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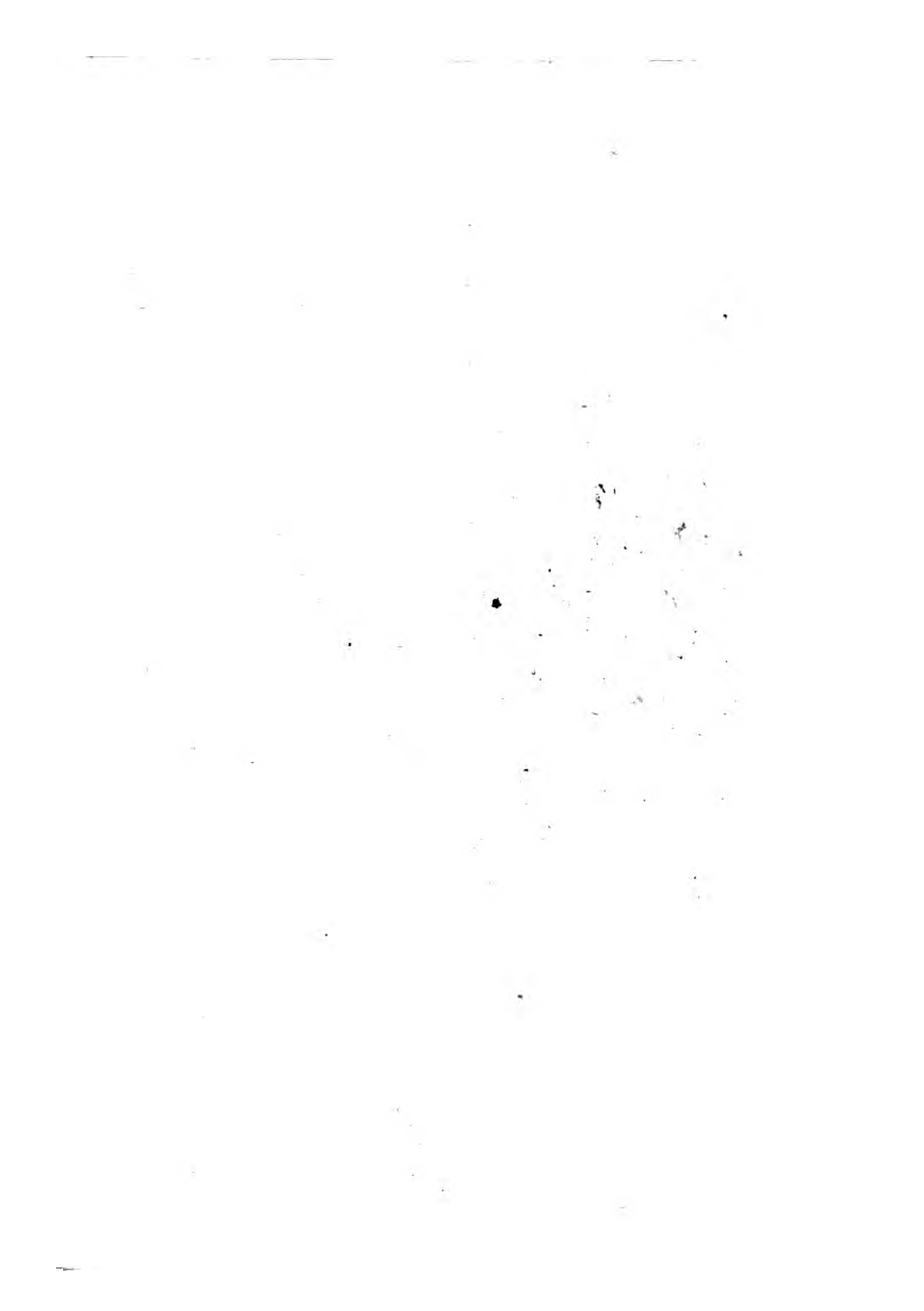
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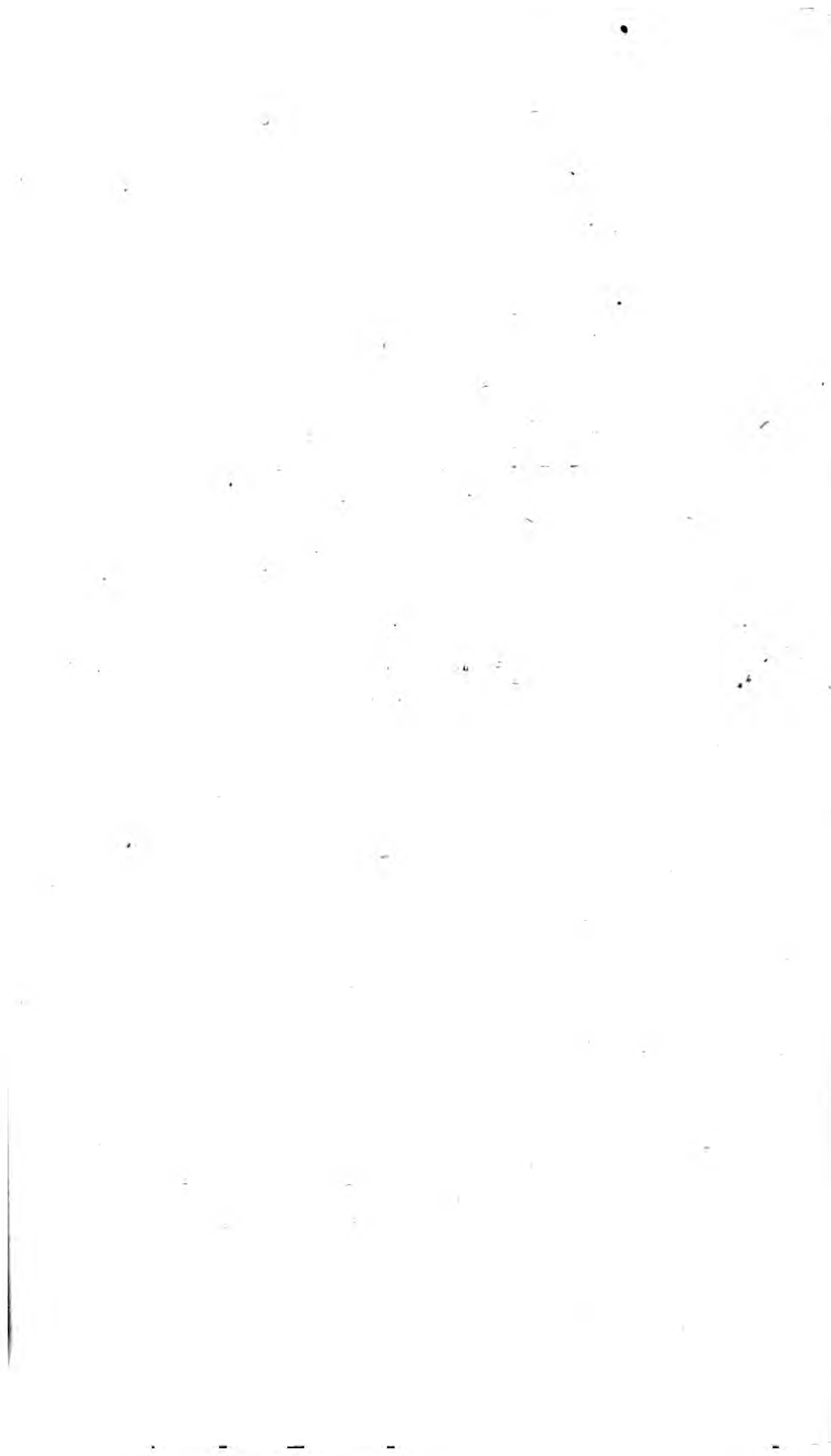












THE  
LOOKER-ON,

A  
PERIODICAL PAPER,

BY THE  
REV. SIMON OLIVEBRANCH, A.M.

---

*Ore teres modico pallentes radere mores  
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.*

AUL. PERS.

---

My business in this State  
Made me a LOOKER-ON here in Vienna:  
Where I have seen Corruption boil and bubble,  
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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THIRD EDITION.

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VOLUME II.

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\* N. B. By mistake, the Papers are from this place wrongly numbered. There is no omission, and the error is nothing more than mere miscounting.

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THE  
LOOKER-ON.

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N<sup>o</sup> 26. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1792.

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

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

AS I have long regarded my readers in the light of a family that belongs to me ; and as the interest

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B

with



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

To that flexibility of thought, and diversity of attention, which is necessary to the execution of my design, nothing is more essential than an habitual cheerfulness ; for it is the nature of melancholy, not only to contract the mind, and destroy  
its

its fecundity, but to draw to a point that latitude of discrimination, on which alone a good judgment can be founded, on the mixed and modified condition of human affairs. The best security against this gloominess of disposition, except the natural boon of a happy temper, is to dislodge as early as possible from the mind, all splendid views of life, and sanguine expectations of the future, which, by accumulating particular disappointments, are sure, in the end, to discolour the general character of our thoughts and maxims. But the particular advantages which I derive from this serenity of disposition, display themselves in my official character, and help very much to qualify me for the charge of dealing forth advice to the well-disposed part of my readers: for I know of nothing that so damps the efficacy of counsel, as a suspicion that it is bottomed in disgust or disappointment, or that it flows more from the character than the experience of the person who lends it. Of all the talents which lie within the compass of our ability, there are none which comprehend a greater range of qualifications, than the art of giving advice. To how few belong that delicate art which Persius attributes to Horace in these well-known lines,

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

DRYDEN.

If nothing more were necessary to ensure its success than its own internal recommendations, every man of sense, education, and experience, would be fully accomplished for the task ; but, unhappily, these pretensions are of trifling avail, without a certain prejudice of character, and command of manner ; without that selection of opportunity, of those “ *mollia tempora fandi,*” and that grace of insinuation, which are advantages that result only from long and calm experience in human affairs, and are fruits that ripen slowly in a mind where even the soil and culture go hand in hand. But although the qualifications necessary to authorise advice, are thus formidably great, yet there is no undertaking in which we more heedlessly embark ; and the meanest among us are every day exalting themselves into the chair, from a pert propensity to rule and dogmatism. This  
 prompti-

promptitude to interpose advice, is particularly common to characters remarkable for their enthusiasm and precipitation; who, for the greater part, discover plainly, by their egotism and sufficiency, that they are more occupied with themselves, than the persons whom they charitably espouse.

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

I conceive that it would be wonderfully for the advantage of the political, as well as the petty concerns of life, if any way could be found of lessening the quantity of advice in the country; instead of which, we are contented to import it

from our continental neighbours, at a price which leaves us most notorious losers, and turns the balance most cruelly in our disfavour.—Our vestries, our clubs, and our associations, have lately brought us such an overflow of this commodity, that the operations of productive industry are in danger of being embarrassed thereby: for I have remarked that the quantity of activity is generally in a reverse proportion to the quantity of counsel; and that where very many suppose in themselves an ability to advise, but very few feel the obligation to perform.

It is one of our family-maxims, derived to us through many generations, never to take advice from the unfortunate, or from those who have bought experience at the expence of their honour, their reputation, or their happiness; from a suspicion that a levelling wish might lurk at the bottom, and from a persuasion that no man is pleased with raising a contrast to deepen the shades of his own inferiority. Those who build their pretensions to advise, simply upon their experience, may not improperly be denominated a species of quacks in morality; while those only can be considered

considered as regularly bred to the art of administering counsel, whose minds have been matured by contemplation and study, whose knowledge has been digested through a long course of tranquil reflexion, and whose observation has run parallel with their experience through the whole tenour of their lives.

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

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

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

It was a saying of St. Augustine, that if the conduct of a man be at variance with the salutary advice he exhibits, we should regard him as a directing-post, which is not the less to be attended to,

to, because it has never gone the way to which it directs us. The allusion is neat, but the reasoning is fallacious; since the circumstances of man are so different from those of a directing-post, and since it is on the neglect of a capacity, which the directing-post is without, that we found our suspicion of the motives which govern advice. In regard to the delicacy and difficulty attending the task of administering advice, there is a passage in the *Nigrinus* of LUCIAN, which affords some very sensible hints. After a long discourse held by that Philosopher, in which a great variety of useful precepts are contained, he thus speaks of the impression that was made upon him:

“ He concluded with a number of excellent  
 “ remarks of the same nature: I was divided  
 “ between astonishment at what I had heard, and  
 “ apprehension lest he should add nothing more.  
 “ For a long time my eyes were fixed on him;  
 “ my head turned round; and so oppressed was  
 “ I, with my veneration for him, that I almost  
 “ sunk under a sense of my own inferiority. My  
 “ tongue faltered, my voice forsook me; till at  
 “ length my bosom discharged itself in a flood of  
 “ tears,



“ tears. It was not a slight touch his discourse  
“ had given me, that merely rased the skin; but  
“ it was a deep and thorough wound, that pierced  
“ to my very soul. A well-constituted mind may  
“ be compared to a soft mark or butt, on which  
“ numberless archers exert their skill, with their  
“ quivers full of pointed speeches; but to take a  
“ judicious aim is an excellence to which but  
“ few attain. Some, by stretching the cord too  
“ tight, send the arrow with more force than is  
“ necessary; so that, instead of fixing itself in the  
“ butt, it passes through, and leaves a gaping  
“ wound behind; while others, for want of suffi-  
“ cient strength, fall short of the mark, and are  
“ unable to send their arrows above half way; or,  
“ if they complete their course, they give but a  
“ feeble touch, and then fall ineffectual to the  
“ ground. But the dexterous bowman begins  
“ with examining the quality of the material  
“ against which he is to shoot, that he may  
“ exert a force proportionate to its hardness or  
“ softness; and then dipping his arrow, not in  
“ poison like the Scythians, or in opium like the  
“ Curetes, but in a liquor properly prepared for  
“ the purpose, takes a deliberate and accurate  
“ aim,

“ aims, and fixes his weapon in the centre of  
“ his object, whence it diffuses around a medicinal  
“ virtue.”

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

This anecdote, furnished by my correspondent, added to my natural sensibility to reproof from the fair part of my readers, has called forth all my industry, to find a method of qualifying and medicating my advice in such a manner as to disguise every harsher ingredient; at the same time that I must confess myself amused with the various reasons which have operated with different readers to discontinue the perusal of my Paper. There was a moment in the course of mine, as there is in every undertaking that challenges a long exertion of the brain, when my fortitude was beginning to yield to the puny attacks of vexatious criticism, and my spirits were threatening to revolt at the perpetual recurrence of a task, whose effects are slow, and whose rewards are distant: in one of those moments of distaste and inaptitude, which, in the turns and varieties of our dispositions, all have felt who have taxed their powers as they ought, I was suddenly raised into the best humour in the world, with the merits of my work, and my mind restored to its full force and alacrity, on being informed by my correspondent, that a spurious kind of animal, between a beau and a bully, who puts manhood to the blush, and modesty to flight,

flight, wherever he appears, entered one day into the shop of my Hawker, and, after doing my performances the honour of acknowledging himself most heartily disgusted with them, talked very courageously of chastising the Northamptonshire Parson, the first time he should meet him in Bondstreet, for his insolence to people of rank.

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

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

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

Nothing

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

In a conversation about the *LOOKER-ON* yesterday evening, in the Pitt at the Haymarket Theatre, a little news-paper critic in black is much thanked for his complimentary shake of the head.

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

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

The

The outrageous kindness of Mr. Brute, in throwing the most conciliating abuse on the 18th Number, has carried it off so rapidly, that the Author is hesitating whether it be not expedient to reprint it. Mr. B—'s condemnation is wanted, to help off the 1st Number; as a second edition of it has already been produced, and consequently a greater proportion remains.

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

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

SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

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N<sup>o</sup> 27. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

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Πάντα ἀλλήλοις ἐπιπλεκεται, καὶ ἡ συνδεσις ἰερα. ANTONINUS PIUS.

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

**I**T is so long since the subject of Religion has made its appearance in the LOOKER-ON, that it may surely come boldly forward after such an interval, and challenge the attention of the gayest of my readers. I have promised to present it in its liveliest dress; so that none of my fair disciples may blush at its homeliness, and so that it may decently enter the drawing-room of a Duchess, or the levee of a Prince. I have before observed, that for the sake of the loose form of the argument, and the variety of discussion it admitted, I have chosen to consider those analogies on which religion grounds its apology, and those beautiful resemblances, in the scheme of life and constitution of Nature, to the course of Revelation, which develop and vindicate the glorious consistency of our Maker's appointments, and the steadfast unity of his plans and counsels. In the progress of my lucubrations on this subject, I shall keep in view the conduct  
of

of a book which has ever been my delight since reading and reflecting have been my occupation— I mean the mighty performance of Bishop Butler, to whose work if I could turn the attention of any serious mind, my labours would be indeed recompensed.

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

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

I know but few books, on any subject, or in any language, that are not somewhat objectionable on the score of bulk and prolixity. Profit, vanity, dotage,



dotage, habit, and facility, all help to persuade an author to swell out his publication as far as it will bear. But, in truth, the strength, the consistency, the form, and the vivacity of an argument, lose as much by the general propensity to accumulate around it superfluous matter, as the muscular vigour of our bodies under the oppression of corpulency, and the weight of years. It is, however, the nature of probable evidence, of which the substance of this excellent volume consists, to owe a principal part of its strength to an accumulation of instances; and, according to the well-known principle in hydrostatics, the more its surface is enlarged, the greater will be the number of the columns on which it presses, and consequently the greater its support. On this ground, the seeming repetitions of Bishop Butler stand excused to the sensible part of his readers; since it is the pressing concurrence and uniform bearing of its probabilities, that carries presumptive testimony to the very confines of demonstration.

This elegant kind of reasoning in defence of Revelation, doubtless did not originate with the excellent author of this book. The correspondence  
between

between the natural and moral dispensations of God, has always been occurring to the studious and contemplative. Our great countryman was the first who presented these analogies under one view, and digested them into a regular and uniform plan of defence in behalf of our holy religion. An argument so beautiful, and so fertile, in favour of so universal a cause, could not but suggest itself to the most enlightened of the ancients; but as their notions of nature's laws were very far from the truth, the chain of analogy soon fell short; and every attempt to pursue the comparison to any length, soon perished in solecism and error. So grand and boundless an investigation was reserved for maturer and happier times, in which our Creator is pleased yet a little more to unveil his goodness, and yet a little further to draw aside the curtain from the sanctuary of his wisdom. Neither good sense nor discretion have dictated the arguments which some objectors have opposed to this reasoning from analogy in behalf of religion. To those whose belief is implicitly grounded on the basis of scriptural authority, it holds out at least an innocent and delightful contemplation. While the strong pillar of their faith stands immovably firm,

it

it cannot displease them to see its beauties and proportions unfolded, and the rich order of its capital emerge from the mists which surround it. To those who require external consistency and connexion in the objects of their faith, it affords an evidence satisfactory and consoling; while it imposes silence on those arrogant claimants who are satisfied with nothing less than a clear and rational view of the whole internal constitution and plan of God's Revelation, by forcing a conviction upon them, that their lives are passed in the same blindness and ignorance with respect to the things of this world, which they yet must acknowledge to exist, and to owe their origin and their order to the wisdom of God. The objections, therefore, which are founded on the incomprehensibility of Revelation, should, in common justice, be first tried against the objects of our daily experience: here they are overthrown by the evidence of our senses, and the obstinacy of facts: here we are constrained to bow down the pride of our understandings; to acknowledge effects, without comprehending their causes; to admit truths which we cannot explain; and to rest our reasonings on data that will ever disappoint our researches, while our views are bounded by mortality.

“ Since

“ Since I was of understanding (says the learned  
“ and candid Sir Thomas Brown) to know we  
“ know nothing, my reason hath been more pliable  
“ to the will of faith. I am now content to un-  
“ derstand a mystery without a rigid definition in  
“ an easy and Platonic description. Where there  
“ is an obscurity too deep for our reason, it is  
“ good to sit down with a description, periphrasis,  
“ or adumbration. By acquainting our reason how  
“ unable it is to display the visible and obvious  
“ effects of nature, it becomes more humble and  
“ submissive to the subtilities of faith.” Such  
objections to the frame of our religion as have no  
other ground than the impossibility of bringing it  
entire within the scope of our understandings, are  
stifled in the very womb of infidelity; they are  
strangled ere they can pass the threshold of life.  
Plainly, then, the attempt is ridiculous to oppose  
them to that invisible system, in respect to which  
our experience supplies no documents or data.  
When this new life shall come, and our souls shall  
branch out into new faculties and perceptions,  
then, perhaps, a new order of facts will arise to  
reconcile these apparent difficulties and incon-  
gruities

gruities, by presenting us with a full display of their dependencies and relations.

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

ments, more strengthened by circumstantial coincidences and corresponding relations.

The potent operation of this negative virtue belongs in an eminent degree to the argument from analogy, the direct tendency of which is to vindicate religion from those ordinary presumptions against it, which consist in an opinion that its doctrines are internally more incredible than the common facts of history; and that, supposing no actual proofs to exist of the objects of our daily experience, still they would have greater claims in themselves to be received, and a higher colour of probability. This opinion, founded on habit and prejudice, is clearly refuted by the reasons which analogy supplies; and the objects of our faith are placed in a light to receive the full advantage of all the proofs and authorities which belong to them. As a faithful handmaid to Religion, it attends upon it to decorate its form, and improve its comeliness; to debarrafs its motions, and to display its attractions; to dispose the white robe in which Truth has arrayed it, and to remove the obstacles which error and obstinacy have thrown in its path.

But

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

God

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

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

“ MY BEST OF FRIENDS,

“ And does the little vista in the wood begin  
 “ to look delightful? Then does every place else  
 “ begin to look dull to me; for no place has at-

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C

“ tractions



“ traactions for Amelia, but where she can imagine  
“ the presence of Eugenio. My father promises  
“ to bring me in a fortnight to see you, and in the  
“ mean time I must be satisfied with thinking of  
“ you; yet think of you I cannot, with all that  
“ perfect delight with which your image used to  
“ fill my bosom, as long as you continue to cherish  
“ this pensiveness of disposition, and to dip all your  
“ thoughts in this melancholy die. Why travel  
“ into the land of dreams for topics of sorrow, and  
“ thence transplant into our minds these shadowy  
“ griefs, while so many substantial joys await us,  
“ and while genial hopes and native pleasures spring  
“ up in gay luxuriance before our feet? My  
“ dear friend, your mind is too highly wrought for  
“ the relish of actual pleasure, and the objects of  
“ common life. Oh, how I wish you could a  
“ little unrefine yourself, and reduce to a lower  
“ pitch those high tones of feeling that never can  
“ harmonise with the measures of our condition,  
“ and our allotment here! As of late you have  
“ sometimes complained of debility of nerves, ac-  
“ cept my recipe: instead of reposing on the  
“ strength of a fragil philosophy, and maintaining  
“ the struggle alone, call to your aid the practical  
“ con-

“ consolations of business and amusement; build  
 “ more upon the success of diversion than oppo-  
 “ sition, and study rather to make a dexterous re-  
 “ treat than a desperate defence. In the mean  
 “ time accept of this little poem, which has been  
 “ given to my father by one of his friends,  
 “ and which is somewhat applicable to your par-  
 “ ticular case.

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

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

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

“ Look at that bird\* of glossiest wings,  
 “ Yet sweeter taste than plume,  
 “ That scuds, that murmurs, sips and sings,  
 “ And feasts upon perfume.

\* Humming-bird.

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

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

" Look at the fex whose form may vaunt  
 " More grace than bird or rose ;  
 " What fine infirmities enchant,  
 " What frailty charms in those !

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

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

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

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N<sup>o</sup> 28. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

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Μεθ' ἀγαπῶν λίαν τὰς τοιαύτας ἀρέτας, ὧν καὶ τοῖς φαύλοις μετέστιν,  
ἀλλ' ἐκείνας ὧν ἕδειξ' ἀν' πονηρὸς κοινωνήσεις.

ISOCRATES, Epist. II.

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

**I** KNOW of nothing which creates in the mind a more tormenting jealousy of other's men's success and celebrity, and contributes more to make our old-age the season of impotent regret, than the consciousness of having lived below the measure of our abilities, in contradiction to nature's design in the talents with which she has furnished us. The weightier part of those sorrows which years accumulate, are in a manner the revenge which they take upon us, for having suffered them to mature our faculties, without illustrating them in our turn, by any honourable occurrence or record of utility. That broad and level road of life, which leads to the common sink of mortality, is trodden by multitudes of those whose mould and conformation had qualified them for steep and difficult ascents, for

services of high account, and enterprises that demand ability, and exercise virtue. To those who, like myself, have courted literature in academical bowers, amidst a crowd of competitors, instances have not been wanting of the truth of this observation. I have seen with sorrow the fair promise of expanding genius, and the expectation of many a noble mind, receive a perversion at its first entrance into active life, and, renouncing its privileges at the very threshold of manhood, subside into the common rank of insignificance, and the little detail of vulgar actions and amusements.

It is one of the greatest infelicities of Fashion, that she seeks no accommodation with Nature in any of her plans or arrangements; but throws an uniform colouring over one whole rank of life, and brings to the same standard of insipid conformity, every size of understanding, and every variation of genius. A young Nobleman, whom I formerly knew at College, gave me the most cheerful hopes that my country would derive benefit from his maturer exertions: his mind was extremely active at about the age of eighteen, and his attainments were equal to his diligence; but for these twenty  
years

years since, to my great disappointment, I have heard of nothing but his horses; his phaëtons, his losses, his gains, his court-dresses, and his masqued characters, his journeys out, and his journeys home, and such like inanities of news-paper history.

Mr. Strutgate, who has been only famous these last thirty years for handing a lady into a room, and then handing her out again, like some generals, who shine in leading on to the attack, and in covering a retreat, but not in the conduct of the day; was in Mr. Allworth's time a senior wrangler in the University of Cambridge. I have seen this gentleman retire within himself with feelings manifestly discomposed, with a conscious colour kindling in his cheeks, and a pensiveness piercing through his smile, when the conversation has happened to turn upon literary merit, or the particular praise of some eminent scholar. For Mr. S. has only now a scattered recollection of those terms and ideas which he once could so readily combine; and only a few solitary axioms, a few fragments of erudition, are left in his mind, the poor remains of the proud but perishable monuments of his juvenile proficiency. It was his fate, just as he stepped into public life, to fall among a set of companions

who presently gave a new turn to his ambition, and presented a new range of objects and attainments before him. The nature of those pursuits in which he now was engaged, supplying no channel through which his College-acquirements might be turned to practical advantage, the estimation of those acquirements was sunk in his mind, and their substance fell gradually away, amidst the distractions of idle pleasures and fashionable engagements.

*“Tunc subit recordatio: quot dies quam frigidis rebus absumpsi.”*

When the mind is once unstrung, it is surprising with what rapidity all its knowledge unravels itself, especially that knowledge which was not the easy accumulation of practical discoveries, or the natural result of involuntary combinations; not consisting in conclusions derived from sensible objects, or the smooth produce of a summer's ramble; but deep-drawn from the unwearied efforts of the brain, and the closeted labours of academical solitude. When opportunity has come in aid of ability, and education has not been wanting to genius, it is painful, indeed, to witness the prodigality with which some of us squander these  
gifts

gifts of nature and fortune on attainments which demand only bodily vigour, or mechanical dexterity. Nothing is more ridiculous than to hear the credit which some men give themselves for their proficiency in driving a phaëton, riding a race, or leaping a gate, with minds cast in a statesman's mould, and an education as enlarged and as costly as Princes can enjoy.

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

I remember, some years ago, on going up to London from College, I was at a loss to imagine



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

**Monday.**—To back Wapping Will the Duffman, against Joe Crib the Collier, for 100 guineas—To attend on the Grand Jury at Maidstone, and afterwards to run a maggot-race with Jack Smoaky.

**Tuesday.**—To attend the match between a wooden-legged walker and a ham-stringed hog—To proceed to the hanging-match, and from thence to the dinner of the Philanthropic Society.

**Wed-**

Wednesday.—To see eleven games at Putt played between Patrick Murdock and the Chimney-sweeper—to go to Hastings's trial, and then to dine with the fighting Tinman at Lord Canaille's.

Thursday.—To trot Miss Graceless against Sir Andrew's Nutcracker, for 500 guineas—go to the Levee—meet Lord and Lady Giles at the jack-afs race—back Humphry Hog, my coachman, against the whole county, for eating hot hafty-pudding.

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

Saturday.—To dine with the Society for the Recovery of Drowned Persons, and immediately from thence to the duck-hunt—to go to the House, and vote either for the abolition of Juries, or the general verdict of the Slave-trade—see my wager determined that Joe

Gorget eats a shoulder of mutton before Nimble  
Ned the Barber shaves seven customers.

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

It is this growing degeneracy in the taste for  
pleasure, among the higher orders of my country-  
men, that confounds the distinction of real merit,  
and is the supreme consolation of dunces. In  
proportion as such low and illiberal amusements  
steal into consequence, by mixing with the glare  
of rank and office, we shall see the reign of folly  
extend itself, and the credit of virtue decline.  
But, besides the moral detriment which may  
result from such confusion of character, and in-  
version of ambition, we may fairly consider it in  
the light of a political evil. One of the principal  
columns on which the glorious Constitution of our  
country reposes, is the dignity of sentiment, and  
sensibility of honour, supposed in the hearts of our  
English Nobility. To this Order we look up,  
as

as the last and purest resource of justice; as the representative of that ancient characteristical valour of our feudal forefathers; as the nursery of generals and captains; as the model of high-born courtesy; as the shelter of honourable fatigues, and exhausted services; and lastly, as the potent barrier to the Prince and the People, against the dangerous encroachments of the one or the other. It is plain, therefore, that whatever habits or customs have a tendency to lower the character of our great men, give a secret wound to the constitution of our country; and especially at this conjuncture, unhappily afford some colour to that levelling malcontent spirit, which is gone abroad, and is maintaining a struggle with the laws of nature, and the oracles of common sense.

I doubt much whether any Ulysses of the present day would discover a young Nobleman (as Noblemen are) when intrenched among jockeys, and bullies, and black-legs, by displaying before him the sabre, the buckler, and the plumed helmet. Those generous times are past; and, what is more to be lamented, their spirit and their genius is gone for ever with them; when a grandeur of soul

inseparably adhered to nobility of birth, and manhood, and prowess, and courtesy, and faith, were the graceful distinctions of an English Gentleman.

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

While our great men persist in cheapening gentility, by this voluntary degradation of themselves; and while a petty train of qualifications usurp

usurp the place of those manlier attainments which used once to characterise noble descent, we are not to wonder that Gentlemen are so easily formed; that a door is open to upstart opulence; and that great men are springing up around us, like the Lombardy poplars which decorate their villas.

Of all the passions to which we are exposed, Pride is surely that which plays us the falsest; for by giving us an insensible bias towards company inferior to ourselves, it is at variance with its own nature, and allures us to our disgrace, while it holds out prospects of aggrandisement; till it ends in heaping up contradictions in our characters, and planting mortifications in our bosoms. The old Greek proverb, *εν αμυσοις και Κορυδος φθειγγεται*, "A witling is a wit among fools," contains a truth which most parents have had occasion to lament; and I know of no way of averting its consequence, but by taking upon themselves, as far as possible, the education of their children, and leaving them, as little as they can avoid, to the contagion of low examples, and the mercy of illiterate instructors.

I do

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

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

“ *Prætor*

“ *Præter majorum cineres, atque ossa, volucris*  
 “ *Carpento rapitur pinguis Damascippus; et ipse,*  
 “ *Ipse rotam stringit multo sufflamine Consul:*  
 “ *Nocte quidem; sed luna vidit; sed sidera testes.*  
 “ *Intendant oculos. Finitum tempus honoris*  
 “ *Cum fuerit, clara Damascippus luce flagellum*  
 “ *Sumet, et occursum nusquam trepidabit amici*  
 “ *Jam senis; ac virga prior innuet atque maniplos*  
 “ *Solvet, et infundet jumentis hordea lassis.*

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

DRYDEN.

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

N<sup>o</sup> 29.



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N<sup>o</sup> 29. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

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“ *Strenua nos exercet inertia.*”

“ With idle industry, and languid strefs,

“ We urge refinement to a cold excess.”

