewed them, according to their own opinions, the triumphant ſtate of Chriſt upon earth.

79. A ſupplement to Bacon's mythology of the ancients——

Perhaps the fable of Jupiter's ſupplanting his father Saturn, the firſt of all the gods, might have ariſen from a corruption of the tradition handed down from Adam, that the Son of God was the Creator of the world, and all animated beings therein——which, in the dark ages of ignorance in divine myſteries, might have been interpreted as a ſuperſeding of God the Father's power, and uſurping the heavens.

80. Another.

Perhaps the ſtory of Prometheus creating man, bringing fire from heaven to animate him——his attempting the chaſtity of Pallas, and being condemned to ſevere pains in conſequence of theſe acts—— might have alluded to the Logos regenerating human nature, informing it with the Holy Spirit, its entering into the Vir-

gin's womb, and ſuffering the paſſion, for the redemption of the world.

81. Another.

I wonder much, that thoſe myſtic divines who are fond of deducing types of Chriſtianity out of the Pagan mythology, have never made an alluſion, from Cerberus, with his three heads, to the Pope, and his triple crown.

The firſt guarded the entrance into the Elyſian fields, and the latter aſſumes the keys of St. Peter—the power of abſolution, excommunication, etc.

82. Another.

In the heathen mythology, reported by Avienus in his celeſtial hiſtory, Jupiter is ſaid to have placed Hercules next to himſelf in the heavens, with his heel bruiſing the great ſerpent's head, that had kept poſſeſſion of the garden.—Apply this.

83. Learning is the dictionary, but ſenſe the grammar of Science.

84. Art and Science are words frequently made uſe of, but the preciſion of which is ſo rarely underſtood, that they are often miſtaken for one another.

I don't like any of the definitions of

the ſchools. I met with a diſtinction, ſomewhere, once, comparing ſcience to wit, and art to humour; but it has more of fancy than philoſophy in it. It ſerves to give us, however, ſome idea of the difference between them, though no idea of either.

I think that ſcience may be ſtyled the knowledge of univerſals, or abſtract wiſdom; and art is ſcience reduced to practice —or ſcience is reaſon, and art the mechaniſm of it—and may be called practical ſcience. Science, in fine, is the theorem, and art the problem.

I am aware that this objection will be made—that poetry is deemed an art, and yet it is not mechanical. But I deny it to be an art—neither is it a ſcience. Arts and ſciences may be taught—poetry cannot. But poetry is inſpiration—it was breathed into the ſoul, when it firſt quickened, and ſhould neither be ſtyled art or ſcience, but genius.

85. He who deſires more than will ſupply the competencies of life, except for the ſole purpoſes of charity, reſpects others more than himſelf. For he pays an expen-

ſive compliment to the world—as all beyond the firſt requiſites is expended merely to attract the admiration, or provoke the envy of his neighbours.

86. Sir Thomas More, and other remarkable perſons, have been cenſured for behaving too lightly at the point of death. But perhaps there is a certain heavineſs of heart, that may occaſion a lightneſs of head, and give people the appearance of a bravery which they do not feel—like that kind of temerity with which cowards are ſometimes inſpired by deſpair.

As this may be the caſe, a neglect of a proper gravity and decorum, upon ſo ſerious and intereſting an occaſion, ſhould no more be imputed to them as a fault, than the deliriums of a fever.

I ſpeak not here againſt Chriſtian reſignation, or philoſophic compoſure, upon ſuch a criſis.

87. I agree with Eraſmus, on the ſubject of the Trinity—*Satis eſt credere.* And therefore ſhall never perplex myſelf, either with philoſophizing or theologizing about the matter.

88. Poſitiveneſs is a moſt abſurd foible.

If you are in the right, it leſſens your triumph: if in the wrong, it adds ſhame to your defeat.

89. A ſingular perſon may be compared to a monſter—more admired at, than eſteemed.

90. Deſire in youth is a paſſion—in age a vice—While it ſolicits us, it is pardonable——but when we pimp for it——O ſhameful!

91. Friends may be compared to wine—the new more pure, and every drop is potable:—the old more rich—but there are apt to ſubſide ſome dregs of age. Quere?

92. Writings may be compared to wine. Senſe is the ſtrength, but wit the flavour. No quere.

93. St. Evremond is the beſt modern ancient I ever read.

94. Probably providence has implanted peeviſhneſs and ill temper in ſick and old perſons, in compaſſion to the friends or relations who are to ſurvive; as it muſt naturally leſſen the concern they might otherwiſe feel for their loſs.

95. I prefer the Greek epigram to the Latin one. The firſt conſiſts in a natural,

but not obvious thought, expreſſed with ſtrength and delicacy. The latter has too much point and conceit in it: it has not the true ſimplicity of ancient wit.

Catullus wrote in the ſpirit of the former—Martial in the ghoſt of the latter. Almoſt all the moderns have generally imitated the Roman poet, becauſe it is the eaſieſt manner of writing—requiring leſs wit or genius. But the former ſtyle muſt be original, and is incapable of imitation; or muſt ſuffer the cenſure of Horace—

——————Fruſtraque laborat,
Auſus idem.——————

96. Shaftſbury would impoſe ridicule on us, as a teſt of truth. He is, I tkink, in general, but a ſlight writer. His arguments are weak, ſuperficial, and inconcluſive. He was, therefore, under the neceſſity of calling in the auxiliary of wit to his aid, but failed more remarkably in this reſource too—for I think that he reaſons even better than he jeſts.

97. Let your pleaſures be of choice, not of courſe.

98. Marriage may be compared to the monſter Lindamira-Indamoro, in Scriblerus——different minds united only by the body. But love reſembles an hermaphrodite, where different ſexes are informed with but one ſoul.

I ranſacked all nature to find out more ſeemly alluſions, to illuſtrate my poſition —but was obliged to take up with theſe, out of nature, after all.

99. I thought that to forgive our enemies, had been the higheſt effort of the heathen ethic—but that the returning good for evil, was an improvement of the Chriſtian morality.

But I had the mortification to meet with the interloper Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of loving our enemies. Perhaps for this reaſon, among others, he was ſtyled by Eraſmus, "a Chriſtian before Chriſtianity."

100. There ſhould always be a clauſe of divorce in the marriage covenant of princes, in caſe of barrenneſs, in order to prevent greater evils. For as poiſon has often been made a political uſe of upon ſuch occaſions, it might poſſibly be ſome

temptation to her Majeſty to preſcribe to herſelf a doſe of adultery, *quantum ſufficit*, in hope of removing obſtructions. For a queen may have reaſon to cry out with Rachel, "Give me children, or I die."

This expedient may, perhaps, be a natural reaſon for ſo many kings, in hiſtory, having degenerated from the ſpirit and virtue of their imputed anceſtry.

101. The Engliſh conſtitution of ſtate is compoſed out of all the ancient politics—monarchy, ariſtocracy, democracy, and oligarchy—the king, nobles, commons, and privy council.

Theſe ſeveral bodies temper and correct each other, like the four ingredients of punch—where, according to the good old catch,

"The ſharp melts the ſweet, and the mild ſooths the ſtrong."

The firſt is the ſugar, the ſecond the water, the third the ſpirit, and the fourth the acid.

102. There is a maxim, that "it is better ten guilty ſhould eſcape, than one innocent perſon ſuffer."

This I deny. Humanity, not policy, ſpeaks this language. The impunity of even one villain is capable of doing more injury to ſociety, than the loſs of even more than one honeſt man.

The laws of war, though ſevere, are, however, founded in political juſtice. If the enemy has got poſſeſſion of an outwork, no ſcruple is made of blowing up the rampart, though part of our own ſoldiery ſhould be on duty there.

I feel myſelf ſhocked on the cloſe of this paragraph. This is the firſt time of my life that ever I ſuffered my philoſophy to plead againſt my humanity. *Sed fiat juſtitia*, for juſtice is humanity.

103. A man's fortune ſhould be his rule for ſparing, but not for ſpending. Extravagance may be ſupported, but not juſtified, by affluence.

104. A gallows, like the forbidden tree, gives at once both death and knowledge.

105. That truth is hid in a well, and that there is truth in wine, have both the ſame import——implying, that none but ſober perſons ſhould be intruſted with a ſecret.

106. However arch I may be ſaid to be in my hints, or free in my alluſions, I never remember to have made uſe of any one looſe or obſcene expreſſion in my life, and have always diſcountenanced it in others.

I have ever held the myſteries of the *bona dea* ſacred——and have ſo much of the Pagan in me, as to regard love as a deity——which leads me to conſider groſs language to be a ſort of heathen blaſphemy.

107. *Date obolum Beliſario.* I would not have given him a farthing. He deſerved not to eat the bread he begged——becauſe he begged it. Was Beliſarius a Chriſtian?

108. Lucretius ſtyles the intellect, *ſpiritus unguenti ſuavis:* and ſome other poet—for my memory is bad—calls it *flos Bacchi.* I ſay, that ſpare diet, and clear ſkies, are Apollo and the Muſes.

109. A criticiſm, after the manner of Bentley:

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

JUVENAL.

Methinks I never read a poorer Latin ſentence than this. *Habet* is not the proper verb here—It betokeneth poſſeſſion, for which there happens to be no manner of application in this paſſage. *Eſt* ſhould have been the verb——changing the grammar.

Infelix paupertas is a falſe metaphor, and can only be ſupported by certain figurative modes of ſpeech, which critics—or rather commentators—have framed upon the defects of ancient literature. *Durius* is an improper epithet here. It is expreſſive of a ſenſible quality only. *Pejor* ſhould have been the comparative in this place.

In ſe—Superfluous expletive! This is one of the vices of metre.

Quam quod—Two adverbs, both monoſyllables, and beginning with a double alliteration alſo. Bald!

Ridiculos homines. Theſe words ought not to have been joined ſo cloſe together in the ſame ſentence. It renders the ſibilation of their terminations offenſive to the euphonic ear. Beſides, it is quite ridiculous to apply that epithet in this place——for poverty may perhaps render a

perſon contemptible, but it muſt be his own fault if it ſhould ever make him ridiculous.

Facit. This is but a poor make-ſhift of a verb, and terminates the ſentence weakly. *Reddit* would have been fuller, and more expreſſive.

110. A critical diſſertation on *purpurea nix*, after the manner of commentators:

Purpurea nix, and *purpurei olores*, are expreſſions in the claſſics. It hath puzzled the annotators to account why ſnow or ſwans ſhould aſſume the epithet of purple—and having no other way to ſolve the difficulty, reſolved among themſelves, that the ancients uſed to ſtyle all bright colours, *quicquid valdè nitens*, purple.

But might not there have been a breed of ſwans among them of a real purple colour? Or, might not this deſcription have been taken from the cygnets, which are generally of a ſuſky colour, inclining to purple, though *non valdè nitens?*

Eric Pontoppidan, biſhop of Bergen—not Apzoom—in his learned deſcription of Norway, ſays that the north ſea is blue.

In mare purpureum violentior affluit amnis.

VIRG.

That the ice there is of the ſame colour, and was ſtyled by the ancients, *coerulea glacies*—and that the ſnow on the tops of their mountains is alſo bluiſh, and is therefore commonly called *blabren*—that is, of a colour inclining to purple.

I expect that the republic of letters will acknowledge great obligations to me, for the ingenuity of the above criticiſm; as I do affirm it to be every way as learned and material as many volumes of commentations that, I am ſorry to ſay, I have moſt ſtupidly and unprofitably ſacrificed too much of my irretrievable and imputable time to.

111. To have a reſpect for ourſelves, guides our morals; and to have a deference for others, governs our manners.

112. A regard to decency, and the common punctilioes of life, has been often ſerviceable in human ſociety. It has kept many a married couple unſeparated, and frequently preſerves a neighbourly inter-

courſe, where love and friendſhip both have been wanting.