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

The

The present age has refined us out of half our honest feelings, and a great part of our natural taste; and our pride seems to consist in tricking the worn-out frame of science and of genius, with such meretricious arts as serve to sophisticate the shattered relics of female beauty. It is pleasant to one who has not gone along with the stream, to contemplate aloof the ridiculous excesses to which the spirit of refinement is pushed in the little concerns of social life, as well as in the duties of morality, and the objects of taste. In social life, by the habit it has introduced of falsifying our feelings, it has left to what is called the fashionable world, little more than an image, or rather a mockery of the social affections: it has in a manner hollowed out the substance of our pleasures, and suffered nothing but the shell to remain; it has cheated us of our rank, under colour of advancing us; it has passed upon us a bauble instead of a diamond; in short, to finish this train of allusion, it has carried off our old coat with the purse in the pocket, and has given us a fine holiday suit in its place. For proofs of this, we have only to look into the present plan of fashionable intercourse: what inanity of compliment! what affectation

tation of transport ! what hollowness of profession ! what a waste of margin in every remark ! what a length of straw to every grain of sense ! what idle industry ! what manœuvre without plan ! mirth without meaning ! play without point ! pride without pretension ! love without regard !

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

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

I do not know in what this "strenuous idleness," as YOUNG calls it, which spreads so fast throughout the character of the times, is better shewn, than in the dull complexion of our public amusements, and the vapid insignificance of common visiting. One would think, without possessing this spirit of inactivity, that it is having no common mercy to one's self, to force nature into so perverse a track, in obedience to opinion; and a savage would certainly be softened to compassion, in contemplating the voluntary drudgery of our fashionable

able meetings ; and would be prompted to enquire into the nature of those crimes to which such punishments belonged.

My projecting friend used to think, that the genius of that public resort, which we know by the name of Ranelagh, is most particularly in unison with this *strenua inertia* ; and so earnest was he in the great cause, that he was for experimenting upon this hopeless quality, and endeavouring to promote his philanthropical object, by extracting positive virtue out of simple negation, and rivaling that philosophical adventurer, who conceived the project of drawing the sun-beams out of cucumbers. His plan went to combine the amusement of Ranelagh with the purposes of a mill, and to make every one in the progress of his circuit conduce to its operation. Among such a multitude, this might be done by the silent efforts of the *strenua inertia*, without the danger of a suspicion in the breast of any one, that he was doing good ; and the more effectually to prevent this remorse from taking place to ruffle the flowing tide of murmuring insipidity, or to rouse from his hallowed slumbers the negative genius of the place, every

every thing was to be removed from sight, which could convey such unharmonising sentiments; the whole process of the machine was to be detached from the scene of amusement; and the same set of wheels which were grinding our corn at a respectful distance, should be grinding an organ in our view.

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

can renew, no succedaneums can replace, nor all the aromatic virtue of argument and counsel supply to the corrupted system.

A sensible passage presented itself to me the other day in a book but little consulted at this time, which is so much to my present purpose, that I cannot help transcribing it for my readers

“ What Vice has lost in coarseness of expression,  
“ she has gained in a more easy and general admit-  
“ tance. In ancient days, bare and impudent ob-  
“ scenity, like a common woman of the town, was  
“ confined to brothels ; whereas the *double-entendre*,  
“ like a modern fine lady, is now admitted into  
“ the best company, while her transparent cover-  
“ ing of words, like a thin fashionable gauze  
“ delicately thrown across, discloses, while it seems  
“ to veil, her nakedness of thought.”

This false feeling of refinement, on which the Author I have been quoting animadvert with such justice, has turned the bent of our delicacy from things and realities, to words and images; and it little imports to the chastest mind, what idea is presented, let only the medium be properly sophis-  
ticated

ticated through which it is viewed. On this principle, a lady who revolts at the study of botany, because of the sexual system, and the shameless libertinism and concubinage of plants, can consistently learn by heart the epistle of Eloïse to Abelard; and a fair reader, who dares not avow her acquaintance with Tom Jones, may lawfully peruse the memoirs of Actresses, and drink in golden goblets the poisonous essence of medicated debauchery.

Nothing can be more absurd than the struggles which this sickly effeminacy of the times is making to gloss over and disguise all the real wretchedness of life. Unable any longer to draw wholesome lessons from those passages of sorrow which so often occur in the great volume of our existence, we gild and illuminate the margin, in the vain hope of brightening the text: we are dressing up a corpse with ribbands; but still the cadaverous countenance of Death will mock our endeavours, and triumph in the contrast it exhibits. Thus a language is found to express the whole train of maladies to which humanity is exposed, that wears almost the appearance of eulogy; and crimes that



call for vengeance, are wrapped up in a courtesy of phrase, that looks more like commiseration than abhorrence. We talk of the *unfortunate* gentleman who poisoned his uncle, and was afterwards so *unhappy* as to strangle his wife; and I have been told of a very *elegant* mode of extracting the stone. I remember a navy surgeon who used, in his accounts of battles, to talk of amputations, and other *arrangements*; and they tell me of a French farce, called *La Mort de Madame la Princesse de Lamballe, & ses agrémens*.

I must own, that, as I grow old, I become fond of narrating; and perhaps those who shall hereafter criticise my work, will observe that I suppose too much of this passion for stories in my readers. I will, however, run the risk of this censure, rather than suppress an anecdote which will serve to shew, by comparing it with the character of Frenchmen at this hour, that an affected strain of refinement, which has no foundation in religion and humanity, is no security against the most brutal depravation and degeneracy.—“ Mademoiselle Duclos, a celebrated actress on the French stage, was playing the part of the Sister in the *Horatii* of Corneille.  
“ She

“ She had just vented her imprecations on her vic-  
“ torious country, and was about to quit the  
“ stage with much precipitation, when her foot  
“ was caught in the train of her gown, and  
“ caused her to tumble. The actor that perfo-  
“ rated Horatius, whose business it was to have  
“ killed her as she was retiring, with one hand  
“ took off his hat, and very gallantly offered her  
“ the other to help her on her legs again. He  
“ then led her forwards very politely, and putting  
“ on his hat, drew his sword, and proceeded to kill  
“ her with every mark of fury in his countenance  
“ and manner.” A good actor, says the relator of  
this anecdote, would have profited by the occasion,  
and killed her as she was falling.

All great operations are now performed in a  
manner to inspire us with a taste for them. A tooth  
is promised to be drawn by little more than whist-  
ling to it; a system is refined by a pinch of snuff; and  
the Roman *Materia Medica*, of friction, jactation,  
and fumigation, is entirely exploded. Few me-  
dicines are so rude as to require confinement, or  
abstinence; and it is almost worth while to be  
grievously afflicted, in order to be perfumed into  
D 2 health,

health, and syruped into a sound constitution. We have long discontinued the phrase of cutting off, and have adopted that of removing a leg; by which ingenious turn, we must of course put the patient in excellent humour with the operation, by persuading him to regard that in the light of an inconvenience, which he is under an unavoidable necessity of losing for ever. In the article of funerals, too, we do all in our power to bring it within the influence of this general plan of refinement, and to give it an elegance and brilliancy, that may serve to spare our sensibilities, and substitute surprise in the place of feeling. A poor family will starve three children, to bury one; and no man can afford to die without a thousand pounds to his fortune. I could not help being much entertained a few days ago with an advertisement in a newspaper, in which a very sombre topic had borrowed the colours of this general characteristic refinement.

“ JAMES MADDOX, at the Sugar-Loaf and  
“ Coffin, respectfully solicits the patronage of the  
“ living and the dead, who have had experience  
“ of his delicacy, dispatch, and punctuality. He  
“ furnishes

“ furnishes skeletons in the best taste, of all sizes,  
“ of both colours and of both sexes, accurately  
“ articulated; he packs them safe, either for sea  
“ or land carriage: he also mounts for those  
“ gentlemen who have loose sets of bones; and  
“ ladies may depend upon their orders being  
“ obeyed with the utmost regularity. M— has  
“ discovered a most elegant method of securing  
“ any human corpse above ground from ill odours,  
“ and all manner of annoyance, without embow-  
“ elling or embalming; while a certain hitherto-  
“ undiscovered balsam in his possession will pre-  
“ serve the finest glow of health upon the face of  
“ the deceased. This is he that took up the Dutch  
“ corpse in Painswick, after thirteen months in-  
“ terment, and so set him up by his elegant pre-  
“ parations, that he was able to bear, without  
“ inconvenience, the journey to Rotterdam.  
“ Among other excellencies, he has an ointment  
“ which cures people of condition, and commu-  
“ nicates present ease, in an hour and a half.  
“ He has also Coffins ready made for the accom-  
“ modation of his friends, furnished with every  
“ convenience; a circumstance he has a peculiar  
“ pleasure in announcing to the public, and the

“ deceased in particular, as, for want of such  
“ Coffins, persons of quality have been much  
“ incommoded.”

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

But this spirit of refinement does not confine itself to the little moralities of life; but plays about the confines of religion, and stretches over the whole province of literature and taste. In our catalogues of books we find the *Flowers of Infidelity*, *Religious Courtship*, the *Gentleman's Religion*, the *Dance to Eternity*, the *box of Precious Ointment*, the *Perfumes of Grace*, and *Voltaire's Philosophical Works*, recommended in the same line, as being very deistical and elegantly bound. This effeminacy of character, which in the high concerns of religion has the air of buffoonery,  
produces

produces a sad debility and languor in the objects of taste. A sickly thirst for novelty, local allusion, puerile point, and puny sentiment, has banished from the stage all the higher parts of poetry. The great display of general manners, the manly strokes of antique colouring, and the reign of character, is gone for ever; in their place have arisen a train of fleeting topics of the day and the hour, such as the fungous growth of news-paper anecdotes supplies. A piece of news is hardly certain till it is confirmed at one of our Playhouses; and finds its way to the Theatre Royal before it can reach the Royal Exchange.

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

took his leave at last, completely rewarded for his patience and good-humour.

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

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 N<sup>o</sup> 30. SATURDAY, DECEMBER I.
 

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*Sed, mebercule, mi Poete, extra jocum, moneo te, quod pertinere ad beatè vivendum arbitror; ut cum viris bonis, jucundis, amantibus tui vivas. Nihil aptius vitæ, nihil ad beatè vivendum accommodatius. Nec id ad voluptatem refero: sed ad communitatem vitæ, atque victus, remissionemque animorum; quæ maximè sermone efficitur familiari, qui est in convivis dulcissimus; ut sapientius nostri, quam Græci; illi συμποσια aut συνδεια, id est computationes, aut concanationes; nos convivias; quod tum maximè simul vivitur.*

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

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

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



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

As I saw how matters went, and that this general zeal promised a fair trial of the efficacy of our system, I collected my mind to examine at leisure whether the interests of argument and conversation really lost any thing of vigour and discussion by this spirit of controul, which distinguished our institutions. I had here a remarkable opportunity of convincing myself that to expand the sensibilities of the soul, and open its sources of intelligence, there was no need of raising any commotion of the spirits;

that all the purposes of impression and persuasion might be answered without the aid of noise and vehemence; and that true force of expression and language does not depend upon exaltation of tones, and turbulence of manner, but on a certain judicious balance and proportion in the terms and phrases we adopt, on a nice and masterly poise of words, and on fine and appropriate distinctions in our emphases, figures, and allusions. It is thus the experienced racer sets out with sober vigour, and husband his mettle, till the contest becomes urgent, and his spirits hurry towards the goal.

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

Since I last opened the affairs of our Club to my readers, we have had one very unpromising

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

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

Being anxious to observe the effects of our mode of discipline, I paid a close attention to the dialogue which took place between these contradictory gentlemen, who were thus pressed together in a forced kind of union, like the figure oxymoron. The circumstance which started a conversation between them, was an observation from Mr. Farthingale on the pleasantness of the day, while the hail was beating so hard against the windows, as almost to alarm the Echo. This the Baronet not only denied most stoutly, but maintained with a great deal of blood in his cheeks, that the remark was thrown out with a view to provoke altercation, a thing he most cordially detested. This produced a little regeneration of thought in the

breast of our absent friend, who with great mildness apologized to his neighbour for his rash assertion about the weather, while he was drinking up his glass of wine. For this robbery, his mode of making reparation was by oversetting a bowl of hot negus upon his knee, and then assuring him it was of no consequence, and begging he would not mention it.

Mr. Farthingale was certainly the worst subject the contentious Baronet could possibly have found for the exercise of his spleen; no opposition could pique his pride, or arrest his attention. Hardly had Sir Gabriel finished his contradiction, before his neighbour was lost in a reverie on far distant topics, from which he recovered as soon as the Baronet had ended, to thank him for his flattering concurrence with him in opinion.

I could plainly perceive that this lubricity of manner, and alienation of thought in his neighbour, tended very much to damp the ardour of contradiction in the plethoric Sir Gabriel; but these wholesome effects have been wonderfully assisted by a resolution among the members to address

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

Among

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

There is hardly any character so rare as an elegant and interesting converser. So many adventitious circumstances are necessary to constitute  
this

this species of excellence, that one man can seldom, with every advantage of culture, embrace them all; and perhaps the customs and modes of the age in which we live are calculated in some measure to disfurnish the mind, and scatter its materials of knowledge. The premature introduction of our youth into the world with the pretensions of manhood, the distraction of objects which are crowded into the system of education, the seductions of poisonous books, the usurping importance of frivolous attainments, and, above them all, the crude propensity to harangue and debate, so epidemic at this moment through the country, are circumstances in the present constitution of things that militate much against the interests and delights of conversation. But I know of nothing more disadvantageous in this view, than the late introduction of the spirit of debate into our social meetings; since conversation is as distinct, in its nature and demands, from dispute and oratory, as any two determinate ideas that exist, as a Campus Martius from a field of battle, or as the play of a fountain from the pelting of a storm. In ancient days, taciturnity was the ornament of youth, the mute harbinger of a graceful maturity and



and accomplished manhood ; the symbol of gentle worth and high promise, and the best recommendation to the symposiacs of sages, and the lectures of philosophers. But at present a beardless orator of fifteen years standing is permitted to talk down his grandfather at a sitting ; and the grey honours of age and experience are to make way for these pastimes of youthful petulance.

About half a century ago, an English embassy was dispatched to an Indian nation, with propositions for the reception of the gospel among them. The missionaries were received with becoming respect, and the whole court was assembled under the shade of a hickery tree, to deliberate upon this solemn question, and to give audience to their dignified instructor. Nothing could exceed the gravity and decorum of the whole proceeding on the part of the Indians : as soon as they had all taken their seats and were sufficiently composed, a grave personage who sat on the right hand of the chieftain, arose, and intimated to the English, that they were at full liberty to explain the doctrine which they wished to inculcate, and unfold the mysteries of this new religion. The missionaries  
were

were determined to profit by this indulgence, and all of them delivered their sentiments one after the other. As each took a reasonable time to explain himself, it was very long before all their minds were disburdened, and any answer could be returned on the part of the Indians. During the whole time however, they sat in profound silence, and forbore to manifest any signs of impatience, although, on so interesting a subject, the minds of most of them must doubtless have been teeming with answers, interrogations, and objections.— When every Englishman had thus successively delivered himself, the savages still maintained a solemn silence for many minutes, to give each person an opportunity of restoring any omissions, or urging any explanations. When they thought that a reasonable time had been afforded them, and nothing seemed to occur to our countrymen as necessary to be enforced or elucidated, the oldest of their party rose, and began in his turn to enter upon a display of their own opinions and persuasions on the subject of religion. The venerable spokesman had hardly got three sentences forward, before he was interrupted by two or three of the missionaries speaking together, and denying his positions

positions with great vociferation. A glow of indignation animated the Indian's face; after a minute's pause, and a look of conscious superiority, he thus again addressed the Europeans :—“ With  
 “ our religion, such as it is, my friends, we manage  
 “ to conduct ourselves with respect and forbear-  
 “ ance towards each other, and to hold up to our  
 “ teachers themselves an useful pattern of patience  
 “ and justice: we listened to you with that respect  
 “ and tranquillity which are becoming in men who  
 “ have much to learn; but in your unmanneredly  
 “ haste to interrupt us in return, you have con-  
 “ vinced us that, with such ignorance of the com-  
 “ monest civilities of life, you must be but ill  
 “ calculated to give us wholesome counsel in the  
 “ weightier concerns of religion.” With this  
 the whole assembly rose, and in spite of entreaties,  
 concessions, and remonstrances, marched solemnly  
 back to their own habitations.

Here is an instance in which unlettered savages  
 put their conceited instructors to shame; in which  
 it is proved that, in the composition of true po-  
 liteness, there is more nature than most of us  
 imagine; and that the refinement of which we  
 boast

boast is frequently illiberal at the bottom, and without the staple of humanity, good sense, and justice.

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

Next to the determined joker, I consider the everlasting quoter as an enemy to the peace of conversation. I have generally found that those who have the truest taste and value for classical literature, do not choose to draw from them on vulgar occasions, or abuse the real sense and application of illustrious passages, for the sake of some partial or verbal resemblance. To quote  
oppor-

opportunely, easily and elegantly, is a desirable talent; but there are a set of determined quoters, who, without being touched with the beauties of arrangement, order, and connexion which belong to the whole, bring away their fractured spoils with as little distinction or taste, as did the Roman General of old, the sacred plunder of Corinth. I never could bear to be thus tantalized with tea-spoonfuls, when I could fill my mind with flowing goblets, and drink long uninterrupted draughts at the immortal fountains themselves.

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

too high, let them have with them the whole tribe of detractors that would sink that of others too low.

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

For the use of the rich disputers, I will here draw up an advertisement, which shall conclude my Paper of to-day. “Wanted a sleek gentleman to  
“argue with, of a yielding, acquiescing, and ac-  
“commodating

“ commodating temper. He must know how to  
“ provoke and elicit the powers of his companion,  
“ without endeavouring to rival him. He must  
“ be easily excited to laughter, when a joke is  
“ meant; and ready to mourn at a minute’s no-  
“ tice, if required. An unremitting attention to his  
“ employer’s remarks is absolutely indispensable,  
“ even at meals; and a little taciturnity will be no  
“ objection. He must know how to season com-  
“ pliments; must think indifferently of his own  
“ judgment; and be able to turn his hand to  
“ abuse, if wanted. He must have no decided  
“ opinion nor preference, but must hold himself  
“ ready to relish chopped hay, if required; or to  
“ be convinced that the sun goes round the earth.  
“ Above all, he must not mind being *worked*, or  
“ flinch at odd jobs; must be always at hand;  
“ utterly ignorant of Joe Miller’s jests; not given  
“ to gaping; a coarse feeder, and fond of scraps  
“ and cold things.”

N<sup>o</sup> 31. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Θυδε γε ὁπωσδε αφρων εσαι η ψυχη εσπειδαν τε αφρονος σωματος διχμ  
γενηται, εδε τει το πεπεισμαι· αλλ' οταν ακρατος ε καθαρος ο νης  
εκκλιθη, τοτε ε φρονιμωτατον εικος αυτον ειναι.

XENOPH. CYR.

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

**M**Y Readers are, I think, by this time ready for a fresh Essay on the subject of Religion. In my present Paper I hope to be able to mix more than ordinary amusement with it, and to raise such a degree of curiosity concerning it, that it will in future stand no more in need of apology than my other lucubrations. In pursuance of the plan of Bishop Butler, my business at present is with the doctrine of a future state. I shall hope to establish, in this Paper, that there is nothing in reason or in nature to oppose the necessary and consoling belief in the soul's immortality, confirmed to us by the Scriptures. In this question two points are neces-



fary to be proved: in the first place, that, as far as the analogy of nature can enter into the consideration, it affords a favourable testimony; secondly, that there exist no grounds in the reason of the thing for supposing that death is the destruction of a living agent. When these obstacles, arising from common appearances, are removed, it is not difficult to conceive with what great advantages the positive arguments for a future life may be brought forwards. But if, after all, it be asked, what proofs of religion are contained in the proofs of a future life? the answer is—none; for the scheme of Atheism will perfectly accord with the notion of a future life. But although a future life does not imply religion, yet religion does imply a future life: any presumption therefore against a future life, is a presumption against religion. A future life is then a necessary and fundamental doctrine of religion.

Difficulties have been raised by some, respecting personal identity, or the sameness of living agents, implied in the notion of our existing now and hereafter, or in any two successive moments. For the particular circumstances and criteria  
which

which constitute and ascertain personal identity, I must refer the reader to a particular treatise of Dr. Butler's on that subject : In this place, I shall only consider it in the light of an objection to a future life. Sufficient for this purpose is the evidence afforded by the analogy of nature: the various changes which we ourselves and other animals undergo during the present life, furnish strong inferences as to the effect which death may or may not have upon us.

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

Wonderful also are the transformations which inferior animals undergo: the change of worms

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

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

ψυχη signifies the human soul and a butterfly; so forcibly were the Greeks struck with the analogy between the wonderful transformation of this insect, and the survival and liberty of the soul after its separation from the body. The analogy

logy between our living soul, this *animula vagula blandula*, and this mysterious insect, appeared to them so strong, that it is one of the most common and favourite emblems exhibited on their medals. The marriage of Cupid and Psyche is, with great reason, concluded to be an allegory; and though related only by Apuleius, an author of the second century, we cannot doubt of its place in the ancient mythology, while we behold it depicted on so many gems and medals. The morality included in this allegory is well unfolded in a little pamphlet, containing remarks on the ballad of Cupid and Psyche; and the opinions of this writer are confirmed by the acquiescence of Mr. Bryant, in p. 391 of the second volume of his *Treatise on the Mythology of the Ancients*.

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

“ Segnis et införmis serpens eruca per herbas  
 Innocue viridi sustinet ora cibo.  
 Jam conviva satur pertæsa et lumina vitæ  
 Quærit in effossa ponere corpus humo;

Exiit et vestem, ac cæcis commissa latebr'is  
 Dormit, et in placida morte quieta manet.  
 Hyberni frustra fugiunt per pascua venti,  
 Altaque Nix rigido jam tenet arva gelu.  
 Illa nihil fentit, tumuloque oclusa profundo  
 Dormit, et a vento tuta et ab hoste jacet.  
 At simul auratis aperit cum cornibus annum  
 Taurus, et a Zephyris terra soluta viret,  
 Cum frondent sylvæ, cum formosissimus annus,  
 En! tumulo surgit pulchra phalæna suo!  
 Surgit, et ut veteris rumpit jam claustra sepulchri,  
 Mirata speciem corporis ipsa sui.  
 Quam formosa vicens! Oh quantum distat ab illa  
 Viderat errantem quam prior annus humi!  
 Alarum ornatum, gemmantes aspice ocellos!  
 Jam pluma in molli corpore multa nitet:  
 Mille trahens varios adverfo sole colores  
 Evolvat, et cæcos despicit inde rogos;  
 Blandaque purpureis subvecta per aëra pennis  
 Per nemora et varios expatiatur agros.  
 Inque vices lectisque rosis violisque superbe  
 Incubat, et forma vincit utrasque sua.  
 Scilicet et nostri reputentur vana sepulchri  
 Præmia cum tali teste probata manent?"

" The helpless crawling caterpillar trace  
 From the first period of his reptile race:  
 Cloth'd in dishonour, on the leafy spray,  
 Unseen, he wears his silent hours away;  
 Till, satiate grown of all that life supplies,  
 Self-taught the voluntary martyr dies.  
 Deep under earth his darkling course he bends,  
 And to the tomb a willing guest descends:  
 There, long secluded in his lonely cell,  
 Forgets the sun, and bids the world farewell.

O'er

O'er the wide waste the wint'ry tempests reign,  
 And driving snows usurp the frozen plain:  
 In vain the tempest beats, the whirlwind blows,  
 No storms can violate his grave's repose.  
 But when revolving months have won their way,  
 When smile the woods, and when the zephyrs play,  
 When laughs the vivid world in summer's bloom,  
 He bursts, and flies triumphant from the tomb;  
 And while his new-born beauties he displays,  
 With conscious joy his alter'd form surveys.  
 Mark, while he moves amid the sunny beam,  
 O'er his soft wings the varying lustre gleam.  
 Launch'd into air, on purple wings he soars;  
 Gay nature's face with wanton glance explores;  
 Proud of his various beauties, wings his way,  
 And spoils the fairest flowers, himself more fair than they.  
 And deems weak man the future promise vain,  
 When worms can die, and glorious rise again?"

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

" At non in Phariæ Mænes jussit cœcilia,  
 Nec cinis exiguus tantam compositum hinc aqua  
 Profiluit busto, semustaque mœnibus æquum,  
 Degenremque rogam, sequitur connectit rotantes,  
 Qua niger astriferis connectitur axibus ab,  
 Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus  
 Semidei manes habitant, quos ignea virtus"

Innocuos vitæ, patientes ætheris imi  
 Fecit et æternos animas collegit in orbes.  
 Non illuc auro positi, nec ture sepulti  
 Perveniunt; illic postquam se lumine vero  
 Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur, et astra  
 Fixa pelis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret  
 Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci."

Mr. ROWE has thus translated this passage :

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

We

We are now to consider whether, in the reason of the thing, there be any grounds for supposing that death is the destruction of a living agent : for if there be no well-grounded apprehension at all, either in the reason of the thing, or in the analogy of nature, that this will be the case, we have a fair presumption that our living powers will remain after the dissolution of the body ; a presumption built on that kind of analogy expressed in the word *continuance*, which seems our only natural reason for believing that the course of this world will be to-morrow, as it has been so far back as our experience or knowledge of history can carry us. This is an assurance of great importance, and such as, in the affairs of common life, is fully sufficient to ground all our proceedings upon. To obtain this assurance in regard to a future life, all that is really necessary is to prove that there is no distinct ground for any apprehension that death will destroy a living agent, whatever confused suspicion, prior to the natural and moral proofs to the contrary, might arise from the terrors of imagination, that the sensible shock of that event must involve our complete destruction ; for if there be no ground for thinking that



death will destroy our living powers, why not conclude, as we do in respect to the course of nature, that, as we know they exist up to that event, they will exist after it? If there be any distinct ground for such an apprehension, it must arise either from the reason of the thing, or from the analogy of nature.

Now, as for the analogy of nature, it cannot afford the slightest presumption that other animals ever lose their living powers, much less that they lose them by death: for we have no faculties to trace any beyond, or through it, so as to see what becomes of them after it. Death withdraws from our view, the sensible proof we had before of their living powers, but affords no manner of reason to believe that they are by that event deprived of them. The reason of the thing can furnish no proof that death is the destruction of a living agent, since we know not what death is in itself. We behold the dissolution of our flesh and bones; but these we have seen in part alienated and destroyed without any seeming interruption to our living powers. We know not on what these living powers depend, since the actual exercise and the capacity

city of exercising them are suspended during sleep or a swoon ; yet do they remain undestroyed.— If then we do not know on what they depend, how can we be sure that death will destroy them ?

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

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N<sup>o</sup> 32. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.

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*Συ γὰρ εἶ ψυχή, τὸ δὲ σῶμα σου, τὰ δὲ ἔξωσ τῆ σῶματος·*

HIEROCLES.

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

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

The argument on which we have been building, has more than a negative virtue; for the reason of the thing does not only afford no proof that death will be the destruction of a living agent, but it positively forbids such a supposition, by proving it to be improbable. A multitude of circumstances and cases may be adduced in proof of the entire separate natures of the spiritual and corporeal substances—their independency, their disparity, and their

their disagreement. For though a variety of instances might be produced, in which they appear to suffer together, yet, as long as we can argue from so many in which the one subsists in full glory and perfection under the greatest infirmities and afflictions of the other, there is enough to convince us that their connexion is not permanent and necessary, but temporary and accidental.

I have always admired the force of the Latin word *abiit*, when I have met with it in the place of *mortuus est*; and have ever been delighted with those passages in heathen authors, in which the native vigour of the mind, prompted by the analogy of nature, springs forth of itself, and grasps a future existence, which, though not approaching the Christian immortality, shews how much our unaided reason delights to fasten on this consoling hope, amidst all its wanderings and perversions. So separate in their natures were the soul and the body considered by Plato and Pythagoras, that they were fond of comparing them to a chariot and charioteer; and according to those great men, we lay down our bodies as we lay down our carriages, hoping to resume them in happier times, and under  
circum-

circumstances of greater splendour. The same meaning is given us in four words by the sage Epictetus, “*ψυχαισιον ἐξ βασιλῶν νεκρῶν* ;” to which I shall give a Latin translation, as I think its spirit would escape in the English,—“*animula ex cadaver gestans.*”

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

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

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

If the reader does not readily conceive all this, let him look into page 780 of Cudworth's Intellectual

lectual System. In the mean time to proceed :—  
Supposing, then, a living agent to be a single being, it follows, that our organised bodies are no more a part of ourselves than any other matter around us ; and it is as easy to conceive, that we may live out of our bodies as in them—it is as easy to conceive, that we might possess animated bodies of any other organs or senses, or that we may hereafter animate these same bodies differently modified and organised, as that we can animate such bodies as we have at present.

It is well known that the bodies of animals are in constant flux : we have already, several times over, lost a great part, or perhaps the whole of our bodies ; yet we remain the same living agents—why then should we not remain the same after death ? After having passed through so many revolutions of matter, why should we suppose that death has power to destroy us ? And why should the suddenness of the stroke destroy us ? We find that sudden losses and alienations do not affect our living powers, for we can afford to lose several limbs without any defalcation of intellect. To some parts of our bodies, indeed, we stand in a

nearer relation than to others; but what does this amount to, but that the living agent and those parts of the body do mutually affect each other? The same thing in kind, though not in degree, may be said of all foreign matter which gives us ideas, or over which we have any power.

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

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



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

“ SIR,

*Jan. 14, 1757.*

“ I received the favour of your letter too late  
 “ to ſend an answer by return of poſt. I am  
 “ exceedingly

“ exceedingly obliged to you for offering your first  
 “ living to me. Content and easy in my present  
 “ situation, I have not, for several years past,  
 “ wished or desired more. About sixty pounds a  
 “ year neat, I have found sufficient to supply me  
 “ with necessaries and conveniencies, and cannot  
 “ think of going into Wales upon any condition  
 “ whatsoever. Life is but a span long; and as I  
 “ am now drawing towards the end of it, having  
 “ turned sixty-five, fresh preferment would add  
 “ rather to my pocket than my happiness. How-  
 “ ever, I am truly thankful for your kind inten-  
 “ tions, and shall ever bear a grateful remem-  
 “ brance of the many kindnesses I have received  
 “ from you, and the very great regard you have  
 “ expressed for me, who am,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient

“ and obliged humble Servant,

“ THOMAS S——.”

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

“ SIR

“ SIR,

April 6, 1757.

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

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

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient

and obliged humble Servant,

“ THOMAS S ———.”

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

“ HONOURED

“ HONOURED SIR, *May 11, 1686.*

“ I am sorry I did not know of your being in  
 “ town, that I might have paid my respects to  
 “ you at your lodgings. It is upon Mr. Brabant’s  
 “ request that I now give you this trouble. He  
 “ tells me you were pleased to promise him the  
 “ living of Waltham Abbey, when it should be  
 “ void, as it is shortly likely to be; but that he  
 “ having, since that promise, obtained another  
 “ living, you make a doubt whether it be lawful  
 “ for him to leave that, and take another; and  
 “ that in this my opinion is desired. When he  
 “ mentioned this to me, I was afraid he had de-  
 “ sired to have had both; which, with me, would  
 “ have made a much greater difficulty, especially  
 “ considering the greatness of the parishes, and  
 “ the distance between them. But I never had  
 “ any apprehension of the unlawfulness of the  
 “ other, if there be the same probability of doing  
 “ good, which ought always to be regarded, be-  
 “ cause that is the end of our ministry. I know our  
 “ law calls a man’s living his wife; but there is  
 “ no arguing from similitudes, if the reason be not  
 “ equal in both cases, which I confess I do not see.

“ When by your favour and interest (which I  
 “ must ever own with a just sense of it) I was  
 “ preferred

“ preferred to Lincoln’s Inn, I left a living in  
“ the country, not doubting but that I might law-  
“ fully do it, and had reason to do so; because I  
“ hoped, or at least was over-ruled by my friends  
“ into an apprehension, that I should be in a capa-  
“ city of doing more good there than in the coun-  
“ try: and the same consideration hath kept me  
“ there so many years, though I have twice been  
“ offered by my late Lord Chancellor Nottingham,  
“ and once very earnestly importuned by him to  
“ accept of St. Martin’s in the Fields, the greatest  
“ and best living in England; which I only men-  
“ tion, to shew that I always thought it lawful to  
“ remove from one place to another, but still with  
“ regard to our great end, which is the probability  
“ and opportunity of doing most good. But I  
“ submit all this to your better judgment and con-  
“ sideration; and shall only crave leave to add,  
“ that, unless you think the thing clearly unlawful,  
“ the obligation of your promise is still in force.  
“ With my very humble service to my Lady, and  
“ my hearty prayers for her safe deliverance, and  
“ for the prosperity of your family, I rest,

“ Honoured Sir,

“ Your most obliged and humble Servant,

“ JO. TELLOTSON.”

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

North Berwick.

“ DEAR SIR LAURENCE,

“ Having spent a whole life in the pursuit of  
 “ pleasure and health, I am now retired from the  
 “ world, with poverty and the gout; so joining  
 “ with Solomon, “ that all is vanity and vexation  
 “ of spirit,” I go to church every day, and say my  
 “ prayers. Going last Sunday as usual, I saw an  
 “ unknown man in the pulpit; and rising up to  
 “ pray, I found my ears engaged by the foreign  
 “ accent of the Parson. I paid him all attention,  
 “ and had my devotion awakened by the most  
 “ pathetic prayer which I ever heard. This made  
 “ me attend equally to the sermon—a better never  
 “ came from the lips of man. I returned in the  
 “ afternoon, and heard the same Preacher finish his  
 “ morning’s work by the finest chain of reasoning,  
 “ conveyed in the most eloquent expression. I sent  
 “ to ask the Man of GOD to honour my roof, and  
 “ dine

“dine with me. I asked him about his country;  
“I even asked him if his sermons were his own?  
“He affirmed they were. I assured him I believed  
“him, for never man wrote or spoke so well. “My  
“name,” says he, “is Dishington. I am Curate  
“to a mad Minister in the Orkneys, who enjoys  
“a rich benefice of £.50 a year, out of which I  
“receive £.20 for preaching to and instructing  
“1200 people, who inhabit several islands. Out  
“of this £.20 I pay 25 shillings every year to the  
“boatman who transports me from one to the  
“other by turns. I should be very glad if I could  
“continue in that terrestrial paradise; but we have  
“a great Lord, who has many little people soli-  
“citing him for many little things which he can  
“do, and many that he cannot do; and if my  
“Minister were to die, his succession is too great  
“a prize not to raise up many powerful rivals  
“to baulk my hopes of preferment.” I asked of  
“him if he possessed any other wealth than his  
“£.20 a year? “Yes,” said he, “I married the  
“prettiest girl in the island; she has already  
“blessed me with three children, and, as we are  
“both young, we may expect more. Besides, I  
“am so beloved, that I have all my turf brought  
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“ home carriage-free.”—This is my story: now  
 “ to the prayer of my petition. I never before  
 “ envied you the possession of the Orkneys, which  
 “ I now do, only to provide for this eloquent in-  
 “ nocent Apostle. The sun has refused your  
 “ barren Island its kind influence; do not then  
 “ deprive them of so eloquent a Preacher.\*\*\*

“ Yours, in all meekness and benevolence,

“ H. D.”

N<sup>o</sup> 33. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

*Magnum certè quiddam præstare videntur, si delibantes aliorum ingenia  
 ex compendio sapiant, aut in cortice doctrinæ aliquatenus hæreant.*

BACON, de Aug. Scient.

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

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

False

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

It would be unjuſt to our own age to deny, that what we have loſt in depth, we have recovered in breadth; and that, for one profoundly learned of the old times, we have ten ſuperficially ſo in the preſent. Unfortunately indeed, literature has of late years become a part of the mode, and has accordingly partaken of its inſipidity, its caprice, and its adulterations. There is in faſhion a tyrannical inſolence, that loves to trample upon nature and the right conſtitution of

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

It seems perhaps a solecism, yet in some circumstances I cannot but lament the abundance of our resources, and the fertility of our inventions, which, in respect to learning, have conjured up such impositions and deceptions, and suggested such seducing resemblances, that we are betrayed  
by

by our impatience, precipitance, and vanity, into the adoption of this literary chicane, instead of the ingenuous ambition of real attainments. The effect of these mechanical helps has been very much to multiply the professors of knowledge, without adding many to the number of its faithful votaries; they have stocked its wardrobe with such an inexhaustible diversity of tinfelled apparel, that her badges have lost their customary distinction, and are become as equivocal tests as ribbands and stars.

Besides the operation of this impertinent mixture of fashion, in extending the surface, and contracting the depth of knowledge, it may be made a question, whether some of those inventions on which humanity prides itself the most, may not be in some sort chargeable on a similar ground. I contemplate the art of Printing with a pious sort of gratitude, when I consider it as nobly instrumental towards the propagation of truths, which laid claim to universality, and involved the immortal interests of the soul. I regard it with reverence, as the only weapon of power to cope with the

spreading usurpations of prejudice and error, which were not to be overcome by partial opposition, or temporary exertions : with the gigantic arms with which this art has furnished us, we have been enabled to grapple with Error in her remotest retreats, and expose her under all her disguises.

Unhappily, however, the assistance which this art affords us, is of a mercenary nature : indifferent in itself, it obeys whatever impulse and direction are given to it ; and, in a certain ratio with our spreading enquiries, delusions and false lights have been unhappily multiplied. When the tones of public reasoning, by being overstretched, grow lax and nerveless, and a wanton spirit of change gets abroad, under pretence of illumination and discovery ; when a secret corruption has invaded our stores of accumulated knowledge, and a corroding infidelity is consuming the very core of philosophy ; our admiration is turned to regret, in contemplating this mighty engine of intellectual rule, in the hands of a natural foe, disposed to use it to our destruction, and leave us nothing but the monuments of faded vigour and lost perfection.

But

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

idea of difference, rest their claims to literary eminence on their painful acquisition of scarce editions, of which their admiration is as groundless as that with which children prefer a farthing with a hole in the middle, to one that has no such pretensions to notice.

I do not love to let myself loose in unqualified censure; and yet I cannot in this place help feeling a temptation to declare, that, in the long course of my observation of human nature, I have never discovered much real knowledge in your indefatigable book-collectors; and am often put in mind, when I am led in triumph to their libraries, which I am to consider as bearing testimony to their learning, of our common friend Mr. Patence, who, in a note to his advertisement, in which the afflicted are more particularly instructed how to find out his house, tells us, "that his abilities are  
" to be known by the blue lamps at his door."

Lucian is very pleasantly severe upon the illiterate book-hunter, and enforces a sensible strain of ridicule with this story among others. "A man of  
" respec-

“ respectable quality, whose name was Evangelus,  
“ had conceived a mighty rage for gaining a vic-  
“ tory at the Pythian Games. As his personal de-  
“ ficiencies precluded all excellence in running or  
“ wrestling, he bethought himself of his skill in  
“ playing on the harp, which had been so mag-  
“ nified by some treacherous flatterers, that he re-  
“ solved to try the success of this fancied accom-  
“ plishment. To Delphi then he came in great  
“ splendour, with a crown of laurel ornamented  
“ with gold and emeralds. Nothing could exceed  
“ the beauty and richness of his harp, which was  
“ decorated with jewels and gems of great costli-  
“ ness, and on which the figures of Apollo, Or-  
“ pheus, and the Muses, were admirably sculptured.  
“ When the day of celebration arrived, three can-  
“ didates presented themselves; but Evangelus  
“ drew upon himself the admiration of all the spec-  
“ tators, arrayed as he was in a purple robe, and  
“ shining all over, with diamonds of the finest  
“ lustre. Thespis, the Theban, came first into  
“ the lists, and exhibited no inconsiderable talent;  
“ but he could hardly prevent the impatience of  
“ his auditors from breaking forth, so great were



“ their expectations of the skill of Evangelus. At  
“ length the Theban harper finished; and now  
“ stepped forth, with a countenance betraying a  
“ confident security, the favourite of the public :  
“ a respectful silence prevailed, expectation had  
“ charmed every tongue, and every man was pre-  
“ paring himself to feel sensations he had never  
“ proved before ; when, after a variety of flourishes  
“ and gestures on the part of the performer, a  
“ wretched unmusical strain assailed their ears, ac-  
“ companied with the snapping of the chords,  
“ which were not able to sustain the rudeness of  
“ his blows. The surprise of the assembly held  
“ them for some time in this silence, so flattering  
“ to the deluded Evangelus ; till at length the per-  
“ formance became so intolerable, that the judges,  
“ enraged with their disappointment, and conceiv-  
“ ing themselves in a manner insulted, ordered him  
“ to be turned out of the theatre, and well dis-  
“ ciplined for his ignorant assurance. As soon as he  
“ was dismissed, an Elean, whose name was Eume-  
“ lus, came modestly forward, whose whole appoint-  
“ ment was scarcely worth ten drachmas ; his harp  
“ was old and crazy, and furnished with wooden  
“ pegs,

“ pegs. The man’s appearance, however, was  
“ presently forgotten when he began to sing and  
“ play, both of which he did in a manner so  
“ exquisite and masterly, that the most rapturous  
“ attention fixed every eye upon him ; and while  
“ he touched the chords, his air and figure, and his  
“ very instrument, homely as it was, appeared with  
“ infinitely more grace than his opponent was  
“ able to assume, with the aid of his trappings and  
“ insignia. As he was returning from the theatre,  
“ with his crown of victory on his head, he met  
“ Evangelus, and thus accosted him—“ Friend,  
“ you have now had an opportunity of learning,  
“ that the union of folly and splendour draws  
“ aggravated ridicule upon both ; and that where  
“ we find it yoked with arrogance and pom-  
“ posity, we cannot even pity the miscarriages of  
“ ignorance.”

I have no intention, any more than my friend  
Lucian, to hold to ridicule those hunters after  
books and editions, in whom this curiosity is built  
on a certain patriotisin in literature, and that  
delicacy of selection which true taste inspires.  
I have only in my thoughts a set of characters who

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

But this diffusion of literary property which Printing has produced, is not only chargeable with this nominal learning, to which it has given an injurious kind of credit among us; but we may lay to its account also a tendency to draw out our ancient weight of metal into flimsy wire, or to flatten its substance into tawdry plates,

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to cover over a larger surface indeed, but to impose a fictitious worth on the simple and the vulgar. There is little doubt but that the practice of transcribing, on which the ancients were forced from the scarcity of books, was calculated to impress them deeply with the subjects on which they were engaged, and opposed a salutary barrier to that roving inconstancy of pursuit, which, acting on the mind with opposite impulses, suspends it in a floating medium of broken particulars. The continuity of thought, and perseverance of application, enforced by these difficulties and restraints, had a direct tendency to give to the ancients that mastery over the subjects about which they were conversant, that power of assimilation, that unperishing tenure, that unalienable property, which mightily manifests itself in the vigour and simplicity of their details, and the masculine touches of bold originality with which they abound.

The same literary wants, in which, on a superficial view, we seem to see so much to lament, threw them upon the frequent necessity of oral instruction and learned communications; a circumstance

cumstance of twofold advantage, calculated at once, by a reflective force, to infix in the mind of the speaker his own acquisitions, and to press conviction on the hearer, by the weight of present authority. Since the æra of Printing, it seems as if a flood of learning had been progressively spreading over the human mind, checking its wholesome productions, and nourishing the growth of a worthless vegetation ; but in the simpler ages of antiquity, it dropped from the mouth at intervals in gentle showers, fertilising wherever it fell, sinking deep into the pores of the soil, and rising again in genial juices and vegetable life.

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

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

This wide spirit of accommodation, so characteristic of modern learning, has opened ways to  
the

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

I shall now take leave of my subject for the present ; but as I have not yet half exhausted myself upon it, I shall follow it up through another Paper, in which I shall descend more into particulars, and develope, as far as I am able, a few of those ambushes and disguises, which false learning has borrowed from the sophistry of modern improvements, for the sake of my modest countrymen, wherever they are to be found, who sacrifice their rights to a race of bold usurpers. My intention has hitherto been only to shew that learning has outgrown its strength ; and that, unless we call  
in

in to its aid the proper exercise and cultivation, we have reason to fear that its decay will forestall its maturity.

N<sup>o</sup> 34. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
 Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas  
 Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
 Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne,  
 Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?*

If, to a human head, a painter join  
 A horse's neck, or, idiot! would combine  
 A fordid fish's tail—the lovelier share  
 Of lovely woman—limbs sought here and there,  
 Stuck round with feathers all, pick'd where he could—  
 Would you not laugh, my friends? I know you would.

THE last time our Society met, it was the fashion of the evening to talk upon my Paper, As each successively gave his opinion as to the spirit in which such a work should be conducted, I could observe how the bias of their particular professions and occupations had narrowed the range of their curiosity, and how much I might have

over-



overlooked of what concerns our general nature, had I followed in the selection of my subjects the counsel of any one individual.

My excellent old friend, Mr. Allworth, whose talent of reasoning upon life, independently of his own particular concerns in it, is peculiar to himself, gave me real pleasure by his manner of considering this subject. “When I think,” said he, “good  
“ Mr. Olive-branch, upon the objects and uses  
“ of this undertaking of yours, it strikes me that  
“ it cannot well cover too extensive a portion of  
“ that variety which human life affords ; while it  
“ maintains in itself a certain consistency and  
“ order, a certain regularity of construction, and  
“ subserviency of parts, which will stamp it a whole  
“ when it comes to its completion, place it above  
“ mere collections and magazines, and assign it a  
“ liberal rank among intellectual productions. It  
“ should, methinks,” continued he, “ be con-  
“ structed and distributed like the plan of a Roman  
“ villa, with its *urbana*, its *rustica*, and its *fructu-*  
“ *aria*. Its *urbana*, laid out in elegant apartments,  
“ should admit only drawing-room company and  
“ fashionable topics ; its *rustica* should be dedicated  
“ to

“ to humbler life and homelier characters, and ac-  
“ commodated to the uses of the mechanic, the la-  
“ bourer, and the peasant. Into the *fructuaria*  
“ should be thrown fragments of erudition and  
“ stores of pleasantry, hints, projects, inventions,  
“ specimens, and a rich miscellany of ready ma-  
“ terials. It might not be amiss also, if you had  
“ your *chenoboscium*, or goose-pen; your *nessotro-*  
“ *pbium*, or place for wild fowl; your *suile*, for  
“ swine; *cochleare*, for snails; and *theriotrophium*,  
“ for wild beasts. With this stock and establish-  
“ ment, you have only to place yourself in the  
“ *cenatio*, which was usually at the top of the tower,  
“ whence you may overlook the land that stretches  
“ itself before you, and select those objects which  
“ interest you most in the busy scene which pre-  
“ sents itself.”

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

“ To

## “ TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

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

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

“ Though

“ Though I am well convinced that sign-posts  
“ are no modern invention, but of considerable an-  
“ tiquity, yet I believe that the Bush, which still  
“ keeps its place at country wakes, and which  
“ used to be hung up at the door of almost every  
“ cottage, to signify that the owner had tapped a  
“ fresh barrel of beer, was the indication gene-  
“ rally adopted in very early times. I have never  
“ read the Greek or Roman writings in a view  
“ to this object, but have no doubt of their  
“ existence among them. I have somewhere seen  
“ *ad bubula capita* at the sign of the bull’s head;  
“ and I recollect a passage in Quintilian to this  
“ purpose, *Tabernæ erant circa forum, ac scutum illud*  
“ *signi gratiâ positum*—‘ There were shops about  
‘ the market-place, and that shield was put up by  
‘ way of sign.’ Your extensive reading may  
“ perhaps furnish you with many more passages  
“ that bear this way. I shall engage no further in  
“ this deep part of the enquiry, but shall begin  
“ with the creation of those monstrous productions  
“ which sign-post painters have been accused of  
“ introducing, but which in reality are to be  
“ charged to the account of the heralds. The  
“ Golden Griffin, the Green Lion, the Black  
“ Swan,

“ Swan, and the Blue Boar, are nothing more than  
 “ a griffin, or; a lion, vert; a swan, fable; and a  
 “ boar, azure; the simple heraldic distinction of  
 “ the neighbouring Lord Paramount in the feudal  
 “ times, and adopted as a sign by such of his  
 “ tenants as opened houses for the reception of  
 “ the public. The same system still prevails in  
 “ every part of the kingdom; and an attentive  
 “ traveller, who is conversant with heraldry, may  
 “ know what families are the principal proprietors  
 “ of the estates over which he passes, without  
 “ asking the question. Thus, in North Wales,  
 “ the Upright Hand, and the Eagles, will inform  
 “ him whether he is upon the territories of the  
 “ Middeltons or the Wynnes. The Eagle and  
 “ Child, commonly called, in Lancashire, the Bird  
 “ and Baby, serves in like manner to point out the  
 “ estates of the Earl of Derby, who bears that  
 “ device for his crest.

“ When there is occasion to paint over again an  
 “ heraldic sign, the scientific part being little at-  
 “ tended to, it frequently happens, that only the  
 “ principal component parts of the arms are re-  
 “ tained upon the new board; to which circum-

“ stance we owe the Three Tuns, the Three  
“ Goats, the Three Swans, the Three Pretty Pigs,  
“ and innumerable trios of the same kind. The  
“ most respectable class of signs is that of such as  
“ relate to historical subjects; some of these re-  
“ cord minute facts which might otherwise have  
“ been lost to posterity. I remember to have seen  
“ at Sherston in Wiltshire, a sign called the Rat-  
“ tlebones: upon making enquiry into the signi-  
“ fication of so obscure a name, which was not at  
“ all explained by a half-obliterated painting on  
“ the sign-post, I learned that it was intended to  
“ commemorate a British hero, who, in fighting  
“ against the Danes, received a dreadful wound  
“ in the abdomen, and who, in this critical situa-  
“ tion, by holding a tile against the wound, pre-  
“ served his own life till he found means to take  
“ away that of his enemy. The classical sign of  
“ the Pick-my-toe relates to the well-known story  
“ of the Roman, who would not stop to pick a  
“ thorn out of his foot before he had delivered his  
“ message. The Rose and Crown still reminds  
“ us of the badges of the Houses of York and  
“ Lancaster. The William of Walworth, repre-  
“ sented in the act of arresting Wat Tyler, is very  
“ properly

“ properly chosen as a sign at the place whence he  
“ took his name. The restoration of Charles the  
“ Second introduced among us the common sign  
“ of the Royal Oak; and to the House of Hano-  
“ ver we owe the troops of White Horses which  
“ pranced upon the sign-posts of our Whig Inn-  
“ keepers. I suspect that the Hole in the Wall  
“ alludes to some obscure historical fact.

“ Sacred story has not been neglected by these  
“ historical sign-painters; nor have they forgotten  
“ the mysterious character of the original in their  
“ unintelligible mode of representation. In Chan-  
“ dos-street, a dragon supporting a bell, in-  
“ sinuates the story of Bell and the Dragon. The  
“ Two Spies, the Baptist's Head, the Noah's Ark,  
“ and the Jacob's Well, still bespeak a certain or-  
“ thodoxy in the landlord, which, by an easy tran-  
“ sition, we carry to his Ale and October. Among  
“ the few signs which propriety has suggested, I  
“ have remarked a portrait of Simon the Tanner  
“ of Joppa, at Bermondsey, and Elisha's Raven at  
“ a butcher's shop in the Borough, with a mutton  
“ chop in its mouth. The King or Queen's head,  
“ on the sign-post of an Inn, affords a pretty sure  
“ criterion

“ criterion by which we may guess the date of its  
“ original establishment, as the reigning monarch  
“ always lends his countenance upon these occa-  
“ sions. Sometimes indeed, on fresh painting the  
“ sign, the old king is deposed, and a new mo-  
“ narch reigns in his stead; but no landlord that  
“ feels for the antiquity of his house will suffer this  
“ revolution to take place. Henry the Eighth is  
“ still to be seen at Lambeth; and considering his  
“ host-like appearance, I wonder more freedoms  
“ have not been taken with his person in this way.  
“ A Queen Elizabeth is as scarce as an Otho.  
“ There are but few Charles’s, perhaps because  
“ the head of a Stuart was thought an uncertain  
“ tenure: a greater proportion of King William,  
“ who is properly enough exhibited where the  
“ liquor of his country is sold; more of Queen  
“ Anne than of George the First; and several of  
“ the late King. A royal progress produces a num-  
“ ber of new king’s heads; on these occasions  
“ the painters work faster than the horses travel;  
“ and I have known his Majesty’s nose and chin  
“ get the start of him by a full quarter of a mile  
“ Biographical signs frequently occur in the cities  
“ of London and Westminster; and they are gene-  
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“ rally placed with due regard to the residence or  
“ place of resort of the persons whom they repre-  
“ sent—as the Effex Head, the Sir John Falstaff,  
“ the Sir Paul Pindar, the Whittington and his  
“ Cat, and many more of the same kind. A  
“ practice that will enable our English biographers  
“ to decide between contending cities, in naming  
“ the birth-place of an illustrious character.

“ The devices of our tradesmen might in gene-  
“ ral bear a much stronger relation than they do  
“ to their several occupations: some indeed are  
“ less unhappy than others. The peacock under  
“ a rainbow, is well enough chosen for a silk-  
“ dyer; the wheat-sheaf is a good emblem for a  
“ corn-chandler; and the ham and chicken are  
“ not much amiss for a cook’s shop. The naked  
“ boy with a pair of breeches in his hand, in  
“ Monmouth-street, makes a more forcible appeal  
“ to us than the unwearied courtesy of the bowing-  
“ beggar-prince himself, striding from one fron-  
“ tier to the other of his ragged empire. The  
“ head of Sir Walter Raleigh very properly over-  
“ looks the door of a dealer in tobacco, as we  
“ owe the introduction of the plant to that illuf-  
“ trious

“trious Admiral. Many tradesmen are contented  
“with the representation of the article in which  
“they deal; and this would be perfectly unex-  
“ceptionable, were it not that the mercantile  
“principle of turning every thing to money had  
“induced them to cover their signs with gold.  
“Every object is seen by them through this jaun-  
“diced medium; and we have golden boots, gol-  
“den periwigs, golden razors, golden hams, and  
“golden sugar-loaves. As for the fish, they all  
“look as if they came out of Pactolus’s stream.  
“The cook in Rag-Fair, who hangs out every  
“morning a piece of raw beef, has hit upon a  
“very natural mode of announcing his occupation;  
“while the Great A and the Bouncing B, at a  
“printer’s door, is perfectly in *character*.

“The bee-hive, as emblematical of industry,  
“might be adopted by any trade; but I observe  
“it is most frequently used by the linen-drapers.  
“The Adam and Eve too is a favourite with them,  
“being intended to exhibit the contrast between  
“the vegetable drapery of our first ancestors, and  
“the varied decorations of a modern drawing-  
“room. The ingenuity of the sisterhood, in the

“ fabrication of lace and the ornamental articles of  
“ female attire, may account for the sign of the  
“ Three Nuns at a milliner’s shop; and I find  
“ great fault with Nun and Crucifix Milliners in  
“ York-street, Covent-Garden, for suffering a  
“ device so suited to their names and professions  
“ to escape them. If these ladies, on a matter of  
“ such moment, thought it necessary to be fur-  
“ nished with a precedent, I could have supplied  
“ them with one on the grave authority of Batt.  
“ Pigeon, of famous memory; who, in the adoption  
“ of three pigeons for his sign, shewed it to be his  
“ opinion that a coincidence of name was a suffi-  
“ cient apology. Why a haberdasher should live  
“ at the Hen and Chickens, I cannot imagine, or  
“ a tea-dealer at the sign of the Grasshopper;  
“ unless we suppose a change of tenants, and a tran-  
“ sition from one business to another in the same  
“ shop, without regard to the consequent anomaly  
“ of the signs: indeed, unless for this way of ac-  
“ counting for it, the adoption of signs has some-  
“ times such little foundation, that it would look  
“ almost like Egyptian idolatry.

“ We should be at a loss to guess at the mean-  
“ ing of the leathern doublet at a great iron foundry  
dery

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

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

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

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

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N<sup>o</sup> 35. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1793.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING  
 LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST RE-  
 PUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

**L**ET it not discredit my opinions on a political  
 subject, that I confess myself an obscure Nor-  
 thamptonshire Clergyman. It is not always the  
 lot

lot of those who act the busiest parts in life, to know the most of human nature: a very wide range of exertion will often absorb reflection, and the mind will sometimes be thrown out of its balance by the conflicting pressure of surrounding objects. Such is the monotony of human passions, and such the uniformity that runs through the human character, that if the sphere in which he moves be but wide enough for him to collect a sort of average, each in his own little platoon, by the force of careful observation, may arrive at a pretty general knowledge of man, and his nature. If this remark be just in regard to the contemplation of individual man, it holds more strongly in what respects the survey of civil society; for as, in this case, we can form no competent judgment of the parts, but what is built upon a consideration of the whole, it is the more necessary to be so far unoccupied with the detail, as to possess our understandings entire, and capable of stretching their views to the wide relations of civil life.

Your patriotic and manly proceedings have reached me in my peaceful retreat; and as the design of my periodical undertaking calls from me

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

But nothing so provokes our contempt, as the petulance with which these proud prophets of sedition predict the downfall of our national establishments. They assure us of this, as if it were a conclusion deduced from the quiet examination of the errors of our constitution; while they secretly presume upon the success of their own machinations, and are ready to charge upon the exaggerated corruptions of our political system whatever calamities may result from their own pestilential

pestilential endeavours to disseminate false terrors and false feelings among the natives of this happy Island. To conjure up fictitious grounds of complaint in the bosoms of those who confess themselves happy and content, and to persuade them to put every thing to hazard, in a State flourishing and exalted beyond all former experience, for the sake of giving a trial to theories, extravagant in their doctrines, and threatening in their forms, is an extent of turpitude that one must be wicked even to comprehend, and which is scarcely credible in Christians of the eighteenth century.

But, what are these theories, that pretend to such wonderful illumination; that have marked so many thresholds with blood; that have sent the peaceful from their homes; that have been so fruitful in cold massacres and street butcheries; that have dictated a lengthened series of cruelty, wonderful for the unanimity by which it has been characterised, and the spirit of deliberation in which it has proceeded; and, to finish the picture, that have induced a whole nation to hold up with exultation, to the eyes of mankind, the saddest spectacle of human wretchedness that the heart can suggest—a



Man and a King, harassed for years with every mortification and misery that could affect him in either capacity; torn from his wife and his children; hourly trembling for their fate; and called out from his comfortable prison, only to witness fresh scenes of calamity, or to sanction some new insult upon his natural feelings, or invasion of his political rights? \* Such have been the visible effects of these theories, as far as they have been attempted to be reduced to practice. In the meantime, their compensations have been none; since no establishments which promise any continuance, or which are suited to the circumstances of man in society, have yet succeeded to those which have been destroyed. It must be owned, that in France they have expunged the abuses of the old government; but how have they done it? By annihilating government altogether; like drugs of a baneful quality, they have cured the disorders of the State by the sorrowful resource of the grave.

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that experience has proved a variety of substantial advantages to result to man from the adoption of these

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

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

If, then, as it appears, a State whose constitution was inadequate to the purposes of good government, could only lose by taking in exchange such raw theories, for arrangements, at worst

peaceable, I ask the plain sense of my countrymen, if it be the act of rational creatures to barter a Constitution which, after having for ages been cherished in the speculations of wise men, has at last, in the only country which has been able to display it in practice, produced an unexampled state of political prosperity; if it can be the wish of any but the most abused understandings, or the corruptest hearts, to barter such a Constitution for schemes so crude and unaccommodating, of which no quiet experiment has yet been made, and which, as far as they have advanced in execution, have marked their footsteps with blood?

But the better to clear my ground, I must deny the solidity of any proofs which can be drawn from the actual state of America, in support of these new theories of government. We know that, in the first ardours of independence, a coarse levelling spirit was as rife in that country as it has since become among a neighbouring people; and we know too, that after sufficient experience of the miseries to which they conducted, the minds of these British descendents returned to their natural posture, their native character of sense and man-

lines emerged ; and, having exposed to them the puerilities of their first essays in government, suggested a system in which human nature, as well as human rights, were taken into the account ; in which, by some entrenchments on speculative liberty, the sum of practical freedom was increased ; and in which securities were planted round man's social rights, by a necessary subtraction from those which belong to a state of nature.

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

In

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

Thus we see, that in France, where the greatest struggle has been made to reconcile these abstracted  
rights

rights of man with his actual interests, wants, and dependencies, nothing can endure that is made of such materials; and the vanity of their proceedings, and fluctuation of their councils, the contradiction of their conduct, and the unsteadiness of their professions, mark well the lubricity of all those principles which are not grounded in the real circumstances of man, and in the constitution of nature.

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

when they profess a rule of conduct which their natures are incompetent to maintain.

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

then, which constitute our civil liberty, are the only rights which are worth maintaining, and these are properly the rights of the people.

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

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circumstances of improvement to which the exercise of his natural faculties has raised him.

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

In the mean time, as an Englishman, I venerate civil liberty, and the rights of the people; but I have learned to know that civil liberty implies restraint, and that the people's rights require to be secured by a strong government, which government, to endure, must be accommodated to man's nature, and the mixed circumstances of his condition here. It must be built on no abstracted doctrines of right, but on the more solid ground of expediency. It must suppose and allow for human passions and human vices; it must maintain a controul over these passions, by directing them

them to mutual opposition; it must turn them, when it can, into favourable channels; it must proceed upon a supposition that industry begets property, property inequality, inequality ambition; it must conciliate, and not oppose, these natural tendencies, and enable itself to withstand the shock of unavoidable evils, by warily providing against them.

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

The sense which our present race of speculative politicians would give to the rights of man, render them as unwarrantable as the divine rights of kings;

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

When a people rise, from a sense of grievance, their objects are clear and definite; but when their minds are possessed with a zeal for speculative opinions, they have no reason in their claims, or rule in their actions; but urged on in the dark with undistinguishing impetuosity, they suppose every

every thing an enemy that they happen to encounter, and they destroy in a moment what an age is insufficient to repair.

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N<sup>o</sup> 36. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1793.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING  
LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST RE-  
PUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

**I**N my Paper of last Saturday, it was my design to shew that the rights of man, in the sense in which they are generally meant and understood, are not his natural rights, or suited to his circumstances in civil society. It follows, then, that if our Constitution be a bad one, at the worst it is better than the plan of these theoretical politicians, since positive facts do undeniably prove, that, such as it is, it has enough of the cementing principle to hold us together in a long political union, and sufficient accommodation to the wants and faculties of man, to favour the growth of every political improvement. Now although this evident truth (upon the principle laid down in my last essay,  
that

that in politics things are true or false according to their tendencies to produce good or evil, without any reference to any abstract reasonings) is a clear testimony to the legitimacy and the wisdom of the British Constitution; yet as the causes of these effects lie open to enquiry, it is worth the pains to examine them, to be convinced how far they are built on solid and durable foundations.

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

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

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

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

nished models to their posterity in those arts which dignify and polish humanity ; but in a political light, it was the most wretched of all communities.

We may perceive, in a sober examination of these ancient republics, that their prosperity, and even existence, depended upon the operation of a national spirit and patriotic enthusiasm in the mass of the people. While this principle was in its full vivacity, all was sure to go well ; it served as a point of union to all the individuals of the State : by an irresistible attraction, it drew every thing to itself ; and every custom and usage, however intrinsically barbarous, suggested nothing to the mind but images and associations of the purest patriotic tendency : but as soon as this superinduced and precarious principle fell away, for want of other cements arising out of the uniform and constant feelings and passions of the mind, the whole system went speedily to decay, and being vitally wrong in its construction, afforded no stock from which recovery might be hoped, or whereon improvements might be grafted.



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

This theory so sublime, so consonant to the mighty scheme of nature, so grounded in principles of unfailing operation, which no force of human genius or human counsels have been able to accomplish under all the diversities of place and circum-

circumstance on the great theatre of the world, has, at length, by a train of fortuitous occurrences and combinations, acted upon by vigorous intelligences and that native majesty of mind which early directed the views of Englishmen towards a noble freedom, established a footing in this favoured Isle, and exhibited a practical wonder to the envy of surrounding nations.