113. That ridiculous expreſſion, in Lord Grimſton's play of "Love in a hollow tree,"—

"Let's here repoſe our wearied limbs,
'till wearied more they be,"

may be ſupported by a paſſage in Horace "*fatigatum ſomno*"—and by another in Tibullus,

"*Illa meos ſomno laſſos patefacit ocellos.*"

114. Of all knaves, your fools are the worſt—becauſe they rob you both of your time and temper.

115. It is not the force of friendſhip, but the prevalence of vice, that makes the moderns ſo often exceed that admirable rule of the ancients, *uſque ad aras*—"Carry not your friendſhips beyond the altar."

116. A definition of what are generally ſtyled bargains, is, the buying a bad commodity that you don't want, becauſe you can get it cheaper than a good one when you do.

117. The ancients' manner of commemorating their gods, heroes, and friends, was by libations, not potations. Would it were the ſame among the moderns. Wine is often better ſpilt than drunk.

118. Lovers expreſs themſelves properly when they talk of an exchange of hearts. For this inchanting paſſion but commutes the characters of the ſexes, by giving ſpirit to the nymph, and ſoftneſs to the ſwain, mutually exchanging courage and timidity with each other.

119. Drink never changes, but only ſhews our natures.

120. All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is friſky.

121. A moral, in the ſtyle of Seneca: It is better to do the idleſt thing in the world, than to ſit idle for half an hour.

122. When a misfortune is impending, I cry, God forbid—but when it falls upon me, I ſay, God be praiſed.

123. Courage and modeſty are the moſt unequivocal virtues——becauſe they are ſuch as hypocriſy cannot imitate—and they have this property in common alſo,

that they are both expreſſed by the ſame colour.

124. The ancients repreſented Saturn under the character of Time, with wings on his ſhoulders, and fetters on his feet.

This was to mark the ſwiftneſs of it to ſome, and its ſlowneſs to others——according to this line,

O vita! ſtulto longa, ſapienti brevis.

125. "There will be two women grinding at the mill—the one ſhall be taken, and the other left."—The miller's claim to half the corn for griſt, from this text, is as good a plea as many of the pretences of the Church of Rome are ſupported by.

126. The extravagant encomiums that have been handed down to us from the ancient critics, of many of thoſe authors whoſe works have been long ſwallowed up in the gulph of time, and whoſe names are commemorated only in their commentaries, might make us lament the loſs of ſo much wit, humour, and fine writing, as is there pretended, if the fragments of ſome of them, which, by their being preſerved, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe to

have been the choiceſt parts, did not afford us an opportunity of judging a little for ourſelves.

And upon ſuch a critical review, I dare ſay, that a candid reader will think thoſe writings which have happily eſcaped to us entire, or even maimed, are worth the whole library of thoſe that lie entombed with their authors. *Vide Les jugemens des ſçavans, par M. Baillet*, for five volumes of ſuch ſort of ſtuff.

127. One ſhould read both ancient and modern critics with extreme diffidence, upon the ſubjects of literature. The difference, nay the contrariety, of opinions, given by perſons of equal judgment, capacity, and learning, upon the very ſame work, muſt ſurpriſe us extremely, if we were not to conſider critics to be in the ſame ſituation with lovers. Smitten with ſome features, which another eye might poſſibly perceive no manner of beauty in, they are apt fondly to impute perfection to the whole.

So that, in one caſe, as well as the other, the old adage, *de guſtibus non*, may be affirmed.—And therefore, it is not

the judgments or the ſenſe of the commentators we have any pretence to reprehend, but their taſte, their ſympathy, their enjoyments, only. Let us then always judge, taſte, or feel, for ourſelves, and not be miſled by great names.

128. Among the many curious impertinences of the ſchools, there is none that appears to me ſo truly ridiculous, as the ſtrife about the authority of the works of the ancients. Is it the author, or the writing, we admire or criticiſe? But it is ſtill the authors we have before us, no matter for their names, when we are commenting upon any work of genius.

I do not care one farthing whether Piſander's or Virgil's manuſcript—Macrobius affirms the firſt—was the original of the ſecond Aeneid—or Apollonius of Rhodes the author of the fourth.—Whether one Homer, of ſeven cities, framed the Iliad and the Odyſſey entire, or only tacked a parcel of old ballads together, and ſung them about the ſtreets of Smyrna[1], Rhodes[2], Colophon[3], Salamis[4], Chios[5], Argos[6], or

Athens, to the title of "The blind beggar-man's garland."

I do not pretend to ſay that we have Virgil or Homer before us, when we read thoſe words imputed to them. But we have certainly the writers of them—which is all we need contend for. And I really think that thoſe ſcholars, who affect a preciſion in this very immaterial matter, are not a bit wiſer than a very pretty woman, who aſked me once, with the ſweeteſt ſmile imaginable, "Who was the author of Shakeſpear's plays?"

129. Charles had a ſort of philoſophy, without reflection, that reconciled him to every thing. Among the other particulars of his life, he was the moſt contented cuckold too that ever I knew, and could throw his horns behind him, like a ſtag darting through a hedge.

130. Scaliger ſtyles titillation a ſixth ſenſe.——And certainly there is as great a difference between being tickled and ſimple feeling, as between taſte and touch.

But then, the ſame overſtrained philoſophy might as well deem the ſea to be

a fifth element, becauſe it differs ſo much from common water. For titillation, like the briny wave, is but a ſtronger or more pungent ſenſation—one of the taſte, the other of the touch.

131. Maria was ſo full of grimace, that ſhe proſtituted every feature of her body, but one—and that eſcaped, only by her not being able to lie a moment ſtill.

132. In part of Lord Kames's Elements of Criticiſm, he ſays, that "muſic improves the reliſh of a banquet." That I deny—any more than painting might do. They may both be additional pleaſures, as well as converſation is, but are perfectly diſtinct notices; and cannot, with the leaſt propriety, be ſaid to mix or blend with the repaſt, as none of them ſerve to raiſe the flavour of the wine, the ſauce, the meat, or help to quicken appetite. But muſic and painting both add a ſpirit to devotion, and elevate the ardour *.

133. What a dread of death muſt ſome people have, who would rather be dying than dead!

* See what Triglyph ſays upon muſic at meals.—*Triumvirate, chap. lxxiv.*

134. A toad, fed on the vapours of a dungeon, is not ſuch a wretch, as a man of ſenſe, who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak or worthleſs woman.

Women are apt to be vain of ſuch a conqueſt; but more, as the poet expreſſes it, for the triumph than the prize. For otherwiſe, a fool they would count greater gain. They ignorantly flatter themſelves, that they have been capable of impoſing on men of underſtanding, when, in truth, it is they who have impoſed on themſelves.—Their pride will not ſuffer them to imagine they could ever ſuſtain a paſſion for a fool: ſo, helping the fair idiot out with their own ſenſe and underſtanding, they often lend arms againſt themſelves, ere they are aware.

135. Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes—But the ſafeſt way is to ſee through their ears.—Who was it that ſaid, Speak, that I may ſee you?

136. A friend of mine was ſo conſcientious a wencher, that he always compounded with Vice, by taking an old miſtreſs. So that, though he made an harlot, he did not make a baſtard.

137. Merit, accompanied with beauty, is a jewel ſet to advantage. Quere?

138. *Currat lex*—a motto for a lawyer's coach. *Fiat juſtitia*—a paragram for an hangman's cart.

139. The moral law, without a ſanction, is like the Engliſh code—a perfect ſyſtem of conſtitution, but wanting a ſufficient law to put the whole in force.

140. When I ſee Mrs.—and her huſband, I think of a monkey, faſtened to a log, and playing antic tricks.

141. Tom is a mere adjective of ſociety; for he cannot ſupport himſelf one moment alone—nor is he ever ſo much as ſpoken of ſingly, but is tacked always to others, as Virgil introduces Therſilochus, with a copulative at the end of a line:

——*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therſilochumque.*
Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilochumque.

142. Modern poets put too much water into the ink.

143. Men are like plants—ſome delight in the ſun, and others in the ſhade.

144. The many various and abſurd ſyſtems of religion, reported from the moſt ancient hiſtories of the ſeveral parts of the world, appear to amount almoſt to a proof, that there muſt have been ſome part of revelation originally made to our firſt parents; which, handed down to poſterity by oral tradition, or, at beſt, by types and hieroglyphics, received ſuch alterations and corruptions, through the miſtakes, the weakneſſes, or ſiniſter arts of man, as made it terminate in downright idolatry among the ignorant, and in atheiſm with the learned——to a certain pitch of error and preſumption.

For, had there not been any revelation at all, there would either have been no ſort of religion in the world, or a more rational one. For, in that caſe, it muſt have been deduced, by tracing effects up to their cauſes, as far as the philoſophy of the age, in which this ſhould have happened, might have been able to have reached—And then——*Deus interſit.* So that the natural philoſopher, and the moral reaſoner, both joined in one, muſt have become atheiſt.

But this, probably, could never have been the origin of religion, for the following reaſon—That this philoſophic reſearch muſt have happened in latter times than thoſe, in which hiſtory informs us, the many fantaſtic modes of ancient worſhip had been profeſſed among all the nations of the earth, even the moſt illiterate, ignorant, and barbarous, who never could have taken up the leaſt notion of religion from their own premiſes or concluſions.

145. There are two ſorts of moral writers.—The one repreſents human nature in an angelic light, and the other in a beaſtly one. The firſt are generally found among the ancients; and the latter entirely among the moderns—chiefly the French.

They are both wrong.——One argues from the beſt, and the other from the worſt, of our ſpecies. Doctor Young has a juſt ſentiment, in his Centaur, which reconciles theſe different writers—"We cannot think too highly of our natures, nor too meanly of ourſelves."

146. A Montaigniana,
Or a wandering thought, after the manner of Montaigne:

While a man is reading or thinking abſtractedly, he is a king for the time—as being quite free from any manner of reflection regarding his own circumſtances. Indeed, how ſeldom is it in the day that he feels the difference between himſelf and a king?

Monarchs are unhappier than their ſubjects—for uſe makes ſtate familiar, and the fatigue grows every day more irkſome. ——Has opulence and grandeur then no advantages?—None— —but the power of doing good.

I have often been ſurpriſed that ſo little of this kind of manufacture is ever wrought by princes, when the very rarity of the work might ſerve to render their names famous to poſterity

"And paid a tradeſman once, to make him ſtare."

But away with all ambition, which only affects our names, without improving our natures.

147. A moral, after the manner of Rochefoucault, and others of that ſtamp of immoral writers, who, in all their philo-

ſophic reflections, endeavour to depreciate human nature:

As our bodies are compounded of different elements, ſo are our minds of various paſſions.——And as the blending of the former creates the union of body, ſo is all virtue produced by the balancing or commixing of the ſeveral affections and propenſities of the ſoul.

As our bodies are formed of clay, ſo are even our virtues made up of meanneſs or vice.—Add vain glory to avarice, and it riſes to ambition.——Luſt inſpires the lover, and ſelfiſh wants the friend.—Prudence is created by fear, and courage ariſes from madneſs, or from pride.

148. A reflection on the *decens et decorum*, in morals:

A friend of mine diſtrained a tenant's cattle for rent, then took them out of the pound, and put them on his own demeſne to graze. The arrear was diſcharged in a day or two. The ſtock was ſurrendered, but the tenant was charged for their graſs.

There appears certainly to be nothing contrary to law, or moral, nor the leaſt ſort of oppreſſion or extortion in this mat-

ter. It was equal to the tenant, whether he had paid for grazing to the landlord, or the pound-keeper. Then what can it be, that ſtrikes one ſo ſtrongly with the idea of a difference?

There muſt ſurely be a want of decency in this action.—And though it may be, perhaps, too refined a ſpeculation, to trace the ſubtile connexion between them, yet I think, that want of decency offends, by implying, in ſome ſort, a deficiency of moral. It certainly does of that refined moral which Prior hints at:

"*Beyond the fix'd and ſettled rules*
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools," etc.

If decorum be not the ſubſtance of virtue, it is at leaſt one of its accidents. It is an adjective, which depends upon ſome moral for its ſubſtantive.—It is the round, the full, the fair, of the great circle *. Or, it may be compared to the fine eſſence of light, that muſt have ſome ſolid matter for its ſubject, upon which it reflects all the beauty of colours.