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

The false principles on which the enemies of this envied Constitution proceed, appear in nothing more clearly than in their objections to its dateless origin and gradual incidental progress: they acknowledge nothing that has not sprung at once into form, and received a ratifying stamp from a regular convention of the people; as if, to legitimate a real blessing, we must produce the evidences and records of its birth. In this instance, however, as in its general tenour, our Constitution has proceeded in a manner correspondent to nature, whose method it is to develop her greatest truths, and to unlock her stores of knowledge with gradual reserve, and in a tardy course of progressive discovery. I trace with veneration the finishing hand of nature in this slow conformation of our political liberty: every thing that is most valuable in human knowledge has been the fruit of this gradual attainment: every gift of God, and even religion itself, has moved in the same march of progression. The moral order of the universe itself, while cities and empires flourish and decay, rolls on in a silent course of unmarked improvement. Thus answering to nature in the manner of its progress, it has not lost sight of her in the spirit of its plans, in  
which

which we observe a remarkable accommodation to the frame and character of the human mind. It depends on no forced or superinduced principles of action; and while it is susceptible of every advantage resulting from the highest exercise of virtue, it has not only provided against the operations of selfish passions, but has made them the fountain of useful activity.

Power there must be in every State, and power has a natural bias towards falling into the hands of a single ruler: forestalling, therefore, these effects, which never peaceably happen of themselves, our Constitution has adopted and modified this evil, thereby preventing the greater evil of numerous pretenders.—In the progress of national wealth, large proportions of property and influence will be necessarily accumulated; hence will unavoidably arise pretensions to honours and distinctions. Our Constitution has prevented the struggles for these distinctions, by creating them at once; and by the invention of titles has enabled itself to gratify this ambition, without entrenching upon the integral power of the state to supply it.—The people are a great body, and mighty, which ever way they turn:

if they enjoy no consequence themselves, they are always liable to become the instruments of bad and interested designs. The State has therefore given them a form, invested them with great power, and provided for them a medium through which they may act; and as the few that have most sense and spirit will naturally take the lead, this tendency has been suffered to have its course, and the best-instructed have been made the organs of the claims and wishes of the rest. Thus in this wise Constitution a free passage is opened for the nature of our minds to operate, and the violence and ambition inseparable from man is turned into useful channels. Power so distributed is a check upon itself, and the impulse of indirect forces have produced a new force in the State, which agreeably to nature's laws proceeds in a strait and uniform line.

Let us not be imposed upon, therefore, by those writers who tell us that fortuitous governments must necessarily fall below the works of intellect: to such reasoners we reply, that a government which has been gradually moulded by time and occasion has not excluded the exercise of the understanding

standing, in waiting for the lessons of experience. It is reason which gives the stamp to those combinations which unforeseen events and emergencies have struck out; and, retracing effects back to their causes, has founded a collection of practical rules to serve as guides in subsequent proceedings. Great experiments, and violent enterprises, suit only desperate circumstances.

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

Much may be safely left standing as a security for present peace and order, while the work of re-

formation is going forwards. But these furious advocates for Conventions, Regenerations, and the Rights of Man, are at issue with all governments on a question of competency and title, and would involve them all in one undistinguishing ruin, for the sake of trying what they triumphantly call their splendid experiments. I speak here, however, only in a view to foreign States; our own Constitution wants no such apology. All good men consider it as sacred, especially in times of heat and temerity; and so far are they from arraigning its purity, that they consider it as the only pattern according to which we are to proceed in the correction of its abuses.

By thus consulting the great example of nature in the conduct of the universe, we shall learn properly to estimate the value of our own Constitution; we shall consider it as a part of a mighty whole, and as linked in fellowship with that scheme of analogy which unites in a sacred league our nature, our morals, and our religion, and characterises the counsels, as far as our minds can explore them, of the Great Disposer of all things. We shall learn to despise those sorry calculators, that  
would

would persuade a country whose Constitution has raised her to be the envy of all the civilised world, to hazard that Constitution in experiments on the grossest, clumsiest, and stalest theories. We shall learn, I hope, if English blood yet beats in our bosoms, to treat with a manly and spirited indignation the impudent and flagitious attempts of French incendiaries, who dare to come to our thresholds and our hearths, to tell us, that in four or five bloody summers they have emerged from a state of political slavery, to a fairer freedom than the long-exercised spirit of the English people has obtained; to tell us, while as yet they have no ostensible establishment, that, upon their bare and unwarranted assertions, we should leave all to follow them, and join them in promoting the labe-faction of all human government; despising for their sakes that precious inheritance of rights and privileges, bought with the lives and fortunes of our forefathers, and abandoning for their sakes our thrones, our sepulchres, and our altars.



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N<sup>o</sup> 37. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING  
LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST RE-  
PUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

**I** HAVE endeavoured to shew in my last Paper, on this subject, that power, which must exist somewhere, can only be restrained within wholesome bounds, by being rendered a check upon itself: this is man's nature, and the nature of the universe, wherein every thing is upheld by this law of action and reaction. This system of mutual controul in a State will not be effected by frittering power of the same denomination among a multitude of individuals, but by sharing it among different orders of the community at large, and in proportionate masses. Thus in our own country this sober counterpoise of authority in the State, is our great security against partial encroachments; and abuses can enter but slowly into a system where there is always in some quarter or other a phalanx of opposition.

Power

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

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

What is the consequence of these proceedings? Turning our eyes towards this people, we behold a defultory, disbanded, enormous crowd of individuals, held together by no other cement than a temporary fanaticism, maintaining an unwieldy army, while they are starving themselves; mistaking the cowardice or the misfortune of the enemy for their own valour, and, in a delirium of national vanity, conducting a preposterous crusade against civil society itself, without revenue, and without the means of enforcing contributions; glorying in what they call their splendid crimes, committed for the most part in cold blood, against unresisting imbecility; *and proceeding at length to bring their King to trial, by an ex-post-facto law, for the crime of reigning; on which principle the whole nation might with equal justice be tried for the crime of obedience.* I say, the crime of *reigning*; for what more was it, to make such resistance as he could, either secret or open, to proceedings which were threatening him with a prison in exchange for a palace, unless it be an aggravation to call it the crime of *self-preservation*? As the father of his people, he was bound by an obligation which will bear no comparison with

that

that of an oath extorted from a mind prostrated with grief and apprehension, to put forth what vigour and resource was left him to prevent the ruin of his country. This man, distinguished among the Princes of the earth for being the first in his own kingdom to promote a salutary reform of government—distinguished for his voluntary sacrifices of power, his early attention to the complaints of his people, and his parental love in inviting them to assemble and lay their grievances before the throne—this man have they pursued with a vengeance unworthy of christians, disgraceful to civilization, and becoming a people at war with nature and with feeling.

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

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

I hear in my obscurity with extreme satisfaction, that our hearths and altars are still dear to my countrymen, and that the blessings of our wise Constitution are not lavished on ungrateful minds. I hear, Gentlemen, that your patriotic example has been followed in every corner of the kingdom; and I begin to hope that since Providence has protracted my life to witness the rise of such absurd and calamitous theories of government, he  
will

will graciously permit me to see them in the end thrust out from society with deserved execration, "among the bestial herds to range."

But it is not to these contemptible theories, and to the distorted condition of the French at this juncture, that I am satisfied with opposing the constitution of my country; no republic of any times can endure a comparison with it. The histories of Greece and Rome are stained in every page with blood and crimes; and no man can wish to see those classical days again, except in a tragedy or an epic poem. Of modern republics, most are tyrannically governed; many of them timorous and dependent; and such as have made a transient figure in the world, have owed it to the contingent advantages of a commercial situation, and not to any superiority of constitutional resource.

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

self-correction she has reserved, in imparting energy to such parts of her government as may seem to fail most in the balance.

Government must ever be placed in a high degree of security, to be just and mild in its administration: weakness produces jealousy, and jealousy injustice. It has been thus with all the republican forms which have prevailed in the world; they have always been violent in proportion to their timidity and their want of confidence in themselves. Every individual can shake them, and every minute derangement affects their existence. It is for this reason that they are always so occupied with the detail of their domestic quarrels, as to be rendered inattentive to the great interests of their political establishments. A strong government, like that of our own country, elevated above these petty apprehensions, has no concern with individuals simply as individuals, but in their capacity as members of a corporation. Here an individual in his own person can produce but little harm to the community, unless he can acquire such an influence over the body to which he belongs, as to persuade them to act in concert with his wishes.

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When thus much is effected, still bodies of equal magnitude oppose his career; and if singly they are insufficient to encounter him, an invincible junction is speedily formed, to which he is obliged to yield with disgrace. Thus in our balanced Constitution we see every day individuals of gigantic ability, of power to wield a democracy, straining every nerve to exalt themselves on the ruin of our establishments; but the constant reaction resulting from the counterpoise of interests and authority is such, and such the elastic vigour of our system, that the pressure of these attacks has only tended to exercise its resources, and to provoke its might. In simple republics, where power is subdivided and frittered away, a sudden combination meets with small resistance, and rarely the State supports the rencounter; but the tempered solidity of the British government not only views without alarm or embarrassment the associations perpetually formed in support of requisitions of a dangerous tendency, but calmly hears, examines, and rejects.

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

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

The monarchy of England has these remarkable advantages, to which I should be happy could I turn the attention of my countrymen. It is according to nature, and anticipates her; for the course of human affairs is always tending to produce what our government has in the first instance established. It creates therefore without struggle what would probably otherwise take place with violence and convulsion; it does that coolly and temperately which might otherwise be done precipitantly and lavishly. Power conferred immediately, and on the occasion, by the people, is generally the offspring of sudden fondness, and consequently extravagant; we are not to expect enthusiasm and moderation to mix in the same acts and adoptions.

Another advantage we derive from this monarchical part of our Constitution, is the discouragement it holds out to intemperate ambition: the establishment of so splendid a post beggars all objects of ambition in which an unsolid titular greatness is the only incentive, and the public esteem is become the source of our truest exaltation. On this side a passage is clear to patriotism and public virtues; and yet so are things constituted in this happy country, that popular favour, which in other states  
may

may carry an individual to a dangerous elevation, in England sets bounds to itself, and expires by its own exertions: borne upwards by the gale of popularity, the aspiring individual rises and rises, till he loses that intimate connexion and fellow feeling with the people, and escapes almost out of their sight, being called, if I may so say, into situations of splendid obscurity. A mutual apathy succeeds, and his place is filled up in their hearts by some new adventurer.

Thus in England the supreme object of society is obtained: what is great in the souls of individuals finds room for exercise, without endangering the common safety: ambition is called forth by high rewards; but these rewards are also its limits, and its consummation is its grave. Mean time the unity, solidity, and indivisibility of the British crown, is the source of complicated blessings to this kingdom. As the point of union to the different members of the community, it cements and compacts our frame of polity, and gives steadiness and direction to the jarring interests and counsels of the different organs of the State.

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

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

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

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N<sup>o</sup> 38. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING  
LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST RE-  
PUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

THE most difficult part of my subject lies yet before me—I mean the question of a Reform of Parliament. I have endeavoured, in what I have written already, to shew the danger that lurks in the phrase of the “Rights of Man,” when unexplained and unqualified, and the nonsense it implies in its vulgar acceptance. It has been attempted also, as far as the necessity for compression would allow, to contrast the fundamental principles of our own Constitution with the spirit of these doctrines. Happily for the effect of this reasoning, there was an appeal to practical proofs, in the experience of two great countries—examples interesting and affecting to Europe, to the world, and to posterity. If the reasoning has been good, it furnishes two most valuable conclusions: we learn from it, to consider our Constitution as de-  
volved

our Constitution as devolved to us in a course of nature, and as, consequently, well accommodated to the condition of man—but we learn from it also, that, like its great prototype, it contains a principle of improvement, has a property of growth under due cultivation, and affords intimations from time to time which assist our endeavours to promote it.

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



reasons for preserving the principle entire ; since, as it has been said before, to spoil and to improve, are words more strongly opposed than to spoil and to preserve.

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

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

It is doubtless the character of a strong government, as it is of a well-constituted mind, to shrink from no examination of itself, and to acknowledge  
4 with

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

Although the Constitution of our country is thus hardy from its habits of daily exposure, yet there are rough mischances to which every thing that is human is surrendered: and there are contingencies in the affairs of men, which it would be

policy in us to elude, and madness to encounter. If it were true, that in this country the fanatical doctrine of the "Rights of Man" had so far gained upon the good sense of Englishmen as to blind them to the blessings of our Constitution, and inflame a deluded majority of the people with a zeal for destroying it, I should say, that this was the wrongest time that could be chosen for canvassing its defects.

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

have a negative argument in favour of the present juncture for entering upon the work of reform.

A great deal has been said in the preceding Papers, on the powers of action and re-action residing in our Constitution, as copied from the great law of nature: in pursuance of the same plan of policy, measures that work towards any capital alteration in the scheme of our legislation, can never be so wisely timed as when there is evidently a spirit residing in the community at large to balance against this derangement, and an active sentiment is awakened in favour of the subsisting establishments.

When minds are heated with a love of innovation, and hurried by I know not what fatality towards Revolutions, Regenerations, and Conventions, to make the minutest change is to open a floodgate through which the torrents of the great deep are ready to burst in upon us. Now we may choose a time in which the ardours of the whole nation are directed towards the saving side; in which the different classes of the community, with a spirit of union and sobriety most honourable to

their understandings and hearts, have joined in one great fraternity for the preservation of order and peace ; in which the body of the people will be themselves the security for the maintenance of the whole, while a regular and constitutional mode is pursued of altering, repairing, and strengthening, the construction of particular parts. If this *be* an opportunity, it would be wise to embrace it, for such a time may not hastily again present itself : it would be wise to embrace this great occasion of contrasting, in the view of all mankind, the sterling sense and moderation of this happy country, with the violence, the cruelty, and absurdity of a neighbouring nation : let these memorable and opposite events pass down recorded together to our latest posterity, and furnish examples for warning and for imitation to future generations.\*

It is a circumstance beyond all praise, honourable to the nation in general, that two feelings, which seldom arise together in the mind, except where there is much good sense to discriminate their

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

their motives, at this moment divide the minds of Englishmen. They are at once occupied with their cares for the safety of the Constitution, and their solicitude for its reform. Nothing can afford a stronger testimony to the moderation of their views, and the correctness of their ideas on this question of reform, than their anxiety to preserve the spirit of the Constitution entire for its sake. To demands so regulated, so reasonable, and so universal, the Legislature must listen sooner or later; but the conduct and consequences of the measure may be deeply and permanently affected by this difference in the order of time. It is particularly wise to do what must be done, with the best grace we can assume. It is, in such a case, the summit of good policy in the Legislature to anticipate the struggles of the people. The general sense of a country, when it has outlived its first enthusiasm, is for the most part in the right. If it remain steady through a course of years, it is for the most part irresistible. Whichever way it points, the Legislature must one day or other go, or be driven; and it had better go, than be driven; go willingly, and at once, than late, and by compulsion. The people are never content with what they have extorted; unreasonable opposition pro-

vokes their indignation ; and when once they have become acquainted with their own strength, they can rarely be brought to use it with discretion. Perhaps, for these reasons, the present is a crisis the most favourable that has happened, or is likely to happen again, for the Parliament of England to begin a reform of the representation, and correct what other abuses in the practice have falsified the spirit of our excellent Constitution.

With respect to the conduct and degrees of so delicate a proceeding, I shall state loosely some general observations.—To a business of such difficulty and danger, every man should bring with him a certain temper of mind, borrowed from a previous contemplation of the political situation of his country at the moment. He should make up some general resolution as to the degree of alteration to which his assent should be given. When our objects are undefined, there is danger of being drawn by the detail into a wider scheme of correction than is prudent and salutary under our circumstances. Evils are not always to be removed, simply because they are evils. In every human system there are necessary evils ; and sometimes, in  
our

our solicitude to shake off these badges of our infirmity, we substitute more solid inconveniences. Those who go to work with high-wrought notions of purity and perfection, are as ill calculated for the undertaking, as if their object were really to destroy our government, or to render it unfit for the purposes of society. As there is neither absolute good nor absolute evil in life, it is the business of him who would reform our condition, not simply to separate the evil from the good, but to balance between evils of different magnitudes. He must distinguish between adventitious and necessary ills; between those which are compensated by no advantages, or by none that amount to a counterpoise, and those which grow out of our felicities and cling to our blessings as the badges of our imperfection. Without this thorough examination, this round calculation—we can never effectuate a wholesome Reform; and the same arrow, which was aimed at an evil, may strike through a blessing that lies beyond it, and sacrifice a substantial good to the removal of a diminutive sorrow. Government is not a mere holiday amusement, not a model to be gazed at for its delicacy of workmanship; but a machine to en-



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

I have said, that a Member of the Legislature, before he enters upon so momentous a question, should bring with him the proper temper, resulting from a candid survey of the present state of the country. If, in regarding her comparative situation in different periods, he perceive that our present Constitution, with all its imperfections and abuses, has not prevented a rise of fortune since her depressed condition in 1783, so rapid as to be almost incredible; if he find that four annual millions have acceded to the revenue of the nation; that the number of ships entered inwards and cleared outwards have increased from seven to twelve thousand; that the value of imports, which in 1783 was thirteen, is in 1792 not less than nineteen millions sterling; while the exports, which produced fourteen, have mounted to twenty;—that the public funds have risen from between fifty and sixty, to between ninety and a hundred;—if he suffer his mind to meditate at leisure on these  
im-

important facts, will he not be reserved in the liberty he allows himself, of proposing or supporting plans of alteration? He may say, that the political prosperity which has here been referred to does not include political happiness; but let him solemnly ask himself, if the people, unless they were generally happy, nay, rendered so by their government, would or could enable their government, by their loans, contributions, and commercial exertions, to pursue its objects with such vigour and success?

The Americans, whose example has sometimes been cited for very opposite purposes to those for which it has been adduced in the course of these Essays, built as much as possible on old foundations, and left standing their ancient records, and precedents, and all the common law of the land. They left them standing, not only because they wisely held them in veneration, but because they felt (for woeful experience had improved them in polity) that it was enough at once to establish a Constitution which contained within itself the principles of its future melioration. They left this reforming principle to

operate in a course analogous to that of nature; in a course of incidental improvement; to wait the suggestions of time and occasion, and to advance cautiously on the lessons of experience. The same seeds of melioration are treasured in our own Constitution, and are not to be provoked into sudden maturity by violent applications, but must be left to the kindly influence of the seasons, and the cherishing dews of heaven.

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

Much has been argued, by the advocates of reform, on the duty of going back to the Saxon scheme of legislation, as the ancient government of our forefathers, and, as such, entitled to be followed by their posterity. The inheritable nature of our rights and liberties has been eloquently enlarged upon by a man who, with a giant's strength, has stood between our Constitution and its assassins: but this part of his argument our Saxon reformists

formists have been inconsistent enough to assail with ridicule and contempt. It is clear that both are favourers of the principle of inheritance, with this immense difference, that the one would send us back upon our steps, in contradiction to the order of nature, to imitate a rude inceptive government, subsisting in rude and unlettered times; the other exhorts us to regard with such veneration as Nature inculcates towards individual men, the Constitution which our ancestors have formed in a course of successive experience. As we cannot repay this debt of gratitude to our forefathers, let us discharge our bosoms by emulating their virtue in our love to posterity, and our solicitude to send down to our children a Constitution entire in its principles, but improved in its practice. Thus, like the ancient husbandman in Tully's Old-age, we must answer, to those who demand for whom we are planting our oak, "For Posterity and the Immortal Gods."

No man, whose mind is properly constructed, can abstain from venerating the first struggles of an infant people towards obtaining a correcter liberty—it is another thing to imitate their concep-  
tions;

tions; this is a homage which no thinking person would wish to see paid to them; as well might we set about pulling down St. Paul's, to make room for a Metropolitan Church after the model of the ruin on Salisbury Plain. But though, upon the whole, the Saxon Legislature, as it appears by such records as we have, was very inadequate to the purposes of good government, and to restrain the disorders of social life, yet, as it is always safer to borrow from former establishments than to follow our own inventions, it is both natural and right to consult the practice of these early times, and to copy, but with discrimination, what examples they may happen to afford us for the benefit of our own.

It would be clearly according to the spirit of that government, for not only every copyholder, but every householder, to have the privilege of voting for a member of the representative body. In respect to the copyholders, I own I see no colour of justice or reason in the exception; their place in society is among the most respected orders, and they are capable of serving their country in parliament. It seems, therefore, an inconsistency to deny

deny them the full rights of citizens, and to depress them below every freeholder of forty shillings a year. On the other hand, I know of no good that can result to the government of this country from extending this privilege to every householder: this measure, instead of giving purity to our Constitution, would be stirring up the bottom of the stream, to sully its waters and obstruct its course. In the mean time, the system of borough-representation is intolerably corrupt in itself, and the source of incredible dissipation and immorality among the lower orders. I build nothing on the impurity of its origin, as having had its beginning in the interested partiality of princes and nobles. If it be notoriously corrupt and rotten, it demands an effectual remedy, at the hands of the British Legislature.

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N<sup>o</sup> 39. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

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*Intenti expectant signum.*

VIRGIL.

Eager they wait the sign.

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

“ The junction of many animals, utensils, &c.  
 “ upon the same sign, may be accounted for in dif-  
 “ ferent ways. Some appear to be put together  
 “ merely for the sake of alliteration, as the Lamb  
 “ and Lark, and the Goose and Gridiron; a figure  
 “ so degraded by the abuse of it in modern poetry,  
 “ that at present it can hardly be dishonoured by  
 “ any application. Others have a sort of con-  
 “ nexion, as the Fox and Goose, the Dog and  
 “ Duck, and the Ship and Star. The Bolt and  
 “ Tun I take to have been a rebus upon the  
 “ owner’s name; and many others, it is probable,

“ may be accounted for in the same manner.  
“ The Cock and the Bottle has, I imagine, some  
“ connexion with the transactions of the Cockpit.  
“ The Cat and Wheel is a corruption of Catherine  
“ Wheel. The Bull and Mouth, and the Bull  
“ and Gate, are well known to be corrupted from  
“ Boulogne Gate and Mouth, very fashionable  
“ signs at the time of taking that city from the  
“ French. Many of these junctions, otherwise  
“ very unaccountable, have been occasioned by  
“ the removal of landlords from one inn to ano-  
“ ther, who, unable to forget their local attach-  
“ ments, have frequently incorporated their new  
“ sign with that of their old habitation, however  
“ monstrous the union might be. Some such  
“ idea as this will help us to account for the good  
“ understanding that subsists in this new creation  
“ between beings which have seldom or never met  
“ in any other; as the Lamb and Dolphin, the  
“ George and Blue Boar, the Cock and Rose, the  
“ Black Lion and Three Bee-hives, and the Blue  
“ Mare and Magpie. Of this sort likewise is the  
“ celebrated Bell Savage inn on Ludgate Hill, the  
“ most ancient perhaps in the city of London. This  
“ sign has been the subject of various conjectures,  
many



“ many of them ingenious, but all erroneous. By  
“ some it is attributed to a lady of the name of  
“ Arabella Savage; others suppose it to allude to  
“ an old romance, and to be a corruption of *La*  
“ *Belle Sauvage*. The sign formerly represented  
“ a savage man standing by a bell; and the truth  
“ is, that it arose from an union of two inns which  
“ bore these respective signs. This piece of in-  
“ formation I gained from an ancient record, in  
“ which it is described as the Savage Inn, *alias* the  
“ Bell upon the Hoop. There is reason for  
“ supposing that most signs consisted formerly of  
“ carved representations fixed upon a hoop; and  
“ several old books mention the Crown upon the  
“ Hoop, the Bunch of Grapes upon the Hoop,  
“ the Mitre upon the Hoop, and the Angel upon  
“ the Hoop. A sign of this nature is still pre-  
“ served in Newport-street, and is a carved repre-  
“ sentation of a bunch of grapes hanging within a  
“ hoop. The Cock on the Hoop may be seen  
“ also in Holborn, painted on a board, to which  
“ perhaps it was transferred on the removal of  
“ sign-posts. It is probable also that this sign may  
“ have given rise to the phrase of ‘Cock a Hoop.’  
“ The Mitre near the Temple is still called,  
according

“ according to the old manner of spelling, ‘ The  
“ Hope and Mitre; though some of your readers  
“ will be disposed to put a more literal construction  
“ upon this sign, and judge the connexion to be  
“ by no means unnatural.

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

“ A sign is sometimes an indication of the  
“ favourite pursuits and amusements of the land-  
“ lord, or of the prevalent sports for many miles  
“ round: thus the Ring of Bells, the Cricket-  
“ Players, and such-like diversions, are very com-  
“ mon upon every road. The Hand and Flower  
“ prevails among florists; though I have seen this  
“ idea greatly improved upon, in the late King’s  
“ reign, by an eminent gardener, who, being pos-  
“ sessed of a beautiful carnation called after the  
“ Queen,

“ Queen, procured an accurate portrait of it, and,  
“ placing it at his door as a sign, wrote underneath,  
“ ‘ My Queen Caroline.’

“ Among signs distinguished by their singu-  
“ larity, may be reckoned the Tumble-down-  
“ Dick, in the Borough; the Old Taberd Inn,  
“ in the same place, celebrated in Chaucer’s  
“ Canterbury Tales; the Two Sneezing Cats,  
“ in Houndsditch; and the Four Winds. The  
“ Bag of Nails, at Pimlico, formerly called the  
“ Devil and Bag of Nails, has been supposed to  
“ have been a representation of Pan and the  
“ Bacchanalians. I have seen a book, however,  
“ wherein it is called the Blackamoor and the  
“ Woolpack, *alias* the Devil and Bag of Nails.  
“ The Labour-in-vain, or the Devil in a Tub, at  
“ Canterbury, alludes to the old fable of washing  
“ the Blackamoor white. The celebrated Devil  
“ Tavern, near Temple-Bar, now no more, was  
“ an instance of a remarkable misnomer: the  
“ sign, properly speaking, was that of St. Dunstan,  
“ the patron of the neighbouring church, and  
“ represented him in the act of performing that  
“ signal exploit of pulling the Devil by the nose  
“ with

“ with a huge pair of tongs. Notwithstanding  
“ this humiliating condition of his infernal Ma-  
“ jesty, by a natural obliquity in our minds,  
“ the sign was unhandfomely transferred from  
“ the Saint to the Devil, from whom the tavern  
“ has been called time out of mind.

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

“ The

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

‘ I’ll go with my friend

‘ To the world’s end.’

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

“ We are put in mind of a striking period of  
 “ our history by the Saracen’s Head. The rough  
 “ manner in which that people treated our cru-  
 “ saders, and the founding tales that were told  
 “ of

“ of them by those who returned from engaging  
“ with them to their own country, gave this sign  
“ the formidable appearance it wears to this day.

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

“ It is pleasant enough to remark the contests  
“ about the point of originality between neigh-  
“ bouring signs of the same description. Some  
“ years ago, the disputes ran very high between  
“ the Magpies on the Windsor road; and the  
“ pride of antiquity had nearly carried back their  
“ claims to the Ark itself. We had accordingly  
“ the Magpie, the Old Magpie, and the Old  
“ Original Magpie.

“ Sign-

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

‘ Fine Purl rare o,

‘ Fit for a hero.

‘ If not in haste,

‘ Step in and taste.’

---

‘ I am a Fox, you plainly see;

‘ There is no harm can come of me;

‘ My Master he has plac’d me here,

‘ To let you know he sells good beer.’

“ I have

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

“ Yours, &c.”

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

“ TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

“ Among the various articles of useful informa-  
 “ tion with which our diurnal prints abound, there

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“ are



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

“ I am only kept from travelling by one confi-  
“ deration, which I conceive is a pretty ordinary  
“ one among persons of circumscribed incomes.  
“ In this inability, however, I am greatly consoled  
“ by the perusal of such books and papers as de-  
“ scribe the travels of others. As I have a pious  
“ confidence in the veracity of all writers of tra-  
“ vels, especially if they write their own, I take a  
“ more than common interest in this sort of read-  
“ ing, and my mind is full of a new creation, into  
“ which I can slip at pleasure, when any thing  
“ disgusts me in the visible world. So extensive  
“ has been my reading in this line, that I  
“ have very little to learn at present from such as  
“ go

“ go about the world by day-light: but as it is  
 “ of late the custom to peregrinate by night, I  
 “ think a volume of road-dreams, or, where they  
 “ have lamps in their carriages, highway lucu-  
 “ brations, would not be unacceptable to the  
 “ public.

“ But to return to the daily accounts which we  
 “ receive of those that move in a sphere above us—  
 “ I fear I cannot make your Readers sensible of the  
 “ satisfaction I have just enjoyed, from being posi-  
 “ tively informed that the Duke of Ditchend, who  
 “ reposed yesterday at Newmarket, sleeps to-mor-  
 “ row in town, and being able to make up my  
 “ mind as to the fact of Lord Feeble’s arrival at  
 “ Bath. Sir John Garçon, driving down Pall-  
 “ Mall in his phaëton, gives a pleasing jog to my  
 “ spirits; Lord Canaille’s losses at play inspire me  
 “ with pathetic emotions; Lady Jumper’s delivery  
 “ excites my sympathies; and Dr. Gobbleston’s  
 “ gout throws me into a delicious melancholy,  
 “ My soul feasts with delight on the motions of  
 “ the Court; and my bosom glows with satisfac-  
 “ tion when I read of a journey to Windfôr, and  
 “ am assured that the Royal Family have all had

“ their dinner. I sometimes imagine myself con-  
“ troulter of the universe, and that these accounts  
“ are officially laid before me. In short, it is im-  
“ possible to tell you how much tender anxiety is  
“ bred in me for my species by this kind of reading,  
“ and how much I learn to forget myself in these  
“ glowing pictures and *moving* details of other  
“ men’s actions and concerns. Indeed, I would  
“ have every motion of the Great, however mi-  
“ nute, announced in the way which a grave au-  
“ thor informs me is practised in Monomotapa,  
“ where, when the King sneezes in a room, those  
“ present greet him in a voice loud enough to be  
“ heard by those in the antichamber; these give  
“ the same warning to those in the next rooms;  
“ thence it goes into the court, next into the  
“ places nearest the palace, and at length into  
“ the town; so that in a few moments all  
“ places resound with acclamations. If every  
“ action of those above us could be so ex-  
“ tended, and every sound that issues from them  
“ be promulgated in the same authentic and offi-  
“ cial manner, it would afford infinite satisfaction  
“ to their curious inferiors; and I am sure none  
“ would

“ would take greater delight in hearing from them  
 “ this way than,

“ Sir,

“ Your very obedient humble Servant,

“ PETER PRY.”

*O imitatores, servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe  
 Blem, sæpe jocum vestri movêre tumultus!*

O imitators vile! O slavish herd!

How oft within me have your efforts stirr'd

'The spleen, how oft with laughter shook my beard!

**I** KNOW of no quality of the mind, of a more general force than the love of imitation: every circumstance of opinion or behaviour bends to it by degrees; and often, while we suppose ourselves entrenched in a most inflexible singularity, we are working after some secret model which engages us insensibly, and in a manner steals us from ourselves. My old Housekeeper is an instance of the truth of this observation; the irregularities and roughnesses of whose temper are every day yielding to the contagion of tranquillity, and to the gentle influence of my Mother's example. My principal Correspondent

dent in town, between whom and myself there subsists so regular an intercourse, and who is my first cousin by my father's side, is mightily taken with the smooth and uniform character of the Olive-branch family. I am informed he has so successfully hit my manner, and the turn of my features, that the other day, upon his entering the Coffee-room, a Northamptonshire Gentleman declared, that Old Simon was come up to town—and spread a general alarm. The curiosity of all present grew so troublesome to my representative, that he could not forbear contracting his brows, and shewing evident signs of dissatisfaction and distress, which immediately convinced the whole room that the original Mr. Simon Olive-branch must be still in Northamptonshire. I have desired him to add a tail to his wig, and to dismiss his little round buckles and sugar-loaf buttons, that he may be less suspicious for the future in public places.

In our own Society, I have seen both the good and the bad effects of this love of imitation. It appears very evident to me that the gentlemanlike and easy manners of Mr. Shapely have greatly won  
upon

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

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

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

I observe with great pleasure, however, that this love of imitation is directed to another object in our Club, from which no ridiculous misconceptions can possibly arise. The sentiments and maxims of Mr. Allworth begin to be retailed by every member of the Society, and his temperate use of words is becoming very general. Thus when we are emulous of a person's spirit and principles, rather  
than

than his manner, our attempts are generally to a certain degree successful; and if we fail, we are but where we were, without any superinduced absurdities of carriage and behaviour. If we succeed in our endeavours, we often carry more points than one; for the new habits of thinking and conversing we have acquired, seldom fail to give a new effect and colour to our manners, to impress on our conduct new modes of address and delivery, and to give to our feelings new tones of utterance and expression.

The other evening, as my Mother and myself were sitting over the parlour fire, we happened to fall upon the subject of to-day's Paper. I remember, it was a remark of my Mother's, that those persons whom it has pleased Providence to place in such situations of eminence as necessarily hold them out as objects of imitation to half the world, must have a vast deal more to answer for than their own conduct. "The eldest Son of the Crown," continued she, "what a mighty influence has this man over the nation in general! Let him wear the bow of his neckcloth at the back of his neck, and the seam of his stocking on the front of his



“ leg, and in a fortnight’s time not a leg or a neck  
“ but would receive the same twist. How worthily  
“ might such an influence be exerted on the moral  
“ character of his countrymen ! How easy ’twere  
“ to make it the fashion to be just, honourable, and  
“ religious, if this great Personage could be con-  
“ vinced that these were points of equal impor-  
“ tance with the style of a head-dress, or the struc-  
“ ture of a phaëton ! I wish he would read and  
“ study,” continued the good old lady, reaching  
from the window-seat a small octavo, with black  
covers, “ this excellent book, which belonged to  
“ your great-grandfather, and, for aught I know,  
“ to his ancestors before him.”

She then read to me a great part of the life of  
Sir Philip Sydney, till, beginning to grow weary,  
she shut up the book, and thus continued—“ This  
“ bright and accomplished Cavalier might, if he  
“ pleased, in his day, have set the fashion of a shoe-  
“ tie, or have altered the shape of every man’s  
“ perruque in the country ; but he thought it more  
“ befitting his manhood and his greatness of  
“ soul, to hold out a brave example of virtue and  
“ religion. While all were looking up to him as  
the

“ the sample of courtesy, of elegance, and gallantry,  
 “ he was bethinking himself of his paraphrase of  
 “ the Pſalms. He fell, fighting for his country,  
 “ and died in an act of Chriſtian charity.”

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

“ HUMBLY SHEWETH,

“ That your Petitioners conceive they have an  
 “ equal title with the Buckle-makers of Birming-  
 “ ham, to entreat the benefit of your Highneſs’s  
 “ ſanction to the intereſts of their trade. The  
 “ commerce of Virtue and Religion is the moſt  
 “ important that is carried on by this proſperous  
 “ nation. That your Petitioners are convinced,  
 “ that all the articles of their manufacture are of  
 “ ſound and ſtaple conſiſtency, and would be par-  
 “ ticularly becoming to your Highneſs’s figure and  
 “ condition. Your Petitioners are the more par-  
 “ ticularly induced to throw themſelves upon your  
 “ royal protection, becauſe they are well aſſured

K 6

“ that

“ that their commerce, so intrinsically noble, wants  
“ nothing to promote and enlarge it, but the re-  
“ commendations of fashion, which your Highness  
“ is so well able to bestow upon it. Your Pe-  
“ titioners take the freedom to assure you, that  
“ while their cause would borrow great advantages  
“ from your amiable and gentlemanlike deport-  
“ ment, these qualities would derive infinite grace  
“ and dignity from their new connexions. More-  
“ over, they pray that your Highness would not  
“ content yourself with being negatively virtuous ;  
“ and that while you are, to the great joy of good  
“ and loyal men, laying down your imputed ex-  
“ travagance, you would take up, to fill the va-  
“ cancy, some of those Christian habits which your  
“ Petitioners deal in, and which, for want of  
“ fashion, lie long on hand. In great hopes that  
“ this petition will find its way to the ear of your  
“ Highness, your Petitioners will ever think them-  
“ selves bound to pray, with a true Christian loy-  
“ alty, for long life and prosperity to the Eldest Son  
“ of the British Crown, &c. &c.”

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

It

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

For the decendency of dramatic writing, many reasons may be given; but no one strikes me more forcibly than the rage for imitation, so characteristic of modern composition: for perhaps with no kind of poetry does imitation so ill agree as with that of the Stage. Nature and real life is its only model; and the fluctuation of common opinions, sentiments, and manners, requires a fresh impres-  
sion

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

To all these ends nothing is so contrary as the effects of imitation, which excite in the mind of the hearer or reader a disgusting idea of artifice, deception,

deception, and want of feeling in the author : and even though it remain invisible itself, it never fails to impress its character wherever it prevails, and produces incongruities and disproportions, and a general sickliness of colouring, that fatigues and offends the reader of animated taste. We shall no where perhaps find these observations better illustrated than in the ridiculous imitations of Shakespeare, so common among our modern dramatic writers. It is not by imitating, but by emulating this great poet, and by copying unweariedly from the same model which he himself had ever before him, that we can hope to rise to any sort of resemblance. We make but little advancement towards this perfection, by a superficial mimicry of his forms of expression, and those antiquated words, of which time, not Shakespeare, is properly the author.

When Shakespeare wrote, his style was doubtless of the most popular and familiar sort. In the merit of language, therefore, we best imitate this great author, when we adopt the most natural and suitable expressions relatively to the times in which we live, and to which we write. It is plain, that the same language which was natural and simple in his time, has lost that character in our own, and

is become difficult, remote, and affected. We reverence it in the author himself; we are prepared to expect it in a writer of that age; we revere it as the rusty armour of our ancestors, which would nevertheless shew ridiculous enough on the shoulders of a modern cavalier\*.

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

*The*

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

*“ The TOUR of SENTIMENT.*

“ And so!—said I, on entering the famed town  
“ of Brentford—and so!—I could bear it no  
“ longer—I gushed into a flood of tears—An  
“ unfeeling butcher who stood near, and who had  
“ no joy above the fruitless struggles of the ox  
“ who tottered under his axe, pointed me out to  
“ the ridicule of his hardened comrades—A glow  
“ of shame, which by the bye human nature  
“ cannot always suppress, suffused my cheek—  
“ This, said I, is the dark side of things—My  
“ horse, (who perhaps felt the force of the appeal—  
“ 'tis a pliant beast) went onward, as if grateful  
“ that I had spared the spur. Before I knew that  
“ I was out of the reach of the butcher's taunts,  
“ my faithful steed stopped, as if unwilling to  
“ interrupt my reverie,—at Mr. March's great Inn  
“ at Salt-hill.—And in what, said I, am I superior  
“ to the labouring wretches that herd in the  
“ meaner houses which are open to their more cir-  
“ cumscribed necessities? A conviction of self-  
“ applause invigorated my whole frame.—In my  
“ life I never experienced a more tranquil glow  
“ of animated sensibility.—A chequered window-  
shutter



“ shutter soon caught my eye—‘ Good entertain-  
 “ tainment for man and horse’—Aye, aye, said I  
 “ —for my late triumph over pride still made my  
 “ blood dance in milder meanders through my  
 “ veins—Aye, aye, said I, and I patted the meek  
 “ neck of my faithful companion—aye, aye, said  
 “ I, and I hope we may reverse the motto, and say,  
 “ ‘ Good man and horse for entertainment’—  
 “ and so saying, I gave my horse to honest  
 “ Will the ostler; and walking briskly into the  
 “ *worst* room I could find, I fared sumptuously  
 “ on a crust of brown bread, half mouldy with  
 “ age, and a glass of water which I drew from  
 “ the pail in which my steed had been drinking.  
 “ The worldling will smile at my mortification—  
 “ but let it be remembered that I am writing a  
 “ language which the worldling cannot under-  
 “ stand.

“ ’Tis strange! said I—passing strange, that  
 “ French cooks should be called in, when senti-  
 “ ment can give so keen a zest to the homeliest  
 “ fare!—[A tear filled each eye as I spoke—I  
 “ know not how they came there—and as the  
 “ heart is not made for scrutinies, I did not stay  
 to

“ to enquire.] Thou, hapless animal, said I to my  
“ faithful steed, art unacquainted with this luxury.  
“ Esopus knew it not, or peacocks tongues would  
“ not have been in his bill of fare. I spoke  
“ with vehemence; and I fear my quiet compa-  
“ nion suffered by the enthusiast of his master—  
“ for he stopped suddenly, hung his head, and  
“ presented an attitude so moving, and so pregnant  
“ with silent reproach, that Balaam’s ass, with all  
“ his loquacity, would have suffered by the com-  
“ parison. ‘ Pardon me,’ said I, most useful and  
“ harmless creature, if I have unwarily drawn  
“ innocent blood.’ My tones, as I spoke, were  
“ sweet and flexible—partaking of the melting  
“ philanthropy of the soul that gave them utterance.  
“ His gentle nature was appeased—he recovered  
“ his pace—‘ Kind Heaven,’ said I, ‘ for once  
“ reverse thy decrees, and grant my excellent  
“ beast the immortality he merits, by virtues his  
“ rider would be proud to possess.’ Whether  
“ my imagination was warmed by a train of re-  
“ flexions, each of which would put the tyrant  
“ conqueror to shame, or whether merit, though  
“ in a quadruped, is never unnoticed—but it mat-  
“ ters not—the effect was the same; (we are ever  
prone

“ prone to judge by events ;) so it was, that he  
 “ reared exultingly as I finished my prayer. He  
 “ had never thus raised himself before ; his humble  
 “ disposition kept him nearer the earth.—And  
 “ why, said I, should I reject the suggestions of  
 “ my expanding heart ? Xanthus, said I, prophe-  
 “ sied before thee, honest brute. I embrace the  
 “ omen ; and, if I am credulous, let me not be  
 “ scoffed. Achilles was so before me—And so  
 “ saying, I raised my eyes (which, by a habit of  
 “ thoughtfulness, were generally rivetted to my  
 “ horse’s mane) to view the streets of

S L O U G H.

“ *Slough* !—’tis an invidious name—but let that  
 “ pass.—Charity would perhaps have chosen a  
 “ tenderer appellation : but are not words in-  
 “ tended as the pictures of ideas ? The town,  
 “ Reader, is not clean ; and the mire which my  
 “ steed gathered in his passage through it, im-  
 “ pressed more forcibly upon my mind the appo-  
 “ siteness of the title.—Yet what will not habit  
 “ effect ?—The countenances of the inhabitants,  
 “ though defiled, were illumined with serenity ;  
 “ but the solution is not yet complete.—Patriotism  
 will

“ will have its dues—it was native dirt; and who  
“ shall say that the natale solum can never incon-  
“ venience or disfigure?—The mystery was at an  
“ end—or I was too indolent to pursue the en-  
“ quiry—or perhaps pride concealed the deficien-  
“ cies of my theory (as is often the case with  
“ wiser men), or what shall we say to Descartes  
“ and his atoms?—But be it as it may—when an  
“ attempt is made to remove difficulties, one may  
“ fail in the primary end—but it is made up to us  
“ in another way; and the self-applause arising  
“ from a consciousness of strenuous endeavours,  
“ more than pays us for our trouble. If I am  
“ wrong, let not a cruel world too harshly buffet  
“ my system—A fly’s wing might overturn it—  
“ I have a heart too feeble and tender to sustain the  
“ penalties to which the errors of my head might  
“ expose it.—‘ Do not laugh, but pity me.’”

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It was my intention to have added something on the signs and evidences of imitation in authors; but the question is too diffusive for my present Paper. I cannot help remarking,  
however,

however, while I am upon it, that we are to make up our judgments in this matter from evidences which lie both in the thought and the writer. No man has better described what ought to be taken into the account in respect to the writer, than the author of the *Essay on Imitation*.—"If a Northern poet," says he, "describe an Italian spring—if an author of a gloomy disposition delineate scenes of merriment—if we find a course of sentiments or cast of composition different from that to which genius, situation, or complexion, would naturally lead; that is, if a recluse man write like a man of the world—if a great writer deviate much from his natural manner—if a humane man deal much in bitter and acrimonious sentiments—we may judge them all to be led away by the charms of imitation." We must make also a comparison between the general turns of sentiment and manner by which two writers are characterised; and in proportion to the resemblance we think we can perceive between them, we should be disposed to think a similitude of thought fortuitous.

Perhaps this apology cannot fairly be made for Tacitus, one of whose most beautiful passages

runs

runs suspiciously parallel with one I met with the other day in the twelfth chapter of Zenophon's Agefilaus.

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

Και κραυγή μὲν ἕδεμα παρήν, ἔ μὲν ἕδε σιγή, φωνή δὲ τις ἢ τοιαυτὴ ὅταν ὄργη τε καὶ μάχη παρασκοιῖ αν. ZENOPH.

In determining with respect to the probability of imitation from a consideration of the sentiment, we perceive that one thought, by its own nature and quality, is more probable than another, to have occurred accidentally to different writers; and therefore that, notwithstanding the widest dissimilitude of character, authors may sometimes exhibit remarkable coincidences, without deserving to be suspected of imitation. Thus the well-remembered sentiment in the play of Terence, *Homo sum*, &c. is exactly expressed in a line which I read a long time ago in the first or second part of Lucian's Panegyric

Panegyric on Demonax; but which I do not remember well enough to quote.

The resemblance which a passage of Menander in Hirelius bears to the Scriptural commandments, is remarkable, and is certainly not to be ascribed to imitation, but to the breadth, compass, and universality of the thoughts, as well as the home appeal they make to the moral sense and our general nature.—“ If any one, O Pamphilus, think  
“ that, by merely offering a sacrifice, he can arrive  
“ at the favour of God, he has an unworthy  
“ opinion of him, and will find himself mistaken.  
“ He must become a man of virtue, beneficial to  
“ society; must not pollute virgins, nor commit  
“ adultery, nor steal, nor murder; and the wife,  
“ house, horse, youths and maids of another, he  
“ must not covet them.—Sacrifice therefore to  
“ God with justice and benevolence; let your  
“ purity be in your hearts, rather than in your  
“ garments.”

It is altogether the operation of a nice judgment to discern the true marks of imitation. Upon the reconsideration of a passage which at first wore a  
suspicious

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

“ Our political system is placed in a just cor-  
 “ respondence and symmetry with the order of the  
 “ world, and with the mode of existence decreed  
 “ to a permanent body composed of transitory parts;  
 “ wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wis-  
 “ dom, moulding together the great mysterious  
 “ incorporation of the human race, the whole at  
 “ one time is never old, or middle-aged, or young,  
 “ but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy,  
 VOL. II. L “ moves



“ moves on through the varied tenour of per-  
 “ petual decay, fall, renovation, and progres-  
 “ sion.”

BURKE'S Reflections.

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

BUFFON, Nat. Hist. Anim.

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

VIRGIL, Georg. IV.

I am

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

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N<sup>o</sup> 41. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

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“ Round him much embryo, much abortion lay.” — POPE.

**I**N revolving the general cast and spirit of such of my lucubrations as have been committed to the world, I cannot help secretly accusing myself of treating the votaries of fashion with too little indulgence. So much has this lain upon my conscience, that I determined, a few days ago, upon making them some reparation; and accordingly wrote with great urgency to my friend the Projector to turn the course of his labours as far as possible into a channel that might produce some advantages to fashionable life. He has accordingly exerted him-

self with his usual vigour and alacrity, and has sent me several draughts and plans designed for the ease and benefit of the world of fashion. The first produce of his lucubrations is a system of œconomy, by which the Great will be enabled at once to abridge their expence of time, of pocket, and of study. His conceptions are given to me almost in the following words :

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

- “ 1st. No time to be expended on thought, as  
 “ nothing comes of it among men of fashion.
- “ 2dly. The wear and tear of time, by constant *use*,  
 “ to be avoided, as so precious an article ought  
 “ to be employed sparingly.
- “ 3dly. Time often to be protracted by long and  
 “ wearisome lounges, by way of making the  
 “ *most* of it.
- “ 4thly. When time is heavy with lassitude, and  
 “ dull with inoccupation, be tender of using  
 “ it

- “ it in this torpid and vapourish condition, and  
“ endeavour to refresh it by the slumbers of  
“ inanity.
- “ 5thly. Make up your mind at once and irrevocably on every question: by these means you save the time that would otherwise be lost in choosing, and need never after waste a moment in hearing what another man has to say.
- “ 6thly. Avoid the acquisition of too many new ideas, which will demand considerable time to arrange in your minds. The fewer your ideas, the more speedily will your measures be taken, and your resolutions formed; it being a much shorter process to determine with two ideas than with half a score.
- “ 7thly. Dispossess yourself as much as possible of all feeling for other men; sorrow for others is a double consumer, and lights at both ends the torch of existence. We lose to ourselves the present moment, and quicken the approach of grey hairs and the grave.
- “ 8thly. Rob other men of as much of their time as possible, by way of saving your own.

- “ This is a golden rule, and a most ingenious  
 “ œconomy.
- “ 9thly. Study your own gratification in every  
 “ concern of life, and waste no time in think-  
 “ ing of the sacrifices you make to them, or of  
 “ their consequences to other men.
- “ 10thly. Let all your time be spent upon your-  
 “ self, on the farmer’s principle of spending his  
 “ manure on his own grounds; and let your  
 “ constant admiration of your own perfections  
 “ absorb all the praise that is due from you to  
 “ others.
- “ 11thly. Fill up your time as much as possible  
 “ with pleasures that exclude participation.
- “ 12thly. The last and greatest rule is this:—  
 “ Allow no time for praying, or for works of  
 “ charity; for this is giving up a portion of our  
 “ time to eternity, which is a greater absurdity  
 “ than sending presents to Crœsus, or pouring  
 “ water into the ocean.”

So much for my friend’s rules for the œconomy of time, designed for the benefit of the fashionable world. He next considers the various articles in  
 which

which money may be saved, so that a sufficiency may be preserved for the uses of gaming and the business of dissipation.

“ 1<sup>st</sup>. All expensive feelings and sensations to be  
“ subdued; such as compassion, generosity,  
“ patriotism, and public spirit.

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

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

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

- “ 5thly. To abandon all poor relations, and to  
“ be charitable only to those who are much  
“ richer than ourselves—this is pious usury.
- “ 6thly. To be loud against the ingratitude of the  
“ poor, which we have never experienced; and  
“ to reserve our charity for deserving objects,  
“ which we are determined never to acknow-  
“ ledge.
- “ 7thly. To be active and forward in speculative  
“ schemes of charity, which we are well assured  
“ can never take place; while we are silently  
“ raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed  
“ families.
- “ 8thly. To pass by the door of Famine, with  
“ our money glued to our pockets; while, to  
“ see a new dancer at the Opera in the even-  
“ ing, we draw our purse-strings as gene-  
“ rously as princes.
- “ 9thly. To repair to the house of distress, not to  
“ dissipate our money in common-place acts  
“ of compassion and generosity, but to extort  
“ good bargains from hunger and necessity, and  
“ to purchase at cheap rates the last valuable  
“ relics of perishing fortunes.

“ 10thly.

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

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

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

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

“ 3dly. A cheap system of morality may be col-  
 “ lected from the introductory parts of adver-  
 “ tisements, which may do for ourselves and  
 “ children. For instance—Some fine senti-  
 “ ments on the passions may be found in the



“ advertisement of the Cyprian Preventive.—  
 “ The Dumb Dolly, or a machine for washing,  
 “ is recommended by some lively remarks on  
 “ the saving of time.—An elegant preface on  
 “ parental duties, ushers-in the famous pills for  
 “ conception.—The great fecundity of nature  
 “ is a natural theme of admiration in the adver-  
 “ tisement of the Persian powder for lice.—The  
 “ contagion of bad communications is very  
 “ forcibly descanted upon by the inventor of  
 “ the antivariolique bags against the infection  
 “ of the small-pox, &c.—A sincere believer in fu-  
 “ ture rewards and punishments conscientiously  
 “ recommends his elastic *desiderata*.—The ad-  
 “ vantages of exercise are set forth very pointedly  
 “ in recommendation of a plaster for corns.—  
 “ The inventor of the *aqua mirifica* for the eye,  
 “ has not forgotten to expatiate on the tendency  
 “ which the contemplation of Nature’s works  
 “ has to open and expand the mind.”

These valuable passages contain all the morality  
 necessary to a man of *fashion*. The rumbling of  
 his carriage will soon shake them together, so as to  
 form them into a compacted system; and so fur-  
 nished,

nished, he will soon acquire the title of a great Philosopher in his *own circles*.

Together with his system of fashionable œconomy, my friend the Projector has sent me some hints for a visiting-map, which he desires me to lay before the elegant part of my readers. To this map there are to be an equator, ecliptic, poles, circles, degrees, &c. The houses where visits are due, are to be distributed after the following manner:—persons of high quality are situated nearest the line, as claiming the greatest warmth of attachment; and all above the degree of Baronet to be placed within the Tropics. In the degrees without the Tropics, our acquaintance to be ranged according to their figure and fortune. A poor relation to be carried to a very cold latitude; and an old friend with broken fortunes to be transported to the regions of eternal frost. Persons of celebrity for genius or beauty to be placed on our own meridian. Whatever part of the map has most of the sun, which is the emblem of prosperity, there your visits are chiefly to be directed, till this luminary again forsake them. The places of worship are to be situated on the tops of high mountains, which will

afford an apology for leaving your card at the door only once a month or so. As visits of charity make no part of the fashionable scheme of visiting, the poor must either be kept at a great longitudinal distance, insulated in the midst of the ocean, or ice-bound in the polar extremities. The signs of the Zodiac are to be noted, and the sun's passage through them is to influence the spirit and plan of your visits. While he passes through Aries and Taurus, and the realms of Love, let love be the principal object of your visiting; but when he enters Cancer, you may fairly let yourself loose in scandal. While the sun is in Libra, you are to sit in judgment on your neighbours; and during his stay in Scorpio, you are at liberty to deal around damnation to all you have ever known or heard of. Persons to whom you may happen to be under great obligations, are to be placed as far as possible out of reach, on the point of some cape or promontory, at the back of impassable mountains, on the farther side of vast lakes, or in the midst of forests and defiles, or lastly at the bottom of the sea. Your creditors are to be set down in the map as Nogayan or Katschintz Tartars; and in your progress you are to do all you can to avoid the *trade*  
“ winds,

winds, which may hurry you against your will into very *inhospitable* climes.

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

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

“ A gentleman at the court end of the town,  
“ having a great many cards to leave in Bloomf-  
“ bury, Bedford, Hanover, Cavendish, Manchester,  
“ and Grosvenor Squares, wishes for an agreeable  
“ companion who has been used to travelling.  
“ The gentleman is of a cheerful disposition, and  
“ will readily enter into any scheme that may be  
“ calculated to render the journey pleasant. He  
“ wishes

“ wishes particularly to take advantage of the  
“ present fine weather, and the moon which now  
“ rises before the genteel part of the morning  
“ sets.”

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

TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

“ Among the many curious and elegant accom-  
“ modations for the rich and luxurious, which the  
“ fertile genius of my countrymen is daily produ-  
“ cing, no art seems to me to have been carried to  
“ greater perfection, than the construction of those  
“ machines by which the labour of loco-motion  
“ is transferred from our own limbs to those of  
“ horses, and by the help of which we preserve the  
“ serenity of our minds and composure of spirits,  
“ during the most violent agitation of all about us,  
“ and

“ and the greatest rapidity of motion from place  
“ to place.

“ I hope to raise myself in the opinion of your  
“ readers, as a person of elegant taste, when I  
“ assure them that I often admire a gay equipage,  
“ at the risk of being run over by it. My mind,  
“ thank God! is not so mean as to think that  
“ the existence of a poor pedestrian deserves the  
“ least consideration, when opposed to the sublime  
“ satisfaction a youth of distinction must enjoy  
“ in finding that dinner at the Thatched-House  
“ has not waited for him above two hours. In-  
“ deed, as the poor are an useless and expensive  
“ part of the creation, and are likely to over-run  
“ the rich, if the rich do not run over them, I am  
“ vastly pleased when I see persons of exalted rank,  
“ or great fortunes, whirl over the pavement, and  
“ especially through a crowd, making us fly on all  
“ sides. There is something truly magnificent,  
“ and indeed classical, in this; for, if I recollect  
“ right, we read of armed chariots, in the ages of  
“ antiquity, driving through the thickest ranks,  
“ and mowing down all resistance; and as the  
“ poor's rates are an enormous burden upon us, I  
“ think

“ think it a question not unworthy of considera-  
“ tion, whether the addition of a few scythes to  
“ our phaëton wheels, would not more effectually  
“ thin our streets, and diminish the number of the  
“ poor (especially the helpless through age or in-  
“ fancy), than any of the methods which the nu-  
“ merous writers on that subject have proposed.

“ Since I have suffered my thoughts to run  
“ upon wheels, I have turned over Fitz-Stephens,  
“ Stow, and several others of our civic historians,  
“ intending to have traced the rise and progress of  
“ these machines; but, upon reflexion, I considered  
“ it as losing time to look back into the practices  
“ of our barbarous ancestors. I shall only observe,  
“ that in old times coaches were unknown in our  
“ island. The first chariot, or whirlicot, that  
“ I read of, is one that was erected by Richard the  
“ Second for his mother, ‘because she was sick and  
“ weak.’ Richard was not one of the wisest of our  
“ princes; and the absurdity of his troubling his head  
“ about his mother, an old woman, will forcibly  
“ strike the youth of the present day. The chariot,  
“ notwithstanding it was introduced by the king,  
“ was far from becoming a general fashion; and  
“ some

“ some time after, Ann of Bohemia, Richard’s  
“ queen, invented side-saddles ; and the ladies, fol-  
“ lowing the queen’s example, went a shopping,  
“ visiting, and to the public places, on horseback.  
“ The mules had the honour of carrying the church-  
“ men for several centuries ; and Cardinal Wolfey  
“ appears mounted on one, in his picture at  
“ Windsor. In the reign of Mary, an open car-  
“ riage, called a Landau, was introduced, so named  
“ from the place in Alsace where it was invented ;  
“ and Stow informs us that in his day, the world  
“ was running upon wheels. If we should hit  
“ horses together this time, perhaps I may whip  
“ up something more for you on this subject on a  
“ future occasion. In the mean time I shall con-  
“ tinue

“ Your constant reader,

“ PETER PRY.”

To Mr. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

“ I understand that the funds of a charity-  
“ school, in Cripplegate parish, were in such a  
“ declining state, that the governors found it a  
“ hard



“ hard task to support the establishment, even  
“ upon a very contracted scale. Sermon after  
“ sermon was preached, and little advantage de-  
“ rived from them. At length a genius who hap-  
“ pened to be in the direction, suggested the  
“ happy idea of instituting a ball for the benefit  
“ of the charity. The proposal was instantly  
“ adopted: a room was hired, and a number of  
“ tickets were printed, on which the device repre-  
“ sented a figure of Charity in the fourth position.  
“ For these there was a very speedy demand; and  
“ the worthy inhabitants of the parish convinced  
“ the world that, although when ye mourned unto  
“ them they would not weep, when ye piped unto  
“ them they would dance. The profits arising  
“ from the assembly, restored the affairs of the  
“ school; and there is every reason to hope, that a  
“ ball or two annually will carry the intention of  
“ the pious founder into effect. I further under-  
“ stand that, in gratitude to the science from  
“ which the establishment has derived such ad-  
“ vantages, the children are all to be taught to  
“ dance. A saving will be made, sufficient to  
“ counterbalance the expence, in not suffering  
“ them to learn to sing; for charity, which used  
to

“ to be at our fingers’ ends, has, of late, got as low  
 “ as our toes; and thus they have gained more by  
 “ a single appeal to this part of us, than by all the  
 “ anthems and hymns they have chanted these  
 “ seven years. I suppose, as the experiment has  
 “ been attended with success, charity-sermons will  
 “ give way to charity-balls, and the poor children  
 “ must foot it in future into the favour of the  
 “ public.

“ Yours, &c.

“ PETER PRY.”

N<sup>o</sup> 42. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

It is as long coming as Cotswold barley.

RAY on Proverbs.

**I**N returning to the long-forfaken subject of  
 Religion, I feel like a traveller, who, after feasting  
 upon the various produce of various countries,  
 after roving from delicacy to delicacy, and sharing  
 in the luxury of princes, turns homewards his  
 wearied steps with increased delight; longs to flake  
 his

his thirst at the fountain before his door, and brings a keener relish to the simple fare his home affords, than he carried to the remotest rarities of the richest climates. Not, however, in quality of a clergyman, but in quality of a thinking man—not on account of my profession, but on account of my nature—not from a peculiar, but a common interest, do I love to turn my thoughts towards religion, from time to time, as their final home. In all its distresses my heart fastens upon it as the great anchorage of its hopes, and refuge of its sorrows. It refreshes me from a fountain that sends new life into my veins, and braces me anew for the warfare of the passions. After all its crosses and all its perplexities, in the unsatisfactory round of common occupations, to this at length my mind reverts, as the solace of its cares, as the sabbath of its labours.

In pursuance of the plan of my argument, after considering the grounds for our belief in a future life, our next concern is with the conditions of that life. If from analogy, or from any other consideration, there be any foundation afforded for  
thinking

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

As far as the events of this world can determine our notions of God's government, we have every reason to expect a future state of rewards and punishments, and that too depending upon circumstances within our own power. Pleasure and pain, in this world, are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our nature with a capacity of foreseeing these consequences. All the good of this world depends upon our own exertions; and we arrive at no kind or degree of enjoyment, but through the medium of our own actions. By a prudent management and discreet forbearance, we may pass our days in tolerable ease; but the fruits of indolence and excess are, disgrace, poverty, sickness, and untimely death. It is not at least the question in this place, if it can be soberly agitated elsewhere,  
why

why the Supreme Being adopts these measures of governing the world, and ordains that man should not be happy but by the instrumentality of his own actions? The whole end and design of Providence in the government of the world, it may be as impossible for us to conceive, as for a person born blind to have a right conception of colours.

It is natural for us to suppose, that we are under the government of God in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Our proper formal notion of Government implies a distribution of pains and pleasures according to the quality of our actions, supposing that those who are concerned have been previously warned of the judgment that awaits them. Thus far the reasoning from analogy assists us in the present question, which is but little invalidated by considering that the measure of our rewards and punishments is not in exact proportion to our behaviour, according to the present appearances. Enough is experienced here, to shew what the laws of the universe may admit; enough is experienced, to manifest the folly of that disbelief of  
a future

a future state, which is founded on a vain idea that the force of temptations and the fragility of our nature can be pleaded against the guilt and the punishment of human vices. And since, in the system of this world, our obliquities of conduct are stamped with a degree of disgrace and suffering, it is plain that the objections from *necessity* have no grounds of analogy to stand upon, or such objections as proceed upon a supposition that, as an infinite being cannot be contradicted, he must therefore be a stranger to offence and provocation. “*Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur irâ.*”

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

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

Let us enquire how far this is the case; how far the principles and beginnings of a moral government may be discerned amidst the confusion and disorder of human affairs. It is agreed that virtue must often be disappointed of its natural effects, and vice rescued from its consequent evils, by accidental obstructions and perversions arising from the perplexed and jarring course of human actions and human policy. Notwithstanding these interruptions, however, it is plain that they maintain an uniform character and established tendency.

The

The general tranquillity, the mental satisfaction, and the external advantages of virtue, as well as the frequent calamities of which vice is productive, manifest a right constitution in nature, as the correction of children, under circumstances of misconduct, is a part of right education. Moreover, as we are endued with a capacity of reflecting upon this constitution of things, and of foreseeing the consequences of our behaviour, some sort of moral government is plainly implied.

But not only in the natural course of things, but by the intervention of human means, the same moral scheme appears to be carried on; and mankind find themselves placed by Providence in such circumstances, as to be unavoidably accountable to each other for their behaviour. Thus is our conduct rewarded or punished in a view of its being mischievous or beneficial to society. Besides which, in the social commerce of the world, virtue and vice are distinguished by various degrees of favour or discountenance. The man of upright conduct claims and receives from the generality a disinterested respect and regard; and the vicious man, for the most part, has a great

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majority even of his own character against him. Injuries are retaliated not only in a view to the harm they produce, but to the wrong they imply; and we have our resentments in behalf of others as well as of ourselves. On the same principle we are disposed to requite good offices, not merely as a party benefited, but from a love of the actions themselves.