* See Prior's tale of Protogenes and Apelles.

149. The mind is naturally active, and will employ itſelf ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raiſe the devil, they muſt find him work—and that he will as readily build a church as pull one down.

150. It is in what the world reckons trifles that a good underſtanding ſhould moſt employ itſelf.—Great occaſions generally direct their own operations, and but ſeldom occur—while every day's experience preſents you with ſmall cares ſufficient to exerciſe your utmoſt prudence upon.———Therefore,

"*Think nought a trifle, though it ſmall appear—*
Small ſands the mountain——moments make the year——
And trifles life.—Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die—before you learn to live."

YOUNG.

151. I think that a perſon may as well be aſleep——for they can only be ſaid to dream——who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct.

152. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more eſtimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing ſo eaſily attained, or ſo cheaply purchaſed—the labour only ſitting ſtill, and the expenſe but time, which, if we do not ſpend, we cannot ſave.

153. If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not uſing it, there might be ſome excuſe for the idleneſs of half the world—but yet not a full one. For even this would be ſuch an oeconomy, as the living on a principal ſum, without making it purchaſe intereſt.

154. There are three ways of dealing with time——loſing it, ſpending it, or putting it out to uſe.

Ampliat aetatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus —hoc eſt vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui.

155. One of the fathers compares contemplation and action to Rachel and Leah. The firſt was faireſt, but the latter more fruitful.

I am afraid he was not quite orthodox, by the wit of his ſimile.

156. To the many difficult conceits of the ancients, for the cramp of wit—ſuch

as poems cut out into the ſhapes of hearts, altars, wings, etc. I would incumber literature with a fancy of my own invention ———which, if it ſhould once obtain—as, from the futility of it, there can hardly be a doubt—may be ſtyled, the double *boutrimé*—becauſe the laſt word in every line is always made to chime to the firſt, throughout the poem——which takes off from the conſtraint of couplets, and joins the ſtrength of blank verſe, and the ſoftneſs of rhyme, together, in the ſame line.

Examples.

Love is the pivot on which all things move.

Death is no more than ſtopping our laſt breath.

With other moral reflections of the ſame kind.

157. Jack had every merit of a ſchool-boy—except his learning——and he is now too old to retrieve that article.

158. Miſs R——married, only becauſe ſhe had been ſurfeited with fornication, and longed to try the variety of adultery a little.

Simple meats become inſipid to a vitiated taſte——It requires mixed ſauces to quicken appetite.

159. James ſupplied the want of ſpirit with the uſual ſuccedaneum of ſpite.—— *Quantum ſufficit.*

160. Ned had a little ſpirit of gibe and humour, ſometimes, that uſed to render him entertaining enough on particular occaſions——but when that vein did not happen to ſerve him, one might well ſay, that Ned was a dull dog, without a joke.

161. Mrs. N——was an inſenſible libertine—and intrigued more through vice than paſſion.

162. Mr. G——'s houſe is ſo kennelled with dogs, that one might fancy he lived in a foreſt, and had no other neighbours but bears.

163. George has ſo much impudence in him, that, like the Scythian, he might be ſaid to be face all over.

164. Kit was maſter of a kind of inverted wit, that conſiſted in a remarkable quickneſs of miſapprehenſion. He would often pretend to miſtake ſome one word in a ſentence, for any other of a ſimilar

ſound, and, by commenting, or running a parody on it, contrive to throw the ſpeaker into an embaraſſment.

165. A lie is a deſperate cowardice.—It is to fear man, and brave God.

166. I never drink——I cannot do it, on equal terms with others————It coſts them only one day——but me three——the firſt in ſinning, the ſecond in ſuffering, and the third in repenting.

167. Sight is by much the nobleſt of the ſenſes. We receive our notices from the other four, through the organs of ſenſation only. We hear, we feel, we ſmell, we taſte, by touch. But ſight riſes infinitely higher.——It is refined above matter, and equals the faculty of ſpirit.

168. To put ourſelves in other perſons' places, would obviate a great deal of the jealouſies and reſentments we are too frequently ſenſible of towards them; and to put others into ours, would conſiderably abate the pride and haughtineſs of ourſelves.

169. Freethinkers are generally thoſe who never think at all.

170. Sir Iſaac Newton uſed to ſay, that

it was mere labour and patient thinking, which had enabled him to inveſtigate the great laws of nature.——Hear this, ye blockheads, and go ſtudy.

And becauſe I know how much a good example is apt to influence, I will begin a courſe myſelf, as ſoon as I have wrote

FINIS

ESSAIARUM,

SENTIMENTORUM,

CHARACTERIUM,

ATQUE

CALLIMACHORUM.

MEMORABILIA:

OR,

EXTRAORDINARY THINGS,

AND

REMARKABLE SAYINGS,

IN

LIFE, LITERATURE, AND PHILOSOPHY.

COLLECTED TOGETHER

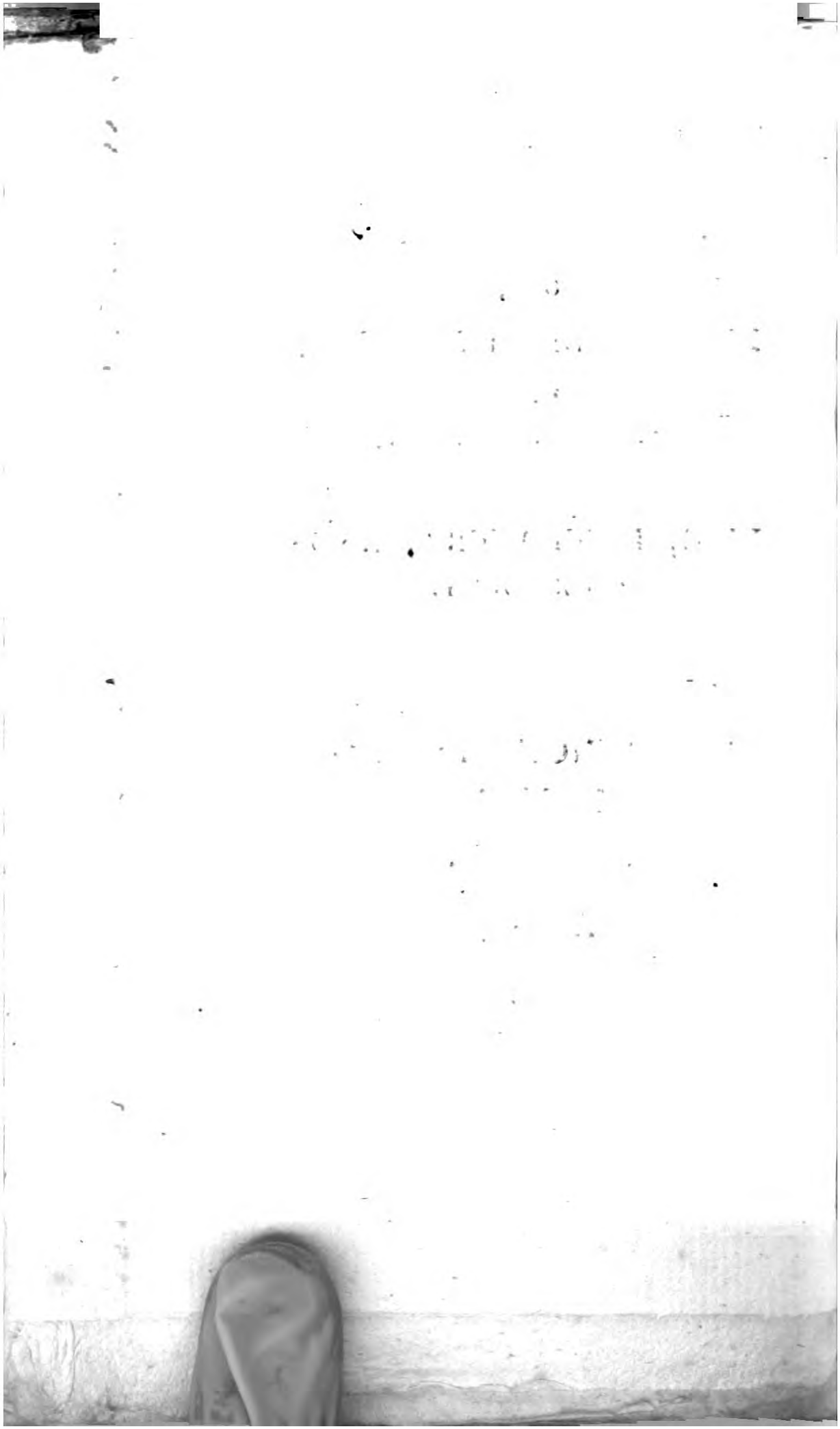
BY

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,

M. N. A.

VOL. III.

Sparsa coegi.



PREFACE.

GREGORIO LETI wrote as many books as he was years old. Homer divided the Iliad and the Odyſſey into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus numbered his books after the Muſes. And if ever Wilkes ſhould commence an author, he will never ſtop, probably, till he has publiſhed volumes forty-five.

From all which premiſes, I think it muſt appear pretty plain to the intelligent reader, that *Tria Juncta in Uno* ought to divide his work into three parts, in alluſion to his name—which, you ſee, I have accordingly done.

And, for this reaſon, I make not the leaſt manner of ſcruple to prefer myſelf before all and every of the above-named authors——not only on account of my work being ſo much ſhorter than any of theirs, but principally in compliment to the number *three*, which you know—or

ought to know—to be the completeſt ſum in arithmetic.

To odd numbers, in general, the ancients attributed certain charms or powers—but three ſtands the foremoſt of them all—as it is the firſt that is capable of the act or potency of multiplication.

If you would be more deeply learned upon this ſubject, conſult my eſſay on this ſame number——though I am not quite ſure whether I ſhall afford you an opportunity of doing ſo, in the courſe of this work, or no—That will depend entirely upon my having, or not having, ſufficient notes to finiſh this volume without it.

Three was the number of the Graces, the Furies, the Fates, the Syrens, the Gorgons, and the Graeae——thoſe infernal hags, who had but one eye and one tooth among them, which they uſed to borrow, by turns, as they were to ſee company, or chew their cud.

When I ſpeak of the Syrens, I only mean the three of them that are now alive—namely, Aglaope, Piſinoe, and Thelxiope—There had been a fourth among them originally——the dear Parthenope——

my favourite of them all—They were the daughters of Melpomene.—She got them merely to divert her melancholy——by whom, I really have forgot.

They had been, all four, maids of honour to the princeſs Europa, when the divine bull carried her off.—The chaſte, the tender Parthenope was ſo ſhocked at the rape, that ſhe took grief and died. Her miſtreſs had, happily, a ſtronger conſtitution.——Or, poſſibly, a rape may ſometimes offend thoſe who are not raviſhed, more than thoſe that are.

Geryon had three bodies, Cerberus heads enough for them all; and Solomon as many options. There were three Triumvirates—Caeſar, Pompey, and Craſſus—Auguſtus, Anthony, and Lepidus—and Andrews, Beville, and Carewe—This laſt is formed by one Triglyph too.

Apollo had his tripod, and Neptune his trident. One, two, three, and away, was the note for ſtarting at the Olympic races. And the ancients uſed to call thrice upon every corpſe, to know if it could ſtart any objection to its being interred.

Which naturally leads me to Hades, or

Ades, the old-faſhioned region of diſtribution, according to our good or bad deeds. It conſiſted of three provinces—Erebus, Tartarus, and Elyſium—Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. It had its three judges too—Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus.—Its three rivers alſo—Phlegethon, Cocytus, and Acheron.—With many other triads, too numerous and inconſiderable to mention.

In the midſt of the above enumerations tripartite, it occured to me, to mention the Pope's triple crown among the reſt. But I ſuppoſed, that this emblem had its alluſion—and I was reſolved to reſtrict myſelf entirely to fable.

With regard to the following collection, I think I need not trouble you with any manner of preface about it; for the very title of it ſufficiently explains the nature of the deſign. I thought that a compilation of this kind, might be not only an entertainment to the public, but alſo, in ſome inſtances, improving.