Upon the whole then, besides the good and bad effects of virtue and vice on their authors, the course of the world does in great measure turn upon the approbation or disapprobation of them as such in others.—Thence we may reasonably infer the existence of a moral nature erected in our minds; and since our condition here is such as to give this nature scope for operation, and in effect to oblige it to operate, it holds out a further additional proof of a moral government of the world. The first observation leads us to conclude, that God will finally give effectual support to virtue; the second furnishes an example of a certain degree of actual support afforded it in the present existence. This constitution of our minds, that inclines us to discountenance vice, and to treat  
virtue

virtue with favour and distinction, is an intuitive proof that so nature intends it, or a palpable solecism would follow. It is doubtless her pervading voice that proclaims this pre-eminence of virtue, and promulges its unalterable decrees, amidst all the errors and incongruities of human actions.—

“ *Sunt enim ingeniis nostris semina innata virtutum,*  
 “ *quæ si adolescere liceret ipsa nos ad beatam vitam*  
 “ *natura perduceret.*”

I am well aware that the existence of a moral sense or instinctive preference of virtue, is a point in much dispute. Those who take the negative side of the question, insist that our distinctions in favour of virtue originally result from a perception of its advantages; and that nothing but repeated experience of the good which is reflected from it on ourselves, erects in the mind that settled habit of approbation, which at length comes to pronounce an instantaneous judgment in its favour. The constancy of these good effects establishes a general consent in behalf of virtue; and as the feelings of mankind are improved by the exercise of social benevolence, new maxims and duties branch out, as the interests of humanity

become better understood. This, according to them, is the course in which we proceed without supernatural aids and instructions. Were you to relate the story of Catiline's conspiracy, or Tarquin's usurpation, to a solitary savage, he would discover no marks of abhorrence, or even of disapprobation. Moreover, were this preference of virtue instinctive, it must necessarily act with uniform and universal ascendancy: on the contrary, however, what has been considered as vicious in one age and in one country, has been regarded as praiseworthy in other times and other situations. Suicide, theft, fornication, and even crimes which we tremble to name, have been sanctioned and approved in particular nations, and among certain individuals.

To all this it may be replied, that it little imports whether or not it be allowed that these seeds of virtue are given us with our existence, if it be admitted that as soon as reason begins to operate it pronounces in its favour, and that there is plainly a constitution of things adapted to foster and confirm this pre-eminence. The existence of a moral government is no less indicated by such a disposition

sition of things than by supposing an instinctive preference of virtue, or what is termed the moral sense. The relation of any particular act of criminality might fail of its due impresson upon the mind of a savage, from the absolute impossibility of conveying to him an adequate idea of its mischief, and a perfect sense of its consequences: for the real nature and injury of vice is only to be contemplated through its operation on society; and the mind must be placed in its proper relative position, ere it can come to any right conclusions respecting the tendencies and qualities of human actions. Still, however, this savage has clear impressions of right and wrong, although his right and wrong be not shaped to the condition of man as a member of civil society.

Again, the objections to the doctrine of a moral sense, founded on the want of uniformity and universality in our notions of virtue, and the encouragement afforded to particular vices in different ages and nations, will lose their force if we consider that where these inverted maxims have prevailed through whole countries, they have arisen either under some violent and unnatural system of

M 3

religion

religion or civil policy, or during a state of barbarous depression; and that, where they have obtained among particular sects or individuals, they may always be traced to some peculiarity of circumstances, or to some superadded motives which have over-ruled the tendencies of this secret guide. The encouragement of theft, said to have been a principle of Spartan policy, was the result of a forced and distorted system, which had for its sole object the promotion of military talents, among which, in those days, deception and stratagem held a conspicuous place.

I have never read of any country, however barbarous, where the sense of modesty was entirely asleep; and the promiscuous commerce of the sexes lies every where under an implied reproach, where marriage is among the customs of the country—and marriage has every where place, where the smallest approaches have been made to social intercourse. Murder has never been purely and positively sanctioned in any condition of humanity. The Indians, it is true, put their captured enemies to cruel deaths; but to this bloody practice they are prompted by an excessive  
love.

love to their fallen associates, and mistaken principles of patriotism and friendship. Suicide was wont to carry with it such an imposing image of virtue, before the promulgation of Christian morality, that the frequency of it argued no want of instinctive love of virtue, but was an instance in which a fond interpretation was put upon her decrees, to favour the impatience and imbecillity of passion.

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

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

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

Now, as to the first requisite, it is to be hoped there is in the world a proportion of virtuous men, sufficient to render virtue prevalent to a very considerable degree, if other circumstances would permit;

mit; for much less force, under the direction of virtue, would prevail over much greater, not under its direction. There are many causes, however, which obstruct the union of virtuous men, spread over the face of the earth; and, above all, the very short and busy scene we are passing through, denies to virtue its proper latitude of operation. This tendency, therefore, is disappointed of its natural effect in the present state. But haply these hindrances may be removed in a future world; and surely it is more natural to conclude, that the obstructions will be removed, than that the tendency will be destroyed. Virtue is militant here, and many untoward accidents contribute to its being overborne; but we may fairly hope that hereafter it may combat with greater success, or rather may enjoy its rewards in triumph and in peace.

It appears, therefore, that God has qualified us to perceive a peculiar connexion in the several parts of his great scheme, and a tendency towards the completion of it arising out of the very nature of virtue, which tendency is to be considered as something moral in the essential constitution of things. On the whole then, there is a kind of



moral government implied in God's natural government—virtue and vice are naturally rewarded and punished, as beneficial or mischievous to society, and rewarded and punished directly as virtue and vice.—The notion, therefore, of a moral scheme of government, is not fictitious, but natural; for it is suggested to our thoughts by the constitution and course of nature; and the execution of this scheme is actually begun in the present world.—And the notion of a moral scheme of government, much more perfect than what is seen here, is not a fictitious but a natural notion, suggested to our thoughts by the essential tendencies of virtue and vice.

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

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N<sup>o</sup> 43. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

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

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

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

ever ending in the subject of thy heart, thy dear Amelia.

Methinks I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful figure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes: I seem again to see his features gathering fresh and fresh animation as involuntarily he winds the conversation into that channel in which his bosom so loved to discharge itself: and now his countenance assumes a softened expression of melancholy, as the subject gradually takes the colours of his mind—a mind, almost from the cradle, of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, and destined to a course of continual disappointment. But nothing had the effect of souring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling *that* melancholy, which produced neither complaint nor despondency, and which felt it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but shewed itself alone in a certain bias towards topics of sorrow, and an inclination to visit the house of mourning rather than the house of joy. It comforts me to think that the soul of this excellent youth has been long at rest, after a short career of sorrow in  
this

this world ; and that that bosom which found so little congeniality here, is probably in those abodes where its sorrow is turned into joy ; and where, what was the source of disappointment, is become the fountain of delight.

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

why should I thus piece out the history of my friend? I feel that in the end it must all be told, such is my fondness for talking about him: I will therefore lay it before my readers, with the advantages of a regular narration.

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

As my friend's house, where I then was upon a visit, was only a mile distant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom

whom rose, except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I shall call Barville, having some reasons for concealing his true name), during our walk home, was silent and thoughtful, and would enter into no conversation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addressed me :—“ My good Mr. Olive-branch, I  
“ must beg your forgiveness for my behaviour  
“ yesterday evening ; but the truth is, the phy-  
“ siognomy of the young stranger we saw last  
“ night has so touched me, that I have been able  
“ to think of nothing else ever since. My mind,”  
continued he, “ will never be at ease till I have  
“ had some conversation with him : what think  
“ you of sending to desire his company to break-  
“ fast ?” I approved of his intention ; the mes-  
sage was sent, and a very polite refusal was re-  
turned. This, however, only the more inflamed the  
curiosity of Mr. Barville. He set off himself to the  
inn, and returned in half an hour, together with  
the stranger. He was a little better dressed than on  
the preceding day, and bore every characteristic  
of the gentleman about him. His deportment  
was

was the most manly I ever beheld; and a slight suffusion which tinged his cheeks upon entering the room, being unaccompanied with any embarrassment, prognosticated that amiable union of qualities which adorn a mind at once modest and assured.

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

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

that he considered them as a flock, in which the public and himself had equal shares. To the commonwealth he resigned the qualities of their heads; and reserved to himself the paramount property in the province of the heart.

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

As this change in circumstances raised him into more elevated company, he began to feel his own  
disparity



disparity in the point of education so severely, that he resolved to repair these deficiencies by a few years of assiduous application. He immediately purchased a judicious little collection of books; and being too old and too nice to become a pupil, he sat down with solitary ardour to the elements of mathematics, and the treasures of ancient literature. Aided by a quick comprehension and a sound memory, he made such dispatch, that, in the course of three years, his head was furnished with a rich variety of materials for reasoning and contemplation. The solitude in which he prosecuted these researches, did not fail to give an original turn to his thoughts and arguments, and fastened some singularities and prejudices on his mind, which time and opportunity served only to provoke and confirm. In the scholar's craft, as well as in others, there prevails a common cast of conversation, a sort of complexional tincture, which some would call *cant*, that pervades the whole profession. Mr. Barville's learning was not of this technical sort; his preferences and aversions were the progeny of his own mind, and his taste was unborrowed, as well as the principles on which he supported it.

His

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

Mr.

Mr. Barville was just proceeding to address some important questions to the stranger, whom I shall in future call Eugenio, when Amelia entered the room. I shall attempt no description of this young lady's person: it will be enough to say, that the most melting sensibility, and the most exalted virtue, heightened and corrected each other's expression, in a complexion and a set of features formed for love and delight. Mr. Barville introduced her to his guest, whose frame underwent a new kind of agitation, and who now felt doubly ashamed of the meanness of his apparel. "Amelia," said the father, "you are to look upon this gentleman as no common acquaintance; certain rules of judging, which have never yet betrayed me, make me very ambitious of his friendship." This speech, in spite of herself, strained her looks towards Eugenio, and an involuntary expression of sweet approbation kindled the first spark of that unhappy flame in which they were both destined to be consumed. Mr. Barville stopped a moment for their mutual compliments to be paid; but nature had fixed on their mouths a seal of silence, on which each other's image was engraved, and which a little time

time sufficed to carry to the heart, there to abide for ever.

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

phical Mr. Baryille; and the seeds of much future sorrow were sown in another bosom, where, alas! the same philosophy did not, at least at that moment, exist.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the worthy gentleman of the house turning towards his guest, and putting his two fingers upon his hand as it rested upon his knee, (I see them both now before me), "You must be sure, Sir," said he, "I could have had no inducement to seek so earnestly your acquaintance, but what was perfectly disinterested and honourable: I have long cherished the persuasion that there are certain lines in the countenance which never fail to announce a well-constituted mind. There is a kind of running-title in the face, which opens fresh matter to interest us in every page. Not a certain assemblage of features, but the modification of those features under the various influence of successive emotions, is the rule of my judgment in these cases, with a reserve, however, in favour of the testimonies of subsequent experience. Look upon me as one, therefore, whom no accidental circumstances

“ circumstances of obligation or connexion have  
“ made your friend, but whom the secret ties of  
“ nature herself have drawn towards you with a  
“ force not to be resisted. I frankly offer you my  
“ confidence and friendship; make what use you  
“ can of me in your own affairs; and if you have  
“ any distresses (alas! they are legible in your  
“ countenance) which are not too desperate for  
“ relief, or too severe to be softened by commu-  
“ nication, I earnestly entreat you to make me a  
“ sharer in them. I too have had my sorrows: in  
“ the most virtuous and affectionate of wives, I  
“ have lost the tenderest of friends; and my only  
“ son is gone from me, Heaven knows where,  
“ with circumstances that render the loss of him  
“ ten times more distressful, and which add weight  
“ to a misfortune that one would think almost  
“ too heavy for aggravation.”

These kind sentiments, uttered with great energy, were too much for Eugenio: he was mute for some moments; in spite of his efforts, a tear stole from him, and a sigh escaped from the depths of his bosom. At length, after some unintelligible effusions, he went on thus: “ This generosity,

“ my dear Sir, and this extraordinary goodness,  
“ are so greatly above what I have been used to  
“ experience, that I dare not attempt to make  
“ adequate acknowledgments. The best way,  
“ doubtless, to manifest my sense of it, would be  
“ to yield instantly to your flattering request ;  
“ but, indeed, Sir, my history contains but little  
“ to interest or to amuse you. As for some few  
“ distresses I may have suffered, they have not  
“ been of that incidental, various, and adventu-  
“ rous kind, which affect in the relation, but  
“ were for the most part spun out of my own  
“ feelings, which are such as to raise trifling cir-  
“ cumstances into serious misfortunes: while, so  
“ is my mind constructed, that I can endure those  
“ evils, whose sensible magnitude is infinitely  
“ greater, and which most disturb the serenity of  
“ others, with sufficient calmness and composure.  
“ I know, Sir, I am making a confession much to  
“ my discredit ; but I cannot abuse such a noble  
“ good-nature, by keeping you ignorant of the  
“ unworthiness of its object.”

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

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

Eugenio proceeded, as well as I can recollect, with the assistance of my memorandums, in the following terms: “ I am the only son of virtuous  
“ parents, and who, if more need be said, were  
“ both of gentle blood. My father bore arms at  
“ a very young age, served his country in many  
“ campaigns, and was, as those report who have  
“ followed his fortunes, a truly gallant soldier.  
“ Whether it was from reading, or a natural ele-  
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“ vation of mind, I know not ; but it was his mis-  
“ fortune to have imbibed a certain enthusiasm of  
“ honour and grandeur of sentiment, which proved  
“ a great interruption to his happiness during the  
“ whole course of his life. My father had a soul  
“ for great actions : he was the hero in the field,  
“ but he was also too much the hero in common  
“ life ; and as Socrates is said to have brought  
“ down philosophy from the skies, so it seemed an  
“ ambition of my father’s to force into the most  
“ ordinary concerns in which he was engaged,  
“ those erect principles of justice, and those senti-  
“ ments of heroic disinterestedness, which, though  
“ in the main they certainly should form the great  
“ rule of our actions, yet can never be rendered  
“ universally applicable in the petty commerce of  
“ society. I use the past tense in speaking of my  
“ father, not because I know that he is dead—to  
“ be assured of that, would remove from my mind  
“ a heavy load of anxiety—but because I fear I  
“ have lost him for ever ; and my busy sorrow is  
“ ever presenting him to my thoughts in a state  
“ much worse than death—a state unworthy of his  
“ birth and his feelings, and ill-accommodated to  
“ his age and infirmities. In short, Sir, after  
“ having

“ having lost him for one twelvemonth, without  
 “ knowing whither he was fled, I heard only a  
 “ week ago, that during all this interval he has  
 “ served as a common soldier in the army of  
 “ Prince Ferdinand. But I will not anticipate  
 “ the events of my story; I fear they will interest  
 “ you but little, with every advantage of rela-  
 “ tion.”

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

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

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

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

“ The

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

“ He had married a woman of no personal ac-  
“ complishments; but Providence had rewarded  
“ his pious regard to the memory of his friend, by  
“ giving her a soul great like his own, and full of the  
“ most exalted notions of justice, purity, and bene-  
“ volence. Her German ancestry were noble, and  
“ a tincture of national haughtiness had formerly  
“ discoloured her sentiments; but as their union  
“ was more a marriage of the mind than of the  
“ person,

“ person, their constant communication and mu-  
“ tual respect softened down the pride of my mo-  
“ ther’s bosom, to the same temper with that which  
“ informed my father’s, and effected a perfect con-  
“ geniality in the principles on which they were  
“ founded. Strengthened by his reasons, animated  
“ by his example, and assisted by the force of her  
“ own understanding, she was soon persuaded of  
“ the folly and fragility of that pride which has no  
“ sources to draw from but human prejudices and  
“ self-flattery, and discerned the broad partition  
“ that separates dignity from disdain, and grandeur  
“ of soul from pride of circumstance.

“ In the year 1745, when I was entering on my  
“ tenth year, my father followed the Royal Duke  
“ into the Netherlands, and left me to the sole care  
“ and tuition of my mother, who, though not want-  
“ ing in female sensibility or maternal softness, was  
“ yet so well acquainted with the duties and the  
“ ornaments of my sex, that every endeavour was  
“ made to build up that masculine structure of  
“ thought and habit, of which my father had laid  
“ the foundation in my mind; and as the warmth  
“ and sensibility of female bosoms rarely suffer  
“ them

“ them to be moderate in a cause in which their  
“ interests or affections are engaged, she carried  
“ this principle as far as it would bear, and per-  
“ haps a little beyond the scope of its meaning and  
“ application.

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

“ I am ashamed, my good Sir, to trouble you  
“ with this petty detail : but as the period of life

“ we are now considering; though of little impor-  
“ tance in itself, borrows a great deal from the in-  
“ fluence it has on the years of maturity; and as it  
“ may, perhaps, in some degree apologise for the  
“ singular and unaccommodating cast of my mind;  
“ I cannot refuse myself the liberty of relating an  
“ anecdote of my infancy, which I still remem-  
“ ber with feelings in which pleasure and pain are  
“ somewhat whimsically blended.

“ I had just completed the extravagant though  
“ bewitching memoirs of Charles XII. of Sweden,  
“ and the roar of bombs and cannons was still  
“ sounding in my ears, when a letter from my  
“ father brought us an account of the defeat at  
“ Fontenoy, acquainting us at the same time, that  
“ he was then in garrison at Ostend, and in hourly  
“ expectation of the enemy. Here my ardent  
“ imagination figured to me all the horrors of a  
“ siege, and I resolved to sympathise with the sup-  
“ posed sufferings of my father. I chose a spot in  
“ a meadow about a mile distant from our house,  
“ where I laboured incessantly for a week, in raising  
“ ramparts, and digging trenches, to represent the  
“ fortifications at Ostend: as soon as they were  
“ completed,

“ completed, I prevailed upon the son of a gardener  
“ in our neighbourhood, a boy about my own age,  
“ to carry on the siege, while I shut myself up  
“ within my works, resolving to hold out to the  
“ last, having previously frightened the besieger  
“ into secrecy, by threatening, in case of treachery,  
“ to lay waste his father’s cauliflowers, and put all  
“ I should find to the sword. We kept up this  
“ mockery through half the day, when suddenly  
“ the operations of the enemy ceased altogether;  
“ whether the vigour and impetuosity of my fre-  
“ quent sallies had driven him off, or hunger, a  
“ more powerful assailant, had forced him from the  
“ field. I gloried, however, in neglecting the calls  
“ of hunger; and imagining myself blockaded, I  
“ resolved to try how long I could hold out in such  
“ a situation. I kept within my fortifications with  
“ great obstinacy till late in the evening, when,  
“ beginning to find that the contest with nature  
“ could no longer be maintained, I determined not  
“ to surrender to the besiegers; but snatching the  
“ standard which I had fixed on the ramparts, with  
“ one hand, and grasping my sword in the other,  
“ I rushed out at a breach that was made in one of  
“ the ravelins; and fancying myself in the pursuit



“ of the enemy, I ran to our garden wall, where I  
“ fell, overcome with weariness and hunger. Here  
“ I lay for some time, with my sword and standard  
“ still in my hands, and probably should have died  
“ on the field of honour, if one of my father’s  
“ labourers, who happened to pass by, had not  
“ picked me up, and conveyed me to my mother.

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

“ After

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

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

N 6

“ their

“ their judicious management I was weaned a  
“ good deal from my military enthusiasm; but,  
“ as you will see in the sequel, the impression has  
“ never been thoroughly effaced.

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

“ I shall now pass over a lapse of seven years,  
“ which were checquered by no incidents worth  
“ relating; except it may be proper to mention  
“ that

“ that in this interval my father, surrendered to  
“ the impressions of sickness, grew gradually sedate  
“ and tranquil in his deportment and sentiments,  
“ and lost in great part his predilection for the  
“ military life. So great, indeed, was the change  
“ which time and circumstances had wrought in  
“ his mind, that when I reached my 18th year,  
“ instead of realizing the splendid visions of my  
“ childhood, he sent me to college in the year  
“ 1755, to accomplish myself for holy orders.  
“ But before two months had expired, I was  
“ heartily wearied with the forms and institutions,  
“ as well as with the manners and usages of the  
“ place.

“ My ideas had been accustomed to expatiate  
“ over a wide scene of action, in which every  
“ thing that was vast and unbounded in human  
“ enterprise, or elevated in human character, was  
“ ever moving before my fancy, in which a shade  
“ was cast over vulgar wants and vulgar interests,  
“ and in which that middle order of men among  
“ whom I was now to take my place, was seen at  
“ a confused distance, or lost in the surrounding  
“ blaze. The inactive pomp, the inglorious ease,  
“ the

“ the narrow range, and the petty politics of a  
“ college life, were ill calculated to arrest a mind  
“ like mine which had taken flight, at ten years  
“ of age, into regions of visionary perfection, and  
“ whose aspiring humour had already taught it  
“ contempt, not only for the common amusements  
“ of infancy, but for the common playthings of  
“ maturity.

“ Alas ! Sir, since those days my wings have  
“ been clipped : they were severely shorn at my  
“ first entrance into those real scenes of which my  
“ young fancy had imaged such delusive repre-  
“ sentations. At first I fluttered like a young  
“ eagle imprisoned in a cage, whose privilege it  
“ once was to sit on the summit of a rock, in the  
“ broad blaze of the sun, and contemplate the im-  
“ mensity before it, as filled with objects of enter-  
“ prise—as the scene of prowess and adventure.  
“ But though I never could accommodate myself  
“ to my cage, I ceased to make those ineffectual  
“ struggles which would only serve to cover me  
“ with ridicule, and sink me in my own esteem ;  
“ and, if I was not happy, I was at least appa-  
“ rently composed, and took some care that, at this  
“ introductory

“ introductory stage of my life, my singularity  
“ should not be insulting, or my silence austere.

“ What principally fostered my aversion to col-  
“ lege was doubtless the very circumscribed state  
“ of my finances, which soon taught me to mea-  
“ sure the distance at which poverty throws us  
“ from our social dues—from a just participation  
“ in the courtesies and amenities of life. It is,  
“ however, its high privilege and consolation to be  
“ secure from the seductions of flattery, to see be-  
“ fore it the unvarnished side of human nature, and  
“ to view the native forms of Virtue and Vice in  
“ their genuine light.

“ Though my poor parents almost beggared  
“ themselves to support me with respectability, all  
“ would not do; and my circumstances were so  
“ low, as hardly to suffice for my bare main-  
“ tenance. The reverence I feel for the principle  
“ of every institution which has the good of man-  
“ kind for its object, makes me cautious how I  
“ reprove; for there is a spirit of correction, which  
“ chafes away the good with the evil, and which,  
“ in its zeal for completing the beauty of a build-  
“ ing,

“ ing, destroys the cement on which its existence  
“ depends. But I cannot avoid, in this place, ex-  
“ pressing my concern, that means are not more  
“ industriously used, to lower the rate of living at  
“ college, by a close enquiry into frauds and ex-  
“ cessive charges, by the prevention of long credit,  
“ and a clearer exposition of college accounts. I  
“ had not been above three weeks in my new situ-  
“ ation, before I began, to be weary of the society  
“ into which I had entered, and to draw upon  
“ myself no small portion of hatred and persecu-  
“ tion. I was nicknamed Major Strutt; my  
“ windows were frequently broken, and my doors  
“ were scribbled over with low and contemptible  
“ scurrility. The high and dignified notions  
“ which my father had taken such pains to rear in  
“ my mind, were in a great measure the cause of  
“ this odium; yet it is but fair to confess that  
“ whereas these were mixed and qualified in my  
“ father’s mind with a thousand soft and humane  
“ ingredients, in mine they soon hardened into a  
“ firm and indissoluble frame, and bred within me  
“ a degree of misanthropy and choler which nei-  
“ ther reason nor religion has yet been able to  
“ subdue.”

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

“ A thousand boyish and pitiful insults continued to be levelled at my peace, but they were yet too weak and diminutive to provoke any thing more than contempt ; I treated the whole pack with sovereign indifference ; and I really believe that hitherto the mortification was greater on their side than my own. My loftiness of temper, and the scorn expressed in my countenance, challenged their utmost malignancy. Hints were at length thrown out in disparagement of my birth, and derogatory to the virtue of my mother as well as to the courage and honour of my father. This atrocious attack applied a torch to my feelings,

“ and



“ and kindled them into a blaze of indignation.  
“ What methods I took to vindicate the honour of  
“ my family are perhaps as well omitted: they  
“ were such as compelled my calumniators to con-  
“ tradict in writing the infamous reports they had  
“ spread, and even further, to write severally to  
“ their parents in the spirit of abjuration and  
“ remorse; which letters I put myself into the  
“ post, and in a few days received answers, filled  
“ with expressions of shame and sorrow for the  
“ ignominious conduct of their sons. These let-  
“ ters, together with their recantations, I took  
“ care to make sufficiently public: my enemies  
“ were abashed, and an interval of peace succeeded.  
“ This suspension of hostilities was, however, only  
“ a breathing-time for my persecutors, and the  
“ same infamous tales continued to be propa-  
“ gated.

“ My disgust now rose to such a pitch, that I  
“ lived a whole year in entire solitude, nourishing  
“ the pride of my spirit, and my contempt for those  
“ around me.”—At this moment, a gentleman of  
the neighbourhood called in; and Eugenio and  
myself, in the interim, took a walk into the gar-  
den.

den. I seized this opportunity of entreating him to continue one day longer among us, and was secretly delighted at his ready acquiescence, and with his manner of expressing his compliance. “ Mr. Olive-branch,” said he, pressing my hand, “ I don’t know what it is which gives you this “ power over me, but I feel that I can refuse you “ nothing. The complacency I read in your looks, “ helps to tranquillise my own thoughts—and it “ seems as if my spirits could find in your friend- “ ship a harbour from those storms within and “ without me, to which I am ever exposed.” A tear which stood in my eyes at this moment, assured him of those sympathetic feelings which were really too strong to suffer me to answer him directly ; and, taking courage from this omen, he addressed me as follows.

N<sup>o</sup> 46.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

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

PLAUT. Pœnula

With how much modesty, good sense and propriety, did he speak!

This is the man after my own heart.

WE broke off last Saturday, when Eugenio was beginning to speak as follows. “ I am aware, “ Mr. Olive-branch, that I have been much my “ own enemy in relating the particulars of a life “ so fullied with errors both of sentiment and prac- “ tice—of the heart and of the head. If, however, “ without displaying a fresh instance of that pride “ which it is my resolution to overcome, I may “ look to an event so much above my deserts, as “ the acquisition of your friendship, I shall hope “ yet to redeem myself in your opinion, by sum- “ moning all the resources of reason and philosophy “ to this work of reformation. I am convinced “ that in nothing the justice of Providence is more “ conspicuous than in the balance of strength, the “ action and reaction with which our minds are “ endued. There is sufficient vigour for the con- “ trou-

“troul of our passions wherever there is the will  
“to exert it; but the armour of the mind, like  
“that of the body, must be polished by use, and  
“preserved from the rust of neglect, or, like that  
“it becomes a testimony to our reproach, and a  
“monument of our cowardice and degeneracy. I  
“have it written in my heart that the time is  
“coming, when I shall resume the empire of my  
“feelings, and drive out this capricious and cruel  
“usurper, this petty tyrant to which I have been  
“so long enslaved. Assist me, my good Sir, in  
“these resolutions: your friendship and counsel  
“will ensure them success, if Providence permit  
“me to return to so great a blessing from the  
“doubtful errand in which I am embarking.”

Here he left off speaking, and I could perceive  
that his bosom was discharged of a considerable  
burthen. “My dear Sir,” I replied, “you have  
“made this day the most interesting, and per-  
“haps the happiest of my life. You have given  
“me great preferment in my own eyes, by calling  
“me your friend; and trust me, it shall be my  
“future study to deserve so honourable a title. As  
“for the work of reformation, I look upon it as  
“already

“ already done: to walk in the train of your tri-  
“ umph without a share in the victory, is all that  
“ is left to me; but this will content my ambi-  
“ tion; and I shall sympathise in your glory, as  
“ much as if it reflected honour on my own exer-  
“ tions. But do not refuse me the satisfaction of  
“ knowing the nature of that doubtful errand on  
“ which you are bent. I may be in time to con-  
“ tribute to the safety of your person, though I  
“ am too late to assist in the consummation of your  
“ virtue.”

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

“ to betray the situation of my mind; and during  
“ the few weeks I spent with them, I feigned all  
“ the complacency I could possibly assume, though  
“ I could perceive, by the anxiety expressed in my  
“ mother’s countenance, that my diffimulation was  
“ not as successful as I had hoped.

“ In spite of my abstinence from all the diversions  
“ of my age, my expences were considerably  
“ greater than my income. To confess the truth,  
“ in money concerns, I was already as much a  
“ soldier as my father, who would long ere this  
“ have swallowed up his little revenue, had not my  
“ mother’s excellent management suspended the  
“ blow, to fall in the end with redoubled vio-  
“ lence.”—Here Mr. Barville interposed—“ And  
“ can you not,” said he, “ call to mind any secret  
“ donations to the indigent and distressed, which  
“ might help a little to impoverish you? Did no  
“ truant guinea steal away in some holiday of the  
“ spirits, when an object of misery has thrown  
“ itself in the way of your compassion, and betrayed  
“ this misanthropy which you profess to have felt,  
“ into a momentary slumber?”—“ Indeed, Sir,”  
replied Eugenio, “ there need no such collateral  
“ drains,

“ drains, to account for my poverty: the direct  
“ expences of an University life, are a sufficient  
“ reason for a man’s becoming poor, whose pocket  
“ is but moderately supplied. I will not deny that  
“ sometimes the imbecillity of my mind may have  
“ drawn me into such imprudences: for what  
“ better title do those feelings deserve, which in-  
“ duced me to dissipate money that was not my  
“ own? In the order of moral duties, justice  
“ precedes generosity.”

“ I know,” interrupted Mr. Barville, “ that  
“ you will pardon a curiosity which results from  
“ the deep solicitude I feel in all that concerns you.  
“ An absolute seclusion from society for a whole  
“ year, appears to me a situation so dreadful, that  
“ I can hardly conceive a mind endued with  
“ strength to support it; but as your quarrel seems  
“ only to have been with our sex, you may per-  
“ haps have derived consolations from the other,  
“ which were capable of very much softening this  
“ sentence of solitude.”

“ In my situation at that time,” answered  
Eugenio, “ it was not easy to form any of those  
“ tender

“ tender connexions to which you allude ; but  
“ however,” continued the young gentleman,  
looking on the ground, and reddening as he pro-  
ceeded, “ to keep from you no part of the truth,  
“ nature, when she planted so many strong and  
“ ardent propensities in my mind, did not forget  
“ the passion of love. Not all the haughtiness of  
“ my temper has been able to resist its growth ;  
“ in spite of every opposition it has flourished  
“ with incredible luxuriancy. I cannot, however,  
“ accuse myself of any hard-heartedness, treachery,  
“ or design, in my intercourse with the sex : no-  
“ thing but simple crimes of this nature load my  
“ conscience—tear has been shed for tear, where-  
“ ever they have flowed on my account.”

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



“ Well, Sir,” continued Eugenio, “ as soon as  
“ I felt that my fortunes were sinking fast, I re-  
“ volved in my mind various schemes of redemp-  
“ tion; and no resource took my fancy so much as  
“ that of writing for the press. With this I imme-  
“ diately retouched some satirical pieces, into  
“ which I had poured all my indignation, and sold  
“ them for trifling sums to a bookseller of no  
“ eminence, who appeared to esteem them so little,  
“ that I never afterwards made any enquiries after  
“ them, or even looked for their characters in those  
“ monthly bills of literary mortality, the Reviews.  
“ They answered, however, the purpose of present  
“ relief; and kept me from that saddest of all degra-  
“ dations, the necessity of running into debt. By  
“ engaging in various booksellers’ jobs, I gained a  
“ tolerable supply; and as I was subject to no inter-  
“ ruptions, I made such dispatch, that I was able, out  
“ of my savings, to send two or three little presents  
“ home, and, among others, some books on medi-  
“ cine, to my mother, who, finding it impossible  
“ to be bountiful in proportion to her feelings, was  
“ daily filling up the measure of her humanity by  
“ administering such comfort as was within her  
“ reach to the sick and the sorrowful. This ex-  
“ perience

“ perience of what I was able to perform to-  
 “ wards my own support, fired me with an ambi-  
 “ tion to launch forth into the literary world in  
 “ quality of Author, which situation I figured to  
 “ myself as most correspondent to my feelings of  
 “ independence.