ADIEU— —

That ye may thrice happy be, prays your thrice obliged, and thrice humble ſervant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

MEMORABILIA.

1. ZOROASTER, ſays Pliny, was reported to have laughed on the day of his birth. Sir Thomas More laughed in the hour of death——Which was the moſt extraordinary?

2. Publius Syrus ſays, that a woman knows no medium between loving and hating.

3. There were famous women of all the philoſophic ſects—but infinitely a greater number are recorded of the Pythagorean ſchool——though it enjoined ſilence, and the keeping of ſecrets.

4. John Weaver, in his Hiſtory of Ancient Monuments, publiſhed in the year 1630, quotes the following prophecy from an holy anchorite in King Elthred's time:

"Englyſhmen, for as much as they uſe to dronkelewnes, to treaſon, and to rech-

leneſs of Goddes hous, firſt by Danes, and then by Normans, and atte thirde time by Scottes, they ſhall be overcome."

5. Monſieur Sainctyon, in his life of Tamerlane, ſays, that in a certain Perſian nation, of the province of Chouvatſam, the people are all born with a muſical voice; and that the children's moan or cry in the cradle is perfectly melodious.

This muſt be owing——for I would always rather account for, than diſpute a thing——to the peculiar ſituation of the country, which may poſſibly have the effect of modulating the air. In hilly countries, the elaſtic ſpring of that element communicates a certain ſhrillneſs, or ſharp accent, to whatever ſound it reverberates. In Wales, the dogs bark with an ear-piercing tone—and perhaps with a brogue, as Mrs. Digherty ſays, in Ireland.

6. The laſt words that Nero uttered, after he had done but juſtice on himſelf, were—O what an excellent harper dies this day!

7. My taylor in London uſed to let his pipe flow all day, by way of lulling himſelf with the ſound of a water-fall.

8. That dukes would be miniſters of ſtate! and that coblers ſhould keep holy-days!

9. In the Rabbinical account of the Jewiſh trials and puniſhments for adultery, there is one very curious particular:

They gave the woman a potion, compoſed by the prieſt, called *aqua zelotiphae*, or the water of jealouſy.—If ſhe had been guilty, it poiſoned her forthwith—without benefit of clergy. But if innocent, it increaſed her health and fruitfulneſs——What fine juggling there muſt have been here!

And if the huſband happened to have been guilty in the ſame way himſelf, the draught had no ill effect on the woman, though ſhe had been ever ſo culpable.—Natural juſtice, this.

10. The Spaniſh inns make a charge for noiſe always in their bills, whether you make any or no.

11. The Biſhop of Beauvais, who ſucceeded Cardinal Richelieu, as premier in France, propoſed to the Dutch, that they ſhould all turn Papiſts, or be turned out of the alliance with the grand monarch.

12. Louis the fourteenth, though a king, rewarded merit, and encouraged literature.

13. The two laſt letters in *Shibboleth*, would be as good a teſt of an Iriſhman, as the two firſt were of the Ephraimites.

14. The Athenians always caſt their children into the ſea, that happened to be born with any manner of defect or deformity.——I prefer my own ſcheme in the Callimachies to this. See No. 58.

15. *Inter ſe* is an idiom in the Latin, which ſignifies, *from each other*; though both the grammar and dictionary of that language would render it, *among themſelves*—which is the very reverſe.

16. To grammarians, linguiſts, nurſes, and philoſophers, greeting:

What can be the reaſon, that all the little children of Great Britain and Ireland univerſally ſay Me, for I?—Me love you—Me is ſleepy—Me is hungry, etc.

This cannot be imitation—For the moſt illiterate parent, nurſe, or ſervant, always ſay I.

17. The ancients have depicted Cupid and Somnus ſo alike, that they are not to be diſtinguiſhed, but by their emblems.

Surely they could not mean, by this equivocation, that love was but a dream,

which vaniſhes into air, as ſoon as we awaken to our ſenſes.

18. The devil is Milton's hero. Ovid ſeems to have been as partial as the old giants.

19. Spence, in his Polymetis, ſays, very gravely, that the giants were not ſo eaſily conquered, as might have been expected.

And again, that ſome poets had deſcribed that affair, as attended with more difficulty than they ought.

20. Spence ſays alſo, that Statius deſcribes Minos and Aeacus ſitting in judgment, to aſſiſt Pluto—and adds, but it muſt have been only occaſionally.

21. Adad was the greateſt of the Aſſyrian gods.—Is this what we mean, when we ſwear adad?

22. Lord Kames, in his Elements of Criticiſm, hints, that brutes might become rational, if the uſe of ſpeech was communicated to them.—Pray are Parrots or Magpies rational? Women are, we know ——but would they be leſs ſo, if they ſpoke leſs?

23. Androcles was the name of the perſon who led the tame lion about the ſtreets

of Rome.—See the ſtory of it in Aulus Gellius; and believe it, if you can.

24. The expreſſion in Shakeſpear, of ſack and ſugar, is not ſo abſurd as it ſounds.—Put ſugar to ſack, and it gives it a briſk, lively flavour, that cures it of that heavy, luſcious taſte, which it has in its own nature.

25. Sir Iſaac Newton was miſtaken in his philoſophy of vegetables being nouriſhed by moiſture. It is only the vehicle. The *pabulum*, or *incrementum*, is received from the earth.

I am ſorry that this *poſtulatum* is not true.—It would have deſtroyed the aſſertion of the atheiſts, that this world was from all eternity. Had plants taken their augment from moiſture, and then periſhed into earth, there could not have ſubſiſted ſuch an element as water now in nature. Therefore, the Moſaic hiſtory of the world's having been made *in time*, muſt have been true.

It might alſo have ſuggeſted a philoſophical proof of this world's being finally to be deſtroyed by fire.—For heat will increaſe, in proportion to the decreaſe of moiſture.

26. A certain Venetian, a perſon of polite learning and fine taſte, was ſo ſtruck with the refined difference between Catullus and Martial, in their epigrams, that he uſed to perform an annual ceremony in his library, on each returning day of Catullus's mortuity in which he ſacrificed a volume of Marſial's works to the manes of his favourite author.

27. It has been remarked, that men are often moſt ſtrongly attached to women who have not one valuable, or amiable quality to recommend them.——The argument for which muſt then be, that if a man happen to fall in love without any reaſon, he can never have any reaſon for ceaſing to love.

28. George has lately obtained a peerage.—He was little, but would be leſs—ſo purchaſed a title, and became more contemptible.

29. Fiſh-women cry Noble Oyſters.—They certainly are full as noble as any family blazoned out in Collins's peerage.—If not of as ancient an houſe, of as old a bed at leaſt.—And to ſhew their richneſs too, pearls and they are congenial.

30. The deriving of families from ancient times, merely from the ſound or ſimilarity of names, as is done in all books of heraldry, puts me in mind of Swift's conceit, in proving the antiquity of bees from the Hivites, a race of people mentioned in the Old Teſtament.

31. The Jews were the firſt nation, upon record, who introduced an attention to genealogy.——They had a reaſon for it, both in their law and in their goſpel.—But after the coming of our Saviour, one ſhould conclude all ſuch ſuperſtition to have been at an end—as St. Paul ſays, "Neither give heed to fables, and endleſs genealogies, which miniſter queſtions, rather than godly edifyings."—And again —"But avoid fooliſh queſtions and genealogies."

32. The Beggar's Opera was written in order to run down the Italian ones. But it is of late become the object of its own ridicule. They have ſo carbonaded and fritterellied it, that it is now neither one thing nor the other—an Engliſh, nor an Italian opera—They are, at length, become allies, and hobble *en pair*.

33. The circumſtance of Robert diſcovering his father, William the Conqueror, at an engagement in Normandy, juſt as he was going to kill him, their reconciliation in the ſight of both armies, etc. would be a fine ſituation for an affecting tragedy.

34. A friend of Sir Thomas More's offered him the choice of his daughters for a wife. He liked the ſecond one the beſt, but accepted of the eldeſt, merely to ſave her the mortification of having a younger ſiſter preferred before her.

This is a fine ſtory, by way of teſt, to try the force of ſentiment in others. The queſtion happened to be propoſed to me once in this way—I approved of the generoſity of the act, but had the modeſty to anſwer it only by ſaying, that a perſon ought to be aſhamed to differ in opinion from ſo great a man, in any action of his life.

35. Tacitus gives the character of a man, *magis extra vitiis, quam cum virtutibus* —This expreſſion is by no means juſt, in a ſtrict ſenſe; for it is a vice to be void of virtues. *Dum ſatis putant vitio carere, in id ipſum incidunt vitium, quod virtu-*

tibus carent, ſays Quintilian, who was not only an excellent critic, but a ſound moraliſt.

Tacitus has many beauties in his writings, but would ſacrifice any thing to the framing of an *antitheſis*. Salluſt, and others among the ancients, had the ſame paſſion.

36. Loke ſays, that wit and judgment rarely meet in the ſame perſon; becauſe that their talents are directly oppoſite—the firſt collecting together all ideas which are any way alike,—and the latter employed in ſeparating thoſe which in any particular differ.

Methinks there is more wit than judgment in this remark—For the ſame quickneſs which can form an aſſemblage, is as nimble at diſtinguiſhing.—The proverb is not applicable here,—Thoſe who hide can find.

37. In the ninth book of Pope's Iliad, there is a note on the 494th line, where I think that both Euſtathius and he have miſtaken the ſenſe.

When Achilles ſays, that he deſpiſes Agamemnon, like a Carian, he ſeems to hint that he muſt have had as venal a

ſoul as the people of Caria—a nation of Boeotia, that uſed to hire out its troops like the modern Swiſs—to think that he could be bribed to battle by the preſents he offers. He ſays, juſt before, his gifts are hateful—and immediately after,

Not though he proffer'd all himſelf poſſeſſ'd, etc.

The beſt way of ſolving a text, is by its own context.

38. *Ah! te meae ſi partem animae rapit*
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus aeque, nec ſuperſtes
Integer?

HOR. L. 2. Od. 17.

Pleaſe to obſerve here, that *Paddy* Horace ſays his friend is part of himſelf; and that if this ſame part ſhould be taken away, the remainder—*altera*—would not be the whole—*integer*.

Now if any modern author had written the above paſſage, would not the Engliſh critics ſtyle it an Hiberniciſm?

39. There is another paſſage too in this author, which may likewiſe be carped at,

but that it is not certain whether the error is to be imputed to the writer or tranſcriber—moſt probably to the latter, becauſe that ſo ſmall an erratum would ſet it right.

———Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriae quis exul
Se quoque fugit?
LIB. 2. Od. 16.

Here the ſenſe is deficient in the firſt ſentence—becauſe the commutation is not propoſed——and the expreſſion abounds with a pleonaſm in the ſecond—For *exul* comprehends *patriae*.

But change this laſt word into *patria*, and join it to the firſt ſentence—let us ſee how it will ſtand upon this alteration.

——Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus patria? Quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

You ſee that the deficiency is by this means ſupplied in the firſt part, and the abundance reſcinded in the latter.

40. Pere Rapin ſays, very juſtly, of moſt of the Italian writers, that they ſtrive

rather to ſay things wittily than naturally. But both French and Engliſh authors have frequently the ſame fault.

Look back to number 35, for the commencement of this vicious ſtyle of writing.

41. The Apollo Belvidere is confeſſedly the fineſt ſtatue in the known world.—How could the very ingenious Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, miſtake his figure and expreſſion, juſt after having ſlain the Python, for a ſimple Apollo Venator?

42. Who need ever be vain of a poet's praiſe, when it is ſo notoriouſly known that the Muſes ſang a funeral elegy on the death of this ſame ſerpent Python, ſlain by Apollo, their very god?

43. In philoſophy, it is ſaid, that eunuchs bear wine better than men do. The philoſopher then who claimed the prize of drinking, for being the firſt drunk, did honour to his gender.

Liſten to this, ye jovial country 'ſquires, and never boaſt again of being "able to carry off a greater quantity of liquor—I think that is the phraſe—than other men."

44. St. James ſays, "Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations."

45. By the inſtitutions of Lycurgus, the rigour of the Spartan diſcipline, both in apparel and diet, was relaxed in time of war.

46. There be ſix things, in phyſic, ſtyled non-naturals. And what do you think they are? Even the moſt natural things in nature — diet — evacuation— —air— — exerciſe— —ſleeping— —and waking.

47. In the Harleian Miſcellany, volume the firſt, and page firſt — the preamble— there is this expreſſion:—"To ſhew that when God is on our ſide, neither the power nor the policy of man is able to do us harm."—What a deep reflection! How many volumes of ſermons have I ſeen wrote in the ſame way!

48. The Capitol of Rome was ſo called, becauſe that a man's head—which might have been a woman's, for ought they knew —the gender does not lie there—happened to have been dug out of the foundation.

From this hint, the Augurs propheſied, that Rome ſhould become the capital of the world.——You may ſee what ſort of reaſoners prieſts muſt have been from the beginning.

Rome was ſtyled alſo the miſtreſs, not the maſter of the world.— —Which ſeems ſufficiently to juſtify my ſurmiſe, above hinted, about the head.

49. Madneſs is conſiſtent— —which is more than can be ſaid for poor Reaſon. Whatever may be the ruling paſſion at the time, continues equally ſo throughout the whole delirium—though it ſhould laſt for life.

Madmen are always conſtant in love; which no man in his ſenſes ever was.— Our paſſions and principles are ſteady in phrenzy; but begin to ſhift and waver, as we return to reaſon.

50. It is an hard caſe, that the laws ſhould not have made any manner of difference between murdering an honeſt man, and only executing a ſcoundrel. I really think that theſe things ſhould always be rated *ad valorem*.

51. Pliny ſays, that the crocodile increaſes in ſtrength to its lateſt age, and dies in full vigour— —This would be a good poetical ſimile for Avarice, which

"*Grows with our growth, and ſtrengthens with our* weakneſs."

52. A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy, that ſhe had got a parcel of the moſt delightful novels to read that ſhe had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, ſaid ſhe.—I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyſhip, that they were deemed to be authentic hiſtories. Upon which her countenance fell, and ſhe never read another line in them.

53. A ſervant maid I had once—her name was not Dorothy *—returned home crying one day, becauſe a criminal, whom ſhe had obtained leave to go ſee executed, happened to get a reprieve.

She had no ſpleen to the fellow—for he had been condemned only for a rape; nor was ſhe of a cruel nature—but ſhe had loſt a ſight.

54. Raviſius Textor has given us a catalogue of perſons who died laughing.

55. The *Lex Papia* forbade men to marry after ſixty, and women after fifty.

I think the law was wrong in the firſt article--becauſe men may have children

* See chapter XXXIII. laſt paragraph but one.

long after that age—or their wives may, at leaſt, which anſwers as well for the community. But matrimony is generally thrown away upon any woman after Wilkes's number.

To have children, is the only modeſt reaſon a woman can give for marriage. And after ſuch pretence has ceaſed, what an indecent thing muſt it be, to ſee her proceeding to the gratification of her concupiſcence, at the very foot of the altar?

56. A watch or clock goes the faſter for being foul.

57. The famous princeſs Catharine Sforza, being beſieged in a fortreſs by rebels, was threatened by them to have her children put to death, if ſhe did not ſurrender the garriſon—"Do with them as you pleaſe," ſaid ſhe, "for behold I have *a mold* to caſt more."——So ſaying, ſhe ſtepped up on the wall——I leave the hiſtorian to tell the reſt. *Hiſt. des femmes illuſtres.*

I think that ſhe might have been celebrated for her immodeſty, as Jael was for her treachery above women in the tent.

58. Monſieur Menage, a poet of diſtin-

guiſhed eminence in France, always ſent a criticiſm to the preſs immediately after every piece he publiſhed, to prove that he had not one requiſite of a poet in any of his writings; and that he wrote all his verſes, *invitâ Minervâ*, by the mere dint of labour only. What a caprice!

59. Alecto inſpiring Amata with rage, is compared by Virgil to a boy whipping his top.

60. Aſk Doctor Smollet what he means, in his Travels, by the Genoeſe, the Empreſs of Ruſſia, and making heaven accountable for the death of Peter the Third —Joan—and the predeſtination of her ſon?

61. There are certain fiſhes, ſtyled abdominals, that have fins underneath their bellies—which your fiſhmonger philoſophers ſay prevent their turning on their backs.

This particular, I hear, is only true of fiſhes, but not of thoſe animals "*quae deſinunt in piſcem.*"

62. Diotima, a female philoſopher, was the perſon that initiated Socrates into the *philoſophia amatoria*, which the Platoniſt afterwards extolled ſo highly.

63. Theano, another female philoſopher, uſed to adviſe married women "to lay aſide ſhame with their clothes."

This brothel-maxim is finely reprehended by the chaſte Plutarch, who ſays, That "women ought never to be naked, for when they put off their garments, they ſhould clothe themſelves with modeſty."

64. The ſame Theano told Timaeonides, who had often reviled her, that, notwithſtanding his unkindneſs, ſhe always ſpoke well of him—but had the luck ſtill to find, that her panegyric had the ſame fate with his ſatire—to be equally diſcredited.

Prior, and others, have ſtolen epigrams from this expreſſion:

"You always ſpeak ill of me,
I always ſpeak well of thee—
But, ſpite of all our noiſe and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other."

PRIOR.

65. I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear. ——He had no manner of objection to

going to church, but left "the devil might take it ill."

66. The learned are not yet agreed, whether an Olympiad contained four or five years.—The luſtre is happily out of diſpute, and fixed at five.

67. How children come to be marked, before they come into the world, by an impreſſion made only on the ſight of the mother, is inexplicable by philoſophy. Nay, philoſophy denies the fact, but leaves the contingency of it rather a greater myſtery.

68. Women entered originally into the Olympic games—but ſome confuſion happening once on their accounts, they were forbidden to appear there for the future, on pain of death, if found diſguiſed.

Yet a woman, named Herenice, did afterwards venture her life, for the mere pleaſure of wreſtling and boxing there—and won the prize.

She could not conceal her triumph: which coming to the judges' ears, they ordered, that thenceforward all athletics ſhould be performed naked.

This my author, who is a joker, ſays,

prevented their entering the circus for the future, but made them all crowd to the ring.

69. Solon deprived parents of all paternal authority over baſtards.—The reaſon he gave for it is curious——That as they were only fathers for their own pleaſure, this ſhould be their only reward.

Married men ſeem here to be unfavourably diſtinguiſhed by Solon————as mere drudges in the vineyard.——I ſuppoſe Solon had an ugly wife.

70. Hucheſon, in his philoſophic treatiſe on beauty, harmony, and order, plus's and minus's you to heaven or hell, by algebraic equations—ſo that none but an expert mathematician can ever be able to ſettle his accounts with St. Peter—and perhaps St. Matthew, who had been an officer in the cuſtoms, muſt be called in to audite them.

71. The pſeudomenos, a problem among the ſtoics—a quibble merely in words.

72. The anacampſerotes—a certain root—the touch of which is ſaid to reconcile lovers.

73. Lycurgus was the perſon who col-

lected together all the works of Homer in Aſia Minor, and brought them into Greece.

Plato would exclude all the poets from his commonwealth.——Obſerve here the difference between a perſon who had formed a real ſtate, and one who had framed only an ideal one.

74. Hermonides, a diſciple of Timotheus, aſked his maſter one day, How he ſhould conduct himſelf, in order to obtain the prize of muſic at a public opera that was then to be performed?

"If the theatre be thin," ſaid the old fellow, "play your beſt—for the audience may probably be ſelect and judicious—But to a crowded houſe, be ſure you play as ill as you can—becauſe the multitude have Midas's ears."

Hermonides, like other young people, aſked advice which he meant not to take—exerted all his talents—excelled every competitor—loſt the prize—and died that very night of the mortification he had received, by not taking the old ſage's counſel.

75. There is an original neceſſity in our

nature "to determine ourſelves."—Providence has implanted this propenſity in us, to prevent ſuſpenſion of action, where reaſons may be wanting, or equipoiſed.

In the moſt indifferent caſes, we are apt to feel an inclination to favour one ſide of a queſtion more than the other.—Two men boxing, two horſes running, two cocks fighting, two dogs ſnarling—even two fiſhwomen ſcolding—though all equally unknown—one will naturally take part with one or the other—"We muſt determine ourſelves."

Two competitors for a crown appear on the theatre of war together. Even their very names ſhall decide the point, with regard to us, unknowing of their reſpective titles or merits.—It was morally impoſſible to have remained indifferent, between Meer Jaffeir and Coſſim Ally Cawn, two rival nabobs, ſome time ago. I vowed fealty to the latter; and my wife, whether through loyalty or perverſeneſs, always took part with the firſt againſt us.

And if the ſtrife ſhould happen to be between a man and a woman, the reſpective ſexes ſhall take different ſides in

the contention—though not always on the part of their reſpective genders—for women are ſometimes partial to a woman, merely becauſe ſhe is one——but oftener to a man, for the ſame reaſon. No matter for the motives—we labour under "a phyſical neceſſity of determining ourſelves."

In fine, there is but one ſtruggle between man and woman, in which both men and women equally wiſh ſucceſs to one ſide *only*——to which part I need not ſay.—For as my readers muſt be either male or female, I ſhall refer the deciſion to their joint concurrence.

76. Brutus was originally a name of contempt, given firſt to Lucius Junius, by Tarquin, on account of his pretending madneſs and folly, in order to eſcape the notice and jealouſy of that tyrant, who had put his father and brother to death.

Virtue can render the meaneſt name great—and vice turn the greateſt into contempt.—Liſten, ye plebeians and ye peers!

77. Margaret de Valois queen of Navarre, was ſtyled a tenth muſe, and a fourth grace.

78. Solon ſaid, that if all men were to caſt their misfortunes into one common heap, every perſon would rather take up his own lot again, than accept an equal ſhare with the reſt.

This is an odd expreſſion——for, as he makes the reflection general, it is as much as to ſay, in effect, that every one's evils were leſs when put in, and greater when taken out. This might be true of ſome, but could not poſſibly be ſo of all.

79. Plato ſaid of Dionyſius's court, at his return from Sicily, on his being aſked what he obſerved remarkable there—— "*Vidi monſtrum in natura, hominem bis ſaturatum in die.*"——By *ſaturatum*, he meant merely eating, not drinking.

What would he have ſaid, had he lived in modern times, and ſeen not only two meals, but two debauches, in the ſame day!

80. In the life of Henry Prince of Wales, there is a curious ſtory told, of a ſpeech made by a pope, who ſilenced a prieſt for preaching doctrines "contrary to the catholic faith."

The man defended himſelf, by ſaying that he had advanced nothing but the goſpel, and the word of God.—To which his holineſs replied, that this was, in effect, "to ſubvert the catholic religion."

81. Tiberius was the perſon who offered a premium for the invention or contrivance of any new pleaſure.

82. Providence has ſupplied the body with refreſhment and medicine, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world—and to our minds hath given, both for relief and cure, religion, muſic, and the ſciences.

Whether I write the above obſervation from reflection or recollection, I do declare, moſt ingenuouſly, that I cannot be certain this moment.——Memorandum, that memory is apt to forget.

83. Ludovicus Jacob ſays of Pontus de Thiard, who was both a biſhop and a poet, that his erudition was too univerſal for the firſt, and too profound for the latter.

84. Balzac ſaid, that Virgil had prevented Taſſo from being the firſt epic poet of Italy, but that Taſſo had prevented him from being the laſt.

85. It is reported of Sebaſtian, a very good Latin poet, that he could ſeldom avoid ſpeaking in verſe, in his common converſation.

In general, warm people, as poets naturally are, ſpeak uſually in blank verſe ——except they ſtutter.

"I liſp'd in numbers—for the numbers came."

86. The Count de Bonarelli, an Italian nobleman, had paſſed through a regular courſe of divinity and philoſophy, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in both theſe ſtudies.