“ Impressed myself with an awful respect for  
 “ genius, I conceived that its claims must be heard  
 “ wherever they were advanced; and that, as  
 “ soon as my title was acknowledged, it would  
 “ ensure me place and precedency amidst the press  
 “ of interest and the pride of fortune. Full of  
 “ these illusory expectations, I wrote a very florid  
 “ epistle to my father, in which I scrupled not to  
 “ acquaint him with the irksomeness of my situa-  
 “ tion, as well as with the unprofitable expences  
 “ to which I was subject, and painted the advan-  
 “ tages of my plan of authorship in the best co-  
 “ lours I was able. I proposed to take a lodging  
 “ in town, and immediately to enlist in the ser-  
 “ vice of the booksellers, some of whom had sug-  
 “ gested such tasks to me as they thought were  
 “ suitable to my particular talents. My father,  
 “ whose enthusiasm was not entirely vanquished,  
 O 2 “ and

“ and who felt his old fires rekindle at the notion  
“ of enterprize and adventure, entered readily  
“ enough into the propofal. My mother refifted  
“ for a time, from a general habit of caution and  
“ timidity; but being furnished with no particu-  
“ lar objections from experience, foon left the  
“ field to my father, who, now growing heated  
“ with the project, as was his cuftom, urged me  
“ to haften my departure from College, and to  
“ enter upon my *brilliant career* as foon as my ar-  
“ rangements could be made. My precipitancy  
“ correfponded with my father’s impatience. In  
“ two days after the receipt of this letter, I cleared  
“ all my accounts in the Univerfity, and fet off  
“ for London with a few guineas in my pocket,  
“ and a lighter heart than I had ever yet felt in the  
“ courfe of my life, except when I fallied out  
“ againft a flying enemy from my little fortifica-  
“ tions behind my father’s houfe.

“ As foon as I arrived in town, I repaired to  
“ the houfe of a bookseller, with whom I had cor-  
“ refponded, and who had promifed me accommo-  
“ dation and employment. My friend was as  
“ good as his word, and I entered immediately on  
“ this

“ this brilliant career, as my father had termed it,  
“ in a little room four stories high, which was my  
“ parlour, my study, and my chamber. From this  
“ elevated apartment, I looked out of my window,  
“ and proudly surveyed the little world below me,  
“ as a victorious general casts his eye over the  
“ country before him, which he soon expects  
“ to lay under contribution. Such were the ex-  
“ travagant hopes I had suffered my fancy to in-  
“ dulge, which a few months were sufficient to  
“ disenchant.

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

“ rose at the frigid indifference with which I was  
“ regarded, and my mind began again to fluctuate  
“ between pride and despondency.

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

‘ My

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

‘ I also was intended, Sir, for holy orders; but  
‘ I was of a humour uncongenial with all profes-  
‘ sions; and my mind was too excursive, or my na-  
‘ ture too volatile, to endure the confinement and  
‘ buckram of any formal course of habit, or punc-  
‘ tilious line of duty. I resolved to remain at large,  
‘ and to take up at once the character of a gentle-  
‘ man, without sacrificing the most precious half

‘ of life to obtain it. In the life of an author I  
‘ saw all that distinction of which I was enamoured,  
‘ and a range of exertion very suitable to the  
‘ vivacity of my temper and genius.

‘ I must confess too, that having but a small fund  
‘ of my own to draw from, I saw vast room in this  
‘ great town for the exercise of innocent chicane  
‘ in profiting by other men’s superfluities of talent,  
‘ and disguising my own deficiency ; in which kind  
‘ of resource I may say I have proved myself con-  
‘ summate. Thus prepared, I set out upon my  
‘ career about twelve months ago ; and, notwith-  
‘ standing the great competition which late years  
‘ have produced among our fraternity, I soon ac-  
‘ quired more than my just share of distinction, and  
‘ am already considerable enough to be abused by  
‘ half the town. By computing the ratio of this  
‘ abuse for the last three months, I find that my  
‘ credit is making very rapid advances ; and  
‘ as I am pretty prodigal of abuse in my turn,  
‘ I have reason to expect that my head, ere a  
‘ a month passes over it, will either appear in  
‘ the pillory, or as a frontispiece to the next  
‘ magazine.’

“ As

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

‘ And now, Sir, what are your sentiments?  
 ‘ Are you willing to follow the track which I have  
 ‘ marked out for you, and which I believe you  
 ‘ will find as profitable and easy as any?’ “ I  
 “ shook my head, and replied, that I was afraid  
 “ I had not much talent for abuse; and moreover,  
 “ that as this particular branch of literature re-  
 “ quired a disposition invulnerable to abuse from



“ others, I knew myself to be very ill qualified  
“ for a member of his academy.” ‘ Well, Sir,’  
“ continued he, ‘ I will lay some other schemes of  
‘ advancement before you; and, that example may  
‘ not be wanting to my instructions, I will expose  
‘ to you, in great confidence, the various methods  
‘ of literary chicanery practised with the most bril-  
‘ liant success, by a club of gentlemen, of which  
‘ I have the honour to be a member. Two or  
‘ three instances will be sufficient for the present:  
‘ but I shall be proud to introduce you to the  
‘ whole society, that you may become the disciple  
‘ of him of whose fancy you shall most approve.  
‘ They are none of them those ordinary drudges,  
‘ that drag their steps along through the common-  
‘ rounds of the forum and academy; but speed on-  
‘ wards, as the crow flies, unanxious about what  
‘ they leave behind, and fearless about what they  
‘ encounter. These gentlemen disturb no fami-  
‘ lies by their early rising, or their midnight lu-  
‘ cubrations; but by a little management, and  
‘ much acquaintance with human nature, and the  
‘ motives of human applause, they have risen to  
‘ greater eminence than your great readers, with-  
‘ out the same expence of spirits and constitution.

‘ There

‘ There is a kind of œconomy of learning with  
‘ which none but these adepts are acquainted;  
‘ and to make a little go far, by a mode of setting  
‘ it off, is one of those perfections on which we  
‘ value ourselves the most in this our select so-  
‘ ciety. The imposing manner in which we an-  
‘ nounce our publications, the pompous stage on  
‘ which they are reared, by the mechanical helps  
‘ of printing, paper, and engraving; our flourished  
‘ title-pages, comely portraits, and the proceffion  
‘ of initials that march before our names; all help  
‘ to distinguish our productions from vulgar per-  
‘ formances, and to enable one of our eighteen-  
‘ penny pamphlets to wrestle with imperial  
‘ quartos, and eclipse the labours of half a life.’

N<sup>o</sup> 47.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30.

*Non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat  
Protogenes aliquis, vel Dipbilus aut Erimantbus.* JUVENAL.

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

“ I FEAR, Sir,” continued Eugenio, turning towards Mr Barville, “ that this discourse on authorship will interest you but little: it presses, indeed, rather forcibly upon my mind, as having wrought a change in my condition, and disabused me of a very material error: we are too liable to suppose our own feelings in the breasts of other men, without regard to the difference of circumstances.” “ Your remark is generally good,” returned Mr. Barville, “ but it does not apply. Little as I know of learning, I know yet less of learned men. How chicanery can find a place in the province of literature, I am at a loss to imagine. The skill of the moderns in mechanical improvements has not yet risen to the invention of false understandings, unless false legs  
“ may

“ may be so called; and I have never yet heard of  
“ the brain’s being out of joint, but in a metaphor.  
“ I am therefore curious to be informed what  
“ means men have devised to impose upon one  
“ another in a point in which no artificial aid will  
“ avail us, and where the appeal is so easy and  
“ direct to clear and unequivocal testimonies.”

“ My dear Sir,” replied Eugenio, “ this appeal  
“ is only open to the clear-sighted and impartial:  
“ it argues no mean capacity to estimate the abi-  
“ lities of other men. The mass of mankind,  
“ though right in their abstract judgment of things,  
“ are perpetually wrong in their application of this  
“ judgment to persons. Here its purity is de-  
“ stroyed by associations, which mix in its deci-  
“ sions, and debase its value. The common opinion  
“ waits upon the efforts of a few superior wits,  
“ who march before to cut down the barriers, that  
“ the muddy stream may escape, and clarify itself  
“ in its course. I agree, then, that in regard to per-  
“ sons, give the public mind but time enough, and  
“ its opinions will be gradually depurated; but un-  
“ fortunately this process of fining is so slowly per-  
“ formed, that it is odds but in the mean time suc-  
“ cess

“ cefs has crowned the impofture. But to proceed  
 “ with the group of characters to which my friend  
 “ was beginning to introduce me.

‘ There is Dr. —, of the fcholar’s department,’  
 “ continued my communicative friend, ‘ a venerable  
 ‘ linguift, commentator, and fcholiaft: if your bent  
 ‘ be towards languages, I do not know what better  
 ‘ model I can lay before you. The Doctor was  
 ‘ whipped through a public fchool to very little  
 ‘ purpofe: it was not till he had been a twelve-  
 ‘ month at College that thofe fine obliquities of  
 ‘ his genius began to expand, and, taking a thou-  
 ‘ fand flant and crofs directions, to graze the con-  
 ‘ fines of many of thofe remote provinces of  
 ‘ fcholarfhip, where few of our hardieft academics  
 ‘ have dared to venture. Impelled by a generous  
 ‘ love of diftinction, and rightly judging that in  
 ‘ the ordinary paths of literature, to acquire fame  
 ‘ he muft penetrate farther and perfevere longer  
 ‘ than fuited the reach of his underftanding or his  
 ‘ powers of application, he ftruck out at once into  
 ‘ thofe roads where few were difpofed to follow  
 ‘ him; and, leaving common minds to grapple  
 ‘ with common difficulties, fet out upon thofe

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

‘ It is with learning,’ continued he, ‘ as it is  
‘ with travelling. We are tired of accounts of  
‘ Italy and Greece, and look with much greater  
‘ admiration on him who tells us he has killed a  
‘ lion or a lynx in Africa, or feasted with Kamt-  
‘ schadales on the fat of dogs, than on one who  
‘ brings back from classic regions fresh accessions  
‘ to the literature of his country, and a taste in-  
‘ spired by the chastest models of Athens and of  
‘ Rome. The same gaping principle of ignorant  
‘ wonder leads us to contemplate with awe the  
‘ merest smattering in Hebrew, Arabic, or the  
‘ Gothic languages of Northern Europe; while  
‘ the Greek and Latin will scarcely push our fame  
‘ beyond the walls of the University, or raise our  
‘ fortunes above a Welch curacy. The learned  
‘ gentleman

‘ gentleman in question knew very well how to  
‘ avail himself of this propensity of the species  
‘ towards the uncommon rather than the useful;  
‘ and at the same time that he suffered no pursuits  
‘ but what were extraordinary to engage him, he  
‘ took care to lose no time by proceeding a step  
‘ farther in any one of them than was necessary to  
‘ impose upon mankind. Thus he is generally  
‘ understood to be consummate in the Coptic and  
‘ Chaldee, and is supposed at this moment to be  
‘ very busy with the Turkish and Tartarian;  
‘ though it is well known to us who are in the  
‘ secret, he would be puzzled to ask his way in any  
‘ place out of his Majesty’s three kingdoms. He has  
‘ always, however, a kind of *Lingua Franca* ready  
‘ at command, with which he assists certain au-  
‘ thors of our fraternity, who undertake to elu-  
‘ cidate ancient customs and manners by the help  
‘ of the analogies of language; likewise those  
‘ who endeavour to account for the first peopling  
‘ of countries by verbal coincidences; and all  
‘ those travellers who describe more than they  
‘ have seen. As all this, however, was playing a  
‘ very deep game, and as one or two ventures had  
‘ been a little unlucky for him, he determined to  
‘ make

‘ make haste to profit by his reputation ; and about  
‘ two months ago, espoused the daughter of a  
‘ capital grocer, whose heart he had gained by in-  
‘ terpreting the Chinese characters on a chest of  
‘ Souchong. I am informed, however, that the  
‘ grocer’s daughter is a match for him with only  
‘ one language, and will fairly out-talk him at the  
‘ end of a long day.’ “ The disgust which this  
“ picture excited in my mind was sufficiently ex-  
“ plained in my looks ; and my instructor waited  
“ for no other answer, but thus proceeded—

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



‘ are interested in propagating the belief of his  
‘ abilities.

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

“ I replied, that silence was not ill accommo-  
“ dated to my talents or turn of mind; but that I  
“ was so unpractised in imposition, that I despaired  
“ of succeeding, even where my only task was to  
“ hold my tongue. This was not enough to dif-  
“ courage

‘ courage my friend from proceeding with his list,  
‘ after having assured me that these were the pre-  
‘ judices of a green author, whom the logic of  
‘ hunger had not taught to conclude, that the world  
‘ must, after all, be treated in its own way.

‘ Voltaire says of Gassendi, *Il avoit moins de ré-*  
‘ *putation que Descartes, parce qu’il étoit plus rai-*  
‘ *sonnable*; and the truth of this remark was well  
‘ understood by a young gentleman of my acquaint-  
‘ ance, who, being determined to raise a reputation  
‘ on a very slender foundation, saw no way so good,  
‘ of conciliating the praise of mankind, as by con-  
‘ tradicting them as roundly as possible. On what-  
‘ ever subject this gentleman’s thoughts are exer-  
‘ cised, he is sure to turn up something that nobody  
‘ has dreamed of before; and where he cannot per-  
‘ suade by the ingenuity of his argument, he never  
‘ fails to surprise by the hardiness of his assertions.  
‘ He affects in every thing a *goût de travers*; and the  
‘ zeal of opposition has carried him to an incredible  
‘ pitch of absurdity in the points of dress and deport-  
‘ ment. To avoid the imputation of thinking like  
‘ other men, he stops at no profanation in principle,  
‘ or solecism in taste. He commends Dr. P——y  
‘ for

‘ for his religious arguments, as much as he con-  
‘ demns his philosophical researches; and is much  
‘ offended at the preference bestowed on the theo-  
‘ ries of Newton above those of Descartes and  
‘ Buffon. He pretends to great depth in the oc-  
‘ cult sciences, and praises them chiefly for the  
‘ certainty they afford, and their superior precision  
‘ to the deductions of mathematics. He accordingly  
‘ affects to be greatly enamoured of the sciences  
‘ of physiognomy, demonology, and astrology,  
‘ where it is not easy to dispute the ground with  
‘ him, and where ignorance finds a refuge from the  
‘ weapons of logic, and escapes like the cuttle-fish  
‘ by muddying the stream through which it glides.  
‘ By these means, this gentleman has succeeded in  
‘ raising a curiosity about his productions, which  
‘ prepares them an universal reception, and has  
‘ turned them very much to his profit. He is now  
‘ engaged in writing an apology for polytheism,  
‘ with a hymn to Jupiter Olympus, who, it is sup-  
‘ posed, will reward him by descending again in a  
‘ shower of gold.

‘ Another knight of this our venerable order  
‘ has adopted a plan of proceeding remarkable for

‘ the ingenuity of its conception, no less than the  
‘ ease and certainty of its execution. He observed,  
‘ that the general did not fight like the soldier, and  
‘ yet engrossed all the honour of the day; and that  
‘ the master-mason, and the owner of the mill, and  
‘ not those who actually performed the labour,  
‘ were the principal gainers in their several crafts.  
‘ It was his ambition to introduce a like disposi-  
‘ tion of things into the provinces of literature,  
‘ and to bring it under those laws of exchange and  
‘ profit, to which all things should bend in a com-  
‘ mercial country. To get his work done cheaply,  
‘ it was his first care to search out obscure wits,  
‘ whom the urgency of their affairs rendered happy  
‘ to find any market for their labours; youth-  
‘ ful geniuses, who knew not as yet the value of  
‘ their productions, or those timid spirits, who,  
‘ not daring to execute their own conceptions, re-  
‘ quire a task-master to prompt their efforts and  
‘ accredit their productions. The success which  
‘ has attended this gentleman’s career has been  
‘ equal to the dexterity of his conduct; while the  
‘ real founder of his prosperity has often, like the  
‘ lamp to which Anaxagoras compared himself,  
‘ been on the eve of perishing for want of oil.

‘ As

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

“ You are surpris’d, perhaps,” said Eugenio,  
 “ that I remember so well the greatest part of this  
 “ lecture; but the truth is, that it interested me  
 “ in a more than common degree, and occupied my  
 “ thoughts night and day for some time after; not  
 “ to mention some memorandums which I made on  
 “ my

“ my return to my chamber. I could not help re-  
“ marking, however, at the time,” continued Euge-  
genio, “ that it was a little extraordinary for a  
“ gentleman who had given proofs, in the course  
“ of the conversation, of respectable abilities, to  
“ mix in so low a conspiracy, and demean himself  
“ by the adoption of such illiberal arts.” ‘ It is  
‘ true, he replied, ‘ I am not so destitute of real  
‘ claims as some of those to whose characters I have  
‘ introduced you ; but as I was full as destitute of  
‘ money, I considered that the returns would be too  
‘ slow for my necessities if I employed my talents in  
‘ the service of mankind. Men do not read, out of  
‘ gratitude towards the author, but from interest in  
‘ his work: they speak well of a man, if they speak  
‘ of him *at all*, who writes for their improvement ;  
‘ but they do not read his book the more on that  
‘ account. We must consult, therefore, the me-  
‘ thods by which this interest is to be excited ;  
‘ and as men are more alive to abuse than they are  
‘ to kindness, an author will do well to practise  
‘ upon them in this rough manner, if he hope to  
‘ draw advantage out of them. I will frankly own  
‘ to you, I bring rather too much feeling and  
‘ nicety

‘ nicety into the business for the particular de-  
 ‘ partment of authorship which I have chosen, and  
 ‘ do not entirely possess those rigid nerves, those  
 ‘ *cornea fibra*, which are so necessary to form the  
 ‘ great man. The gentleman under whom I have  
 ‘ studied in this school of scurrility, is happy in a  
 ‘ most classical obduracy of mind. He includes in  
 ‘ his black list the innocent, the generous, the  
 ‘ dignified, and the brave; and, to pay his lodgings  
 ‘ for a month, will hang them all up together  
 ‘ in a string of doggerel rhymes.

‘ Our time,’ continued he, ‘ will not permit  
 ‘ me to go more at length into my present subject;  
 ‘ indeed you give me but small encouragement to  
 ‘ proceed, as I see in you little or no disposition  
 ‘ to become one among our worthies. Believe  
 ‘ me, however, on the credit of no mean expe-  
 ‘ rience, that neither learning nor talents will avail  
 ‘ where address and management are wanting.  
 ‘ Whatever is the subject of much competition,  
 ‘ will necessarily accumulate round itself much de-  
 ‘ ception and imposture; it is the nature of all  
 ‘ human things; and while every one is practising  
 ‘ his

‘ his arts about him, he imposes upon himself egregiously who dreams of gaining his dues from mankind without some degree of imposition on his own part. All the world are so exalted on stilts, that a giant becomes a dwarf without them. A part of your youth, as well as my own, has been spent in the groves of the academy; but your habits of seclusion were such, as to let you but little into the history of the different characters around you. Had your observation been greater, you would have seen that not even the Muses’ seat was secure from these sort of profanations, and that the hallowed river, even at its source, is not entirely pure from stains and corruptions. You have there, as every where, a great deal of affectation without learning, and but little learning without affectation.

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



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

‘ There are a body of authors, of whom I have  
 ‘ not yet taken notice, because they are viewed by  
 ‘ our fraternity with that kind of jealousy and in-  
 ‘ dignation with which the poorer sort regard the  
 ‘ inventors

‘ inventors of those machines which are calculated  
 ‘ to abridge employment—I mean the literary ma-  
 ‘ nufacturers. Late years have brought their en-  
 ‘ gines to great perfection; insomuch that a good  
 ‘ workman, if furnished with the raw mate-  
 ‘ rials from a rhyming dictionary, may compose  
 ‘ two or three hundred lines a day. *Scit tendere*  
 ‘ *versum—non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.*  
 ‘ It is curious to enter the apartment of one of  
 ‘ these mechanical poets, and view it strewed with  
 ‘ heaps of half-lines from Pope, Dryden, &c. which  
 ‘ are joined together in a moment like conjuration  
 ‘ with *cæsuras* between them to keep the peace, that  
 ‘ never fail to fall, like smiths hammers, exactly  
 ‘ in the same place.’

“ Here my kind instructor again consulted his  
 “ watch; and finding it time to depart, took an  
 “ obliging leave of me, with a promise of assistance  
 “ and advice upon all occasions. I turned myself  
 “ homewards, with a bosom dismantled of all its  
 “ towering hopes, and abandoned to disappoint-  
 “ ment and remorse, its usual assailants.”

N<sup>o</sup> 48.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

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

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

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

“ began to feel the effects of this perpetual con-  
“ flict.

“ As the progress of my indisposition was very  
“ gradual, I attended but little to its first ap-  
“ proaches, till at length it attacked me with such  
“ violence, that I was one morning unable to  
“ rise from my bed, after a night of painful ap-  
“ plication. My fever, which was of a nervous  
“ kind, entrenched so much upon my understand-  
“ ing, that I became totally useless to my em-  
“ ployer ; and, for the three weeks following, my  
“ life was considered as in imminent danger. My  
“ employer, who saw his chance of compensation  
“ lessening in proportion to the length and danger  
“ of my disorder, grew proportionably less soli-  
“ citous about my treatment ; and I was turned  
“ over to an apothecary and an old woman, who,  
“ between them, were conducting me very fast to  
“ my dissolution. At the end of fourteen days my  
“ senses had almost abandoned me, and I became  
“ pretty much unconscious of what was passing  
“ around me. This dereliction of mind lasted  
“ but a short time ; and my surprise was not little,  
“ when I regained my faculties, to find a very

“ officious attendance at my bedside, and every  
“ convenience and solace which my situation re-  
“ quired. I was now visited by a physician, whose  
“ methods of treatment succeeded beyond expect-  
“ tation; and in a few days I felt myself much ad-  
“ vanced in my recovery.

“ As soon as my thoughts began to return to the  
“ objects of this existence, after having been some  
“ time absorbed in the contemplation of another,  
“ my pride, my gratitude, and my curiosity, were  
“ all interested in discovering the humane quarter  
“ whence these silent benefits had flowed. I could  
“ collect nothing, however, towards the explana-  
“ tion of this mystery from any body that attended  
“ me, though I could observe that my kind host  
“ affected an air of consciousness as if he wished the  
“ suspicion to fall upon himself. I was now, how-  
“ ever, too well read in mankind to be the dupe of  
“ such a finesse; and as my blind sensibilities had  
“ no where else to fasten, I felt myself strongly  
“ disposed to see in my physician my only friend  
“ and benefactor. This persuasion operated so  
“ strongly upon my feelings, that I could not for-  
“ bear seizing an opportunity of confessing my  
“ suspicious

“ suspicions to him, and entreating him, if they  
“ were erroneous, to draw aside the veil that hid  
“ from me to whom those unappropriated feelings  
“ belonged, which so agitated my bosom.

“ This gentleman, it so happened, had too  
“ honourable a mind to give a tacit encourage-  
“ ment to a belief which conferred upon him the  
“ credit of an action unowned by the delicacy of  
“ its real author. He assured me he had no claim  
“ to my acknowledgments, except as the agent of  
“ another, whose silent charities stole abroad like  
“ dew under the shade of night, and who had laid  
“ upon him such injunctions of secrecy, as he could  
“ not in honour disregard, however painful it was  
“ to be dumb on such an occasion. I was con-  
“ strained, therefore, to suffer the mystery to re-  
“ main, after my thoughts were fatigued by a  
“ thousand vain efforts to find some clue for its  
“ detection. I am truly ashamed to confess,  
“ that at that time pride had as large a share  
“ in the disappointment as gratitude; and I felt  
“ myself shocked at the consideration that I had  
“ owed my preservation to any hands but my  
“ own. But how mean and unmanly is that pride

“ which is at variance with the noblest feelings  
“ that the bosom can entertain! that makes  
“ of the mind a desolate insulated solitude, where  
“ no harbour is open to the commerce of bene-  
“ volence, or medium afforded to the precious  
“ produce of humanity.

“ The anxieties and mortifications of life are  
“ thorns whereon science rarely builds her nest.  
“ The very name of a book raised painful ideas in  
“ my mind; and my intellect not having yet re-  
“ covered its original tone, I forbore to push it  
“ beyond its strength, for fear of occasioning a  
“ relapse. In the mean time, the care that was  
“ taken of me, and the assiduity with which I  
“ was attended, kept me still in an anxious per-  
“ plexity in respect to the source of these huma-  
“ nities. One day, as I was leaning out of my  
“ window for the sake of the air, a lady walked  
“ out of the shop below, and, having proceeded  
“ a few steps, was stopped by an elderly gentle-  
“ man, who engaged her in conversation exactly  
“ under me, and whom I soon perceived to be the  
“ physician by whom I had been attended. Though  
“ the circumstances of this meeting were sufficient  
“ to

“ to rouse all my curiosity, yet a feeling of com-  
“ mon delicacy was forcing me to retreat, when  
“ I heard my name pronounced by a voice that  
“ seemed to sympathise with my sufferings, and  
“ which was surely the sweetest that ever came  
“ from the lips of woman. I could no longer re-  
“ sist; and, listening attentively, I distinguished  
“ the following sentence, pronounced by the  
“ same lips from which my name had issued—  
“ Well, Sir, as you tell me he is a young man  
“ of merit, I am doubly happy in having con-  
“ tributed to restore him to his friends and to  
“ society.” “ What followed was in so low a  
“ tone of voice, that I could hear nothing that  
“ was said. As she took leave, however, of the  
“ doctor, she accidentally cast a look at the  
“ window where I was. I thought her concern  
“ in my recovery made her regard me with an  
“ unusual attention; and her beauty was such as  
“ to rivet mine, in spite of my shame and my pride.  
“ The eloquence of her large blue eyes, and a  
“ complacent sympathy in her expression that  
“ almost bordered upon a smile, the graces of her  
“ shape, and the dignity of her deportment, all,  
“ added to the conviction with which I was now



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

“ MADAM,

“ It is in vain that, anxious to distribute your  
“ bounties unseen, you desire to imitate the great  
“ Dispenser of all things; such perfection of virtue  
“ is denied you in a place where such goodness is  
“ too

“ too rare to escape observation. I have seen you ;  
“ and had I seen Virtue herself embodied, she  
“ could not have taken a form more becoming her  
“ excellence. This is not gallantry ; for how  
“ should I hope to please a person who so studiously  
“ shrinks from applause, by common-place eulogy ?  
“ But this, Madam, is the tribute of a man that  
“ knows not how to flatter, and whose fortunes  
“ are too humble, were he so disposed, to give his  
“ flattery effect. In one respect, however, to re-  
“ main unseen may be your greatest charity : for,  
“ be assured, that such benevolence, so set off, can  
“ be contemplated by none with impunity. I  
“ regard myself, indeed, as safe, in an adoration  
“ which excludes passion, and an awe that checks  
“ presumption ; safe in the habit of considering  
“ myself as too much the outcast of Fortune to  
“ cherish any views towards your delightful sex.  
“ Thus fortified by my insignificance, I dare ask  
“ to be permitted to pour at your feet the effusions  
“ of the most grateful of hearts ; to meet again  
“ those gentle looks ; and kiss, were it not too  
“ high a favour, the hand that has raised me from  
“ the bed of sickness and sorrow.”

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

“ At

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

‘ This, Sir,’ said she, bidding me sit down by her side, ‘ is the way in which I amuse myself during the absence of my husband. I have more  
4. money

‘ money than I can spend upon myself, by reason  
‘ of the little satisfaction I receive in the pleasures  
‘ which money can purchase. You perceive,  
‘ therefore, that I can appropriate to myself but  
‘ little credit for these bounties, as the sacrifice  
‘ they demand from me is so small. My com-  
‘ passion too you may perhaps consider as of a con-  
‘ tracted sort; for I confess to you, that the calls  
‘ of loud and clamorous misfortune do but little  
‘ excite it—the shallowest streams murmur most  
‘ in their course. I am in the habit of searching  
‘ only for that peculiar wretchedness which courts  
‘ concealment, and flows in a deep and silent chan-  
‘ nel through the vale of misery. The fruit of  
‘ this employment has been a constant serenity and  
‘ cheerfulness of mind, under circumstances which,  
‘ in the opinion of the world, must necessarily  
‘ disturb my tranquillity. My husband lives from  
‘ me the greatest part of the year, and, the world  
‘ says, is false to me: but I take no pains to en-  
‘ quire into his conduct, having enough to do to  
‘ preserve my own from contamination.’

“ How it was, I cannot tell, but I felt it no  
“ mortification to be informed that she was mar-  
“ ried:

“ ried : I had never raised my hopes to an union  
“ with her ; and singular though it may seem, in  
“ the whole course of our friendship nothing of the  
“ vulgar passion ever mixed with my affection for  
“ this best of women. Unriddle me, Sir, if you  
“ can, for you probably are more read in these sub-  
“ jects than myself, how is it that, in our connex-  
“ ions with the sex, we sometimes feel too much  
“ admiration for love, and too much obligation  
“ for intimacy, at the same time that our zeal and  
“ devotion transcend even common love, prepare  
“ the mind for greater sacrifices, and carry it to a  
“ higher pitch of enthusiasm ?

“ Something like this, Sir, was my attachment  
“ to this adorable person: but, alas ! Sir, in what  
“ terms sufficiently chaste and sanctified shall I  
“ confess to you, that such was not the temper of  
“ her own regards ; our affections are always mel-  
“ lowed towards those whom we have greatly  
“ obliged ; and the pity with which we view the  
“ children of misfortune, is very apt, ere we are  
“ conscious of the change, to soften into love. In-  
“ deed, Sir, if you have escaped the misery of be-  
“ holding it, believe me, it is the most painful of  
“ all

“ all human sights, to contemplate the decay of a  
“ great and ornamented mind—to behold it the  
“ innocent prey of a hopeless passion—to see it de-  
“ foliated and withered, just as it had accomplished  
“ its growth. Such an affecting sight was I des-  
“ tined to behold in my dear benefactress, with the  
“ additional sorrow inspired by the reflexion, that,  
“ in saving me, she lost herself, and that my very  
“ existence is implicated in the destruction of the  
“ fairest and best of women.

“ In such circumstances, Sir, what are my hopes  
“ of happiness on this side of the grave? My very  
“ life is a reproach to me; and with my breath I  
“ draw in an accumulation of that debt which is  
“ poorly paid in sighs to her memory. By the  
“ decay of her mind, suppose not that I mean any  
“ vitiation of sentiment, or impoverishment of  
“ principle, much less any stain upon that virtue  
“ which passed immaculate with her to the grave,  
“ and was pure enough for an angel to own, after  
“ all that was mortal about her had perished. But  
“ such were the effects of her fatal passion, that  
“ I was doomed to see all her energies of soul—  
“ even her alacrity in the service of humanity,  
“ droop;

“ droop ; her spirits languish ; and the sceptre  
“ drop from that mind, where reason and com-  
“ passion had reigned together. Alas ! Sir, do  
“ tell me, how I shall ever discharge such a  
“ debt as this, unless by dying a martyr, like her,  
“ which is surely an improbable event, to the mer-  
“ ciless effects of a fruitless passion.

“ I shall spare both myself and you, by avoiding  
“ a detail of this unhappy attachment, which, taking  
“ place in a mind too unsuspecting of its growth,  
“ and too innocent to regard itself with distrust,  
“ attained insensibly to such a gigantic strength,  
“ that no force could withstand it, or even mode-  
“ rate its violence. It lay a long time concealed  
“ in the deep sanctuary of her bosom, till an event  
“ happened, which drew aside the veil, and dis-  
“ played the secret ruin that passion had wrought.  
“ We were one day on the road at a late hour,  
“ when two highwaymen stopped the carriage ;  
“ one of whom putting his pistol brutally to  
“ the cheek of my companion, I was unable to  
“ restrain my indignation, and, wresting it with  
“ violence from his hand, brought him to the  
“ ground with the butt end. At the same mo-  
“ ment



“ ment a bullet from the other grazed my temple,  
“ whom however I managed to treat as I had  
“ done his comrade, and in the end secured them  
“ both.