He was afterwards taken from thoſe purſuits, and employed by the great duke of Ferrara, in ſixteen embaſſies of ſtate; in all which he acquitted himſelf with great addreſs both as a politician and a miniſter.

He had never written one line of poetry in his life, till he was about threeſcore years of age; when, having retired from public buſineſs, he undertook for his amuſement a paſtoral poem, which he executed with a fame equal to Guarini's Paſtor Fido and Taſſo's Aminta.

87. The covetous man is poor—but the contented one rich—ſaid Bias the philoſopher.

88. Solon built a city in Cilicia, which he named Soleis, and peopled it with a colony from Athens; who, mixing with the natives of the country, corrupted their language, and were ſaid to ſoleciſe.—Diogenes Laertius gives us this derivation for the word ſoleciſm.

89. Simonides, a very ſweet Greek poet, was ſo affected about the nicety of his expreſſion, that, being to mention mules upon ſome occaſion, he ſtyled them daughters of mares.—Upon which Diogenes rallied him, by aſking, whether they were not daughters of aſſes as well?

90. In Plato's Phedon, Socrates ſays, that while the ſoul is immerſed in matter, "it ſtaggers, ſtrays, frets, and is giddy like a man in drink."

There is a paſſage in the Pſalms, from whence one muſt be almoſt certain he muſt have borrowed this image.——"They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Pſalm 107. verſe 27.

Here, not only the ſimile is the ſame, and the expreſſion almoſt ſo—as near as different tranſlations of the ſame text, not performed by the Septuagint, can be ſuppoſed to approach——but the very occaſions are parallel alſo. The firſt deſcribes the ſtate of the ſoul, under the incumbrances of corporeal affections, and the latter ſpeaks of men unaſſiſted by grace.

91. Plato allowed mirth and wine to old men, but forbade them both to young ones. To be merry and wiſe, might have been a proverb deduced from this law.

But Plato's reaſon was truly philoſophic——that, while our natural cheerfulneſs and ſpirits remain, we ſhould never uſe incitements. To ſpur a free horſe, ſoon makes a jade of him.

92. Antigonus ſaid, "*Qui Macedoniae regem erudit, omnes etiam ſubditos erudit*"——"*Qualis rex, talis grex*," ſays ſomebody elſe.

This is not always ſo. It is only what may be ſtyled a capable truth.—Virtue will not be ſufficient——for example alone won't do. The king muſt have both ſenſe and ſpirit too. He ſhould let all his boun-

ties, honours, and preferments, flow in one chaſte channel, and, like heaven, bribe us to our good.

93. Is it not an amazing thing, that men ſhall attempt to inveſtigate the myſtery of the redemption, when, at the ſame time that it is propounded to us as an article of faith ſolely, we are told, that "The very angels have deſired to pry into it in vain?

94. See the character of Francis David Sterne, in the Annual Regiſter for the year 1760, and compare it with the jealous phrenzy of Jean Jacques Rouſſeau.—The unaccountable caprices of human nature!

95. I aſked an hermit once in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a ſingle cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation?—He replied, that "Providence was his very next door neighbour."

96. A library.

Plerumque in quâ ſimulac pedem poſui, foribus peſſulum abdo.—Ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, avaritiam excludo, quorum parens eſt ignavia, imperitia nutrix—et in ipſo aeternitatis gremio, inter tot illuſtres animos ſedem mihi

ſumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut ſubinde magnatum me miſereat, qui felicitatem hanc ignorant.

HEINSIUS.

In the world, you are ſubject to every fool's humour—In a library you can make every wit ſubject to yours.

HENRY AND FRANCES.

97. The mareſchal de Bellegarde was a lover, and a favourite of Anne of Auſtria's, but happened to be diſcarded upon the following occaſion:

When he was taking leave of her Majeſty, to repair to his command in the army, he ſolicited her, with an air of paſſion and myſtery, to give him her hand; which, after ſhe had, with a bluſh, ſome heſitation, and turning aſide her head,

"With neck retorted, and oblique regard,"

at length conſented to, he applied it immediately "to the hilt of his ſword."

A moſt ſtupid piece of old-faſhioned gallantry; to be ſure.—But obſerve, at the ſame time, the unaccountable caprice of woman, in his diſmiſſal.

98. Plutarch has a fine expreſſion, with regard to ſome woman of learning, humility, and virtue—That her ornaments were ſuch as might be purchaſed without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.

99. Extract—*unde neſcio.*

Adam ſignifies earth, and Eve life.—But, not to inſiſt upon Hebrew definitions, man was originally made of the dead earth—but woman of the living man—therefore, of a more excellent nature. There are no concluſions ſo ſtrong as thoſe that are drawn from the *petitio principii.*

100. Another fragment in favour of the ſex:

It is remarkable, that as by a woman we were all undone, ſo by a woman we were all retrieved again.

For as the virgin conceived without the co-operation of man, all the human nature that Chriſt took upon himſelf, muſt have been derived entirely from the feminine gender.

101. The Laplanders have odd notions. They encourage the killing of bears in their country; and have framed this law,

that any man who deſtroys one, ſhall be exempted from cohabiting with his wife for a week—and ſo on, *toties quoties*.

102. Heraclitus was the perſon who firſt introduced the burning of the dead, upon this philoſophy, that fire was the predominant principle of all things; and that, by ſuch diſſolution, the aethereal flame, or ſoul of man, was better and ſooner purified and diſunited from the groſſneſs of matter.

103. The doctors of the Sorbonne, in the year 1550, cauſed a prieſt to be deprived of his benefice, for pronouncing the words *quiſquis* and *quamquam*, as they are ſpelled, inſtead, of *kiſkis* and *kankam*, as they had reformed them.

Which were the greater fools, they or the prieſt?

104. Sophocles has written a tragedy, which conſiſts of but one entire monologue, of a perſon complaining and lamenting a ſore heel. See the Philoctetes.

105. In the whole Hebrew dictionary there is not one word to expreſs nature or philoſophy.

106. Pythagoras was the perſon who firſt changed the arrogant appellation of ſophos, or wiſe man, to philoſopher, or a lover of wiſdom.

107. What a ſavage race of men muſt the ancient Romans have been, who had but one word, *hoſtis*, in their language, for an enemy and a foreigner?

108. Hume ſays, "Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people, who know not how to make a ſpinning-wheel, or to employ a loom to advantage?"

109. A good ſimile—as conciſe as a king's declaration of love.

110. Sir Iſaac Newton ſtanding by the ſide of a quarry, ſaw a ſtone fall from the top of it to the ground—"Why ſhould this ſtone, when looſened from its bed, rather deſcend, than riſe, or fly acroſs? Either of theſe directions muſt have been equally indifferent to the ſtone itſelf."

Such was his ſoliloquy; and this the firſt philoſophic reflection he had ever made. This led him firſt into conſidering the nature of gravity, etc.—So that to a mere accident we owe all thoſe deep re-

ſearches, and uſeful diſcoveries, with which he has ſince enriched the ſciences.

111. Plutarch imputes the ceaſing of many of the oracles, to the world's being thinner peopled at that time than formerly.—"The gods, ſays he, would not deign to uſe ſo many interpreters of their wills to ſo ſmall an handful of people."

112. Solon was the perſon who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death—Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

113. Plutarch commends Attalus for deſtroying all his own children in order to leave his wealth and kingdom to his nephew.

One unnatural action induced another—For Attalus's reaſon for ſo doing, was that his brother, the father of that nephew, had left him his heir, in wrong to his own ſon.

114. Men affect parrots, that diſgrace human ſpeech—and are fond of monkies, that ridicule human action.

115. Great eaters have generally but dull

intellects—The dromedary is ſaid to have four ſtomachs.

116. A very curious and authentic letter has been lately brought to light, from the queen of Scots to Eliſabeth—which makes the latter's chaſtity not to be ſo problematical a point as general hiſtory had left it to us. See the Annual Regiſter for 1759, page 323.

117. See the contraſted character of young Servin, in Sully's Memoirs, for an extraordinary inſtance in human nature.

118. Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, ſays, that there muſt have been a nymph whoſe name was Aura—or Procris could never have conceived a jealouſy at the expreſſion of Cephalus, *Aura veni*.

How could a perſon of his taſte, and excellent criticiſm, poſſibly make ſo poor a comment! This paſſage certainly does not in the leaſt prove that there ever was ſuch a nymph, but only that Procris imagined there was.

Had he remembered Shakeſpear, he would have known, that

"*Trifles light as air, are, to the jealous, Confirmations ſtrong*," etc.

119. Mr. Spence is ſhamefully miſtaken in another paſſage too. He ſays that the Hamadryads were not reputed by the poets to have been the ſouls of particular trees, but the nymphs of the woods in general.

But theſe latter were always diſtinguiſhed by the title of Dryads,—from whence Druids,— —and the former were only thought to be the lives of trees.

120. The ſeeing an object diſtinctly, with one eye, and the not ſeeing it double with two, muſt appear to be an unaccountable circumſtance in viſion.— —The ſame philoſophical queſtion may be applied to hearing.

121. What ſcolds muſt women have been deemed from the beginning, when all the familiars, the familiares, or female genii, were ſtyled Junones?

122. I was acquainted once with a gallant ſoldier, who aſſured me that his only meaſure of courage was this:

Upon the firſt fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himſelf as a dead man. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly re-

gardleſs of all manner of danger, as becomes a dead man to be.

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned as clear gains—or, as he himſelf expreſſed it, ſo much out of the fire.

123. A man is ſhorter, ſtanding up, than lying along. He is certainly near ſix lines, or about half an inch, longer, in bed, than when up.

124. Peculiarities in Clarke's Latin grammar:

He reckons but ſeven parts of ſpeech, leaving out the pronoun and participle, and ſubſtituting the adjective for both.

He admits only five caſes of nouns, rejecting the vocative.—His reaſon for this is curious.—See the note, page 1.

The order of his caſes too ſtands thus:—Nominative, accuſative, genitive, dative, and ablative.

125. About the middle of the thirteenth century, and in the pontificate of Gregory the Ninth, a curious incident happened.

Count Gleichen was taken priſoner, in an engagement againſt the Saracens, and condemned to ſlavery. He was employed

at work in the gardens of the ſeraglio, and happened to be taken notice of by the Sultan's daughter.——She found out that he was a perſon of diſtinction, conceived a paſſion for him, and offered to contrive his eſcape, if he would marry her.

He honeſtly told her that he had a wife already. She replied, that ſhe made no manner of ſcruple of that circumſtance, as the cuſtom of her country allowed men a plurality. Upon theſe terms then they agreed, and had the fortune to get ſafe together to Venice. He haſtened to Rome, made Gregory acquainted with the particulars of the ſtory, and, upon promiſe to make Miſs Saracen turn Catholic, obtained a diſpenſation to keep both wives.

The firſt wife was ſo much rejoiced at recovering her huſband upon any conditions, that ſhe acquieſced in the articles, and ſhewed herſelf grateful, in the higheſt inſtance, to his fair deliverer. The ſtory mentions another unnatural circumſtance alſo in this matter—that the Saracen had no children, but ſhewed a mother's fondneſs towards thoſe of her rival.——What

pity that ſhe did not leave ſome of her breed behind her!

At Gleichen they ſtill continue to ſhew the bed in which they all three uſed to ſleep peaceably together—which, for that reaſon, might more properly be ſtyled the grave.

They were all buried in the ſame tomb, in the church of the Peterſberg Benedictines, and lie under a ſtone, with this epitaph, which the count, who outlived them both, ordered to be inſcribed upon it:

"Here lie the bodies of two rival wives, who, with unparalleled affection, loved each other as ſiſters, and me extremely.—The one fled from Mahomet, to follow her huſband——the other was willing to embrace the ſpouſe ſhe had recovered.—United by the ties of matrimonial love, we had, when living, but one nuptial bed; and, in our deaths, only one marble to cover us."

126. Plato deſcribes two Cupids—a celeſtial and a terreſtrial one.—Perhaps he meant thus to divide the ancient opinion of the two urchins, who are ſaid one to cauſe, and the other to ceaſe, love—or,

more likely, to diſtinguiſh Platonic love from the natural one.

127. Sir Francis Bacon ſays, the muſes are in league together with time, and preſerve the privileges of the golden age—Poetry ſubſiſts after ſtates and empires are loſt. The poet's life unites ſafety with dignity, pleaſure with merit—I wiſh I could add, profit alſo—and beſtows admiration without envy. It places a man in the feaſt, and not in the throng—in the light, but not in the heat.

128. It was ſaid, very juſtly, and refinedly, by a lady, mentioned in one of Swift's letters, that in men, deſire begets love—and in woman, love begets deſire.

129. *Quid tam dignum miſericordia, quam miſer?*

130. *I penſieri ſtretti, ed il viſo ſciolto*, was Sir Harry Wooton's advice through life.

131. In Comus, ſpeaking of midnight ſhout and revelry, upon joyful occaſions, Milton juſtly ſays, "they thanked the gods amiſs."

132. A man muſt be born a ſchoolmaſter. He muſt be more or leſs than man, ſays

Le Sage, in his Bachelor of Salamanca, to preſerve his patience.

133. It is ſurpriſing that there ſhould be perſons on the face of the earth, who love themſelves ſo little, as to fret at every thing, to be conſtantly out of humour, and ſet the whole world againſt them.

134. I have long ceaſed to wonder at all the operations of Nature, except one. Take a ſeed of a fruit tree, or a flower; cut it to pieces, or bruiſe it in a mortar, and you will perceive but one colour in it. Sow another grain of the ſame kind, and it ſhall produce flowers or fruits, containing every tint in the rainbow.

The lynx-eyed philoſopher may perſuade himſelf, that he 'ſpies the future tree, or flower, in the preſent ſeed—but he can never perſuade me, that he ſees, or foreſees, their future colours there.

There appears to be ſomething more here, I confeſs, than mere ſecond cauſes, requiſite to account for ſuch a phenomenon.

135. In a French book I was reading ſome time ago, I met with a ſtupid exerciſe of wit, of which I give you here a ſpecimen, merely becauſe it is new, in a

diſtich of French verſe, wrote in the following manner:

O c---! d---- à m-- a---- d--f----- ſ----------,
P--- p------ ſ-------- d-- d------- ſ- c--------.

Another, in Latin verſe.

O m--- t-- l----- m----- p--- u----- v----,
S-------, e- q------ſ-- e--- t-- d----- f----!

Another, in Engliſh.

F---f---- m--- g---, t-- i------ a------ c----;
A--f--- u----- t---, t-- d----- r------.

If you have nothing elſe to do, try to puzzle theſe out. It will be better than drinking or falling aſleep, or fretting becauſe you have not a thouſand pounds a-year.

136. The following inſcription, taken from Alderſgate, is a conceit of the ſame kind with the former——but much more fooliſh, becauſe more ingenious and difficult. The language is Latin.

Qu an tris di c vul ſtra
os guis ti ro um nere vit.
H ſan chri mi t mu la

If you have a turn for riddling, I ſhall

leave you to amuſe yourſelf with the above laborious dullneſs, after you have diſpatched the former carrity-witchets.

137. I knew a common fellow once who had been born a fool.—He was an excellent labourer, and, barring accidents, the beſt verbal meſſenger in the country where he lived.

While he was receiving his inſtructions, he uſed always to hold one hand on the oppoſite ear, leſt the directions ſhould ſteal through it—and the inſtant you had done, he would clap his other hand upon the liſtening ear, and run off with the ſtory to the perſon appointed to receive it.

But if, by accident, he happened to fall, or was any otherwiſe obliged to take off either of his hands from his ears, he immediately loſt all remembrance of the meſſage, and would return back, crying for freſh inſtructions.

138. The beſt account for the belief of miracles has been given by Gil Blas.—He ſays, that "the marvellous ſtrikes the imagination; and when once that has been gained over, the judgment has no longer fair play."

139. A curious ſentence I once met with, I don't know where—"*Mundus ipſe, qui ob antiquitatem deberet eſſe ſapiens, ſemper ſtultizat, et nullis flagellis alteratur; ſed, ut puer, vult roſis et floribus coronari.*"

140. *Vitam regit fortuna, non ſapientia*——This is a very bad moral, and I wonder how the author of Tully's Offices could ſuffer it to eſcape him.

141. Lycurgus, in order to confirm his eſtabliſhment for ever, took a journey to Delphos, on pretence of conſulting the oracle; firſt obliging the king, ſenate and people, in an oath, not to alter the ſtate till his return.

He then retired into voluntary exilement for life.—What a deal of virtue and ſimplicity muſt they have had in thoſe days!

142. *Ex ſenſibus ante caetera homini tactus, deinde guſtatus—reliquis ſuperatur a multis—Aquilae clarius cernunt—Vultures ſagacius odorantur——liquidius audiunt Talpae, obrutae terra.* Plin. Nat. Hiſt.

143. Maria is the only woman in the world whom ſmiles become not. She is

beautiful when grave, but looks like an idiot whenever ſhe laughs.

If I was her lover, I ſhould be conſtantly picking of quarrels with her, in order to preſerve my conſtancy.—For the maxim of *amantium ira*, etc. is moſt peculiarly applicable here.

144. How imperfect muſt the ſtate of orthography have been, when there was no more difference between the numerals that expreſs four and two hundred, than ד and ר!

145. Homer, Heſiod, Aeſop, the Seven Wiſe Maſters, as they are ſtyled, and the Sybils, were all born under the Aſſyrian, called the firſt monarchy.

146. Had all poſſible muſical tones been exhauſted by Nature, that ſhe was forced to ſuffer the raven to croak, the owl to ſcreech, the peacock to ſcream, and the hog to grunt or ſqueel?

147. The Emperour Adrian, who wrote the familiar verſicles to his ſoul, and was a perſon of ſurprizing knowledge and literature, for a king, preferred Cato to Cicero, and Ennius to Virgil.

148. Septimius Severus, the nineteenth

Roman emperour, died at York, in Great Britain.

There was ſomething moſt remarkably amiable in his perſon. His ſon Caracalla attempted to ſlay him, juſt after he had declared him his ſucceſſor, but was prevented by his guards.

The good old man reſented only, but revenged not, the intended parricide; and, retiring into his palace, fell ill immediately, and died of grief.

I admire the philoſophy in him that forgave, but more love the nature in him that felt.

149. Conſtantius, the laſt of the Pagan Roman emperours, and father of Conſtantine the Great, died alſo at York.

150. Heliogabalus, though a ſad dog, inſtituted one very favourable, and therefore juſt, law—which was the eſtabliſhing a female juriſdiction, to ſit in judgment upon all trials relative to the ſex.

I think that ſuch a ſupplement is much wanted in our own conſtitution. How can a female culprit be ſaid to be tried by her peers, without a female jury? But upon all indictments for raviſhment, particular-

ly, I would have women only impannelled.——For the buſineſs, upon ſuch occaſions, ought undoubtedly to be, rather to examine the accuſer, than to try the accuſed.

Now, girls often give themſelves great airs about being raviſhed, though nothing might have been farther from their thoughts at the time. They might perhaps have been ſo, in a natural ſenſe, though not in a legal one—which is all I pretend to contend for. And how is it poſſible for a man, or even twelve men, to declare upon their conſciences, under which of theſe predicaments the evidence might have laboured?

Women then, moſt certainly, muſt be the beſt judges in theſe myſteries of the *bona dea*, and can quicklier diſcover whether the teſtimony ariſe from a ſpirit of chaſtity, of extortion, or extenuation of the juror's own frailty. And a man ought only to be condemned upon the firſt category.—For, if the fact itſelf ſhould be thought ſufficient to convict him, his holineſs the Pope himſelf muſt infallibly ſuffer.

151. In the fourteenth century, one Ni-

colao Gabrini di Rienzi, one of the loweſt of the people of Rome, had ſpirit and ambition enough to conceive a deſign of compaſſing the ſovereignty of the city— — and without money, friends, alliances, or military force, by the mere dint of oratory and perſeverance, he did at length effectually obtain his object, and arrived alſo to ſuch a pitch of power and influence, as to awe ſeveral of the potentates of Europe, and to be admitted an arbitrator of kingdoms.

152. Even ſo late as near the beginning of the ſixteenth century, a certain prieſt, having met with this paſſage, in ſome Greek author, ὁ νῶς ἐϛιν αὔλος, *mens humana immaterialis eſt*, and finding, in his Lexicon that αὐλὸς ſignified a flute or pipe, brought no leſs than fifteen arguments, in an academical exerciſe, to prove the human ſoul to be a whiſtle.

153. Henry the Fourth, emperour of Germany, received the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope Celeſtine— —who after he had placed it on his head, while he was on his knees, kicked it off again

with his ſacred toe, to ſhew his authority over the kings of the earth.

154. The Jews ſent legates to Oliver Cromwell, to know whether he was not the true Meſſiah.

155. Pope Julius the Second was reading the Bible, when an account was brought him of his troops being beaten by the French.—Upon which he threw down the book on the floor, out of reſentment to the partiality of Heaven.

156. The name of France is a reproach to the nation. It was derived from a people who were denominated Francs, from the remarkable ſpirit of liberty for which they had been diſtinguiſhed.

But after they had ſo poorly ſuccumbed to arbitrary ſway, the ancient name of Gaul would better have become them— — and the dunghill, not the game-cock, ſhould be their enſign.

157. Stephen Barthorius, a king of Poland, ſaid, that God had reſerved three things to himſelf——the power of creation, the knowledge of future events and the dominion over our conſciences.

158. The Romans were a wicked people

in their public policy, though virtuous in their private morals. They made uſe of the baſeſt, moſt oppreſſive, and moſt cruel methods of aggrandizing their empire——by ſubjecting all their neighbours to the yoke firſt, and then, by the help of ſlaves of their own making, extending their tyranny over the reſt of the world. The *punica fides* of the Carthaginians was never ſo great, as the faithleſſneſs and treachery of the Romans.

159. Ancient Rome rendered herſelf miſtreſs——which is worſe than maſter——of the world, under her conſuls, by the ſame methods that ſhe continued ſo afterwards under her popes.

The good of the commonwealth, was the former pretext——and the good of the church, was the latter one. Theſe being the firſt principles; to which all others were to be ſubordinate, whatever vice, falſehood, or oppreſſion, that could favour either of theſe dominions, were conſidered as public virtue, or pious fraud.

160. It was lucky, and worthy of remark, that juſt when the Greek and Roman ſtory had riſen to the higheſt pitch of

perſonal heroiſm, glory, virtue, and example——and that hiſtory had been in full poſſeſſion of the facts—their languages ſhould fall ſuddenly into corruption and decay, by the deſtruction of their empires, ſo as to become dead ones.

It is by this means that they have obtained to become claſſical ſtudies, and we read their authors univerſally, or univerſitally, at leaſt, with pleaſure and improvement—which it had been impoſſible to have done, had thoſe tongues, like the living ones, continued ſtill to have been altered, commixed, or enriched, and ſo have become obſolete, as they muſt have done, long before the æra when they were firſt eſtabliſhed as a ſtudy in the European colleges.

161. Boyle, in his Seraphic Love, ſays, "Our Saviour is ſo near unto God, that he might well have ſaid, *I and the father are one.*"—By which he ſeems to have thought, that Chriſt ſpoke only figuratively in ſuch expreſſions.

Boyle had ſtudied the ſcriptures, both as a commentator and divine. Nay, in the beginning of the twentieth ſection of

his very work, he expreſsly ſays, that he had taken ſome "pains in the ſtudy of controverſial divinity."

His abilities were great, and his ſenſe of religion warm——ſo that, both as an enthuſiaſt and a theologiſt, he would probably have delivered himſelf more Athanaſianly, if he had not been reſtrained, both as a metaphyſician and an expoſitor.

162. Lewis the thirteenth took particular notice of De Retz, afterwards cardinal, for his generoſity and virtue, in placing a girl in a convent, who had been ſold to him by her mother; as alſo for his bravery, in deſiring his atagoniſt to take up his ſword again, which he had dropt, on his foot ſlipping in a duel with him.