“ On my return to the carriage, I found the  
“ dear lady so ill, that it was necessary to stop at  
“ the next inn we came to for rest and refresh-  
“ ment. Her gentle spirits had been so agitated  
“ during the encounter, that she was some time  
“ in recovering her faculties. In her delirium  
“ she insisted that I was shot through the heart,  
“ and held her handkerchief to my breast to stop  
“ the blood which her disordered fancy represented  
“ as flowing in torrents. As her reason at this  
“ moment had deserted its post, her passion had  
“ nothing to oppose it. From time to time she  
“ flung her arms round my neck, and imprinted  
“ kisses on my cheek ; then recovering herself, put  
“ her handkerchief again to my supposed wound,  
“ and cast her eyes up to heaven, streaming with  
“ tears. It is my firm persuasion, however, that  
“ not one thought, which saints might blush to  
“ acknowledge, found its way into that spotless  
“ mind ; and I may safely say, that these blandish-  
“ ments

“ ments had no other effect upon me, than to  
“ distract my soul with the cruelest presages. In  
“ the state in which she was, it was necessary to  
“ rest at the inn; and, as her servant informed me,  
“ she did nothing but talk in her sleep of Eugenio  
“ all the night long, and call for fresh handker-  
“ chiefs to stop his bleeding wound. Alas! Sir,  
“ I am almost tempted to wish that it had really  
“ been a bleeding wound, and that that night had  
“ been my last; but I was unhappily preserved to  
“ feel a deeper wound than any bullet could have  
“ inflicted. Happy had it been for me, had the  
“ chances of battles in which I have since been  
“ engaged, released me from my melancholy ex-  
“ istence!

“ The next morning this best of women had  
“ recovered her usual serenity, and fortunately  
“ retained but a faint recollection of the transac-  
“ tions of the preceding evening. From this mo-  
“ ment I marked the gradual waste of her spirits  
“ and understanding: but the expression of huma-  
“ nity had given her unperishing graces; and  
“ though in a few months nothing was left but the  
“ shadow of that beauty which was made to rob  
“ princes

“ princes of their rest, yet enough of her native  
“ loveliness remained to manifest that it was a  
“ decay without degeneracy, and that her virtue,  
“ though inactive for a while, was waiting in dor-  
“ mant suspense the summons to a more suitable  
“ existence. Mean while the breath of scandal,  
“ which tainted her reputation, gave her not a  
“ minute’s sorrow ; and she repined, for their own  
“ sakes, at the malignities of her sex. Confusion  
“ to that outrageous virtue, that can feast, like  
“ savages, on the very blood of the fallen ! As  
“ to myself, it has ever been my opinion, that  
“ want of charity is the greatest heresy, and that  
“ the infirmities of the sex are above their seve-  
“ rities.”

N° 49.

SATURDAY, APRIL I.

——— *Non ego te meis  
 Chartis inornatum filebo,  
 Totve tuos patiar labores  
 Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas  
 Obliviones.*

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

“ AS soon,” continued Eugenio, “ as my eyes  
 “ were opened to the full extent of the danger  
 “ into which we had incautiously plunged our-  
 “ selves, I was determined to exert every power  
 “ that was left me, to avert the malevolence of our  
 “ stars. As I had just received from home a bad  
 “ account of my mother’s health, I embraced  
 “ this occasion of making a visit to my parents.  
 “ I shall not speedily forget the sensations with  
 “ which my bosom was filled, upon my father’s  
 “ observing the many new lines which marked a  
 “ new history in my countenance. In truth, he  
 “ [v

“ saw enough in my manner and deportment to  
 “ convince him, that the *brilliant career*, in the  
 “ prospect of which his imagination had indulged,  
 “ had not yet been entered upon. In the mean  
 “ time, sorrows were coming fast upon me from  
 “ another quarter. The following letter was the  
 “ last I ever received from that hand which raises  
 “ misery no more from its bed of sickness, but  
 “ waits in the silent grave till it is called up to  
 “ receive a recompence above, for its unrewarded  
 “ charities on earth.

‘ Let not my best of friends feel a moment’s  
 ‘ sadness on my account. All my suffering is  
 ‘ over; there is now no struggle, no conflict in  
 ‘ my bosom. My spirits are suddenly become  
 ‘ wonderfully tranquil—and I know not how:  
 ‘ I do not even lament my situation—and I know  
 ‘ not why: it is not certainly because any new  
 ‘ prospects within the barrier of the grave are  
 ‘ opening themselves to my mind. One thing  
 ‘ however, my dear youth, I feel it necessary to  
 ‘ insist upon, for our mutual repose—and that is,  
 ‘ that we meet no more in this mortal state.  
 ‘ May your passage through life be as smooth as  
 ‘ my

‘ my departure out of it ! and let your sorrow for  
‘ me be solaced in the reflexion, that I am  
‘ snatched from no enjoyments for which I could  
‘ wish to remain ; and that as to thy society, which  
‘ is a pleasure indeed, I am going to the only  
‘ place where I can have that with innocence and  
‘ irreproach. Fare thee well !’

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

“ and falsify merriment with involuntary touches  
“ of sorrow.

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

“ My

“ My father, with whom it was a point of  
“ honour never to be out-done in good-natured  
“ offices, insisted so much on his walking home  
“ with us, and partaking of some refreshment,  
“ that he could not help accepting his invitation.  
“ I thought, as he walked beside my mother, I never  
“ saw a manlier figure than that of the young stran-  
“ ger. His limbs were large, but not ponderous,  
“ and adjusted to the nicest proportions. A com-  
“ placency and sweetness of countenance mingled  
“ itself with a boldness of expression, that bespoke  
“ him at once brave and compassionate. His  
“ forehead and all his features were large, without  
“ being coarse: his nose aquiline; his eyes hazel,  
“ and full of fire; his mouth wide, but set well  
“ in its place, and full of intelligence when  
“ he smiled. His manners were perfectly open  
“ and assured; his confidence seemed to spring  
“ from good intention, and his vivacity from  
“ good-nature; while his sense prevented this  
“ good intention from being mistaken, and his  
“ sensibility his good-nature from becoming tame  
“ and uninteresting.



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

“ Fairie

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

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

Q 2

“ A.

“ A person so elegantly constituted, with an  
“ eye of anarchy that refused the controul of her  
“ modesty; a soul on fire, that maintained an end-  
“ less struggle with her prudence; a body trem-  
“ bling to every movement of the mind; could  
“ not fail of touching the heart of a young man  
“ whose countenance bespoke him no stranger to  
“ the softer passions, any more than they could  
“ save a young woman from the attractions of a  
“ youth decorated with the choicest gifts of na-  
“ ture, and glittering with all the polish of culti-  
“ vation. There never surely was a truer model  
“ of a lover and a gentleman, than that which was  
“ displayed by this young stranger. His atten-  
“ tions were so delicate, his assiduity so tender,  
“ and his whole deportment so manly, open, and  
“ engaging, that Sophy could not conceal her  
“ approbation, and a very little time was suffi-  
“ cient to ripen this sentiment into love; and love  
“ indeed it was, of the truest and tenderest kind  
“ that ever man inspired, and of which princes  
“ might envy the object.

“ I speak, Sir, in these terms of eulogy of my  
“ poor sister, because she is unfortunate; for there  
“ is

“ is in misfortune something that challenges all the  
“ praise which is its due, and that praise which at  
“ other times it might be indelicate to bestow.  
“ Their intercourse was now arrived at such a  
“ state of maturity, that it was thought time to  
“ declare themselves to my father and mother—  
“ a service which Mr. Laurens performed with  
“ every appearance of honour and sincerity. Yet  
“ it was a circumstance not a little surprizing,  
“ that when we requested to be informed on the  
“ subject of his family and connexions, he begged  
“ to be excused from complying with this demand,  
“ reasonable as it was, as he had powerful mo-  
“ tives for concealing them at present, which he  
“ was sure our kind opinion of him would not  
“ suffer us to imagine to be such as he was  
“ ashamed to avow. My sister was so satisfied of  
“ his honour, and our prejudices were so strong  
“ in his favour, that we could not suspect him of  
“ disingenuous reasons for keeping from us this  
“ essential part of his history. My mother, in-  
“ deed, watched him from this time with greater  
“ caution; but the more he was observed, the  
“ more amiable he appeared; and nothing could  
“ equal the happiness he seemed to enjoy in

“ Sophia’s company, but the respect and delicacy  
“ of his carriage towards her. Things were in  
“ this state at our little cottage in the country,  
“ when the post brought me the following letter  
“ from London.

‘ S I R,

‘ No man rivals me in the affections of my  
‘ wife with impunity; and he who has so done,  
‘ and refuses to give me satisfaction with his  
‘ sword, is a coward as well as a villain. How far  
‘ you have gone with Mrs. — I do not trouble  
‘ myself with inquiring; it is enough for me that  
‘ you have, somehow or other, robbed her of her  
‘ peace and her health. That Love is a poison,  
‘ I never was so convinced as now; for no serpent’s  
‘ juice could more effectually have destroyed the  
‘ lady whom you have chosen for the object of your  
‘ mischievous passion. If you have any of the feel-  
‘ ings of a gentleman, you will not refuse to meet  
‘ me at — Coffee-house, on Monday, at twelve  
‘ o’clock, to fix the time, place, and manner, in  
‘ which we shall settle our difference.’

“ As every thing in this life has its consolation,  
“ so is despair itself not without it, in its privilege  
“ of

“ of exemption from fear. I felt at that moment  
“ so little interested by any thing that this existence  
“ could promise me, that I would have gladly  
“ quitted it to follow my benefactors. But an-  
“ other consideration startled me: my despair was  
“ bounded to the objects of this world, and I had  
“ still ever before my eyes the most awful fears for  
“ eternity. My late sickness, and subsequent  
“ sorrows, had deepened every religious impression  
“ which education had made on my mind; and  
“ my conscience was not now to be satisfied with  
“ the sophistry of the passions, and with arguments  
“ drawn from the unauthorised principles of a fic-  
“ titious honour. But the misfortune is, that  
“ where conscience is unsatisfied, she cannot al-  
“ ways enforce her claims; and so unripe at this  
“ period was my philosophy, that all she could  
“ obtain of me was a secret resolution not to spill  
“ the blood of my adversary. A long course of  
“ years, spent in the admiration of military achieve-  
“ ments, and in the nourishment of those capti-  
“ vating prejudices which the language of honour  
“ inspires, could not at once submit to a new  
“ yoke, although that yoke be easy, and that bur-  
“ den light.

Q 4

“ I was

“ I was at the coffee-house which had been  
“ named, at the hour appointed. The husband of  
“ my benefactress was there. He was a person of  
“ a gentlemanly figure, and mettlesome carriage :  
“ there was something, however, of the plebeian  
“ cast in the turn of his features, about which one  
“ might doubt, till the tone of his voice confirmed  
“ it. His eye was full of fire ; but it did not burn  
“ clear, as from the furnace of a fine understand-  
“ ing; and his manner was precipitate, without  
“ the vivacity which results from a quickness  
“ of feeling and comprehension. In short, he was  
“ not the man whom nature had intended for her  
“ whose bed he had filled, whose bed he had dis-  
“ honoured, and for whom he was going to fight  
“ with her friend that had done him no wrong. I  
“ found him much too obtuse for any arguments to  
“ enter his brain, or interest his sensibility, which  
“ humanity or religion could supply, against the  
“ crime we were going to commit: he answered  
“ them from the common-places of honour and cha-  
“ racter, and persisted in his first resolutions. It  
“ was decided that we should meet on the morrow  
“ evening, in a field at the back of this gentleman’s  
“ house, which was situated at one of the extre-  
“ mities

“ mities of the town. The whole of the prece-  
“ ding night I spent in a most unphilosophical  
“ temper of mind: my spirits fluctuated amidst a  
“ thousand hopes and fears respecting that eternity  
“ I was probably going to experience. I cared  
“ not a great deal for what the sword could do to  
“ my body, but I shuddered at the damage it might  
“ do to my soul; and I trembled at the criminality  
“ of affording to a fellow-creature an opportunity  
“ of committing murder.

“ It was by moon-light, in one of those even-  
“ ings of autumn when the chilling damps of the  
“ air, and the caducity of nature, deepen the  
“ gloom of a melancholy mind, and strengthen  
“ melancholy resolutions, that we met at the place  
“ appointed. I was alone, but my adversary had  
“ his surgeon and his second. As I stood on the  
“ spot on which we were to engage, I cast my eyes  
“ sorrowfully towards the house, and beheld the  
“ window of the little study in which I first visited  
“ the unhappy subject of our quarrel. At that  
“ instant the shutters opened, the gleaming light  
“ of a taper appeared in the room; and in a mo-  
“ ment after, the form of a female glided rapidly

Q 5

“ across



“ across the opening. I had no time to give way  
“ to the horrors which rushed into my mind at  
“ this mournful sight ; my adversary’s sword was  
“ drawn, and any more delay would have looked  
“ like fear. I drew mine also ; determined, how-  
“ ever, to act only on the defensive, and, if pos-  
“ sible, to disarm my enemy. This I was able to  
“ effect without much difficulty, as fencing had  
“ been one of the favourite exercises of my  
“ youth.

“ Near the spot where we fought, there was a  
“ grove of trees, among which the wind was  
“ making a mournful noise, while the leaves were  
“ whirling in eddies about us. My adversary’s  
“ weapon lay on the ground, and I knew that,  
“ under our present circumstances, my superior skill  
“ might not avail me if he recovered it. I felt,  
“ however, so overpowered by my situation, that I  
“ stood still while he stooped to take up his sword.  
“ At that moment I thought I heard a thick pant-  
“ ing among the trees :—my mind misgave me,  
“ and my hand lost its vigour. In the mean time  
“ my adversary pressed on, and passed his weapon  
“ through my sword-arm. Immediately a violent  
“ shriek

“ shriek issued from the spot where the panting  
“ was heard ; and suddenly the form of her on  
“ whose account my blood was flowing stood be-  
“ fore us. The dear unhappy lady staggered into  
“ my arms, and could only pronounce my unfortu-  
“ nate name. She was instantly conveyed home,  
“ and, as I afterwards learned, breathed her last in a  
“ few days after this wretched interview. The  
“ physician, by whom I had been attended, had been  
“ sent for ; and the surgeon, observing my wound  
“ to bleed fast, conveyed me to my lodgings. No-  
“ thing can be more vain than to attempt a de-  
“ scription of such feelings as were mine, long after  
“ this melancholy event. The wound in my arm  
“ was presently cured ; but what can ever cure  
“ the wounds of my heart, but the physician that  
“ cures all, the grave ? This, Sir, is the great  
“ misfortune of my life : what I have suffered  
“ since, I count for nothing in comparifon. It is  
“ this which has bent down my pride and my am-  
“ bition, and laid to sleep all the fervors of my  
“ mind. It is this which has made me the man  
“ of melancholy which you see before you ; which  
“ has, as it were, stripped my soul of its regalia,

“ and taken from me the command of my powers  
“ and capacities.

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

“ mechanical love to the soldier’s profession. Be-  
 “ fore I set out on this new career, I had just time  
 “ to take leave of my parents in the country, whom  
 “ I found still enamoured of the young stranger  
 “ whose acquaintance they had just made when I  
 “ was last at home.”

*Tuque, ô sanctissime Conjux,*

*Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem. VIRGIL.*

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

“ **I** MAY safely assert, that no soldier ever began  
 “ his fortunes, armed with greater intrepidity than  
 “ myself, though I confess that this intrepidity was  
 “ borrowed rather from the desperation of my cir-  
 “ cumstances than the ardour of my mind. There-  
 “ mains, however, of former impressions were still  
 “ alive enough within me, to mount into some de-  
 “ gree of enthusiasm, when surrounded by objects  
 “ of enterprise and courage, and all the spirit-fir-  
 “ ring apparatus of a moving army. There is  
 “ something too, in a common participation of  
 “ danger, which by closer drawing the knot of  
 “ amity, and awakening the social and benevolent  
 “ affections,

“ affections, gives to the spirits a sort of spring and  
“ hilarity which the happiest occasions cannot  
“ always inspire.

“ I shall not fatigue you with a history of the  
“ campaigns in which I served, much less with a  
“ general account of this destructive war, in which  
“ so much of English blood was shed, and so much  
“ of English valour displayed. The history of  
“ wars is but a dull theme, involving a number of  
“ wearisome repetitions, and furnishing but one  
“ mournful inference of a general kind. It teaches  
“ us only to conclude, that man can cheerfully go  
“ on to massacre and to plunder, without regard  
“ to the authority of reason or religion, in the pur-  
“ suit of a vain and criminal glory, derived from  
“ the multiplied destruction of his fellow-crea-  
“ tures : yet, while we are compelled to acknow-  
“ ledge that war is in itself a proof of the corrup-  
“ tion of our general nature, we may still consider  
“ it as a theatre in which the most generous qua-  
“ lities of our mind are exercised, and in which  
“ virtue meets with more splendid and trying op-  
“ portunities of exertion, than in the comparatively  
“ calm and equable course of common life. This re-  
“ mark,

“ mark, indeed, holds most in regard to the tumul-  
“ tuous warfare of ancient times, in which, though  
“ carried on with greater national ferocity and  
“ personal rancour than in our days, yet, from the  
“ looser principles on which the art was grounded,  
“ fortitude was encompassed with more difficulties  
“ and perils, honour was provoked by loftier oc-  
“ casions, and compassion was excited by more  
“ eminent sorrows and distresses. Thus the his-  
“ tory of ancient wars creates an interest greatly  
“ above what we feel in modern details of the same  
“ nature.

“ The business of war is now reduced to a per-  
“ fect science, and men go gravely and coolly to  
“ the bloody employment, contend without emu-  
“ lation, and slaughter without resentment. This  
“ mode of destroying our fellow-creatures, the de-  
“ licacy and refinement of the moderns has disco-  
“ vered to be more humane; but perhaps it would  
“ be difficult to prove, on any rational grounds,  
“ that to destroy from motives of interest, is  
“ less culpable than to do it with the plea of ven-  
“ geance. But, however it may be considered in  
“ the light of humanity, in a view to history the  
“ ancient

“ ancient practice had considerably the advantage.  
“ The indecisiveness of battles, the formalities of  
“ encounter, the multitude of fortified places that  
“ retard the course of victory, and the intricacy  
“ and multiplicity of views and negotiations, ren-  
“ der the detail so dull and heavy, that, contradic-  
“ tory as it may appear, the most active parts of  
“ modern history are generally the least interesting  
“ and eventful. By the rapidity of ancient battles,  
“ we are so hurried along, as to lose the idea of  
“ their inhumanity and fatal effects: by the cold-  
“ ness and deliberation of modern warfare, we gain  
“ time to reflect on its deformity. By the sudden  
“ and mighty consequences of ancient victories,  
“ the attention is solemnly fixed on the progress  
“ and issue of every contest; but the balance of  
“ modern successes generally leaves the state of  
“ things little altered, after long and destructive  
“ campaigns, and an unwearied perplexity of plot  
“ and negotiation.

“ But I must beg your excuse for so unne-  
“ cessary a digression, for which, however, per-  
“ haps, you are to blame your own condescension,  
“ which, by inspiring me with an unusual confi-  
“ dence,

“ dence, has opened at once all the channels of  
“ my bosom. I have generally observed, that  
“ pensive and thinking minds, which have trea-  
“ sured up, through a long silence, an accumu-  
“ lation of sentiments and inferences, no sooner are  
“ unlocked to the gentle calls of friendship, than  
“ all their contents are lavishly poured forth, and  
“ the whole reservoir is emptied as from so many  
“ sluices and flood-gates.

“ I need not tell you, that the campaign of 1757  
“ was not very glorious to the British arms. The  
“ first considerable action in which I partook, was  
“ very inauspicious. I carried a pair of colours  
“ under the Duke of Cumberland, when he lost  
“ the battle of Hastenbeck, against the Marshal  
“ d’Etrées. Little anxious about my life, and dis-  
“ daining to fly, I kept my ground in the midst  
“ of a close body of Hanoverians, who made a  
“ desperate stand in defence of my colours. The  
“ blood I lost from a wound I received in my thigh,  
“ made me tumble upon the bodies of those brave  
“ men who had fallen by my side; and even in  
“ this condition, when death seemed inevitable,  
“ my mind ran back to that ominous incident of  
“ my



“ my playful years, when holding fast my mock  
“ banner to my little bosom, I fell breathless at the  
“ back of my father’s garden. A wound which  
“ I now received on the back of my head, with the  
“ stroke of a sabre, rendered me perfectly insen-  
“ sible to all the horrors which passed around me ;  
“ and, when I recovered my faculties, I perceived  
“ that night was fast coming on ; that the engage-  
“ ment was over ; and that I had been left for  
“ dead on the field, amidst a heap of bodies, which  
“ formed a kind of rampart around me. My hat  
“ had so far defended me, that the blow on my  
“ head had only occasioned a large contusion, and  
“ a considerable hæmorrhage, which, added to the  
“ loss of blood from my other wound, made it  
“ difficult for me to raise myself.

“ By exerting the very utmost of my little  
“ strength, I crept along to the distance of about  
“ a mile from the place where I had lain, when  
“ I heard amidst the gloomy silence of the night  
“ the sound of a horse’s hoofs behind me. I had  
“ forgotten the plume in my hat, which was con-  
“ spicuous enough to discover me at a considerable  
“ distance ; and the horseman, directed, I suppose,  
“ by

“ by this mark, came up with me, in a few se-  
“ conds, on the gallop. He had a drawn sabre  
“ in his hand, from which I patiently expected  
“ my death, as I leaned against the trunk of a  
“ miserable pollard, in the midst of the heath. He  
“ accosted me in the German; but, upon my  
“ answering in English, he told me, in my own  
“ language, that he was a Hanoverian captain,  
“ who had been compelled to fly with his troop,  
“ after receiving a wound from a musket-shot in  
“ the shoulder. He then invited me to accompany  
“ him to a light, which he distinguished at about  
“ a mile distance. I assured him, however, that  
“ I was unable to proceed any further, and, wish-  
“ ing he might repose that night in a safe asylum,  
“ desired to be left where I was to finish my ex-  
“ istence. This humane person, however, per-  
“ suaded me, after many intreaties, to suffer my-  
“ self to be raised on his horse, which carried us  
“ to the house where the light had been per-  
“ ceived.

“ As soon as I was taken off the horse, I became  
“ insensible, through weakness, and was carried  
“ fainting to bed. It was morning before I came

“ to

“ to the possession of my faculties, when I saw my  
“ companion and preserver sitting by my bed-side,  
“ and expressing in his looks the tenderest con-  
“ cern for my situation. My wounds had been  
“ dressed, and I was every way so much recovered  
“ as to be able to converse with him, which as  
“ soon as he perceived, he took me by the hand,  
“ and addressed me thus :—‘ Let it support you,  
‘ my dear Sir, to be assured that you are here  
‘ under the kindest and most hospitable roof that  
‘ the sun shines upon; and the people to whom  
‘ we are indebted for such a seasonable relief, are  
‘ some of the best, if not the wealthiest, on earth.  
‘ But if you, Sir, have reason to rejoice, how su-  
‘ premely happy ought I to consider myself, not  
‘ because my life has been preserved, for that is of  
‘ no high price, but because, in this place, I have  
‘ recovered that for which I most should wish to  
‘ live—the best and most affectionate of wives !  
‘ My poor Matilda would follow me yesterday to  
‘ the camp, in spite of all my persuasions: I  
‘ would fain have lodged her in the garrison at  
‘ Hamelen; but a something which she had  
‘ dreamed a week before, had made such a gloomy  
‘ impression on her spirits, that she would not part  
‘ from

‘ from me till we took the field againſt the enemy.  
‘ Having heard that I was among the ſlain, ſhe  
‘ betook herſelf laſt night to this little cottage,  
‘ which is always open to miſfortune, determined  
‘ to ſearch the field, over as ſoon as it was light,  
‘ for the body of her huſband, to waſh its wounds  
‘ with her tears, and perhaps to lay down her life  
‘ by its ſide. You may imagine, Sir, what a de-  
‘ licious interview we have had, and how we have  
‘ wept for joy in each other’s arms.’ “ As he  
“ ſpoke thus, the door opened, and the lady in  
“ queſtion entered the apartment with ſomething  
“ which ſhe ſaid was for my breakfast. What  
“ blood was in my body, at this moment ruſhed  
“ into my cheeks. ‘ Alas ! Sir,’ ſaid ſhe, obſerv-  
“ ing my embarraſſment, ‘ be not confuſed at ſee-  
‘ ing me thus employed ; I am never happier than  
‘ when I am adminiſtering to a ſick ſoldier : it  
‘ has been my occupation for years. I have been  
‘ my poor huſband’s ſurgeon and nurſe through  
‘ ſeven campaigns ; and God knows with what  
‘ heart-felt joy I have many times torn my clothes,  
‘ to bind up the wounds of a brave gentleman in  
‘ the field of battle.”

“ As

“ As she spoke thus, I raised my head, to con-  
“ template this uncommon person. Her form I  
“ could not judge of; for she had on a kind of  
“ military great coat, buckled round her waist  
“ with a soldier’s belt; but her face wore every  
“ mark of an extraordinary character: alas! it  
“ still lives, and breathes, and speaks in my ima-  
“ gination, together with another countenance,  
“ resembling it only in sympathy of sadness and  
“ sorrow. Surely there is no room in my mind  
“ for another portrait such as these; and my stars  
“ have not in reserve for me, any more conflicts  
“ like those I have already sustained.” Poor Eu-  
genio! as he spoke this, his head dropped upon  
his breast, his heart’s blood filled the veins of his  
temples; a tear glistened on his cheek; and his  
bosom struggled with a sigh, which at length  
broke from its prison, and gave him apparent  
relief. After a pause of some moments, he con-  
tinued thus:

“ Every feature in the face I was now contem-  
“ plating, was bold, and would have been mascu-  
“ line, were it not for a certain dimpled expression  
“ about the mouth, which sent forth innumerable  
“ graces

“graces over the whole countenance. She was  
“a native of a Danish island in the West-Indies;  
“indeed, nothing could be less German than  
“the cast of her features: her hair was nearly  
“black, but hung upon one of the whitest  
“necks in the world, in glossy ringlets; and her  
“long sweeping lashes shaded a pair of large  
“lustrous eyes, the whites of which, though  
“sparkling like crystal, were streaked with two  
“or three blood-shot veins, in which there was  
“such a dance of the spirits, as brought her whole  
“soul into her countenance: her nose was very  
“large and aquiline; her complexion a clear  
“brown; the form of her face oval; and her  
“forehead divided into compartments, by a large  
“blue vein, which seemed to swell with the  
“workings of the brain, and which gave such an  
“intenseness to her looks, as doubled the force of  
“her meaning, and drew homage from every be-  
“holder. Her husband was a young man, every  
“way worthy of her, and the truest soldier I ever  
“beheld. His looks were full of spirit, tempered  
“with an extraordinary gravity; his deportment  
“solemn and taciturn; his make uncommonly ro-  
“bust; his face not handsome, but dignified and  
“benevolent: he had little hair on his head, but  
“a pro-

“ a profusion of it in his whiskers, under which,  
“ however, his mouth was well shaped and ex-  
“ pressive, and his teeth delicately white. When  
“ on horseback and equipped for the field, he was  
“ the most martial figure in the whole army. His  
“ element was the camp; and he always seemed  
“ most possessed and collected, in the moment of  
“ greatest peril. A thousand times have I seen  
“ him weep at the commonest tales of distress, and  
“ at such scenes as the chances of battle were con-  
“ tinually presenting before his eyes; and then, in a  
“ minute after, rush like a lion into the thick of the  
“ fight, whence he would sometimes return with  
“ the enemy’s colours in his hands.

“ We remained about a month under this kind  
“ roof, and in the mean time I was perfectly cured  
“ of my wounds. One day, as we walked round  
“ the territory of our poor host, my companion  
“ and preserver thus addressed me.—‘ I am happy  
‘ beyond measure, Eugenio, that our care has been  
‘ so completely rewarded by the restoration of your  
‘ health. You have doubtless seen enough of the  
‘ military life, to be heartily weary of such  
‘ a course of danger and hardship. You have  
‘ too, most certainly, dear friends, who wish for  
‘ your

‘ your return; and you have abilities to shine in  
‘ a more peaceful profession. I am a soldier, and  
‘ nothing else: my home is the camp; and my  
‘ wife, who is my only friend, attends me where-  
‘ ever I go. It is my determination to follow  
‘ the army of the magnanimous King of Prussia,  
‘ whose virtue I venerate, and who will reward  
‘ my exertions in his service. My wife and  
‘ myself always carry our fortune about with  
‘ us. We have enough to enable you to travel  
‘ homewards with comfort, and to reward this  
‘ poor cottager for his kind reception of us  
‘ besides.’ This was the first sensation, resem-  
“ bling joy, which I had felt for a length of time.  
“ My colour however rose in my face, to think  
“ that so noble a friend should imagine me capa-  
“ ble of deserting him. I strained him to my  
“ bosom with sincere delight, and assured him  
“ that nothing should induce me to leave him,  
“ while I thought my company would give him  
“ pleasure, or render him service. It was deter-  
“ mined, therefore, between us, to set out in a  
“ fortnight for the Prussian army. In the mean  
“ time Matilda’s health declined, and a cold which  
“ she had caught in the offices of humanity had



“ fixed itself upon her lungs. It was with the  
“ greatest difficulty we persuaded her to remain  
“ where she was, till the conclusion of the next  
“ campaign. My friend left the greatest part of  
“ the little money he possessed, between Matilda,  
“ and the poor cottager and his wife ; and, on the  
“ 15th of October, we bent our course, disguised  
“ in the habits of peasants, towards the place  
“ where the Prussian troops, under the command  
“ of their illustrious monarch, lay encamped.

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

“ career, and a fresh subject of sorrow was added  
“ to those mournful recollections with which my  
“ mind was oppressed.

“ We were taking too close a view of the  
“ enemy’s works, when my friend received a mor-  
“ tal wound, and fell by my side. What my  
“ feelings were at such a crisis I shall leave you  
“ to imagine. He had applied his handkerchief  
“ to the wound; and as I knelt down to receive  
“ his last breath, he laid upon me, with a voice  
“ scarcely audible, this melancholy command:—  
“ Take from my bosom my handkerchief steeped  
“ in my blood; carry it to my wife—it is the  
“ token agreed upon between us; and when she  
“ sees that, she will know I am dead, and what  
“ is more, that I died an honourable death.—It  
“ will moreover save you, my dear friend, a painful  
“ recital. You will find my pocket-book about  
“ me; carry it likewise to her—and take care of  
“ that excellent woman.’ “ With that he clasped  
“ my hand, and died without agony or distor-  
“ tion.

“ I will hurry over the succeeding events as  
“ briefly as possible; it will be to spare both you  
“ and

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

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

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

“ How shall I describe the scene which suc-  
“ ceeded ! The fewest words will do it best.  
“ Matilda lay on her poor mattress, the prey of  
“ that disorder which had seized her the week be-  
“ fore our departure. She could hardly raise her  
“ languid head ; but when she did, it was to recog-  
“ nize me, with a look so piercingly tender, that I  
“ thought I must have died ere I could expose the  
“ fatal token. As I fell on my knees, to bathe  
“ her hand with my tears, the bloody handkerchief  
“ dropped out of my bosom upon the bed. When  
“ I saw what was done, my eyes fastened trem-  
“ blingly

“ blingly upon hers, where however I could per-  
“ ceive but little emotion. It was too late—her  
“ pulse was fluttering—her hand was convulsed—  
“ Surely death was never so kind as now. She  
“ drew, however, the handkerchief to her, and  
“ could just articulate—*Bury it with me!* Poor  
“ Matilda! It was indeed buried with thee, but  
“ not till it was as wet with my tears as it had  
“ been with thy husband’s blood. Alas! how  
“ often has it been my fate to follow the virtuous  
“ to the grave!—But Heaven’s will be done!—  
“ it will be reward enough, if one virtuous man  
“ shall weep over Eugenio’s tomb.”

END OF VOL. II.