The attending to ſuch inſtances, of magnanimity and virtue, in private life, is the being a king. This is the only way that a monarchy can be ſaid to be preferable to a commonwealth.

As this is the moſt charming prerogative with which princes are endued, I am ſurpriſed that they are not fond of exerting

it oftener than they do, during their abundant leiſure.——For, like Lucretius's gods, they generally leave the affairs of the world to take care of themſelves, under the agency of but ſecond-beſt cauſes—or the direction of chance, not choice—and their miniſters take care, or don't take care, of all the buſineſs of ſtate, without ever troubling them—till after it is done——or undone.

163. Doctor Young ſaid, that Pope had put Achilles into petticoats again——alluding, I ſuppoſe, to his firſt diſguiſe among the daughters of Lycomedes, and to the fetters of rhyme.

164. What has ſurpriſed me moſt in hiſtory, is, to read of ſo few kings who have abdicated their thrones—not above a dozen or two at the moſt!

165. I ſhirted myſelf this morning the moment I got out of bed—There happened to be a large bier glaſs juſt before me, which expoſed me to myſelf, ſtark naked. I had never, in all my life, ſeen ſuch a ſight before.

I am ſubject to reflections, and ſtood, for near a minute, philoſophizing on my

figure, with my arms a-kimbo, reſembling, both in ſhape and complexion, one of your new-faſhioned brown Dutch tea kitchens—but alas! without a ſalamander.

Upon a cloſe ſcrutiny on all my parts, I could fairly account for every inch, member, or circumſtance about me, except my nipples.—The horſe, the bull, the ram—nor even the baboon, which comes neareſt to man——have them not.—No other male animal of the creation is incumbered with ſuch parts, as actually appear to be of no more uſe to me than they are to the lady mothers, mentioned in chapter xxxiii.

166. A ſolution of the three riddles mentioned in number 135.

O ciel! donne à mon coeur des forces ſuffiſantes,
Pour pouvoir ſupporter des douleurs ſi cuiſantes.

O mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
Spiritus, et quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!

Fear firſt made gods, the impious atheiſt cries,
And fear unmade them, the divine replies.

You can eaſily ſee the contrivance of it.——The initials only of each word are ſet down, and a dot made for every letter in it.

I here make a preſent of this myſtery to the public, for the benefit of the preſs. It will be a much better method of deſigning names that one dares not print out, than the common way of A——, B——, etc.

As for example, Suppoſe you had been abuſing a corrupt miniſter till you were tired —but indeed, right or wrong, they are all abuſed—and then were to conclude your ſpite, with ſaying, The man I mean is S——h,—how readily might one miſtake this for Sandwich? But were it wrote thus, S------, the obloquy would be obviated——nor would the candid public ſuffer malignity to avail itſelf of the old quibble, *h non eſt litera*———while the decypherer would ſoon end the diſpute, by conſtruing it into Sejanus.

167. An explanation of the inſcription in number 136:

Quos anguis triſti diro cum vulnere ſtravit,
Hos ſanguis Chriſti miro tum munere lavit.

By comparing theſe two paſſages together, you may ſee how artfully the middle line of the former is made up from parts of the firſt, which ſerve equally to anſwer to the fragments of the latter.— —*Difficiles nugae.*

168. Female vanity. — — Even Minerva, the goddeſs of wiſdom, is ſaid to have caſt away her pipe, upon being told by her maids of honour, that it uſed to diſcompoſe her features—and would never ſuffer herſelf to be ſerved, as all the other goddeſſes had ſo notoriouſly been, for fear of ſpoiling her ſhape.

169. A friend of mine once had conceived a particular averſion to perſons who had been born with red hair. He carried this ſtrange prejudice to an extravagant length. He uſed to ſay, that he could never confide in a friend or a miſtreſs of this com-

plexion—for that the men were falſe, and women friſky.

An inſtance or two of this kind had determined his philoſophy, with as much reaſon as the jockey, in an old ſtory, had for the reverſe—who having once met with a good horſe, who happened to be cropt-eared, pronounced that cropt-eared horſes were naturally good.—A barber too recommended white-hafted razors from the ſame experience.

Red hair is only a ſign—if it be any ſign at all—of warm or lively affections; and operates according to the ruling paſſion, of love, religion, ambition, play, revenge, etc.—which differs equally both in men and women of all complexions. And I have always found more virtue in warm affections, than in lukewarm ones.——Warm paſſions may be tempered, but cold ones can never be brought to *ſeeth.*

170. In the Paſſion, painted by Michael Angelo, the Virgin is finely deſcribed, according to her peculiar circumſtances—though certainly moſt abſurdly, under the general idea of ſuch a ſituation.

She ſtands unmoved, and looking on the

ſufferings of her Son, without grief, without pity, without regret, without tears—becauſe ſhe is ſuppoſed to have known that the event was to be finally happy.

What different opinions muſt a Chriſtian and a Muſſulman form of this piece?

171. *Nunc itaque et verſus, et caetera ludicra pono;*
Quod verum, atque decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum.
HOR. EPIST.

I met lately with the following lines, which are, in ſenſe, and almoſt in words, the very ſame with the former:

Hic igitur verſus, et caetera ludicra pono;
Quod verum, atque bonum eſt, inquiro, et totus in hoc ſum.

The author of the latter lines was not quoted, in the paſſage from whence I have taken them—which was the Lemma to the Idyllia of Theocritus, tranſlated by Creech. So that I cannot determine which might have been the plagiariſt, by comparing their different aeras.

Is not this a precious morſel for the cri-

tics? Let me conjecture about it. My opinion is, that Creech meant to have quoted Horace; and his memory failing him, he might have ſupplied the verſe out of his own head—as is frequently the caſe, in repeating without book.

My reaſon is this——Creech tranſlated Horace, though badly; but muſt certainly have remembered the above paſſage in him—and I cannot ſuppoſe that he would have taken worſe lines to the ſame purpoſe from any other writer.

Now the *verum*, *atque bonum*, in the latter diſtich, are, in ſtrictneſs of philoſophy, the ſame thing.—But there is a beautiful diſtinction between the *verum*, *atque decens*, in the firſt lines. Horace joins manners with morals, and adds good-breeding to virtue.

Perhaps the anonymous lines above quoted may be in Lucretius—I have read but little of him—from whom Horace is ſaid to have borrowed not only his principles of the Epicurean philoſophy, but to have taken ſeveral paſſages out of his writings—among which this may poſſibly be one that he has improved.

Creech tranſlated both of theſe authors, and might naturally be ſuppoſed to have been partial to the one which he had the beſt ſucceſs with.

172. "As obſtinate as a pig in an entry." This would have been a fitter ſimile for Homer to have applied to Ajax or Diomede—Which is it? for I will not take the trouble to look, though the Iliad lies now on my table.

Madame Dacier defends the alluſion to the aſs, in ſuch a way as deſerves not a ſerious anſwer.—She had much better have agreed with Horace, and have ranked that ſimile under the head of

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

173. Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry is the beſt eſteemed piece of criticiſm among the ancients. How came he to excel both Horace and Vida, though better poets, and who had alſo the advantage of ſtudying him before they wrote?

Becauſe they only copied him—but he had copied Nature.—All his rules, as Pere Rapin ſays, are but nature methodized, or reaſon reduced to art.

174. Some of the altitudes or depths of philoſophy, are, to doubt our ſenſes, to diſcredit our own exiſtence, and to require impoſſible demonſtrations for ſelf-evident propoſitions.

175. The philoſopher, I think it was Des Cartes, who, after a world of deep reflection, ſaid, "*Cogito, ergo ſum*," might as well have ſaid, *dubito* at firſt, and have deduced his *ergo* from thence at once.—For, in this caſe, to doubt is to be certain.

176. See the account of the plays, ſtyled the Myſteries, deſcribed in the preface to Don Quixote.

Cervantes ridicules penances and prieſt-craft throughout——but knows not where to ſtop.——The whipping of Sancho, for the diſenchantment of Dulcinea, and the twitching and pinking him for the reſurrection of Altiſidora, are profane alluſions.

In the latter manoeuvre, when one of the executioners pinches his face, he cries out, "Your fingers ſmell of vinegar."—"And they gave him a ſponge, dipt in vinegar, to drink."

In his laſt volume, chapters XVII. and

XIX. he has a ſtroke at the church, who will not redeem or abſolve gratis, as their maſter did. Why ſlept the holy inquiſition all this while?

177. I have ſeen whole volumes wrote againſt the real preſence, to prove that matter was not capable of ubiquity—and as many more, not to prove that it was.

This is the way that libraries are filled! or rather ſtuffed.——I approve greatly of Maſter Triglyph's ſcheme for one, in chapter XCV. of the Triumvirate—though poſſibly my own works might have been excluded from it.

178. By the canon law, if a cardinal be accuſed of fornication, there muſt be a ſeptuagint of witneſſes to prove it--So that he muſt kiſs a girl at the market-croſs, at leaſt, to be convicted.—How many more would be requiſite to convict a pope?

179. Socrates has framed an allegory, for pleaſure, as allied to pain, that reſembles Scriblerus's deſcription of the Lindamira-Indamoro.—For though their faces are turned different ways, there is no enjoying one, without communicating with the other.

180. Sir Francis Bacon——It is enough juſt to mention his name only, to ſhew how well entitled he was to remembrance here—both on account of his greatneſs and littleneſs,

"*The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind.*"

181. The ancient philoſophy materialized ſpirit, and the modern, in order to be even with it, has ſpiritualized matter. —What extremes are men liable to run into, who depart one line from common ſenſe!

182. We ridicule the Iriſh, for ſaying kilt for killed.—But their authority bears no leſs a name than Spenſer.

183. *Tam deeſt avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.*

184. *Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!*
Digne puer meliore flammâ.
HOR. Lib. I. Od. 27.

How was it poſſible for Horace, or no Horace, to be guilty of ſuch a confuſion figure, as to ſay that a perſon was drown-

ing, in one line, and worthy of a better flame in another?

This was going through fire and water for a metaphor, with two witneſſes.

185. Among the unaccountable deliriums of human nature, there was a man, mentioned in ancient hiſtory, who fancied that he had got ſome of Ariſtophanes's frogs in his belly, crying, *Brecè, ekex, coax, oop, oop.*

186. "———*when, O dire omen!*
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Juſt where the fatal tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban ſlew his father."
ORPHAN.

What had the fatal tale of Oedipus to do with the peculiarity of Chamont's ſituation? If he muſt have a dire omen——though I ſee no reaſon for any imagery here at all—he had better have framed his alluſion upon the Roman ſtory,

Where the infatuate brother ſlew his ſiſter;

for this he was fierce enough to have done himſelf, had he found her guilty.

187. Doctor Ruſſel ſays, that a woman

may have milk, without being pregnant, or having had a child.

188. I am in poſſeſſion of a faculty, at any time I pleaſe, of communicating a ſenſible pleaſure to myſelf, without action, idea, or reflection——by ſimple volition merely.——The ſenſation is in a degree between feeling and titillation, and reſembles the thrilling which permeates the joints of the body, upon ſtretching and yawning.

189. Crabs, lobſters, toads, ſerpents, and other animals, have been found incloſed alive, and in full vigour, in compact oak, and in ſolid ſtone.

So that it appears there are creatures formed by nature for reſpiration, which yet can ſubſiſt, without air, in a preternatural ſtate.

Were I to have limited myſelf ſolely to ſuch extraordinary myſteries in natural philoſophy as theſe, I could have ſupplied this part of my work entirely, without having applied to any other reſort. But I thought that a greater variety, under the general head of *Memorabilia*, might have been more amuſing to my readers.

However, I think that I have furniſhed the ſpeculation of the curious with inſtances ſufficient, in this latter claſs, to hint to infidels, that the common and obvious courſe of nature comprehends not all the powers of Providence.

Qui ſtudet, orat.

This I have ſaid, ſomewhere, before—but it can never be too often repeated by

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

FINIS.

, with